

The  
Boston Strangler

by  
Chuck MacLean

Based on  
The Official  
Interrogation Transcripts  
of  
Albert DeSalvo

"His eyes were entranced and he could sense the wary, watchful evil outside...he could feel the dark creeping things waiting for him to go out into the night. It was shadowy and dreadful, and yet it called to him and threatened him and challenged him."

--John Steinbeck, *The Pearl*

"It is, of course, a temptation under times of stress to resort to anything which will clarify the situation..."

--Erle Stanley Gardner in

"The Mad Stranglings of Boston."

This is based on a true story.

INT. 77 GAINSBOROUGH ST. - BACK BAY, BOSTON - DUSK

Rust-stained water splashes into a tub and down the drain. The pipes CREAK, SHUDDER, MOAN and the water runs clear--the red water diffuses, the clean water STAINS.

ANNA SLESSERS (55)--dark-haired, youthful, looks intact--sits on the tub, rolling her STOCKINGS down, one by one. Checking for runs, she hangs them on a rack by the door.

TIME STAMP: JUNE 14th, 1962.

A spring breeze lifts a set of cheesecloth curtains and carries in the SOUND of CHILDREN playing nearby. Under the window, a needle is carefully placed on a hi-fi and--

Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* begins to play.

Humming, hugging her robe about herself, Slessers closes her eyes and dances--and abruptly stops, as if HEARING...

TAP-TAP-TAP...

Slessers places an ear to her DOOR--TAP-TAP-TAP--and cautiously slides the CHAIN onto its hook. Cracking the door, something's said to her and she nods, agreeably. Slessers removes the chain and guides her visitor into--

THE BATHROOM

--and shuts off the water. The faucet drips rhythmically into the tub. Slessers turns back to her visitor and--

ANNA SLESSERS

See, this is the problem--

--is SMASHED OFF THE HEAD with a LEAD WEIGHT. She's yanked off her feet into the hall, a pair of legs scissor-locks hers, a green-jacketed arm wrapping around her throat. She gags, horribly--the muscles in her neck straining, the veins sticking out--and her eyes roll back into her head. They turn pink--the vessels popping one by one.

LATER

A gloved hand pulls Slessers' stockings off the rack and winds them around her throat--TIGHT, enough so to cut skin. They're tied off in a DOUBLE-HALF HITCH with a BOW.

Slessers robe is thrown open and her blue taffeta housecoat is ripped at the breast, pulled up at the waist. Her panties are torn off, revealing a dark bush.

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Slessers' eyes flutter and despite the garret, her breath still WHEEZES by her lips. Her head begins to loll and her body thrust. She is alive while she's being raped.

LATER

The hi-fi is turned down and the SQUEALS of the neighborhood kids float back through the window with the breeze. The STRANGLER, silhouetted by the sunset, strips.

LATER

Clad in a LADIES TRENCH COAT, the STRANGLER--black hair; well-built; face never seen--pulls up a chair to Slessers' ravaged body. At the end of the hall, a breeze turns the curtains and the OLD HANCOCK BUILDING can be seen. The Strangler sits and quietly admires the view.

1962 MAGNAVOX CONSOLE TV: CBS EVENING NEWS

Walter Cronkite looks up from the CBS news desk.

WALTER CRONKITE  
President Kennedy spoke to the  
graduating class at Yale today...

INT. PARLOR - APARTMENT - EGLESTON SQUARE - DUSK

A small BOY in OVERALLS walks in front of the TV and takes up post next to his Sister (9) at a bay window.

JOHN F. KENNEDY (O.S.)  
...the enemy of the truth is very  
often not the lie: deliberate,  
contrived...but the myth...

They quietly watch a nattily-dressed BLACK MAN flee across the square--and be SHOT six times in the back.

INT. BOSTON POLICE HQ - BACK BAY - DUSK

A PENCIL sketches a body outline on a CRIME SCENE MAP. Writes in the width of doors, windows; labels evidence.

DET. BOBBY FARRON (30s)--wire-strong, cold gaze, boyish face--is seated at a wooden desk, painstakingly detailing the map. He never blinks, his concentration fixed, but his lips move silently, as if he were talking to himself.

He slips. Wincing, he backs off and considers the map. It's only a slight error. But it clearly bothers him. Furiously, he scrubs the mistake until it's OBLITERATED. He blows crumbs off the paper, grabs his pencil and--

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The phone rings. *Dammit.* Farron punches it off the hook.

BOBBY FARRON  
Farron, Homicide.

EXT. EGGLESTON SQUARE - NIGHT

Farron opens the door on his UNMARKED CRUISER, double checks his gear--gold badge, notebook, .38--and climbs out. DET. FRANCIS SULKO (30s)--big, built, good-looking in survivor's fashion--escorts him through the Square.

FRAN SULKO  
Typical. Got a nigger. 27. DOA.

BOBBY FARRON  
Negro got a name?

FRAN SULKO  
Yeah. And ya should prepare yaself  
for this: Franklin J. Del Pappa.

Farron gives him a look, genuinely shocked.

BOBBY FARRON  
Mayor of Scollay Square?

FRAN SULKO  
Dooley's been talkin to his queer  
informants there in Ward 3.  
They're saying the Mayor'd put a  
white boy onna street. Only Opey  
hadda admirer, wasn't keen on it.

They arrive at a body covered in a dirty sheet.

BOBBY FARRON  
Mayor employed Caucasians, huh?

FRAN SULKO  
*Oh yeah.* He's an equal opportunity  
violinator. Practically a civil  
rights leader around here.

Sulko pulls back the sheet on the body.

BOBBY FARRON  
Well, like the man said: show me a  
hero, I'll show you a tragedy.

Farron kneels, his eyes working over the body, picking up  
details: six bullet wounds, a single alligator loafer  
laying in the street, a hole in Del Pappa's sock...

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VOICE (O.S.)  
Geez, I'm real sorry, Sulko...

DET. TOM DOOLEY (40s)--gut, slick hair, short sleeve collared shirt--walks over. Sulko looks at him. What?

TOM DOOLEY  
Must be difficult--seein ya  
brother-in-law laid out in the  
street like that, fulla holes.

Sulko glares at Dooley, fighting a smile.

FRAN SULKO  
Ya got anything for us, wise ass?

TOM DOOLEY  
Gimme a little bit. Homos over  
inna Bay Village're trollin now.  
Shouldn't be too hard, find out  
who was taking it, the ass from a  
Ubangi. Queers're just like every-  
one else, ya know? *Prejudiced.*

INT. FARRON'S UNMARKED CRUISER - NIGHT

Farron and Sulko watch the front of the NAKED I, a club with a neon sign of two spread legs with an EYE over the crotch. A blond-wigged TRANNY walks out, lights a smoke. They watch Dooley cross Washington St. and brace him.

EXT. THE NAKED EYE - COMBAT ZONE - CONTINUOUS

Farron and Sulko cross Washington toward Dooley.

TOM DOOLEY  
Georgette says he's upstairs. Says  
He looks like the Presley kid.

BACK ALLEY ENTRANCE

A LOOKOUT (17), talking to a leggy DANCER, sees the three cops coming and tears open the BACK DOOR. But Sulko catches him by the hair and throws him up against a wall. Sulko frisks him, and Farron and Dooley stride into--

THE NAKED EYE

Farron and Dooley enter a dark back hall. Ahead, they can see a mob inside watching a REDHEAD on stage dance to--

Sam Cooke's "Twisting the Night Away."

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Farron nods at a darkened alcove and a Bouncer (25) turns a bulb in the ceiling. Stairs are lit up but the Bouncer bars the way. Then Dooley jams a .45 into his crotch.

LATER

Farron leads Dooley down a second-story hallway, climbing over a trio of black men nodding out and passing a fat WHORE leaning in a doorway, smoking a spliff, draped in a beaded curtain. At the end of the hall, they find a door outlined in yellow light. Farron eases the door in and--

An ELVIS-looking man (20s) holds a gun to a MAN blowing him. Dooley gently places his .45 against Elvis's ear.

TOM DOOLEY (CONT'D)

Move and I blow your brains out  
all over this cocksucker's face.

Elvis nods, slowly--then books for the REAR WINDOW.

BOBBY FARRON

Dooley!

Farron grabs Dooley's arm. The .45 goes off into the ceiling and Elvis bolts, crashing out the window onto--

FIRE ESCAPE

Farron jumps out after him, scaffold shaking, and watches Elvis land in the alley below. Farron shimmies down the escape ladder and Sulko-- .38 drawn--rushes up behind him.

WASHINGTON STREET

Farron and Sulko cut their way through stalled Combat Zone traffic, stalking Elvis down the opposite sidewalk. They see him quickly dart left at the PARAMOUNT and into--

AN ALLEY

Elvis flings a dumpster in his wake. But Sulko shoulder-rams it, spinning it out of the way, and Farron squeezes between the dumpster and the wall. Ahead, Farron sees--

Elvis rushes out of the alley onto TREMONT STREET and into RUSHING traffic. HORNS HONK. TIRES SCREAM. And--

Sulko stalls. But Farron, without breaking stride, hits the street. A '59 Dodge barely misses him, the Driver HOLLERING. Sulko, catching up now, jabs his gun at him.

FRAN SULKO

Boston Police, shut the fuck up.

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20 yards ahead, Farron chases Elvis out of the LIGHTS of Tremont and into the darkness of BOSTON COMMON. Huffing, their feet silent on the grass, Farron watches Elvis' SILHOUETTE break for the EXIT onto CHARLES STREET and--

Farron glides into the street after him, Sulko at his heels. But to their left, a WALL OF TRAFFIC closes in fast. Farron makes the sidewalk but Sulko's rolled up onto the hood of a Ford. He watches Farron disappear into--

THE PUBLIC GARDEN

Elvis looks back, sees Farron closing and cuts off the foot path. But Farron keeps moving forward. He sprints up the FOOT BRIDGE, finds Elvis hurtling through the knee-high SWAN POND, runs up the bridge's side and leaps, but--

Elvis ducks his landing. Farron stumbles, and Elvis uses the lead to climb a wrought-iron fence onto Arlington St.

Farron hurtles over the fence and watches Elvis sprint into an alley to the right of the Arlington St. Church. Farron pulls his .38, lopez across the street and into--

THE ALLEY

Panting, Farron turns into the alley and finds it empty. But he spots a low hanging FIRE ESCAPE, and without pause, jumps, pushes off the wall, and pulls himself up.

THE ROOF

Farron swings a leg over the side and gently steps onto the gravel. He spots an ENTRY DOOR at the far-side of the building, and raising his .38, approaches cautiously, trying to control his breath. TRAFFIC is the only SOUND.

Farron reaches the DOOR and finds a lock and chain busted at his feet. Hand shaking, he reaches out and rips open the door--but the inside is empty: just another lock and chain. Defeated, Farron turns and looks out the door onto--

THE PRUDENTIAL CENTER CONSTRUCTION PROJECT

A giant hole, a scar of urban renewal, and Elvis fleeing across Boylston St. and lowering himself into the maw.

GIANT HOLE IN THE GROUND

Sulko, gripping his side, finds Farron crossing Boylston St. They walk up to the edge and stare into the darkness.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

Next time, pal? Just shoot him.



INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - BOSTON POLICE HQ - DAY

Farron sits low in a chair, shielding his face.

CAPTAIN DUGGAN (V.O.)

I give you *six month* paid-leave,  
first thing you do, ya come back,  
is fuck me on a good for nothing  
faggot killing? Fuck did I ever do  
to you, Farron, I deserve this?

CPT. DUGGAN (45), pacing in front of him, stops suddenly.

CAPTAIN DUGGAN (CONT'D)

...Farron, where you from?

BOBBY FARRON

From right here.

CAPTAIN DUGGAN

Don't give me the shit--*what part?*  
What parta the city you from?

BOBBY FARRON

Cambridge.

CAPTAIN DUGGAN

*Oh-ho! Cambridge! No wonder. Makes  
perfect fuckin sense now:  
Cambridge. Well, ya wanna fuck me?  
I'ma be just as sweet and **fuck**  
**you**. I got a nice, cold robbery-  
homicide for ya inna Back Bay.  
Bunch of old liberals and queers  
there, ya should fit right in.*

*(Thumbs at door)*

*Now get the fuck outta here while  
I scream at ya *stupid* boyfriend.*

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - BOSTON POLICE HQ - LATER

Farron sits at his desk and cracks a case file. Somewhere  
behind him a TELETYPE pounds. Farron looks over, curious.

LATER

Farron scans through the TELETYPES, scanning. He stops.

"MULLEN, MARY. 85. White. Fem. 1435 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE."

Curious, Farron checks his file:

"SLESSERS, ANNA. 55. White. Fem. 77 GAINSBOROUGH..."

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Farron looks back at the teletype: "C.O.D.: Cardiac."

He puts the teletype aside and keeps looking.

INT. 77 GAINSBOROUGH ST. - BACK BAY, BOSTON - DUSK

Farron stares at a Rorschach blot of a BLOOD STAIN at the center of a chalk-outlined head, comparing it to a B&W evidence photo of Slessers in the same position.

VOICE (O.S.)

At first we thought it was some  
sort of abortive suicide, ya know?

FRAN SULKO (O.S.)

Lot of people you familiar with  
die, whipping themselves in the  
back of the head, a blunt object?

Sulko and a Patrolman (20s) are in the KITCHEN.

PATROLMAN

Thought maybe her noose broke...

FRAN SULKO

Good ya got to use ya imagination.  
Don't want ya, get bored onna job.  
But after ya did ya deductions,  
what the *real* detectives tell ya?

Farron looks up, his eyes wandering around the apartment.  
He spots a GOLD WATCH on the bathroom sink down the hall,  
a RED "ON" LIGHT on the hi-fi, a muffin pan on the table.

PATROLMAN

Said it was a B&E, got outta hand.

BOBBY FARRON

He came to rob her then why'd he  
leave her watch in the bathroom?

Sulko, curious, moves to the john. There is a watch.

PATROLMAN

I musta missed that--

BOBBY FARRON

-was she expectin someone?

The Patrolman's confused. Farron nods to the PAN.

PATROLMAN

Oh. Maybe her son? He found her.

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BOBBY FARRON

He have anything to say?

PATROLMAN

No. Didn't say much.

Farron nods, figures, and pulls a tailor's tape from his pocket. He measures doorways, the hall width, etc. The Patrolman looks to Sulko. The fuck is this? Sulko shrugs.

INT. ONE ROOM APARTMENT - LEXINGTON, MA - NIGHT

JURIS SLESSERS (30s) is seated at a two-top table in a near-dark kitchenette, covering his mouth, eyes downcast.

JURIS SLESSERS

...not since she divorced my dad  
'fore they came here after the  
war. No. No men *that I know of*...

Farron sits across from Slessers, elbows on his knees, watching him. Sulko is leaning against the door jam.

FRAN SULKO

And you used to live with her?

JURIS SLESSERS

Yeah. Just moved out.

FRAN SULKO

How come you left her all alone?

Slessers glares up at Sulko.

BOBBY FARRON

You talk to her a lot? *Juris*?

Farron puts a gentle hand on Juris's arm. Juris breaks his look from Sulko, turns apologetically to Farron.

JURIS SLESSERS

I talked to her. She don't talk  
about much though. Church, work...

BOBBY FARRON

You know, I talk to my mother, she  
don't really wanna talk? I get her  
complainin bout somethin, then she  
don't want to shut up. Ya ma, she  
complain bout anything--*anyone*?

INT. HALLWAY - 77 GAINSBOROUGH ST - BACK BAY - NIGHT

Sulko knocks on an APARTMENT F. Farron leans into him.

BOBBY FARRON  
Land on him just as hard.

Sulko nods. The door opens into--

APARTMENT F

OLD MAN, in an undershirt, rocks in a tattered recliner.

FRAN SULKO (O.S.)  
Talked to the beat cop bout you.  
Hadda lot to say. Says he's got a  
file on ya wide as ya fat mouth,  
old ladies complainin, you buggin  
'em...and now this thing upstairs.

Sulko stands over him. Farron sits on a couch in front of him, watching him. The Old Man just rocks, non-plussed.

OLD MAN  
I don't know nothin bout upstairs.

FRAN SULKO  
S'not what I hear.

OLD MAN  
No?

FRAN SULKO  
Not what I hear.

The Old Man shrugs. Farron leans forward, smiling.

BOBBY FARRON  
Honest, ya try with her upstairs?  
You just have no luck, or...?

OLD MAN  
None. She wouldn't *talk* to nobody.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - BOSTON POLICE HQ - NIGHT

Farron and Sulko are the last two in the pen, seated across from each other at adjoining desks. Sulko, glasses on, pecks away at his typewriter. Farron details a comprehensive crime scene map. They're both exhausted.

LATER

Sulko stands, yawning. It's dawn.

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FRAN SULKO  
Ima go for a drink.

BOBBY FARRON  
(Not looking up)  
Gotta finish up here.

FRAN SULKO  
Then what?

BOBBY FARRON  
Go home, see my wife.

Sulko nods, takes his jacket off the back of his chair.

INT. KITCHEN - FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

WENDY FARRON (20s)--black hair, olive skin, gorgeous--is at her table in a housecoat, across from FR. COLO (20s).

WENDY FARRON  
...he doesn't want me to work,  
that's the whole problem. I like  
my job. *I'm good at my job--*

FATHER COLO  
-I agree with him, hon. Ya a  
married woman. Should be focused  
onna family, makin more Catholics.

WENDY FARRON  
Oh Bobby's *favorite* conversation--  
(Looking up)  
*Speak of the devil.*

Farron trudges through the back door.

FATHER COLO  
Well, I should be goin. Got one of  
the Cardinal's *red bashing* fund-  
raisers's tonight, prepare for.  
(Kisses her cheek)  
Thanks, puttin up with a mooch.

Colo smiles at Farron and Farron nods goodbye. The door closes. Farron looks to Wendy. S'that all about?

WENDY FARRON  
Thinks we should have kids.

BOBBY FARRON  
I'm supposedda listen to a guy was  
behind me in grammar school, useda  
wear his ma's drawers for kicks?

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Wendy smiles and watches Farron take a Narragansett from the fridge. He sits across from her, yawning, drinking.

WENDY FARRON

How was work?

Silence. She sees his eyes wander, leans into his vision.

BOBBY FARRON

Hm? You say something?

WENDY FARRON

Whattya think about up there?

Farron smiles, warmly.

BOBBY FARRON

Just you, my love.

INSERT: JUNE 30th, 1962.

INT. 1940 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE - CHESTNUT HILL - DAY

NINA NICHOLS (68)--gray hair, big but healthy--hustles up a wooden set of stairs, suitcases in either hand, toward--

HER APARTMENT

Nichols unpacks, unfurling and folding clothes, her suitcases on the bed. A phone's tucked into her shoulder.

NINA NICHOLS

...what time ya gonna eat, Margie?

TAP-TAP. Nichols steps into her hall, looks to the door.

NINA NICHOLS (CONT'D)

Hold on. Someone's at the door...

Nichols puts the phone down on her bed, walks out.

LATER

The phone echoes, the line dead, in a now-darkened room.

KITCHEN

The STRANGLER empties a green wine bottle in the sink.

LATER

Farron walks into the apartment and looks to the door--it's clean, lock's unbroken. He points this out to Sulko.

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FRAN SULKO

No forced entry. Same as Slessers.

Down the hall, DR. LUONGO (40) comes out of the bedroom, eyes down, and walks by Farron, dazed. Sulko stops him.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

S'matter, doc?

DR. LUONGO

You let me know, either of you seen anythin like that down there.

BOBBY FARRON

She raped?

DR. LUONGO

*All the way--with a wine bottle.*

LATER

Farron and Sulko stand at the threshold of the bedroom.

FRAN SULKO

You seen anythin like that before?

BOBBY FARRON

Nope.

Farron kneels by the body and spots THREE PEARL BUTTONS on the floor. He turns to Nichols. His eyes move over:

STOCKINGS dug deep into her neck, cutting the skin. Bite marks--on her large breasts, nipples, the belly down to her waist. A single blue shoe hanging off her left foot.

FRAN SULKO

Double-half hitch...

Farron looks to the BOW in the stockings. He nods.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - BOSTON POLICE HQ - NIGHT

Farron drops in behind his desk, throws his gun in a drawer, slams the drawer, pulls out a TRACT of paper and sharpens a pencil. A SECRETARY places a file on his desk. Farron doesn't look up. Sulko leans over, grabs the file.

FRAN SULKO

Wouldn't get too comfortable...

Farron looks up, confused. Whattya mean?

INT. 73 NEWHALL STREET - LYNN, MA - NIGHT

HELEN BLAKE (65)--heavy-breasted, wide-hipped, white haired--lays face down on her bed, her pajama-top hiked up to cover her face. CRIME SCENE CAMERAS WHIR, FLASH.

DETECTIVE (O.S.)  
*Lynn, Lynn, city of sin, never go  
out the way you come in...*

LATER

Farron and Sulko walk through the door, sliding past an exiting Patrolman. Farron eyes the lock--unbroken--and makes his way down the hall toward the CAMERA FLASHES.

LATER

Farron slides into the bedroom and stands against the wall, well out of the way of two LYNN DETECTIVES (40s).

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
Those spaces on her fingers,  
they're missing rings.

DETECTIVE 2  
Write it up--robbery.

Farron points out the BOW on her neck to Sulko.

DETECTIVE  
The fuck are you two ghouls?

FRAN SULKO  
Boston PD.

DETECTIVE  
Oh yeah? You wanna handle this?  
Let us go get a cup of coffee?

BOBBY FARRON  
How bout I bet ya a \$100, you find  
three, four buttons on the floor.

DETECTIVE 2  
...I found two.

BOBBY FARRON  
Housecoats got four buttons up the  
front. He raped her on the floor,  
dressed her up on the bed. Seems  
like a lotta work, a robbery...

The Detectives exchange a look. Sulko grins at them.

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DETECTIVE  
Whattya think this is?

BOBBY FARRON  
It's something.

INT. BOSTON POLICE HQ - BACK BAY - NIGHT

Sulko, squinting, pecks at the keys on his typewriter.  
Farron's drawing another map. Farron looks up and--

At the front of the bullpen is a corkboard with photos of  
Slessers and Nichols. Above them, labelled with their  
names, are lengths of rope tied in DOUBLE-HALF HITCHES.

LATER

Farron ties a KNOT for Blake and hangs it on the board.

EXT. FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - DAWN

Farron drags himself out of his cruiser. Walking up his  
FRONT PORCH, he finds a BOSTON GLOBE and unfolds it.

HEADLINE: ANOTHER SILK STOCKING MURDER.

INT. KITCHEN - FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - LATER

Farron turns off the sink faucet but spots a line of dirt  
under his well-trimmed, wet finger nails. He hits the  
faucet again, scrubs hard. But can't seem to get it out.

LATER

Farron sits at his table, cracks a beer, and BREATHEs. He  
takes off his .38, puts it on the table, and stares out  
the back door at the sunrise, fighting his eyes open.

1962 MAGNAVOX CONSOLE TV: WBZ-4 MORNING NEWS

JACK CHASE (47) reports from behind the news desk.

JACK CHASE  
...a fourth victim of the so-  
called "Sunset Killer" was found  
yesterday on Beacon Hill...

INT. BAR - PIE ALLEY - BOSTON - DAWN

Farron, carrying three cups of coffee, finds Sulko at the bar, cracking an egg into his beer. Farron hands a coffee to Sulko and to the Bartender, who nods his thanks.

On the TV above the bar, COMMISSIONER EDMUND L. MCNAMARA (41)--big, long face, hollow eyes--is being interviewed.

BARTENDER

Commish don't look so hot today.

FRAN SULKO

Looks worse than fuckin Nixon.

INT. COMMISSIONER MCNAMARA'S OFFICE - BPD HQ - DAY

McNamara pulls down his tie and collapses, groaning, into a chair behind his desk. He holds up a RECORD-AMERICAN.

COMMISSIONER MCNAMARA

You see this shit? For a month and a half they've been drummin up panic, sell papers. Now this *shit*.

He throws it across his desk into Farron's lap. Sulko's seated next to him. HEADLINE: HYSTERIA SOLVES NOTHING.

COMMISSIONER MCNAMARA (CONT'D)

You just watch, they're gonna fuckin crucify me for this shit. Been onna job six months and I get a goddamn madman dropped inna my lap--and I'ma get *killed* for it.

BOBBY FARRON

You gotta put someone in charge, make sure it goes away quick.

COMMISSIONER MCNAMARA

*Uh-uh*. You get outta hand, Farron.

CAPTAIN DUGGAN (O.S.)

He's been on it since June, Mac...

McNamara glances at Captain DUGGAN standing by the door.

COMMISSIONER MCNAMARA

Ya the one *put him on leave*.

CAPTAIN DUGGAN

I stuck him with a *bum case* and he put together all we got so far.

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CONTINUED:

Mac sighs, drops an ALKA-SELTZER into a glass of WHISKY.

COMMISSIONER MCNAMARA

All right, I'll put ya on point.  
But ya *not* gonna be alone, Farron.  
This thing needs a *presence*--a  
nice lil show a force for the TVs.  
I'm gonna call in all vacation  
time, gonna put every dick we got  
on this. And I want every loony,  
Suffolk, Norfolk, Middlesex  
counties *dragged* in and questioned-

BOBBY FARRON

-boss, you do that and it's just  
going to perpetuate this--

McNamara jabs his tumbler at Farron.

COMMISSIONER MCNAMARA

Bob, I got a guy stranglin, rapin  
nurses in the city with the most  
hospitals per-square-foot in the  
country. *S'already perpetuatin.*

INT. FARRON'S UNDERCOVER CRUISER - NIGHT

Farron pulls up outside of MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL and  
Wendy climbs in wearing a full NURSE'S UNIFORM. Farron  
pulls out and passes a loading MTA BUS. There's a line of  
women, all NURSES, climbing on--all of them bare-legged.

BOBBY FARRON

Don't these women get cold?

WENDY FARRON

No one wears stockings--*now*.

Farron nods, vacantly and Wendy watches him--his eyes  
distant, exhausted. He sees her looking at him. What?

WENDY FARRON (CONT'D)

It true, what they say about him?

BOBBY FARRON

What do they say about him?

Wendy breaks eye contact, a modest smile on her face.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

Isn't gonna bother me.

WENDY FARRON

...he stick things *in* them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON  
Nice language for a Catholic.

Wendy grins, playfully. But she still watches him.

WENDY FARRON  
You gonna be all right?

He nods. Yeah-sure. He senses her looking.

WENDY FARRON (CONT'D)  
What happened with Buddy McLean--  
ya not gonna do that again, huh?

Farron looks back to the road. He slowly shakes his head.

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - BOSTON POLICE HQ - DAY

S. AGENT WALTER MCLAUGHLIN (40s) stands at the head of a bullpen, next to a green-chalkboard labelled: PERVERSION.

AGENT MCLAUGHLIN  
...some of you may be familiar with the DSM from your military service and the Medical 203. But one subject that document fails to mention is a routine problem with investigators: that though your deviant may be psychotic, he may not always *look* like what one would term as "crazy." Often times, these are people who *seem* sane, might even feel guilt about what they've done, who are racked with *obsessions* and *compulsions*...

Farron, one of 50 cops, watches McLaughlin intently.

LATER

A projector warms, projects behind McLaughlin.

AGENT MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)  
...with your Strangler, we see a common attribute typical to the deviant--*progression*. Like I'm sure some of you have found with taking a drink, the more you take, the more you need. The same with the deviant. His acts typically get worse, more *demonstrative*.

McLaughlin flips through slides of CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

On the same day, June 30th,  
victims #2 and #3 were markedly  
more perverse than victim #1.

(Pointing to picture)

Note the bite marks on the  
genitalia...the wine bottle. And  
victims #4 and #5, Ida Irga and  
Jane Sullivan, saw an increase in  
exhibitionism, of display.

(Pointing to picture)

Irga's body was laid out in such a  
fashion that the first person  
through the door would be forced  
to confront her labia, and the  
Strangler's work therein...

Sulko and Dooley flinch, look away.

AGENT MCLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

Questions so far?

BOBBY FARRON

There a profile on the killer?

Agent McLaughlin looks to the wings. DR. SOLOMON (60s),  
seated next to Commissioner McNamara, clears his throat.

DR. SOLOMON

The consensus at Boston City is  
that the killer is a man between  
the ages of 25-45, highly  
intelligent, most-likely Catholic  
and with a deep-seated hatred and  
attraction to his mother figure...

Dr. Solomon glances back at McLaughlin.

AGENT MCLAUGHLIN

And most likely, he will kill  
*older women* until he's stopped.

INSERT: MAY 6, 1963.

INT. 4 UNIVERSITY ROAD - CAMBRIDGE, MA - DUSK

BEVERLY SAMANS (23)--short cropped hair, high cheek  
bones, pretty--plays a piano, fingers moving lithely over  
the keys. But there's NO SOUND--all that can be HEARD is  
a steady HEART BEAT, a DULL ECHO. Samans stops playing.  
She reaches up to her ear and FINGERS a HEARING AID.

The SOUND rushes back into her head. She plays, sings--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutti."

TAP-TAP-TAP. Samans keeps playing, singing. Then there's a POUNDING at the door. Samans looks over, confused.

LATER

Samans cocks the door, the chain snapping into place.

VOICE (O.S.)

I gotta do some work inside.

BEVERLY SAMANS

Could you come back later, I'm--

VOICE (O.S.)

-hey, ya don't want it done? Okay.  
Just tell the super, I was here.

Samans looks down, sighing guilty.

BEVERLY SAMANS

Well, come in, get it over with.

BLACK OUT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Samans comes to in a concussed haze, NO SOUND in her head--only her HEART BEATING progressively louder and a dull roar like the tide coming in. She finds herself on the toilet and a dim form of a MAN watching her take a piss.

Samans climbs cautiously into her bed, lays down.

Samans limbs are tied to the bed. Her clothes are torn off, her ample body completely exposed on the top sheet.

Saman's crying, being jockeyed, SCREAMING soundlessly.

A knife is drawn. Samans pleads, soundlessly. A gloved hand cups her breast, puts the tip of the knife to it and--

LATER

Farron's standing over Saman's bed. His eyes pick up the details: concentric stab wounds around the breast, her left leg dangling off the bed, a DOUBLE-HALF HITCH KNOT.

FRAN SULKO (O.S.)

Tell me it's not him...

Farron turns, Sulko's stands next to Dr. Luongo watching him swab the sheets. Luongo looks to Farron. Farron nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. LUONGO

Yeah.

Sulko turns away, restrained. Farron watches him look over her belongings, over her desk. He picks up a pad.

FRAN SULKO

"What did I do to deserve this?"

Farron squints. Sulko hands him the notepad. Written in the margins in feminine cursive: "What did I do to...?"

INT. BOSTON POLICE HQ - BACK BAY - NIGHT

Farron ties another knot. There are 8 in total now.

TIME ELAPSE

Another KNOT appears. #9: EVELYN CORBIN. Also tacked onto the board now is an ARTIST'S RENDERING of a SUSPECT.

INSERT: 10/25/63

SWITCHBOARD

PHONES PEAL. TYPEWRITERS CLATTER. A mob of OPERATORS (20s) works furiously at an overburdened SWITCHBOARD, plugging lines, answering calls and filling out forms. The forms read: STRANGLER HOTLINE, DE 8-1212 and--

"Man outside my window at night..." "Homeless man living in a basement coal bin..." "Priest at St. Anthony's..."

HOMICIDE DIVISION

Sulko shakes Farron, laid out on a cot, and hands him a coffee. Farron, eyes black with exhaustion, sits up and takes it. Sulko sits on the cot across the way, sipping his own, smoking. Farron stares into the bullpen, yawns.

A DRUNK (40s) chained to a bench, is weeping to himself.

BOBBY FARRON

Who's that?

FRAN SULKO

Just another dipso *knows* he strangled a broad in a blackout.

Something comes to Farron slowly. He looks under the cot.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

What--what are you thinkin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON

Remember the negress, got it in December? Sophie Clark? She had two roommates. Both had the idea he was lookin for them, got her.

FRAN SULKO

Yeah, they were paranoid.

BOBBY FARRON

Nah. They hadda *same* look on their faces--like they *knew somethin*.

Farron finds his files under the bed and hands Sulko a crime scene photo--TWO BLACK GIRLS are in the background.

EXT. 315 HUNTINGTON AVENUE - BACK BAY, BOSTON - DUSK

Farron and Sulko step over a gritty snowbank onto the walk outside a brick tenement rising out of a storefront.

INSIDE

MISS LULKA (20s)--black, pretty, well-dressed--moves a series of empty liquor bottles out of the way of her door and opens it for Farron and Sulko. They see the bottles.

MISS LULKA

*He works on ya mind, you know?*  
Haven't worn stockings, two years.

LATER

Farron and Sulko stand over Lulka, seated on her couch.

FRAN SULKO

Ya gave the description of the alleged killer, am I right?

Miss Lulka folds her arms over her chest, looking off.

MISS LULKA

Yeah. Yeah...I let him in, ya believe that? Said he had to do work, I let him in. Don't know why now I didn't ask who sent him...

BOBBY FARRON

How'd you get him to leave?

MISS LULKA

My *chile* came outta the back. Told him my husband back there, too.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Farron flashes on a DARK SILHOUETTE in a doorway watching a small BLACK CHILD cling, scared, to Miss Lulka's leg.

FRAN SULKO  
Ya husband home?

MISS LULKA  
I ain't got no husband.

Lulka looks up at them, grinning. They smile.

FRAN SULKO  
Had you seen him before?

MISS LULKA  
Yeah, I know I'd seen him once  
with one of them girl's dates.  
They denied it. But I know I did.

BOBBY FARRON  
You remember a name?

INSERT: NOVEMBER 22nd, 1963.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - BOSTON POLICE HQ - DAY

JUNIOR LANGHAM (20s)--massive, black, mean--is seated with his back to a filing cabinet and a portable TV.

BOBBY FARRON (O.S.)  
What was ya relationship to Clark?

JUNIOR LANGHAM  
I didn't fuckin touch Sophie, man.

FRAN SULKO (O.S.)  
Why, don't like ya own kind?

Langham looks up. Farron is seated on a desk in front of him. Sulko, furious, leans with his back to the door.

JUNIOR LANGHAM  
You see how *tall* that bitch was?  
Know how *big* that gash had to be?

FRAN SULKO  
That a problem for you?

JUNIOR LANGHAM  
I like tight *gash*.

FRAN SULKO  
Whyn't you watch ya mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNIOR LANGHAM

Whattsa matter, you get  
uncomfortable talkin bout gash?

Sulko comes off the door but Farron points outside. Sulko stops himself and leaves, slamming the door behind him.

JUNIOR LANGHAM (CONT'D)

I don't haveta talk--ya don't  
charge me, nothin. I could walk  
out here right now, ya never see  
me again. Whatchu gonna do then?

BOBBY FARRON

I'd find you again, Junior.

Junior grins. And Sulko bursts back into the office. Langham recoils. But Sulko only turns on the small TV.

TV: Walter Cronkite puts on his glasses to read a FLASH.

WALTER CRONKITE

...from Dallas, Texas, the flash--  
apparently official--President  
Kennedy died at 1 p.m...

INT. FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - DAY

Farron and Wendy watch their MAGNAVOX CONSOLE and the coverage inside DALLAS POLICE HQ. Wendy, tucking a tissue into the sleeve of her robe, gets up and wanders into the KITCHEN. Farron adjusts himself on the couch and watches--

Oswald be escorted into the parking garage and--SHOT.

SCREAMS. BEDLAM. Wendy rushes back in. What happened?

BOBBY FARRON

Someone shot him...

WENDY FARRON

...well good, I guess.

Farron shakes his head and puts his elbows on his knees, cupping his face. Then the PHONE SHRILLS. Farron groans and moves into the BEDROOM to grab it. Wendy sits on the couch and Farron walks back in, throwing on his jacket.

WENDY FARRON (CONT'D)

Where could you possibly be goin?

Farron buckles on his .38.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY FARRON (CONT'D)

*Oh no. Ya told me--you said, right to my face, you wouldn't do this again. Been almost two years now-- ya doing it again. Same thing that happened with McLean. Same thing--*

BOBBY FARRON

Not now, hon. Not today...

WENDY FARRON

*No. Don't you do this to me today. Whole world's fallin apart outside and you leave me here? What am I supposed to do? Sit on my ass?*

Farron moves for the door.

WENDY FARRON (CONT'D)

What are you afraid of?

Farron stops.

WENDY FARRON (CONT'D)

*Don't want me to work. Don't wanna have kids. Just want me locked up here. Safe. So whattya afraid of?*

Farron stares at her, shaking his head. He walks out.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - BOSTON - NIGHT

Farron, wrapped in his coat, watches Dr. Luongo, Dictaphone in hand, examine a JOANN GRAFF (23) on a slab.

DR. LUONGO

*...contusions both above and below the nipple of the left breast...*

Farron FLASHES on Graff's generous BUST falling out of her ripped shirt; Graff struggling not to be held down.

DR. LUONGO (CONT'D)

*...genitalia shows signs of trauma...evidence of rape...*

Farron FLASHES on Graff being mounted, SCREAMING.

DR. LUONGO (CONT'D)

*Cause of death is asphyxiation ...hyoid bone has collapsed, indicating manual strangulation...*

Farron jerks his head, as if to dislodge a thought.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

19" ADMIRAL TV: The Kennedy Funeral March.

INT. KITCHEN - CHARLESTOWN APARTMENT - DAY

Ms. JAKOWSKI (20s) looks away from the 19" Admiral on her counter, pulls her hair back and lights a Salem on a STOVE TOP. There's a GENTLE TAP at her door. Confused, she turns and sees a pair of BOOTS under the frame.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry to bother you, ma'am, but I  
work over at St. Mary's? We're  
doing a little collection, you  
know, the Kennedy children?

MS. JAKOWSKI

Who's the priest over, St. Mary's?

She sees the boots rush off. She grabs her phone.

INT. FARRON'S UNDERCOVER CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Sulko drives, Farron in the shotgun, over the TOBIN.

RADIO (O.S.)

*Code: Norman Bates, Winthrop  
Square section, Charlestown...*

The CRUISER ENGINE ROARS.

LATER

Sulko flies into WINTHROP SQUARE and they prowl its park, scanning row after row of interconnected, brick buildings and their alleys. The neighborhood's quiet, deserted.

They take a right, up hill, and come under the shadow of the BUNKER HILL MONUMENT. Gliding past Monument Ct.--

BOBBY FARRON

There! *There.*

Sulko slams on the breaks and tosses the car in reverse-- but the court's empty. They take the next right, turn right again, and catch sight of a MAN slipping into an alley down the block. Sulko drops into NEUTRAL and cruises up to the alleyway. Angling inside, Farron sees--

A short, wide-built man in a GREEN JACKET with a black pompadour--ALBERT DESALVO (33) walking away. Sulko POUNCES ON THE GAS and aims right for DeSalvo's back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DeSalvo hears the cruiser's ROAR, turns, sees it coming and bolts for the end of the alley. He dives into the street and the Cruiser breaches the alleyway, tires squealing and knocks a row of trash cans into the road.

DeSalvo, horrified, pushes up and races up the block. Sulko straightens out the cruiser and follows DeSalvo into an alley between two apartment building, only--

DeSalvo leaps over a railing and into a basement divot.

UNMARKED CRUISER

Sulko breaks and skids head-first into the cut out. The cruiser rocks, and Farron's out of the car and racing out of the alley. He sprints down the block and turns left into the next alleyway--covering the building's rear.

SULKO

Leaps into the divot and rams through a steel door.

FARRON

Boots a REAR DOOR until the rust gives and it flies open. .38 up, he cautiously enters a long trash-strewn hallway that runs the length of the building. He can hear the KENNEDY FUNERAL MARCH booming out of every apartment.

SULKO

Rushes up a dust-laden staircase, .45 at his side, and reaches a platform. Carefully, he leans over the railing and looks up to the ROOF DOOR--it's closed, no DeSalvo. Shoulder to the wall, Sulko rises to the next floor, eyes up. He can HEAR a steady echo of the FUNERAL MARCH.

FARRON

Eases his way down the hall, his eyes on the open hall door at the end. He passes an APARTMENT DOOR and peers in: two WHITE KIDS in ill-fitting clothes look away from their TV to him. Farron gestures, *shhh*. They could care.

SULKO

Quietly reaches the next platform and again sticks his head over the railing to see up to the ROOF DOOR. Still closed. Shoulder back to the wall, he moves to the next flight, eyes still up. His shoulder brushes a hall door--

And the door creaks open. Sulko looks down, there's a ray of light on the floor. He traces the light up the seam, the funeral DRUMS building to CRESCENDO, and sees a FACE staring back at him. Sulko swings his gun arm up and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The door's kicked open, knocking Sulko onto his back. DeSalvo flees over him and Sulko empties his clip.

FARRON

HEARS the GUNSHOTS. SCREAMS of TERROR. He raises his .38, in a combat stance, aiming at the far end of the hall and waits. The funeral PIPERS whine to an ear-aching pitch. Then--FOOTFALLS. Suddenly, DeSalvo appears, sees him and freezes. Farron has him dead to rights--but doesn't fire.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

Sulko!

FRAN SULKO (O.S.)

*Shoot the fuck.*

Farron squeezes back on the trigger and--

DeSalvo bolts. FUCK. Farron immediately takes off after him, crashes through the door at the far end of the hall and jumps down the stairs to the basement. He climbs out the divot into the alley, dives over their cruiser and darts into the street. He sees DeSalvo, two blocks ahead.

LATER

Breathless, Farron pursues him down four blocks of empty sidewalk. He gains, closes their gap to one block, only--

DeSalvo ducks into an alley ahead. Farron cuts into the alley before it, sprints to the end, hurtling piles of garbage and sleeping bums. He comes out the other end and--

Farron runs right into DeSalvo crossing the alley mouth. They tumble into the street, a HORN HONKING. But DeSalvo rolls onto his feet and keeps going. Right behind him--

Farron keeps pace. He watches DeSalvo slice down a side street and rush to the end, hitting a 7' brick wall.

LATER

Farron comes over the wall, into the woods, and at the back of an 18th century CEMETERY. He sees DeSalvo, just ahead, dodging around brittle tombstones, fleeing into--

INT. BASEMENT - ST. FRANCIS DE SALE CATHEDRAL - DAY

Farron peers inside, framed by the doorway, and finds the cellar in complete darkness, silent save for the WOOSH and HUM of a MASSIVE TWO-BURNER FURNACE at the far end. Steam hisses out of one burner--the other burner dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the distance, an echo of the FUNERAL can be heard.

.38 in front of him, Farron eases his way in, feeling his way along with his feet, moving towards the broken BURNER. Holding out a shaking hand to its slats, face slick with sweat, Farron takes a steadying breath and--

Farron TEARS IT OPEN. But inside is nothing--darkness. Farron peers into the abyss and a set of EGG WHITE EYES SCREAMS back at him. Farron freezes. DeSalvo lunges out.

LATER

Farron comes to. Sulko's shaking him, terrified.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MASS GENERAL HOSPITAL - DUSK

Farron sits on the edge of a bed, embarrassed, a gash over his right eye being stitched. Wendy--in uniform--slides onto the bed next to him. Farron won't look over. Wendy watches him, shaking her head, smiling gratefully.

WENDY FARRON

What am I gonna do with you.

INSERT: JANUARY 4th, 1964.

INT. KITCHEN - 44A CHARLES STREET - BEACON HILL - DUSK

MARY SULLIVAN (19)--redheaded, gorgeous, well-developed--stands on a stool, fitting onion paper onto her shelves.

TAP-TAP-TAP...

Sullivan pads toward the door in BARE FEET, pops it open.

LATER

The Strangler stands in her kitchen looking around absent-mindedly, as if he forgot why he came in. He spots a New Years card on the table. He picks it up, looks it over.

LATER

Mary, seated up in a bed, three stockings wound around her throat, tied off with DOUBLE-HALF HITCHES, stares off into nowhere, eyes black with eight ball hemorrhages. The Strangler props up the card on her BARE left FOOT.

INT. FARRON'S UNDERCOVER CRUISER - NIGHT

Farron pulls up at the edge of a growing crowd outside of a CHARLES ST. THREE STORY WALK UP. Police HORSES, noses steaming, ring the mob. Reporters sit on the fringes. An ambulance, lights flashing, attempts to wade through.

INT. 44A CHARLES ST. - BEACON HILL - LATER

Farron and Sulko stand in the bedroom doorway staring in at Mary Sullivan. Farron moves in slowly, as if respectfully, and squats by the bed. His eyes wander to-

A fruit knife in her hand. A pink scarf knotted at her throat. The eight ball hemorrhages. The card on her foot.

FRAN SULKO

She's just a fuckin kid...

Farron takes a deep breath, and nods.

EXT. 44A CHARLES ST. - BEACON HILL - LATER

Farron and Sulko escort the BODY BAG, born on a stretcher between two FIREMEN, down an interior staircase and into the ROARING CROWD on the street. But the crowd sees the BODY and suddenly falls SILENT, REVERENTIALLY STILL.

An AMBULANCE backs up to the door and Farron and Sulko clear a path to it. The stretcher's slid in. Farron pounds on the trunk, and they watch the ambo roll off.

1964 ZENITH COLOR CONSOLE TV:

"GOVERNOR ENDICOTT PEABODY" (44) addresses the camera. His name appears beneath him in stark white lettering.

GOV. PEABODY

And on this matter, today, I have placed the *entire* resources of the Commonwealth at the discretion of Attorney General Edward Brooke...

INSERT: JANUARY 17th, 1964.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - DAY

A.G. EDWARD BROOKE (45)--cafe au lait skin, salt and pepper hair, handsome--leans forward at his desk, smiling at every news camera and photographer in Massachusetts.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

REPORTER (O.S.)

Isn't there any worry on your part going into an election year...?

A.G. BROOKE

I know I'm going to be blamed by both police and public, but something *has to be done* here. Now, this is no comment on the efforts of the Boston Police Department and its detectives...

CAMERAS FLASH. Farron and Sulko stand off to the side.

A.G. BROOKE (CONT'D)

...this is about *coordination*. We have 6 different police forces and 3 district attorneys working on pieces of this case. And as the *chief law enforcement officer of the Commonwealth*, I feel it's my job to organize that effort in one, clear, *coordinated* direction.

Reporters bicker for his attention. He nods to one.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Is there a precedent here, Ed?

A.G. BROOKE

This is an abnormal and unusual case and it is going to demand an abnormal and unusual procedure.

(Smiles humbly)

Now, I'm not just throwing more policemen at this but experts--criminologists, psychiatrists, pathologists--any "ist" I can.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Opportunists?

Polite LAUGHTER. Brooke smiles his humble grin.

A.G. BROOKE

He brings me a suspect, why not?

LATER

A SMOKED GLASS door is being freshly painted with...

"SPECIAL DIVISION OF CRIME AND RESEARCH DIVISION"

INSIDE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ASST. ATTORNEY GENERAL JOHN BOTTOMLY (40s)--tall, oval face, horn-rimmed glasses--leads a team of Farron, Sulko, Dooley and three other DETECTIVES through a WAR ROOM being constructed inside the foyer of the A.G.'s office.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

From here on in there are three  
components to this job: *collect--*

Three JANITORS each dolly in 6' tall FILING CABINETS.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)

*Organize--*

11 SECRETARIES, at a fleet of desks lining a wall,  
collate a CASEBOOK on each of the STRANGLER VICTIMS.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)

*And analyze...*

Bottomly stops at a massive, wall-sized IBM COMPUTER and  
picks up a stack of PUNCH CARDS, fanning them out.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)

Now each one of these punch holes  
represents some detail of our  
victims' lives: religion, height,  
ethnic background, jobs held;  
every place they've ever lived;  
every person they've ever known...

Dooley leans into Farron, Sulko.

TOM DOOLEY

You know this asshole's father  
started the Watch and Ward  
Society? S'why Brooke put him in  
charge: they both hate the Irish.

FRAN SULKO

Yeah? Me too.

Farron smiles, and watches Bottomly lean over and  
demonstratively feed the punch cards into the computer.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Now this machine, which the boys  
in Concord were nice enough to  
loan to us, will read each piece  
of our victims' lives and search  
for similarities--providing, we  
hope, a pattern, an *explanation...*

Farron watches the punch cards be endlessly sorted.

INT. CONF. ROOM - BOSTON U. SCHOOL OF LEGAL MED. - DAY

DR. DONALD KENEFICK (60s) is seated at the head of a room length table, surrounded on all sides by EXPERTS. They're bordered to the left by a wall of MURDER LOCATION PHOTOS, to the right by a wall of EVIDENTIARY GRAFTS, MAPS of MASS.; and framed by a slide-show of CRIME SCENE PHOTOS.

INSERT: MEDICAL-PSYCHIATRIC COMMITTEE.

Farron, Sulko and Bottomly, watch Kenefick read a REPORT.

DR. KENEFICK

...it's this committee's majority opinion that "Mr. S" is most likely an unstable sociopathic member, or members, of New England's growing subterranean *homosexual* community and...

Bottomly and Sulko are rapt. Farron's incredulous.

DR. KENEFICK (CONT'D)

...in the final analysis, we have found that "Mr. S" is a boy who grew up to feel women were a *fearful mystery*, and that each killing is an exorcism of that *fear* by degrading an overwhelming and fearsome mother figure. But this obsession has yet yielded no release and as such each subsequent act becomes more violent. It is our conclusion that "Mr. S" will continue to murder until he achieves *satisfaction*--which in this case will most likely mean his own destruction...

INT. 1958 CHEVY COUPE - DAY

DeSalvo cruises around in the RAIN, his leg running.

INT. ST. STANISLAUS CHURCH - CHELSEA, MA - DUSK

Albert slides into a pew, jacket squeaking against the polished wood, and mops his face. He takes in his surroundings--the Byzantine alter in candle light, the Stations, the Crucified Christ moaning to Heaven...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

*CLICK-CLACK.* Slowly, Albert turns and sees a REDHEAD walking in on high heels, shaking water off her umbrella-- the water catching her bare legs, the light catching the water. Albert drops onto the kneeler and prays. But...

He FLASHES on the Redhead riding him, the Redhead bent over on her knees, the Redhead moaning, *coming*...

DeSalvo opens his eyes. A stain spreads on his pants.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - DUSK

A Secretary hefts a file BOX onto Farron's desk.

SECRETARY

Mug shot of every sex criminal  
charged or released in the last  
six months in Suffolk county...

Farron nods his thanks and pulls out a stack of MUGS.

LATER

Bottomly slides into a chair next to Farron and watches him furiously tear through the mug shots, wholly focused.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Any luck?

Farron shakes his head. Bottomly nods and crosses his legs, demurely. He says nothing. It distracts Farron.

BOBBY FARRON

There somethin I can do for ya?

JOHN BOTTOMLY

I just had one question: I was  
reading over your case files--very  
impressive by the way, *neat*--and  
noticed a report about a Langham.

BOBBY FARRON

Was a former boyfriend of one of  
Sophie Clarke's roommates.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Didn't get much out of him?

BOBBY FARRON

Didn't want to talk. Didn't have  
anything to charge him with. Hadda  
let him go. Then the next day...

Farron gestures with his eyes to his DESALVO WOUND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Reason I ask is I've been trying to run Clark's roommates to ground but they seem to have... *vanished*. I'm subpoenaing their bank records but that takes time. So I was wondering if you'd be willing to take another whack at Langham, see what you can't find out from him.

Farron looks back at his MUGS. Bottomly claps his arm.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)

I know you have a suspect--and it's a good lead. But the way you're going about it--you know how many mug shots are in the county files, *state files*--and what if he's never been arrested? I know I'm new, but I think the way to go about this is to look at the *victims*, who they knew. Then use your description on *them*.

BOBBY FARRON

What'd you work on before this?

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Eminent Domain. Real Estate.

BOBBY FARRON

So this is ya first killer?

Bottomly looks down, smiling, as if he expected that.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

You know, I looked you up a bit. Read you got into a little bit of trouble last year--gangland in Somerville? James "Buddy" McLean?

BOBBY FARRON

McLean gunned a man down in the street, broad daylight. 150 people saw him. And no one'd testify.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Must've driven you crazy trying to prove the obvious some other way.

Farron stares at Bottomly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not trying to get in your way--I'm just asking you to maybe look at this *differently*. You know when I was in Germany, after the war? I had to sort out who to take to trial, who to let go--make recommendations to that effect. Now, nobody kept better records than the Third Reich...

(Points to mugs)

But that didn't tell the whole story--not by far. And it didn't help us find them--even when we had names. What did was talking to people at the camps--the *victims*.

Farron looks away, nodding, catching Bottomly's point.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)

Now maybe you're right. Maybe I'm full of it. But maybe this Langham ends up being a copy cat, we knock Clark off the books. Who knows?

INT. FARRON'S UNMARKED CRUISER - NIGHT

Sulko and Farron cruise the parking lot of the CHALET SWISS BOWLING ALLEY and watch Langham shoot pool inside.

LATER

They surveil Langham escorting a light-skinned BLACK WOMAN up an exterior staircase to a GARAGE APARTMENT.

DAWN

Farron smokes, sips coffee, still watching.

FRAN SULKO

How's Lois Lane doin'?

Farron looks over. Sulko, beat, ashes into an empty cup.

BOBBY FARRON

Ah...she's miserable.

FRAN SULKO

Yeah? How come?

BOBBY FARRON

She wants kids.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAN SULKO

And what, you don't? Why not?

Farron tries to find the words. Can't. Sulko watches him.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

...you all right, Farron?

Farron looks over, surprised he'd ask. Bobby nods. Yeah.

MIDNIGHT

Farron and Sulko surveil a LOW END DIVE. Farron suddenly winces, as if struck by something. He throws his door.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

Bobby, whattya doing? *Bob...*

BOBBY FARRON

Fuckin waste of time...

Farron slams the car door and crosses the street.

INT. BAR - LAWRENCE, MA - NIGHT

Farron squeezes between two black women at a crowded bar and saddles right up against Langham. Junior turns and...

BOBBY FARRON

Remember I said I'd find you?

Junior bolts. Farron grabs him by the collar.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

Ga'head--*run*. Think the next guy comes looking for ya won't just pop ya one in the fuckin head?

JUNIOR LANGHAM

Fuck you, man.

BOBBY FARRON

Calm down, I know ya didn't do it.

JUNIOR LANGHAM

...oh yeah?

BOBBY FARRON

Yeah but no one else does. And I'm sick of wastin time, watchin you pick up coolies. So why don't ya come back to Boston--*prove it*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNIOR LANGHAM  
Fuck m'I gonna do that?

INT. OFFICE - BPD HQ - NIGHT

CHARLES ZIMMERMAN (30s) watches the lines on a POLYGRAPH MACHINE, Junior Langham seated next to him, strapped in.

CHARLES ZIMMERMAN  
Did you ever have consensual sex  
with Ms. Sophie Clark?

JUNIOR LANGHAM  
No.

Junior kneads his hands in his lap. He looks over at the machine and Zimmerman. Zimmerman watches still lines.

OUTER OFFICE

Farron and Sulko watch the test through a glass wall. Farron lights a PALL MALL. Sulko bounces a squash ball.

INSIDE

Zimmerman marks the still lines on the machine.

CHARLES ZIMMERMAN  
Do you know who killed Clark?

JUNIOR LANGHAM  
No.

The lines jump. Zimmerman marks this, emotionless.

CHARLES ZIMMERMAN  
Did you kill Sophie Clark?

JUNIOR LANGHAM  
No. I didn't kill no Sophie Clark.

Zimmerman's stares at him over the rims of his glasses.

FRAN SULKO (O.S.)  
*So he's lying?*

OUTER OFFICE

Zimmerman shakes his head, reading a POLYGRAPH READ OUT.

CHARLES ZIMMERMAN  
No. Not necessarily. He just knows  
more than what he's telling us.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON  
Could he just be nervous?

CHARLES ZIMMERMAN  
That's a possibility.

Bobby gestures to Sulk as if to say, "there ya go."

FRAN SULKO  
That's it? Wanna just let him go?

BOBBY FARRON  
What else can we do?

INSIDE

Sulko charges into the office and into Langham's face.

FRAN SULKO  
You goddamn jigaboo, fuckin liar--

JUNIOR LANGHAM  
Man, that shit box lies!

FRAN SULKO  
That shit box says you lied, says  
you killed Clark. That means ya  
going in--fucking Walpole. *LIFE*.

Langham looks to Zimmerman, terrified, and finds his face impassive. He looks to Farron outside the glass, who watches him like an insect. He looks back to Sulko. He sees an electricity in Sulko's eyes, a need. He grins.

JUNIOR LANGHAM  
Man, fuck you--ya got *nothin*. I'm  
done. Fuck you. And fuck that box.

Sulko looks out the glass wall. Farron shakes his head.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ARLINGTON, MA - DAY

DeSalvo mashes the BUZZER BOX. Waits. The door CLICKS.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ARLINGTON, MA - LATER

DeSalvo peers into the MAINTENANCE OFFICE and spots a coffee cooling on the desk and a paycheck envelope. DeSalvo grabs the check, reads the name, and pockets it.

LATER

DeSalvo taps gently on an APARTMENT door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT DESALVO

(Reads check)

It's Mr. Bruce to check ya pipes.

A LOCK SLIDES. A CHAIN DROPS. The door cracks and DeSalvo forces it open, slams it shut behind him. Mrs. LEBLANC (30s) stares at him, stunned. DeSalvo's holding a KNIFE. Mrs. Leblanc backs up--never turning her back to him--and feels her way into a PARLOR with both hands, weeping.

LATER

DeSalvo binds Mrs. LeBlanc's hands, feet on her couch.

LATER

He unbuttons her housecoat and pulls open her bra. Her bust falls out. DeSalvo kisses them, gently. She mewls.

EXT. DESALVO HOUSE - MALDEN, MA - NIGHT

DeSalvo's Chevy pulls up to a small one family home.

LATER

DeSalvo washes his dick in the bathroom sink.

INSIDE

DeSalvo walks through a darkened kitchen towards the BLUE GLOW coming from the parlor. He finds IRMGARD (30s)--brunette, lithe, beautiful--watching "The Fugitive," his two kids--Judy (8), Michael (3)--laying on the floor.

DeSalvo kisses Irmgard and leans against the passageway between the two rooms. Albert watches TV with his family.

LATER

DeSalvo walks into Judy's pink-and-white princess-themed bedroom and finds her sitting on the comforter, waiting.

ALBERT DESALVO

How was the pain today?

Judy shrugs. DeSalvo frowns, sympathetically, and lays her back. He undoes the BOWED DOUBLE-HALF HITCHES on her FROG LEG BRACE and yanks it off. Her legs reflexively shut. But he *kneads* her thighs, opening them. She cries.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)

I know, honey. *I gotta hurt ya to help ya* though. I know, hon...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LATER

DeSalvo watches MICHAEL sleep in the dark.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - BOSTON POLICE HQ - DAY

Sulko, carrying two coffees, finds Farron, wrapped in a towel, shaving at a row of sinks. He hands him a cup.

FRAN SULKO

The master awaits...

Farron shakes his head, rinses his safety razor.

INT. BOTTOMLY'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - DAY

THE DOOR TO THE FUTURE by Stearn is placed on Bottomly's desk. The name "PETER HURKOS" is circled on the cover.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)

He's a Dutch painter. Fell off a ladder 20 years ago and woke up with what they call E.S.P, or extrasensory perception.

Farron and Sulko stare at Bottomly.

BOBBY FARRON

You *can not* hire this man.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

I'm not...A private donor did.

BOBBY FARRON

Mr. Bottomly, we have leads--

JOHN BOTTOMLY

-Hey, I know what you want to say. I thought the same thing. But I had him vetted and he comes highly recommended. He was part of the Dutch resistance during the war, was even in a concentration camp--

BOBBY FARRON

-was that before or after he got the psychic powers there?

Bottomly slaps a palm off his desk.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

We need a GD suspect--okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON

Chief--

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Yeah, *I know*--I've heard you, countless times. Your guy with the nose. But where is he? Have you any other evidence about who he is? *No*. You don't. *We got nothin*. I'm up for anything at this point.

BOBBY FARRON

This will *ruin* you if it--

Bottomly shoves a finger in Farron's face.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Us. Ruin *us*. His plane touches down in 3 hours. You like your job? I suggest you be there.

INSERT: JANUARY 29th, 1964

INT. BATTLE GREEN MOTEL - LEXINGTON, MA - NIGHT

PETER HURKOS (53)--big-eared, Vaudeville-looking, Dutch--puffs like a train on a small cigar, seated next to one of two twin beds, staring at stacks of PHOTOS placed picture down on the comforter. Hurkos slaps one, hard.

PETER HURKOS

Uh huh! Phoney baloney!

Sulko flips over the stack--they're photos of a dead man. Sulko looks at Farron seated on a couch next to JIM CRANE (40s)--6'4, shit-house-wide cowboy. Sulko gestures at Farron with the photos. You do this? Farron shrugs.

PETER HURKOS (CONT'D)

Irishman thinks Hurkos is full of the shit, eh? *Okay, okay*. You see.  
(to Crane)  
*Jeem*. Medicine...

Farron watches Crane stab out a Lucky Strike on a coffee table, grab a bottle of Walker out of a Pan-Am bag and pour Hurkos a snoot. Hurkos relights his cigar, sips his Scotch and paces around the bed and the photos. Suddenly--

Hurkos throws back his Scotch, tosses Crane the empty tumbler and dives for the bed. He stabs at a stack, rubbing his hand over the photos--then he punches another. His eyes widen. He raps his knuckles on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER HURKOS (CONT'D)

This one, she big, like this--

(Mimics big breasts)

She die like this--*like this, see?*

Hurkos drops onto the other twin bed, arms splayed, leaving one leg off, a toe on the floor. Sulko looks to Farron, to Crane. He grabs the stack and flips through them. He hands them to Farron. The pictures reveal:

Joann Graff, leg hanging off a bed--one toe on the floor.

LATER

Farron and Sulko watch Hurkos tear through a manila envelope, feverishly pulling out stockings, scarves, a broken belt--he can't get at the evidence fast enough. He chomps on his cigar and shakes the envelope on the bed.

Hurkos trails his fingers over the evidence, squinting, as if something were bothering him. He kneels next to the bed, as if in prayer, and takes up a pair of stockings. He runs them in the space between his fingers, concerned.

PETER HURKOS (CONT'D)

Ah huh! This *your man*...I see him.

He...he loves shoes--*lady shoes*.

He don't wear shoes... no...he take the lady shoes and he goes like this, and he-he-he...

(Mimics masturbating)

Into shoe. *He make love to shoe*...

FRAN SULKO

The fuck was in that Scotch?

PETER HURKOS

And he talk like this...

(female voice)

*Queer*...like Castilian but not

Spanish...no, he Irish or Italian--

Hurko's eyes widen.

PETER HURKOS (CONT'D)

*Jeem!* A map--bring me map!

JIM CRANE

Do you have a map?

Farron doesn't move--just stares at Hurkos. Sulko rolls his eyes and pulls open a series of drawers. He finds a tattered road map and frisbees it to Crane. Hurkos tears it open and traces a huge perimeter around Chestnut Hill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PETER HURKOS

This, *here*--your man. You will find him here, dressed as Priest.

FRAN SULKO

Chestnut Hill. That's BC. Jesuits?

BOBBY FARRON

That's where we'll find him?

PETER HURKOS

Yes. You find him. *Hurkos* knows.

Hurkos flops onto the bed and signals for more Scotch.

BOBBY FARRON

...so's that it?

PETER HURKOS

Yes. For now...Hurkos rest now.

Sulko watches Farron. Farron shakes his head, sighing.

BOBBY FARRON

Well, thanks for your time.

Farron and Sulko stand to go. Then--Dooley bursts in.

TOM DOOLEY

Sorry I'm late. Goddamn cruiser--

PETER HURKOS

Your car not break!

They all look to Hurkos. He eyes Dooley.

PETER HURKOS (CONT'D)

You stop off highway...little green house. Divorcee. You take her by tush--you do her like dog!

They all look to Dooley.

TOM DOOLEY

...well, he's got my number.

Even Farron can't help but laugh.

1964 ZENITH COLOR CONSOLE TV: NBC EVENING NEWS

An FBI GRAPHIC appears to the side of CHET HUNTLEY (53).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHET HUNTLEY  
...a curious story in New York  
today, where famed psychic Peter  
Hurkos was arrested on charges of  
impersonating an FBI Agent...

INT. 21ST AMENDMENT - BEACON HILL - BOSTON - NIGHT

Farron and Sulko watch the Huntley-Brinkley report from  
the end of a crowded bar, both eating hamburger steaks.

CHET HUNTLEY (O.S.)  
...later revealed he'd been in the  
employ of the Attorney General of--

Farron and Sulko wilt. Farron pushes his plate away.

INSERT: FEBRUARY 8th, 1964.

EXT./INT. STATE HOUSE - BOSTON - DUSK

Bottomly charges out of a NOR' EASTER into the lobby, a  
paper tucked under his arm, flanked by Farron and Sulko.

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
...we've been nothing but  
transparent with them since we  
took over and this is what they to  
do to me. I swear, It's the--  
(Whispering)  
-fucking Kennedys, I'm telling  
you. They think Ed's going to make  
a run for Saltonstall's seat in  
the Senate and they want their--

Bottomly slips on the marble floor. Farron catches him.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)  
Goddamnit!

Bottomy looks around, embarrassed at his outburst.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)  
We need a GD suspect--NOW.

BOBBY FARRON  
I told ya before--

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
-I know: find him. Don't care who  
he is, or what you do. *Find him.*  
Whole world's watching us now.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - DAY

A Secretary escorts two Janitors to Farron's desk, each pushing a dolly loaded down with dust-covered FILE BOXES.

SECRETARY

Mugs of every file on every sex  
criminal the past five years, in  
Suffolk, Norfolk and Middlesex...

LATER

Farron flies through mugshot after mugshot after...

LATER

Sulko, looking up from a file, watches Farron stab out a  
Pall Mall in an overloaded ashtray and light another.

FRAN SULKO

How many of those things you  
smoked in the last hour?

Farron tosses him an empty pack. Sulko closes his file.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

Let me have a look.

Farron hands over the mugs, leans back and rubs his eyes.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

What kinda nose you say he had?

BOBBY FARRON

Like Jimmy Durante.

FRAN SULKO

...how bout this?

Farron opens his eyes, blinks. He shakes his head. Sulko  
keeps looking. Farron leans back again, closing his eyes.

He FLASHES ON the EYES opening in the FURNACE. Farron  
opens his and shakes his head like an ETCH-A-SKETCH.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

How's this one look...?

Farron looks over. Nope. Sulko sighs and keeps looking.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

I know ya think it's retarded but  
I think that jazz, all the queers,  
I got a gut feeling about it...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON

*Lex parsimoniae.*

FRAN SULKO

I went to public school, pal.

BOBBY FARRON

Means the simplest solution  
usually's the right one. The thing  
with the homos...it's too much.

Sulko gives him a look. Farron gestures: what?

FRAN SULKO

Remember that business in the  
Town, three years ago? I followed  
ya lead on that. Told you a 100  
times ya wouldn't get a neighbor-  
hood to turn on a guy--even if he  
was a killer; wouldn't get his  
*worst enemy* to rat on him in this  
city. Remember? I told ya that:  
s'not how this city works. Should  
look up the Latin for that: "not  
how this city works." I still went  
along with you though--*then*. But I  
won't watch you tunnel vision  
this. Strangler might not be Jimmy  
Durante. Might be more than one  
guy. Might not be. Just don't lose  
the forest through the trees...

Farron stares at him. He slowly starts to nod.

BOBBY FARRON

Ya right.

FRAN SULKO

Yeah?

Farron nods.

INSERT: OCTOBER 27th, 1964.

INT. CAFE - CAMBRIDGE, MA - DAY

DeSalvo sips a coffee at a stand-up, window counter. He's  
focused on something across the street--a BROWNSTONE.

INT. BROWNSTONE - CAMBRIDGE, MA - LATER

WENDY TIMILTY (20s) comes to and looks at the clock. 6  
a.m.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She frowns and rolls back over--only to find DESALVO in her doorway. She blinks--then it hits her. She bolts upright. DeSalvo holds a stiletto to his lips. *Shhhh*.

LATER

DeSalvo drags a gloved hand over Timilty's lip and pulls the bottom away from her teeth. He opens his mouth. She opens hers and he gently feeds her her own silk panties.

Breathing through her nose, Timilty watches DeSalvo pick up a MAN'S PAJAMA bottoms. He rips them in half and she flinches. DeSalvo takes one pant leg, ties her hands to the headboard. He takes the other, ties up her right leg.

Eyes widening, Timilty watches him run his hand down her breasts, stomach and stop at her waist. He gathers the elastic in her drawers with both hands and rips down. She cries and he pulls her drawers off her loose left leg.

Timilty whimpers through her panties and DeSalvo shoves her top over her breasts, covering her face. He coos...

ALBERT DESALVO

Ya gonna be all right, honey. I'm only going to make love to you...

Timilty wails, and DeSalvo kisses from her breasts down her stomach to her thigh and down her leg to her foot. Horrified, Timilty watches him over her bunched-up top. DeSalvo slowly tongues her navel. He sees her watching.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)

Don't look, honey...

LATER

Timilty, eyes wet and vacant, watches DeSalvo rock on the edge of her bed, his hands between his thighs--sobbing.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. Oh God, I'm sorry. Please--please don't say nothin...

She won't look at him. DeSalvo watches tears drip out of her eyes. Pained, he wipes them off her cheeks with a gloved hand and contemplates her wet face. Slowly, his hands lower to her throat. Timilty looks up at him and--

DeSalvo squeezes. Timilty struggles--and DeSalvo lets go. He stares at her, trying to breath, and reaches for her again. Timilty flinches. But DeSalvo just unties her.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)

Forgive me...

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - LATER

Farron hunches over his desk, phone to his ear. A Secretary tries to get his attention. He waves her off.

SECRETARY

...it's a near miss.

Farron immediately throws down the phone.

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - EMERGENCY ROOM - MASS GENERAL - DUSK

Farron and Sulko rush over watching the EMTs haul TIMILTY's stretcher from the back of the ambo. Farron badges the EMTs and he and Sulko follow them inside.

BOBBY FARRON

Can she talk?

EMT

Give it a try. She's in shock.

Farron leans over Timilty, trying to make eye contact.

BOBBY FARRON

Hon, can ya hear me? Can ya hear me, sweetheart? Did you *know* him?

Timilty's eyes rest on Farron but she doesn't speak.

FRAN SULKO

Is she there?

BOBBY FARRON

I don't know...  
(to Timilty)  
Honey, can you hear me?

EMT

She's not responding...

BOBBY FARRON

Yeah. I can see that.

A DOCTOR and team of NURSES rushes to meet the EMTs-- Wendy with them. The EMTs back off. Farron doesn't.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

(to Timilty)  
Sweetheart, I need you to talk to--

DOCTOR

She can't hear you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON  
Mrs. Timilty--

WENDY FARRON  
Bob, you gotta let her go now.

BOBBY FARRON  
Just one second--

WENDY FARRON  
Bob, you can't do this here--

BOBBY FARRON  
Mrs. Timilty, what did he--

WENDY FARRON  
Bob, listen to me!

BOBBY FARRON  
Wendy, *I gotta know.*

The Doctor leans over the rushing stretcher.

DOCTOR  
Detective, I think you should--

WENDY FARRON  
*Hey--who asked you? The guy's  
doing his job. Do yours, Fred.*

BOBBY FARRON  
*I gotta know if it's him.*

Wendy stares at him. She nods and pulls him away from the stretcher. The rest of the team moves off down the hall.

WENDY FARRON  
Whattya needa know?

LATER

Through a glass wall, Farron and Sulko watch Wendy lean over a RESPONSE TEAM and talk to Timilty. They can see Timilty talking. Wendy nods. They watch her come out.

BOBBY FARRON  
What did she say?

WENDY FARRON  
Just talked in tongues. Sorry.

Farron winces. Wendy frowns, moves back into the room.

INT. BROWNSTONE - CAMBRIDGE, MA - NIGHT

Farron and Sulko walk through the crime scene. Farron's eyes rove, pick up details: torn pajamas, the gag, stains on the bed. A Patrolman behind them reads off a report.

PATROLMAN

The victim, *Wendy Timilty*, awoke  
at around 6 a.m. to find--

BOBBY FARRON

What'd you say her name was?

PATROLMAN

Timilty.

BOBBY FARRON

Her first name.

PATROLMAN

Wendy...

Sulko looks at Farron. Farron shakes his head, quick.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)

Like I said, *Wendy Timilty* awoke--

INT. ICU - MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Farron, smoking, stands outside a room. Sulko sleeps in a chair next to him. Wendy slides out of the room and closes the door gently behind her. Farron shakes Sulko awake. She stands aside. Farron kisses her and rushes in.

LATER

Farron stands over a SKETCH ARTIST seated next to Timilty's bed. Timilty's sitting up, surrounded by COPS.

WENDY TIMILTY

The hair was combed like a  
pompadour, very neat...he had dark  
brown eyes, almost looked black.  
And he had a big nose, hawk nose--

COP

-that's the Measuring Man. *Jesus*.

The room stops and looks to a UNIFORM COP. He's pointing at the ARTIST'S RENDERING--it looks like Albert DeSalvo.

BOBBY FARRON

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COP

WOP over in Cambridge, used to get college girls to let him into their homes, sayin he was a modeling agent. He'd take their measurements then get grabby.

BOBBY FARRON

...do you remember a name?

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - NIGHT

Farron tears across the WAR ROOM and assaults a row of 6' high filing cabinets. He yanks one open, searches, slams it shut, and yanks open another. Sulko walks in. He watches Farron find a file, pull it and flick on a lamp. It's DeSalvo's arrest record, mug shot. Farron winces.

EXT. FLORENCE STREET - MALDEN, MA - DAWN

Farron and Sulko watch DESALVO's HOUSE from behind a row of willows at the end of the road. The street is still, quiet. A wind stirs the trees, leaves dance up the block.

DESALVO HOUSE

DeSalvo, in a GREEN maintenance uniform, walks out of his house with lunch pail and Thermos. Hustling down his front porch to his Chevy, he notices a PATROL CAR parked up the block, two silhouettes sitting in the front seat.

INT. 1958 CHEVY COUPE - CONTINUOUS

DeSalvo climbs in, and watching the PATROL CAR in the REARVIEW, backs down his drive. He pulls out in the opposite direction of the cruiser, eyes still on it. Then-

LIGHTS FLASH. SIRENS BLARE. And two PATROL CARS ROAR onto the block in front of him. Horrified, DeSalvo slams on his breaks and throws the Chevy into reverse--but the Patrol Car behind him swerves into his path. DeSalvo smashes into it, throws the Chevy back into drive, but--

Farron and Sulko are marching up the street towards him, flanked by the patrol cars, SHOTGUNS aimed at his face.

DeSalvo sees them and lets out a deep breath. He slowly turns off the ignition and cops surround his car, .38's drawn and aimed. He watches Farron jerk open his door.

BOBBY FARRON

I will blow ya fuckin head off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DeSalvo nods, holds up his hands and climbs out. He kneels and Farron pins him to the tar, cuffing him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MALDEN PD HQ - DAY

Sulko sits across a table from DeSalvo.

FRAN SULKO  
How ya been Al? Been keeping  
yaself outta trouble lately?

ALBERT DESALVO  
Been trying. Hey--ever met you two  
before? Can't remember, ya know?

FRAN SULKO  
Briefly. I'm Det. Sulko, this is  
Det. Farron. Ya'll recognize him.

DeSalvo squints at Farron standing in the doorway.

ALBERT DESALVO  
...oh yeah.

BOBBY FARRON  
Al, ya over in Cambridge yesterday  
by any chance? About 6 a.m.?

Al smiles weakly, looks down at his hands.

FRAN SULKO  
Al, you know what's happening to  
you right now, right?

ALBERT DESALVO  
Can I talk to my wife, first?

LATER

Irmgard, wringing her hands, leans her head next to her husband's. DeSalvo whispers softly to her but there's a hushed edge to her responses. DeSalvo gently paws her back with both cuffed hands. But Irmgard slaps them away.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)  
...I need to, hon.

IRMGARD DESALVO (O.S.)  
Tell them whatever you want, Al.

Irmgard storms out of the room, eyes watering.

BOBBY FARRON  
What's she mean, Al?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT DESALVO

Well...there are some rapes you  
guys don't know about.

LATER

A Sergeant reads off a TELETYPE to Farron and Sulko.

SERGEANT

I put his name out 20 minutes ago.  
He's got warrants in every state  
in New England besides Vermont.  
Rape. All of them. In one day, it  
says he raped four women in  
Connecticut. *One day. Four broads.*

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)

*One afternoon.*

They turn. DeSalvo's sitting non-chalantly cuffed to a  
desk in the CAPTAIN'S OFFICE. He's smiling, foolishly.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)

*One afternoon.*

LATER

Bottomly, coat folded over his arm, feverishly locks the  
door to the men's john and wheels on Farron and Sulko.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

I'm getting on the phone with the  
Middlesex Prosecutor right now. I  
want him charged with rape--just  
get him in front of a grand jury  
and *indict* him. He's got a record--  
rape alone will put him away for  
life; which is probably why he  
gave you that belt in the face  
when you chased him. Strangler  
aspect we'll figure out later...

BOBBY FARRON

Did you put it to him?

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Oh yeah. Lawyer denied it out of  
hand. What else can he do. But--

Bottomly leans in close, BEAMING.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)

-it looks *real* good though. We get  
him away from his lawyer, he will  
not stand a GD chance in hell...



INT. LIVING ROOM - FARRON HOUSE - NIGHT

Farron walks out of his kitchen into the blue glow of his living room. He finds Wendy asleep in her uniform, a test pattern on the TV. Farron turns off the tube and sits down next to her. He puts his arm around her, reclines.

Wendy's head lolls onto him and she stirs, nuzzling him. Farron smells her hair, kisses her head--and stays there.

INSERT: NOVEMBER 17th, 1964.

INT. LIVING ROOM - FARRON HOUSE - DAY

Wendy, sipping coffee in her housecoat, sleep still in her eyes, watches LBJ's infamous "Girl with a Daisy" ad.

LBJ (O.S.)  
*These are the stakes: to make a  
 world where all of God's children  
 can live, or go into the dark...*

The PHONE RINGS--LOUD. Wendy's startled, spilling coffee.

LATER

Wendy listens on the other end of the line. She BEAMS.

LATER

Wendy smiles knowingly, watching Farron sleep.

INT. OFFICE - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

An INTAKE DOCTOR (60s)--German accent, rotten teeth--has to squint against an EYE TICK to read an INTAKE FORM.

INTAKE DOCTOR  
 ...now, tell me your first *sexual*  
 encounter--first sex experience.

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
 First? Well geez, I don't know  
 so's I can remember that far back.  
 I do remember my brother Joe once  
 catching me unna the covers, a  
 girl. She was doin me French.

DeSalvo is seated across from him, arms on the table, leaning over like a kid playing with a Lionel train.

INTAKE DOCTOR  
 How old?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT DESALVO

I think she was 12. I was 9.

The Doctor nods, writes this down, reads the form.

INTAKE DOCTOR

Do you ever have the *homosexual* experiences when you were child?

ALBERT DESALVO

Oh yeah. *Yeah*. Plenty of em.

INTAKE DOCTOR

Yes? Many homosexual experiences?

ALBERT DESALVO

Well, you gotta unnastand, Doc: where I come from? *They* was always somebody, teach boys bad things about fuckin, ya know? Faggots; funny old men; Greeks; older women, weren't getting their kicks from guys--they'd fool around with kids. Was even a queer cop over in Eastie used to go under the pier and blow us. He'd get a kick outta it, we came on his uniform. Also, ya know, I'm the type, I can come and like 5 minutes later, I'm, ya know--

(Snaps)

*Stand and deliver*. Queers loved that. Pay a lot for it, too.

INTAKE DOCTOR

You like this then, the, uh, the homosexual experiences?

ALBERT DESALVO

Nah. I mean, never minded gettin sucked off by a faggot for dough. But *nah*, being queer's the least of my problems--*believe me*. I like *Woman*. To the point that I don't even care what she looks like, how old she really was, just if--

INTAKE DOCTOR

Just if she is the woman?

ALBERT DESALVO

Yeah. Like when I was a kid, this woman in my neighborhood, Mrs. May? She was married. Hadda few kids. Was way over thirty. Wasn't even real good looking, ya know?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)

But I fucked her every which way.  
"My God, Albert," she'd say. "Ya a  
regular gang fuck all by yaself."

The Intake Doctor lets out a plume of smoke, nodding.

INTAKE DOCTOR

Have you ever had--do you have sex  
experiences now with the children?

ALBERT DESALVO

Uh, yeah. One. Just the one.

INTAKE DOCTOR

How you feel about *dis*?

ALBERT DESALVO

Didn't feel I could help it.

INTAKE DOCTOR

You feel it *vas* wrong to do this?

ALBERT DESALVO

Uh, you know, doctors always ask  
that: *do ya think it was wrong? Do  
you think what ya did was right?*  
But ya gotta understand: right or  
wrong's had nothin to do with it.  
Right, wrong--*I couldn't stop.*

INTAKE DOCTOR

A man who knows he's wrong, he can  
act, he can not do these *things*--

ALBERT DESALVO

Hey look, all I know, Doc, is that  
when this thing I got--when it  
comes on me? I *gotta do it*. Could  
be three cop cars comin down a  
block--*I gotta do it*. I could  
think about it, I could say, "ya  
know this is wrong, Al. Ya  
*shouldn't* do it." I could *wish* I  
wasn't like this--and I *did*. But I  
*could not* stop. Somethin would  
*snap inside'a* me, don't know what  
that was, but--*I hadda do it*.

INTAKE DOCTOR

You are a sick man.

DeSalvo nods, smiling, as if happy someone agrees.

INT. ROOM - BRIGHAM AND WOMENS HOSPITAL - DAY

Farron sits in a chair next to Wendy Timilty's bed. He's handing her MUG SHOTS. She's shaking her head, again and again. He looks to Sulko and slips her one last mug. Timilty's face goes slack. She winces back tears, nods. Farron flashes the mug to Sulko. It's Albert DeSalvo.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - DAY

Farron and Sulko take their seats at their respective desks. Sulko runs paper through a typewriter and begins pounding out a WITNESS REPORT. Farron uncaps his pen and continues a MAP of TIMILTY'S APARTMENT from scene photos.

TOM DOOLEY (O.S.)

They let you down Bridgewater yet?

Farron looks up to find Dooley walking in with a HERALD.

BOBBY FARRON

No. He lawyer'd up right away.

They won't let us near the place.

TOM DOOLEY

Wonder how this happened then.

He tosses Farron the paper: STRANGLER AT BRIDGEWATER.

EXT. YARD - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

DeSalvo sits on a set of rotting bleachers watching a THIN MAN preach to a growing crowd of shifty INMATES. Across the yard, DeSalvo spots TEDDY SERACEN (40s)--handsome, olive skin, pensive--walking the perimeter.

INT. WARD - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

DR. AMES ROBEY sits at the head of a circle of INMATES.

DR. AMES ROBEY

So why are you here, Albert?

DeSalvo looks around. He sees Seracen--"GOOD WILL" tattooed on his knuckles--looking bored, half-asleep.

ALBERT DESALVO

Uh, well...I gotta sex addiction.

DR. AMES ROBEY

Says here you raped a dozen women.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT DESALVO

S'what I got caught for. Ain't why I'm here though. I let myself get caught cause I got this *addiction*.

DR. AMES ROBEY

Well, why do you think, a sex addiction that's your problem?

ALBERT DESALVO

Cause I made love to like 3,000 women in my life. Probably more.

The entire group, including Seracen, turns to DeSalvo.

DR. AMES ROBEY

3000 women?

ALBERT DESALVO

Yeah, ya know, women're all about making em feel *secure*. And I hadda perfect stunt for that. Used a show up onna doorstep, tell all these Harvard broads I was a photographer. Tell em they could make \$30-40 an hour modeling sun dresses. They always let me in after that. And once inside? *BING-BING!* Harvard broads. Shoulda been smarter. Ain't that good lookin.

INMATE

Where'd you come up with that?

ALBERT DESALVO

Saw it on the "Bob Cummings Show."

DR. AMES ROBEY

Albert, for the moment, let's just-

INMATE 2

They just let you in?

ALBERT DESALVO

Oh yeah. I'd walk over, early in the morning, there'd be three or four of em just waking up. I'd say, "Let's go, angels! Wake up! I'll go down, get the doughnuts!" Then I'd come back with a dozen. I was *enjoying myself*. One girl'd lead me to another. I'd measure her, play with her--*BING! BING!*

The group CRACKS up. Robey leans toward DeSalvo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DR. AMES ROBEY

And *all* these women were consensual-

ALBERT DESALVO

-what's that mean?

DR. AMES ROBEY

They were *willing*, to have sex.

ALBERT DESALVO

Oh, yeah. Most of em.

The laughter dies down. Across the room, Seracen LAUGHS.

EXT. YARD - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

DeSalvo and Seracen walk the perimeter.

TEDDY SERACEN

You really bought em doughnuts?

ALBERT DESALVO

Yeah. Dunks. I didn't cheap out.

TEDDY SERACEN

Jesus, ya outta ya mind.

DeSalvo sees Seracen shaking his head, laughing.

ALBERT DESALVO

Ya wanna hear somethin *real* funny?  
I'm about the biggest thing since  
Brinks and no one fuckin knows it.

Seracen looks over at the DeSalvo, smirking.

TEDDY SERACEN

...you don't mean...do ya?

DeSalvo grins and nods.

INSERT: MARCH 5th, 1965.

INT. LAWYER ROOM - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

F. LEE BAILEY (32)--tobacco voice; pensive, almost pained glare--leans back in his chair across from DeSalvo, regarding him like a freshly-stepped in piece of shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

F. LEE BAILEY

...now let me just say I'm here because Mr. Seracen, a client that has my trust, has informed me you have *matters of importance* you wish to discuss. No doubt there are a lot inmates with matters of importance they'd *like* to discuss. I'm sure a lot of them could tell me *exactly* who shot JFK and *why*--

ALBERT DESALVO

Nixon and Pepsi-Cola--guy in the yard said that just the other day.

Bailey smirks, patiently.

F. LEE BAILEY

I'm here with you though. Al. So before I begin, why don't you tell me what ya think I can do for you?

ALBERT DESALVO

Well for one, I need you to get me inna a good hospital, place where I can get help. Not some fuckin garbage dump, this place. Two, I wanna sell my life rights and get Irmgard some money for the kids.

F. LEE BAILEY

That would have to be a big story--

ALBERT DESALVO

--the biggest. And that's what I got: *I'm the Boston Strangler*.

Bailey stares at him. And nods. He calmly takes a legal pad out of his suitcase and puts on his reading glasses.

F. LEE BAILEY

Anticipating this from my conversation with Mr. Seracen, I took the liberty of drawing up a list of facts with the help of the Boston Police Department--a list withheld from the newspapers.

ALBERT DESALVO

Gimme ya best shot.

F. LEE BAILEY

What was in Sophie Clark's mouth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALBERT DESALVO  
A pair of black lace panties.

Bailey looks up from the list.

F. LEE BAILEY  
The cigarettes in Sullivan's--

ALBERT DESALVO  
-Salems.

F. LEE BAILEY  
Do you smoke?

ALBERT DESALVO  
No. Never touched em.

F. LEE BAILEY  
How do you know they were Salems  
then? How did you notice that?

ALBERT DESALVO  
Well, I saw 'em, the ashtray, on  
the bedside table there. Kind of  
turned me off a little, ya know?  
(Silence)  
Hey, you got any more, those  
questions? Here--how bout this:  
I'll save you the trouble. There's  
two more, cops don't know about.

Bailey stares at him over the rim of his glasses.

F. LEE BAILEY  
Two more women?

DeSalvo gestures, 2. Bailey nods, pulls out a recorder.

F. LEE BAILEY (CONT'D)  
Let's start again, Mr. DeSalvo...

INT. BOTTOMLY'S OFFICE - A.G.'S OFFICE - DAY

Bailey hits stop on a tape player and looks up to find  
Brooke, Bottomly, Farron, Sulko and Dooley, wide-eyed.

F. LEE BAILEY  
Obviously the voice's been altered  
but the facts haven't. My client's  
also supplied a number of  
materials to support his claims...

Bailey opens his briefcase and passes out a file. Farron  
cracks it: a series of HAND DRAWN CRIME SCENE MAPS.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

F. LEE BAILEY (CONT'D)  
I think he's pretty convincing.

A.G. BROOKE  
So what do you want from us, Lee?

F. LEE BAILEY  
Well, here's what my client and I  
are willing to do: he'll confess  
to the crimes of the Boston  
Strangler, plus two more murders  
he claims you've failed to find.  
In return, a grateful Commonwealth  
spares him the electric chair.

Farron watches Brooke and Bottomly think.

LATER

Bottomly leads Farron out of the office, leans in close.

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
Look, we know it's DeSalvo. Bailey  
doesn't think we know--*but we*  
*know*. Now we need to build a case.  
We need you to talk to his family,  
see if they'll cooperate now.  
Bailey's stashed them in Denver.

BOBBY FARRON  
Denver? Jack, I put the cuffs on  
him with my own hands. I've been  
waiting *months* to interrogate--

Bottomly puts a hand on him, looks him in the eye.

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
No one will question him before  
you get back, okay? I swear it.

LATER

Farron puts together a file at his desk, phone in ear.

WENDY FARRON (O.S.)  
*Why tonight? Why now?*

BOBBY FARRON  
Something just broke.

WENDY FARRON (O.S.)  
*What is it--is it him? Oh Je-sus.*  
*Well don't drag ya feet out there,*  
*I have some news to tell ya...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Farron looks up. He sees Bailey, Brooke and Bottomly still talking, smiling, inside Bottomly's office.

BOBBY FARRON

Yeah-sure, hon...

INT. BOEING 707 - NIGHT

Farron at a window, his dome light on, carefully looks through DeSalvo's hand-drawn maps--the childish, unsteady scrawl, the crudely drawn bodies. He devours each one.

INT. BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - BRIDGEWATER, MA - NIGHT

Bailey walks DeSalvo into a LAWYER ROOM. Sulko's standing at the door. Bottomly's waiting for him at the table.

EXT. DESALVO HOUSE - DENVER SUBURBS - DAY

Farron climbs out of a taxi in front of a two-family home with a small front yard. JUDY and MICHAEL DESALVO play LAWN DARTS by the walkway. Farron smiles. They don't.

INT. KITCHEN - DESALVO HOUSE - DENVER SUBURBS - LATER

Irmgard sits at a small table across from Farron.

IRMGARD DESALVO

(Thick GERMAN ACCENT)

...I don't know what you think I  
tell you about my husband.

Farron nods, as if he understands. He ashes a Pall Mall.

BOBBY FARRON

Ya know, ya got beautiful kids.

IRMGARD DESALVO

...thank you.

BOBBY FARRON

I don't have any. Wife wants them.  
I worry though, ya know? Think if  
I had them, I'd never stop.

IRMGARD DESALVO

You always worry.

BOBBY FARRON

Then how come you let them live  
with a murderer for 3 years?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Irmgard smiles. She can't believe she walked into that.

IRMGARD DESALVO

I want to tell you something, okay? When Albert goes to jail? I don't hear from him, weeks. Then I get call one day from a man who says he's Albert's lawyer now and that I have to go away. I say, I have no money to go away. He says, no worry--it's taken care of. Now all my life, I never met a man so generous. So I think and I ask you what I ask myself: why would he be so generous, he don't think he can make the money back--*make more money*? Now Al's a thief--he loves money. If lawyer senses money, you think Albert doesn't? Did you ever consider why Albert confesses now?

BOBBY FARRON

You think he's capable of murder?

Irmgard shakes her head, as if Farron's missed the point. She looks beyond him to a window looking onto the yard.

IRMGARD DESALVO

You see that girl? When she was born, doctors say she never walk. If she does it'll be because of him, attention Al gave her....

(Sipping)

But now they tell me he molested a girl her age. So what do I know.

Farron looks out the window. He notices the knots in Judy's frog brace--double-half hitches with a bow.

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - NIGHT

Farron, suitcase in hand, arrives at his desk to find Sulko putting together a line up of LADIES TRENCH COATS.

FRAN SULKO

What'd the wife have to say?

BOBBY FARRON

She thinks he's the Music Man. That he's full of fucking shit.

FRAN SULKO

Well, Bottomly seems like he's getting ready, buy a bridge then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Farron stops unpacking and stares at Sulko.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)  
He cut a deal so DeSalvo'd talk to  
him. Some kinda legal maneuver.

BOBBY FARRON  
...that why he sent me to Denver?

FRAN SULKO  
...what?

Sulko looks at Farron as if he's lost his mind.

BOBBY FARRON  
Why would he send me there unless  
it was to get me outta the way?

FRAN SULKO  
...pal, are you all right?

Farron ignores him and storms over to Bottomly's office.

LATER

Farron is seated in a chair looking up at Brooke, who  
leans on the lip of Bottomly's desk, Bottomly behind it.

A.G. BROOKE  
Bob, it's not a discussion. *This*  
*is how this has to be done.*

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
We have no corroborative evidence  
here. All DeSalvo is doing is  
letting us know *he's the guy*, so  
we can stop chasing our tails--we  
can't use any of this against him.  
And as lawyers we can hear the  
confession to cut a deal. You  
can't. You're a cop. You hear it,  
you could be called to the stand--

BOBBY FARRON  
-ya've never done this before.

A.G. BROOKE  
Bob, do you want to know if he did  
it? Do you want to know if Albert  
DeSalvo is the Boston Strangler?

BOBBY FARRON  
Yeah. Of course I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A.G. BROOKE

Then *this* is how we're doing it.

LATER

Farron sits at his desk, pouring over his CRIME SCENE MAPS, comparing them to DeSalvo's. Lighting a Pall Mall, he looks up and sees Bottomly take a series of TAPES from his briefcase and load them into his OFFICE COMBO-SAFE. Bottomly puts on a coat, waves to his Secretary, leaves.

LATER

Farron watches the Secretary get up and throw on her coat. He rushes over with DeSalvo's MAPS and gestures inside Bottomly's office to his safe. The Secretary audibly sighs, but opens the safe and stands aside.

Farron leans in to put the maps away and drops them, scattering them everywhere. He looks up, bashful.

SECRETARY

What, ya need me to pick em up?

BOBBY FARRON

No. I can get it. You can go.

Farron watches her walk out and he grabs a DECK OF TAPES.

INT. FARRON HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - MIDNIGHT

Farron sets up a reel-to-reel on his kitchen table.

LATER

Farron, seated, stares at a pile of tape boxes. He takes out his Pall Malls, lights one, places the pack on the table within reach, and hits play on the reel-to reel.

INT. LAWYER ROOM - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A TAPE RECORDER spins at DeSalvo's elbow.

ALBERT DESALVO

...now you gotta understand that I been to this place before. Been in there coupla-three times on B&Es, made good money--which is why I was there that day. Didn't expect to find anyone at home. But I open the door and there's this sound--

INT. 515 PARK DRIVE - BOSTON - DAY

A lock POPS on the front door and DeSalvo eases in--only to shake a SLEIGH BELL ORNAMENT on the knob. Al freezes.

PATRICIA BISSETTE (O.S.)  
Yeah? Who is it?

ALBERT DESALVO  
Uh, it's Al--Al *from upstairs*. I came down to see one'ya roommates.

PATRICIA BISSETTE (O.S.)  
Well, there's no one here but me.

PATRICIA BISSETTE (23)--tall, brunette, pretty--walks into the hallway in leopard pajamas, putting up her hair.

LAWYER ROOM

DeSalvo earnestly looks Bottomly in the eye.

ALBERT DESALVO  
She was nice to me, ya know?  
Obviously, I thought of doin her  
but I talked myself outta it. *I*  
*wanted to get out*. I could feel if  
I didn't--*see ya later*. So I go-

515 PARK DRIVE

DeSalvo pulls open the door. But Bissette grabs his arm.

PATRICIA BISSETTE  
Hey--ya don't have to go. I'll put  
on some coffee. Come sit down.

ALBERT DESALVO  
I'll go get us some doughnuts.

DeSalvo opens the door again. But she pushes it shut.

PATRICIA BISSETTE  
No need to go out. It's cold out.

LAWYER ROOM

Bailey watches Bottomly. Bottomly's rapt.

ALBERT DESALVO  
Now, I tried to go--I really  
wanted to get outta there. I don't  
want to do anything to her. She  
has been *nice* to me and I don't  
wanna hurt her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)

But I can *feel* the urge, I can  
feel it coming down on me *like a*  
*big rig on the Tobin Bridge*, and  
it is AFTER ME. But I'm tellin ya,  
I tried to leave. But she *didn't*  
*want* me to go...

515

Bissette drops the needle on a hi-fi player.

"Do You Hear What I Hear?" by Gloria Shayne Baker plays.

She and DeSalvo sip coffee in front of a fire and a  
Christmas tree. She talks and DeSalvo watches her foot  
dangle over a crossed knee. Suddenly, DeSalvo puts down  
his MUG and kneels in front of her and grabs her ankles.

PATRICIA BISSETTE

Hey Al--take it easy will ya?

ALBERT DESALVO

Look where I am. In two seconds I  
can have my tongue on ya clitoris.  
Ya ever had a man find ya *clit*?

LAWYER ROOM

DeSalvo shakes his head, as if at himself.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)

Then she stood up and turned her  
back on me. And before you know it-

He sweeps a hand through the air.

FARRON'S KITCHEN

Farron stares out his back door into a moonless night.

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*But I am sorry about that one.*  
*Real sorry. I mean, why did I have*  
*to do that? She treated me nice,*  
*like a man. Why'd I have to do it?*

LAWYER ROOM

Bottomly watches DeSalvo look off, thinking.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Are you asking me or yourself, Al?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALBERT DESALVO

She treated me like a man. One of the few...but I remember pulling those things tight around her neck and how her face was swelling up...why would I do that? *Why?*

JOHN BOTTOMLY

What do you mean, one of the few?

ALBERT DESALVO

Women. All of them. My wife. Treat you like a fuckin animal, make you think ya dirty, wantin to do the things I did. Wife gave me an insecurity complex, I'm tellin ya.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

Why didn't you throttle her?

DeSalvo glares at Bottomly.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)

You never hit her?

ALBERT DESALVO

Never touched her.

JOHN BOTTOMLY

How come if she upset you?

ALBERT DESALVO

Well, cause when I was a kid I watched my father kick in my ma's face. Kicked her teeth *right in*.

Bottomly and Bailey exchange a look.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)

Said I was never going to do that, mother of my children. I mean, how can you respect ya father he goes around, does something like that?

(Shrugging)

Guess I became that anyway though.

Bottomly and Bailey watch DeSalvo shake his head at that.

FARRON'S KITCHEN

Farron watches the TAPE run out on the player.

DR. AMES ROBEY (O.S.)

*He's an asshole...*



INT. BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - BRIDGEWATER, MA - DAY

Farron is seated across a crowded desk from DR. ROBEY.

BOBBY FARRON

Whattya mean?

DR. AMES ROBEY

He's just very feminine. Overly sensitive. Likes to draw a lot of attention. Like I said, in a woman it's normal. But in a *rapist*...?

Dr. Robey shrugs, turns back to writing a report.

BOBBY FARRON

Did you hear his confessions?

Dr. Robey drops his pen, shakes his head.

DR. AMES ROBEY

Oh yeah, "biggest thing since Brinks?" There's just no way...

BOBBY FARRON

How so?

DR. AMES ROBEY

He's just not capable of it. You want to see some homicidal maniacs? Plenty of them here. That's just not Albert DeSalvo.

BOBBY FARRON

Then how would he know as much as he does about what he's saying?

DR. AMES ROBEY

He could've heard it from someone he met outside. Someone he met in the Charlestown lock-up. Could even be someone in here he met.

Robey turns back to his work. Farron stares at him.

BOBBY FARRON

...met someone in here?

Dr. Robey nods. Oh yeah.

INT. FARRON'S UNMARKED CRUISER - DAY

Farron stares out the window, thinking. Sulko's driving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAN SULKO (O.S.)  
We'll bring him in. You pretend ya  
talking visiting two inmates. You  
don't have to say anything...

WENDY TIMILTY  
Are there gonna be other men...?

WENDY TIMILTY and MRS. LULKA are in the back seat.

FRAN SULKO  
Yeah but no one is going to know  
why ya there. Ya just visitors.

MRS. LULKA  
You really think he's the guy?

BOBBY FARRON  
You tell us.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

Mrs. Lulka and Timilty sit at two tables across from two  
docile patients and their doctors, pretending to talk.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

Farron, Sulko and Bottomly watch through a wired-window.

VISITOR'S ROOM

DeSalvo is brought in by a Bull and shoved into a bench  
across from Dr. Robey. DeSalvo glares at the Bull, Robey.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

Farron watches Mrs. Lulka. She turns to him and shakes  
her head. Nope. Farron looks to Timilty. She's staring  
deliberately right at Albert, squinting--conflicted.

VISITOR'S ROOM

A Guard walks a shackled Seracen into the room and seats  
him in front of a tall, attractive BLACK WOMAN.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)  
Who is this now?

FRAN SULKO (O.S.)  
His name's Seracen. He was  
scheduled, have a visitor today.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Farron sees Seracen, sees him throw a look to MRS. LULKA and SMILE. Lulka's not paying attention. She's talking to her patient. But Timilty is. She's squinting at Seracen. Farron watches Seracen look away from Timilty, GRINNING.

LATER

Farron and Sulko sit across from Lulka and Timilty.

MRS. LULKA

Wasn't him--man you brought in.  
Other man looked familiar. Feel  
like I maybe seen him before.

FRAN SULKO

He's been on the news. Executed  
two people in a gas station.

Lulka nods. That's probably it. Farron watches Timilty.

BOBBY FARRON

You all right?

WENDY TIMILTY

His picture in the hospital...

BOBBY FARRON

Ya sure it wasn't him?

Timilty nods, tearing up, wiping at her eyes.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

What about the other guy?

Sulko looks over at Farron, curious.

WENDY TIMILTY

What other guy?

INT. FARRON HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - DAY

Farron, in his Sunday best, stares at the TV, waiting.

REPORTER (O.S.)

*...the riot has engulfed Watts--*

Wendy walks in putting in earrings. She shuts off the TV. But Bobby doesn't move. He just stares off into space.

WENDY FARRON

Hon, you ready? Bobby...

BOBBY FARRON

Hm?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks to the door. Farron nods, as if just coming to.

WENDY FARRON  
Whattya thinkin about in there?

Farron shrugs as if it's not important.

INT. MARY STAR OF THE SEA CHURCH - SQUANTUM, MA - DAY

Farron and Wendy slide into the last pew, the Church filling up. Wendy leans over, offers him her Pall Malls.

WENDY FARRON  
You want these? I think I'ma quit.

BOBBY FARRON  
Why do ya wanna quit now?

They sit and Wendy whispers to him...

WENDY FARRON  
Got knocked up, ya believe it?

The MASS BEGINS. The Church rises. Wendy looks over. Farron's still sitting. She sees him smiling back TEARS. With a grin, Wendy urges him to stand for the Priest's entrance, but Farron just takes her hand and kisses it.

INT. BROOKE'S OFFICE - A.G.'S OFFICE - DAY

Brooke leans his elbows on his desk.

A.G. BROOKE  
...our problem with a deal is that  
*a deal can't look like a deal.*

Bailey and Bottomly sit in armchairs flanking him.

F. LEE BAILEY  
I just want him spared the chair.

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
When was the last time they  
executed someone in Massachusetts?

F. LEE BAILEY  
Jack, tell me this isn't a rare  
case--even for Massachusetts.

A.G. BROOKE  
If he's indicted for *murder*, I can  
not guarantee life in prison.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

F. LEE BAILEY  
Then I gotta take the murder  
indictment off the table.

A.G. BROOKE  
Well, I could shelve the case  
until after November. You really  
want to deal with a new A.G.?

Farron and Sulko watch Brooke, Bottomly think.

F. LEE BAILEY  
...what about the Green Man?

Brooke looks to Farron and Sulko.

BOBBY FARRON  
S'what the rape suspect was known  
as before DeSalvo was caught.

F. LEE BAILEY  
You have him tried on the rape  
charges. No death penalty. I'll  
have him testify to the 13 murders--  
under oath, so it's on record--  
use that as proof of his insanity.

Farron glares at Bottomly. Bottomly sees the look.

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
Uh, I don't think that's *ethical*--

A.G. BROOKE  
-how much time to prepare?

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
Ed--

F. LEE BAILEY  
I'd take as much time as I could  
get. Six months? I think there's a  
senate seat opening up, someone  
could use six months of publicity.

Bottomly leans forward to speak. Brooke holds up a hand.

A.G. BROOKE  
I'll push for six months. But let  
me be frank about this, Lee--  
there's NO publicity on this.

Farron watches Bottomly wilt into his seat.

LATER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Farron follows Bottomly out of Brooke's office.

BOBBY FARRON  
You comfortable with that--with  
what just happened in there?

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
Women stopped dying. He's off the  
streets. What can I do, you know?

Bottomly tries to walk away. Farron stops him.

BOBBY FARRON  
Honestly--do you think he did it?

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
I don't know. Do you?

BOBBY FARRON  
Haven't the faintest fuckin idea.

Bottomly nods. Me neither. And walks away.

INSERT: APRIL 8th, 1966

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - DAWN

Farron and Sulko shove through a pair of hungover  
REPORTERS at the door to the WAR ROOM, which is in an  
UPROAR--Secretaries dashing, phones ringing endlessly.  
Farron and Sulko march through it into BROOKE'S OFFICE.  
Brooke, leaning on his desk, puts his phone to his chest.

A.G. BROOKE  
Jack just resigned.

INT. FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

Wendy comes to in bed and finds herself alone.

LATER

Wendy shuffles into the kitchen, arms crossed, sleepy,  
and finds Farron sitting by the door, smoking. She sits  
across from him, reaches out and takes his hand in hers.  
She smiles at him. He tries to smile back. Doesn't work.

BOBBY FARRON  
Something's wrong...

INSERT: JANUARY 10th, 1967.

INT. BATHROOM - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

DeSalvo expertly shaves an OLD MAN with a safety razor.

LATER

DeSalvo washes an old man in a tub. The man's laughing.

ALBERT DESALVO

...has 11 sisters--all beautiful.  
And I tried to make all of them!

LATER

Robey knocks on the door to DeSalvo's cell. DeSalvo looks up from a NECKLACE he's making, sees Robey, turns away.

DR. ROBEY

I know you think I've been  
breaking your balls, but I've  
honestly been trying to help...Go  
ahead: *laugh*. But what you're  
getting into--it might get away  
from ya. Big *money's* involved now--  
criminal trial, the TV, a Senate  
race. People are going to be apt  
to forget *you* in all of that. So,  
this is *your chance*. If you're  
*covering* for someone because you  
want the attention or the money  
or...now's your time: come clean.

DeSalvo won't look up. He just keeps making his choker.

EXT./INT. MIDDLESEX COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Farron and Sulko shove their way up the front steps  
through a massive PRESS CORPS, badge the BAILIFFS at the  
front door, and climb over a hallway of TV cables into--

THE COURTROOM

BAILIFF

Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye. All  
persons having anything to do  
before the Honorable, the Justices  
of the Superior Court within and  
for our County of Middlesex, draw  
near, give your attendance and you  
shall be heard. God Save the  
Commonwealth of Massachusetts...

LATER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUDGE MOYNIHAN (60s) looks down from his raised bench onto F. Lee Bailey and ASSISTANT D.A. DONALD CONN (30s).

JUDGE MOYNIHAN

There's not to be a single mention of the words "strangler," "Silk-stocking Strangler," "Sunset Killer," "Phantom Fiend," in the courtroom. I know the television dial didn't show up for a rape trial but as far as I'm concerned, that's what this is. Am I clear?

F. LEE BAILEY

As gin--

A.D.A. CONN

-ya honor.

LATER

DR. MEZER (60s) is on the stand. Bailey circles.

DR. MEZER

...DeSalvo is what is commonly referred to as a Jekyll and Hyde-type schizophrenic. At times he appears normal--even charming--capable of guilt. But at other times, he is compelled by an absolutely *insatiable* compulsion that overwhelms his ability to distinguish right from wrong.

F. LEE BAILEY

Do you believe he was in control of his actions during his crimes?

DR. MEZER

No.

Bailey passes Conn on the way to his seat.

A.D.A. CONN

What about the actions that Mr. DeSalvo took to get into these women's houses to "uncontrollably" rape them, were these compulsive?

DR. MEZER

No.

A.D.A. CONN

If he had, say, policemen at his elbow, would that have affected the way he treated these women?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

DR. MEZER

I believe it would've, yes.

Conn passes Bailey on his way to his seat.

F. LEE BAILEY

As the law reads, Dr. Mezer, was  
DeSalvo sane at the time--

A.D.A CONN

Objection.

Everyone in the court turns to Judge Moynihan.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN

I'm going to allow it.

DR. MEZER

No. He was not.

Farron watches the Jury FOREMAN note that.

LATER

KURT RASSNER (30)--tall, buzz cut, pale--is on the stand.

A.D.A CONN

At Bridgewater, do you remember  
your fellow inmate, Mr. DeSalvo,  
discussing his conquests?

RASSNER

He spent a lotta time braggin bout  
how he'd kept the cops guessing.  
He'd say alla time, "I am a pro--  
you gotta unnastand I am a pro."  
He said that a lot in the yard.

A.D.A CONN

Did Mr. DeSalvo seem sane to you?

RASSNER

He was sane enough to tally all  
the money he was going to make.

A.D.A CONN

What do you mean by that?

RASSNER

Well he and his buddy there  
figured with the reward--\$10k per  
victim--he'd clean up pretty well.  
He was sane enough for that math.

Farron watches Bailey wince and decline a redirect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LATER

Bottomly stands at the defense table.

F. LEE BAILEY  
The Defense, your honor, calls  
Theodore Seracen for rebuttal...

A Bailiff leads Seracen, in cuffs, to the witness stand.  
Farron sees DeSalvo exchanging a KNOWING LOOK with him.  
Something about the look bothers Farron. He leans in.

BOBBY FARRON (O.S.)  
*...some of it I can't stomach.*

INT. BAR - PIE ALLEY - BOSTON - NIGHT

Farron and Sulko are hemmed in at the smoke-choked stick.

FRAN SULKO  
Like what?

Farron slides a folded up RECORD-AMERICAN across the bar.  
The headline in BOLD reads: DESALVO IS THE STRANGLER.

BOBBY FARRON  
If ya gonna try the guy--charge  
'em. Don't try him on reputation.

FRAN SULKO  
Well, do you think he did it?

BOBBY FARRON  
I don't know, but I don't think  
the evidence is there, either way.

FRAN SULKO  
Hasn't been a killin in 3 years.

BOBBY FARRON  
Maybe the Strangler just saw his  
opportunity, some other asshole  
got caught. Maybe he got caught,  
somethin else--just like DeSalvo.

Sulko gives him a look. Farron nods, pulls out a REPORT.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)  
Bear with me, all right? This is  
the report on Corbin. She's last  
seen by a neighbor she had coffee  
with at 10.30.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

45 min later, the same friend  
calls her--they have this system  
of knocking on each other's door,  
the other leaves--and she hasn't  
heard Corbin leavin for Mass yet.  
There's no answer on the phone.  
That's 11.15. Corbin died  
somewhere in that 45 minutes.

FRAN SULKO

So far I'm followin ya.

BOBBY FARRON

So I went back to Salem. At 10.20--

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A Paper BOY (15) rides a bike up to 224 LAFEYETTE ST.

BOBBY FARRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*The Andruzzi kid arrives, collects  
for that week's paper route. He's  
walking the halls for 20 min and  
leaves at 10.40. Sees no one...*

Paper Boy rides away, passing a MAN with a LIMP.

BOBBY FARRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*At 10.35, while Andruzzi is still  
collecting his nickels, a neighbor  
across the street, a Mrs. Colella,  
looks out her window and sees a  
man with a limp gazing at 224...*

MRS. COLELLA (60) watches the MAN LIMP from her window.  
She yells out at the Limp and he promptly shuffles off.

BOBBY FARRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*She watches him for 10 minutes  
before she calls to him, asks him  
his business. He's nobody--just a  
local nut. But Mrs. Colella sees  
no one enter 224 between 10.35 and  
10.50 when she's watching the  
loony. Then there's Mr. Molinario--*

MR. MOLINARIO (30) walks down a flight of steps, sees a  
STRANGER shading his face, tapping at an apartment door.

BOBBY FARRON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*--sees a man knocking at Corbin's  
neighbor's door at just before 11.  
He remembers cause he was onna way  
out to the same Mass as Corbin...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BAR

Farron leans toward Sulko to make his point.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

Now if you believe DeSalvo, he would've had to have entered 224 Lafayette in a matter of minutes between when Molinario saw the Stranger and when the neighbor noticed Corbin hadn't knocked on her door. But *none of those people* saw DeSalvo that day. Now imagine the *precision* it would've taken for him to break into, or talk his way past Corbin, a lady gettin ready to go to Mass, and *not* be seen by *any body of those people*.

FRAN SULKO

Or maybe he just crawled through a window around the back.

BOBBY FARRON

That's true. But that's a question an experienced investigator woulda asked DeSalvo in an interrogation.

FRAN SULKO

Ya sound like one of those people, argues the Warren Commission.

BOBBY FARRON

Well, look at who benefits--

FRAN SULKO

Bob, ya just gotta accept it. I don't know why ya do this to yaself sometimes, ya get ahold of something, won't let go. But for ya own health, ya gotta accept it. Sacco and Vanzetti were *guilty*, Oswald acted *alone*, and Albert DeSalvo is the *Boston Strangler*.

Farron just stares at him and Sulko has to look away. He morbidly finishes his beer and signals for another round.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN (O.S.)

*Does the defendant wish to say anything on his own behalf?*

INT. MIDDLESEX COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

DeSalvo rises, shoulders humbly bent, eyes on the floor.

ALBERT DESALVO

Before they brought me in here last time, ya honor, back in '61, I said to the cop, "I think I got something *seriously* wrong with me, ya know? Can't say what--I'm not well-educated--but I think maybe I could explain it to a doctor." Now, I can tell you my whole life there's been somethin building up in me. I can always feel it. And back in '61 I was gettin to a point--between the rough goin at home, my wife, and the easy locks in the *thousands* of apartments in Boston--I was gonna get to where *somethin* was gonna *have to happen*. So I asked for the doctor. And the doctor come, and I don't remember his name, but he agreed, ya know? He said, "Al, you got something *wrong with ya.*" *Psychopathic tendencies*, he said. And he suggested to the last judge I shouldn't just be put in jail. But that's what happened. Judge put me in jail. Why--I don't know. But I didn't get no help in the County. I served 11 months in there...

(Shuddering breath)

Then I came out in April, 1962. First "Strangler" murder was in June that year. Now, I'm not sayin it's not my fault--I did those things. But by then it was too late for me, or any of those women. I wish it wasn't like that. I don't wanna be the person who did these things. I'm not a man who can hurt anyone. I'm very *emotional*. I break up at the least things...but here I am. I done them. And what I'm trying to say is, I know I'm *sick*. But I asked for help. I *tried*. And someone failed me. I'm not sure who. But someone failed everyone here...

INT. HALLWAY - MIDDLESEX COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Farron leans against a wall staring at a mural of the "Charge of the Mass. 7th Cavalry," an officer's rifle pointing right at him. Farron moves, the barrel follows.

FRAN SULKO

Bobby...Bob...

Farron turns, and as if coming to, finds Sulko at his elbow, handing him a cardboard cup of coffee.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

How much ya think he gets?

BOBBY FARRON

...nothing. He gets an acquittal.

Down the hall, a Bailiff throws opens the Courtroom.

COURTROOM

DeSalvo rises before the Judge.

JUDGE MOYNIHAN

Albert Henry DeSalvo, the Court of Middlesex County finds you guilty on *all* counts. And considering the *severe and convincing* outside testimony brought into this court by your own counsel, I sentence you to life in prison at the MCI: Walpole--with no chance of parole.

The GAVEL BANGS. DeSalvo recoils. And Farron watches the PRESS descend on Bailey and the BAR, FLASH BULBS POPPING.

BOBBY FARRON

Think a single one of em's gonna ask why he was sentenced for a crime he wasn't charged with?

FRAN SULKO

Dumb fuck admitted it.

Farron shakes his head in disgust, and they turn to go.

WENDY FARRON (O.S.)

...whattya thinkin about now?

INT. LOCKE-OBER RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Farron shakes his head, as if coming to, and finds himself sitting across from Wendy at a candlelit table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON

Just thinkin...

WENDY FARRON

Ya know, ya can talk to me...

BOBBY FARRON

S'just work. S'just something this  
Doctor, witness said awhile back.

She leans over, takes his hand.

WENDY FARRON

Honey, you caught *him*.

BOBBY FARRON

I know, it's just...

He can't find the words.

WENDY FARRON

Honey, you got a lotta good in ya  
life right now. Why do ya wanna  
keep thinkin about *alla* this?

BOBBY FARRON

*I'm just not sure about him.*

WENDY FARRON

No one's ever sure. Nothin's ever  
certain. *Nothin* ends. But everyone  
else is content, why aren't you?

Farron leans forward--but stops. He can see Wendy's leg  
sticking out under the table. She has on STOCKINGS. He  
looks around--every woman in the place has on STOCKINGS.

WENDY FARRON (CONT'D)

What...?

BOBBY FARRON

Nothing. S'nothing. Ya right.

INSERT: JUNE 10th, 1967.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - MCI: WALPOLE - DAY

DeSalvo is seated behind wire-threaded glass, his elbow  
on the table and his head in his hand, covering his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

F. LEE BAILEY (O.S.)  
...Shepherd got off on *appeal*. I  
got Seracen a reduced sentence, he  
*killed* a man in broad day light--  
on *appeal*. We've just started, Al.

Bailey, seated across from him, is earnestly trying to  
look into DeSalvo's eyes. But DeSalvo won't look up.

F. LEE BAILEY (CONT'D)  
Hey, I got you out of here, right?  
You're being sent down to  
Bridgewater in a few days and--

ALBERT DESALVO  
Yeah. *Bridgewater*.

F. LEE BAILEY  
I know--it's a hole. It'll just  
take some time and I will get you  
into better care--I *swear to you*.

DeSalvo turns up his head, finally looks at Bailey.

ALBERT DESALVO  
You *swore* to me if I got on record--  
-I got on record that I was the  
Strangler, doctors would flock  
from all over. You see anybody?

F. LEE BAILEY  
Well...I can't explain that.

ALBERT DESALVO  
What about the reward money?

Bailey looks away, as if searching for the words.

F. LEE BAILEY  
The thing about that--it was 10k  
for everything. 10k per body, I  
don't know where you got that.

DeSalvo rolls his head in anguish.

F. LEE BAILEY (CONT'D)  
You all right, Al?

ALBERT DESALVO  
I really fucked up, Lee, didn't I?

INT. SHOWERS - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - LATER

Seracen proudly lathers himself next to Al. He's built.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TEDDY SERACEN  
...got me the chance, parole,  
after seven--seven years. That's  
less than I got as a juvenile.

DeSalvo turns his back to Seracen, washes his genitals.  
Seracen smiles at this and squirts water through his  
teeth into DeSalvo's ear. DeSalvo looks over. The fuck?

TEDDY SERACEN (CONT'D)  
What, you hiding something there?  
(Grinning)  
Come on, Al, all I'm sayin is,  
trust him. He trusted you, right?

ALBERT DESALVO  
And how much he make off me?

TEDDY SERACEN  
See, that's the kinda talk's got  
got us worried about you, Al.

ALBERT DESALVO  
Worried about what?

TEDDY SERACEN  
I just don't wanna see you fuck it  
all up for yaself, Al. Not Now.

ALBERT DESALVO  
How could I be any worse off?

Seracen grins, and leans in close.

TEDDY SERACEN  
You ever heard of the "Dark Night  
of the Soul," Al? *Have ya?*

INT. ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - STATE HOUSE - DAY

The WAR ROOM is being taken apart. Secretaries strip the  
PHOTOS off wall-length corkboards. Janitors wheel out  
cabinets on dollies. Farron and Sulko clean out their  
desks. A JANITOR arrives at Sulko's side with a cart.

FRAN SULKO  
You done?

Farron spies the DESALVO TAPES in a box at his feet.

BOBBY FARRON  
Nah. I'll take care of it.

Sulko piles on his boxes, wipes his hands like Pilot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAN SULKO  
You wanna go for a drink?

BOBBY FARRON  
Yeah. Just lemme finish here...

Farron subtly kicks the box under his desk.

INT. 21ST AMENDMENT TAVERN - BEACON HILL - NIGHT

Farron and Sulko are seated at a two-topper, a half-empty pitcher between them. Sulko's talking, Farron staring over Sulko's shoulder in the direction of bar-top TV.

FRAN SULKO  
...good game?

BOBBY FARRON  
Hm?

Farron shakes his head as if coming to.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah. Pollack kid's incredible.

FRAN SULKO  
Bobby, you all right?

BOBBY FARRON  
Yeah. Sure. I'm fine. Why.

Sulko stares at him, not exactly sure.

FRAN SULKO  
Well, like I's sayin: I figure if  
I take the early retirement now...

INT. KITCHEN - FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

Farron sorts through a FILE BOX at his table, Pall Mall dangling from his lips, a beer next to him. He pulls out DeSalvo's tapes, copies of his MAPS, CRIME SCENE PHOTOS, etc. He HEARS FOOTSTEPS and quickly upends the photos.

WENDY FARRON  
Ya don't think I've seen worse?  
Where ya think they send people  
after the bad *shit* happens? Who do  
you think puts them back together?

BOBBY FARRON  
No one's puttin em back together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wendy drapes over him, nuzzles his neck.

WENDY FARRON

Then the pieces'll still be there  
in the morning. So why don't ya go  
kiss ya daughter good night then?

BOBBY FARRON

I will, I will. Soon.

Wendy forces a smile but kisses him and walks out. Farron watches her disappear into the other room and turns back to the evidence. He sorts through DESALVO'S MAP COPIES.

LATER

Farron walks back into the kitchen with an ARCHITECT'S TUBE and slides a roll of tract paper out of it. He uncoils the elastic from around the tract and cautiously lays his own HAND DRAWN CRIME SCENE MAPS on the table.

He sorts through DeSalvo's maps and finds the one tagged, ANNA SLESSERS. Farron lays it on his map and compares details: lay outs; position of the body; evidence, etc.

Farron rolls up his Slessers' map and finds DeSalvo's for NINA NICHOLLS. He lays it out, again comparing it to his.

LATER

Farron sets up his reel-to-reel and threads it with tape.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)

*...do you remember her name?*

INT. LAWYER ROOM - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

DeSalvo whispers to himself, counting on his fingers.

ALBERT DESALVO

...11? The 11th one? That must've  
been Corbett there. One in Salem.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)

*You mean Corbin?*

DeSalvo grins and nods, embarrassed at his mistake.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (CONT'D)

*How'd you come to choose her?*

ALBERT DESALVO

I was just drivin on an urge.  
Don't know where it came from.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)  
 Ended up in Salem there. I see  
 this space in front of a building--

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
 You *just* saw a space?

INT. 1958 CHEVY COUPE - DAY

DeSalvo drives, his leg pumping restlessly, cruising by  
 crowds of twos and threes--families in their Sunday best.  
 Somewhere in the distance, a Church bell peals 11 times.

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*That's all. All it took.*

DeSalvo parks in front of 224 LAFAYETTE ST. and through  
 his back window, he sees the ANDRUZZI kid riding off.

LAWYER ROOM

Bottomly taps his pen on his case file.

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
 How did you get Corbin to open the  
 door? This is nearly a year and a  
 half into the Strangler's spree...

ALBERT DESALVO  
 Well, it was foggy that day.  
 Rained over the weekend. Said I  
 was there bout a leaky window.  
 Always had an answer for them...

INT. 224 LAFAYETTE STREET - SALEM, MA - DAY

Albert leans into the door for apartment #3.

EVELYN CORBIN (O.S.)  
 Can't you come back another time?  
 I'm just getting ready for Mass.

ALBERT DESALVO  
 I got a full time job, lady. I'm  
 just here helping out the Super.

He waits. The door opens. EVELYN CORBIN (60)--very young  
 for her age, looks 45; well built--gestures DeSalvo in.

EVELYN CORBIN  
 Sorry to be so suspicious. But ya  
 never know who's knockin on ya  
 door these days, ya know?

(Grinning)  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVELYN CORBIN (CONT'D)  
...like how do I know ya not the  
Boston Strangler?

DeSalvo holds open the door.

ALBERT DESALVO  
I'll leave, you want me to.

EVELYN CORBIN  
No. I'm just foolin with ya.

LAWYER ROOM

DeSalvo leans back in his seat.

ALBERT DESALVO  
Then *Corbett--Corbin--leads me*  
inna the bedroom, where a leak  
actually was, and that's where I  
pulled the knife. She asks me what  
I want. I tell her I'm gonna fuck  
her. But she starts crying, says  
she's under doctor's orders--can't  
fuck. So she says, I'll do it the  
other way. I say, "ya'll blow me?"

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
She offered to do that?

ALBERT DESALVO  
I mighta suggested it.

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
That was nice of you.

ALBERT DESALVO  
To be honest, I was gonna fuck her  
anyway, but she was all upset, so  
I suggested that. Jumped all over  
the chance--put a pillow on the  
ground next to the bed, kneel on;  
everythin. Knew what she was doin.

224 LAFAYETTE

DeSalvo, laid out on the bed, watches Corbin spit into a  
tissue, eyes tearing, her bust hanging out of her torn  
shirt. He takes her and gently guides her onto the bed.

EVELYN CORBIN  
You promised me...*you promised...*

ALBERT DESALVO  
Ya gonna be all right, hon...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Corbin's head hits the bed. She gasps and DeSalvo leans in, gesturing her quiet. He covers her face with a pillow. He can hear her cry. Then he SQUEEZES her THROAT.

LAWYER ROOM

DeSalvo shrugs, sighing.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)  
...after I saw her *spit*?

Brushes the top of the table.

INT. FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

Farron, exhausted, thumbs FAST FORWARD.

LAWYER ROOM

Bottomly flips a sheet on his legal pad.

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
Now tell me about Joanne Graff...

DeSalvo nods, takes out a roll of Lifesavers.

ALBERT DESALVO  
Mint?

Bottomly stares at him, incredulous. Al pops a mint.

ALBERT DESALVO (CONT'D)  
Well, Graff...she was the one with the chest. Yeah. Her breasts were very large, 38, very smooth-- hefty, well-built, *beautiful* body, but no face. Was almost a shame...

FARRON'S HOUSE

Disgusted, Farron takes a last draw off his Pall Mall, stabs it out in an ashtray and reaches for the STOP. Then-

LAWYER ROOM

DeSalvo chews his Lifesaver, loudly.

JOHN BOTTOMLY  
Do you remember the date?

FARRON'S HOUSE

Farron hand pauses at the STOP BUTTON. He hears SILENCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*Uh, I think...lemme...*

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)  
*What did you do when Kennedy was  
shot, do you remember?*

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*I cried...*

Farron hits stop and plows through his notes, frantically flipping pages. He finds JOANN GRAFF: died, 11/23/63.

BOBBY FARRON  
He lead him...

Farron hits rewind, punches play.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)  
*What did you do when Kennedy was  
shot, do you remember?*

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*I cried...*

BOBBY FARRON  
He *fucking* lead him.

Farron yanks the tape from the player, furiously winds it up, and digs through his EVIDENCE BOX for another.

LATER

Farron holds the earphones to his head, focused.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)  
*...and you raped her?*

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*Her I raped. Definitely raped her.*

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)  
*It seems strange, Albert, given  
your history, your prior victims,  
why you'd choose to rape an older--*

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*That had nothing to do with it--*

Farron looks down at the MEDICAL REPORT:

BLAKE, HELEN. NO SIGN OF VAGINAL TRAUMA; RAPE.

LATER

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Farron peels through an evidence report, listening.

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)  
*Why did you put the wine bottle  
 inside her, inside Nicholls?*

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*I don't want to talk about that...*

JOHN BOTTOMLY (O.S.)  
*Why are you so reluctant? It is  
 because you don't understand it?*

BOBBY FARRON  
 S'cause he doesn't fuckin know!

INT. BATHROOM - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

DeSalvo carefully shaves Seracen's throat.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 DeSalvo--letter.

They both look up. A Guard places a letter on the sink.

CELL

DeSalvo reads, mouthing the words. His finger runs over the words: "...the truth." And: "Sincerely, Det. Farron."

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - BOSTON POLICE HQ - DUSK

Farron sorts through the mail on his desk, finds an envelope marked "BRIDGEWATER STATE," tears it open.

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*Here's the story of the Strangler,  
 yet untold. The man who claims he  
 killed thirteen women, young and  
 old...today he sits in a prison  
 cell, deep inside only a secret he  
 can tell. People everywhere are  
 still in doubt. Is the Strangler  
 in prison, or roaming about?*

CAPTAIN DUGGAN (V.O.)  
 FARRON!

Farron looks up. His Captain's hailing him over.

CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

The Captain rests his ass on the lip of his desk.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CAPTAIN DUGGAN (CONT'D)  
Farron, this is Hodge and Cashman  
from down in Internal Affairs--

Farron glances at two wraithlike I.A. MEN (40s).

CAPTAIN DUGGAN (CONT'D)  
They got a call. A guard down,  
Bridgewater says a dick up here's  
been trading letters with DeSalvo.  
Now, that ain't you, is it? *Please*  
tell me that ain't you, Farron...

Farron looks away, deliberately, refusing to answer.

LATER

Farron, in a patrolman's uniform, stands at ROLL CALL.

INT. CAFETERIA - COMBAT ZONE - NIGHT

Farron, in a BPD SLICKER, sits across a table from Sulko.

FRAN SULKO  
...you should come with me. Fuck  
them. *Leave*. I can get ya a job.

BOBBY FARRON  
What, selling magazines?

FRAN SULKO  
Private practice. Private Eye.  
"Stuff that dreams are made of."

Bob laughs. A Cop walks by the CAFE, bangs on the glass.

BOBBY FARRON  
Looks like I gotta screw.

FRAN SULKO  
You watch out, Bobby.

Farron nods and walks out into the rain on LOWER WASH.

INT. YARD - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

DeSalvo and Seracen are seated on a raised edge of stone  
at the base of the hospital's wall. A tall BLACK MAN with  
a TROMBONE paces the yard playing Gershwin SHOW TUNES.

TEDDY SERACEN  
...what did he ask about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALBERT DESALVO

Nothing. He's just cop doing the same shit cops always do. Doesn't matter, ya inside. Not gonna leave you alone 'til ya fuckin dead.

TEDDY SERACEN

What'd you say to him?

ALBERT DESALVO

Ya know, just fucked with him.

(Silence)

What--what are you lookin at?

TEDDY SERACEN

I don't like being lied to, Al.

DeSalvo shakes his head, breaking eye contact.

TEDDY SERACEN (CONT'D)

Al...

He looks up. Seracen's staring at him.

TEDDY SERACEN (CONT'D)

I don't like being lied to.

ALBERT DESALVO

I heard ya--

TEDDY SERACEN

-I'll find out if ya lying.

ALBERT DESALVO

I know. I believe ya...

Seracen smiles, claps DeSalvo on the knee and looks away to light a smoke. Al looks at his hand--it's shaking.

INSERT: FEBRUARY 24th, 1967.

INT. CELL - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

DeSalvo stuffs his bed full of clothes, tucks it in.

LATER

Albert crouches by his cell door. Behind him, it seems there's someone in the bed. Suddenly, the DOOR LOCK POPS.

LATER

A FAT GUARD (40s) waddles the halls, spinning a BATON on lanyard through his fingers. He rounds a corner and--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DeSalvo TOSSES a shirt over his face and pulls it tight. Another Inmate grabs the Guard at the knees and ANOTHER smashes the Guard in the TEMPLE with his own baton.

LATER

Albert and the two other INMATES slink down a tiled, moon-lit corridor to an ELEVATOR SHAFT that's blocked off and plastered with "REPAIR" signs. They force the door open.

LATER

Albert and the Inmates carefully lower themselves down a CONSTRUCTION SCAFFOLDING inside the elevator shaft. One Inmate slips and knocks a 2x4 out of the scaffolding. The board clatters down the entire length of the shaft and--

BOOM. It hits bottom. DeSalvo and his accomplices hold on, breathless, and listen. NOTHING. They keep moving.

LATER

Reaching the bottom, Albert and his crew carefully, silently, slide a long 10' plank out of the scaffolding.

EXT. YARD - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - LATER

From the shadow of a doorway, they watch a SPOTLIGHT run across the brick wall and pass by. They dart out and--

Albert leans the plank up against the outer brick wall and an Inmate runs up it, the other holding it steady. DeSalvo shimmies up the plank and the Inmate boosts him onto the wall. Albert straddles it, pulls the Inmates up.

LATER

Albert lowers himself over, dropping into a SNOW BANK.

EXT./INT. BOSTON POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Farron marches past a massive PRESS CONFERENCE on the front steps and into the foyer. He's greeted by Duggan.

CAPTAIN DUGGAN

Figured ya should be here, case he  
holes up, wants to make contact.

BOBBY FARRON

If someone don't claim the bounty.

Farron flashes the RECORD-AMERICAN: \$5000, DEAD OR ALIVE.

INT. MASS. TRANSIT AUTHORITY BUS - DUSK

DeSalvo leans on the window, a small radio to his ear.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
*...countless sightings at Logan...*

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Can you believe it?

DeSalvo looks over. A UNIFORMED LYNN COP, tie undone, is shaving with an electric razor, as if on his way to work.

COP  
 Called us all back, vacation cause  
 of this cooch. Can ya believe it?

ALBERT DESALVO  
 No. I can't.

INT. SPORTING GOOD STORE - LYNN, MA - DUSK

DeSalvo strolls in. Behind the counter, a Proprietor (40) looks up from the paper. His SON's (16) stacking shelves.

ALBERT DESALVO  
 I use your phone?

PROPRIETOR  
 Only for emergencies.

ALBERT DESALVO  
 ...I'd say this qualifies, pal.

LATER

Farron rushes through the front door, BLUE LIGHTS FLASHING outside, and finds DeSalvo drinking tea at the counter with the Proprietor and his son, both smiling.

PROPRIETOR  
 (to his Son)  
 ...shouldn't be listening to this.

ALBERT DESALVO  
 ...worked my way through them  
 Pollyannas right up to the Russian  
 border--and the whole way back!

Proprietor laughs, shaking his head. DeSalvo sees Farron.

BOBBY FARRON  
 You ready, Al?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DeSalvo, finishes his tea, shakes the Proprietor's hand.

ALBERT DESALVO

Been a pleasure, pal. Ya gotta fine establishment here. Now ya take care of that kid, all right?

PROPRIETOR

You watch out, Al.

DeSalvo winks, walks over and slaps Farron on the back.

INT. FARRON'S BOSTON POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Farron glances in the rearview at DeSalvo. DeSalvo's grinning, looking out the back at his POLICE ESCORT.

BOBBY FARRON

Whattya look so happy about?

ALBERT DESALVO

They'll send me back to Walpole now. I'll be safe in Walpole.

BOBBY FARRON

Safe from who?

(Silence)

Ya aren't sayin ya did this--*all this*--to fink yaself out, are ya?

ALBERT DESALVO

No. I was on *my way*. *I was*. But then I *thought*, ya know, where am I gonna go? My kids are gone. Wife's fucking some other guy now. I realized something, ya know? No matter where I end up? *I'm* still gonna be there. *Fucked up*. Crazy. Figured...the fuck's the point?

Farron watches him in the REARVIEW.

BOBBY FARRON

Can I ask ya somethin?

ALBERT DESALVO

Why not. Drove alla way out here.

BOBBY FARRON

...you really do it? Are you *him*?

ALBERT DESALVO

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DeSalvo grins at him in the rearview. Farron looks away.

INSERT: NOVEMBER 11th, 1973.

INT. KITCHEN - FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - DUSK

Farron, in uniform, is at the table, feeding an infant. ARABELLA (7) is across from him playing with her food.

BOBBY FARRON  
Just eat it for me, will ya?

The PHONE RINGS. Farron groans, carries the baby to it.

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*Detective Farron? Albert DeSalvo--*

BOBBY FARRON  
-the hell d'ya get this number?

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*Please, don't hang up. Sorry if I  
scared ya but I needa talk to ya.*

Wendy walks in, hair wrapped in a towel. She sees his face, mouths, "who is it?" Farron hands her the baby.

BOBBY FARRON  
What the fu--hell do you want?

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*...I'm scared.*

BOBBY FARRON  
Scared of what?

Wendy mouths, "who is it?" again. Farron waves her off.

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*Him. He's back in here.*

BOBBY FARRON  
Who?

ALBERT DESALVO (O.S.)  
*I can't say right now...but HIM.*

Farron jerks his head, quick, as if dislodging a thought.

INT. CELL - MCI: WALPOLE - NIGHT

A door BUZZES. Two Guards enter DeSalvo's cell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD

Got a call, ya life's in danger.  
Warden wants ya in the infirmary.

INFIRMARY

DeSalvo comes to, the ward lit only with the light  
seeping in from the hall. He looks around. Ward's empty.

LATER

DeSalvo comes to again, scared, as if having heard  
something. He sits up and looks up the ward--empty beds--  
and back down--more empty beds. He looks to the HALL  
DOOR. An unbroken beam of LIGHT wraps all the way around.

DeSalvo tries the door. It's locked. He yawns, turns and--

DeSalvo's pulled to the ground by an arm around his  
throat, his head conking off the tile. He struggles to  
get out of the headlock but two legs scissor lock his.

Chocking, gasping, DeSalvo swings his elbows back,  
wildly. But a TOOTHBRUSH SHIV glints in the light and  
sticks him under the ribs. Blood BURSTS out of DeSalvo's  
mouth and the SHIV sticks him, again and again--15 times.

DeSalvo slowly stops fighting and the arm drops from his  
neck. He glances up at his assailant and the SHIV is  
jammed into his throat. Shocked, DeSalvo paws at his  
jugular, as if to keep the blood inside, and parts his  
mouth to SCREAM. But all that comes out is a wet cough.

Al's left to die on the floor, clutching his own throat.

INT. FRONT DESK - MCI: WALPOLE - DAY

Farron flashes his BADGE to a Prison Screw (20s).

BOBBY FARRON

To see Albert DeSalvo.

The Screw looks up from the REGISTER, mouth open.

THE WARDEN (O.S.)

*S'unfortunate--it's unfortunate  
any time you lose a resident...*

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - MCI: WALPOLE - DAY

THE WARDEN (50s)--glasses, civil servant belly--is seated  
at a desk in front of a window looking out onto a forest.  
Farron sits in front of him, trying not to look upset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON

Why do you think it happened?

THE WARDEN

It was most likely a gangland execution. The report I have is that it was over a side of bacon.

Farron stares at the Warden, clenching his jaw.

THE WARDEN (CONT'D)

There are few luxuries in here, Mr. Farron. You'd be miserable to know it happens all the time.

INT. FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

Farron holds Arabella, the two of them watching Lee Marvin be killed in THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE. Wendy rushes in, breathless, the BABY CRYING, and places her in Farron's lap. Farron looks up, as if coming to.

WENDY FARRON

You try. I gotta go to work.

Farron yawns and tries to coax the baby quiet--rocking her, cooing to her, pleading. But the Baby won't stop. Farron looks exhausted. The Baby SCREAMS in his face.

ARABELLA

What's wrong with her, Dad?

BOBBY FARRON

I don't know. I don't know...

LATER

Alone at his kitchen table, Farron tears through boxes of CASE FILES, exhaustively searching for something he can't find. He finishes with one box, tosses it, tears open another and rifles it. Pulling a file, Timilty's ARTIST RENDERING slips out and drifts to the floor. Farron picks it up. Curious, he compares it to DeSalvo's mug shot...

It bares a resemblance. Farron pulls out the RENDERING drawn from LULKA's description. It also bares a resemblance. Farron keeps digging. Then stops. He flips back a few pages. It's a picture of Seracen on the STAND being questioned by Bailey, DeSalvo behind them at the defendant's table. Farron holds up the POLICE SKETCHES.

They *kind of* look like DeSalvo. Then he slides them next to Seracen. They *are* Seracen. Farron FLASHES on Seracen grinning at Timilty inside Bridgewater State Hospital.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He looks down at the Pall Mall in his hand. It's shaking.

INT. MISS LULKA'S APARTMENT - 315 HUNTINGTON AVE. - DAY

Miss Lulka is seated on her couch, shaking her head.

MISS LULKA  
S'long time ago...

BOBBY FARRON (O.S.)  
You remember seeing him though?

Farron slides a mug shot across the coffee table.

MISS LULKA  
Looks familiar...

BOBBY FARRON  
He the guy you saw with Langham,  
when Sophie Clark lived upstairs?

Miss Lulka stares at the photo, her eyebrows rise.

INT. BAR - LOCKE-OBER - BOSTON - NIGHT

Farron leans on the rail, throwing back a martini.

FRAN SULKO (O.S.)  
You all right, Bob?

Sulko's next to him in a tailored suit. Bob just stares.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)  
Just asking.

BOBBY FARRON  
Didn't realize ya did this well...

Farron points out the POSH bar.

FRAN SULKO  
Did you need something?

BOBBY FARRON  
In private practice ya got means  
to access information I can't get  
at. Tax records, bank records...

FRAN SULKO  
Yeah. Just depends on whose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON

One or the other of Sophie Clark's  
roommates. Joanna Geechee or--

Sulko gestures to the Keep for the check and throws his  
American Express on the bar. Farron picks up the card.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

Thought you were *private* practice?

FRAN SULKO

I got bought out.

BOBBY FARRON

Yeah? By who?

Sulko stares at Farron, trying to read him.

FRAN SULKO

Lee Bailey.

Farron glares at Sulko and Sulko looks away, knowing he's  
fucked up. Farron drops the credit card and walks out.

EXT. ONE STORY RANCH - SPRINGFIELD, MA - NIGHT

Farron pulls into the drive in a '67 El Dorado.

LATER

JOANNA GEECHEE (30s)--black, straight hair, well-kept  
figure--cautiously opens the door. Farron badges her.

JOANNA GEECHEE (O.S.)

*How'd you find us?*

INT. ONE STORY RANCH - SPRINGFIELD, MA - LATER

Farron sits in an armchair across from Geechee, who's in  
tears being consoled by her HUSBAND (40s)--a big man.

BOBBY FARRON

Gonna cost me season tickets, the  
Red Sox, bribe the guy at the IRS.

HUSBAND

Why'd you do that? We got kids--

BOBBY FARRON

-I got two. And a wife. And if  
he's still out there. If  
DeSalvo...I don't know if I could  
sleep. Don't know how you could.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Geechee hides her face and the Husband glares at Farron.

HUSBAND

What do you want from us?

BOBBY FARRON

Do you know him? Who he is?

Farron hands her Seracen's mug. Geechee hyperventilates.

HUSBAND

You know him? Baby, *do you know him? Baby doll*, who is that?

JOANNA GEECHEE

...friend of Junior's. He called him Teddy Bear--Teddy Seracen.

Farron's eyes glint.

INT. WARD F - BRIDGEWATER STATE HOSPITAL - DAY

Farron follows Robey down a hall of damp, rotting cells.

DR. ROBEY

He's one terrific son of a bitch, I'll tell you that much. He used to be an assassin--though that's too romantic a word for what he was. Ever heard of Buddy McLean?

BOBBY FARRON

Yeah. I heard of him.

DR. ROBEY

Seracen killed people for him. He got sent to me cause what he did was so appallingly anti-social no one believed he could've been sane. He was close with DeSalvo. Showed up around the same time.

BOBBY FARRON

Just bout when the killin stopped.

Dr. Robey slows his stride and looks over at Farron.

DR. ROBEY

Look, I told you years ago-- DeSalvo wasn't *him*, wasn't capable of being the Strangler. No one listened then. Know why that is?

Dr. Robey stops walking, leans in confidentially.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. ROBEY (CONT'D)

Because that was *the biggest trial* in Massachusetts since we were burning witches. Can you imagine what would happen if someone *proved they got it wrong*? Every recidivist would want a retrial. Everyone that got rich: Bailey, Bottomly; all the cops that got promoted; *the Senator* that got elected, what would they do?

BOBBY FARRON

I don't care about all that.

DR. ROBEY

Well, you *absolutely* should.

Robey turns, starts walking again.

BOBBY FARRON

D'ya think he's capable--Seracen?

DR. ROBEY

You ever had a point in your life where you didn't think it could get any worse? Then it did and made you wonder how long a nightmare could actually last? That's Seracen's potential. He's everything you imagine if you stare too long into the darkness.

Robey walks faster. But Farron grabs him.

BOBBY FARRON

Why didn't ya believe DeSalvo?

DR. ROBEY

*Cause DeSalvo was an asshole.* He'd do anything to make someone he liked *like* him. Seracen convinced him to take the blame, I'm sure.

BOBBY FARRON

Why would DeSalvo do that?

DR. ROBEY

Because he was sick--and he knew he was sick. Most crazy people have the luxury of not knowing. He actually made a logical decision. Who would you think would get better care: the Boston Strangler, or Al the Shitbum from Malden?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY FARRON

How come you've never said  
anything about Seracen?

DR. ROBEY

The state went to a lot of trouble  
to put DeSalvo away for life.

BOBBY FARRON

And you work for the State.

Robey looks away and nods. He starts walking again.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

You know he's got a meetin, the  
parole board next week?

DR. ROBEY

And I'll do my best to block it.

INT. PAROLE BOARD - MCI: WALPOLE - DAY

A DOOR LOCK HUMS and POPS, and TEDDY SERACEN is escorted  
in by two GUARDS. He's placed within a grated CELL before  
the PAROLE BOARD--two men (50s) and the CHAIRWOMAN (40s).  
He glances over his shoulder and spots Doctor Robey and  
Farron in the front row. Seracen grins, pleasantly waves.

LATER

CHAIRWOMAN (O.S.)

*...is there anyone who'd like to  
offer state's testimony?*

Dr. Robey stands, half raising a hand.

DR. ROBEY

Dr. Ames Robey, Bridgewater State.  
I administered to Mr. Seracen here  
for a number of years in the mid  
'60s. Back then, I found him to be  
of a classic psychopathic with--

CHAIRWOMAN

*-when was the last time you  
examined the inmate, Dr. Robey?*

Farron looks up at Robey.

DR. ROBEY

...three years ago, ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAIRWOMAN

And you allowed him to be transferred back to Walpole to commute his sentence? If he was so *sick*, why didn't you keep him?

Farron looks to Robey. Robey struggles for the answer.

CHAIRWOMAN (CONT'D)

That's all, Doctor. Thank you.

The GAVEL BANGS. Farron winces. Seracen gets up laughing.

INT. VISITOR'S ROOM - MCI: WALPOLE - LATER

Farron sits behind the wired-glass, waiting, his eyes drifting off, a Pall Mall burning down to his knuckles. Suddenly, a lock CLANKS OPEN and a DOOR BOOMS WIDE. Farron shakes his head, as if coming to, and watches--

Seracen struts in and jauntily takes the chair across from him. Seeing Farron glaring at him, Seracen smiles a BIG SHIT-EATING GRIN and eyefucks Farron right back.

BOBBY FARRON

You know, pal...I know ya *him*.

TEDDY SERACEN

Yeah? *Prove it*.

BOBBY FARRON

I will. Cause ya mighta had Robey wettin his drawers in there, but I know ya just a full of shit punk.

TEDDY SERACEN

And how's that?

BOBBY FARRON

Ya left a witness *alive*--

Farron's face drops, realizing what he's done.

TEDDY SERACEN

You know, when I get out of here, buddy? Lot of people Ima have to get *acquainted* with. How old's ya daughter now? She got tits yet?

BOBBY FARRON

...Ima be waitin for you.

Seracen's grins and Farron leaps up, punches the GLASS. But Seracen doesn't eve blink. Farron wheels, storms out.

EXT. HANCOCK BUILDING CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Farron is seated on a bench looking out onto the OLD HANCOCK BUILDING. The new building--a pillar of blue glass--is half-built behind it. Sulko sits next to him.

BOBBY FARRON

Remember when this was just a big  
*fucking* hole in the ground?

FRAN SULKO

Remember when it was a train yard.

BOBBY FARRON

Used to be all swamp. Then they  
filled it, a 100 years of garbage  
Built a whole new city on *shit*...

Farron lights a Pall Mall, sighs the smoke out his nose.

FRAN SULKO

...pal, you all right?

BOBBY FARRON

I hate to bug ya, Franny. But I  
got no one else. I need help.

Sulko stares at him concerned, waiting.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

Seracen's getting out.

FRAN SULKO

You been talking to Robey,  
listenin to his fuckin theories?

BOBBY FARRON

He talked about my daughter, Fran.

FRAN SULKO

Who? *Seracen*?

BOBBY FARRON

Asked if she had tits yet.

FRAN SULKO

How'd he know ya had a family?

BOBBY FARRON

How'd DeSalvo know about Clark?  
You work for Bailey. *You know.*

Sulko shakes his head, looking at his shoes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRAN SULKO

...what can I do?

BOBBY FARRON

Tail him from Walpole.

FRAN SULKO

You remember the first time with DeSalvo? Ya know I can't tail for shit. Lemme stay at the house.

BOBBY FARRON

Nah, if something happened, I'd never forgive ya. Can't do that.

SULKO

Thought ya already did that.

BOBBY FARRON

Nah. Ya always been a pal, Fran.

Sulko nods, smiling slightly. He appreciates that.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The front gate of WALPOLE opens, and Seracen, in an ill-fitting sharkskin suit, walks out into a miserable, drizzling RAIN and climbs aboard a WHITE PRISON BUS.

Sulko waits in a '67 MUSTANG outside a wooded ACCESS RD. He smokes, watching the rain trickle onto the leather inside of his cracked window. He spots the WHITE BUS rolling by, flips his smoke out the window and follows.

Cradling the baby, Farron watches the NEWS on WATERGATE from the couch. He keeps glancing at the PHONE. Wendy, holding Arabella in her lap, watches Farron, curious.

RICHARD NIXON (O.S.)

*...and then--you destroy yourself.*

Inside a GREYHOUND STATION, Sulko lurks behind a PAPERBACK STAND watching Seracen. A CALL RINGS OUT for the next bus to Boston. Sulko spies Seracen getting up.

Farron, leaning on a door jam, watches Wendy tuck Arabella into bed and sing, "Hush Little Baby." He looks out the door, down the hall, as if still waiting.

Sulko follows the GREYHOUND up Rt. 128 towards BOSTON.

Sulko watches Seracen depart in a throng at SOUTH STATION and blend into a large crowd crossing Atlantic Ave.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Sulko follows Seracen into the COMBAT ZONE, neon glittering off a rain-slicked Lower Washington, and wades through a sea of HUGGER-MUGGERS, SAILORS, and JOHNS.

Farron sits at his kitchen table, smoking, thinking.

Sulko sees Seracen step into the TEDDY BARE LOUNGE. Sulko gives him a few seconds lead and follows inside. But Sulko finds the lounge vacant, empty--Seracen's gone.

Sulko bolts through the kitchen, holding an ID out at a pursuing MANAGER, and crashes out the back door into an alley. But the alley's empty. Sulko rushes back inside, tears open a bathroom, a walk-in freezer, a large pantry--all of them empty. Furious, Sulko kicks out a shelf of pots and pans and sends them clattering all over. FUCK.

EXT. 315 HUNTINGTON AVE. - BACK BAY - NIGHT

Seracen stares at the letters 315 embossed on the door of a tenement squeezed between two store fronts. Grinning, Seracen pulls the door. It's locked. He hits a button on the call box. Nothing. He hits another. The door BUZZES.

INT. 315 HUNTINGTON AVE. - BACK BAY - LATER

Seracen puts an ear to a DOOR and closing his eyes, can HEAR the whisper of Johnny Carson inside. Taking a cut-up piece of PLASTIC, Seracen jimmies the lock--pops it open.

Gently easing the door in, he finds the apartment dark, quiet--the only light the glow of the TV down the hall.

Moving in slow, his feet silent on the CARPET, Seracen slinks down the length of the hallway pressing his back to the wall. Seracen peers around a corner into the LIVING ROOM. It's empty--a blanket left on the couch in front of the TV. Seracen turns the tube off and looks up--

He sees a short hallway and a closed door.

Carefully swinging the door open, Seracen stands in the frame, waiting. He sees a bed, moonlight caressing a form in the sheets. The room is silent, still. He walks in and--

FOOTSTEPS. Seracen turns and Farron drills him in the face with a butt of a shotgun. Seracen goes down--hard.

EXT. SQUANTUM AIRPORT (ABANDONED) - NIGHT

A BPD cruiser rolls up to a rundown hangar, its break lights flashing in the dark. A plane is HEARD overheard.

INT. ABANDONED HANGAR - SQUANTUM AIRPORT - NIGHT

Farron watches Seracen come to in the light of a lantern placed between them. Seracen's duct taped to a chair--eye socket, cheek, nose broken; face bloody. Farron, shotgun in his lap, lights a Pall Mall and points it at Seracen.

BOBBY FARRON

Face's all busted up there. Gotta hurt like a fuckin *bas-tard*...

TEDDY SERACEN

Yeah. It don't feel good...

BOBBY FARRON

Should learn'a appreciate that. Friend of mine useda say that's a reminder, ya human--pain, *fear*. I used to be terrified of you, ya know? Don't know why, lookin at ya now. Musta been the not knowin--not knowing who ya were, if ya were human. Whatta you afraid of?

TEDDY SERACEN

Don't know. Nothin, I suppose.

BOBBY FARRON

You ain't afraid now?

Seracen shrugs. Farron blows smoke out his nose.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

Good. Ya shouldn't be. I ain't gonna kill ya. I watched Ruby kill Oswald onna TV. Wife was happy, but all I could think about was how we'd never know, never know what happened. Couldn't live with that--the *not knowin*. So all I'm doin here is offerin you a deal.

Seracen waits, breath wheezing out his broken nose.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

The first flight outta Logan. Ya get far away from here, never come back? You, me? We're all set, pal.

TEDDY SERACEN

Why? Why would you do that?

BOBBY FARRON

Cause I'm not you. Ain't a killer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY SERACEN

But what I gotta do? S'the catch?

Farron leans in. Overhead a plane descends--ROARING.

BOBBY FARRON

I wanna hear you *say it*.

TEDDY SERACEN

What.

BOBBY FARRON

I wanna hear you admit ya *HIM*.

TEDDY SERACEN

Ya gonna believe me even if I do?

Farron stares at him, stares right through him.

TEDDY SERACEN (CONT'D)

Okay. *I did it. I'm him...*

BOBBY FARRON

Which ones?

TEDDY SERACEN

The nigger. Coupla younger broads.  
DeSalvo killed the kid though.

BOBBY FARRON

Who did the older ones?

TEDDY SERACEN

Don't know. I just stole the idea.

Farron nods. He pulls a SWITCHBLADE. Cuts Seracen loose.

BOBBY FARRON

Now listen, ya can go. But I'm  
tellin ya, ya come back? *I'll find*  
*ya--find ya just like I did*  
*tonight. And then I'll kill ya.*  
Then I'll go up ya parents' house,  
Nahant, kill them. Then I'll go to  
ya sister's in Dover and kill her,  
her husband and her 3 kids. Ya  
threaten *my family* again? I won't  
just destroy you but *ya whole*  
*fuckin life*. Ya unnastand me?

Seracen looks away, nodding.

BOBBY FARRON (CONT'D)

You gotta say the words, pal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEDDY SERACEN

I understand ya.

Farron stares at him and Seracen holds his eyes.  
Overhead, a PLANE DESCENDS--ROARING, almost DEAFENING.

BOBBY FARRON

Ya know, I just don't believe ya.

TEDDY SERACEN

Huh?

Farron jerks up the shotgun and blows Seracen's head off.

INT. ALLEY OFF BUNKER HILL - CHARLESTOWN, MA - NIGHT

A BPD cruiser rolls into an alley toward an ancient  
CEMETERY, lights off. The Monument glows in the distance.

INT. BASEMENT - ST. FRANCIS DE SALE CATHEDRAL - NIGHT

Farron opens the WORKING BURNER on the FURNACE he chased  
DeSalvo into. He drops a heavy HOCKEY BAG in front of it.

EXT. FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

Sulko pulls up outside a blue-and-white-trimmed TWO  
FAMILY HOUSE on a hill overlooking the BOSTON SKYLINE and  
DORCHESTER BAY. He finds Farron on the front stoop.

FRAN SULKO

I lost him. I'm sorry--I lost him.  
Thought I had him in Chinatown but-

BOBBY FARRON

-I know you did, Franny. I know.

Sulko stares at Farron--then it dawns on him.

FRAN SULKO

You knew I'd lose him, didn't ya?

BOBBY FARRON

Ya were never good at it.

FRAN SULKO

...what did you do, Bobby?

Farron looks off down the hill.

FRAN SULKO (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus, Mary and Joe...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY FARRON  
S'like a good friend once told me,  
Franny: just how this city works.

Sulko smiles, pitifully, shaking his head.

FRAN SULKO  
S'too good of a line.

BOBBY FARRON  
You watch out, Sulko.

Sulko nods and Bob watches him turns his back, walk off.

CHURCH BELLS PEAL.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Farron and family pile into a pew in their Sunday best,  
shaking hands, talking with the other parishioners.

Farron carries the collection plate down the aisle.

Farron holds Arabella's hand in line for Communion.

Farron cradles the baby, listening to the "Our Father."

PRIEST (O.S.)  
*...and lead us not into temptation  
but deliver us from evil...*

BOBBY FARRON  
Amen.

INT. FARRON'S HOUSE - QUINCY, MA - NIGHT

Farron lays in bed, thinking, watching the fan wobble.

ARABELLA'S BEDROOM

Farron kisses Arabella's sleeping forehead.

THE BABY'S ROOM

Farron stands in the doorway watching her sleep.

KITCHEN

Pulling up a chair, Farron puts a pack of Pall Malls and  
an ash tray on the table--along with a .38, barrel facing  
the back door. He opens the Pall Malls with his teeth.

Tilting back in his chair, Farron lights a cigarette and  
stares out the glass in the back door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's nothing there but darkness--an abyss. Farron jerks his head quick, as if to dislodge a thought, and leans his chair back on two legs--*SQUEAK*--and ashes. He eases forward...

*Squeak...Squeak...Squeak...*

SMASH TO BLACK

EXIT SCROLL:

"In 2013, DNA evidence finally linked Albert DeSalvo to the 13th 'Strangler Victim,' Mary Sullivan..."

"...it was the culmination of 15 years of attempts by the Boston Police Department to do so."

"The murders of 12 other women are still unsolved."

"To this day, not a single charge has ever been brought against a suspect in the case of **the Boston Strangler**."