

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:

Rudolph. William Rudolph. Grew up in Durham. Did his premed work here.

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.