

INT. MILLS' APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM

The only sounds are from the city outside. The living room table has been cleared and its surface is now covered with various forms, reports and 8" by 10" photographs. Mills and Somerset are both standing. Mills guides Somerset through the photos.

MILLS

Our guy got into office, probably before the building closed and security tightened up. Gould must have been working late.

SOMERSET

I'm certain. He was the biggest defense lawyer around. Infamous, actually.

MILLS

Well, his body was found Monday night, okay? But, get this... the office was closed all day Monday. Which means, as long as the gluttony killing was done before the weekend, our killer could've gotten in here on Friday. He could've spent all day Saturday with Gould, and all day Sunday.

Mills picks up one photo and shows it to Somerset. Long shot: it shows the greed murder scene. Gould sits dead in the leather chair, near the desk where the counter-balance scale sits.

MILLS

Gould was tied down, nude. The killer left his arms free and handed him a big, sharp butcher's knife. See... the scale here.

Mills pulls another photo. Close up: the two-armed scale. In one suspended plate is a one pound weight. In the other is a hunk of flesh.

SOMERSET

A pound of flesh.

Mills digs, comes up with a photocopy of a hand-scrawled note.

SOMERSET

(reading note)

"One pound of flesh, no more no less. No cartilage, no bone, but only flesh. This task done... and he would go free."

Mills takes out one photo showing the note pinned to the wall beside where "greed" is written in blood.

MILLS

The leather chair was soaked through with sweat.

SOMERSET

(nods, grim)  
All day Saturday, and all day Sunday.

(pause)  
The murderer would want Gould to take his time. To have to sit there and decide. Where do you make the first cut? There's a gun in your face... but, what part of your body is expendable?

MILLS  
He cut along the side of his stomach. The love handle.

Somerset's still studying the photos.

SOMERSET  
He must have left another puzzle piece.

MILLS  
Look, I appreciate being able to talk this out, but, uh...

SOMERSET  
This is just to satisfy my curiosity. I'm still leaving town Saturday.

Mills is very tired. He rubs his eyes, then walks to take one more photo from his briefcase. It is the photo of the framed picture of the falsely pretty woman with her eyes circled in blood.

MILLS  
Gould's wife. She was away on business. If this means she saw anything, I don't know what. We've questioned her at least five times.

SOMERSET  
And, if it's a threat.

MILLS  
We put her in a safe house.

Somerset nods. He puts down the photos he's holding. He begins spreading all the pictures out.

SOMERSET  
Look at these with fresh eyes. Don't see what the killer wants you to. Don't let guide you...

While he speaks, Somerset keeps shifting the photos, for example: covering the corpse in one with the edge of another.

SOMERSET  
Even if the corpse is right there... it's almost like looking through it. Editing out the initial shock. Look at the room.

In the photos, there's the scale. The note on the wall. Shelves of books. The Modern Art painting.

GREED written in blood.

SOMERSET  
He's preaching.

MILLS  
Punishing.

SOMERSET  
The sins were used in medieval sermons. There were seven cardinal virtues, and then seven deadly sins, created as a learning tool, because they distract from true worship.

MILLS  
Like in the Parson's Tale, and Dante.

SOMERSET  
Did you read them?

MILLS  
Yeah. Parts of them. Anyway, in Purgatory, Dante and his buddy are climbing up that big mountain... seeing all these other guys who sinned...

SOMERSET  
Seven Terraces of Purgation.

MILLS  
Right. But there, pride comes first, not gluttony. The sins are in a different order.

SOMERSET  
For now, let's just consider the books as the murderer's inspiration. The books and sermons are about atonement for sin. And, these murders have been like forced attrition.

MILLS  
Forced what?

SOMERSET  
Attrition. When you regret your sins, but not because you love God.

MILLS  
Like, because someone's holding a gun on you.

Mills runs his hands across his face, walks to the fridge to get

beer. Somerset keeps looking at photos and papers.

SOMERSET  
No fingerprints?

MILLS  
Nothing.

SOMERSET  
Totally unrelated victims.

Mills nods, drinking from a beer.

SOMERSET  
No witnesses of any kind?

MILLS  
None. Which I don't understand. He had to  
get back out.

Somerset sits in a chair, picks up the photo of the wife. Runs  
his fingers over the eyes circled in blood.

SOMERSET  
In any major city, minding your own  
business is a perfected science. There's a  
public crime prevention course offered at  
the precinct house once a month. The first  
thing they teach is that you should never  
cry "help." Always scream "fire," because  
people don't want to get caught up in  
anything. But a fire... that's an  
evening's entertainment. They come  
running.

Looking at the wife's photo.

SOMERSET  
This is the one thing.

MILLS  
I know.

SOMERSET  
(holds photo up)  
What if it's not that she's seen  
something? What if she's supposed to see  
something, but she just hasn't been given a  
chance to see it yet?

MILLS  
Okay. But, what?