BORN TO RAISE HELL

A Thesis
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the Faculty of the School of Humanities
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In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts

by
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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

**OUTLINE** ................................................................. ii

**PREFACE** .......................................................................... iv

**Chapter**

**I. THE PROBLEM** .......................................................... 1

**II. PREVIOUS STUDIES** ................................................... 4

- Newspaper Articles ......................................................... 4
- Magazine Articles .......................................................... 4
- A Book .............................................................................. 5

**III. METHOD** ...................................................................... 6

- Purpose .............................................................................. 6
- Questions that the Screenplay Attempted to Answer .............. 6
- Procedure Used for Producing the Screenplay ..................... 7

**IV. RESULTS** .................................................................... 9

- The Events Leading to Speck's Arrest ................................. 9
- Interviews with Speck in the Cook County Jail ..................... 10
- Interviews with Speck’s Relatives to Confirm His Statements .. 10
- Speck’s Trial ...................................................................... 10
- Subsequent Events and Conclusions .................................. 11

**V. SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS** .................................. 12

**BIBLIOGRAPHY** ............................................................... 16

**SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY** ............................................ 18

**APPENDIX/SCREENPLAY** .................................................. 19
I. Preface

II. The Problem
A. The Purpose
B. Justification
  1. To Describe and Analyze the Speck Mass Murders
  2. To Put the Murders into Proper Perspective for Audience Evaluation

III. Previous Studies/Historical Research
A. Newspaper Articles/The New York Times
B. Magazine Articles
  1. Time
  2. Newsweek
  3. The Saturday Evening Post
  4. Life
  5. United States News & World Report
  6. Good Housekeeping
C. A Book—Born To Raise Hell: The Untold Story of Richard Speck

IV. Method
A. Purpose
B. Questions that the Screenplay Attempted to Answer
C. Procedure Used for Producing the Screenplay
  1. Research/Historical
  2. Compiling and Evaluating the Research
  3. Drawing Final Conclusions
  4. Writing the Screenplay

V. Results/Screenplay
A. The Events Leading to Speck's Arrest
B. Interviews with Speck in the Cook County Jail
   Possible Psychological Motives for the Murders
   1. Exploration of Speck's History of Brain Damage/Use and Abuse of Drugs and Alcohol
   2. Exploration of Speck's Relation with his Mother.
   3. Exploration of Speck's Relation with his Ex-wife.
C. Interviews with Speck's Relatives to Confirm his Statements
D. Speck's Trial and Conviction
E. Subsequent Events and Conclusions

VI. Summary and Conclusions
PREFACE

On July 14, 1966, eight student nurses in Chicago, Illinois, were savagely killed in their boarding house for no apparent motive or reason. Miraculously a ninth student nurse was able to hide under a bed and thus managed to live to re-account the horror of that night and to identify the murderer—mainly through the tattoo which the killer had on his left forearm. The tattoo prophetically read: Born To Raise Hell. Nearly a year later, a jury returned its verdict and decided that Richard Speck, twenty-five, was guilty of murdering the eight young women. As Speck was escorted outside the courtroom, cheers and applause arose from a gathered crowd. Speck turned his head at the noise. His mouth dropped open as uncomprehending eyes stared across the courtyard. One of the policemen beside Speck put his hand on his shoulder, and the boy who was born to raise hell disappeared. And to this day the reason for the murders remain as obscure as the night on which they occurred.

During the intervening year—after his arrest and before his conviction—Speck was interviewed twice a week by the Cook County Jail Psychiatrist Dr. Marvin Ziporyn.
This screenplay is based on the possible implications of those interviews.
CHAPTER I
THE PROBLEM

This paper explores and analyzes, from a psychological point of view, the possible motives for the Richard Speck mass murders, as shown by an historically accurate screenplay detailing the possible psychological motives of his act. The year of 1966 was marked by a wave of mass murders throughout the United States. The first to catapult into public awareness was the July 14 killing of eight nurses in Chicago. Less than a month later, Charles Whitman killed thirteen people, shooting from a clocktower overlooking the University of Texas campus. In November, an eighteen year old high-school senior coolly shot and killed four women and a little girl in a beauty parlor in Mesa, Arizona. What was particularly disturbing was that the victims were all taken at random, that there was no relationship between killer and victim; no apparent motive. The acts were clearly outside the bounds of ordinary reason and experience.

The destruction of human life is always repugnant and unacceptable. However, when murder can be linked to the rational in some fashion, it can be faced and
coped with. In the mass killings of 1966, the irrational and incomprehensible were so pronounced that rational society demanded an explanation. This is especially true of the Richard Speck murders—many important questions remain unanswered surrounding the events that occurred in Chicago on July 14, 1966. All murder is horrifying, but the work of Richard Speck produces an almost hysterical quality of shock and dread. Numbers of the dead alone cannot entirely account for it. Nor can the unsettling point of Chicago's police chief that "This kind of thing could have happened anywhere."¹

Many psychiatrists believe that there is something intrinsic in modern American society that causes on occasion the sort of senseless mayhem practiced by Richard Speck. Some of the violence of the frontier still lingers in the American character, they believe, aggravated to extremes in a few individuals by the pressure to succeed and the social and economic mobility of American society. But the fact is that mass murder is by no means an exclusive American institution; it has been perpetrated in scores of countries down the ages, from Caligula's Rome to the Congo. Unfortunately, far too little is known about the mass murderer because he erupts infrequently—and even

less frequently survives to be examined. For this reason, psychiatrists firmly believe that Richard Speck should be studied intensively rather than punished severely by society. While science may never develop a foolproof psychiatric Geiger counter or a cerebral scan for spotting every psychotic in advance, there is no doubt that far more can be done within the resources of American society to pare the danger of sudden, irrational murder.2

This screenplay, therefore, will attempt to explore, analyze, and evaluate the events of the Richard Speck mass murders and, then, to interpret these events to a large audience.

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2Ibid., pp. 18-19.
CHAPTER II
PREVIOUS STUDIES

This screenplay was based primarily on researchable sources, documents, and other written records, to order and evaluate the evidence yielded by them. These sources were divided into three main categories:

(1) Newspaper articles,
(2) Magazine articles, and
(3) A book.

The primary newspaper used in this research was The New York Times. One-hundred articles, from July 15, 1966, to December 18, 1968, chronologically traced every aspect of the Speck mass murders from the day after the murders until the 1968 order signed by Judge Daniel P. Ward of the Illinois Supreme Court staying the scheduled January 31, 1970, execution of Richard Speck.

The magazine articles researched included Time, Newsweek, The Saturday Evening Post, Life, U.S. News & World Report, and Good Housekeeping. These magazines, like the newspaper articles—but with greater detail—chronologically described the murders, gave brief biographies of Speck and the nine student nurses involved, detailed the police investigation and Speck's arrest, and described his trial and conviction.
The book researched for this screenplay was Jack Altman's *Born To Raise Hell: The Untold Story of Richard Speck*. Published with Speck's permission, this book consists chiefly of conversations in jail between Dr. Marvin Ziporyn, Cook County Jail Psychiatrist, and Richard Speck. The book probed into Speck's past, traced his violent life, and discussed his history of brain damage as a result of numerous blows he received from childhood on, as well as, his use and abuse of alcohol and drugs. The book also contains a concise account of the murder trial plus brief biographies of the eight slain women, as well as, the one that survived.
CHAPTER III

METHOD

This paper explores and analyzes, from a psychological point of view, the possible motives for the Richard Speck mass murders, as shown by an historically accurate screenplay detailing the possible psychological motives of his act. The procedure used to produce this screenplay attempted, first, to answer these questions:

1. Are the Speck murders a good subject on which to base a screenplay?
2. What were the possible psychological motives for the Speck murders?
   A. Why did Speck select the student nurses' boarding house to break into?
   B. Why did Speck break into the boarding house—what was his purpose and motivation?
   C. How exactly did Speck kill the nurses?
   D. Why did Speck kill the nurses?
   E. How did Speck manage to escape the dreadful scene without the slightest alarm being raised?
3. Was the evidence against Speck conclusive in proving his guilt?
A. Could Speck have had an accomplice?

B. Is there any chance that Speck might be totally innocent of the crime?

4. What was Speck's personal reaction to the crime?

5. Can society learn anything (sociologically, culturally, psychologically, etc.) from an analysis of this crime in order to prevent similar acts from occurring?

6. How can these events and motives be interpreted and aesthetically represented in cinematic terms?

The design of this screenplay was along the lines of a case history using historic research. The procedure used to carry out this design and to answer these questions included four basic steps. The four steps involved in the production of the screenplay from conception to completion included:

1. Researching
2. Compiling and Evaluating the Research
3. Drawing Final Conclusions
4. Writing the Screenplay

Researching:

The research utilized in this paper was generally focused upon documents and other written records (magazines, newspapers, and a book) for the purpose of ordering and
evaluating the evidence yielded by them. The very scope of the thesis, that of a screenplay portraying the events and possible motives of the Speck murders, justified the use of such historical research.

Compiling and Evaluating the Research:

I investigated all historically researchable sources, as well as, commentaries regarding the meaning and significance of the events. Therefore, this historical method of research embraced not only scholarly reporting ("What pertinent documents are available? And what do they say?"), but also scholarly criticism ("What conclusions do the documents support? What do they signify?").

Drawing Final Conclusions:

Final conclusions were drawn based on the evaluation of the historical research. An outline and first draft of the screenplay were the result of these evaluations and conclusions.

Writing the Screenplay:

Following the outline and first draft, a screenplay was written utilizing the research and following the guidelines and format of Dwight V. Swain's Film Scriptwriting, the universally accepted guidebook for film scriptwriting.
CHAPTER IV
RESULTS

The results of this historical research, as outlined in Chapter III, led to an historically accurate screenplay. The screenplay not only followed the general practices of writing techniques, but also contained such cinematic devices as narration and dialogue, as well as, detailed description of all the visuals and graphics. (Graphics include charts, graphs, illustrations, artwork, cartoons, and title slides.)

The screenplay, based on the research, was divided into five general sections:

1. The Events Leading to Speck's Arrest
2. Interviews with Speck in the Cook County Jail
3. Interviews with Speck's Relatives to Confirm his Statements
4. Speck's Trial
5. Subsequent Events and Conclusions

The Events Leading to Speck's Arrest:

The introductory section briefly described the day preceding the murders. The people involved and the events leading directly to, but not including, the murders were traced.
Interviews with Speck in the Cook County Jail:

The largest section of the screenplay, this part contained conversations between Richard Speck and the Cook County Jail Psychiatrist, Dr. Marvin Ziporyn. Three possible reasons for the murders are brought forth and explored: Speck's use and abuse of alcohol and drugs, combined with intensive brain damage, Speck's relation with his mother and stepfather, and Speck's relation with his ex-wife and the resemblance of one of the murdered nurses to her.

Interviews with Speck's Relatives to Confirm His Statements:

This section detailed Ziporyn's visits with Speck's two sisters and his mother in order to confirm or expunge Speck's statements. The results of this section were largely inconclusive--either Speck's relatives were lying to help Speck or they were telling the truth, which invalidated much of what Speck had confided to Ziporyn.

Speck's Trial:

The fourth section detailed the trial itself. Again conflicting versions of the event made for indefinite conclusions as to Speck's guilt "beyond a reasonable doubt." Witnesses confirmed Speck's guilt, while others denied it. In the end the jury's decision, based largely
on circumstantial evidence, was that Speck was indeed guilty. On June 6, 1967, Judge Herbert C. Paschen sentenced Richard Franklin Speck to die in the electric chair. This sentence was later reduced to 480 years in the state penitentiary at Joliet, where Speck remains to this day.

**Subsequent Events and Conclusions:**

The final conclusions were brought forth and discussed in Chapter V.
CHAPTER V
SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

Earlier the author posed a series of questions relating to the Richard Speck mass murders. The answers to the questions regarding the psychological reasons and motives for the murders may, unfortunately, never be answered. William Henley's poem, "Invictus", declares:

I am the master of my fate
I am the Captain of my soul.

to which Clarence Darrow, an influential turn-of-the-century criminal lawyer, replied: "A fine Captain, a fine master of his fate! He wasn't master enough of his fate to get himself born, which is rather important, nor to do much of anything else except brag about it. Instead of being the captain of his soul, man isn't even a deckhand on a rudderless ship." 3

Does the author, then, feel that persons such as Richard Speck, should be left at large and their actions condoned? Of course not, the author feels that the answer lies in rehabilitation and re-education rather than punishment, and in some cases, such as that of the brain-damaged individual whom we do not know how to rehabilitate or

re-educate, perhaps permanent institutionalization until science finds the answer—but certainly not punishment as though the person willed himself to be a criminal.

The concept of talion punishment—an eye for an eye—is at least as old as Hammurabi. It has not solved the problem of crime in the last 4,000 years, and yet mankind stubbornly insists on applying it. If a person attempted to leave a room through a wall, it would take only a few failures to convince him that his tactic was ineffective and wrong—he would try a different maneuver. Yet, society has tried punishment for thousands of years, failed completely, and doggedly persists. No one would think much of a doctor who had just one treatment for all illnesses. Crime, like illnesses, is due to many factors—yet society has one cure—punishment.

Society is so punishment-oriented that it loses its sense of reason. If a man commits a crime, society rejects all psychological, as well as, physiological explanations. If it is denied that a man acts in an antisocial manner because of his environment or heredity, what, then, is the explanation? To say simply that he is "bad" ignores the question—it clarifies nothing, explains nothing, offers no understanding of the cause or operative mechanism of the "badness." It is a completely meaningless term. Where does the evil come from? Surely the
concept of evil as an entity unto itself, operating in a void in the criminal's skull, strains credulity. There must be causation, and it is the eradication of the causative factors, rather than pure revenge, that will eventually achieve the goal of reducing crime. Therefore, the author praises the way in which this was attempted in the Speck case. Instead of locking him up forever and "throwing the key away," a serious attempt was made to thoroughly examine and analyze Richard Speck to prevent similar such crimes from occurring.

Secondly, the author sees Richard Speck as a victim and therefore to be pitied with all other victims. Specifically, we are dealing with impulsive behavior. This is analogous to the sneeze of hay fever. Given an inherited constitution and the accidental environment of pollen, the selected individual explodes into a sneeze. He does not wish to sneeze and cannot explain why he does, but sneezes even when consciously trying not to do so.

Speck was the quintessential Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Given the magic potion (drugs and alcohol), this gentle, considerate man turned into a murdering monster. Speck's motor drives were like everyone else's motor drives—it was his brakes that failed him. Richard Speck did not wish to kill; the question remains—why did he?
The four essential psychological elements are:

1. a brain-damaged human being—impulsive, childish, emotionally labile, racked by headaches;
2. drugs, alcohol, and barbiturates which excited him and methedrine which made his judgment poor, catalyzed latent hostility, and enabled him to work with great efficiency;
3. a basic obsessive-compulsive personality, rigid, punitive, puritanical, sado-masochistic, containing unconscious hostility to females because of a Madonna-Prostitute complex (that is, no woman was an individual with both good and bad qualities—she had to be categorized, either worshipped or despised, adored or subjected to any abuse); and
4. hatred of his ex-wife for suspected infidelity and for divorcing him.

These four elements were all present at the scene of the murders. A hopped-up, brain-damaged drunk, looking for anything and nothing, with a gun and knife, stumbled into a girls' dormitory near his union hiring hall. The girls were bound and helpless. One of them resembled his hated ex-wife.

The existential moment arrived. Fantasy (of revenge on women) was suddenly reality—eight helpless girls were at the mercy of Mr. Hyde, whose damaged, alcohol-, barbiturate-, and methedrine-poisoned nervous system could not brake, control, or censor him. He transmuted dream into reality. The result: the murder of eight student nurses on July 14, 1966.
Accepted by:

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Thomas L. Gang
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APPENDIX

BORN TO RAISE HELL

An Original Screenplay

by

Wayne McDaniel
BORN TO RAISE HELL

Wayne McDaniel
Morehead State University, 1981

Director of Thesis: William J. Layne
FADE IN:

1. EXT. LUELLA PARK--CLOSE SHOT--DAY

A colorful beachball is temporarily suspended in mid-air, then lazily comes down into the loving arms of a five-year-old BOY. We hear the sounds of playful children.

2. EXT. LUELLA PARK--FULL SHOT--DAY

BOY with beachball runs screen right as we now see, in the foreground, a small city park filled with people basking in the sun on a warm summer’s afternoon, a la Seurat. (The small park, Luella Park, is located in a sedate neighborhood of some 7,500 people known as Jeffery Manor, situated on the southeast edge of Chicago. It is a pleasant neighborhood of small apartments, neat two-story townhouses, frolicking children, and Dairy Queen stands; well removed from Chicago's roiling slums. The community is solidly white-collar middle class, 40 percent Jewish, with an average income of $8,000. Although Jeffery Manor is close to Calumet Harbor and constantly attracts out-of-work seamen seeking jobs at the nearby National Maritime Union, no serious crime has developed. As one resident put it, "It's the kind of neighborhood where you can walk your dog after midnight.") BOY with beachball continues to run across the park. In the background, across the street from the park (on Crandon Street on the southeast corner of East 100th Street) looms a red-brick building with gray, wide stairs and heavy double doors with brass hinges. An over-sized business marquee reads:

NATIONAL MARITIME UNION
HIRING HALL

As the BOY with beachball continues to run through the park past children, slides, swings, dogs, adults,
and pigeon-spattered parkbenches, a subtitle appears superimposed over the park at the bottom of the screen:

LUELLA PARK
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
JULY 13, 1966

Subtitle fades out as BOY with beachball runs past a WOMAN, seen from behind, sitting on a parkbench beneath a dogwood tree. The camera stops on WOMAN as the BOY with beachball exits screen right.

3 EXT. LUELLA PARK--WOMAN ON PARKBENCH--MEDIUM SHOT--DAY

Front view of WOMAN ON PARKBENCH. Multicolored dogwood blossoms float across and partially fill the screen as we see that the WOMAN ON PARKBENCH, in her early twenties, is pregnant. Her face radiates contentment as she is being delighted by the ebullient happiness of a young child in its mother's arms and, at the same time, feeling content at the young life stirring within her.

4 EXT. LUELLA PARK--WOMAN ON PARKBENCH'S POV--MEDIUM SHOT--DAY

An attractive woman in her late twenties is playing with her infant son on the grassy green knoll.

5 EXT. LUELLA PARK--WOMAN ON PARKBENCH--CLOSE SHOT--DAY

WOMAN ON PARKBENCH, pregnant, smiling, she is satisfied with life. Suddenly she turns her head screen left and her face freezes.

6 EXT. LUELLA PARK--WOMAN ON PARKBENCH'S POV--MEDIUM SHOT--DAY

A crippled old man, missing his right leg below the kneecap, is standing nearby on a pair of well-worn crutches. He is also smiling at the playful infant.

7 EXT. LUELLA PARK--WOMAN ON PARKBENCH--CLOSE SHOT--DAY

Sadness replaces gladness in the face of the pregnant WOMAN ON PARKBENCH. As the realization of the precarious future of her unborn child is forced upon her, the WOMAN ON PARKBENCH suddenly becomes frightened and runs away, screen left.
EXT. LUELLA PARK--LONE FIGURE--FULL SHOT--DAY

The WOMAN ON PARKBENCH enters running screen right, passes in back of a LONE FIGURE sitting on a parkbench with his back to the camera, and exits screen left. The camera remains on the LONE FIGURE who is oblivious to the preceding events. The LONE FIGURE is seated on the right side of the parkbench. He slowly takes a long drink from a bottle. All we can see of him is a black jacket, dark trousers, black shoes, and blond hair. From this rear view, we can also see that he is staring at the back of a two-story townhouse, which is located across the street from the park. (The townhouse, on 2319 East 100th Street, is one of a block of six simple two-story townhouses, with pastel-green wooden facades and buff brick walls. Three of these houses are rented by the South Chicago Community Hospital as a residence for 24 of their 115 student nurses.) As the LONE FIGURE continues to stare ahead, a white 1964 Impala pulls into the parking area behind the townhouse. A GIRL IN A YELLOW DRESS exits from the back door of the townhouse and enters the car. The car leaves and the LONE FIGURE takes some pills out of his pants pocket and swallows them with a long drink from the bottle. The LONE FIGURE slowly leans his head back and stares up into the sky.

EXT. LUELLA PARK--LONE FIGURE'S POV--DAY

Slowly, the camera tilts up into the sky and stops. Afternoon becomes night and a full moon appears. The park sounds fade down and cease. Slowly, the camera begins to tilt down and reveals Luella Park at night, softly illuminated by street lights. The park is now empty of noise and people, with the exception of the LONE FIGURE. He is still seen from behind, but is now sitting on the left side of the parkbench. The LONE FIGURE remains motionless as he continues to stare at the townhouse on 2319 East 100th Street.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT OF LIGHT ON THE EDGE OF A KNIFE

Suddenly, a knife cuts across something—we cannot see what it is, but we hear the vivid, almost deafening, slicing of the knife as it glides along.
EXT. --FULL MOON--CLOSE SHOT--NIGHT

The full moon is seen in an extreme close up. To the left of the moon we see a thin, white band of lee wave clouds. Slowly, the lee wave clouds--shallow, smooth, and diffuse-edged--move screen right and partially eclipse the moon. The effect is that of a human eye being sliced in half by a knife.

INT. TOWNHOUSE--MEDIUM SHOT--NIGHT

CORAZON AMURO, a twenty-three-year-old Filipino exchange nursing student, is seen from behind wearing a pink bathrobe. She is in the townhouse kitchen slicing a sandwich into fourths with a knife (the same knife and similar action seen in SHOT No. 10). A shy country girl from the rural Bantangas province some sixty miles from Manila, AMURO has been in America for less than two months. She is still bewildered by the clatter and bustle of the strange American city, and she laughs as she tries to wrap three of the tiny sandwich fourths in Saran Wrap. Finally, she gives up and eats the entire sandwich. Only her large, brown eyes reflect an inner resourcefulness unbecoming her petite four-foot-ten-inch frame. After finishing the sandwich pieces, she quickly cleans the kitchen and walks toward the light switch. A wall clock shows 10:25.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE AS SEEN FROM LUELLA PARK--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

In the foreground a tree branch rustles in the wind; in the background, the townhouse is softly illuminated by street lights. Suddenly, the LONE FIGURE, seen from behind, walks by and brushes the branch with his shoulder. The LONE FIGURE stops. No facial features are visible, only an outline etched in black against the street lights.

EXT. LUELLA PARK--LONE FIGURE'S POV--NIGHT

The lights on the lower floor of the townhouse are turned off.

INT. TOWNHOUSE--KITCHEN--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

MISS AMURO leaves the now darkened kitchen and goes upstairs. Camera tracks behind her into a close shot so that only the back of MISS AMURO'S FEET and white
slippers are visible as she ascends the stairs. We hear the soft sound of slippers against polished wood.

16 EXT. LUELLA PARK--NIGHT

We hear the sound of shoes against crushed, dry leaves. We then see the back of the LONE FIGURE'S dark shoes as he walks toward the townhouse.

17 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS FRONT BEDROOM--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

MISS AMURO enters the upstairs from bedroom; a radio inside is playing the Zombies' "Time of the Season." MISS AMURO locks the door behind her. The camera pans the room: the green bedroom is lined with two bunkbeds; a coffee table is littered with books and magazines, and the open closet door reveals brightly colored party dresses and white nurses' smocks. A Teddy bear stands button-eyed vigil over a dresser festooned with framed pictures of parents and boyfriends. Among the souvenirs of tender evenings is a long-empty champagne bottle. A postcard is fondly pinned to a notice board:

SOME DAY BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, SCHOOL WILL BE OVER WITH. IT'S PRETTY LONESOME HERE WITHOUT YOU. REALLY. CARLOS

There are two other nursing students in the bedroom; they are also Filipino exchange students who came to America with MISS AMURO two months previously. They are MERLITA GARGULLO, twenty-two, and VALENTINA PASION, twenty-three. Both girls, like MISS AMURO, are wearing pink bed clothing. MISS GARGULLO, a very pretty girl is writing a letter which ends:

WISH I COULD STAY HERE FOREVER:
WITH ALL MY LOVE,
MERLITA

MISS PASION, shy and petite, is on the floor wrapping towels around a Jerry Vale record, which she then puts into a cardboard mailing box. She begins to address the package when MISS GARGULLO puts down her letter and grins at MISS PASION.
MISS GARGULLO
(sarcastically friendly)
Jerry Vale, huh? That's a strange present
to send to your mother, Valentina! Do you
think she will dance to it?

MISS PASION
(refraining a grin, defensively replies)
It's not for my mother--she hates to dance!

MISS GARGULLO
(quizzically)
Then do you think your father will like it?

MISS PASION
No, it's not for him either--he only dances
to Fabian.

MISS GARGULLO
Don't tell me it's for that handsome dentist
back home--what is his name, uh...(she
pretends to forget his name momentarily)... uh...Carlos!

MISS PASION
We like to dance.

MISS GARGULLO
Oh, poor Valentina. Here in America we are
so rich--$335 we get each month that we work
and study here, and do you think of your poor
mother and father back in Manila? Do you send
them gifts? No, you only think of Jerry Vale
and love! Silly, silly Valentina.

MISS PASION
(finally in giggling exasperation)
It will be my first and last gift to him.

The three girls laugh, then return to what they were
doing: MISS PASION, undisturbed, addressed her package,
MISS GARGULLO begins to address an envelope, and MISS
AMURO turns the radio off and sets the alarm clock
for 5:30 a.m. The clock now shows 10:30 p.m. The
camera again begins to pan the bedroom and comes to
a stop as it zooms into an extra closeup of a book
lying on the coffee table--the book, written by Ruth
Willock reads:

THE NIGHT VISITOR
18 EXT. FRONT OF TOWNHOUSE--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

The LONE FIGURE is now at the front of the townhouse, still seen from behind. His shadow is cast menacingly over the two-story building. The LONE FIGURE takes a drink from a bottle, takes a few pills, and stares up into the lighted window. Then, as the LONE FIGURE begins to walk toward the back of the townhouse, his shadow momentarily engulfs the lighted window on the second floor.

19 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS FRONT BEDROOM--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

MISS AMURO gets into bed and starts to turn off the light.

MISS GARGULLO
(licking the envelope closed)
Don't turn off the lights yet, Zany. I need to say my prayers.

MISS AMURO acknowledges with a nod and lies down, pulling a sheet around her. Unnoticed by the three student nurses, the front window is momentarily darkened by a shadow from the outside and then, as unnoticeably, disappears. MISS GARGULLO gets out of her bunk and kneels.

20 EXT. BACK OF TOWNHOUSE--BACK DOOR--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

A full shot reveals a seemingly tranquil shot of the back of the townhouse, softly lit by night lights. The LONE FIGURE is nowhere in sight. Slowly, the camera begins to dolly in toward the back screen door. We finally see that the screen has been pushed in and the back door is open. The camera continues to dolly forward into the kitchen. No one is seen. Only darkness and silence surround. Over this video, we hear MISS GARGULLO'S soft, mellow voice as she recites the Lord's Prayer.

21 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS FRONT BEDROOM--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

MISS GARGULLO finishes her prayer:

MISS GARGULLO
...and deliver us from all that is evil. Amen.
MISS GARGULLO gets back into the top bunk and pulls a sheet around her. Once again the camera begins to pan left across the bedroom as the nurses lie down to sleep. The camera comes to a poster tacked up on the wall and stops. The poster reads:

SLEEP WELL TONIGHT
YOUR NATIONAL GUARD IS AWAKE

22 INT. TOWNHOUSE--STAIRWELL--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

The stairwell, leading to the women's bedroom, is empty and dimly lit. Suddenly a shadow fills the stairwell. Only the back of the LONE FIGURE'S shoes are visible as he walks slowly upstairs. Softly we hear the sound of shoe 'sole against polished wood.

23 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS FRONT BEDROOM--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

The camera continues to pan left across the bedroom. The three nurses are now asleep. The alarm clock shows 11:00, and as the camera pans to the bedroom door, it stops. The bedroom door is framed with a notice:

ATTENTION
STUDENTS ARE NOT TO ALLOW ANYONE INTO THE TOWNHOUSE WITHOUT THE HOUSEMOTHER BEING THERE.

Four distinct knocks come from the outside of this door. MISS AMURO awakes startled, sees where she is, and then goes to the bedroom door. She unlocks the door and starts to open it. Suddenly the door is pushed open from the outside with great force.

24 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS HALLWAY--MEDIUM SHOT--NIGHT

Continuing the shot above, the door is pushed back by the LONE FIGURE, and as before, he is never seen except from behind. With a small black .22 caliber pistol in his right hand--pointed at MISS AMURO'S head--and a knife in his left hand, the LONE FIGURE seems to fill the center of the open doorway. All three women are now wide awake, their faces mirror their terror.

LONE FIGURE
(surprisingly calm)
I'm not going to hurt you.
As the LONE FIGURE enters the bedroom, we see a close shot of his left arm clutching the knife. On the forearm is a tattoo with spidery blue-lettered words spaced in three lines:

```
BORN
TO RAISE
HELL
```

The LONE FIGURE then drunkenly slams the bedroom door shut. The deafening bang is amplified in the empty hallway.

25 FADE TO BLACK

Over black screen a title fades in:

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JULY 16, 1966
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Title fades to black.

FADE IN:

26 INT. SUBURBAN HOME--DINING ROOM--FULL SHOT--DAY

Early morning. The deafening silence following the slamming of the door is suddenly filled with the chirps of awakening birds. We see a robin feeding its young in a tree. The camera, inside a dining room, zooms out through bay windows to reveal LEROY SMITH, a clean-shaven, attractive and responsible-looking thirty-four-year-old man, his pretty wife, and their two sons, ages four and six. They are gathered around a dining-room table, eating breakfast. The television, visible from the dining room, is turned on but scarcely noticeable over the morning chatting. LEROY SMITH accidentally knocks his knife off the table and as he reaches down to pick it up, the television attracts his attention. A close-shot of the television reveals a distinguished-looking, grey-haired man. His face is long and tense; under this video, his name and title are captioned:

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SUPERINTENDENT ORLANDO W. WILSON
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WILSON is reading the following statement:
The killer of eight nurses from the South Chicago Community Hospital on Thursday, July 14, 1966, has been named and a warrant sworn out for his arrest. After a city-wide dragnet for clues, the murderer was identified as Richard Franklin Speck, also known by aliases as Richard Franklin Lindbergh and also Richard Benjamin Speck. Latent fingerprints taken at the scene of the mass killings identified Speck as the killer. Our detective division, aided by specialists from our crime laboratory, establishes the identity of a murderer and epitomizes the excellence of our personnel and their determination to seek out criminals of this nature without regard to personal hours spent in this grueling process. I commend all the detectives and officers who aided in the identification of this mass murderer, and I am hopeful for his immediate apprehension.

WILSON

The television anchorman reads over this photograph:

ANCHORMAN
(Voice Over)

Richard Speck is a male caucasian, six-foot-one, twenty-four years old, fair haired, weight 170 pounds, and has a tattoo on his left forearm with the words BORN TO RAISE HELL. A $10,000 reward has been announced by the South Chicago Community Hospital for any...

SMITH turns off the television and turns to his wife.

SMITH
(disbelievingly)
And all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds?

YOUNGER SON
Daddy, if they know his names and what's drawn on his arm, why haven't they caught him.
SMITH
They will. I'm sure it's only a matter of
time before someone sees him. Now you just
finish your breakfast and let the police
do their work.

SMITH looks at his watch and takes a quick drink of
coffee.

SMITH
Well, I've got to go now. Bye honey, bye Heckle
and Jeckle. You guys going to take care of
your mom today?
The boys laugh menacingly as SMITH gets up and reaches
for the door. His wife follows him to the door.

SMITH
(in a whisper to MRS. SMITH)
Don't forget to lock the doors...and, uh...
why not keep the kids inside today--it looks
like rain.

MRS. SMITH
Sure. And you have a nice day, okay?

SMITH
It's a deal. See you guys around five. Bye.

SMITH exits.

27 EXT. SUBURBAN HOME--FRONT DOOR--MEDIUM SHOT--DAY
We hear the sound of the door being locked behind SMITH.
SMITH enters and drives off in his 1966 Thunderbird.

28 EXT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL--PARKING LOT--FULL SHOT--DAY
SMITH drives up and parks.

29 INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL--CORRIDOR--FULL SHOT--DAY
SMITH walks down a corridor and enters an office, closing
the door behind him. The office door reveals his name
and title:

DR. LEROY SMITH, M.D.
COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL
Sirens are heard offscreen. A patrol car drives up with lights and sirens on. Two policemen jump out and transfer a body in the back seat of their patrol car to a stretcher on wheels. They rush toward a door labeled:

COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL
WARD 32
EMERGENCY ENTRANCE

A wall clock shows 12:30 a.m. (Sunday, July 17, 1966). An intercom announces:

(INTERCOM)
Dr. LeRoy Smith to Ward 32, Dr. LeRoy Smith to Ward 32.

The emergency entrance doors burst open as the two policemen wheel the stretcher into the hallway of Ward 32, the trauma unit of the Cook County Hospital. Two hospital attendants relieve the policemen and take the body and stretcher into Ward 32, closing the doors behind them. On the way out, POLICEMAN No. 1 goes to a nearby coffee machine and deposits a dime. He takes a drink and frowns disfavorably. SMITH enters the hallway and quickly asks the policemen:

SMITH
(he now looks tired, his eyes circled, and his face lightly stubbled)
What do you have?

POLICEMAN No. 1
Other than a bad cup of coffee, not much. Another drunk tried to kill himself over on East Madison Street. Slashed his wrist and elbow with a broken beer bottle. He's lost a lot of blood, Doc.

POLICEMAN No. 2
This makes the third one we've brought in this week; it looks like they're working overtime.
SMITH
They're not the only ones--this is the second shift I've worked today.

POLICEMAN No. 1
Believe me Doc, we know how you feel. Even the coffee is working overtime. (He grins)
Well, duty calls, see ya, Doc.

The two policemen exit.

32 INT: WARD 32--FULL SHOT--NIGHT

SMITH enters the ward, looks at the man thrashing his legs about on the operating table, and notices the police tag with the name B. Brian written on it. The man's clothing has been replaced with the regulation white hospital smock--loose around the neck, revealing on his upper chest pockmarks like those that pit the hollow cheeks of his pale, angular face. Beneath a mass of sandy hair slicked back from a high forehead, the man's watery blue eyes flicker apprehensively as Dr. SMITH moves around him with his stethoscope. His dry, colorless lips hang half open. The man looks haggard, tense, and considerably older than his twenty-four years. He has lost a lot of blood from cuts on his left wrist and the inner side of his elbow. What strength his muscular body once had now seems to have seeped entirely away. SMITH finishes with the stethoscope and starts to unbandage the dressing put on by the police. Suddenly SMITH takes a double look at the man's face. SMITH looks at the blood caked on the man's left forearm--a trace of a tattoo is visible. SMITH moistens his fingertips and rubs away some of the blood caked on the tattoo. The letter B appears, then O-R-N, and finally TO RAISE HELL.

SMITH
(to the pale young man on the operating table)
What's your name?

SPECK
(faintly)
Richard...Richard Speck.
SMITH
(to SANDRA HRTANEK, twenty-three, a pretty resident nurse)
This is the fellow the police are looking for. Get hold of the police right now.

SPECK
(faintly)
Do you collect the $10,000 reward?

33 EXT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--FULL SHOT--DAY

Jails are not usually beautiful, and Cook County Jail is no exception. Situated just west of the Criminal Courts Building and a few yards north of Bridewell, the City of Chicago's House of Correction, the jail is a dirty gray-brown complex of eight blocks, set in pairs. Each block, lettered from A to H, contains either four or five numbered cell tiers. The whole is fronted by a five story administrative block that includes the warden's office. Behind blocks G and H is the exercise yard, including a basketball court, two baseball diamonds, a track area, and a tennis court. It is surrounded by a 23-foot-high wall with the traditional watchtowers from which guards telephone the administrative block every half hour to show, among other things, that they have not dropped dead of a heart attack. A ground-floor corridor runs 200 yards from one end of the building to the other.

ZIPORYN
(Voice Over)
On July 29, 1966, thirteen days after he was identified and arrested, Richard Speck was transferred to Ward 1 of the hospital at Cook County Jail in Chicago's West Side...

During the VOICE OVER, DISSOLVE TO: DR. MARVIN ZIPORYN, a tall, thin, distinguished-looking man of forty-three. DR. ZIPORYN is walking down a corridor in the Cook County Jail as his VOICE OVER continues.

ZIPORYN
(Voice Over)
My name is Marvin Ziporyn and as Staff Psychiatrist at the Cook County Hospital my job, though routine, is to assure the mental welfare of the
prisoners, make sure they can withstand the
drigors of prison life well enough to serve their
sentence and determine, if the case arises,
if that prisoner is fit to die. In Speck's
case, the horror of the murders had immeasurably
raised the stakes. On the morning of July 29,
I was called in by the Cook County Jail's Chief
Warden, Jack Johnson. And thus began my associa-
tion with Speck which would last 29 weeks.

34 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--CHIEF WARDEN JOHNSON'S OFFICE--

The chief warden's office is comfortably furnished.
Diplomas and awards surround the blue walls, including
the Clarence Darrow Humanitarian Award and another
from the American Civil Liberties Union, plus several
paintings and a not-too-attractive barometer. A
desk plaque identifies the man behind the desk as
CHIEF WARDEN JOHNSON. The man behind the desk
is tall, overweight, and balding but well respected
for his progressive penological ideas. ZIPORYN knocks
and steps in the office.

JOHNSON
Have you had a look at Speck yet?

ZIPORYN
No.

JOHNSON
Do you think he's suicidal?

ZIPORYN
No idea.

JOHNSON
Well, I think you should go down and see him.
See whether he is suicidal and tell us what
precautions we should take.

35 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--CORRIDOR--DAY

ZIPORYN is walking along the 200-foot, ground-floor
corridor leading to cell Block H, where Speck is being
kept. As ZIPORYN passes Block F, a Negro, HERMAN
BERNETH, screams:
BERNETH
(screaming toward Speck's cell)
I'll kill you, you bastard! I'll get you, sure as God!

ZIPORYN continues down the corridor and arrives at Block H. He is stopped by the chief guard, DAVID BRIERTON.

BRIERTON
I'm afraid, sir, I have to ask you for your identification card. You understand--regulations.

ZIPORYN, who has known BRIERTON for several years, smiles and hands his I.D. card to the guard. The cell is then unlocked and ZIPORYN steps in. The cell is a sickening cream and olive-drab color. It is a hot, sticky Chicago July afternoon and the large electric fan outside Block H does little more than impose a constant reminder of its presence. SPECK is lying in bed reading a Look magazine. He ignores ZIPORYN. As ZIPORYN approaches him, he concentrates even harder on the magazine, holding it closer to his eyes.

ZIPORYN
(coughs and says quietly)
Mr. Speck, my name is Dr. Ziporyn. I'm the jail psychiatrist, and I've been asked to find out a little bit about you. Mind if we talk?

SPECK shrugs and continues looking at the magazine. He says nothing.

ZIPORYN
Do you like to read?

SPECK
(without looking up, mutters)
Nope. (He pauses and adds, still not looking at ZIPORYN.) I don't read too well. I just look at the pictures.

ZIPORYN
Can you read at all? I'd like you to show me. (ZIPORYN takes the magazine that SPECK was looking at and selects a page) Here, read this.
SPECK
(in a broad Texas drawl, stretching out each word in a halting rhythm that has nothing to do with sense of what he is reading, stumbles his way through the text)
You...you...you're...about to...uh, uh...about to...uh...graduate. Do...you...know, do you know...where...you're...going? (SPECK looks down and says blandly) You see? I just don't read well, do I?

ZIPORYN
(trying some formal mental-status tests)
I'm going to give you four numbers. I want you to listen very carefully and then repeat them--41, 37, 16, 5.

SPECK
(staring bleakly into space)
Forty-one...er...um. That's it. That's all I can remember.

ZIPORYN
(unable to tell if SPECK is faking or sincere, continues)
I want you to repeat this sentence--A cowboy from Arizona went to San Francisco with his horse and his dog to buy a saddle and a new suit of clothes.

SPECK
(hesitates, then begins)
A cowboy from San Francisco...(SPECK flushes, bites his lower lip, and stops) That's all I can remember.

ZIPORYN
Okay. Now start with the number 100. Then subtract by sevens until I tell you to stop.

SPECK
(uncomprehending)
Subtract? You mean take away sevens? Well, I'm not sure...

ZIPORYN
(interrupting)
Suppose you had 100 apples and you gave me 7. How many would you have left?
SPECK
(after a short pause)
Uh...93.

ZIPORYN
Then seven more?

SPECK
(thinking for about 30 seconds)
Eighty-one.

ZIPORYN
(nonchalantly)
Did you ever get hit on the head?

SPECK
(showing more interest in this question than in the arithmetic questions)
Plenty of times. When I was playing in a sandbox, I hit myself on the head with a claw hammer. Accidentally, I knocked myself out. Then, a few years later—I must have been about ten—I was playing with some kids. They chased me and I climbed into a tree. I hid there for a while, maybe ten feet from the ground, and lost my hold. I fell on my head. My sister found me. She thought I was dead. They told me I was out for about an hour and a half. When I came to, she was still screaming, "He's dead, he's dead." About five years after that, I did it again. This time I was running down a street and ran my head straight into a steel awning rod. I was knocked out again. That thing must have gone right into my brain. See that patch of light-colored hair? That's where it hit me. On top of that I've been pistol-whipped by cops and I've been beat up in bar fights. Hundreds of times.

Cause for brain damage seems sufficient there, but ZIPORYN tries another test to see if SPECK might be suffering from schizophrenia.

ZIPORYN
You went as far as ninth grade, right? Did you ever have any history?

SPECK
A little.
ZIPORYN
Do you know who Captain Cook was?

SPECK
A pirate?

ZIPORYN
No, a famous explorer. He went round the world on three separate trips and was killed. On which trip did it happen?

SPECK
(without hesitating)
Are you kidding? The third, of course.

Classic schizophrenics often say the first or second trip or excuse themselves from answering by saying something like: "I don't know about Captain Cook." The psychiatrist had deliberately chosen the most simplified test. Anything more complex introduces the factor of the variable educational levels of patients, which would render analysis of the responses more difficult and less reliable. ZIPORYN tries one more standard primary test for schizophrenia.

ZIPORYN
I read the other day that they dug up a skull of an eight-year-old boy in Spain. They think it was Christopher Columbus. What do you think?

SPECK
(scornful)
That ain't right. Columbus was an old man when he died.

(The possibility of schizophrenia seems increasingly unlikely to ZIPORYN. In this kind of questioning, schizophrenics will often argue the pros and cons of the skull's possibly belonging to Columbus. ZIPORYN is satisfied that SPECK shows no cognitive or perceptive defects indicative of schizophrenia, but he needs evidence of a secondary nature, based on SPECK'S psychological history.)

ZIPORYN
Do you ever hear any voices?
(blushes and pauses for a long time, he does not seem to want to reply, finally)
Well sometimes. (Again he pauses and sheepishly answers) When I take drugs.

(At the second hesitation ZIPORYN becomes puzzled. Hearing voices is a common symptom of schizophrenia. If SPECK'S hearing was not structurally impaired but occasionally functioned abnormally so that he heard voices, then he might be subject to schizophrenia, a functional psychosis. But his remark about drugs made it more likely that the voices were the result of an organic abnormality caused by the interaction of the damage to the brain.)

ZIPORYN
Whose voices?

SPECK
(obviously embarrassed)
You'll kind of think I'm silly, I mean it sounds ridiculous, but they're like my conscience talking to me. They warn me, tell me: 'Don't do it,' when I'm thinking of doing something bad. (pauses, then with great deliberation adds) But I want you to know it only happens when I'm on drugs.

ZIPORYN
What kind of drugs?

SPECK
Yellow-jackets and red-birds. Sometimes I shoot myself with inhalers. You know, glue and stuff.

ZIPORYN
And do you drink?

SPECK
Boy, do I drink.

ZIPORYN
What?
SPECK
(talks slowly, quietly, in a monotone voice, he is showing more interest in the psychiatrist's questions now that they are more directly related to his personal experience, but he still seems listless)

Anything I can lay my hands on--wine, beer, whisky, gin, you name it. I drink from the time I get up till I get drunk and fall back in bed. Sometimes it makes me feel real good. But sometimes it puts me in a real bad temper and then I get into fights.

ZIPORYN
(takes a deep breath and asks)
Dick, you know that everybody is saying you killed those nurses. What happened?

SPECK
I don't know anything more about it than you do.

ZIPORYN
Did you do it?

SPECK
(sighs deeply and replies in a low voice, with a shrug of resignation)
Everybody says I did it. Must be so. If they say I did it, I did it.

This acceptance of guilt makes it seem unlikely that SPECK had earlier been feigning stupidity or deliberately dramatizing his brain injuries to pave the way for an insanity plea, but ZIPORYN reserves judgment. It is still too early.

ZIPORYN
(repeating the question)
Did you do it?

SPECK
Look, I was drinking that day. I told you how I drink. And I had six red-birds. To tell you the truth, I don't know nothing about anything from eight o'clock that night till I came to, about eleven o'clock the next day. All I remember is I met three sailors in a tavern on the South Side in the afternoon.
We had some drinks, then we went off some place and had a fix—a shot in the arm. I don't know what it was exactly, but it wasn't heroin. It was something in a blue bottle, I think. I don't remember a thing after that. I couldn't tell you or nobody else what any of those nurses looked like.

ZIPORYN
You remember going into the building, the place where they lived?

SPECK
(hesitates, smiles quizzically, and looks around the cell)
You know they gave me this lawyer—name of Gerald Getty and he told me not to talk about this to anybody.

ZIPORYN
But this is part of the jail routine. You can tell me.

SPECK
Is it? Well, I guess it's okay then. Nope, I don't remember going into no building.

ZIPORYN
What did you do when you came to, the next day?

SPECK
(snorts in a self-mocking tone)
Same thing I always do. Went out and got drunk again.

ZIPORYN
Did you hear about the murders when you went out?

SPECK
Yeah, I heard something about it.

ZIPORYN
You didn't connect yourself with it?

SPECK
(considers the question and shakes his head with a look of surprise on his face, it seems to be striking
him for the first time that his feeling of detachment is a little odd, then slowly replies)
No, I didn't make no connection, not till I heard my name on the radio.

ZIPORYN
Were you frightened at all?

SPECK
No. By that time I was too drunk again to feel anything.

ZIPORYN
And how do you feel about it now?

SPECK
(the tired air of resignation deepens in his voice, the nasals of his Southern twang add a harshness as he drawls)
Well, if I burn, I burn. (SPECK pauses. SPECK and ZIPORYN watch the other prisoners for a while, then SPECK adds) When I heard what they said I done, on the radio, I just felt there was no point in living. If I was that kind of person, then I was no good to anybody any more, no good to myself neither. First I tried a bottle of sleeping pills, a whole bottle, but that was no good. I had to do something, I had to find some way. I mean, what's the use of living, somebody like me? So then I tried cutting myself. But that didn't work either, did it? I'm still here. (SPECK lapses into silence and puts his head into his large hands. The camera pans toward the cell window and zooms out. It is now raining outside. As the camera begins to zoom in again, we see that we are now in:)

36 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--CHIEF WARDEN JOHNSON'S OFFICE--DAY

JOHNSON and ZIPORYN are both present. ZIPORYN is sitting down and JOHNSON is pouring a cup of coffee.

JOHNSON
(handing coffee to ZIPORYN)
What did you find out? Is he still suicidal?
ZIPORYN

Yes, Speck is suicidal. He is emotionally unstable, impulsive, and depressive. (DISSOLVE to SPECK in his hospital cell, he is sitting on his bed, staring into the rain, his face is motionless. Camera slowly zooms in on SPECK'S face as ZIPORYN'S Voice Over continues) I recommend that Speck take the usual psychiatric tests--electroencephalogram, the Bender-Gestalt, and the Wechsler-Bellevue intelligence tests. And precautions should be taken against suicide. I'll have another talk with Speck on Monday. (The extra closeup of SPECK'S face fades to BLACK)

FADE IN:

37 A white subtitle against a black background reads:

MONDAY, AUGUST 1, 1966

Fade to BLACK.

FADE IN:

38 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--JAIL CORRIDOR--DAY

SPECK, wearing an open-necked short-sleeved white sportshirt which flaps over a pair of dark-blue slacks, is being walked along the 200 foot tunnel-corridor connecting the Cook County Jail to the Criminal Courts Building. Shuffling uneasily on his feet, he is being escorted and assisted by two massive policemen--six-foot-ten-inch Sheriff LEE COLLINS and his hefty partner, JEROME ADASIK. SPECK is taken by elevator to a fourth-floor chamber adjoining the courtroom of Chief Judge ALEXANDER NAPOLI, where SPECK is told to sit and wait.

39 INT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING--COURTROOM--DAY

Standing guard in the courtroom are twenty-five sheriff's policemen and bailiffs. As they lock the courtroom doors, they herd the spectators and news reporters (cameramen excluded) to one side of the courtroom and systematically overturn each bench to search for explosives or weapons. The
spectators are then moved to the other side and the process repeated. At the same time, each person attending the hearing is carefully searched for concealed weapons. None of the half-dozen guards assigned to stand around the prisoner carry a gun. Finally the courtroom is considered ready for the hearing to begin. SPECK is brought in from the adjoining chamber. There is no strength left in his legs after his fifteen days in bed. He sways a little as he stands before JUDGE NAPOLI. JUDGE NAPOLI is a fifty-eight-year-old man, rather small and plump, spectacled, and rather friendly looking. GERALD GETTY approaches the judge, standing to the right of SPECK. GETTY is a rumpled bear of a man, a stocky defense council veteran. No hardnose, he seems to mask patience and perceptivity behind a facade of pessimism.

JUDGE NAPOLI
(in a firm voice to the stenographer)
Let the record show that Gerald W. Getty has been assigned by the state of Illinois to represent the defendant, Richard Speck.
(speaking now to SPECK) Are you Richard Franklin Speck?

SPECK, standing with his right hand in his pants pocket, stares fixedly at the floor, and mumbles inaudibly.

JUDGE NAPOLI
You'll have to speak up.

SPECK
(leans forward and puts his mouth close to a microphone on the bench in front of him)
Yeah.

JUDGE NAPOLI
Are you able to hire a lawyer, and do you have a bank account, real estate, stocks and bonds, and/or other financial assets?

SPECK
(mutters simply)
Uh-uh.
JUDGE NAPOLI
(to GETTY)
Mr. Getty, as defense counsel, the defendant Richard Speck is charged with the murders of eight student nurses. How does the defendant plead?

GETTY
Your Honor, the defendant pleads not guilty on each of the eight indictments.

The camera zooms in to a close shot of SPECK'S face as the courtroom audio fades out. Over SPECK'S face we suddenly hear:

HERMAN BERNETTE
(Voice Over)
You guilty son-of-a-bitch!...(as the camera zooms out, we see:)

40 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

SPECK is now back in his hospital cell in Ward 1. With him is ZIPORYN. BERNETTE, the Negro prisoner in the adjacent cell, screams:

HERMAN BERNETTE
(Voice Over)
...You're a dead man, Speck, just like all them little girls you killed! You're dead, Speck! Dead!

SPECK
(pacing the cell, smoking erratically and complaining irrationally)
That guy bugs me. I want out of here! Why don't they put me in the isolation block? And why won't they let me have real cigarettes? They won't let me have the brand I like--Kools.

ZIPORYN lets him vent his irritation a while longer then decides to bring him back to their conversation of three days ago.

ZIPORYN
Do you remember last time how you said you often got into a real bad temper after a few drinks, a temper that made you violent? Is that what happened on the night the nurses were killed?
I don't know.

ZIPORYN
Let's suppose it was. What do you think the girls did to provoke your temper? What do you think made you do it?

SPECK
(glumly)
Me? I like girls—I wouldn't hurt women. Anyway, I don't remember a thing about that night. I never knew those girls.

SPECK is becoming more and more morose and hostile, and ZIPORYN stands up to leave. SPECK leans forward and grips his arm as he rises.

SPECK
Get me out of here, Doc, will you? Out of this hospital, I mean, not the jail.

For the first time the psychiatrist notices SPECK'S hands as they hold his arm—they are huge and powerful, with long fingers.

ZIPORYN'S office is spartanly furnished, but highly functional. Diplomas and awards surround the blue walls, including a B.S. from Northwestern University, 1942, and an M.S. from the Chicago Medical School. His desk is littered with many files and scattered papers. ZIPORYN is sitting behind the desk reading from a file.

ZIPORYN
(Voice Over)
From police and FBI investigations of Speck, I was able to begin forming a mental picture of Speck's past. He was born on the eve of the United States' entry into World War II—on December 6, 1941—in Kirkwood, Illinois, about 180 miles southwest of Chicago. His father, a potter named Benjamin Speck, moved the family of three sons, on of whom died.
when Speck was thirteen, and five daughters to nearby Monmouth, Illinois, shortly after Speck's birth. There they stayed until the father's death in December 1947, when Richard was six.

During this Voice Over, ZIPORYN while looking at the file on his desk, lights up a cigar and accidentally drops an ash on the floor. ZIPORYN looks down at the ash but ignores it--leaving it for the janitors. ZIPORYN then walks over to the filing cabinet and removing some loose papers, pours a cup of Maxwell, percolated coffee. ZIPORYN then goes back to the desk and sits. As ZIPORYN'S Voice Over continues, cut to:

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

A guard escorts SPECK out of his cell and down the corridor. SPECK, carrying an armful of cell articles, is taken to the isolation tier in Block H. SPECK enters and smiles. The maximum security section in the Cook County Jail consists of three cells cut off from the other tiers at the west end of the ground floor. It is usually reserved for prisoners under sentence of death or indicted on charges that carry the death penalty. At this time, however, SPECK, who is assigned the middle cell, is flanked by LOUIS STAMOS; for some reason better known as TONY GAMBINO, and MARK CLANCY, both in for armed robbery and placed in the maximum security block because of two escape attempts in January and February of 1966. The room next to the maximum security block, just a dozen paces from the door to SPECK'S cell, is the execution chamber. Maximum security is normally guarded by a single officer, seated at a desk facing the center cell. For Speck, a special second guard is assigned to visit the tier regularly on patrol. A round-the-clock vigil ensures that SPECK will not hang himself. The cell measures ten feet wide, ten feet long and twelve feet high, considerably larger than the cells in the rest of the jail. The bars to SPECK'S new cell are painted a typical dark green, the green of a dusty rubber plant, as is the lower half of the cell's walls. The upper half and the ceiling are a dull, sickly cream color. The concrete floor is painted
brick red. SPECK'S only furniture is a low steel spring bed painted the same color as the ceiling, covered with white sheets, a dark gray blanket, and two pillows. Hot water pipes run along the back wall, one set serving as a shelf above the radiator. Also on the back wall is a frosted window measuring about four feet by three, covered by a thick wire mesh and completely opaque. A sink with hot and cold water and a toilet are set into the wall opposite the bed. The cell is lit by a hanging light bulb.

ZIPORYN (continues Voice Over)

Speck then moved with his mother, Mary Margaret, to Dallas, Texas, where she remarried. In school he seemed a loner causing one teacher to remark, "He seemed sort of lost. It didn't seem like he knew what was going on. I wasn't able to teach him anything." I don't think I ever saw him smile. No one could get through to him. He seemed to be in a fog, sort of sulky. He didn't have any friends in class." Speck went on to Crozier Technical High School dropping out after one semester. During his teens in Dallas, he ran up a record of ten arrests for trespassing, burglary, and other misdemeanors. His police record was a handicap when looking for jobs, and he didn't last long as a laborer, garbage collector, truckdriver, or carpenter. Richard married a fifteen-year-old girl, Shirley Malone, when he was twenty, and was separated in January 1966. She retained custody of their three-year-old daughter. One of Richard's sisters, Mrs. Carolyn Wilson, told the police that Speck had been very devoted to his daughter. In fact, at the time Richard was arrested, his wallet contained a color photograph of the little girl sitting on some steps in a bright dress, grinning up at the camera.

During this Voice Over, SPECK inspects his new "home". He neatly arranges his personal items around the cell--clothing, pillow cases, comb, Sanka, toilet paper, etc. After arranging these items, SPECK lights up a Kool and accidentally drops an ash on the floor. Gingerly he picks it up and deposits it in an ash
tray improvised from a cardboard box. Satisfied, he takes a plastic cup, fills it up with hot tap water, and puts in a plastic spoonful of Sanka. ZIPORYN'S Voice Over ends. Only the noise made by SPECK is heard as he takes a drink and walks over to a small cardboard box. He looks through the contents and gingerly takes out a photograph which he pins to the wall near his bed. SPECK sits on the bed and stares at the photograph—it is a color photograph of a little girl sitting on some steps in a bright dress, grinning up at the camera. We then hear the cell being unlocked and ZIPORYN enters.

SPECK
(greeting ZIPORYN amiably)
Hi, Doc. How're you doing? Take a seat.

There is no seat to take, so SPECK swings his legs round from his reclining position to make room for ZIPORYN to sit next to him. SPECK smiles and proudly offers a Kool cigarette to ZIPORYN. ZIPORYN smiles and accepts.

ZIPORYN
Dick, the police gave me some reports on you today. This one's from Monmouth, Illinois. You lived there until three months ago didn't you?

SPECK
(suddenly defensive)
Yeah, so?

ZIPORYN
(looking at one of the reports)
The week before you left Monmouth, a thirty-three-year-old barmaid was found beaten to death in her home. And on the day you left Monmouth, a sixty-five-year-old widow was bound, robbed, and raped. No arrests have been made in either case. Know anything about them, Dick? I'm sure the police will ask you about them later.

SPECK
Nope. And I didn't have anything to do with either one of them women. It makes me sick to think about it.
Suddenly SPECK winces and grips the back of his head.

SPECK
Headache, Doc. I get them all the time. And I get dizzy at the same time. I get this haze in front of my eyes—it's like a white blank wall.

SPECK drifts off into silence.

ZIPORYN
Okay, Dick, I'll see if I can get you something for it. Can you tell me what happened after you left Monmouth?

SPECK
(slowly)
Well, I got this job on a boat called the Randall, but I got fired in June—I got drunk and hit an officer. So I decided to come to Chicago. I've got a sister, Martha, here. And I wanted to look for a boat to New Orleans...

FADE BACK:

43 EXT. CHICAGO--THE SOUTH SIDE--DAY

SPECK is walking down the south side of Chicago, comes to a pay phone, and makes a call.

SPECK
Hello, Martha, it's me, Richard. I'm here in Chicago. How're you doing. How're the kids?

MARTHA
(Voice Over)
I'm fine, Richard, fine. And so are the kids. But what are you doing here? Are you in trouble?

SPECK
Nah, nothing like that. I just got off a boat and need to find a new job, maybe on a boat going to New Orleans. Listen, Martha, I'm kinda low on money. Could you lend me ten dollars and take me to the hiring hall? I'll pay you back as soon as I get a job. I'm at a phone booth on Pacific and North Western.
MARTHA
Okay, Richard, I'll be there in about thirty minutes.

SPECK
Thanks, Martha, and tell the kids hi.

44 EXT. CHICAGO--THE STREETS--DAY

We see a station wagon parked in front of a large red-brick building. The business marques reads:

NATIONAL MARITIME UNION
HIRING HALL

SPECK gets out of the station wagon and MARTHA hands him some money.

MARTHA
... and here's ten dollars. It's all I can afford right now. I hope you can find a boat to New Orleans. (she kisses him) Be careful, Richard. 'Bye.

MARTHA drives off and SPECK, carrying two bags, enters the hiring hall. He walks up to the main desk and starts to fill out an application form. A calendar shows:

SUNDAY, JULY 11, 1966

SPECK sees a nondescript CLERK and walks over to his desk.

SPECK
Got any openings on boats going to New Orleans?

CLERK
(checking files)
New Orleans? No, not today. Try again tomorrow.

SPECK
Yeah. Hey, where's a cheap place to stay?

CLERK
(methodically)
Out the doors, to your left, down two blocks--the Seahorse Inn--you can't miss it.
SPECK

Yeah.

SPECK leaves the hiring hall and follows the directions. He sees the inn, but instead crosses the street and enters a bar. DISSOLVE to the next day, early morning. SPECK enters the hiring hall and again goes to the CLERK. A calendar shows:

MONDAY, JULY 12, 1966

SPECK approaches the CLERK.

SPECK

I applied yesterday for work on a boat going to New Orleans. Heard of anything today?

CLERK

(checking his files)

No. All jobs are filled. Try again tomorrow.

SPECK

Yeah.

SPECK goes back to the bar and begins to drink. DISSOLVE to the next day, early morning. SPECK enters the hiring hall, carrying the two bags. Again he goes to the CLERK. A calendar shows:

TUESDAY, JULY 13, 1966

SPECK approaches the CLERK.

SPECK

I'm still looking for work on a boat going to New Orleans. You got anything?

CLERK

New Orleans. Yes, I think so. Let me check. (looks through his files) Yes, we did have a job for a first mate, but that was filled about thirty minutes ago. Sorry. But if I can make a suggestion—try again tomorrow.

SPECK

Yeah, thanks—you've been a lot of help. And if I can make a suggestion... (SPECK turns his back to the CLERK and faces the doors)...try and kiss my ass.
SPECK leaves the hiring hall with his two bags. SPECK notices a small park across from the hiring hall and goes over to a parkbench. SPECK, dejectedly, takes a seat. He hears a car horn honking and looks up. Across the street he sees a GIRL IN A YELLOW DRESS coming out of a townhouse and entering a 1964 Impala. The car drives off, SPECK continues to stare at the townhouse. SPECK finally gets up, smiles, and walks down the street in front of the townhouse. He continues for three blocks and comes to a service station. SPECK goes into the garage and spies the ATTENDANT, a red-haired, freckled-face twenty-five year old man, putting a tire on a rim. SPECK goes over and helps.

ATTENDANT

Thanks, buddy, thanks a lot. You don't find too many people today who don't mind helping other people.

SPECK

Ah, I don't mind work. Is this your place?

ATTENDANT

Yeah, I bought it back in '61. It's taken a lot of work to break even, but I do pretty good now.

SPECK

Sure is a nice place to work. Listen, can I ask a favor?

ATTENDANT

There's no harm in asking. What can I do?

SPECK

I've been looking for a job and I can't find one. Now I'm broke and have no place to stay. Would you mind if I leave my bags here, just for a couple of days...until I find a job?

ATTENDANT

Sure, I don't mind at all. Hope you find something.

SPECK

Yeah, thanks...
SPECK leaves the service station and goes to a liquor store. He buys two pints of Old Yellowstone Whisky and returns to the parkbench at Luella Park. Night is approaching. SPECK takes several long drinks from one of the bottles, takes a few pills, and stares at the townhouse across the street from the park. SPECK'S eyes begin to defocus. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL--SPECK'S HOSPITAL ROOM--DAY

SPECK is lying in a hospital bed. Slowly he awakes and his eyes focus. MISS AMURO is standing over his bed along with several policemen and Dr. LEROY SMITH.

MISS AMURO
(very quietly)
That is the man.

SPECK lapses back into unconsciousness. DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

ZIPORYN
Richard? ... Richard?

SPECK
Huh? Oh, yeah, Doc.

ZIPORYN
And then?

SPECK
I don't know. That's all. I fell asleep, then...

SPECK grimaces and stares at the floor.

SPECK
(after a long pause and in a depressed mood)
All I'm interested in is when they pull the switch. And if they don't do it, then I'll find a way to do it myself.

ZIPORYN
Why do you feel this way?

SPECK
You see, I've been feeling like this a long time. This killing thing has nothing to do with it.
Life just ain't worth living anymore. When I tried to kill myself before they got me, it was because I didn't have nothing to live for. And then, when they said I killed those girls, what was the sense of it all.

ZIPORYN
But weren't you ever interested in anything?

SPECK
Nope, I ain't interested in nothing--don't care about nothing neither.

ZIPORYN
How about your family... your daughter... your mother... your sisters, how about your wife?

SPECK
(shaking his head)
You're asking me questions I can't answer. (SPECK's temper is rising) Don't you see? I don't care a goddam thing about this world.

ZIPORYN makes no reply and stands to leave.

SPECK
(softly)
You're going? Do you have to? Why don't you stay and talk some more?

ZIPORYN
I've got another appointment, Dick. I'll see you again on Thursday. And I'll see you get some pills for your headache.

DISSOLVE TO Thursday. ZIPORYN enters SPECK'S cell and hands him some pills. SPECK nods his approval but appears depressed.

SPECK
They took me to court again yesterday, but I didn't understand a thing that was happening.

ZIPORYN
I discussed it with Mr. Getty this morning. He asked your judge to allow eight mental experts to examine you. The panel of experts would then be
asked to report; first, on your sanity at the time of the killings and, second, on whether you are mentally fit to stand trial.

SPECK
(dryly)
I ain't gonna plead crazy.

ZIPORYN
Dick, did you know a successful plea of insanity could save you from the electric chair?

SPECK
I'll never see the chair.

ZIPORYN
(surprised by SPECK'S sudden reversal)
Last time you seemed to be looking forward to the chair.

SPECK becomes depressed and lapses into a long silence. Tears form in his eyes.

SPECK
I've thought about it and I want to know everything you can tell me about myself. I want you to see my family. I want you to learn all you can and explain all this. If they don't pull the switch, well, I just don't know what I'll do. I don't know if I can live with my conscience--could you? You know, Doc, I like you. Say, have a cup of coffee. (SPECK calls to guard) Hey, I need another cup in here.

A guard brings a paper cup and SPECK carefully spoons in some Sanka, filling the cup with hot water from the tap in the cell. Grinning through moist eyes, SPECK hands ZIPORYN the cup and quickly glances around the cell. He goes over to a pile of magazines and straightens them up. He pats his bed into a tidy shape and then sits down, giving a satisfied nod that finally things are looking as they should. SPECK, still silent and depressed, picks up a magazine, and shakes his head with tears running down his cheeks.

SPECK
The whole thing is like a nightmare to me.
ZIPORYN notices that SPECK is squinting as he tries to read.

ZIPORYN
Dick, do you wear glasses?

SPECK
(sheepishly)
Yeah, I used to have a pair, but I threw 'em away. I didn't like wearing glasses.

ZIPORYN
Is that why you get headaches?

SPECK
(matter-of-factly)
No, I guess I get 'em from fighting so much.

ZIPORYN
Tell me more about your head injuries and headaches.

SPECK
(becoming interested)
Well, once I remember fighting this kid. It was in Dallas. I was sixteen. I had him on the ground, really giving it to him, and a cop came to break it up. He broke it up, okay—cracked my head with his club till he knocked me clean out. A year after that the headaches started. Man, those Dallas cops are tough, real animals. They gave me a real hard time. I was always getting into fights. Hit my stepfather once, round about when I was eighteen. Man did I hate him. Lindbergh, his name was. Mine too, till I got married and changed it back. One of his legs, the right one, was cut off halfway, after a car accident. So he had crutches. Thought I'd never hit him cause of those crutches. Just went on needling me. He was drunk. I was too, I think. Anyway, he came at me with one of those crutches and I hit him. Then he said he'd had enough and was gonna leave. I told him "Fine", and threw him out, and his clothes and things after him. I think my mother was glad to see him go. He came back a year later, but then left again for good.

ZIPORYN
Did you ever hit your mother?
SP'EEK
(looking shocked)
No! I would never hit her. I did hit my wife, Shirley, once. She was acting friendly with some guy. Another time I got hold of a guy in a washroom in Dallas. I thought he'd been hanging around with Shirley. I beat him up. I was mad. I got mad at just about anything. When I was a kid, just a teenager, in East Dallas, I was with some guys and we got some red-birds. Whew, they made me wild. We were watching a parade once and we had some blockbusters. I just passed out and they took me to a juvenile home. I don't know exactly what happened after that, but I've been told that when my mother came to get me she says I was talking nice and polite, then suddenly I went wild. Started swinging and kicking at everybody. But I don't remember a thing about it myself. There was lots of times when I'd black out like that and not remember a thing. I get a glassy haze, like when you look into the sun. I remember once I was driving a souped-up '49 Ford, going maybe a hundred miles an hour or more, and I just passed out. Lucky my buddy, Rod Kenney, was with me. He grabbed the wheel just in time. Told me about it afterwards, but I wouldn't have known. I get hazes all the time, had one when I was near my sister's home right here in Chicago a little while back. Get them all the time. Hey, would you go see my sister, Martha, for me? Write a note for me to her and I'll sign it so as she'll talk to you about me. And ask her for some clothes for me, maybe a jacket and a couple of shirts, a T-shirt, too,

ZIPORYN
Sure, I'd be glad to. (After a short pause, continues) Let's go over the murders again and what Corazon Amuro said about them. You know, she's the one who survived.

SP'EEK
(nods and says in a soft voice)
I'm glad she did. (SP'EEK stares earnestly at ZIPORYN.)
ZIPORYN  
(continues)  
Now, she says you came in the back door, came up to her room and awoke her. Then she says you...or rather, let's say 'the killer'...

SPECK  
(interrupting in the same soft voice)  
Let's just say it was me.

ZIPORYN  
(very softly)  
Tell me what you can remember, Dick.

SPECK  
(taking a deep breath)  
I'd been on an ore boat and the hiring hall got me this job on a ship in Indiana. One of the sailors drove out there with me in a truck. I was on board maybe thirty minutes when they told me it was all a mix-up--somebody else had the job. So I came back to Chicago. I didn't have no room, didn't have enough money to get one either, just a few dollars. This was Tuesday. I asked a guy in a filling station if I could leave my bags there. He was a real nice guy and said I could. Then I went to a beer joint about a block away. Near the bar there was an apartment house they were working on. It was raining hard, pouring. I went to get my suitcase, but the gas station wasn't open yet, so I went across the street and had a Royal Crown. Back at the hiring hall, they told me there was a job on an ocean boat. That sounded good and I told 'em I wanted it. You know, I love being a sailor. That's something makes me feel good. But they told me the job wasn't till the next Monday. I played a game of hearts at one of the tables there, and my brother-in-law came in and gave me $25. I went off and got a room at the Shipyard Inn and started playing some pool. I'm a real good pool player. I won ten, maybe eleven dollars. I had a big knife, really it was a dagger, like a bayonet. Anyway, I made another buck from that, sold it to some guy. I pepped myself up on a few red-birds, six of the, and took a walk by one of the little lakes out there, then went back to the
bar for a drink. I had some whisky and a pint of wine and got talking to these sailors like I told you before. They took me to their room. It was dark. They had this disposable syringe and took this stuff from a bottle and started "popping". I tied a handkerchief around my left arm and stuck it in. All the way. Before the needle was out, I could feel, you know, feel--zzzoommm--a buzzing all over me, and I was feeling real, real good. The next thing I know I was back in my own room and it was morning. I had a gun and I don't know where I got it. I just sat there wondering where the hell I got that gun. (SPECK lapses into silence)

ZIPORYN
Did you notice blood anywhere?

SPECK
No. I had on black Ivy Leagues and a new black shirt with white buttons. Everything was clean. (SPECK stops suddenly and stares at ZIPORYN for a moment and then turns his face to the wall as he lays on the bed) I'm going to tell you something. (there is not a sound in the cell. He slowly turns around to face ZIPORYN again) There was blood on my right hand that morning. I didn't really see it or know what it was till I put my hand in the water and the water turned red. I thought I'd cut myself. (after a long pause, he continues), I went back to the Shipyard Inn for some more wine. I still couldn't make out how I got that goddam gun. It bugged me. While I was there, a detective came in and asked the bartender some questions. It didn't bother me. I didn't know why he was there. In the afternoon, I heard them talking about the murders on the radio. I remember saying to the guy next to me at the bar, 'I hope they catch the son-of-a-bitch.' I moved on to a few other bars in the neighborhood, and all day long the police were coming in and out, asking questions. I was wanted for a burglary in Dallas, and the cops were beginning to worry me. If they just decided to take everybody in they didn't like the look of, they might have found out I'd run from Texas. So I beat it up to the North Side..., played some
more pool. I won a few more bucks. I checked into the Raleigh Hotel and went out again to pick up a prostitute. The papers say she was Puerto Rican, but she was darker than that, she was colored. She stripped to her panties and we just sat in my room drinking. We had a fight about money, and then I went to sleep. She called the cops and they came and took the gun. The next day I saw the police picture of the killer in the papers. It didn't look nothing like me so I didn't know it was me, because of the flat top. My hair was never that short. I like my hair long. It looks better that way. It was Saturday afternoon when I first heard that it was me they were looking for. I couldn't believe it at first.

SPECK breaks off the conversation and rolls himself a cigarette from a packet of Buglers tobacco.

ZIPORYN
(after a long pause)
Have you ever seen anyone get stabbed, Dick?

SPECK
(his eyes lighting up)
Yeah. Got stabbed myself. (pulls up his shirt to reveal a scar on the upper left side of his chest) I was with a bunch of the boys in a joint in Texas, and there was some talk, know what I mean? This guy jumped me--stuck me right there. I was bloody all over.

ZIPORYN
Okay. So how come you weren't bloody all over on the morning after the murders?

SPECK
I don't know. I went down to the bar the next day in my same clothes--there wasn't any blood. (SPECK becomes sullen, then glances over at the guard outside the cell and smiles) That night guard out there, he gets drunk. Last night he came right up to the bars and started cussing me. I told him if he didn't leave me alone I'd reach through those bars and beat the shit out of him. Don't say nothing, will you, Doc. He's an old man--he couldn't get another job if he was fired.
ZIPORYN

(nods in agreement and then returns to his earlier line of questioning)
Dick, I talked to the police in Monmouth. They are trying to tie you into the rape of the sixty-five-year-old woman.

SPECK

(indignantly, with a sly smile)
I'm no rape-o. I don't have to be. But I'd sure like to know what made me kill those girls. Why would I do a thing like that?

ZIPORYN

(hesitantly)
Well, as a psychiatrist I might suggest you were working out some kind of hostility—anger—that you felt at your mother for marrying your stepfather.

SPECK

But I love my mother.

ZIPORYN

That's the whole point. You love her and maybe you're angry at her for betraying that love. At least, that's how you may feel unconsciously, without realizing it, I mean.

SPECK

That doesn't make sense, okay, I didn't like my stepfather and I didn't like the idea of my mother being married to him. But what's that got to do with those girls. Why should I kill them?

ZIPORYN

Before I give you a reason, I want you to tell me the truth—did you ever hit your mother?

SPECK

I wouldn't lay a finger on my mother. I took good care of that. She'd yell at me if I was drinking. I knew how I got when I was drunk and I didn't want any trouble with her, so if I drank too much I stayed away from home. It was safer that way. I was always trouble at home, even when I was a little kid. Thinking about that gun they found on me after the murders,
it reminded me of the first gun I ever had, I was six or seven and my brother, Howie, gave me a cap pistol. I shot it off at home and the whole place was filled with smoke. Boy, did I catch it for that.

ZIPORYN
Dick, you're avoiding the question. The truth now--did you ever hit her?

SPECK
(somberly)
I have a split personality. My mother knows all about it. You see when I'm sober, I'm...I'm... I'm, well, okay; but when I get stoned on drugs... yeah, once I kicked my mother in the head, but I was on pills, but...still... (SPECK lapses into silence and stares at the floor).

ZIPORYN
Dick, did you know what was happening at the time you were kicking your mother?

SPECK
(with tears in his eyes)
No. (SPECK glances around the cell and again looks at the guard outside the cell) I guess the warden told you that I got into a fight. We were in the reception area and I noticed one of the guards had a gray hair on his shoulder. I kidded him about going out with old broads. The guard said old broads are sometimes still good, and I said, 'Yeah, nine to ninety--old ones, young ones, crippled ones.' Then this smart-ass next to me opened his big mouth and said 'dead ones?' So I swung at him. (SPECK looks at ZIPORYN as if searching for some kind of endorsement, but does not receive one) Okay, so I hit my mother once. Why does that make me go out and kill eight girls I don't even know?

ZIPORYN
Your attitude toward your mother, your love toward her, could have worked on your unconscious and be transferred to women in general. Also, the high number of head injuries could make brain damage an agonizingly self-perpetuating process. What that means if this--the bumps, beers, and
drugs made a different person out of you. Without the alcohol or the drugs, you're Dr. Jekyll, the normal man. With them, you turn into Mr. Hyde, the monster. On the night of July 13, you probably were so heavily influenced by the drugs and liquor taken earlier that you cannot be held responsible for the acts of that night. We could even say you didn't kill them, it was...

SPECK
(interrupting)
It was me, all right. Everybody says it was me, it has to be me.

ZIPORYN looks at SPECK and sees that he has a slight smile on his face. ZIPORYN gets up and leaves the cell. As the guard closes the cell door behind him, ZIPORYN notices a rolled newspaper emerging through the bars, hovering over the guard and suddenly flicking the guard's cap to the floor. The newspaper disappears back into the cell, and SPECK'S face appears at the bars, grinning like an impudent schoolboy.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING--CHICAGO--DAY
ZIPORYN walks up to an apartment building on the North-West Side near the Kennedy Expressway. ZIPORYN knocks on an apartment door and SPECK'S sister, MRS. MARTHA THORNTON, keeping the chain on the door, she looks at ZIPORYN through the three-inch opening.

ZIPORYN
Mrs. Thornton? I'm Marvin Ziporyn. I'm Richard's doctor—he asked me to see you. Here, I've got a note from him.

ZIPORYN hands the note to MARTHA through the three-inch opening.

MARTHA
Can I see some identification?

ZIPORYN
Sure, here.

ZIPORYN hands her his driver's license and his Cook County Jail identification card.
The apartment is small and clean, with neatly arranged furniture. The colors in the living room are drab except for a few small religious pictures on the wall, one of them a version of the Last Supper. The windows overlook the tracks of the Chicago North-western railroad. MRS. MARTHA THORNTON is a small, dark-haired woman in her early forties. Her manner is calm, though she shows signs of wear in her face.

She leads ZIPORYN into the dining room and motions for him to take a seat at the dining room table. She sits opposite him with her hands clasped.

MARTHA

I'm sorry about all that--having to check your I.D., I mean--but I just can't be too sure anymore. We've--that is, my husband and I--have been getting phone calls at five in the morning, visits every other minute from reporters, police, lawyers, and who knows who else, ever since this whole think started. My brother's lawyer said we weren't to see any more people. But this note from Richard is the first word I've heard from him that hasn't come from the newspaper or television. Richard says in the note that you want to ask me some questions.

ZIPORYN

Yes, Mrs. Thornton. Your brother is fine now and seems to be adjusting well--considering all that has happened to him. But I need to confirm some of the things he's told me. Can you tell me anything about his childhood?

MARTHA

(Thinks for a few moments and then replies) Well, Richard was very close to his Dad--his real Dad. Richard was the apple of his father's eye; he used to follow Dad around like a shadow, that's what I remember most when he was little. After we moved to Dallas, I didn't see much of him. But I do know that after Dad died, Richard was closest to Carolyn, our sister, two years younger than Richard. Later, Mom remarried. Richard was always getting into fights with his
stepfather. Richard couldn't bear that man, but then none of us liked him much either. He was always getting drunk. He was supposed to be in the insurance business, but he had a mind like a three-year-old. (pauses, then adds) Richard really hated him.

ZIPORYN
Did he ever complain about headaches?

MARTHA
Richard was always asking for aspirins. I think part of the reason for those headaches was because he wouldn't wear glasses. He's a bit of a dandy, a very neat and clean person—used to shower three or four times a day.

ZIPORYN
Yes, Dick does seem very conscious of his appearance.

MARTHA
(with a smile)
You musn't call him Dick. He doesn't like that. He prefers Richard. (pauses, then continues) I think he enjoyed visiting us here in Chicago. He liked my two little daughters. He used to play cards with them, talk to them, tell them all sorts of things he would never tell anyone else. For instance, he told them about his bad drinking habits, and the effects it had on him, and the drugs he took. Always liked those kids. Of course, he adored his own child, too. When he was staying with us in July—just before it happened—he was walking around the neighborhood and saw a kid that reminded him of his own little girl. He tried to find her again but couldn't, and came home and told us about it. It was a strange coincidence because it was July 2, his daughter's birthday, so he went out into the garden and carved her initials on a tree—R. S. Robbie Speck. (smiles for a brief moment, then adds grimly) At the same time, he was very depressed. He was fed up with not being able to get a job. There was always some other man who would get in ahead of him, because of seniority or something. Anyway, it depressed him a lot. He kept on saying how the world wasn't worth anything and he'd be better off dead, and that was two weeks before the murders.
ZIPORYN
(nods—he is interested to see that Speck's suicidal thoughts had preceded the murders)
Yes, what about the murders? Any ideas?

MARTHA
(thinks for a moment and says)
Well, we've discussed this thing in the family, over and over. We've read all the reports.
Carolyn—like I said, she was always the closest to Richard—she won't believe he did it. But she did notice something. We were looking at the pictures of the nurses and she said one of them, Gloria Davy, looked like Richard's wife, Shirley.

48 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

SPECK is sleeping in his cell, nearby is the photograph of his smiling daughter. SPECK is lying on the bed in a T-shirt and shorts, his mouth is open as he sleeps. As ZIPORYN enters the cell and wakes him, SPECK grunts and stares sullenly in front of him without saying a word. He is obviously disturbed, perhaps embarrassed at being caught in a state of undress.

ZIPORYN
(hesitantly)
You seem quite depressed.

SPECK
(defensively)
Well, I just woke up, didn't I? (pauses, gets out of bed, then asks) Can you get hold of Getty for me? Why doesn't he come see me? Did he give up on me? Some lawyer!

ZIPORYN
I'll see what I can do. I can tell you this—Mr. Getty is trying to have the trial moved out of Chicago.

SPECK
(casually)
I don't see it'll make much difference. They'll sentence me to the chair wherever they hold the
thing. But I'll tell you this—I won't go. Not the chair, man. I've thought about it more and I'll find some way to do it myself, but I'm not going to the chair. (SPECK points to the hot-water pipes and makes a gesture around his neck to indicate he will hang himself) You know, I'd prefer getting killed by a firing squad. Yeah, that'd be much better.

ZIPORYN
Why is the chair so much worse? Is it because of the pain?

-SPECK

Right.

ZIPORYN
But they say it doesn't hurt.

-SPECK

The conversation is interrupted by raucous laughter from the cells on either side of SPECK. In voices theatrically loud and aimed more at SPECK than at each other, LOUIS "GAMBINO" STAMOS and MARK CLANCY are discussing the therapeutic advantages of a modern jail system.

GAMBINO
Hey, Clancy. It's a great thing the way they give you psychiatrists in jail these days.

CLANCY
(Voice Over)
That's okay. But it's no good having a male psychiatrist. I'd rather have a woman in here to talk to me.

GAMBINO
(Voice Over)
What would you be able to do with a woman psychiatrist? You've been in jail so long, your head and your balls have rotted away. (They both roar with laughter, then GAMBINO shouts) Hey, Speck. How would you like a girl in there?
SPECK grins sheepishly at ZIPORYN and makes no reply. CLANCY calls back to GAMBINO.

CLANCY
(Voice Over)
Speck can't answer you now. He's got a visitor.

GAMBINO
(Voice Over)
No kidding? Who?

CLANCY
(Voice Over)
The doctor.

GAMBINO
(Voice Over)
Ah, the immoral Dr. Ziporyn. What's he doing in there, Speck? Buggering you?

GAMBINO cackles with laughter, SPECK blushes. Finally ZIPORYN resumes the conversation.

ZIPORYN
By the way—I saw Martha yesterday. She sends her love and says she'll try to come down and see you soon.

SPECK
(becoming interested)
What did she tell you about me—I mean anything that might help you?

ZIPORYN
She said you probably get your headaches because you don't wear glasses like you should.

SPECK
She's wrong. Sure I get headaches, but they come right here behind my eyes. The headaches that really bother me are the ones at the back of my head.

ZIPORYN lets the conversation die and pauses for a moment, then picks up a file from his briefcase and takes out two pages from a *Time* magazine. (ZIPORYN is extremely serious now)
ZIPORYN
I've got something to show you. Ever see this before?

SPECK leans forward and looks at the two pages that ZIPORYN is holding. It is an account of the murders of the eight nurses. SPECK studies a diagram of the house that shows where each of the murders were committed.

SPECK
(nodding his head slowly)
Looks like a new type of house. Look at that stairway, it's set right back from the door, the way they have it in modern places. (SPECK turns the page over and looks at a picture of CORAZON AMURO) She sure is beautiful. (SPECK then notices that at the top of the page, something has been cut out) How come you cut something out of here?

ZIPORYN
I'll show you.

From his briefcase, ZIPORYN takes out eight photographs which have been separately cut out of the magazine. ZIPORYN hands them, one by one, to SPECK. This is the first time that SPECK has been confronted with pictures of the girls since he was brought to jail. SPECK stares at the first photograph, MARY ANN JORDAN, twenty, for half a minute completely absorbed. The small, one-inch by one-inch photograph shows a pretty brunette with bright, white teeth smiling at the camera. Suddenly the camera DISSOLVES TO a flash-back to re-account the last seconds of MARY ANN JORDAN'S life:

INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS HALLWAY--NIGHT

MARY ANN JORDAN, wearing street clothes, is being escorted down the hall toward the upstairs front bedroom. The LONE FIGURE, seen from behind, has a gun and knife, but does not point either at her.

LONE FIGURE
(very calmly)
Don't be afraid--I'm not going to hurt you, I only want some money so that I can go to
New Orleans. Now I want you to go in there and get me all the money you can find. No trouble from you and no trouble from me. Okay?

MARY ANN JORDAN opens the door and walks into the bedroom. In the corner of her eye, she sees blue-eyed PAMELA WILKENING, twenty, MISS WILKENING is bound at the wrists lying on the bedroom floor in a pink nightgown in a pool of blood—she has been stabbed in the heart, left-breast, and strangled. As MARY ANN JORDAN turns to scream, a knife plunges deep into her left eye socket.

50 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

SPECK picks up a second photograph—SUZANNE FARRIS, twenty, also a brunette and also smiling into the camera. SPECK, shaking his head slowly, painfully slowly, from side to side, murmurs in a scarcely audible whisper.

SPECK
They're so young; so pretty. Look at them, Doc, real pretty things; aren't they?

ZIPORYN remains silent as SPECK continues to look at the photograph of SUZANNE FARRIS. DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--NIGHT

SUZANNE FARRIS, wearing street clothes, is bound at the wrists in the upstairs bathroom. Frantically she tries to loosen the bedsheets binding her. Suddenly the bathroom door bursts open and the LONE FIGURE enters and turns on the tap water in the bathroom sink. The camera stays on the running tap water. We hear muffled cries off camera and then see blood being washed down the sink from a pair of large, powerful hands.

52 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

ZIPORYN slips a third photograph into SPECK'S large, powerful hands—PATRICIA MATUSEK, twenty-one. Like the rest of the girls, she is a pretty brunette smiling into the camera.

SPECK
(with an appreciative nod)
Looks like Elizabeth Taylor.
DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. TOWNHOUSE--BACK BEDROOM--NIGHT

There are only two girls visible in the upstairs bedroom--PATRICIA MATUSEK, in facile cream and wearing a yellow nightgown, and GLORIA DAVY, twenty-two, wearing street clothes. Both girls are bound around the wrists and ankles with torn bedsheets. They are remarkably calm, waiting with numb surprise. The door opens, and the LONE FIGURE motions with the gun for PATRICIA MATUSEK to follow him. The LONE FIGURE is now covered with sweat.

PATRICIA MATUSEK

Will you please untie my ankles first?

LONE FIGURE

Yeah, but only your ankles. (starts to untie her ankles, then suddenly asks) Are you the girl with the yellow dress?

54 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS HALLWAY--NIGHT

The LONE FIGURE is seen escorting PATRICIA MATUSEK down the hall toward the upstairs front bedroom. MISS MATUSEK'S wrists are still bound. As they walk, the LONE FIGURE reassures her:

LONE FIGURE.

I want to put you with the rest of the girls in the other bedroom. Just be calm and nobody'll get hurt. I don't want any trouble either. Only some money, and then I'll leave and you'll never see me again. So no trouble, okay?

The LONE FIGURE and MISS MATUSEK arrive at the front bedroom. As MISS MATUSEK opens the door and enters, she sees the blood soaked bodies of MARY ANN JORDAN and PAMELA WILKENING. As MISS MATUSEK begins to scream, large powerful hands crush her throat. Noiselessly she falls to the floor. Just to make sure of his work, the LONE FIGURE savagely kicks her in the stomach. PATRICIA MATUSEK, lifelessly, does not respond.

55 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY
ZIPORYN hands SPECK a fourth photograph—GLORIA DAVY, twenty-two, an extremely beautiful girl with the same smile as the others aimed at the camera. As SPECK reaches to take it, he suddenly freezes. He draws his hand back from the picture as if it might sting him. His eyes open wide, his lips quiver slightly. He looks terrified. ZIPORYN offers the photograph to him again. SPECK reaches forward and gingerly takes the tiny photograph with both hands. He places it in the palm of one hand, like some poisonous insect, and as he stares at it, a rush of whistled air escapes through his lips.

SPECK

(looking at ZIPORYN with a stunned, distant gaze)

You know what? This is a dead ringer for my wife, Shirley.

SPECK looks at GLORIA DAVY'S photograph in silence for another thirty seconds and then looks at the four remaining photographs. He shuffles through them all again and picks out that of GLORIA DAVY, placing it on top of the pile for another look.

SPECK

Why? Why? It just doesn't make sense—them being dead, me being here.

ZIPORYN chooses not to comment, but brings out a report from his briefcase.

ZIPORYN

Richard, this is from the police report. It says that all of the girls were killed in the clothes they were wearing, except for Gloria Davy. She was found downstairs, naked, and strangled with a strip of clothing, her rectum mutilated...

SPECK

(interrupting)

What does "rectum" mean?

ZIPORYN

It means her rear end.
SPECK
(twisting his face in a tight grimace)
That's disgusting. I'd never do a thing like that. I tried it once when I was young, but it didn't work and I hated it anyway.

ZIPORYN
Richard, Gloria Davy was the only victim mutilated, the only one found completely nude, and the only one taken downstairs to kill.

SPECK
But what's so special about her? Why was she treated different than the rest?

ZIPORYN
You told me yourself what's so special about her. You told me she looks just like your wife. Well, it's possible--if it was you who did the murders--that the whole chain of violence was triggered off by your recognizing a resemblance between Gloria Davy and Shirley. Maybe when you first went into that house you were only intending to steal some money. You've told me how, when you're on a lot of alcohol and drugs--and you say you were that day--you can get into a blind fury if something starts it off. It only needs to be something small, but in this case it may have been something big, as big as the hatred you say you feel for your wife. I don't know what happened between you and Gloria Davy--we'll probably never know. But it's possible that her looking like your wife was enough to arouse your resentment. If she did anything in the slightest way to provoke you, it could have been enough to spark off a whole blaze of fury in you. Even if she was not the first to be killed--you may have deliberately left her till later--her resemblance to your wife could have pinpointed the cause of your hostility toward all the girls. This is only a theory, you understand. No one can know for sure what actually happened--unless, of course, your black-out of the incident was to fade away--but these two things are certain: the treatment of Gloria Davy was different from that of the other girls, and her picture does remind you of your wife, whom you repeatedly say you hate.
ZIPORYN waits for SPECK to comment, but SPECK remains silent, staring at the cell door.

ZIPORYN

Does any of this ring a bell for you?

SPECK

Nope, (pauses, then adds) While I was in prison, I heard my wife was running around. When I got out, I got me a sawed-off shotgun and went round to his house--I made Shirley give me the guys name, told her I'd kill her if she didn't tell--anyway, he wasn't home. I waited in my car. I watched three or four kids playing around the house. When he came, I shoved the gun in his face, but I couldn't do it, not with that family. Wonder what kind of guy he was. Once I thought I saw Shirley driving into a motel. Then another car drove in. I went and got a pistol, then came back and kicked the door down. There was nobody there. Last summer she left me for good. She said she had been seeing another guy. When she told me that, I went out and got drunk and smashed my car into a tree. Then I saw her in a tavern with a guy. I tried to get her to come home with me, but she wouldn't. I knocked 'em both down and left. You know, the Bible says not to hate, but if there's anybody I hate in this world--besides that stepfather--it's Shirley, and that's the truth. Say, Doc, I want to ask you something. You can read my mind like a book. If I did kill that girl cause she looked like Shirley why did I kill the rest of them?

ZIPORYN

That's my point. That's why you apparently treated Gloria differently, or at least you did things to her you didn't do to the others. Maybe you just went there to steal some money. You see, Gloria wasn't there at first. She came in later. She was taken to the bedroom with the others. I don't know what happened after that. The police said they found some alcohol in her blood. Maybe she said something, maybe it was just that she looked like Shirley. You remember I told you that you have a split personality
between Dr. Jekyll in your somber hours and Mr. Hyde in your drunken and drugged periods. As a matter of fact that's the whole pattern of your personality—split in two—what we call ambivalence. Like love and hate. Understand me?

SPECK shrugs his shoulders, but stares hard at ZIPORYN, obviously trying desperately to understand. ZIPORYN continues.

ZIPORYN
It's what I call a Madonna-Prostitute complex. Your mother being the protective Madonna and Shirley being the cheap prostitute. You see, no woman is an individual with good and bad qualities; to you they must be categorized, either worshipped or despised, adored or subjected to any abuse.

SPECK
I guess that's true. I was at a dance one time and I was talking to a girl. She was married and she propositioned me. I picked up a glass of whisky and threw it at her face. She deserved it.

ZIPORYN
See what I mean? Women are treated well as long as they behave. But when you think they're cheating, you really hate them. Now, the point is, when you're sober, you can handle those feelings. But when you drink and take drugs, then your anger and resentment get out of control and you become a wild man. And unfortunately one night last July, you were with eight nurses and everything suddenly exploded.

SPECK stares wildly into the psychiatrist's eyes. He lowers his head and when he raises it again his eyes are glistening with tears.

SPECK
Doc, I'd die eight times over if I could bring them back. I should have been shot the first time I hit my mother. And I choked Shirley once. I'm just no good.
bar for a drink. I had some whisky and a pint of wine and got talking to these sailors like I told you before. They took me to their room. It was dark. They had this disposable syringe and took this stuff from a bottle and started "popping". I tied a handkerchief around my left arm and stuck it in. All the way. Before the needle was out, I could feel, you know, feel- zzzoommm--a buzzing all over me, and I was feeling real, real good. The next thing I know I was back in my own room and it was morning. I had a gun and I don't know where I got it. I just sat there wondering where the hell I got that gun. (SPECK lapses into silence)

ZIPORYN
Did you notice blood anywhere?

SPECK
No. I had on black Ivy Leagues and a new black shirt with white buttons. Everything was clean. (SPECK stops suddenly and stares at ZIPORYN for a moment and then turns his face to the wall as he lays on the bed) I'm going to tell you something. (there is not a sound in the cell. He slowly turns around to face ZIPORYN again) There was blood on my right hand that morning. I didn't really see it or know what it was till I put my hand in the water and the water turned red. I thought I'd cut myself. (after a long pause, he continues) I went back to the Shipyard Inn for some more wine. I still couldn't make out how I got that goddam gun. It bugged me. While I was there, a detective came in and asked the bartender some questions. It didn't bother me. I didn't know why he was there. In the afternoon, I heard them talking about the murders on the radio. I remember saying to the guy next to me at the bar, 'I hope they catch the son-of-a-bitch.' I moved on to a few other bars in the neighborhood, and all day long the police were coming in and out, asking questions. I was wanted for a burglary in Dallas, and the cops were beginning to worry me. If they just decided to take everybody in, they didn't like the look of, they might have found out I'd run from Texas. So I beat it up to the North Side..., played some
more pool. I won a few more bucks. I checked into the Raleigh Hotel and went out again to pick up a prostitute. The papers say she was Puerto Rican, but she was darker than that, she was colored. She stripped to her panties and we just sat in my room drinking. We had a fight about money, and then I went to sleep. She called the cops and they came and took the gun. The next day I saw the police picture of the killer in the papers. It didn't look nothing like me so I didn't know it was me, because of the flat top. My hair was never that short. I like my hair long. It looks better that way. It was Saturday afternoon when I first heard that it was me they were looking for. I couldn't believe it at first.

SPECK breaks off the conversation and rolls himself a cigarette from a packet of Buglers tobacco.

ZIPORYN
(after a long pause)
Have you ever seen anyone get stabbed, Dick?

SPECK
(his eyes lighting up)
Yeah. Got stabbed myself. (pulls up his shirt to reveal a scar on the upper left side of his chest) I was with a bunch of the boys in a joint in Texas, and there was some talk, know what I mean? This guy jumped me--stuck me right there. I was bloody all over.

ZIPORYN
Okay. So how come you weren't bloody all over on the morning after the murders?

SPECK
I don't know. I went down to the bar the next day in my same clothes--there wasn't any blood. (SPECK becomes sullen, then glances over at the guard outside the cell and smiles) That night guard out there, he gets drunk. Last night he came right up to the bars and started cussing me. I told him if he didn't leave me alone I'd reach through those bars and beat the shit out of him. Don't say nothing, will you, Doc. He's an old man--he couldn't get another job if he was fired.
ZIPORYN
(nods in agreement and then returns to his earlier
line of questioning)
Dick, I talked to the police in Monmouth. They
are trying to tie you into the rape of the sixty-
five-year-old woman.

SPECK
(indignantly, with a sly smile)
I'm no rape-o. I don't have to be. But I'd
sure like to know what made me kill those girls.
Why would I do a thing like that?

ZIPORYN
(hesitantly)
Well, as a psychiatrist I might suggest you
were working out some kind of hostility--anger--
that you felt at your mother for marrying your
stepfather.

SPECK
But I love my mother.

ZIPORYN
That's the whole point. You love her and maybe
you're angry at her for betraying that love.
At least, that's how you may feel unconsciously,
without realizing it, I mean.

SPECK
That doesn't make sense, okay, I didn't like
my stepfather and I didn't like the idea of my
mother being married to him. But what's that
got to do with those girls. Why should I kill
them?

ZIPORYN
Before I give you a reason, I want you to tell
me the truth--did you ever hit your mother?

SPECK
I wouldn't lay a finger on my mother. I took
good care of that. She'd yell at me if I was
drinking. I knew how I got when I was drunk
and I didn't want any trouble with her, so if
I drank too much I stayed away from home. It
was safer that way. I was always trouble at
home, even when I was a little kid. Thinking
about that gun they found on me after the murders,
it reminded me of the first gun I ever had, I was six or seven and my brother, Howie, gave me a cap pistol. I shot it off at home and the whole place was filled with smoke. Boy, did I catch it for that.

ZIPORYN
Dick, you're avoiding the question. The truth now--did you ever hit her?

SPECK
(somberly)
I have a split personality. My mother knows all about it. You see when I'm sober, I'm...I'm... I'm, well, okay; but when I get stoned on drugs... yeah, once I kicked my mother in the head, but I was on pills, but still... (SPECK lapses into silence and stares at the floor).

ZIPORYN
Dick, did you know what was happening at the time you were kicking your mother?

SPECK
(with tears in his eyes)
No. (SPECK glances around the cell and again looks at the guard outside the cell) I guess the warden told you that I got into a fight. We were in the reception area and I noticed one of the guards had a gray hair on his shoulder. I kidded him about going out with old broads. The guard said old broads are sometimes still good, and I said, 'Yeah, nine to ninety--old ones, young ones, crippled ones.' Then this smart-ass next to me opened his big mouth and said 'dead ones?' So I swung at him. (SPECK looks at ZIPORYN as if searching for some kind of endorsement, but does not receive one) Okay, so I hit my mother once. Why does that make me go out and kill eight girls I don't even know?

ZIPORYN
Your attitude toward your mother, your love toward her, could have worked on your unconscious and be transferred to women in general. Also, the high number of head injuries could make brain damage an agonizingly self-perpetuating process. What that means if this--the bumps, beers, and
drugs made a different person out of you. Without the alcohol or the drugs, you're Dr. Jekyll, the normal man. With them, you turn into Mr. Hyde, the monster. On the night of July 13, you probably were so heavily influenced by the drugs and liquor taken earlier that you cannot be held responsible for the acts of that night. We could even say you didn't kill them, it was...

SPECK
(interrupting)
It was me, all right. Everybody says it was me, it has to be me.

ZIPORYN looks at SPECK and sees that he has a slight smile on his face. ZIPORYN gets up and leaves the cell. As the guard closes the cell door behind him, ZIPORYN notices a rolled newspaper emerging through the bars, hovering over the guard and suddenly flicking the guard's cap to the floor. The newspaper disappears back into the cell, and SPECK'S face appears at the bars, grinning like an impudent schoolboy.

47 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING--CHICAGO--DAY
ZIPORYN walks up to an apartment building on the North-West Side near the Kennedy Expressway. ZIPORYN knocks on an apartment door and SPECK'S sister, MRS. MARTHA THORNTON, keeping the chain on the door, she looks at ZIPORYN through the three-inch opening.

ZIPORYN
Mrs. Thornton? I'm Marvin Ziporyn. I'm Richard's doctor--he asked me to see you. Here, I've got a note from him.

ZIPORYN hands the note to MARTHA through the three-inch opening.

MARTHA
Can I see some identification?

ZIPORYN
Sure, here.

ZIPORYN hands her his driver's license and his Cook County Jail identification card.
MARTHA
(unlatching the chain and handing ZIPORYN'S I.D. back)
Please come in, Dr. Ziporyn.

The apartment is small and clean, with neatly arranged furniture. The colors in the living room are drab except for a few small religious pictures on the wall, one of them a version of the Last Supper. The windows overlook the tracks of the Chicago North-western railroad. MRS. MARTHA THORNTON is a small, dark-haired woman in her early forties. Her manner is calm, though she shows signs of wear in her face. She leads ZIPORYN into the dining room and motions for him to take a seat at the dining room table. She sits opposite him with her hands clasped.

MARTHA
I'm sorry about all that--having to check your I.D., I mean--but I just can't be too sure anymore. We've--that is, my husband and I--have been getting phone calls at five in the morning, visits every other minute from reporters, police, lawyers, and who knows who else, ever since this whole think started. My brother's lawyer said we weren't to see any more people. But this note from Richard is the first word I've heard from him that hasn't come from the newspaper or television. Richard says in the note that you want to ask me some questions.

ZIPORYN
Yes, Mrs. Thornton. Your brother is fine now and seems to be adjusting well--considering all that has happened to him. But I need to confirm some of the things he's told me. Can you tell me anything about his childhood?

MARTHA
(thinks for a few moments and then replies)
Well, Richard was very close to his Dad--his real Dad. Richard was the apple of his father's eye; he used to follow Dad around like a shadow, that's what I remember most when he was little. After we moved to Dallas, I didn't see much of him. But I do know that after Dad died, Richard was closest to Carolyn, our sister, two years younger than Richard. Later, Mom remarried. Richard was always getting into fights with his
stepfather. Richard couldn't bear that man, but then none of us liked him much either. He was always getting drunk. He was supposed to be in the insurance business, but he had a mind like a three-year-old. (pauses, then adds) Richard really hated him.

ZIPORYN
Did he ever complain about headaches?

MARTHA
Richard was always asking for aspirins. I think part of the reason for those headaches was because he wouldn't wear glasses. He's a bit of a dandy, a very neat and clean person---used to shower three or four times a day.

ZIPORYN
Yes, Dick does seem very conscious of his appearance.

MARTHA
(with a smile)
You musn't call him Dick. He doesn't like that. He prefers Richard. (pauses, then continues) I think he enjoyed visiting us here in Chicago. He liked my two little daughters. He used to play cards with them, talk to them, tell them all sorts of things he would never tell anyone else. For instance, he told them about his bad drinking habits, and the effects it had on him, and the drugs he took. Always liked those kids. Of course, he adored his own child, too. When he was staying with us in July---just before it happened---he was walking around the neighborhood and saw a kid that reminded him of his own little girl. He tried to find her again but couldn't, and came home and told us about it. It was a strange coincidence because it was July 2, his daughter's birthday, so he went out into the garden and carved her initials on a tree---R. S.--Robbie Speck. (smiles for a brief moment, then adds grimly) At the same time, he was very depressed. He was fed up with not being able to get a job. There was always some other man who would get in ahead of him, because of seniority or something. Anyway, it depressed him a lot. He kept on saying how the world wasn't worth anything and he'd be better off dead, and that was two weeks before the murders.
ZIPORYN
(nods—he is interested to see that Speck's suicidal thoughts had preceded the murders)
Yes, what about the murders? Any ideas?

MARTHA
(thinks for a moment and says)
Well, we've discussed this thing in the family, over and over. We've read all the reports.
Carolyn—like I said, she was always the closest to Richard—she won't believe he did it. But she did notice something. We were looking at the pictures of the nurses and she said one of them, Gloria Davy, looked like Richard's wife, Shirley.

INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

SPECK is sleeping in his cell, nearby is the photograph of his smiling daughter. SPECK is lying on the bed in a T-shirt and shorts, his mouth is open as he sleeps. As ZIPORYN enters the cell and wakes him, SPECK grunts and stares sullenly in front of him without saying a word. He is obviously disturbed, perhaps embarrassed at being caught in a state of undress.

ZIPORYN
(hesitantly)
You seem quite depressed.

SPECK
(defensively)
Well, I just woke up, didn't I? (pauses, gets out of bed, then asks) Can you get hold of Getty for me? Why doesn't he come see me? Did he give up on me? Some lawyer!

ZIPORYN
I'll see what I can do. I can tell you this—Mr. Getty is trying to have the trial moved out of Chicago.

SPECK
(casually)
I don't see it'll make much difference. They'll sentence me to the chair wherever they hold the
thing. But I'll tell you this--I won't go. Not the chair, man. I've thought about it more and I'll find some way to do it myself, but I'm not going to the chair. (SPECK points to the hot-water pipes and makes a gesture around his neck to indicate he will hang himself) You know, I'd prefer getting killed by a firing squad. Yeah, that'd be much better.

ZIPORYN
Why is the chair so much worse? Is it because of the pain?

SPECK
Right.

ZIPORYN
But they say it doesn't hurt.

SPECK

The conversation is interrupted by raucous laughter from the cells on either side of SPECK. In voices theatrically loud and aimed more at SPECK than at each other, LOUIS "GAMBINO" STAMOS and MARK CLANCY are discussing the therapeutic advantages of a modern jail system.

GAMBINO
Hey, Clancy. It's a great thing the way they give you psychiatrists in jail these days.

CLANCY
(Voice Over)
That's okay. But it's no good having a male psychiatrist. I'd rather have a woman in here to talk to me.

GAMBINO
(Voice Over)
What would you be able to do with a woman psychiatrist? You've been in jail so long, your head and your balls have rotted away. (They both roar with laughter, then GAMBINO shouts) Hey, Speck. How would you like a girl in there?
SPECK grins sheepishly at ZIPORYN and makes no reply. CLANCY calls back to GAMBINO.

CLANCY
(Voice Over)
Speck can't answer you now. He's got a visitor.

GAMBINO
(Voice Over)
No kidding? Who?

CLANCY
(Voice Over)
The doctor.

GAMBINO
(Voice Over)
Ah, the immoral Dr. Ziporyn. What's he doing in there, Speck? Buggering you?

GAMBINO cackles with laughter, SPECK blushes. Finally ZIPORYN resumes the conversation.

ZIPORYN
By the way—I saw Martha yesterday. She sends her love and says she'll try to come down and see you soon.

SPECK
(becoming interested)
What did she tell you about me—I mean anything that might help you?

ZIPORYN
She said you probably get your headaches because you don't wear glasses like you should.

SPECK
She's wrong. Sure I get headaches, but they come right here behind my eyes. The headaches that really bother me are the ones at the back of my head.

ZIPORYN lets the conversation die and pauses for a moment, then picks up a file from his briefcase and takes out two pages from a Time magazine. (ZIPORYN is extremely serious now)
ZIPORYN
I've got something to show you. Ever see this before?

SPECK leans forward and looks at the two pages that ZIPORYN is holding. It is an account of the murders of the eight nurses. SPECK studies a diagram of the house that shows where each of the murders were committed.

SPECK
(nodding his head slowly)
Looks like a new type of house. Look at that stairway, it's set right back from the door, the way they have it in modern places. (SPECK turns the page over and looks at a picture of CORAZON AMURO) She sure is beautiful. (SPECK then notices that at the top of the page, something has been cut out) How come you cut something out of here?

ZIPORYN
I'll show you.

From his briefcase, ZIPORYN takes out eight photographs which have been separately cut out of the magazine. ZIPORYN hands them, one by one, to SPECK. This is the first time that SPECK has been confronted with pictures of the girls since he was brought to jail. SPECK stares at the first photograph, MARY ANN JORDAN, twenty, for half a minute completely absorbed. The small, one-inch by one-inch photograph shows a pretty brunette with bright, white teeth smiling at the camera. Suddenly the camera DISSOLVES TO a flash-back to re-account the last seconds of MARY ANN JORDAN'S life:

49 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS HALLWAY--NIGHT

MARY ANN JORDAN, wearing street clothes, is being escorted down the hall toward the upstairs front bedroom. The LONE FIGURE, seen from behind, has a gun and knife, but does not point either at her.

LONE FIGURE
(very calmly)
Don't be afraid--I'm not going to hurt you, I only want some money so that I can go to
New Orleans. Now I want you to go in there and get me all the money you can find. No trouble from you and no trouble from me. Okay?

MARY ANN JORDAN opens the door and walks into the bedroom. In the corner of her eye, she sees blue-eyed PAMELA WILKENING, twenty, MISS WILKENING is bound at the wrists lying on the bedroom floor in a pink nightgown in a pool of blood—she has been stabbed in the heart, left-breast, and strangled. As MARY ANN JORDAN turns to scream, a knife plunges deep into her left eye socket.

50 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

SPECK picks up a second photograph--SUZANNE FARRIS, twenty, also a brunette and also smiling into the camera. SPECK, shaking his head slowly, painfully slowly, from side to side, murmurs in a scarcely audible whisper.

SPECK

They're so young, so pretty. Look at them, Doc, real pretty things, aren't they?

ZIPORYN remains silent as SPECK continues to look at the photograph of SUZANNE FARRIS. DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS BATHROOM--NIGHT

SUZANNE FARRIS, wearing street clothes, is bound at the wrists in the upstairs bathroom. Frantically she tries to loosen the bedsheets binding her. Suddenly the bathroom door bursts open and the LONE FIGURE enters and turns on the tap water in the bathroom sink. The camera stays on the running tap water. We hear muffled cries off camera and then see blood being washed down the sink from a pair of large, powerful hands.

52 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

ZIPORYN slips a third photograph into SPECK'S large, powerful hands--PATRICIA MATUSEK, twenty-one. Like the rest of the girls, she is a pretty brunette smiling into the camera.

SPECK

(with an appreciative nod)

Looks like Elizabeth Taylor.
There are only two girls visible in the upstairs bedroom—PATRICIA MATUSEK, in facile cream and wearing a yellow nightgown, and GLORIA DAVY, twenty-two, wearing street clothes. Both girls are bound around the wrists and ankles with torn bedsheets. They are remarkably calm, waiting with numb surprise. The door opens, and the LONE FIGURE motions with the gun for PATRICIA MATUSEK to follow him. The LONE FIGURE is now covered with sweat.

PATRICIA MATUSEK

Will you please untie my ankles first?

LONE FIGURE

Yeah, but only your ankles. (starts to untie her ankles, then suddenly asks) Are you the girl with the yellow dress?

The LONE FIGURE is seen escorting PATRICIA MATUSEK down the hall toward the upstairs front bedroom. MISS MATUSEK'S wrists are still bound. As they walk, the LONE FIGURE reassures her:

LONE FIGURE

I want to put you with the rest of the girls in the other bedroom. Just be calm and nobody'll get hurt. I don't want any trouble either. Only some money, and then I'll leave and you'll never see me again. So no trouble, okay?

The LONE FIGURE and MISS MATUSEK arrive at the front bedroom. As MISS MATUSEK opens the door and enters, she sees the blood soaked bodies of MARY ANN JORDAN and PAMELA WILKENING. As MISS MATUSEK begins to scream, large powerful hands crush her throat. Noiselessly she falls to the floor. Just to make sure of his work, the LONE FIGURE savagely kicks her in the stomach. PATRICIA MATUSEK, lifelessly, does not respond.
ZIPORYN hands SPECK a fourth photograph—GLORIA DAVY, twenty-two, an extremely beautiful girl with the same smile as the others aimed at the camera. As SPECK reaches to take it, he suddenly freezes. He draws his hand back from the picture as if it might sting him. His eyes open wide, his lips quiver slightly. He looks terrified. ZIPORYN offers the photograph to him again. SPECK reaches forward and gingerly takes the tiny photograph with both hands. He places it in the palm of one hand, like some poisonous insect, and as he stares at it, a rush of whistled air escapes through his lips.

SPECK
(looking at ZIPORYN with a stunned, distant gaze)
You know what? This is a dead ringer for my wife, Shirley.

SPECK looks at GLORIA DAVY's photograph in silence for another thirty seconds and then looks at the four remaining photographs. He shuffles through them all again and picks out that of GLORIA DAVY, placing it on top of the pile for another look.

SPECK
Why? Why? It just doesn't make sense--them being dead, me being here.

ZIPORYN chooses not to comment, but brings out a report from his briefcase.

ZIPORYN
Richard, this is from the police report. It says that all of the girls were killed in the clothes they were wearing, except for Gloria Davy. She was found downstairs, naked, and strangled with a strip of clothing, her rectum mutilated...

SPECK
(interrupting)
What does "rectum" mean?

ZIPORYN
It means her rear end.
SPECK
(twisting his face in a tight grimace)
That's disgusting. I'd never do a thing like that. I tried it once when I was young, but it didn't work and I hated it anyway.

ZIPORYN
Richard, Gloria Davy was the only victim mutilated, the only one found completely nude, and the only one taken downstairs to kill.

SPECK
But what's so special about her? Why was she treated different than the rest?

ZIPORYN
You told me yourself what's so special about her. You told me she looks just like your wife. Well, it's possible—if it was you who did the murders—that the whole chain of violence was triggered off by your recognizing a resemblance between Gloria Davy and Shirley. Maybe when you first went into that house you were only intending to steal some money. You've told me how, when you're on a lot of alcohol and drugs—and you say you were that day—you can get into a blind fury if something starts it off. It only needs to be something small, but in this case it may have been something big, as big as the hatred you say you feel for your wife. I don't know what happened between you and Gloria Davy—we'll probably never know. But it's possible that her looking like your wife was enough to arouse your resentment. If she did anything in the slightest way to provoke you, it could have been enough to spark off a whole blaze of fury in you. Even if she was not the first to be killed—you may have deliberately left her till later—her resemblance to your wife could have pinpointed the cause of your hostility toward all the girls. This is only a theory, you understand. No one can know for sure what actually happened—unless, of course, your blackout of the incident was to fade away—but these two things are certain: the treatment of Gloria Davy was different from that of the other girls, and her picture does remind you of your wife, whom you repeatedly say you hate.
ZIPORYN waits for SPECK to comment, but SPECK remains silent, staring at the cell door.

ZIPORYN

Does any of this ring a bell for you?

SPECK

Nope, (pauses, then adds) While I was in prison, I heard my wife was running around. When I got out, I got me a sawed-off shotgun and went round to his house--I made Shirley give me the guys name, told her I'd kill her if she didn't tell--anyway, he wasn't home. I waited in my car. I watched three or four kids playing around the house. When he came, I shoved the gun in his face, but I couldn't do it, not with that family. Wonder what kind of guy he was. Once I thought I saw Shirley driving into a motel. Then another car drove in. I went and got a pistol, then came back and kicked the door down. There was nobody there. Last summer she left me for good. She said she had been seeing another guy. When she told me that, I went out and got drunk and smashed my car into a tree. Then I saw her in a tavern with a guy. I tried to get her to come home with me, but she wouldn't. I knocked 'em both down and left. You know, the Bible says not to hate, but if there's anybody I hate in this world--besides that stepfather--it's Shirley, and that's the truth. Say, Doc, I want to ask you something. You can read my mind like a book. If I did kill that girl cause she looked like Shirley why did I kill the rest of them?

ZIPORYN

That's my point. That's why you apparently treated Gloria differently, or at least you did things to her you didn't do to the others. Maybe you just went there to steal some money. You see, Gloria wasn't there at first. She came in later. She was taken to the bedroom with the others. I don't know what happened after that. The police said they found some alcohol in her blood. Maybe she said something, maybe it was just that she looked like Shirley. You remember I told you that you have a split personality
between Dr. Jekyll in your somber hours and Mr. Hyde in your drunken and drugged periods. As a matter of fact that's the whole pattern of your personality—split in two—what we call ambivalence. Like love and hate. Understand me?

SPECK shrugs his shoulders, but stares hard at ZIPORYN, obviously trying desperately to understand. ZIPORYN continues.

ZIPORYN
It's what I call a Madonna-Prostitute complex. Your mother being the protective Madonna and Shirley being the cheap prostitute. You see, no woman is an individual with good and bad qualities; to you they must be categorized, either worshipped or despised, adored or subjected to any abuse.

SPECK
I guess that's true. I was at a dance one time and I was talking to a girl. She was married and she propositioned me. I picked up a glass of whisky and threw it at her face. She deserved it.

ZIPORYN
See what I mean? Women are treated well as long as they behave. But when you think they're cheating, you really hate them. Now, the point is, when you're sober, you can handle those feelings. But when you drink and take drugs, then your anger and resentment get out of control and you become a wild man. And unfortunately one night last July, you were with eight nurses and everything suddenly exploded.

SPECK stares wildly into the psychiatrist's eyes. He lowers his head and when he raises it again his eyes are glistening with tears.

SPECK
Doc, I'd die eight times over if I could bring them back. I should have been shot the first time I hit my mother. And I choked Shirley once. I'm just no good.
ZIPORYN

(trying to reassure him)
Look, Richard, you didn't ask for any of the things in your life that made you do the things you've done. It's no more your fault that those eight girls are dead any more than a cripple's limp is his fault.

SPECK shakes his head incredulously, then adds:

SPECK
Eight? (pauses) Do you realize that I've killed sixteen people?

ZIPORYN
How do you get sixteen?

SPECK
Well, those eight nurses, plus my five sisters, my mother, my brother, and my little girl. In a way, I killed them all. You know, I've been bad a lot. I've stabbed and hit people, but never when I'm sober. I never hit anyone when I was sober. The closest I came to it was when I slashed this guy in the washroom because he wouldn't stay away from my wife. Even then I had pills in me—red-birds and yellow-jackets. But murder is something else. I'd give anything to turn the clock back and bring those girls to life.

SPECK takes a deep breath and rubs a tear out of his eye. He then reaches over and picks up the Time photograph of CORAZON AMURO, the lone survivor of the murders.

SPECK
She sure is pretty.

SPECK looks up and out the cell window. It has started to rain. The camera zooms out of the cell window and up into the rain. Slowly the summer rain becomes winter snow.

56 EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALKS AND STORES--CHICAGO--DAY

November snows and lake winds have set in as ZIPORYN walks downtown, looking into store windows. A store
clock shows 8:15 a.m. and the Saturday morning snow has kept many people in their homes at this early hour.

EXT. MESA, ARIZONA--DAY

A cool breeze is blowing in on the town of Mesa, Arizona, from the blue line of the Superstition Mountains. The breeze moves across the parched desert scrub, combs the few remaining patches of water-hungry cotton, and pushes into the dozing Arizona town of Mesa. In the neat pastel houses of the subdivisions, all is silent. Shiny automobiles stand empty in driveways. Water sprinklers and bicycles lie idle on clipped lawns. At this early hour on a Saturday morning, the town of Mesa looks as if it has drifted into a long, almost permanent sleep.

INT. 630 EAST 7TH DRIVE--MESA, ARIZONA--DAY

At least one person is awake at this hour. In his room in the peach-colored ranch-style house where he lives, ROBERT BENJAMIN SMITH is dressing in the hard morning light. His parents are still asleep. He pulls on a pair of tattered white yachting sneakers, dark blue cotton pants, and a blue-and-white pinstriped shirt. At eighteen, he is almost shockingly good-looking, with black glossy hair, a straight nose, a petulant mouth, and dark amber eyes.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALKS AND STORES--CHICAGO--DAY

ZIPORYN finally stops outside a toy store and looks through the large store windows. ZIPORYN smiles. A SALESWOMAN approaches from across the street, unlocks the door, and walks in. ZIPORYN follows her in.

INT. 630 EAST 7TH DRIVE--MESA, ARIZONA--DAY

SMITH is packing a paper bag with a peculiar set of contents: 25 plastic sandwich bags, 200 feet of nylon rope, two leather-handled hunting knives, a pair of rubber gloves, a box of ammunition, and a .22 caliber frontier-style single-six revolver. SMITH then walks out into the cool desert morning and starts
walking through the empty streets lined with date palms and citrus trees. SMITH approaches the Rose-Mar College of Beauty. He looks into the large windows of the beauty parlor and smiles, BONITA SUE HARRIS, a pretty girl of eighteen wearing a beautician's white smock, walks up to the beauty college and enters. SMITH follows her in.

61 INT. TOY STORE--CHICAGO--DAY

ZIPORYN
(to the SALESWOMAN)
Where are your painting sets located?

Instead of merely instructing him to the painting sets, she insists on accompanying him to them.

SALESWOMAN
Just follow me, sir. (they arrive at the painting sets) Now--how old is the child?

ZIPORYN
(restraining a smile)
Well, er, well--not too young.

62 INT. ROSE-MAR COLLEGE OF BEAUTY--MESA, ARIZONA--DAY

SMITH looks around the beauty college and sees seven people: student operators--BONITA SUE HARRIS, eighteen, MARY MARGARET OLSEN, eighteen, and GLENDA CARTER, twenty-three; MRS. CAROL FARMER, nineteen, and MRS. JOYCE SELLERS, twenty-seven, and her two daughters--DEBRA, three and one-half, and TAMARA LYNNE, three months. None of the women pay any attention to SMITH'S appearance. Calmly SMITH takes out the gun from the paper bag and fires a shot into a mirror. SMITH now has their undivided attention.

MARY MARGARET OLSEN
Hey, what the hell...is this a joke or something?

SMITH
No, this is no joke! So just shut up and do exactly what I say. (motioning with the gun) I want all of you to go into that back room. Now! Move!

They all go into the back room.
SMITH

Now--I want everyone to lie down on the floor in a circle.

SMITH arranges them so that they lie on the linoleum floor in a circle like spokes of a wheel--their heads at the center, their feet on the perimeter. SMITH, standing in the hub, takes out a plastic bag and tries to put it over MARY MARGARET OLSEN'S head--he has planned to watch them all suffocate. To SMITH'S dismay, the bag will not go over OLSEN'S head.

SMITH

Damn!

63 INT. TOY STORE--CHICAGO--DAY

The SALESWOMAN climbs a small ladder and grabs a paint set. It depicts a rustic scene of a cow in a pasture.

SALESWOMAN
(proudly)

Here's a lovely picture. How about this?

ZIPORYN

No, I don't think so. Do you have something more complicated? He's very good with his hands.

SALESWOMAN

I see. (she looks pensive for a moment and then brightens) I think I've got just the thing, then. (she goes into the back room)

64 INT. ROSE-MAR COLLEGE OF BEAUTY--MESA, ARIZONA--DAY

TAMARA LYNN SELLERS, three-months-old, has started to cry, SMITH has removed the bag from OLSEN'S head, he remains standing among the circle of women.

MARY MARGARET OLSEN
(in tears)

Who are you going to kill?
SMITH  
(calmly)  
You're all gonna die today. I didn't plan to kill any kids but I guess I might as well—they'll grow up, too.  

MARY MARGARET OLSEN  
(tearfully, but defensively)  
They'll be forty people in her in a few minutes.  

SMITH  
(nonchalantly)  
I'm sorry but I didn't bring ammunition for them.  

65 INT. TOY STORE--CHICAGO--DAY  
The SALESWOMAN returns from the back room carrying a large paint set—it is a deep pink study of a female nude.  

SALESWOMAN  
(proudly)  
What about this one?  

ZIPORYN  
(coughs and turns almost as pink)  
No, I don't think that is quite appropriate. Perhaps you have something, um, non-personal?  

66 INT. ROSE-MAR COLLEGE OF BEAUTY--MESA, ARIZONA--DAY  
All the women are crying now. MRS. CAROL FARMER begins to pray aloud.  

SMITH  
(to MRS. CAROL FARMER)  
What'd you think you're doing?  

MRS. CAROL FARMER  
(tearfully)  
I'm praying, if you don't mind.  

SMITH  
I do mind.  

SMITH, as unconcernedly as if he was taking potshots at pop bottles, fires a bullet into MRS. CAROL FARMER'S head. Six more shots follow, each carefully aimed
at the heads of each of the remaining six spokes of the circle.

67 INT. TOY STORE--CHICAGO--DAY

SALESWOMAN
(her patience wearing thin)
Non-personal, huh? Well, we have some nice landscapes. How about one of these? (she hesitantly hands him a bland seascape)

ZIPORYN
Yes. That will do nicely.

The SALESWOMAN'S face lights up. ZIPORYN pays for the paint set and leaves the toy store. Outside he passes a police officer, and nods a hello, and walks on down the snow-covered sidewalk.

68 INT. ROSE-MAR COLLEGE OF BEAUTY--MESA, ARIZONA--DAY

SMITH, standing over the lifeless circle of bodies, smiles, and walks into the front room of the beauty parlor. A police officer, GARY JOHNSON, thirty-two, bursts through the front door, his gun aimed at SMITH'S head. SMITH only smiles and blithely announces:

SMITH
I shot some people. They're back there. I wanted to get known, you know, make a name for myself.

The camera freezes on SMITH'S face. DISSOLVE TO:

69 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

SPECK is reading a copy of The New York Times--the headlines, clearly visible, contain the above frozen still of SMITH and reads:

YOUTH, 18, SLAYS 4 WOMEN AND CHILD IN BEAUTY SCHOOL; SERIOUSLY WOUNDS 2 OTHERS

ZIPORYN enters the cell carrying a wrapped package under his arm, but before he gets a chance to say anything, SPECK bursts out:
SPECK
Did you read about this guy in Arizona? What a guy! Said he wanted to be famous. Said he was inspired by me. Boy, I'd like to take care of him. If I could have a last wish, it would be to kill him. That's all--just kill him and I'll die happy.

ZIPORYN
Easy, there. Don't you feel sorry for him?

SPECK
Sorry for him? After what he did? Made those women lie in a circle and shot them? And there was little kids there, too. And he said if his parents came, he'd kill them too. He deserves to die. He'll be famous, all right. There are lots of famous people in the cemetery.

ZIPORYN
Yes. But Richard, don't you think that a person must have something wrong with him to do all that? Don't you think he must be sick?

SPECK stares at ZIPORYN in wide-eyed, incredulous amazement.

SPECK
Are you sure you read this? Listen.

SPECK places The New York Times close to his face and reads slowly and deliberately, as if ZIPORYN is a child who needs to have some simple facts drummed into his head.

SPECK
He...made...them...lie...in...a...circle...and...he...shot...them.

SPECK punctuates his growing anger with a typical non sequitur.

SPECK
He said he did it to be famous. Well, George Washington is famous--he's dead, too.
ZIPORYN
Richard, the most important thing to be learned from this boy in Arizona is not what he did, but why he did it. Richard, every day society is growing larger and larger. With this increasing population, the chances of crime and murder also increase. So we can expect many more cases like yours—and, I'm sure, even some much worse. As a matter of fact, when it comes to murder, you're just an amateur.

SPECK
Well, I don't want to be no pro.

ZIPORYN
That's exactly why we're talking—to learn as much as we can about what makes you tick—maybe it will prevent a killing some day.

SPECK
Yeah—except that now it's the other way around (picking up the newspaper)—now I've got five more deaths on my conscience.

ZIPORYN
Nonsense. You can't blame yourself for every murder in the country.

SPECK
If he hadn't read about me...

ZIPORYN
(interrupting)
He'd still be a sick kid, so forget about him.

SPECK sighs deeply, suddenly tired, his anger is an exertion.

SPECK
Yeah, I've got my own problems. I go back to court this week don't I? I wish it was over. It's all hopeless. If I don't get the chair, I'll get 480 years or whatever it is.

ZIPORYN
 Doesn't mean a thing, how many hundreds. In Illinois you automatically come up for parole after twenty years.
That's a big help. In twenty years my mother and half my sisters will be dead. I won't have anybody.

ZIPORYN
You'll have your daughter.

SPECK
I won't; that's all over. Out of prison at forty-five--an old man!

ZIPORYN
Don't be so flippant about that. I'll soon be forty-five and I don't think it's all over.

SPECK grins and shakes his head. He picks up The New York Times again and turns to a back page.

SPECK
Tell me something, Doc. Two days ago that punk kills five people and he's on the news and in the papers. Them eight nurses were killed...(he pauses and thinks for a long time)... uh, four months ago and they still put me on the television and in the papers--just like that punk. How come--why don't they just have the trial and forget about me?

ZIPORYN
Richard, you've captured the public imagination. For one thing, you're the original.

SPECK
Yeah, 'the killer of the century.'

ZIPORYN
Besides, the Arizona guy just shot them. Now in our society shooting doesn't bother people as much as sex. Sex is bad. You can make a movie about shooting, hurting, and killing as many people as you like, but show one with two people making love and you could go to jail. So, in your case, the thing is that nobody knows what happened in the nurses' house--the nurse that survived didn't see you kill anyone. And half the country thinks you raped all those girls.
SPECK
(his voice rising incredulously)
What?

ZIPORYN
Sure. They think you're the stud of the century.

SPECK laughs in a disbelieving manner, but he gives
the distinct impression that the notion pleases him.

SPECK
That's impossible. I couldn't rape no eight
girls.

ZIPORYN
You know that and I know that, but the general
public doesn't. They think you are some kind
of sex symbol.

SPECK'S laughter grows louder and louder, his pleasure
at the fantasy growing with it.

SPECK
I couldn't rape two girls, let alone eight.
No man could do that. Truth is, I was probably
too messed up to rape anybody. You can't do it
when you're on drugs. I'm no rape-o. I never
raped a girl in my life—well, maybe one, in
Dallas, but it really wasn't rape. She was just
shy so I held her arms while my buddy did her.
Then I did. But we all laughed about it after­
ward. But you don't have to rape women.
There's always whores and lots of girls. You
buy them one drink and they're yours. We used
to call them nymphos in Dallas. My sister
Carolyn had a girl friend. I laid her the first
time I took her out. The next night I took
her out with three of my friends. We all laid
her—me first, though. I'm funny that way. I
won't take sloppy seconds. I've had lots of
women. I like them. (SPECK'S expansive tone
suddenly freezes to a cold snarl) All except
one. I've got hate, jealous hate for her.
Shirley. She's the only woman I've ever hit
sober. Oh, yeah, and her mother. That woman—
I wonder what she's thinking of me now. She
was always bad-mouthing me. Once I came round
to her house, pulled out a Luger and fired four
shots. Then, I hit her at a New Year's party. Oh yeah, and one more time when I was sober. That old whore in Dallas. That's what I got sent back to prison for. I hit her because she owed me money. I was sending her tricks, uh--customers, you know, and she didn't pay me.

ZIPORYN
What about the time you hit your mother?

SPECK
No, I was stoned then. I wouldn't hurt my mother. She's the only girl that knows me. But I could have killed her that time. That's when I should have given up drugs. Wish I had. But outside of Shirley and her mother, I like women; but I'm no sex fiend.

SPECK looks around the cell and spies the wrapped package that ZIPORYN brought with him. SPECK smiles like small schoolboy.

SPECK
Hey, what's in the package?

ZIPORYN
It's just a small gift, but I hope it gives you something constructive to do. Here.

Gingerly, SPECK opens the package and a smile acknowledges his appreciation of the paint set.

SPECK
It's beautiful. It's got paint and brushes and look--the pictures have frames. I'm sure glad you brought me these paints. I was running out of things to do.

As SPECK reaches over to put the wrapping paper into the trash can, ZIPORYN notices two discarded bottles of aspirin.

ZIPORYN
Glad you like it. By the way, how are your headaches, Richard?

SPECK
Boy, I have them all the time now, but I haven't had one like I did last night since I had that sunstroke in prison.
ZIPORYN
Since you had what?

SPECK
Sunstroke. I got it at the prison in Texas, when I was waiting to be released.

ZIPORYN
Richard, I've changed my mind about you. You're nuttier than a fruitcake. Frequently I've told you that anything related to your physical health, and particularly your head, is important. Here you've a major condition affecting your head and you've never bothered to mention it. Why didn't you tell me?

SPECK
Well, you never...

ZIPORYN
I know, I know. I never asked you. That's what I mean. What a kook! (SPECK grins bashfully) I'll see you get some medication.

There is a long silence in the cell, finally SPECK picks up one of the pictures in the painting set and inspects it.

SPECK
Look at this frame. That's real wood you know, none of that cheap plastic stuff. It's real good work too.

ZIPORYN
You were a carpenter once, weren't you?

SPECK
Yeah, and I liked it too. I was a good carpenter--till I got fired. I was working as a carpenter in Dallas, and one of the guys I worked with was jailed for being drunk and disorderly. It's quite a custom. Anyway, his wife had to go out of town a ways to raise bail money for him. I went with her. On the road we had us a few beers and a few more beers and we finished up in this motel. She got me mad, the way she was behaving, it was disgusting,
and I told her she was nothing but an old whore. First chance I got I lifted a hundred bucks from her.

ZIPORYN
It's just like. I've been trying to explain to you--you took your anger toward Shirley out on your friend's wife. You weren't really angry at her, but at Shirley. Do you understand?

SPECK
Yeah, yeah, I guess so. I was ready to settle down when I got out of prison, but Shirley wasn't ready. Hope she's satisfied now. You know, I've been trying to wipe her out of my mind, but it's not easy. Like here, for instance...

SPECK rolls up his sleeve and points to a tattoo above his right elbow: RICHARD & SHIRLEY. Both arms are a mass of tattoos. Etched at the top of his right arm is ROBBIE. Below that, less distinct, are the initials R. L. Below the right elbow is a long dagger with a snake coiled around it. On the last finger of his right hand is the solitary letter L. ZIPORYN looks curiously at the tattooed letter.

SPECK
I started to have LOVE and HATE on my knuckles, but I stopped. See, at least I could hide the others under a long-sleeved shirt, but on the hands, it would show too much.

ZIPORYN
Why did you have all these tattoos put on your arms like this? What's it all mean?

SPECK
Aw, nothing special. All the guys was doing it, so I went along. Doesn't mean nothing to me. It was just the thing to do at the time. (SPECK looks down at the dagger on his right arm) That knife reminds me--I was with some guys--I was about eighteen at the time--a guy called J. W. Milton and Jerry Cox, we were at Tennyson Park, that's a swimming place in Dallas. I'd had three or four yellow-jackets. A gang of about fifteen other guys came over the wall and started a fight with us. I had a barbecue knife I stole some place and went
after them with it, just swinging away. They really ran. We laughed like crazy to see them run like that. (SPECK sighs deeply, stares out through the cell bars, and then continues) I don't think it's so funny now, though. I don't blame them kids--guy coming at 'em with a knife, swinging wild--I'd run, too. I just don't know. When I got to be seventeen, I just went wild. I think a lot about it now. Look what's happened. Those girls--maybe if I'd known there was something wrong with me, all that wouldn't have happened.

SPECK grows maudlin again as ZIPORYN continues to look at the tattoos. On the back of his left wrist is the initial R and above that is the tattoo just below the elbow--BORN TO RAISE HELL. The spidery blue-lettered words are spaced in three lines--BORN on the first, TO RAISE on the second, and HELL, barely visible, on the third.

ZIPORYN
Why does the bottom word look so less distinct than the top two lines? It almost looks like it's been erased.

SPECK
(hesitantly)
To tell the truth, Doc, I was trying to burn it out of my arm when I was in jail in Texas.

ZIPORYN
Why did you only try to burn out the word HELL?

SPECK
I guess I was ashamed of it or something. I mean, it's not a nice thing to have on your arm, is it?

ZIPORYN
Why did you decide on that tattoo?

SPECK
I was maybe nineteen, and with this bunch of kids. We was in Dallas and we all went to this tattooer together. We all had something different--a skull, a head, a girl's name--I couldn't think of nothing to have on my arm, so I asked the tattooer if he had any ideas. He suggested all
kinds of things, slogans, and stuff, and one of them was BORN TO RAISE HELL. That sounded kinda good, so I let him put that on. Didn't mean anything special to me. I mean, what does something like that mean? Not much, does it? I never thought much about it. (SPECK pauses as his mood suddenly changes) Doc, can you see my mother sometime, I don't want her to see me here. She lives in Dallas with my sister Carolyn. They say she had a stroke or a nervous breakdown. She must think I just butchered a bunch of people. You know how she must feel. Will you go and talk to her?

ZIPORYN
I think that can be arranged.

SPECK
Thanks, Doc, you're a really nice guy. I'd go through hell for you. Oh yeah--you wanna know something else--when I tried to burn off this tattoo in Texas, a big guard came into my cell and hit me. He said I was destroying state property.

SPECK grins and ZIPORYN returns the grin. SPECK then goes to further investigate his new paint set as ZIPORYN leaves the cell.

70 EXT. LOVE AIRFIELD--DALLAS--DAY

A Boeing DC 3 lands on the airfield. A subtitle reads:

DALLAS
DECEMBER 30, 1966

71 EXT. LOVE AIRFIELD--DALLAS--DAY

ZIPORYN and JAMES GRAMENOS, forty-five, a handsome, six-foot-two lawyer with jet black hair, leave the airport via taxi.

72 EXT. SHERATON HOTEL--DALLAS--DAY

ZIPORYN and GRAMENOS arrive at the Sheraton Hotel. They pay for the cab fare and enter the hotel restaurant, taking a table for four. Soon two women enter, one middle-aged and the other in her
twenties with a distinct family resemblance to MARTHA THORNTON, the sister ZIPORYN had visited in Chicago. The mother is of medium height, thin and angular, with gray hair. She wears a black fur-trimmed coat. Her daughter, also very slim, is a pretty brunette, her hair done in bouffant style. She, too, wears a fur-trimmed coat, in blue. The faces of both CAROLYN and her mother are sharped-featured, and as ZIPORYN looks more closely at them he can see that his patient Richard Speck shares the pointed nose and narrow facial features with the female side of the family. ZIPORYN walks over to the two women and introduces himself.

ZIPORYN
Hello, Mrs. Speck, Miss Speck. I'm Marvin Ziporyn. I'm the man who talked to you on the phone in Chicago. Over at the table is James Gramenos, he and Gerald Getty are representing your son. We're the people you came to see. Before I forget it—I have a note here from Richard.

ZIPORYN takes out the note from his jacket pocket and hands it to MRS. SPECK. She doesn't react at all. Finally CAROLYN reaches for the letter, reads it quickly, and turns her head away from ZIPORYN as her eyes fill with tears. ZIPORYN waits for her to give the letter to her mother, but instead she thrust it abruptly back at ZIPORYN who pockets it without comment.

ZIPORYN
Why don't we all go sit down and have a little talk.

ZIPORYN and the two women walk over to the table and sit down. GRAMENOS pours everyone a glass of water from a pitcher and hands one to MRS. SPECK.

GRAMENOS
Mrs. Speck, would you like a glass of water?

MRS. SPECK
No, I don't drink water.

GRAMENOS
Well then, down to business. For both legal and psychiatric reasons, Dr. Ziporyn and I
need to obtain independent confirmation of some of the things Richard has told us. In return we will tell you anything you want to know about your son, as well as the case against him.

CAROLYN
(suddenly bursting out)
What I want to know, is why everybody listens to that dirty girl.

GRAMENOS and ZIPORYN both stare at SPECK'S sister.

GRAMENOS
Who?

CAROLYN
That nurse--that's telling all those lies.

GRAMENOS
(firmly)
In the first place, she is not a dirty girl. Perhaps she is making a mistake in what she says, but it's certainly an honest one.

CAROLYN
(fiercely indignant)
Anyway, I don't believe my brother did it. I don't believe it and I never will.

GRAMENOS
That's quite understandable, but it won't get us anywhere. Maybe Dr. Ziporyn can begin by telling us what he wants to know.

ZIPORYN
First of all, let me begin by saying that Richard is in good physical and mental health. He is very pleased with the letters that you have written and thanks you for sending money, but he says not to send so much. As for myself, I have had many talks with Richard, and he repeatedly tells me of his many head injuries. Do you ever remember Richard being knocked unconscious?
MRS. SPECK
(calmingly and carefully controlled)
When Richard was three, maybe four, when we were still living in Monmouth, a shotgun fell and hit him on the head. He was dizzy for a spell, but it didn't knock him out. When he was five, I remember he hit himself with a claw hammer. He was pulling some nails out of a board. He slipped and hit himself in the head. That also made him dizzy but that didn't knock him out either. But when he was ten and we were here in Dallas, he fell from a tree. It scared us bad—he twitched and foamed at the mouth for at least two hours. There were other times too, like in...

CAROLYN
(interrupting and without any suggestion of humor)
I should tell you this. My brother is accident-prone.

ZIPORYN
(restraining a grin)
I gather that. Richard told me about being hit on the head by a policeman when he was sixteen. Did he ever tell you about it?

MRS. SPECK
No, I don't recall it. (she becomes sullen and in a soft, measured voice adds) Once he kicked me in the hip—he was just wild.

ZIPORYN
Did he know what he was doing?

MRS. SPECK
No, he was out of his head.

ZIPORYN
Did he ever remember the incident?

MRS. SPECK
No, we told him about it the next day. He wouldn't believe it.

ZIPORYN
Any more injuries you know about?
MRS. SPECK
I can't think of any right at the moment, but there is one thing I do think you should know. When Richard was three months old, he got a bad case of pneumonia. He was sick for a month, in the hospital. He had to have an oxygen tent. The doctor said it wouldn't show up then, but he was afraid the brain might be damaged.

ZIPORYN
That's very probable. During the first six months of a child's life, pneumonia can cause a condition known as anoxia. If this occurs, the child's blood does not carry a sufficient supply of oxygen to the brain cells. This can prevent the brain from developing at the proper rate. But we have no way of knowing if this actually happened to Richard. (ZIPORYN pauses, then changes the subject) Does Richard drink as much as he's told me?

MRS. SPECK
Usually on weekends only. He would be all right during the week, but his friends would get him on weekends.

ZIPORYN
How did he act when he was drinking?

CAROLYN
He was hateful and cross.

ZIPORYN
What was he like the rest of the time?

CAROLYN
What do you mean?

ZIPORYN
Was he hard to get along with—when he was not drinking, I mean—selfish, cold?

MRS. SPECK
(emphatically)
He was very good. He was always generous with his money, and helpful—used to help old
ladies with their packages, and that sort of thing. And he was very responsible at work. Even when he was sick, he'd go to work.

ZIPORYN

Sick?

CAROLYN

(throwing a fiery look at the psychiatrist)
You know--sometimes, after you're drinking, you get sick to your stomach.

ZIPORYN

I see.

MRS. SPECK

(growing more and more protective of her son as she sees the picture that is being painted of him)
But even when he was out drinking till two in the morning, he'd be up early and go to work.

ZIPORYN

Anything else?

CAROLYN

(smiling for the first time)
Richard was always jolly--he liked to play jokes. And he loved pets. He liked to take care of animals. He won a duck once, at the Texas State Fair. (she laughs at the memory)
You know, he slept with that thing.

ZIPORYN

Was he always nice like that, when he was sober? What about when he first got up from bed?

CAROLYN

Oh no, then he was grouchy, but he'd put cold water on his head--he was always doing that, and...

ZIPORYN

(interrupting)
Why was he always putting cold water on his head?

MRS. SPECK

He had headaches. All the time, at least a couple of times a week, and dizzy spells too.
ZIPORYN
Was Richard untidy in his ways?

MRS. SPECK
No, quite the opposite. He was very neat.

ZIPORYN
Tell me, Carolyn, did Richard look after you?

CAROLYN
(her voice is firm, with a tender note; the tension has receded)
Very much so.

ZIPORYN
Richard tells me that he used to warn you that some of your friends had loose morals. He says he made you stop going with them.

CAROLYN
That's true. And he used to bring boys around all the time. And if any of them got interested in me the wrong way--you know--he'd just tell them they couldn't come back.

ZIPORYN
Did you ever see him violent?

CAROLYN
(the answer comes abruptly, not an answer so much as a parry)
No!

ZIPORYN
Well, Richard says he once took a .22 and shot holes in the door.

MRS. SPECK
(joining in the defense)
He never did.

ZIPORYN
(persisting)
He also says he took a Luger and fired three shots at his mother-in-law.

The women exchange glances. That Richard has evidently told more about himself than they had thought is
apparent on both faces. They seem to find it strange that he would say things that would reveal him in anything but a good light. Each wait for the other to speak. Finally CAROLYN breaks the silence with a perfunctory answer.

    CAROLYN
    He said he was going to shoot, but he never did.

GRAMENOS has been following the exchanges like a bright boy kibitzing at an old men's chess game, watching, but saying nothing. He suddenly interjects in a neutral voice, not wanting to seem to take sides.

    GRAMENOS
    The newspaper said he fired one shot.

    MRS. SPECK
    (lamely)
    No.

    ZIPORYN
    Were you there? Maybe he did fire.

    MRS. SPECK
    Shirley was there. She said he didn't fire.

    ZIPORYN
    What about Richard's knifing a man once?

    MRS. SPECK
    He didn't knife anybody.

    ZIPORYN
    (staring hard at MRS. SPECK)
    Now look. These are things Richard himself told me, not what other people have accused him of. If they're not true, why is he lying?

    MRS. SPECK
    Oh, he likes to exaggerate things--to make himself look big.

    ZIPORYN
    Did he ever throw his stepfather out?

    CAROLYN
    His stepfather was handicapped.
ZIPORYN
I know, but Richard says they always fought.

CAROLYN
That's true. That's Richard's problem right there. His stepfather hated him--always did--always called him a gutter rat.

Why?

CAROLYN
I don't know. And Richard always wanted a father. I really think he suffered hard. He used to cry about it sometimes.

MRS. SPECK
(nodding her agreement)
I think he ran with the boys so much, just because he needed men's company so much.

ZIPORYN
But he never threw his stepfather out?

CAROLYN
No. Of course, that man was leaving all the time. That's why Richard left school. His stepfather took off and we had no income. Richard had to go to work. He hated school anyway.

ZIPORYN is unable to be sure whether the incident of the drunken fight between SPECK and his stepfather was true or not, but even as a fantasy, ZIPORYN realizes SPECK'S deep hostility to his stepfather.

ZIPORYN
Was Richard good at school?

CAROLYN
No, only in shop and mechanics. He was bad in English and arithmetic and everything else.

SPECK'S academic failure is of course no news to ZIPORYN, but it is interesting to the psychiatrist to see that SPECK'S manual dexterity had always been apparent, something that might have been constructively developed in a better adjusted life.
ZIPORYN
Now let's talk about Shirley. Richard has told me he disliked her.

MRS. SPECK
(incredulously)
Disliked her? I never knew that.

ZIPORYN
Well, he says he was always fighting with her.

CAROLYN
(confirming what her mother did not want to believe)
That's true, they always did fight.

GRAMENOS
Did he ever hit her?

CAROLYN
No, but she used to slap him. And he was funny about that—he didn't like to get hit in the face. Once he and I were reading—that always made her mad—and she said she was bored. They started arguing and she walked up and really slapped him. He got so mad. He said he was going to kill her if she ever did that again. But he never touched her. (CAROLYN pauses and angrily adds) That's what makes me so mad. All these lies everybody tells about my brother. Drifter, they call him. But he was always here. And girl-killer. He was nice to girls.

ZIPORYN
He tells me he used to give girls money.

CAROLYN
That's true. There was this Maggie...

ZIPORYN
(interrupting)
The one he went to Huston with?

MRS. SPECK
Yes, he just went along for the ride. She went with her brother-in-law.

ZIPORYN
Brother-in-law? Richard told me it was her husband.
MRS. SPECK
It was her brother-in-law. When Maggie got sick, Richard moved in and took care of her.

CAROLYN
(in a positive voice)
I know my brother. It's obvious—if he killed eight nurses, he must be a mental case.

ZIPORYN
I agree with you but in Illinois the law isn't quite that simple. It's not enough just to be a mental case, you have to be a particular kind of mental case.

CAROLYN
(her barely controlled patience at an end)
Illinois law, huh? (she snorts scornfully and stands up) Excuse me, I'll be right back: (with tears in her eyes she rushes out of the room)

ZIPORYN
(turning to MRS. SPECK)
I still have your letter, you know.

MRS. SPECK
Are you going to give it to me?

ZIPORYN
Of course. It's your letter. But Carolyn gave it back to me when I offered it the first time.

MRS. SPECK
She just wasn't thinking. She's upset.

ZIPORYN hands over the letter and MRS. SPECK puts it in her purse without reading it. CAROLYN returns and MRS. SPECK looks into her watery eyes.

MRS. SPECK
I think it's time we leave.

ZIPORYN and GRAMENOS rise. As the two women go through the restaurant doors, CAROLYN turns around.

CAROLYN
Tell Richard we love him very much and we miss him.
MRS. SPECK says nothing, and the two women exit.
ZIPORYN and GRAMENOS sit back down at the table.

GRAMENOS
Well, what do you think?

ZIPORYN
It was interesting for sure. But there is always the chance that they may be protecting Speck, whether purposely or inadvertently. They may be white-washing his past to make him look better. Also they tended to label all adverse suggestions against Speck as lies, even if Speck himself said them. Which is rather normal, as Speck is constantly complaining of lies contained in magazines and newspapers.

GRAMENOS
Sure, even says you're a liar.

ZIPORYN
(taken back)
He does? When did he say that?

GRAMENOS
(goes through his briefcase and pulls out a report)
See, in October, the State Attorney sent another psychiatrist, Dr. Norcross, to analyze Speck. And here's one item: Norcross said, "Dr. Ziporyn claims you have given him information you didn't give to anyone else." Speck replied, "He's a liar."

ZIPORYN
It wasn't a very fair question for Norcross to ask, but that's a very typical reply.

GRAMENOS
And it's typical of this whole case--the chief characters and indulging in half-truths while accusing everybody else of lying.

ZIPORYN
I couldn't agree more. That's why we need to check into Speck's past even more. I'll visit some of Speck's old friends and hangouts here in
Dallas. You see if you can find Shirley. Then we'll meet back here tomorrow at 7:00 for dinner.

Both men leave the table. DISSOLVE TO:

73 EXT. SHERATON HOTEL--DALLAS--DAY

GRAMENOS is eating dinner at the Sheraton Hotel restaurant. A wall clock shows 7:10. ZIPORYN enters the restaurant and goes to GRAMENOS'S table.

ZIPORYN
I've really had bad luck. I can't find any of Speck's friends and I've been to all of the hangouts he told me about--nothing. Did you find Shirley?

GRAMENOS
Yes, but she's no help.

ZIPORYN
What's she like?

GRAMENOS
Confused. Of course, her new husband stood right there with her. I asked her if Richard ever got drunk. She said no, he just used to pretend to be drunk.

ZIPORYN
Pretend?

GRAMENOS
Yes. According to her, Speck would come home, fall on the floor, roll out on the porch, pound on the door, cry, and carry on as such. Just pretending, she says. I said, "I heard you met at the Texas State Fair," and she said she didn't remember that. She "thinks" they got married in 1963. And that was all--they asked me to leave.

ZIPORYN
What do we have then--it seems to me that the important facts of Speck's story, as he himself tells it, remain true. He has an impressive childhood history of head injuries, with possible brain damage further complicated by a bout of
pneumonia in infancy. The hatred of his step-father and the lack of a strong male figure in the family are both confirmed. The extreme protectiveness of his mother and the hostility of his relationship with his former wife, born of real or imagined infidelity, are also unmistakable. Likewise, Speck's drinking and fighting were accepted as facts by his family. And pitifully enough—all that remains is the picture of a boy who never came close to becoming a man.

All that we can see of the "Boy who never came close to becoming a man" is a pair of stockinged feet poking out through the cell bars. ZIPORYN approaches SPECK'S cell and is surprised to find his patient lolling on a chair, comfortably padded with blankets., his feet on a horizontal bar, looking more like a cowboy recovering from a night in jail on a "drunk and disorderly" charge than a man in his sixth month of custody on a capital charge. Chairs are not customary cell furniture. ZIPORYN has been conducting his interviews with both of them sitting on the cell bed. The chair in SPECK'S cell is as unusual as cell bars would be in a living room.

ZIPORYN
Okay. Where did you get the chair?

SPECK
(grinning)
Warden gave it to me.

ZIPORYN
Don't hand me that. Where did you get it?

SPECK
I don't know why you don't believe me. The assistant warden does.

ZIPORYN
Makowski?
SPECK
Yeah. He was here yesterday. He asked me where I got it. I told him the warden gave it to me.

ZIPORYN
Well, I was just with the warden. I told him about your headaches. He's going to be down here tomorrow to see you. What are you going to tell him?

SPECK
Him? Tell him the assistant warden gave it to me.

Both men laugh, then SPECK looks up with a surprised smile on his face, as if he has forgotten something.

SPECK
Did you see my mom?

ZIPORYN
Yes, and your sister. They're both in good health and they send their love. Your mother is a nice woman. I like her. Carolyn seems to have a chip on her shoulder. For example, she called the nurse that survived the murders "that dirty girl."

SPECK
(seemly amazed)
Why is she mad at her?

ZIPORYN
Well, Miss Amuro says that you're the murderer; therefore, Carolyn considers her the enemy.

SPECK
(grinning)
That's Carolyn, all right. When we was kids and I got into a fight, she'd join it.

ZIPORYN
(pauses briefly)
I talked to your mother about the shooting incident with the .22 in Dallas. Your mother said it never happened.
SPECK
Never happened! I hate to call mom a liar, but she's telling a lie.

ZIPORYN
And then shooting the Luger at your mother-in-laws? They say that Shirley was there when you had a fight with your mother-in-law and that the shooting never happened either.

SPECK
(the little boy in SPECK defends his boasts; there is a note of petulance in his voice, and a trace of pout)
Shirley wasn't there when I shot those three blasts. The boys were with me.

ZIPORYN
Your mother said you never knifed anybody either.

SPECK
(smiles and talks more easily)
She didn't know it was a knifing. All she knew was that I was in a fight. There's lots of things I didn't tell her. I guess nobody likes to have their mom know bad things about them. Know what I mean? What else did they say?

ZIPORYN
They told me about your pets.

SPECK
(chuckles)
Oh yeah? Did they tell you about my duck? That was crazy. I won it at the State Fair, even slept with it. And did they tell you about my snakes? I kept about twenty of them--grass snakes, you know. My mom wouldn't even come in the room. Say, are they coming up for the trial?

ZIPORYN
Well, your mom may be here for it.

SPECK
(his eyes sparkling with excitement)
She will?
ZIPORYN
Yes. It's set for February, you know.

SPECK
No, I didn't know that.

ZIPORYN
Didn't you hear about it? I heard it on the radio in Dallas.

SPECK
Are they talking about me all over Dallas? Huh! I wonder what Shirley thinks.

ZIPORYN
Mr. Gramenos saw Shirley in Dallas. She said that you only pretended to get drunk. That it was all an act--falling on the ground, pounding on the floor. She said that you were just faking it. She also said that she couldn't remember where she met you.

SPECK
(with scornful laughter)
Was her husband around?

ZIPORYN
He wouldn't let her out of his sight.

SPECK
She was just afraid to talk, then. Anything else?

ZIPORYN
Carolyn said Shirley used to slap you and get upset when you wouldn't pay attention to her.

SPECK
Yeah, she used to say she wanted me to love her more than I did my mom. (softly, but firmly) I told her, "That'll never be." Then she would get mad.

In the cell, all is silent. ZIPORYN realizes with the slightly pompous phrase--"That'll never be"--that SPECK has just revealed what lay at the roots of his rotting marriage. SPECK has committed himself
to the worship of his Madonna mother, and contemptuously consigned his wife to the realm of the Prostitutes. ZIPORYN and SPECK sit in silence. ZIPORYN looks at SPECK and sees that tears are welling up in his eyes. SPECK turns away to brush a tear from his cheek. ZIPORYN pauses a moment longer, then resumes the conversation.

ZIPORYN
Hey, I got pretty mad at you in Dallas. Mr. Gramenos showed me a report of your interviews with Dr. Norcross. Do you remember him asking whether you told me things that you didn't tell anybody else? And you called me a liar, right?

SPECK
(giggles)
Aw, I didn't mean it the way it sounded. It just slipped out that way.

ZIPORYN
Richard, it's important that you learn to distinguish between lies and honest mistakes.

SPECK
I won't call you a liar again, I promise. I didn't mean it then. I was really mad at Norcross. He said he was writing a book about tattooing, and he was asking me a lot of questions about my tattoos. I really don't like to talk about them, so I just got hot and said anything that popped into my mind.

ZIPORYN nods his head and looks around the cell at all the trimmings that SPECK has used to convert his cell into a home. Besides the mysteriously acquired chair, are shelves made of cardboard boxes stuffed with books, playing cards, and letters; the painting sets and paintings of which SPECK has diligently worked; and the neat piles of clothing and towels stuffed into three cardboard boxes, piled one on top of the other in one corner. Outside it has begun to snow.

DISSOLVE TO:

75 INT. COOK COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY
ZIPORYN and SPECK are present, but all of the cell trimmings are now gone. The walls are bare to their sickly cream color once again. Just another prison cell, bearing witness to its present tenant only with a slogan painted in white on the door:

RICHARD SPECK
BORN: DEC. 6, 1941
DIED: ?

SPECK is lying on the bed, ZIPORYN is standing. In the corridor the cell television is playing The Road Runner Show.

ZIPORYN
So you're finally moving?

SPECK
(in a bitter voice, his face suffused with fury)
Yeah. The warden came in at 3:30 yesterday, told me to pack. He said I might go tomorrow. And they lied to me. The Peoria sheriff and the warden, they said I could take my paint stuff. Now they say I can't take nothing. They say the state will give me everything I need. I can't even take my shaving and washing things.

ZIPORYN
Maybe when you talk to the warden again, you'll find it's a mistake.

SPECK
It'd better be, or I'll go wild there. I can't just sit in a cell for seven weeks or however long it's gonna take, with nothing to do but stare at a guard--I'll attack him or something. It's not like solitary--at least it's dark there. But do you know what it's like to just sit in a cell, just sit? And another thing--I want my blue suit to go to court in. My mother had it tailor made for me. And I won't go to court without a shave and shower.

ZIPORYN
They'll give you all that. I'm sure they have a barber.
I can shave myself. But they broke their word. They promised me, right in the warden's office.

There is an extremely long, uneasy silence. Only the sounds of The Road Runner Show are heard. Tears form in SPECK'S eyes.

SPECK

It was my fault.

ZIPORYN

Richard, this is probably the last time I will see you as a patient. Now for the last time, I want you to listen to me carefully and try to understand what I'm about to say. (he pauses briefly, then continues) Richard, I believe you did not choose to be a killer. I believe that what happened was not the result of your conscious decision. We don't ask to be born. We have nothing to say about the color of our eyes, or the shape of our heads, or the construction of our brains. If the next guy is smarter than you, it's not the his credit, he didn't earn his brains--they're simply a gift of nature. And if he didn't fall on his head, that's his good luck, too. And if he had a father who lived, parents who taught him, or good friends who encouraged him, that again is his good luck. We have nothing to say about our anatomy or what we inherit or the things that happen to us in spite of ourselves. After all, these things mold us, then we react the way we were made. To hold you responsible is like holding a leaky jar responsible for the water it loses--rather than the materials from which the jar was made and the way it was manufactured. Sure, some jars leak and some don't. The leaky jars were made wrong or they were damaged. Like every other human being, you, Richard, are the product of your heredity and your environment. You didn't pick either one. I can find what you did terrible. I do, and you do, too. But I can't honestly find you responsible for your actions. Do you understand?

SPECK does not answer. He holds his head in his large hands and sobs. He looks up and tears stream
down his face as he shakes his head, still unable, unwilling to comprehend his situation. His tension is proving intolerable and he looks around the cell for distraction. Finally he digs into his pants pocket and takes out a magazine article that he has torn out of a magazine. He hands it to ZIPORYN.

SPECK
Do you believe in this?

ZIPORYN
(looking at the article)
"A black mamba kills four on horseback." Sure, I believe it, why not?

SPECK
(laughing with a faint note of hysteria in his voice)
I like what it says here—if a king cobra bites you, the best thing to do is lie down and die comfortably. But if a black mamba bites you, there's not even time for that.

SPECK laughs again and the laugh rings hollow over the sounds of The Road Runner Show. ZIPORYN makes one last effort.

ZIPORYN
Richard, it's like I've told you many times—you have real brain damage. You just can't control your feelings. It's not your fault that you didn't get real medical care.

SPECK
What good would it have done? You know what would've happened if I'd been brought to you on the outside. I'd have listened, agreed with what you said, and then gone away and laughed at you.

ZIPORYN
Of course. You've done that here, too. Don't you think I know you haven't always been truthful with me? But that's the point—even the wrong things are the result of your brain damage. I can't hold your symptoms against you, and in your case your personality and actions are the symptoms of mental defects. I can't hold them against you any more than I can blame a guy with tuberculosis for coughing.
SPECK listens carefully to these last remarks and sits deep in thought. ZIPORYN gets up and summons the guard to unlock the cell.

SPECK
(sheepishly)
All these things you keep telling me about myself...well, Doc, the point is--I could sure use you at the trial. Are you gonna come?

ZIPORYN
Yes, Richard, I'll be there, but it doesn't look like I will be telling the jury any of the things I've told you. (pauses, then adds) I talked to Getty yesterday. All along he's been telling me that he's going to "play it by ear." As it is now, he plans to base your case on the claim that you were not in the nurses' house on the night of the murders; that you are totally innocent of all the charges. If the question of insanity was to be raised during the trial, Getty feels that it could only hurt his case. Apparently, he has decided that your mental state is the second and weaker of the two cards he has to play.

SPECK stares intently at the floor with vacant eyes.

SPECK
(contemptuously)
Games!

ZIPORYN
Good luck, Richard. I'll see you in Peoria.

SPECK
I hope so, Doc.

ZIPORYN
Meanwhile, think about what I've told you.

SPECK
I will, Doc, I will.

ZIPORYN smiles and leaves the cell. SPECK, standing by the bars of the cell, smiles and waves his long-fingered hand.
SPECK
See you in Peoria, Doc.

FADE TO BLACK
Over black screen a title fades in:

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

FADE IN:

INT. PEORIA COUNTY JAIL--SPECK'S CELL--DAY

SPECK, in his new cell, is dressing in his blue "court" suit. He puts on a white shirt and a slim dark tie. Freshly shaved and barbered, he tops off his ensemble with a hankerchief bearing the monogram "R. S." which he tucks neatly into his blue coat pocket. As SPECK gets dressed, ZIPORYN'S VOICE OVER is heard throughout the video:

ZIPORYN
Because of the enormous amount of pre-trial publicity and press coverage on the Speck case, a change of venue was obtained by Speck's attorneys. On Tuesday, February 14, 1967, exactly seven months after the eight nurses were killed...

EXT. COURTHOUSE--PEORIA--DAY

A police truck backs up close to the rear entrance of the modern, L-shaped, five-story Peoria County Courthouse. SPECK is bundled through a gauntlet of press and television cameramen into the building and up to the second-floor courtroom. ZIPORYN'S VOICE OVER continues during this video:

ZIPORYN
...Richard Speck was taken 150 miles south to Peoria, Illinois. After six weeks and after questioning 610 veniremen, a jury was finally selected--seven men and five women. On the morning of Monday, February 20, 1967, after seven months of waiting, the trial, which the Chicago newspapers had labeled "the crime of the century," began.
Twenty-seven reporters who have been given the coveted accreditation to sit in on the trial are being briefed on how they are expected to behave by JUDGE HERBERT PASCHEN. The JUDGE, age sixty-one, a silver-haired patrician with a soft, warm voice, mellow as a bassoon, makes clear his intentions to the assembled reporters in his chamber.

JUDGE PASCHEN
(calmly)
Gentlemen, the eyes of the world are on this trial. We don't want a reversal on this case, as we've had on other cases in the recent past, because of anything that's been published that is prejudicial to a fair trial for Richard Franklin Speck. We're not going to change the directives now. We want to see if there are going to be a few bastards among you before we do anything. (the reporters laugh and the JUDGE rises to put on his robes for the trial, announcing--somewhat incongruously--to the newsmen as they leave his chamber) Okay boys, let's get this show on the road.

SPECK, accompanied by two deputies, and now unmanacled, is escorted slowly to a swivel chair at the defense table between GERALD GETTY and JAMES GRAMENOS, with another defense attorney, JAMES DOHERTY, behind him. SPECK'S jaws chew slowly on some gum. SPECK looks neither tense nor relaxed, just numb.

BAILIFF
Will the court rise for the Honorable Judge Herbert Paschen?

The court rises, and the JUDGE enters and takes his seat. The court sits down and the trial begins.

JUDGE PASCHEN
Will the defendant Richard Franklin Speck rise?

SPECK, staring out into nowhere, has to be prompted by DOHERTY before he reacts by rising and bowing slightly to the JUDGE.
JUDGE PASCHEN

(the litany, with its eight almost identical verses, takes the JUDGE twelve minutes to read. Couched in the colorless, horribly simple, judicial language of the indictments, the enormity of the crime, its substance and import, is perhaps more effectively conveyed than in all the reams of newsprint devoted to that summer night on the South-East Side of Chicago.)

The Cook County Grand Jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly strangled and stabbed and thus killed Suzanne Farris. The Cook County Grand Jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly strangled and killed Nina Jo Schmale. The Cook County Grand Jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly strangled and killed Patricia Ann Matusek. The Cook County Grand Jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly strangled and stabbed Pamela Wilkening. The Cook County Grand Jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly strangled and killed Valentina Pasion. The Cook County Grand Jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly strangled and stabbed Merlita Gargullo. The Cook County Grand Jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly strangled and killed Gloria Davy. The Cook County Grand Jury of July, 1966, charges that on or about July 14, 1966, in said county, Richard Franklin
Speck committed the offense of murder in that he intentionally and knowingly stabbed and killed Mary Ann Jordan.

SPECK stands motionlessly through the entire litany, his eyes staring glassily in front of him, not at the JUDGE, but through him.

JUDGE PASCHEN
The defendant may sit. Will the prosecution state his case against the accused?

PROSECUTOR WILLIAM MARTIN
Your Honor, members of the jury, ladies and gentlemen, the state will prove conclusively that on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 13, 1966, the accused Richard Speck was seen in the neighborhood of the Jeffery Manor on the South-East side of the city and that he entered the townhouse located on 2319 East 100th Street at 11 p.m. He then herded the six girls present in the townhouse into one of the back bedrooms, adding three others as each of them came home. He then proceeded to savagely murder them one by one, raping the last victim, Gloria Davy, and leaving only one survivor, Miss Corazon Amuro. The state will prove Speck's guilt by establishing his presence in the townhouse through the discovery of three fingerprints—three fingerprints corresponding to the accused Richard Speck. As additional evidence, two sweat-soaked T-shirts of the size worn by the defendant were found in the townhouse. And lastly the positive identification of the defendant by the sole survivor of that horrible night will prove conclusively that Richard Speck did indeed commit the senseless and insidious act of murdering eight defenseless and innocent girls in the early morning of July 14, 1966.

JUDGE PASCHEN
And now the defense.

GETTY
The theory of the defense is that Speck, this defendant, is not the perpetrator of this crime. The only issue here, as in every criminal case, or I might say in most criminal cases, is that
the state must prove that the crime actually happened. And then they must prove who is the perpetrator who did it. In this case, before we ever started out, I told you that this crime happened. Yes, it did happen. Eight girls were killed. Prosecutor William Martin has outlined his theory of what he expects the evidence to prove. And I know every bit of that evidence, and that is why I told each and every juror about that before you even started. Again--the theory of the defense is that Speck is not the perpetrator of this crime. The state will have to prove this beyond a reasonable doubt. And their evidence will be an eyewitness, whom you will have to test--whether that witness is actually an eyewitness. Martin also indicated that he expects the evidence to show three fingerprints. And, of course, he assumes these are the defendant's. But after you hear all the evidence, it is not Martin telling you what the evidence is, it is not Getty telling you what the evidence is, it will be up to you jurors to test the witnesses from the witness stand and arrive at your verdict from your own mind and your own conscience.

JUDGE PASCHEN
The prosecution may call the first witness.

MARTIN
The state calls Jack Slatton to the stand.

JACK SLATTON, the small bespectacled CLERK at the National Maritime Union hiring hall whom SPECK had once antagonized, is sworn in.

MARTIN
Please state your name and occupation.

SLATTON
Slatton...Jack Slatton. I'm a clerk at the National Maritime Union hiring hall. I've been with them for nine years this April.

MARTIN
Have you ever seen the defendant before?
SLATTON
Yes. On July 11, 12, and 13 of 1966, he was looking for work on a boat going to New Orleans.

MARTIN
Mr. Slatton, have you seen this before? (he holds up an application form signed by Richard Speck)

SLATTON
(looking at the application form)
Yes sir, I have. It's the application form that Richard Speck filled out at the hiring hall on July 11, 1966.

MARTIN
Mr. Slatton, the hiring hall, that is, the National Maritime Union hiring hall is located between Crandon Avenue and the southeast corner of East 100th Street, is it not?

SLATTON
That is correct, yes sir.

MARTIN
And across the street from the entrance of the hiring hall is a small park called Luella Park, is it not?

SLATTON
That is also correct, yes sir.

MARTIN
And across the park is the townhouse on 2319 East 100 Street, the same townhouse where the eight women were killed. Is that also correct?

SLATTON
That is correct.

MARTIN
Now, Mr. Slatton, how is it that you are so able to recall the defendant over so many other job seekers?

SLATTON
Well, he--Speck, that is--got mad at me because there were no boats going to New Orleans that
were hiring crews and he told me to... (SLATTON'S voice inaudibly trails off)

MARTIN
You'll have to speak up, Mr. Slatton.

SLATTON
Well, he got mad and told me to "try and kiss his ass." Somebody like that is hard to forget.

The court audience laughs as JUDGE PASCHEN resumes order.

MARTIN
I guess it would be. So, Mr. Slatton, without a doubt in your mind the defendant, Richard Speck, was in the vicinity of the nurses boarding house on the afternoon of July 11, 12, and 13.

SLATTON
That's correct, sir. Without a doubt.

MARTIN
Thank you, Mr. Slatton. That will be all.

JUDGE PASCHEN
Do you wish to cross examine, Mr. Getty?

GETTY
Yes, your Honor, I do. (approaching SLATTON) Mr. Slatton, when you saw Speck in July of 1966, would you say that his hair was in a crew cut?

SLATTON
His hair? No, no it wasn't short like a crew cut at all—it was long and combed back as best as I can remember.

GETTY
Thank you, Mr. Slatton. That will be all.

MARTIN
The state calls Dante Bargelli to the stand.

BARGELLI is sworn in and takes a seat in the witness chair.
MARTIN
Please state your name.

BARGELLI
Dante Bargelli.

MARTIN
And your occupation?

BARGELLI
I'm a sailor—I work on barges usually, but right now I'm unemployed.

MARTIN
Mr. Bargelli, have you ever seen the defendant before?

BARGELLI
Yeah, I seen him before. I was looking for a job at the hiring hall. That's where I first noticed him, he was in the same line as me. He was looking for a job aboard a Great Lakes tanker to New Orleans but they didn't have anything open.

MARTIN
And did you ever see him again?

BARGELLI
Yeah, later that afternoon I saw him in the park in front of the hiring hall. He was just sitting on a bench. I passed in front of him and he didn't pay no attention to me at all, he was just staring at the house where them girls were killed.

MARTIN
And what day was this?

BARGELLI
It was July 13. I know that cause the next day when I went to the hiring hall, it looked like the whole police force was across the street at that house—then I learned that they was there cause all them girls got killed. It was July 13, all right.

MARTIN
Thank you, Mr. Bargelli. That will be all.
JUDGE PASCHEN
Do you wish to cross examine, Mr. Getty?

GETTY
Yes, your Honor, I do. (approaching BARGELLI)
I only have one question. What did Speck's
hair look like at the time?

BARGELLI
Well...like Mr. Slatton said, it was long and
combed back over his head--like it is now.

GETTY
No further questions, your Honor.

The prosecution calls GEORGE MACKEY to the witness
chair.

MARTIN
What is your name and occupation.

MACKEY
My name is George Mackey. I'm a sailor too,
but things have been kinda tight lately and
I don't have a job right now either.

MARTIN
Mr. Mackey, have you ever seen the defendant
before?

MACKEY
Yeah, Dante, er, Mr. Bargelli, and me was at
the hiring hall just like he said. That's
where I saw him--trying to find a boat to
New Orleans. I saw him again that afternoon,
too--Mr. Bargelli and me waited around in
the park that afternoon and we seen him
sitting by hisself, staring toward that house
where all them girls was killed.

MARTIN
Thank you, Mr. Mackey. That will be all.

GETTY
(cross examining)
One question, Mr. Mackey. Was Speck's hair
short at the time--like in a crew cut?
MACKEY
Nah, not at all. It was long and slicked back.

GETTY
That's all, your Honor.

The prosecution calls JAY PASSMORE to the witness chair.

MARTIN
What is your name and occupation?

PASSMORE
My name is Jay Passmore. I own a liquor store three blocks from where those girls were killed, over on Crandon Street.

MARTIN
Have you ever seen the defendant, Mr. Passmore?

PASSMORE
Yes sir, I have. On July 13, late in the afternoon he came in and bought some whisky. I'm sure of the date, too, because those girls were killed the next day.

GETTY
(cross examining)
Mr. Passmore, would you agree with the other two witnesses about Speck's hair? That it was long and combed back?

PASSMORE
Yes sir. That's how I remember it.

PASSMORE is dismissed and BOB MORGAN is called to the witness chair and sworn in.

MARTIN
Please state your name and occupation.

MORGAN
Bob Morgan. I'm the manager of the Shipyard Inn over on the South-East side.

MARTIN
Mr. Morgan, have you ever seen the defendant before?
MORGAN
Yes--he spent the night of Thursday, July 15, at my inn.

MARTIN
Are you sure it was the defendant, Richard Speck?

MORGAN
Yeah, I'm sure. I even called the police when I saw his picture on television later that day, but when the police came he was gone.

MARTIN
Did you notice anything unusual about him that night?

MORGAN
Believe me, I get some rough characters down there. Like Speck--he came in real drunk, and he was flashing this long knife around, acting like a fool. Once he lifted his arm up real high and I could see a gun sticking out of his pants. But he calmed down when he saw that no one was paying any attention to him.

MARTIN
So you did see Speck with a gun and a knife in your inn the night after the murders?

MORGAN
Yes sir, he did have a gun and a knife.

GETTY
(cross examining)
Mr. Morgan, please describe Speck's hair that night.

MORGAN
His hair was long, blond, and combed back--like it is now.

GETTY
Not short, not a crew cut?

MORGAN
No, it was long.

MARTIN next calls MIKE SCHULTZ to the witness chair. He is the twenty-five year old, red-haired, freckle-
faced service station attendant who had earlier befriended SPECK by allowing him to keep two of his bags at the service station. As SCHULTZ approaches the stand, all audio ceases, only the video remains. As we see, but do not hear, SCHULTZ talking, the camera slowly moves into a close shot of SPECK'S face. As before, he looks neither tense, nor relaxed; his eyes seem to take in everything and nothing. Suddenly cut to:

MISS AMURO--CLOSE SHOT--DAY

As the camera slowly dollys out to reveal MISS AMURO sitting in the witness chair, we see that she is staring intently and unflinchingly at MARTIN. She is wearing a starched white short-sleeve blouse, dark blue culottes modestly reaching to below the knees of her black-stockinged legs and flat brown shoes. Over this video, we hear MARTIN'S VOICE OVER:

MARTIN
(VOICE OVER)
Now, Miss Amuro, if you see the same man in the courtroom today who came to your bedroom door late on Wednesday night, July 13, 1966, would you please step down and point him out?

Without any further acknowledgment, she rises slowly as the bailiff opens the gate of the witness stand. Clutching a white handkerchief in her left hand, she walks over to the defense table, and steadily raises her right hand to within six inches of SPECK'S ashen face.

MISS AMURO
(expressionless)
This is the man.

MISS AMURO'S four words seem to hover in the air as she returns to the witness chair. SPECK'S eyes flicker momentarily toward MISS AMURO and then resume their glassy stare at the judge's bench behind her. MARTIN'S mechanical tones resume the business of the prosecution case:

MARTIN
Identifying for the record, the defendant, Richard Speck. Now, Miss Amuro, tell us what occurred on the night of July 13, 1966.
MISS AMURO
(MISS AMURO is the perfect prosecution witness--businesslike with the facts, but not cold and
dehumanized with their personal implications. She simply reveals what she has seen, emphasized
by unsophisticated, heavily accented English)
I had sandwich around ten-thirty, then I go
upstairs to my bedroom around eleven o'clock.

MARTIN
What did you do after you arrived in your
bedroom?

MISS AMURO
I lock our bedroom door, and then I am about
to put off the light but Miss Gargullo told me not to, because she told me she is going
to say her prayers first.

MARTIN
What did you do after Miss Gargullo asked
you not to turn off the light?

MISS AMURO
Then I went up to my bed and I sleep.

MARTIN
Did you wake up any time later on Wednesday,
July 13?

MISS AMURO
Yes.

MARTIN
And would you tell the court and jury how
you happened to wake up?

MISS AMURO
I hear a knock in our bedroom. It was about
four knocks and the knocking was done in a
normal manner. (MISS AMURO'S answers come
at first in a quiet, level tone, but as the
moment of her confrontation with the intruder
approaches, her voice falters) I went to the...
I went to the door... (she fights back tears,
swallows, and then continues)...and I unlock
it and I start to open it, and all at once there's
somebody who is pushing at the door...(MISS AMURO breaks down and weeps as she adds) Then I saw a man...I...I saw a man standing on the center of our door, with a gun in his right hand pointed toward me and I notice that he had marks on his face, the clothes was dark from the shoulders to the foot and his hair was blond, hair combed toward the back and some hair in the front.

As the damera dollys in to a close shot of MISS AMURO'S face,

FADE BACK TO:

61 INT. TOWNHOUSE--UPSTAIRS FRONT BEDROOM--NIGHT

MISS AMURO'S softly spoken testimonial is abruptly interrupted by the noise of a slamming door. We see that we are now in the upstairs bedroom of the nurses' townhouse on the night of July 13, 1966, and that the LONE FIGURE has just drunkenly slammed the bedroom door to imprison the three Filipino residents--MISS AMURO, MISS PASION, and MISS GARGULLO. The LONE FIGURE, as before, is always seen so that his face is never revealed (that is, so that we never know for sure if it is RICHARD SPECK or someone else--also the remaining FADE BACK is seen and heard as if through the eyes and ears of MISS AMURO, the survivor. Therefore, the FADE BACK contains fragmented dialogue to re-create MISS AMURO'S unfamiliarity of the English language.) As the three nurses look on with numb surprise, the LONE FIGURE finally breaks the silence.

LONE FIGURE (calmly)
Don't be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you. I just want some money so I can go to New Orleans. (looking around the bedroom) Is there anybody else here besides you three?

MISS GARGULLO (nervously)
There are more girls in the back bedroom.

LONE FIGURE (pointing the gun at MISS GARGULLO)
Show me.
The three Filipino girls, followed at gun-and-knife point by the LONE FIGURE, walk down the hall and come to the upstairs back bedroom. They enter and see three American girls sleeping—MISS SCHMALE, MISS WILKENING, and MISS MATUSEK.

LONE FIGURE
(turning the light on)
Everybody up! Now!

The three American girls wake with startled faces.

MISS SCHMALE
What do you want?

LONE FIGURE
I want...money...worry...going to hurt you...need money...New Orleans...purses...money.

The American girls fetch their purses and give him what little money they have. The girls then sit down on the floor and carry on a conversation with the LONE FIGURE who joins the six girls as he too sits down on the floor. The dialogue is fragmented and broken and MISS AMURO understands little of what is being said. Finally the LONE FIGURE stands up and walks over to one of the bunkbeds. Meticulously he cuts a bed sheet into strips and begins to tie up the six girls, binding their ankles and wrists. First he binds MISS PASION, followed by MISS SCHMALE and MISS WILKENING. He then moves over and ties MISS MATUSEK'S ankles, but as he reaches for her wrists, a noise is heard downstairs.

LONE FIGURE
What's that?

MISS MATUSEK
It's probably Gloria—she had a date and said she'd be back by twelve.

LONE FIGURE
Now listen—I want everybody to be calm and quiet. I'm gonna go down and bring her up here. Anybody—-I mean anybody—scream and I'll kill whoever's down there. Understand?

The LONE FIGURE leaves the bedroom shutting the door behind him. Nervously the six girls debate their predicament.
MISS AMURO
(whispering)
We must act fast. When he come back, I hide behind door and hit him with steel bunk ladder. Then we all jump on him and tie him up.

MISS WILKENING
No, we can't do that--what if we failed? All he wants right now is our money.

MISS AMURO
We do not know that for sure--we must attack him now when we can--now!

MISS WILKENING
No, we just can't risk it. If we remain calm and quiet like he says to do, then maybe he will remain calm and quiet. Besides, what else could he want with all of us?

The two American girls nod their approval for waiting it out. As MISS AMURO begins to plead with them again, the door bursts open as the LONE FIGURE re-enters the room. In front of him, and at gun point, is GLORIA DAVY.

LONE FIGURE
(to DAVY)
Down on the floor.

MISS DAVY
Why are you doing this? We are all student nurses.

LONE FIGURE
(smiling)
Oh, you are a student nurse.

Nonchalantly the LONE FIGURE binds MISS DAVY'S wrists. MISS MATUSEK moans as the LONE FIGURE starts to bind her wrists.

LONE FIGURE
Don't be afraid--I don't want to hurt any of you. I just want to make sure none of you give me any trouble. Then I'll take your money and leave.
Suddenly the doorbell downstairs rings. The LONE FIGURE looks at MISS MATUSEK, her wrists are not yet bound. The LONE FIGURE then goes over and grabs the remaining two unbound nurses--MISS AMURO and MISS GARGULLO. He forces the two women out the bedroom door and as they leave, the LONE FIGURE turns around and addresses the five bound women on the floor.

LONE FIGURE

Remember--one shout and they all die.

Leaving the five bound women unguarded, the LONE FIGURE, MISS AMURO, and MISS GARGULLO proceed downstairs. When they arrive at the front door, no one is there. Barely visible at the end of the sidewalk, walking away from the townhouse, is TAMMY SIOUFOFF, twenty, who has come to borrow some bread for a sandwich but fortunately left when she got no response to her ringing. The LONE FIGURE then takes the two girls back upstairs and ties them up like the rest--binding their wrists and ankles. The LONE FIGURE then sits down among the women and begins another fragmented dialogue. Finally he turns to MISS GARGULLO.

LONE FIGURE

(to MISS GARGULLO)

Do you know karate?

Surprised, MISS GARGULLO shakes her head no. The LONE FIGURE continues talking to the nurses in broken dialogue (MISS AMURO understands very little of what is being said to the American women) But we clearly see that the LONE FIGURE is nervously clicking his gun while sitting on the floor and constantly looking out the bedroom window. In the midst of this tense behavior, the LONE FIGURE stands up and walks over to MISS WILKENING, the woman who had earlier advocated inaction. The LONE FIGURE unties her ankles and silently leads her out of the room. The camera remains in the bedroom with the six bound women. After thirty seconds of silence a sound is heard off screen; softly, like a sigh.

MISS WILKENING

(VOICE OVER)

Ah!

The six women look on with perplexed faces. MISS DAVY now joins in the campaign of inaction by hinting that MISS WILKENING is only being raped at worst and not hurt.
MISS DAVY

We've got to remain calm like they've taught us in school. Surely he's not going to hurt any of us--surely. We've got to let him have whatever he wants for now and when he leaves, we'll call the police.

MISS AMURO

(trying to free herself from her bonds)

We must get ourselves free and attack him now, while we are still alive. Now!

MISS DAVY

We are all still alive, Cora. Besides, he's got a gun. What can we do against that? We'd only make him mad, and God only knows what he'd do then. So let's just be calm and he'll soon be gone.

As the nurses strain to hear anything outside the bedroom door, the sound of the front door opening downstairs is heard, followed by several footsteps coming upstairs.

MISS DAVY

(optimistically)

Listen! The other girls must have come home from their dates and scared him off!

The six faces of expectation turn to overwhelming gladness as MISS JORDAN and MISS FARRIS enter the bedroom. The gladness is short lived as the two women are followed into the bedroom by the LONE FIGURE. Both women have just arrived at the townhouse and have been accosted by the LONE FIGURE at gun point. A quick glance around the bedroom assures the LONE FIGURE that all is secure. He then points the gun at MISS JORDAN and MISS FARRIS, silently telling them to leave the bedroom. The two women comply, followed by the LONE FIGURE who closes the bedroom door behind him. Again the five bound girls look on with numb surprise. Offscreen a noise is heard as if the two girls are vocally resisting--it is the sound of yelling but in a low voice. Suddenly the noise stops and is replaced by the sound of running water in the bathroom, next to the back bedroom in the hallway. The sound of running water stops and the LONE FIGURE re-enters the back bedroom. This time the LONE FIGURE is soaking in his sweat. He walks over to MISS SCHMALE and unties her. The two exit the room, as the bedroom door closes behind them. Another soft "Ah!" is heard offscreen,
followed by running water. The water stops and there is a deathly silence. The five bound girls--MISS PASHON, MISS GARGULLO, MISS MATUSEK, MISS DAVY, and MISS AMURO--look toward the bedroom door in horror. MISS AMURO, bound in the back of the room, looks around and quickly rolls down and hides under a bunkbed. MISS PASHON, MISS GARGULLO, and MISS MATUSEK follow suit and try the same ploy, hiding under three other bunkbeds. MISS DAVY, however, remains stoically seated on the floor.

MISS DAVY

(still unable to comprehend what is happening)

If we remain calm, he won't hurt us...

After a long silence, the LONE FIGURE re-enters the bedroom and spies only MISS DAVY. His face reflects complete surprise until he notices a piece of MISS MATUSEK'S yellow nightgown sticking out from under a bunkbed. The LONE FIGURE smiles and points the gun under the bed.

LONE FIGURE

Come out, come out, wherever you are, or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your brains out.

The LONE FIGURE looks under two more bunkbeds and discovers MISS PASHON and MISS GARGULLO, but somehow overlooks MISS AMURO.

LONE FIGURE

(to the four women)

Now, no more trouble. All I want is your money so I can go to New Orleans. I'm really not going to hurt any of you, I only want to put you in the other room with the other girls. That's all, really. (pointing the gun at MISS PASHON) You go next.

The two leave the room, the door is shut behind them. After a long silence, MISS PASHON, offscreen, utters an "Ah!" louder than the two American girls before her. Silence follows, then the running water. The water stops and the LONE FIGURE re-enters the bedroom. He silently points the gun at MISS GARGULLO and the two leave the bedroom. The door closes and after a moment of silence, MISS GARGULLO'S voice is heard offscreen.

MISS GARGULLO

(VOICE OVER)

Masikit!
The fear and horror of the event is reflected on MISS AMURO'S face as she lies under the bed and listens again to the silence, running water, and silence. The LONE FIGURE once again re-enters the bedroom and points the gun at MISS MATUSEK. She looks deep into MISS DAVY'S eyes and stands up.

MISS MATUSEK
Will you please untie my ankles first?

LONE FIGURE
Yeah, but only your ankles. (he starts to untie her ankles, then suddenly asks) Are you the girl with the yellow dress?

Puzzled, MISS MATUSEK looks at him and shakes her head no. They leave the room; the door closes. Offscreen we again hear silence, a muttered "Ah!", silence, running water, silence. The LONE FIGURE re-enters the room. Only MISS DAVY is visible now. The LONE FIGURE walks right up to her face so that his crotch is within an inch of her face. Smiling, he unzips his pants. He then bends down, unties MISS DAVY'S ankles, and removes her jeans. As he stands erect, the camera slows down to extreme slow motion (128 frames per second) throughout the next scene: the LONE FIGURE grabs MISS DAVY and throws her on a bottom bunk. As he crawls on top of her, MISS AMURO, under another bed, puts her face on the floor. We hear the sound of moving bedsprings. After a few moments, we hear the LONE FIGURE ask:

LONE FIGURE
(VOICE OVER)
Will you please put your legs around my back?

This scene, in slow motion, lasts an extremely long time. Finally the noise of moving bedsprings stops. MISS AMURO looks up--MISS DAVY and the LONE FIGURE are gone, the bedroom door is open. The camera goes back to regular speed as MISS AMURO lies on the floor, petrified, staring at the open door. Suddenly an alarm clock goes off as if in a deafening scream. MISS AMURO hits her head on the bunk above her head, but does not scream. The camera shows a clock which reads 5:30, the time when the nurses regularly awake to get ready for the hospital jeep that picks them up at 6:30. MISS AMURO continues to lie under the bunkbed. Then another alarm clock goes
off in another room. Finally MISS AMURO frees herself of her bonds and creeps out from under the bed. She looks around the vacant room and starts to cry. Cautiously she looks out the door and into the hallway--it too is vacant. Slowly she makes her way down the hall, toward her front bedroom. The door is shut--gingerly she turns the knob and enters her bedroom. As she does, she sees that the once white linoleum floor is now crimson and blood-soaked with the butchered bodies of MATUSEK, JORDAN, and WILKENING. Hysterically, MISS AMURO smashes open the screen of her bedroom window and crawls onto the two-foot-wide ledge that runs along the front of the townhouse, ten feet above the ground. There she cowers, screaming for help.

MISS AMURO
(hysterically)
Help me, help me! Everybody is dead! I am the only one alive on the sampan!

From down the block, MRS. BETTY WINDMILLER and ROBERT HALL run toward the townhouse.

MISS AMURO
My friends are all dead, all dead, all dead!
I am the only one alive, oh God, the only one!
My friends are all dead!

FADE FORWARD to:

INT. PEORIA COUNTY COURTHOUSE--COURTROOM--DAY

MISS AMURO, on the witness chair, is finishing her account of the murders. She is crying.

MISS AMURO
...My friends are all dead!

Sympathetic, but showing his unperturbed professionalism, MARTIN resumes his questioning after a brief pause.

MARTIN
Miss Amuro, you claimed that each girl gave a muffled sigh and that Miss Gargullo said "Masikit." Could you tell the court and jury what 'Masikit' means in your native language?
MISS AMURO
(eyes full of tears)
It means "it hurts".

MARTIN
Thank you, Miss Amuro. That will be all.

GETTY
(cross-examining)
Miss Amuro, you say you unlocked the front bedroom door and a man pushed his way in. Am I right?

MISS AMURO
Yes. That is right.

GETTY
You say you saw the man there with a gun?

MISS AMURO
Yes, sir.

GETTY
And who turned the light off, then?

MISS AMURO
The light is already on.

GETTY
Well, who turned it off?

MISS AMURO
I don't know who turn it off.

GETTY
(goes over to the defense table and picks up a report)
Miss Amuro, in your original report to the police, dated July 14, 1966, you described the man as about twenty-five, six feet tall, weight about 170 fair hair and--in a crew cut. Now, Miss Amuro, the other witnesses have testified that Speck had long hair at the time. Can you explain that?

MISS AMURO
I did not tell the police that the man had a crew cut. I do not know where they heard that.
GETTY
Did the Chicago police show you a book of over 100 photographs of wanted men in which you picked out one as similar to the intruder?

MISS AMURO
Yes.

GETTY
The photograph you chose (handing it to the jury) shows Speck with his hair long and combed back, and also pockmarks are visible on his face. Yet, on the day before you chose the photograph, the police artist Otis Rathel composed a sketch which the police said came from your description. Is that true?

MISS AMURO
Yes.

GETTY
(handing the artist's sketch to the jury)
This sketch clearly shows a crew cut and no pockmarks, Miss Amuro, I suggest that there is a crew cut and no pockmarks, on the sketch because the man you saw in your bedroom that night had a crew cut and no pockmarks on his face. In other words, Miss Amuro, the man you saw that night in your bedroom was not the defendant, Richard Speck, but some unknown man with a crew cut and no pockmarks.

MISS AMURO
(seemingly defeated for the moment)
I can't recall about the man, about the ears, about the nose, about the eyes, about the face, I can't recall--except that the man is now sitting over there--Richard Speck was the one in my bedroom that night.

GETTY
I'm sure you're tired, Miss Amuro. That will be all for now.

MISS AMURO is led from the witness chair and a series of dissolves, super impositions, and unclear soundtracks follow, establishing several days of the continued trial. The voice of DR. ZIPORYN is heard over this montage.
ZIPORYN
(VOICE OVER)
After Miss Amuro's graphic details of the murders, the next two weeks of investigating and reevaluating the circumstantial evidence seemed highly anti-climactic. The state resumed its methodical case with police witnesses to describe what they found in the townhouse after the murders, the state of the bodies, the discovery, on the morning after the murders, of a wrinkled, sweat-soaked T-shirt, size 38-40 medium, BVD brand, and then the discovery two weeks later of a second T-shirt, size 38-40 medium, Hanes brand, wrapped inside GLORIA DAVY'S purple and white jeans and white panties on the bunk in the south bedroom. Neither T-shirt had any blood on it and there was no explanation offered for why there were two. Under protest from GETTY, because the testimony might further inflame the jury, the state called Dr. EUGENE TAPIA, the autopsy surgeon who examined the girls' bodies. He found PAMELA WILKENING, stabbed in the left breast and strangled; SUZANNE FARRIS, stabbed eighteen times, in the chin, the neck, and the back, and strangled; MARY ANN JORDAN, stabbed in the neck, breast, and in the eye; NINA JO SCHMALE, stabbed in the neck and strangled; VALENTINA PASION, stabbed in the neck; MERLITA GARGULLO, stabbed in the neck and strangled; PATRICIA MATUREK, strangled and kicked in the stomach; and GLORIA DAVY, strangled. The clinical recitation of these facts augmented the emotional impact of Miss Amuro's description of the girls' last sighs and muffled screams. The seven men and five women of the jury sat pale and tense through the testimony, the strain telling on their drawn faces. Martin then traced Speck's movements from his arrival in Chicago to his attempted suicide and subsequent arrest in the Cook County Hospital. The remaining piece of the state's jigsaw puzzle was the fingerprints, for which Martin presented three witnesses: Chicago Police Crime Laboratory technicians William Scanlon, Lieutenant Emil Giese, and Lieutenant Robert Edgewood. All testified to the same conclusion: a total of 34 fingerprints had been found in the townhouse. Thirteen of these
were identified as belonging to the nurses and one of the investigating policemen—eighteen, including six palm prints, were unidentified, leaving three that the state said belonged to Speck. Cross-examination, by Getty's chief assistant James Gramenos, attempted to show that the fingerprints were too smudged to be positively identified, and that if they were anyone's, there were as much like those of victims Suzzanne Farris and Gloria Davy, as those of Richard Speck. Getty then called to the stand eight members of the Speck family—his mother, (she is seen blowing a kiss to her son after being sworn in) his five sisters, a brother, and a brother-in-law. But their testimony only amounted to character references. As a last chance, Getty offered a bold, dramatic alibi that placed Speck a mile and a half from the murders at the time they were committed.

Dissolve to:

83 INT. PEORIA COURTHOUSE--COURTROOM--MUVELL FARMER--DAY

Mr. Muvill Farmer is on the witness chair. He is forty-seven, slender, tall, and hardfaced.

Getty
Would you state your name and occupation?

Farmer
My name is Muvill Farmer. I'm a bartender at Kay's Pilot House bar and grill—over on the South Side.

Getty
Mr. Farmer, would you tell us what happened on the night of July 13, 1966?

Farmer
Around eight o'clock that night, Speck came into the tavern. He ordered a bourbon and coke. He was wearing a short-sleeved red shirt, and we talked about nothing for a few minutes. I noticed that on one of his arms was a tattoo marked Shirley. He left around 8:30 and came back in around 11:30 that same night—but this time he was wearing a short-sleeved black shirt.
Speck told me he had spilled a drink on the red shirt and had changed it.

GETTY
Once again--what time did you see and speak to Speck?

FARMER
First around eight o'clock and then around 11:30.

GETTY
And how can you fix the time so well the second time Speck came into the tavern.

FARMER
Oh--there's no mistake about it. At 12:00 midnight, the Arco Door Company has their break, and every night the employees come in for about ten minutes and drink as much as they can in that time. I distinctly remember Speck asking me where all those people were coming from at that late hour. He then asked for a hamburger, and I put one on the grill for him and my wife, who also works there, finished it for him.

GETTY
Do you remember what time he left?

FARMER
Sometime after the Arco workers left--I'd say around 12:30.

GETTY
(to the jury)
Around 12:30--the same time that Miss Amuro said that Richard Speck was in her boarding house, one and a half miles away, killing eight defenseless women. (turning to MR. FARMER) Mr. Farmer, are you absolutely sure about the time?

FARMER
I'd stake my life on it.

DISSOLVE TO:

84  INT. PEORIA COURTHOUSE--COURTROOM--JUDGE PASCHEN--DAY
JUDGE PASCHEN
Has the jury decided upon a verdict?

FOREMAN
Yes, your Honor, we have.

SPECK sits motionless in his chair at the defense table, showing not the slightest emotion.

FOREMAN
We, the jury, find the defendant, Richard Speck, guilty of murder in the manner and form as charged in the indictment, and we fix his punishment at death.

SPECK sits motionless in his chair, JUDGE PASCHEN adjourns the court, preparatory to hearing post-trial motions, after which he will pronounce sentence in Chicago. In slow motion, SPECK looks around the courtroom and his eyes fall on DR. ZIPORYN. SPECK'S eyes seem to signify nothing, only a vast vacuum of nothingness. SPECK is then led by two policemen through the door behind the judge's bench. The front door of the courtroom is opened, and a deputy announces the guilty verdict to the crowd of spectators gathered outside the door. Cheers and applause arise from the crowd. SPECK turns his head at the noise. His mouth drops open, uncomprehending eyes stare across the courtroom. One of the policemen beside him puts his arm on SPECK'S shoulder, and the boy who was born to raise hell disappears. The shot is frozen as SPECK turns his back to the camera and starts to enter the black room of the JUDGE'S chamber--bringing to mind the inconclusive resemblance of SPECK to the LONE FIGURE. The audio faces down and out as we see nine last still shots:

DISSOLVE TO:

Eight individual photographs of the eight slain women--MISS JORDAN, MISS GARGULLO, MISS PASTON, MISS WILKENING, MISS SCHMALE, MISS MATUSEK, MISS FARRIS, and MISS DAVY--these black and white photographs are the same ones from the Time magazine that were shown to SPECK. All eight of the girls are smiling into the camera. Each still lasts for five seconds, after the last one--of MISS DAVY:
DISSOLVE TO:

An extreme close shot of a white nurse's cap lying on one of the nurses' beds. The cap is red-splattered with blood.

FADE TO BLACK.