Kiss the Girls 2
(At the river where Kate was fished out after escaping, trying to find Casanova’s lair)

Alex:
Kate. You OK?

Kate:
I'm fine. Really, I am. I'm fine. I'm just sorry I can't take you to her.

Alex:
I made an interesting discovery last night.

Kate:
About what?

Alex:
I ran a check on all the Sistol orders...over the last five years. Guess what?

Kate:
What?

Alex:
A Beverly Hills plastic surgeon came up on the list.

Kate:
There's no protocol for Sistol in plastic surgery.
Alex:
Bingo. Two years ago, this guy ordered enough...to treat leukemia in a medium-sized country.

Kate:
What's his name?

Alex:

Kate:
Dr. Cross, is it him? Is he bicoastal?

Alex:
Bicoastal. That's an interesting way of putting it. There are a dozen predators operating in California now. There's one...male Caucasian... probably early thirties. He's known as the Gentleman Caller. They've been onto him for over a year. And what I realized last night...was that his abductions follow the ones here...by about 10 days to two weeks. Matter of fact...it was exactly 10 days after Naomi disappeared...that a pretty black coed disappeared from UCLA.

Kate:
So he's doing it there, too.
Alex:
Compulsively. And if he follows true to form...he's due to hit California pretty quick.

Kate:
Can the FBI pick him up?

Alex:
If I give Rudolph to the FBI and they make one mistake...

Kate:
what happens to all these girls?

Alex:
I can't risk Naomi starving to death in a cell somewhere. No FBI.

Kate:
You're going out there on your own.

Alex:
I got people.

Kate:
Take me with you.

Alex:
I think you're best served by staying here. And pretend like nothing's happened?

Kate:
No. That's not what I was going to say.

Alex:
I just think you should be trying...

Kate:
I'm the only person who's seen this guy. I know his size, his voice, I know the way he moves...

Alex:
I know how you feel, honestly.

Kate:
Would you please stop treating me like I'm a victim? You think I'm some kind of tourist in all this...because I wasn't raped? Every night when I go to sleep...I hear those women's voices. You want to save your niece? Well, guess what? So do I.