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# Miami Blues

By George Armitage

Oh, thank you very much.

Uh, may I trouble you | for a pillow?

Sure.

Great. Thank you.

Excuse me.

I guess we're going | to be a while.

Ha ha ha! | You're funny.

The temperature in Miami...

is currently 86 degrees | and muggy.

We will be starting | our descent for landing...

in just a few moments.

Herman Gotlieb...

Gotlieb.

Please remain seated | with your seat belts on...

until the captain has | turned off the seat belt sign.

All passengers | holding tickets...

to Eastern Flight 162 | to Tampa...

please come | to the ticket counter.

Hey.

Wow! Thanks.

All passengers leaving | on Flight 266...

please go directly | to the check-in desk...

at Gate 6.

All passengers leaving...

Hi.

Please go directly | to the check-in desk...

Hi.

Hi there. | Going home?

I'd like to tell you | about a book.

It's a classic | of the Vedic literature...

"The Knowledge of God."

Have you seen | the movie "Gandhi?"

My name's Ravindra. | What's your name?

Trouble.

Mr. Gotlieb...

You know, | anything you want.

Hey, send me up | a girl, Pablo. Now.

You got any | of that hundred...

I gave you last week?

I got all of it, man...

but I'm not lending you | no more money.

Come on, Blink.

Look. 50 bucks | till payday.

Moseley. Homicide.

A what died?  
All right. | Right away.  
I'll pay to find | the dumbbell killers.  
What's it worth to you?  
\$61.35.  
\$65.59.  
Thanks, Blink.  
Hey, man, | replace your teeth.  
Hi.  
Pablo sent me.  
How old are you, anyway?  
19...and my name is Pepper.  
You got a driver's license | on you, Pepper?  
What's wrong | with Susan Waggoner?  
You know, Susie...  
this license here says | you're 23 years old.  
I know what it says.  
You can call me Junior.  
You around a size 7?  
Where?  
Dress.  
Oh.  
Uh, 6.  
Sometimes 7.  
Depends on...  
Here. Try this on.  
Could you turn | around, please?  
Thank you.  
Can you zip me up?  
Yeah.  
Oh...  
it looks nice to me.  
You want me to wear it?  
Fuck, no.  
I want you to buy it.  
50 bucks.  
It might be worth a suck.  
Is that what you're | getting for a suck...  
these days, 50 bucks?  
Christ.  
Where did you get | all these nice things?  
Oh, when I left my wife | I took 'em with me.  
Figured I paid for 'em, | they're my clothes, right?  
You left your wife?

How long you been | working for Pablo?  
Since the beginning | of the semester.  
I go to Miami-Dade.  
I...I'm majoring | in business...  
but I also take | English classes.  
Yeah, well...  
the first thing they | should have taught you...  
at your hooker classes...  
is you shouldn't | ask the clients...  
so many fucking | personal questions.  
I'm sorry.  
Are you going to call down | and cancel me now?  
That's OK. | Don't feel bad about it.  
Um, I hope, uh...  
the next girl's | more to your liking...  
and I hope that you enjoy | your stay in Florida...  
Mr. Gotlieb.  
I'm giving you | your dress back.  
No, forget | about the dress.  
Honey...  
did I upset you?  
I'm sorry.  
So you want me to stay?  
OK, then.  
Let's do it.  
Ready?  
Turn over.  
Is something wrong?  
I haven't been | with a woman...  
in a long time.  
Wow.  
I'm sorry.  
Nobody kisses us.  
Pepper.  
OK, Henderson, what's up?  
These two Krishnas have | been working the airport...  
for a couple of months.  
Now they'd been warned about | bugging the passengers.  
Should've listened.  
How was he killed?  
He fucked with some guy...  
wearing a suede | leather sport coat...  
so the guy takes | his finger...  
bends it back, breaks it, | then disappears.

Now the witness lady says | she thinks that, uh...  
well, he hopped on one of | the hotel courtesy vans.  
We got a partial | description.  
Wait a minute.  
The Krishna died | of a broken finger?  
I mean, is that a homicide?  
Well, I guess | he died of shock.  
Well, it hurts like hell...  
to have your finger | bent back.  
My sister used to do it | to me when I was a kid.  
Yeah, but you didn't die.  
Now, if this | was an accident...  
it would be | simple assault, right?  
However...if the guy | in the suede sport coat...  
knew that Krishnas | had a bad habit of dying...  
every time you bent | their finger back...  
-Murder one? | -Yeah.  
Well, the guys | at the station...  
are going to laugh | their asses off...  
Your turn to notify | next of kin.  
No way! I did the fat lady | that sat on a kid.  
That's good for 2.  
Next week?  
I'll be retired by then.  
Ah, shit.  
Well, you try the hotels.  
See if anyone got off | one of their courtesy vans...  
wearing a suede sport coat.  
Ah, shit.  
This is good here.  
Oh, excuse me.  
Maybe we should try | in here.  
All right.  
Price check. | Uzi squirt gun.  
Disregard.  
What's up?  
Got something for me?  
I got the goods.  
Whoa!  
In the bag. Now!  
Up against the wall. Now!  
Be cool, brother.  
Hey, he's got a gun!  
Let's get out of here!

Move it!  
Give me a day's notice | before it runs out, OK?  
Wednesday.  
Tell me Tuesday.  
Looky, we got | a million dollars.  
We got a million... | Brazilian dollars.  
Absolutely worthless.  
"That's a lot | of money, man.  
"That's a lot of | fucking money.  
"I don't think you are | a Porsche customer...  
"Mr. Frenger.  
"I don't think you really | want to buy a Porsche.  
Do you want to buy | a Porsche?"  
No, man! I'm here | to waste my time.  
How much for | the speedboat, man?  
"Oh, the speedboat is | very expensive, sir.  
That speedboat is \$50,000."  
Wrap it up, man.  
Yeah. The bellman said...  
some guy matching | the description...  
got off a courtesy van. | Registered. Yeah.  
Got a name?  
Name was, uh... | Herman Gotlieb.  
Yeah. I'm in the room | right now.  
Coat's here, too.  
Coat? What else?  
Well, the bellman | also said...  
the guy had | a hooker with him.  
-A hooker? | -Yeah.  
No lie?  
I got an address on her.  
An address?  
Oh, man.  
Got a pen handy there, | Hoke?  
Give me the hooker's | address.  
-Hi! | -Hey.  
You showed up.  
I brought you | a present.  
Oh, really? | I got you one, too.  
A present from a client.  
Well, hey, I'm more | than a client.  
"Shit happens when | you party naked!"  
Look at us.  
I was just gonna get you | the plain "Shit happens..."

but I thought you'd like | the "party naked" part.  
Hey, that's the best part.  
Hi. Um, circe salad, Noira. | It's real good, Junior.  
Two.  
Right away.  
So, uh, Susie...  
tell me how you wound up | living in Miami.  
Oh, I got a job | at a Burger World...  
up in Hollywood...  
and I was gonna, you know...  
save up and get | my own franchise...  
but Pablo offered me | this job.  
Well, it pays | a whole lot better.  
This is a nice cup, Junior.  
I'm gonna get a lot | of use out of this.  
It's a good cup.  
Hey, did you see | the swimmers?  
That's why | I picked this place.  
They do, like, | a water ballet.  
Ballet in the water. | I like it.  
'Cause I like | to swim myself.  
I'd rather do that kind | of work, you know?  
But you gotta train | for a long time.  
So now I want to take | a Spanish course in college.  
You know, in my business...  
a lot of people don't | speak English...  
so I think I'd | be better at it...  
if I spoke...thank you.  
We'll take | the check now.  
Yes, sir.  
You know, like, | well, Cuban, also.  
And I think that's sort | of like Spanish...Cuban...  
but it's | a little different.  
This ice cream dressing | is sour as shit.  
It's yogurt dressing, | not ice cream.  
Where you been?  
Oh, that's OK.  
I never had | yogurt dressing...  
up in Okeechobee.  
Where is that?  
That's where I'm from.  
You heard | of Lake Okeechobee.  
I'm from California.  
I don't know shit | about Florida.

You ever heard | of Lake Tahoe?  
Lake Tahoe?  
How is it?  
Lousy.  
Who is he?  
We're engaged.  
Hey, separate checks.  
My treat.  
Good luck.  
Hey, Susie...  
we're not gonna be | calling it a night, are we?  
I got a homework paper.  
I gotta write a haiku | for English class.  
I tell you what.  
I'm real good | at making up things...  
you know, poems. | I could come over.  
I could help you | write your, uh...  
Haiku?  
Definitely.  
Let's get out of here.  
Thank you. I'm sorry. | I liked the food.  
Bye.  
So you think this | unidentified assailant...  
who broke, uh...  
Ravindra's finger | did it on purpose?  
Sorry, uh...Ramba.  
That's all right. Heh.  
That was a short engagement.  
Hey, you know, | you still haven't told me...  
what it is you do.  
Oh, I got investments.  
I take people's money | and put it to work.  
You got any?  
I got a \$10,000 CD...  
and I take | the interest from that...  
and I put it | into a N.O.W. account.  
Jesus Christ.  
That's the biggest | frigging racket going.  
I want you | to march straight down...  
to the bank first thing | in the morning...  
and cash in both | of those things.  
I can't let my fiancée | get ripped-off...  
when I can | double your money.  
-Double? | -Yeah.



How 'bout that poem | we were gonna write?  
We make love a lot.  
We make love right now.  
No. It's seven | in the second line.  
Seven in the second line?  
Splashes around | in his pond...  
Could you | close the door, please?  
Thinking he's...  
alone.  
Breaking, entering...  
the dark | and lonely place...places.  
Finding a...big gun.  
Smelling like a rose.  
Any luck?  
I wrote 2. Heh.  
Maybe I'll get extra credit.  
Hey, where did you | get these?  
Dumb question.  
-Are you a nosy rosy? | -Mm-mmm.  
What the hell | was that, man?  
The doorbell.  
Talk about dumb questions.  
Susan Waggoner?  
Can I come in?  
I bet you're | Herman Gotlieb.  
How much?  
Sergeant Hoke Moseley.  
Homicide.  
Herman Gotlieb.  
I'd like to ask you | a few questions. Routine.  
Boy, you got | a grip there, Herman.  
Been working out?  
Can I get you | a cold one there, Sarge?  
Well, why not?  
Two Polars, honey.  
You down at the airport | today, Herman?  
Yeah, I was.  
Somebody broke | the finger off  
a Hare Krishna...  
and the son | of a bitch died.  
No shit?  
No shit.  
I didn't do it.  
Oh, no, no, no.

We're just looking | for someone...  
who might have seen | anything.  
I'm curious, uh...  
you own | a suede sport coat?  
Yeah, I do.  
OK. You're probably | the one.  
Did you get on | the courtesy van...  
to the Grand Prix Hotel?  
Hey, fuck | this nonsense, man.  
You're misunderstanding | this, Herman.  
Who got killed?  
You know, if I had | something better to do...  
like sit at home | with a beautiful girl...  
I wouldn't even be | bothering you, but, uh...  
you were mentioned | as a possible witness.  
See anything?  
We got this | forensic dentist.  
And I, uh, I talked him | into pulling my teeth...  
and fixing me | some new chompers.  
Well, it took two months | of his spare time.  
And I got so used to | drinking without 'em...  
I just pull 'em out.  
Bother you?  
Junior...  
you want me to fix | those pork chops now?  
Hell, I'll put 'em | back in for pork chops.  
Pork chops comin' up.  
Herman...  
your fiancée...  
is the best cook | in South Florida.  
More taters?  
Junior?  
So, Herman, where | did you do your time?  
Time?  
What do you mean?  
Well, the way you're | guarding that food.  
You know...  
like another con could | take it away from you.  
Well, I was raised | in foster homes, you know?  
I didn't get no dessert | till I was in eighth grade.  
Damn.  
I got a daughter | in the eighth grade.  
Half my paycheck goes | to her orthodontist.  
She's got your teeth, man.

Yeah. The joint's | about the only place...  
you got time to work out | to get a grip like that.  
I was an aerobics | instructor.  
Shoots the shit | out of that theory.  
Any more Polars?  
Oh...  
Junior got | the last one.  
I could run out | and get some.  
Beer's gone, I'm gone.  
You're kidding.  
But, you know, | I gotta get...  
that pork chop | recipe first.  
No. Are you serious?  
It's so easy, what I did.  
You are definitely | not gonna have...  
to write this down.  
All it is is pork chops | in a frying pan.  
And just cook 'em | in their own fat...  
with a lot of salt.  
Oh, well, | they sure were good...  
but you know | what I really like...  
is native Florida cooking.  
Now, did you ever have | chestnut batter...  
on your pork chops?  
Boy, I never did.  
You got a recipe | for that somewhere?  
Uh, yeah, I do, | as a matter of fact.  
I'll give it to you. | Just a minute here.  
Oh, I appreciate that.  
Great dinner.  
Get you something | to go, Sarge?  
Just you.  
Kidding, Herman.  
Listen, if you | think of anything...  
just, uh, give me a call.  
That's my home phone.  
Look, it's a hotel...  
and the old guy | at the desk is deaf...  
so, uh, just let it ring | till he sees the lights.  
Oh, and, uh, | when we round up...  
the usual airport | hoodlums...  
maybe you could shoot by and | take a look at a line-up.  
Take you five minutes.  
Oh, yeah.

You mind standing | in the line-up, too?  
We're a little short | of bodies. Heh heh.  
You ever stood | in a line-up before, Herman?  
Never been caught, Sarge.  
Ah, you ain't got | one beer rat-holed...  
I can take with me | for the road, do you?  
You got it all, man. | Dog biscuits, too.  
Oh...see you.  
Night, Susie.  
Years ago, I started | preaching catch-and-release.  
Back then, a lot of things | seemed to indicate...  
that our bass resource in | many areas of the country...  
was rapidly diminishing.  
Today, there is | no doubt about it...  
and I'm very concerned about | what the future holds...  
for this great sport.  
In simple terms...  
we don't have the vast | water we once had...  
and there are | several reasons for it...  
pollution, | illegal netting...  
the pressure of removing | too many adult bass...  
from their environment.  
You know, they're kind of | like money in the bank.  
I got news for you.  
I'm not coming back. | I'm married.  
I am so married.  
I gotta go. Bye.  
You like ham and eggs?  
Drop it.  
It smells good.  
Who was that, anyway?  
Pablo.  
The cops roused him.  
I guess they're giving him | a hard time because of you.  
We got to go for | a little ride, honey.  
What?  
What about breakfast?  
It was gonna be a surprise.  
I was gonna bring it | in to you on a tray.  
And then l...  
Make it to go.  
Not too tired | for some fun?  
Call it a night, sister.  
Aye, aye, sir.

I got something that | I gotta tell you.  
I used to be in prison.  
What did you do | to get there?  
I used to rob people | who robbed people.  
Kind of like Robin Hood?  
Except I didn't | give the money...  
to the poor people.  
You don't do that | anymore, do you?  
I got investments now.  
Good. You got me | out of the life.  
Now you stay out of crime.  
Sounds good.  
Promise?  
Yeah, sure. | Why not?  
Say you promise.  
I promise.  
Henderson?  
Sanchez. Homicide.  
Oh, my replacement.  
How is he?  
He's got a cervical | disc injury...  
a dislocated jaw, bruises...  
uh, got a concussion... | I don't know how bad it is.  
Somebody really | worked him over.  
Did he tell you | who did it?  
What happened?  
No. He's in and out | of consciousness.  
Drop the knife, Pablo.  
My name isn't Gotlieb.  
Sergeant Hoke Moseley, | homicide.  
That little girl | you sent up to my room?  
She's 15 years old, man.  
She's 23, man. | She's not 15.  
Look. Sergeant Lackley | checked her I.D.  
Why don't you call him? | I pay him every week.  
Maybe you two guys | can get together.  
How much you pay | Lackley every week?  
\$500 a week. Don't.  
All right, from now on, | Lackley gets 250.  
The other 250 to me...  
at the Primrose Hotel. | You got it, man?  
Lackley's not gonna go | for any split like that.  
You tell the guy | at the desk...  
to leave it for me | in the safe.

Hi. What can I get for you?  
Uh...iced coffee.  
Hey! What are you doing?  
Open!  
Open the goddamn | drawer now! Do it!  
Stop or I'll shoot!  
You just shot me.  
I fired a warning shot | and it hit you.  
You're no cop.  
No problem.  
There is no problem.  
Police. Homicide.  
You people go about | your business.  
You finish your lunches, | your breakfasts, whatever.  
Don't worry, lady.  
I'm gonna call | an ambulance now...  
on the radio | in my police car.  
Yeah. I'll be right back.  
Slow down.  
Go ahead.  
Stop right here!  
Furnished?  
Yeah, with almost antiques.  
How much?  
I been worried sick!  
Where you been all day?  
Dumb question.  
Did you get the money?  
I cashed in | the \$10,000 CD...  
but I decided to keep | the N.O.W. account open...  
for 8 more days.  
What did I tell you?  
Huh?  
They said if I keep it | open for 8 more days...  
I'll be eligible | for a teapot.  
I'm sorry.  
It's just 8 more days.  
You'll still be here, | won't you?  
I don't know.  
My problem is | that I can have...  
everything and anything | that I want...  
but I don't know | what I want.  
Tell me again about that | Burger World franchise.  
OK.

You need \$50,000.  
You borrow another 50,000 | from Burger World...  
and you wait for an opening.  
But why? | What's the purpose?  
To make a living, | that's all.  
You hire kids, so you | can pay 'em nothing.  
And you watch 'em | real close...  
or they will | steal you blind.  
And...and you save | your money...  
and you buy | a nice little house...  
with a white picket fence.  
And you live | happily ever after.  
I tell you what. | Let's go straight...  
to the "happily | ever after" part, OK?  
I can't see any point...  
in hanging out | at a Burger World...  
no matter how much money | you're gonna make.  
It's stupid.  
You can forget about | Burger World, honey.  
I'm gonna | take care of you...  
and you're gonna | take care of me.  
That's our purpose.  
Do you know any | married people today?  
Hmm? They're a team.  
They pull together, | and they get rich.  
They got it all.  
And you know | that little house...  
you were just | talking about?  
I rented us one | in Coral Gables today.  
Oh, Junior.  
That's what you were | up to all day?  
I'm gonna take | such good care of you.  
Mm-hmm.  
He was a big guy, man. | Bigger than you.  
Got up from the table, | said he was homicide.  
Pulled a badge?  
After he whacks the dude.  
It was cold, man, ice cold.  
Thanks, Blink.  
What do I owe you?  
It's on the house, bro.  
Come on.  
I like the air conditioning | on frozen.  
Me, too.

1/2 ounce. | Primo, man.  
Thanks, man.  
Hey, half that's mine.  
Fuck you! I sold it. | I keep the money.  
These are my contacts. | They're my people.  
I don't give a shit | about your contacts.  
Don't turn your back. | I'm tired of your shit.  
Get out of my face!  
Police! Freeze!  
Stand over there.  
Put that on. | Right through there.  
You know what to do, | Shorty.  
Hey!  
I don't believe this.  
I'm gonna let | you two guys go...  
with a little warning.  
Don't get caught.  
Shit!  
Police! Don't move!  
You can go now.  
Give me your wallet!  
Come on, man. | Move it...  
Police! Drop it!  
I said drop it.  
Shoot him!  
Make it, Julio.  
Comprendo?  
Yeah. Yeah.  
That's my purse!  
Stop him!  
Stop! Somebody | please help me!  
Go get him.  
Thank you, officer.  
Yeah, that's great, lady.  
But...you're a cop!  
Hey! Police! Police!  
You have anything | against broccoli...  
cauliflower, | stuff like that?  
I don't want to talk | about that at this time.  
Oh.  
What are you going to do | now that we're married?  
Take care of the house, | shop, fix dinner.  
Take care of the babies.  
Is that what | you'd like to do?



Be a mother?  
Well, I don't...  
I guess so.  
I...I don't... | I don't know.  
I lived with a girl | once for 2 months.  
She didn't do anything...  
a housewife was | supposed to do.  
I thought you said | you were married.  
I told you that before | I really knew you.  
What I'm driving at, | Susie, is...  
I want to have | a regular life.  
I want to go to work | in the morning...  
sometimes at night...  
come home | to a clean house...  
and a hot meal...  
and a loving wife | just like you.  
I don't want to have | any babies.  
This world's a shit hole.  
You think | you can handle that?  
I do.  
I do.  
This is better | than counting money.  
These yours?  
I can't tell.  
Yeah. This, uh... | nail polish.  
We found two muscleheads | cuffed together.  
Jesus! | He's making arrests?  
We did some | routine prints.  
They match those taken...  
from the scene of | the dumbbell murders.  
I've been working | that case for 15 months.  
Congratulations. | Case is closed.  
Find Gotlieb?  
We're looking for him.  
Ohh...let's get | the fuck out of here.  
I'll find him.  
Maybe you should wait | and let him solve...  
a couple more from | your case load, huh?  
Will you have | a seat, please?  
Where, here?  
Your name, please?  
Ziffel. Fred Ziffel.  
Is that the way you want | the account to read?  
No. I want it to read | "Arnold Ziffel."

Here you go.  
Thanks.  
Hey, Eddie.  
Here's the key | to your new suite.  
Oh, and some Cuban kid | on a bicycle...  
made two deliveries.  
Uh, 250 in both.  
I'm sorry. | I opened them.  
It's OK, Eddie.  
Thanks.  
Uh-huh.  
Who is it?  
Lackley. Vice.  
Slide your I.D. | under the door.  
Are you fucking serious?  
Try me! | Next thing you hear...  
will be a bullet | coming through the door!  
Pablo sent this.  
What?  
What's the matter, Sarge? | Got a guilty conscience?  
I just got out | of the hospital.  
I know all about you.  
I like your place here, | too. It's very nice.  
You also got | a little something...  
that belongs to me, | don't you, Gums?  
What the fuck | you talkin' about?  
I never seen you | before in my life.  
Now, listen, Sarge...  
you think you're moving in | on my territory?  
I think you better | cough up...  
some "do-re-mi" right now.  
500 bucks. Let's have it.  
What 500 bucks?  
What are you | talking about?  
-Fuck off! | -Fuck off?!  
You go to Pablo...  
you cut yourself in | on my action.  
You don't think | I'm coming after you?  
Jesus Christ! | You got a lot of balls!  
And Pablo wants the hooker | back on the job...

**tomorrow at 10:**

What hooker?

10:

He got your gun | and your badge...

and your teeth.

You are a disgrace | to the police force.

Fuckin' | Junior "Bullshit" Gotlieb.

Hey, you got | a piece, Eddie?

Teeth?

No. A gun. I need it.

Hold on.

Hair trigger.

Hollow points.

Thanks, Eddie.

Right in here.

Where's Antonio?

On your feet, pal.

Turn around.

Move it.

Police raid! | Everybody freeze!

Run for it!

Yo! Hey, guys!

Come on back. | Where are you goin'?

Come on. | I got this covered!

At ease, officer.

I think you'd better | check with your superiors.

Remain silent.

Hey, I pay good money | to the right people, huh?

Were you out | at the airport today?

Was I out | at the airport today?

What, are you crazy?

You ever stood | in a line-up before?

Oh, yeah. I stood in | a line-up before.

OK. I want you to | line up there!

Hey, what the hell's | going on here?

Shut up!

You own a suede | sports coat?

Courtesy van?

You ain't no cop.

Oh, I'm a cop.

Prove it, slick. | You're not walking...

You crazy son of a bitch!

I'll kick the living shit...

Take it easy, Scanlan.

Hey.

Hey, Smiley. | How are you?

Ellita Sanchez?  
Hoke Moseley.  
I've been calling you.  
Don't they have someone | at that desk to answer?  
Yeah...but he's deaf. | Got something?  
Prints I.D. | on those beer bottles.  
That's the son of a bitch!  
"Frederick J. Frenger, | Junior."  
Junior Gotlieb. | I knew that was bullshit.  
I got something | on the real Gotlieb.  
Mugged. D.O.A...  
at the San Francisco | Airport Hospital.  
That sound | like Junior's M.O.?  
Murder one.  
We can nail him as the | Krishna finger killer, I bet.  
He's grown up behind bars.  
And look at this.  
Someone charged | a suede sport coat...  
on the real Gotlieb's | credit card...  
after he was dead.  
We got the motherfucker!  
Thanks.  
I'm sorry. Habit.  
I ran his real name | by the utilities...  
but I turned up nothing.  
He wouldn't use | his real name.  
Well, if he did...  
we'd be knocking | on his door right now.  
What about Waggoner?  
I called every utility | in Dade.  
Even bottled water.  
I'm sitting here | having my lunch...  
waiting for | a call back, OK?  
Sitting on your lunch?  
Try Broward.  
Look, I know you think | I'm a weak suck...  
but I don't care.  
The guy who did this | to me...this Frenger...  
Junior...he's got | my old badge, Sanchez.  
He's running around | playing cop...  
assaulting | and beating people.  
I'm doing everything | I can to help.  
Call me if you | hear anything.  
Put the funny book down!

Give me the fuckin' cash...  
or I'll blow | your fuckin' head off!  
No, don't count it, | Goddamn it!  
Police!  
Drop the gun, son.  
I know what it's like...  
to be on the other end | of that gun.  
You're making | a big mistake.  
I tell you what...  
you put down the gun, | give back the money...  
and I'll let you | walk on out of here.  
You walk out that door...  
your life is | gonna change forever.  
Hold your fire, | you asshole!  
What the fuck?!

Hey.  
Hey, you OK?  
Hey, mister.  
Get this thing off me. | I'm a cop.  
I think I hit him.  
You didn't hit shit.  
Where is | the whipping cream?  
We're out.  
Oh, my God.  
OK, I want you to do | something for me.  
Go get me some | cotton balls...aah!  
Some peroxide...  
some bandages...  
and bring me | a small mirror.  
Oh, God. Oh, God.  
Oh, fuck me.  
I want you to go | and get me...  
your smallest needle... | a small needle...  
and thread it | with black thread, OK?  
Here. I got it.  
Oh, fuck. Oh, God.  
OK. Now... | I tell you what.  
I want you to sew | my eyebrow back on.  
Hey, hey! | Now, come on, come on.  
Come on. | You're gonna be OK.  
I got it.  
I'm sorry. | I'm no good at this.  
I got it.  
What? OK.

I got you.  
I'm going to | get you a doctor.  
Oh, no. No doctors.  
I want you to get me | a bottle of gin.  
I nursed my husband for | 3 years before he died...  
but you're not | going to die.  
Here.  
It's gin, Junior.  
Drink it.  
We're going to need this.  
This is going to hurt.  
You move, and you're | a blind man. Scissors.  
Hold it. Hold it.  
You're doing real good, | Junior.  
I'm just gonna | move down a bit.  
Now we just have one more.  
Just hold on.  
That'll hold you.  
Your husband must have | been glad to die.  
Thank you.  
Yeah, thanks.  
You got a real nice | touch there, lady.  
So...are you going to | tell me about it?  
Yeah, I'll tell you | about it.  
This straight life | that we've been living...  
has been giving me this | misplaced sense of security!  
I thought for | one minute there...  
I was some kind of fuckin' | solid citizen or something.  
All I want to know | is what happened to you.  
Some guy in a blue | Toyota pickup ran me over.  
I thought it must have been | something like that.  
An anonymous, apparently | off-duty, police officer...  
interrupted | a robbery tonight...  
at a Coral Gables | convenience store...  
heroically confronting | an armed robber...  
with only bottles | of spaghetti sauce.  
Yeah?  
Ellita Sanchez.  
Come in.  
What's this?  
Susan Waggoner. | Telephone order.  
There's an address | in the Gables.  
The Gables.  
What time is it?

**It's 1:**

I've got a relative | with Southern Bell...  
or we wouldn't have gotten | the number for days.  
That's great. Thanks.  
What are you | going to do?  
I'm going to | check it out.  
Sanchez...  
thanks.  
You feeling better?  
What would you like | for breakfast?  
You're not hungry?  
Well, I'm just | gonna run some errands...  
and then I'll be back.  
I love you.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
Hey. Susan, uh... | Waggoner, right?  
Remember me?  
No, sir.  
Hoke "Pork Chops" Moseley.  
God, what | happened to you?  
Ah, some psycho | jumped me...  
almost broke my neck...  
stole my gun, my badge, | and my teeth.  
Teeth?  
Yeah. These are temps.  
Hey, I got | something for you.  
Do you do your | marketing here?  
Excuse me, would you | like to try some sausage?  
No, thank you.  
Are you sure? | It's really good.  
Remember that...  
pork chop recipe | I promised you...  
with the chestnut batter?  
Glad I ran into you.  
Oh, this is great.  
I can't believe | you remembered.  
That is so nice of you.  
I'm gonna | put it on my list...  
and I'm gonna | make it tonight.  
Hey, is that | an invitation?  
I'll be there.  
Oh.  
I got class tonight. | I'm sorry.

You're still | with that guy, huh?  
No. Umm... | I kicked him out.  
Well, good for you.  
You know | who he really is?  
He's a murderer.  
Herman Gotlieb | isn't even his real name.  
He spent his life in prison.  
Frederick J. Frenger, | Junior.  
Junior.  
Hate to run into Senior.  
Oh...  
hey, you ever made | vinegar pie?  
Vinegar pie? | My mother used to make it.  
I can still taste it.  
Oh. Seedless raisins | for a start.  
Chop 'em up real fine.  
And you beat the egg | yolks and the butter...  
until they're creamy...  
Wait a second.  
And you beat | the egg whites...  
until they're stiff...  
and then you | fold them in...  
and you take | one cup of sugar...  
and, um...  
here's | the tricky part, OK?  
This is the key.  
You use 5% vinegar, | no stronger.  
And just 3 teaspoons, | that's all.  
Just 3 little teaspoons.  
That's where Mama | went wrong.  
Yeah, probably so.  
You don't know | where I could...  
find that old boyfriend | of yours, do you?  
No. He's gone for good.  
I know you wouldn't | lie for him.  
He was the liar.  
Well, uhh... | enjoy that recipe.  
I will.  
Look, my number's on it.  
If you really like it, | give me a call.  
Oh, my God.  
One.  
Two.  
Three.



What are you | doing tomorrow?  
I was gonna paint | the security bars.  
Oh, no. I got | a million errands...  
I gotta run tomorrow. | I wanted to go in...  
and cash in | my coin collection.  
I need you to drive me | around some.  
We'll be done by noon.  
Can't you drive?  
Oh, no way, honey. Heh! | Honey, I gotta...-  
I'm gonna be hoppin' | in and out...  
of a hundred different | places.  
Cost me a fortune | just to park...  
if I could find a place.  
That dessert?  
I'll bring it to you. | Just go sit down.  
So, you gonna drive me | around tomorrow?  
Junior, are you sure | this is just an errand?  
You promised no more | illegal stuff.  
You saved my life, Susie.  
Would I fuck up | the best thing...  
that ever happened | to me...  
just to make you | some kind of a wheelman?  
Would you?  
We made a deal.  
I promised.  
Like it?  
This is really great.  
It's great!  
Great.  
One of your best.  
If a cop should | hassle you...  
then you just drive on | around the block.  
Why would anyone | hassle me?  
You parked | in a yellow zone.  
Police officer.  
Buzz me in.  
You say these coins | are stolen, Sergeant?  
Sergeant, uh...  
Moseley.  
Homicide.  
We picked him up | on a fencing sting.  
We figure if we could | get a line on the owners...  
we could solve the crime.  
This a valuable | collection or what?

It's by no means | a rare collection.  
When I take | this fleeting breath  
When my eyes, | they close in death  
Just a cursory look | at these coins...  
tells me they're | in fair condition.  
That was cursory?  
You ever seen them before?  
Seen lots like them.  
What happened | to your eye?  
Car accident.  
You should sue the doctor | who sewed you up.  
You could make a bundle.  
He said it'd be fine | after it scarred over.  
He lied.  
How come | a homicide detective...  
is so interested | in stolen property?  
First of all, that's | confidential information.  
Second of all, I'll ask all | the questions around here.  
I'm working on a tip.  
I'm thinking of putting | a stakeout in here.  
You know, before | I put that window in...  
I was hit 3 times | in one month...  
but I don't need | no stakeout now.  
Yeah? Why's that?  
Because of Pedro.  
He's been watching you | the whole time...  
through a peephole | in the door.  
It's OK, Pedro.  
This is Sergeant Moseley.  
He's with the | police department.  
You bitch!  
Oh, God.  
You promised!  
What the fuck | are you doing?!  
-Freeze! Police! | -Freeze! Police!  
Hold it.  
Hey, move it!  
Stop! Police!  
Get out of the car!  
Shit.  
What happened to you?  
Raise your hands level | with your shoulders.  
What are you gonna do | if I don't, Sarge?  
Shoot me?

What was the bullshit...  
with the money | you left me...  
Frederick?  
I don't give | nothing away.  
What did the Krishna | do to die?  
Where did you get | that jacket?  
Herman Gotlieb.  
Stand up. | Back up slowly.  
Turn around | and face the wall.  
I don't think | I can do that.  
I'll pass out.  
Most of my fingers | have been cut off...  
and I'll probably go into | shock any minute now.  
Move it!  
Everything's turning | all orange and silver.  
Susie's going to | get you, Sarge.  
Hello.  
Did you kill him?  
Good-bye, Junior.  
You don't have to answer | if you don't want to...  
but, uh...gotta clear | a few things up.  
Did you know Junior | was gonna rob the store?  
I was hoping he wouldn't.  
He swore to me.  
I had to give him | the benefit of the doubt...  
because he had | some good qualities.  
He always ate everything | I ever cooked for him.  
And he never hit me.  
There were lots of good | things about Junior.  
Listen, Hoke, this is | exactly what happened...  
or you're in big | jurisdictional trouble.  
You were tailing him... | a murder suspect.  
You see him coming | out of the coin shop...  
with a gun in his hand.  
Suspecting him of robbery, | you called for back-up...  
and you followed him | to the house.  
He pulled a gun on you, | and you shot him.  
Something like that.  
Exactly like that.  
There's only one problem, | though: the girl.  
She'll blow holes | in this story.  
Cut her loose.  
Is she really | Princess Not-So-Bright...  
or is she just pretending?

Ah, she's been | through hell.  
Leave her alone.  
Let's get the fuck | out of here.  
You look different.  
I got my teeth back.