

# Side 3

## Harrington, Rudolph

### Scene 6

*( Highway 15 , site of triple murder. Highway patrol officer PATRICK HARRINGTON is in full uniform, accompanied by forensic investigator R. J. RANDOLPH in an overcoat and blue latex gloves. RANDOLPH is squatting down over one of the ragged and bloody suits of clothes, picking up hair or thread with a tweezer and then dropping evidence into plastic bags while HARRINGTON strolls around through the corpses, taking notes and chewing on a candy bar.)*

HARRINGTON: Man oh man! Goddamn Mexicans! Can you believe it?

RANDOLPH: A little hasty to make that assumption right off the bat, Harrington.

HARRINGTON: Oh, really?

RANDOLPH: At this point it's wide-open. Could've been anyone.

HARRINGTON: Sure—maybe aliens or something, huh?

RANDOLPH: It appears to have been a spontaneous eruption of violence rather than an execution.

HARRINGTON: And what brings you to that, Mr. Scientist?

RANDOLPH: This first set of tire tracks. You see the way they're dug in there? Deep. Like he was making an escape, then changed his mind.

( HARRINGTON *crosses to imaginary tracks and examines them.*)

HARRINGTON: Yeah, well, he saw they weren't completely dead, so he came back to finish 'em off.

RANDOLPH: Had to have been out of rage, though. There is little indication of gang warfare or dope of any kind.

HARRINGTON: Rage? How do you know what this guy was feeling? It's just a set of damn tire tracks.

RANDOLPH: How many times do you think these bodies were run over?

HARRINGTON: A bunch. How should I know?

RANDOLPH: Seventeen times. He didn't just want them dead, he wanted them annihilated.

HARRINGTON: Seventeen times! Well, that fits with execution, doesn't it?

RANDOLPH: A little over the top, don't you think? I'm seeing another picture here.

HARRINGTON: You know what gets my hair up about all you forensic dudes?

RANDOLPH: (*Busy with the investigation.* ) What's that, Harrington?

HARRINGTON: You think you know everything.

RANDOLPH: Is that right?

HARRINGTON: Yeah. You patchwork all this shit together and suddenly you've got a crystal ball or something.

RANDOLPH: Something like that.

HARRINGTON: Tire tracks, bones, teeth, pieces of cloth.

RANDOLPH: They all tell a story.

HARRINGTON: What story's that?

RANDOLPH: The story of what happened. What took place. Moments in the past, ticking away, one click at a time. It's incredible, isn't it?

HARRINGTON: Incredible.

RANDOLPH: Mounting up. Building to a climax. An eruption of fury. It all makes sense, suddenly.

HARRINGTON: None of it makes any sense! Are you kidding? This is just—this is just plain old slaughter, butchery. Like the old days.

RANDOLPH: Old days?

HARRINGTON: Disemboweling, hearts torn out, drawn and quartered, heads rolling. Blood dripping down the altar steps.

RANDOLPH: Oh, ancient, then?

HARRINGTON: Ancient, yes, but—

RANDOLPH: Everything has a history, doesn't it? I mean, this stuff didn't come out of thin air.

HARRINGTON: No, but I mean—there's a difference.

RANDOLPH: What's different?

HARRINGTON: You claim to see something. You claim to know exactly how it all happened. As though you were looking at a slow-motion movie.

RANDOLPH: (*Standing, moving to imaginary footprints.*) Look, come and take a look at these footprints here. (HARRINGTON *follows him.*) You see that pair of prints? That pair with the heavy tread, especially on the left foot?

HARRINGTON: What about it?

RANDOLPH: That's the killer, right there.

HARRINGTON: How do you know that?

RANDOLPH: He's standing alone by the side of the road. Outside the vehicle. Outside the story. Standing by himself. Maybe hitchhiking.

HARRINGTON: Hitchhiking?

RANDOLPH: Innocent.

HARRINGTON: What?

RANDOLPH: Completely innocent so far. He has no idea what's going to happen. Then a car comes along and everything changes. Very suddenly, everything changes.

~~HARRINGTON: Changes?~~