

DIE SCHONE UND DER MORDER

"The Wrong Man"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - ROAD - MORNING

It's a narrow road through the park. A DETECTIVE and a UNIFORMED OFFICER lean against an unmarked police sedan. A patrol car is parked nearby. The Detective, ULRIK DETTMER, 30s, and the Officer, 20s, are sipping coffee and waiting for something.

DETTMER

I told her if God wanted me to fold laundry he would have given me tits instead of testicles.

OFFICER

What did your wife say?

DETTMER

What could she say? It's like arguing against the laws of gravity.

OFFICER

So how long have you been sleeping on the couch?

DETTMER

It so happens that I prefer the couch. It's easier on my back. And closer to the fridge.

They both turn at the sound of a car pulling up. It's a PORSCHE with a cop light on the roof.

DETTMER (CONT'D)

I've got to get into the Special Homicide Unit.

DANJA gets out of the driver's seat. She's sexy despite all her efforts not to be.

OFFICER

Me, too.

FRANK emerges from the passenger side. They put on rubber gloves as they approach the two, waiting cops.

DETTMER

(to Frank:)

You let her drive your car?

FRANK

It's hers.

DETTMER
What do you drive?

FRANK
A Passat.

DETTMER
Wow. Sure you can handle it?

DANJA
Where's the body?

Dettmer turns his head. They follow his gaze to see a woman twenty or thirty yards down the hill, sitting straight on a park bench, her back to them, facing a pond. She appears to be young. The area around the bench has already been cordoned off with crime scene tape.

OFFICER
A jogger found her and flagged me down on the street. I secured the scene and called homicide.

DETTMER
And I called you.

DANJA
Just because the victim is wearing a blindfold?

DETTMER
You'll see.

FRANK
You got an ID on her?

OFFICER
(shakes his head:)
There's no purse or cell phone.

Danja and Frank take PLASTIC BOOTIES from their pockets and slip them over their shoes. Danja heads down towards the bench. Dettmer motions to Frank's feet.

DETTMER
Nice booties. Real adorable.

FRANK
Uh-huh. I'll need your shoes.
(to officer:)
Yours too. Now.

They reluctantly start taking off their shoes. Dettmer's big toe pokes through a hole in one of his socks.

OFFICER

What for?

FRANK

Exclusionary purposes. You walked
all around the crime scene.

(hands them booties:)

Take these. One size fits all.

Frank follows after Danja. Dettmer grouses as he slips the booties over his stocking feet.

DETTMER

There goes a guy who folds his own
laundry.

DOWN THE HILL

as Danja and Frank approach the bench.

DANJA

You took their shoes, didn't you?

(off his nod:)

It's a jogging path. A thousand
people have run by here this week.

FRANK

He insulted my manhood. It was either
take his shoes or shoot him.

As they get closer, we can see that the victim is young and wearing a RED BLINDFOLD, though all we can see now is the knot that tied behind her head. They walk slowly around to the front of the bench...and stop cold. The victim's eyes are masked behind a neatly tied, bright red blind-fold but her lips stretched in a grotesque, rictus mimicry of a smile. It's a horrifying visage and leaves no doubt that she is dead, even though there are NO OBVIOUS SIGNS OF VIOLENCE. Danja leans close to the body...and sniffs.

DANJA

Winter Breeze.

FRANK

Excuse me?

DANJA

It's the scent of her soap.

FRANK

Does that mean something?

DANJA

When you die, you lose sphincter
control.

FRANK

One of the many reasons I don't want to die.

DANJA

But she has been bathed since she was killed and her clothes have been washed...and then she was posed here.

FRANK

That doesn't make this the first in a series of killings.

DANJA

It won't be if we catch whoever did it fast enough.

FRANK

I'll call in the forensics unit.

Frank takes out his phone to make the call but something in the distance catches his eye. Another UNMARKED POLICE CAR has pulled up. MOLDAU is finishing up a conversation with Dettmer and the officer, who are walking in their stocking feet to their cars. Frank turns to Danja.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Look who's here.

She follows his gaze just as the other cars LEAVE and RISSER'S VAN pulls up.

DANJA

You still think it's not a serial killing?

She turns her attention back to studying the body, though she's careful not to touch it.

EXT. PARK - ROAD - DAY

As Risser emerges from the van, his hands chained behind his back, two ARMED GUARDS on either side of him.

RISSER

Good morning, Captain. I hope you brought coffee and pastries. I missed the morning gruel.

MOLDAU

A woman's body has been discovered on a bench near the pond. She's blind-folded.

RISSER

That's a shame. It seems like you
can't take a walk in the park these
days without stumbling on a corpse.
What has the world come to?

Moldau doesn't rise to the bait. He just slips on his booties
and heads down towards the crime scene, putting on his rubber
gloves as he goes. Risser saunters alongside him, trailed
at a slight distance by the ARMED GUARDS. If it wasn't for
the prison overalls, the handcuffs, and the guards, Risser
could be mistaken for someone just taking a casual jaunt.

FRANK

(to Moldau, re Risser:)
Isn't it a little early to be letting
the cuckoo out of his cage?

Risser isn't so easily baited and Moldau doesn't answer.
His gaze is fixed on the dead woman. Danja notices.

DANJA

Do you know her?

MOLDAU

(shakes his head:)
What can you tell me?

DANJA

She's in her early 20s, sexually
active and a well educated, with an
appreciation for fashion that her
income can't support.

RISSER

Impressive.

DANJA

Obvious. She has pierced nipples,
not something she'd do unless she
knew someone could see them.

FRANK

How did you?

DANJA

The killer didn't bother to put her
bra back on, so I could see the rings
through her Escada blouse --

Rings? Risser, Frank and Moldau all look at the dead woman's
chest. Men will be men.

DANJA (CONT'D)

-- which is from an outlet store. All of her clothes are. You can tell because they all have minor defects. She can't afford designer clothes but needs them for her profession, which probably required an advanced education. But she was conflicted about her life. Her pierced nipples were her secret rebellion against her staid job.

(to Risser:)

Your turn, doctor.

He leans close to the body and sniffs.

RISSEK

Winter Breeze.

DANJA

Tell me something about the killer.

RISSEK

He likes women who smell like you.

MOLDAU

Answer her question.

Danja and Frank both look at Moldau. It's not like him to snap at Risser.

RISSEK

Didn't I? He's ashamed of the urges he's acting on. He blindfolds the women so they can't see him...and so he can't see himself reflected in their eyes.

FRANK

Or maybe he's intimidated by women. Like you, Risser. Isn't that why you killed them?

RISSEK

On the contrary, Frank. I've always known the way to a woman's heart.

DANJA

Only to stop it from beating. That doesn't lead to a very satisfying relationship.

RISSEK

Perhaps not for her.

DANJA

Which brings us to this woman's cause-of-death. The tiny, red dots on her throat from burst capillaries...

She points them out then delicately lifts up the blind-fold. The woman's eyes are WIDE OPEN.

DANJA (CONT'D)

...and the petechial hemorrhages in the conjunctivae of the eyes indicate that she was probably suffocated.

RISSER

Have you looked in her mouth yet?

Danja glances at him, curious. What an odd question.

DANJA

No.

Moldau steps forward and struggles to pry open the victim's jaws, which are clenched tight in rigor mortis. It's not easy.

MOLDAU

I need some help.

Danja steps in and helps him. After some effort, they get the mouth open...and then they both stand very still, staring at something, their bodies blocking the view for Risser and Frank.

FRANK

What is it?

Danja and Moldau step back. They have pulled out the victim's tongue...which has BEEN SLICED DOWN THE MIDDLE like a serpent's.

DANJA

She's got a forked tongue.

Frank is stunned. Danja glances at Risser, who doesn't seem taken aback at all. In fact, he seems amused.

DANJA (CONT'D)

You knew we'd find that.

She glances at Moldau, who is staring hard at the woman again. The color seems to have drained from his face. Did he know, too? Moldau motions the GUARDS towards Risser.

MOLDAU

Get him out of here.

The guards grab Risser and hustle him away.

DANJA
Captain...?

But Moldau abruptly turns on his heels and marches back to his car. Frank looks at Danja.

FRANK
What the hell just happened?

Danja watches Moldau go and shakes her head.

DANJA
I don't know...but when we find out,
I'm afraid that we're going to wish
that we didn't.

And as Danja looks back at the victim, we FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Danja emerges from the elevator carrying a FILE just as Frank comes down the hall. He's also carrying a FILE, which he offers to her as they continue into the SQUADROOM.

FRANK
Want to trade files?

DANJA
I can't read your handwriting.

FRANK
The hell you can't. Everything I
write looks like it came out of a
laser printer.

DANJA
And that scares me.

FRANK
Everything you said about the victim
checked out. Her name is Katrina
Steigler. She's a junior economic
analyst for an international brokerage
firm and she likes to spend her nights
club-hopping.

They reach their desks. She looks at MOLDAU'S EMPTY OFFICE. Where is he? She glances around the squadroom.

DANJA

How did you get all that?

FRANK

Fingerprints. She was arrested once on a drunk-and-disorderly charge. She worked yesterday, so she must have been grabbed last night on her way home. I doubt that she'd go clubbing dressed like a banker, do you?

But she isn't listening. Her attention has strayed again to Moldau's office. Frank snaps his fingers in her face.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hello?

DANJA

I'm listening.

FRANK

No, you're wondering where Moldau is.

DANJA

I'm wondering why he showed up at our crime scene and brought Risser with him before we even knew what we were dealing with.

FRANK

I don't know. Why don't you call and ask him?

DANJA

I can wait.

Danja sits down at her desk and passes Frank her file.

DANJA (CONT'D)

Here's the autopsy report.

As she talks, her attention keeps straying to Moldau's office.

DANJA (CONT'D)

Katrina Steigler was suffocated about six hours before her body was found. She was raped, but the killer wore a condom and cleaned her body, inside and out.

(MORE)

DANJA (CONT'D)

Her tongue was cut with a scalpel and she was injected with something in her neck before she died... so we could be looking for somebody with medical training. We'll get the toxicology results in a few hours.

She looks at Moldau's office and drums her fingers on her desk.

DANJA (CONT'D)

Moldau is holding something back.

FRANK

He'll tell us when he's ready. Why do you think the killer cut her tongue?

DANJA

The same reason he blindfolded her. For him, sex, shame and hatred are all mixed together. He sees the women as temptation, the evil serpent in the Garden of Eden.

FRANK

Or he's just a sick bastard.

DANJA

Isn't that what I just said?

That's when Moldau emerges from the elevator and heads straight for his office like a guided missile. Danja hurries after him. Moldau is just setting his briefcase on the desk when she marches in. He looks like he's carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

DANJA (CONT'D)

What's going on, Captain?

MOLDAU

Not now.

DANJA

You heard about the discovery of a blind-folded corpse and went straight to the scene with Risser. Why?

MOLDAU

I need a few minutes.

DANJA

I think you knew what you were going to find because you've seen it before. You both have.

MOLDAU

When I want to hear what you think, I'll ask. Until then, get out.

DANJA

Fine. I'll be in the file room, going through your old cases.

She turns to go out--

MOLDAU

You won't find what you're looking for...

She turns back as he opens his briefcase, takes out a fat file, and dumps it on the desk.

MOLDAU (CONT'D)

...because I was just there.

DANJA

When were you going to show this to me?

MOLDAU

In a few minutes...all I wanted was some time alone with the file to gather my thoughts. But apparently patience isn't one of your virtues.

DANJA

I'm sorry. I'll go.

MOLDAU

Sit down.

She does.

MOLDAU (CONT'D)

Ten years ago, when I had your job, five women were bludgeoned, raped, and suffocated-to-death over a period of ten weeks. We found them blindfolded, their tongues cut. It was a big case and I was under intense pressure to close it quickly...so I asked Dr. Risser for help. He was doing a lot of consulting for us back then.

DANJA

And murdering people in his spare time...but you didn't know that yet. He must have loved the irony of that.

MOLDAU

The killer turned out to be a morgue attendant named Anton Weber who confessed after we captured him.

DANJA

So we're looking for a copycat killer.

MOLDAU

I wish it was that simple. There was one detail about the murders that was never revealed... the forked tongue. Only the killer knew about that.

DANJA

So let's talk to Weber and see who he told.

MOLDAU

We can't. Weber hung himself with his bed sheet two days before the trial.

(a long beat:)

What if he was innocent?

DANJA

He wasn't. He confessed to you.

MOLDAU

Not to me. To Risser.

As the implications of that sinks in with Danja, we CUT TO:

INT. DANJA'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Danja and Frank come in, lugging FILE BOXES and setting them down on her dining room table. The apartment is big, well-furnished, but a disorganized mess.

FRANK

This is crazy.

DANJA

Don't tell me you've never brought work home.

FRANK

I've never run an investigation out of my apartment.

DANJA

We aren't. We're simply doing historical research in a more comfortable environment.

FRANK

We're hiding from other cops.

DANJA

We're being discreet. I'm afraid someone will see the photos and evidence from the Weber case all over the office and assume that Moldau arrested the wrong man ten years ago.

She heads for the kitchen. Frank follows her.

FRANK

That stuff isn't supposed to leave police headquarters. If anyone finds out it's here, we'll be crucified.

DANJA

I have a professional espresso machine.

She points to a elaborate, gleaming, chrome machine that looks like it could turn coal into gold. Wow.

FRANK

Well, that changes everything.

DANJA

It was a gift from my Dad.

She gets two cups and starts to make them espressos.

FRANK

No wonder you're always so alert.

DANJA

I want to catch this killer but I'd like to do it without sacrificing Moldau's career.

FRANK

We'll see. Tell me how Moldau caught Weber.

DANJA

He stumbled onto him.

EXT. SPREE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A BARGE lined with LOUNGE CHAIRS is docked on the banks beside a make-shift beach. A DEAD WOMAN is on one of the lounge chairs, but she's dressed in "casual clothes," not a bathing suit. She's blind-folded, some matted blood on the side of her head.

DANJA'S VOICE

The fifth victim was a bartender
posed on a barge on the Spree.

A YOUNGER MOLDAU, less confident of himself than he is now, strides towards her and STUMBLES over a LOOSE PLANK.

DANJA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Moldau tripped on a loose board and
nearly fell into the river...lucky
for him, nobody saw it.

He recovers his balance, and looks around, but nobody noticed. CUT TO:

EXT. SPREE - LATER (FLASHBACK)

Moldau is examining the body as two guys from the morgue arrive with the body stretcher...lanky, pale, ANTON WEBER, 20s, in the lead...

DANJA'S VOICE

The morgue guys arrived an hour
later...

Weber is nearing the spot where Moldau tripped. Moldau is about to say something when:

DANJA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...and one of them avoided the loose
board. They'd just got there, so
how did he know it was loose? It
struck Moldau as odd...but that wasn't
all.

Moldau is watching Weber's feet...and now he focuses on how Weber's SHOES ARE TIED.

DANJA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

The guy's shoes were tied with a
Norwegian Reef knot and a double
bow...

Moldau's gaze shifts to the victim's shoes. They are tied the same way.

DANJA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

So were the victim's shoes.

BACK TO SCENE

Danja and Frank are now standing at her dining room table, going through the boxes, sorting through the files and evidence bags. Their empty espresso cups are on the table.

DANJA

Moldau had family photos of the victim enlarged and discovered Tina never tied her shoes that way. So he took a closer look at the morgue guy, Anton Weber.

FRANK

Who was single, socially awkward, and always struck out with women.

DANJA

He fit the profile perfectly.

FRANK

Of course he did. What kind of guy do you think works in a morgue?

DANJA

Weber knew how to clean a body and use a scalpel, which was also consistent with the profile. They searched his apartment and discovered dozens of articles about the killings. They also found dirt and fibers from all of the crime scenes.

FRANK

That doesn't prove anything. I'm sure if we searched this place we'd find newspaper clippings about murders...and plenty of dirt that you've tracked in from crime scenes.

(then:)

And that pizza we didn't finish the last time I was here.

DANJA

That was three months ago.

He motions to the living room. She spots the pizza box.

DANJA (CONT'D)

I saved the box on purpose. For recycling. I care deeply about our environment.

FRANK

I'm just saying it's a good thing
Risser got a confession out of him.

DANJA

The victim was a bartender Weber hit
on a few times...she rejected him
and when he wouldn't take a hint,
she ridiculed him in front of the
entire bar. Add it all up and there
was more than enough evidence to get
a conviction without Risser's help.

Frank pulls an evidence bag out of the box.

FRANK

Speak of the devil.
(shows it to her:)
And I mean that literally.

There's a VIDEO CASSETTE in the bag. The label on the spine
reads: WEBER INTERROGATION/DR. RISSER. 17/11/98. And we
CUT TO:

INT. DANJA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Danja and Frank stand in front of her TV where Risser, a
decade younger and extremely self-assured, sits across from
Weber, who is cold and detached.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Risser stares Weber and taps his pen against his legal pad.

WEBER

Why are you staring at me?

RISSER

Forgive me, I didn't mean to be
impolite. You've seen me before,
haven't you? At homicide crime
scenes.

WEBER

Yeah.

RISSER

We've probably stood right next to
each other.

WEBER

A few times.

RISSER

Because you're always there, waiting for us to finish with the body so you can take it away, am I right?

WEBER

That's my job.

RISSER

I've been to so many crime scenes lately. It's like a floating party with the same guests every time. I bet I could name each detective, officer, and forensic investigator who's there, couldn't you?

WEBER

Probably.

RISSER

But here's the thing. As hard as I try, I can't remember you. Nobody does. Isn't that funny, Andreas?

Weber clearly doesn't think so. His face is turning red.

WEBER

It's Anton.

RISSER

Six years you've been doing this job, they see you at nearly every homicide, and nobody knows your name. What's it like being totally meaningless and insignificant?

WEBER

I'm not.

RISSER

You are as dead to the people around you as the bodies you pick up. No, I take that back. We remember the corpses.

WEBER

You'll remember me now.

RISSER

Why? Because you killed a bartender who laughed at the idea of fucking you?

WEBER

She wasn't laughing when I smothered her.

RISSER

For those few moments, she knew who you were.

WEBER

Damn right she did. I was the most important person in her life.

RISSER

Until you killed her. How stupid was that, Arne?

WEBER

Anton. My name is Anton.

RISSER

You're nobody again. Forgotten. You killed the one person who thought you mattered.

WEBER

You're wrong. Ask any woman on the street. They can't stop thinking about me.

RISSER

It's your victims they are thinking about, not you. They're afraid that the same thing might happen to them.

WEBER

The fear is me...and it's a memory that will never fade away.

(he smiles:)

But now that fear has a name and a face. Anton Weber. I killed five women. You can't tell me that I don't exist now.

Risser slides the legal pad and pen over to Weber.

RISSER

Not if it's in writing.

Weber picks up the pen and starts to write...

INT. DANJA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Frank pauses the picture on Risser, just as the doctor steals a glance at the camera, pleased with himself.

FRANK

I hate Risser but I have to admit that he played Weber perfectly. Weber had no idea he was facing another killer. The miserable bastard didn't stand a chance.

Danja stares at the still picture of Risser. It's like he's looking right at her.

DANJA

No, he didn't.

INT. PRISON - RISSER'S CELL - NIGHT

He is relaxing on his bed, casually reading some gossip magazine, as Danja approaches.

RISSER

There are wars and famines and natural disasters everywhere. Millions of people are dying...but you want to know what really breaks my heart? Britney Spears. Her life is so hard. But I'm sure if we put our minds to it, we could think of a way to help her.

DANJA

I saw your session with Anton Weber. You showed him how he could finally give his life meaning by just admitting that he was a killer. It was a brilliant performance.

RISSER

If I had a few minutes to talk with Britney, I'm confident I could turn her life around, too.

DANJA

Like Weber. He just wanted to be someone who mattered and you gave him that.

RISSER

Did I?

DANJA

He killed that bartender for rejecting him...and afterwards, he tried to get away with it by making it look like one of the serial killings. But he wasn't really the serial killer, was he?

Risser sighs and goes back to reading his magazine.

RISSER
Of course he wasn't.

Danja looks like she's taken a punch.

DANJA
Then why did you do it? Why did you
convince him to confess to crimes he
didn't commit?

RISSER
Moldau got what he wanted.

DANJA
He wanted the killer.

RISSER
He wanted an arrest and a promotion.
He got both. Weber wanted to be
noticed and he was. Everybody won.

DANJA
It amused you to let the real killer
go free, didn't it? You did him
that "professional courtesy" so he
could keep on killing, just like you
were. Who is he?

RISSER
I have no idea but if you ever find
him, be sure to tell him that he
owes me a favor.

Danja marches out. And on Risser, reading, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - MOLDAU'S OFFICE - DAY

Danja stands in front of Moldau's desk. He's devastated by
what she has just told him.

MOLDAU
I put the wrong man in jail.

DANJA
Weber deserved to be there. He killed
the woman on the barge.

MOLDAU

But not the others. I allowed the killer to get away and now another woman is dead. I am responsible for her murder.

DANJA

Risser is, not you.

MOLDAU

No. It was too easy to prove Weber's connection to the bartender but we never tied him to the other victims...the truth is, we hardly tried.

DANJA

Because he confessed, the evidence against him was overwhelming, and the killings stopped. I would have closed the case, too.

MOLDAU

I should have delved deeper, been more thorough. The Weber case made my career, now it could ruin it.

DANJA

Not if we catch the killer before anyone finds out the whole story. Right now you, me and Frank are the only ones who know the connection between this murder and the killings ten years ago.

MOLDAU

And Risser.

DANJA

Anyone else?

MOLDAU

(shakes his head:)

The medical examiner retired years ago and is in an assisted living facility now.

DANJA

That leaves us with the two big questions: why hasn't the killer struck in ten years...and why is he killing now?

MOLDAU

Maybe he was imprisoned for another crime and just got out.

DANJA

We thought of that. We're getting the names of all the convicts released from prison in the last 12 months.

MOLDAU

Anything new on the victim?

DANJA

Katrina Steigler's tox screen results came in. She was injected with Fentanyl, a powerful narcotic and a controlled substance.

MOLDAU

That's a change. The killer bludgeoned his victims before.

DANJA

It might give us a way to track him. Frank is putting together a list of people with access to the drug.

MOLDAU

That's every doctor and pharmacist in Germany...and the nurses and assistants who work with them. You're looking at hundreds of people.

DANJA

To narrow it down, we're cross-referencing the names against the list of released prisoners...and hoping to get a hit.

Frank knocks on the door and Moldau waves him in.

MOLDAU

It sounds like a long-shot to me.

DANJA

We don't have anything else.

FRANK

I'm afraid we do. Another victim.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A YOUNG WOMAN is sitting blind-folded and dead. Danja examines the woman's mouth, then turns to Moldau and Frank.

DANJA

Her tongue has been cut.

FRANK

It's only been 48 hours between kills.
If it's the same guy, he's moving
faster than he did ten years ago.

MOLDAU

It's like he's making up for lost
time.

The PRISON VAN pulls up to the curb. Frank looks
incredulously at Moldau.

FRANK

How could you bring Risser into this
after what he did to you?

MOLDAU

He's a serial killer, Frank. If
that didn't stop me from using him
as a consultant, do you think betrayal
will? We need results in less than
48 hours...or another woman will
die. I'll take any help I can get.

FRANK

We can't trust him.

DANJA

We never could...at least now we
know it.

Risser emerges from the van, arms handcuffed behind him,
flanked by his ever-present guards. But he is completely,
eerily at ease. He looks at the corpse and then at Moldau.

RISSER

It's just like old times, isn't it?
Only I was better dressed back then
and you weren't so tubby.

MOLDAU

This woman's death is on your
conscience.

RISSER

You're assuming I have one. You
wouldn't want to make that mistake
again.

He steps around Moldau and examines the body.

RISSER (CONT'D)

Older and wiser, that's us, Moldau.
And our old friend, too. It's nice
that he's learned not to bloody them
anymore. A head wound really mars a
woman's beauty.

DANJA

Shit.

Danja abruptly turns and hurries towards their car. Frank catches up to her. She doesn't stop.

FRANK

It's okay, I can't take him any more,
either.

DANJA

He's right, Frank. The killer has
learned and that takes practice.

FRANK

Is that what you think these two
women were? Practice?

DANJA

Fentanyl is a tricky drug. Give
someone too little and they won't
drop. Give them too much and they
drop for good. But he's got it down.
He's already learned...on lots of
other women.

FRANK

So why haven't we noticed? Where
are the victims?

DANJA

Not here. That's the answer we've
been missing. He never stopped
killing...he's just been doing it
somewhere else.

FRANK

His killings aren't exactly subtle.
If he was doing it anywhere in
Germany, or anywhere in Europe, we
would have heard about it.

DANJA

That still leaves a lot of countries,
and a lot of law enforcement agencies
for us to call...and not much time
to do it before he kills again.

FRANK

Shit.

DANJA

I couldn't have summed it up better.

They get into their car and speed off.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

QUICK CUTS of Danja and Frank MAKING PHONE CALLS and CHECKING OFF THE COUNTRIES they've contacted on THE MAPS ON THEIR DESKS. With EACH CUT the MAPS fill up with MORE CHECKS, Danja and Frank become MORE WEARY, and DAY BECOMES NIGHT. Some sample calls:

DANJA

(into phone:)

...any cases in Nairobi of dead women who were found blind-folded.

She CHECKS OFF KENYA.

FRANK

(into phone:)

...they might have been hit over the head or drugged with a strong tranquilizer...

He CHECKS OFF BRAZIL.

DANJA

(into phone:)

...who were suffocated, their bodies posed in public places.

She CHECKS OFF SENEGAL.

Frank flips frantically through a GERMAN/CROATIAN DICTIONARY.

FRANK

(into phone:)

...the *ubojica* slices their *jeziks*.

He CHECKS OFF CROATIA.

DANJA

(into phone:)

Not just in Bangalore, but anywhere in India...

And so it goes. It's NIGHTFALL. We end on a shot of Frank, checking off Greenland on his check-covered map and hanging up his phone. He looks across his desk at Danja.

FRANK

I don't want to be here when the
phone bill arrives.

She glances at Moldau's office. He's sitting in near-
darkness, barely visible in the tiny circle of light cast by
his desk lamp. Danja gets up and goes into Moldau's office.

DANJA

We're looking for personal connections
between the two victims, but we
haven't found any.

MOLDAU

We didn't find any ten years ago,
either.

DANJA

We've called law enforcement agencies
world-wide and queried the relevant
criminal databases for murders that
match our killer's m.o. Now we're
waiting for the results.

MOLDAU

Go home.

DANJA

I don't mind staying. I've got no
one waiting for me.

He lifts the lamp, raising the light so he can see her face.

MOLDAU

Then find someone.

DANJA

I'm better off alone.

MOLDAU

Not if you do what we do. Having
someone in your life is the only
thing that will keep you sane.

He glances at the FAMILY PHOTOS on his desk.

MOLDAU (CONT'D)

And once you have them, you will do
whatever it takes not to lose
them...and yourself.

DANJA

Like what?

MOLDAU

You'll ride a case to a desk that will keep you in the game...but one step removed from the madness and death out there...and then you'll do anything to keep it, even if it means making a deal with the devil.

DANJA

Risser.

MOLDAU

He's a brilliant sociopath, an unrepentant killer...but our homicide solve-rate has doubled since I brought him in to work with you. Those stats have kept this special unit going despite department-wide budget cuts...and it has kept my job safe.

(then:)

It has kept me safe.

DANJA

It wasn't selfish. You've saved lives with each killer we've caught.

MOLDAU

Tell that to the two women who are dead because of the mistakes I made to get behind this desk.

DANJA

We'll catch him, too.

MOLDAU

Ten years too late. Go home.

Danja walks out into the squad room. She sees Frank at his desk, smiling as he finishes a conversation and hangs up the phone. She hesitates, then:

DANJA

You want to get a drink somewhere?

FRANK

I just made a date --
(catches himself:)
But I can cancel it.

He reaches for the phone again, maybe a little too eagerly.

DANJA

Don't. You've seen too much of my face as it is.

It was a bad idea and she knows it. She takes her coat and heads for the door.

FRANK

Another time?

DANJA

Sure.

She goes. Frank looks after her, longing. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

The bar is in a soaring, atrium lobby designed that must have been designed by S.P.E.C.T.R.E. Danja is nursing a beer when she spots a GOOD-LOOKING BUSINESSMAN sitting by himself. Their eyes meet. She doesn't look away. He slides off his stool and starts to come towards her. We ZOOM INTO HER EYES and, in a series of FAST CUTS, we SEE

DANJA AND THE MAN

They are making out, hot and heavy, standing in front of a bed in a hotel room. She is so into the passion that she doesn't see the SYRINGE he's got POISED BEHIND HER BACK. He JAMS THE NEEDLE DEEP into into her neck. Her eyes go wide in horror...and then she goes completely limp, falling to the bed. We CUT to...Danja, unconscious, blind-folded, the man naked on top of her, gently opening her mouth, extracting her tongue, and then reaching for a GLIMMERING SILVER SCALPEL on the NIGHTSTAND... and we CUT:

BACK TO SCENE

Danja, still on the stool, blinks hard. This nightmare has flashed across Danja's mind in a second. The man is smiling and making his way towards her. She holds up her hand to him in a halting gesture, drops a few Euros on the counter, and hurries out. The man stands there baffled, wondering what he just did wrong...and we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Danja walks out. She hands her TICKET to the VALET. As he goes to get her car, she sees a stack of NEWSPAPERS that have been delivered, still TIED IN TWINE. She glances at them...and her EYES GO WIDE. *What the hell?* Danja bends down and yanks a newspaper from the stack, ripping it free just as HER PORSCHE DRIVES UP. She hands the valet some COINS and SPEEDS OFF.

INT. PRISON - RISSER'S CELL

His LIGHTS GO ON, flooding the CELL WITH LIGHT, jarring him awake. He winces against the glare and hears Danja's ANGRY VOICE, reading aloud.

DANJA

"According to an anonymous source, police have irrefutable evidence that the wrong man was imprisoned for the murders a decade ago and now the real killer has resumed his bloody rampage."

Risser sits up to see Danja outside his cell, reading from the RIPPED NEWSPAPER.

RISSER

Bloody? There was no blood. That's just sloppy journalism.

He approaches the bars.

DANJA

"So far, two women in as many days have been blind-folded, suffocated and mutilated by the killer."

RISSER

"Mutilated" is a vague and not very evocative. They won't sell a lot of newspapers with flat writing like that.

DANJA

"The investigation is being overseen by Captain Moldau, the same man whose flawed inquiry into a series of identical killings a decade ago led to the false conviction of Anton Weber, who subsequently hung himself in prison."

(then:)

You did this. You called your lawyer and had him leak the story.

She shoves the newspaper through the bars. He picks it up and smooths it out, taking it back to his bed.

RISSER

It's an injustice that must be exposed. How many other innocent men are in prison, framed for murders they didn't commit? Like me, for instance.

DANJA

So that's your game. You're going to try to use Weber to raise doubts about your own conviction.

RISSER

Based on that tragic miscarriage of justice, I think I have compelling grounds for an appeal, don't you? My lawyer is filing the papers today.

DANJA

You'll never be released. All you will accomplish is ruining a good man for your idle amusement.

RISSER

I have a life sentence. Idle amusement is all I have left. I don't even have cable television.

DANJA

Do you think whoever takes Moldau's place will let you out of here for your little field trips?

She steps close to the bars. She wants to hurt him so bad.

DANJA (CONT'D)

By destroying him, you've made it certain the only way you will ever leave this cell again is in a body bag.

RISSER

I'll be in the courtroom for the trial and that could drag on for months...and there will be all those TV interviews to do.

DANJA

That will pass.

RISSER

And that's when I'll make a shocking revelation...one that will provoke quite a scandal...more trials...all kinds of excitement.

He smiles at her. He holds a finger to his lips.

RISSER (CONT'D)

But until then, it's still our secret.

DANJA
God damn you, Risser.

RISSER
I'm pretty sure that's coming, too.

She walks out.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Danja rushes in to DETECTIVE DETTMER working at her desk...and ANOTHER DETECTIVE at Frank's...and Moldau in his office, PACKING UP HIS THINGS under the watchful eye of a DETECTIVE, 30s, we will come to know as HETZER. She marches up to her desk.

DANJA
You're in my chair.

DETTMER
Great, then you can tell me the password to this computer.

DANJA
Go to hell.

DETTMER
That's not a six character, alphanumeric combination.

MOLDAU
Give him your password, Danja.

She turns to see Moldau approaching, holding a box full of his personal stuff. Detective Hetzer follows.

DANJA
Five years worth of my personal case notes are on that computer.

HETZER
That's exactly what we want to read.

Danja types her password on the keyboard as:

DANJA
Who are you?

HETZER
Hetzer, Internal Affairs. We're launching an immediate inquiry into charges of gross misconduct by the Special Homicide unit.

DANJA

It will have to wait, we're in middle of a murder investigation.

HETZER

Not anymore. This unit is shut down, effective immediately.

(motions to Dettmer:)

Dettmer is taking over all your pending cases.

DANJA

We haven't done anything wrong.

HETZER

We don't know that yet. You were under Moldau's command...and both his judgment and his methods are in question. You are being re-assigned to property crimes until we are certain no other cases have been compromised like Weber's.

DANJA

You can't start the investigation from scratch now, there's no time. The murderer could be hours away from killing again.

(to Moldau:)

You can't let them do this.

MOLDAU

There's nothing I can do. I don't work here anymore.

DANJA

They can't fire you, not without a disciplinary hearing and--

MOLDAU

(interrupts her:)

I've resigned.

DANJA

Don't do this. Please.

MOLDAU

It's done. It's what I deserve. I'm sorry, Danja.

Moldau walks past her, a broken man. She watches him go in shock and sadness and we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Danja is walking down the hall, still in a state of shock, when she sees Frank coming towards her. He's wearing the same clothes that he was last night.

DANJA

Frank --

FRANK

(interrupts:)

I already heard.

He pulls her into THE STAIRWELL for privacy and closes the door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

With internal affairs poking into the Weber case, how long do you think it will be before they discover all the files are in your dining room? Or that we've been letting Risser out of prison to consult on serial killing cases?

DANJA

Hopefully not before we find the killer...though we aren't going to get far assigned to property crimes.

(then:)

Isn't that what you were wearing yesterday?

FRANK

It's not what you think. I canceled my date when the call-backs started coming in. I fell asleep at my desk, stepped out this morning for coffee and when I got back--

(realizing:)

We're in Property Crimes?

DANJA

You said you'd heard.

FRANK

I didn't hear that. Shit.

DANJA

Who called back?

FRANK

Your hunch was right. There are unsolved murders that match ours in Nicaragua, Turkey, Darfur, Louisiana, Sri Lanka, Somalia, Peru, Rwanda, Somalia and Bangladesh.

DANJA

Louisiana?

FRANK

They are all over the map.

DANJA

But that's the only one in North America. When was that?

FRANK

(refers to notebook:)
2005. In New Orleans. Two women.

DANJA

Let me guess...the murders in Sri Lanka were in 2004 and the ones in Turkey were in 1999.

FRANK

How did you know?

DANJA

Hurricane Katrina wiped out New Orleans on 2005. A tidal wave hit Sri Lanka in 2004 and--

FRANK

(interrupts:)
--in 1999 an earthquake in Turkey killed thousands of people. He's been doing his killing amidst natural disasters, wars and famines.

DANJA

But it's Britney Spears that breaks his heart.

FRANK

What?

DANJA

It's something Risser said to me. I think one of his little hobbies has been tracking this killer's work from afar.

People start coming down the stairs. Danja grabs Frank and leads him back into

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR

They head down the hall, talking as they go, their voices low but urgent.

DANJA

The killer wasn't in those places by accident. He has a medical background...what if he's a medic with the German military or one of the international relief agencies?

FRANK

Like the Red Cross, Peace Corps, or Doctors Without Borders? You're still talking about thousands of people. Somehow we've got to narrow it down to just a handful of suspects.

DANJA

Okay. We'll look for single, German men in their mid-30s to late 40s who lived in Berlin ten years ago...

FRANK

...but who just returned from relief missions abroad within the last four weeks.

DANJA

And who are currently licensed to stock or prescribe Fentanyl. What do you think?

FRANK

It could work.

DANJA

But how are we going to access dozens of databases, crunch thousands of names, and end up with a small list of suspects... when we don't have the computers, manpower, or time to do it?

FRANK

No problem.

They disappear around a corner and we CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

As Frank and Danja approach the front door. Frank leans on the buzzer. A FEMALE VOICE answers.

FREDDY'S VOICE

Hello?

FRANK

It's Frank.

FREDDY'S VOICE

Come right in. My door is open.

She buzzes them through. Frank and Danja go in.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY

As they walk to one of the apartment doors.

FRANK

Freddy was sentenced to ten years in prison on cybercrime charges, but was released after serving half her time. Under the terms of her parole, she's not allowed within a 100 yards of a computer.

He opens her apartment door and they enter:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FREDDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

It looks like the bridge of the Starship Enterprise. There are flat-screen computer monitors everywhere and, sitting in the midst of it, her fingers flying over a keyboard, is FREDDY, 30s, who is sexy enough to be a fashion model and knows it.

DANJA

(to Frank:)

So what's that, a toaster?

FRANK

She's consulting for us now. It's strictly hush-hush.

FREDDY

(to Danja:)

A crook working for the police, can you imagine that?

DANJA

It's hard to believe.

Freddy rises from her chair and wags her finger at him Frank.

FREDDY

You're lucky I'm still talking to you. I usually don't give a man a chance to stand me up twice.

DANJA

(to Frank:)

She was your date?

Frank ignores her remark and addresses Freddy.

FRANK

This is my partner, Danja. We're working together on that big serial killer case I mentioned last night.

FREDDY

When you stood me up.

FRANK

Yes, well, now I need a favor.

FREDDY

(smiles at Danja:)

And he thinks I'll do it after that?

(to Frank:)

What do you want?

FRANK

(hands her a slip of paper:)

I need you to hack into various public, corporate and government databases, get me the names that match this criteria...

(points to something on the paper:)

And then narrow the list down using these variables...

(he points to something on the page:)

Do you think you can do it?

FREDDY

How long will take you to get me a Cinnamon Dolce Latte and a blueberry muffin?

FRANK

Thirty, forty minutes?

FREDDY

It will be ready when you get back.

She returns to her seat. Frank and Danja walk out.

DANJA
 (to Frank:)
 How long have you two been sleeping
 together?

FRANK
 We're not.

DANJA
 Liar.

FRANK
 The shifting of my gaze when you
 asked me that question, the slight
 widening of my irises, and all the
 other non-verbal cues you're reading
 are not always accurate signs of
 truthfulness.

DANJA
 Remember those sunglasses you lost
 last week?
 (off his nod:)
 They are on her bedside table.

And on Frank's embarrassment we CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FREDDY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Freddy sips her latte and hands Frank a paper from her laser
 printer.

FREDDY
 I've plundered all the databases,
 crunched thousands of names against
 your variables, and came up with a
 list of four men.

Frank glances at the paper, then hands it to Danja.

FRANK
 If we're right, one of them is a
 serial killer. If we're wrong...

DANJA
 More women die.
 (to Freddy:)
 Where do we find these men?

And we CUT TO a SERIES OF VIGNETTES:

INT. PET HOSPITAL - DAY

DR. MATTHIS SCHUST, 30s, is a veterinarian who wrestles with
 a DOG on an EXAM table as he talks to Danja and Frank.

MATTHIS

We rescue animals from war-torn countries. They are the forgotten victims...even though they are more humane than most humans I've met.

DANJA

Even the women in your life, Dr. Schust?

MATTHIS

Especially them. You can trust a dog.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

LARS LEUPOLZ, 30s, and SEVERAL VOLUNTEERS with ANGELS OF MERCY are trying to hand out pamphlets to passersby.

LARS

Angels of Mercy is a non-profit organization that's doing God's work in Africa, healing the sick in body and then in spirit. It's glorious.

FRANK

If it was so glorious, Dr. Leupolz, what are you doing back here?

LARS

We ran out of money...and there's no reason for it. I mean, it takes so little to save so many. Pocket change.

Lars gestures to some BEAUTIFUL WOMEN walking by.

LARS (CONT'D)

Look at them, so self-absorbed and vain. They'll gladly spend money on text-messages and bikini-waxes but won't give one cent to the sick, the starving, the disenfranchised. They don't appreciate the blessings of sacrifice.

DANJA

Maybe you should teach them.

LARS

God knows, I'm trying.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

DANIEL VIGG, 40s, sits at his mother's bedside in the I.C.U. She's got a cross around her neck...and there's a BIG CERAMIC JESUS on her bedside table.

DANIEL

I was with the Red Cross in Bangladesh, treating victims of the typhoon, when I got word that Momma was dying. It's lung cancer. She doesn't have long.

DANJA

I'm sorry, Dr. Vigg.

DANIEL

Momma smoked three packs a day. I told her once that it wasn't right.

DANJA

Just once? But you're a doctor.

DANIEL

She slapped me across the face and said only the Lord can say what's right -- and he never said anything about Marlboros. That was that. She's a hard woman.

FRANK

Aren't they all?

DANIEL

I wouldn't know. She's all I've got.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

ROBERT HAGEHORN, 30s, talks to Danja & Frank while he WORKS OUT shirtless. There's a CRUCIFIX tattooed on his chest. His eyes are on Danja. He's buff and knows it.

ROBERT

It's great to be back, even if it's only for a short time. There aren't a lot of German women in Kabul.

DANJA

Is there something special about German women, Sgt. Hagehorn?

ROBERT

There is about you.

DANJA

I meant in general.

ROBERT

There aren't many Afghan women who want to party with peacekeepers ...and those who are might be doing it for the chance to slice off your balls and serve them on toast to Osama.

DANJA

So why don't you return to Berlin more often? You've hardly been here at all the last ten years.

ROBERT

It's not my decision...I go where the Bundeswehr sends me. Two more days and I am going back to Kabul...so I'm partying as hard as I can in the meantime.

FRANK

The women of Berlin better watch out.

ROBERT

It won't do them any good. I'm irresistible.

He winks at Danja.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank is driving. Danja is in the passenger seat.

DANJA

The killer could be any of them.

FRANK

Or none of them.

DANJA

They all fit the profile...and creep me out. They need to be under round-the-clock surveillance.

FRANK

There's four of them and two of us. We can't do it.

DANJA

The time between killings is shrinking. He could grab another victim tonight.

FRANK

Or not. We don't know. The best thing we can do now is back-track the movements of our suspects and see if we can tie one of them to any of the victims from this week...or ten years ago.

Frank SLAMS on the breaks.

DANJA

What is it?

FRANK

Change of plans. You aren't going home tonight.

DANJA

I need a shower and a change of clothes. Besides, the Weber files are there.

Frank gestures out the window.

FRANK

Not anymore.

There are SEVERAL POLICE CARS in front of DANJA'S BUILDING. Hetzer is emerging from the building carrying ONE OF THE EVIDENCE BOXES from the Weber case. Frank BACKS THE CAR UP and makes a U-TURN.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now Hetzer knows that you knew days ago that these murders were tied to the Weber case...and that you kept it quiet.

DANJA

It's worse than that. He got a search warrant, Frank. That means he thinks I was tampering with the evidence and conspiring with Moldau on a cover-up.

(then:)

If he finds me, he'll take my badge.

And on her look, we FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

There are two double-beds. Danja, in a bathrobe, is asleep on top of one of them, photographs of the SUSPECTS and PRINT-OUTS strewn all around her. Frank works on his laptop on the other bed, his papers organized into neat stacks within easy reach. He looks over at Danja...almost lovingly. She's beautiful, serene. Her bathrobe is parted enough to show a hint of cleavage...a glimpse of thigh. He sets his laptop aside, goes to her, and affectionately strokes a curl of hair off her forehead. She WAKES UP SUDDENLY, startling him. He takes a big step back. She rubs her eyes and draws her bathrobe close around her.

DANJA

What is it? What happened?

FRANK

You fell asleep.

DANJA

And you let me?

FRANK

You needed the rest and a few hours of peace.

She slides off the bed and goes into the bathroom, leaving the door open as they talk.

DANJA

We only have a few hours before Hetzer finds us, we lose our badges, and another woman dies. I can't hide in a hotel room doing nothing while that happens.

FRANK

We aren't hiding. We're operating covertly...though not very successfully. I've been looking into our suspects, their backgrounds, and their recent movements. So far, I can't connect any of them to our two latest victims.

DANJA

He's careful. That's how he's gotten away with it for so long.

She emerges from the bathroom all dressed and gathers up all the papers and photos on her bed

DANJA (CONT'D)

It's your turn to get some rest.

FRANK

Where are you going?

DANJA

We need a fresh perspective.

FRANK

Tell me you're not going to Risser.

DANJA

I'm not going to Risser.

She shoves the papers into a HOTEL LAUNDRY BAG, and leaves.

EXT. MOLDAU'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's a quiet, idyllic residential neighborhood. Danja is carrying the laundry bag. She knocks on the front door. KIRSTEN, late 40s, opens the door in her BATHROBE.

KIRSTEN

Detective ...this is a surprise.

DANJA

Sorry to intrude so early in the morning, Mrs. Moldau. Is the Captain around?

KIRSTEN

Yes he is. It's a nice change. Usually he'd already be on his way to work.

She lets Danja inside.

INT. MOLDAU'S HOUSE - MORNING

Kirsten leads Danja into the kitchen, where Moldau is wearing his wife's FLOWERY, FRILLY APRON and serving a big platter of scrambled eggs to his TWO YOUNG KIDS.

MOLDAU

Good-morning, Danja. You're just in time to sample a culinary masterpiece I devised in my bachelor days. It's called...

He cues his kids, who gleefully yell out in unison:

THE KIDS

Dangerous eggs!

He doles out a helping on a plate and slides it towards Danja, who eyes it suspiciously.

DANJA

What's in it?

MOLDAU

Whatever's in the refrigerator.

The kids jump in all-at-once:

KID #1

Wienershnitzel, chow
Mein, bratwurst.

KID #2

Kiwi, sauerkraut, pudding.

DANJA

That's all in here?

MOLDAU

That's why it's called Dangerous
Eggs.

DANJA

(pushes the plate
away:)

I think I'll pass. Could we talk
for a moment, sir...privately?

MOLDAU

Sure.

(to kids:)

Dig in!

He leads Danja out to the backyard, Kirsten watching after them apprehensively.

EXT. MOLDAU'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

There's a picnic table and kids toys on the lawn. She empties the LAUNDRY BAG onto the table, gathers up the papers, and hands them to Moldau as:

DANJA

We think that the killer has been
honing his homicide skills abroad as
a medic for an international relief
organization...and that he's one of
these men.

(hands him a PHOTO:)

Dr. Matthias Schust, a veterinarian
who channels his hatred of people --

(MORE)

DANJA (CONT'D)

particularly women -- into caring for animals.

(hands him photo:)

Dr. Lars Leupolz, a religious zealot who thinks women are self-absorbed bitches preventing him from doing God's work...but he lusts for them anyway.

(hands him photo:)

Daniel Vigg, a Red Cross medic with a love-hate relationship with the only woman in his life -- his bible-thumping mother, who is on her deathbed.

(hands him photo:)

Sgt. Robert Hagehorn, an Army doctor who thinks he's God's gift to women...but I doubt the women feel the same way.

Moldau looks up from all the papers and photos.

MOLDAU

What do you want from me?

DANJA

Your expert advice.

MOLDAU

My expert advice is to find another expert. Haven't you read the newspapers? I'm incompetent. My instincts aren't worth a crap.

DANJA

You're the best homicide detective I've ever known and while you wallow in self-pity, another woman will die. The killer isn't waiting weeks to strike anymore...only hours. So help me now and feel sorry for yourself tomorrow.

Moldau sits silently for a long moment.

MOLDAU

What was the time between kills when he was abroad?

DANJA

Months. He waited patiently for the next disaster or war.

MOLDAU

It doesn't make sense. If he could go so long between killings before, what's his hurry now? And why did he come back here? Something has changed.

DANJA

All I know is that now we're in a race against time.

MOLDAU

(realizing:)

What if he is, too?

(off her look:)

What if he never intended to come back to Berlin? I think he's here against his will and under enormous pressure...and it's tied to whatever provoked him to start killing ten years ago.

Danja looks at the photos on the picnic table, then back to Moldau. She smiles.

MOLDAU (CONT'D)

You know who it is.

DANJA

Would you like to be there for the arrest?

Moldau glances at his wife in the window. He knows he's about to disappoint her. He bolts up.

MOLDAU

Hell yes.

DANJA

You might want to leave the apron.

And as he takes off the apron, we CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Danja and Moldau arrive at the same time Frank does. They talk as they hurry into the building...

FRANK

What makes you think the killer is Daniel Vigg?

MOLDAU

Vigg is the only suspect under real time pressure. His mother could die at any moment.

DANJA

He's dealing with his contradictory feelings of love and hate for his domineering, deeply religious mother the way he always has...by killing women.

FRANK

His mother must be so proud.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

They emerge from the elevator and head straight to the hospital room...but when they look inside, the room is empty and the bed is made. Only the ceramic Jesus has been left behind. Danja stops a PASSING NURSE and flashes her badge at her.

DANJA

Where's Daniel Vigg?

NURSE

His mother died this morning. He signed the papers and left about ten minutes ago...

She walks on. Frank scowls.

FRANK

We're too late...and he knows we're on to him. He'll disappear.

Moldau glances at the ceramic Jesus, then hurries after the nurse.

MOLDAU

Do you have a chapel here?

NURSE

Downstairs.

Moldau turns to the others.

MOLDAU

He wouldn't leave without saying a prayer and lighting a candle for his mother.

Danja, Frank and Moldau bolt for the stairs.

INT. HOSPITAL - DOWNSTAIRS

Our heroes emerge from the stairwell just as Daniel STEPS OUT OF THE CHAPEL...and sees the expression on their faces. He RUNS. Danja and Frank chase after him. Moldau goes the OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM

Daniel runs through the CROWDED E.R...yanking down shelves, knocking over patients on crutches, and creating any obstacle he can in his wake to slow down Danja and Frank. But they are gaining on him anyway. Desperate, he GRABS A SCALPEL off a tray, grabs a TEENAGE GIRL, and turns to face the detectives, holding the BLADE TO THE GIRL'S NECK so sharply that it already draws blood. Someone SCREAMS. Frank pulls his gun.

DANIEL

Back off or she dies.

The girl is terrified...a rivulet of blood rolling down her neck. But Danja keeps coming.

DANJA

No.

Daniel backs up.

DANIEL

You know I'll do it.

Danja keeps coming. He keeps backing up.

DANJA

And we'll all see you for the pitiful,
disgusting little man that you are.
We're not wearing blind-folds.

He's so focused on Danja that he doesn't sense Moldau...who suddenly appears behind him and stabs a syringe into his neck in the same instant. Daniel drops, instantly immobilized, and the teen breaks free, running to Frank for safety. Danja sags with relief. Moldau kicks the scalpel away as a DOCTOR rushes up to check on Daniel, who is moaning.

DANJA (CONT'D)

(re: the syringe:)

What's in that thing?

MOLDAU

Fentanyl. I thought he'd like to
see how it feels.

(to Daniel:)

You're under arrest.

And on Moldau, smiling triumphantly, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Moldau enters with HIS BOX of things as Hetzer is packing up.

HETZER

You caught the killer...so the Chief blames Dr. Risser for what happened before, gives you your job back, and even recommends you for commendation... all for the sake of good publicity. You probably think that means we're done.

MOLDAU

You're packing, aren't you?

Hetzer picks up his box and walks up to Moldau.

HETZER

I've seen the way you and your people work. You don't play by the rules.

MOLDAU

Neither do the serial killers.

HETZER

They don't have to. You do.

Hetzer walks out. Moldau goes to his desk. There's a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS waiting for him. Before he can open the card, Danja comes in.

DANJA

It's good to have you back, sir.

MOLDAU

I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for you and Frank cleaning up after me.

DANJA

You were trying to do the right thing back then ...just like you are now.

MOLDAU

I made mistakes. I've got to live with them... whether I can forgive myself or not. That probably doesn't make any sense to you.

DANJA

It does. More than you know.

She walks out. After she goes, he opens the card. It reads:
WELCOME BACK. WE MISSED YOU. DR. ARMINIUS RISSER.

Moldau shakes his head, tosses the card in the trash, takes
a seat behind his desk, and goes back to work. And we FADE
OUT.

THE END