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Murphy 's Law

By Gail Morgan Hickman

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Hey!

Hey, that's my car!

You can't steal my car! I'm a cop!

Oh, my God!

Shit.

Freeze!

Okay! Okay, you got me.

Enjoying yourself, pervert?

Jesus, would you take it easy,

Dick Tracy?

Move.

Can I just ask you one question?

Yeah, what?

How come all cops have two-inch peckers?

Damn.

Yeah?

What time is it?

Where?

Yeah.

I'll meet you there.

Okay, okay, I'll meet you there.

Okay.

Well, I like that wrinkled look.

Very sexy. Next time, go the whole way.

You know, ask for less starch.

Had a hard night.

Don't talk to me about hard
till you spend a night with Charlene.

That woman is a total nympho.

She couldn't keep her hands off me.

I was so sore this morning,
I thought it was gonna fall off.

Ah, Jesus, Sarge, I don't want to hear
about your sex life. My head's killing me.

Too much firewater last night, huh?

You know, you've been hitting the stuff
a little strong lately.

Hey, I got everything under control, okay?

Well, what have we got here?

Name's Teri Kaplan.

Teri Kaplan?

Teri Kaplan.

Isn't that one of Anthony Vincenzo's girls?

That's her.
Hey, Sergeant.
I think I found something.
Give me a stick or a pen or something.
"Anthony Alberto Vincenzo."
Hey, Frank.
How's the cocaine business?
I wouldn't know.
Oh, that's right.
You're not a drug dealer.
You're an importer.
And your brother's not a scum-sucking
pimp, he's a talent agent.
This is my mother here.
Don't talk that way in front of my mother.
Who the hell do you think you are?
I'll tell you who I am. I'm the man who's
gonna arrest your brother for murder.
Haven't seen him.
Well, when you do, you tell him the smart
thing to do is to turn himself in.
Because this time we got him by the balls.
I'm sorry. I don't mean "balls."
I mean "chandeliers."
We have him by the chandeliers.
You're interrupting our meal. Beat it.
Oh, Murphy, let me ask you,
you ever hear of Murphy's Law?
"If anything can possibly
go wrong, it will"?
A lot of things could happen
to someone like you.
You could get run over by a truck.
The gas heater in your apartment
could blow up.
Or you could lose a wheel going down
the freeway at 80 miles an hour.
Got to remember that.
The only law I know is Jack Murphy's Law.
That's very simple.
"Don't fuck with Jack Murphy."
You remember that.
Continental Coach Lines
No. 28, arriving Ramp 16.

Ventura, Santa Carla,
Camarillo and Oxnard.
Attention, please.
Sunliner Express to San Diego
departs in 30 minutes on Ramp 5.
Mr. Cameron?
Howdy.
Where are the addresses?
Right here.
Had a little trouble with one of them.
Ben Wilcove.
Seems he retired a few years ago,
moved up in the mountains a ways.
He wasn't easy to find.
But you found him.
Oh, yeah.
But, like I say,
it took a bit longer than I figured.
Uh, what I mean is,
I'm gonna have to charge you
a little more than we originally agreed on.
How much more?
With expenses and everything...
Let's say another \$2,000.
Go to hell.
Miss Freeman!
Miss Freeman.
Hey, do you want these addresses or not?
You know, you can go to somebody else
if you want to.
But if these people were to find out
you was looking for them,
now I wonder how they'd feel about that.
You really are a slime, aren't you?
No, ma'am. Just a private investigator.
Of course, some people
would say that's the same thing.
All right, \$2,000.
That'll be cash on delivery,
if you don't mind.
How about traveler's checks?
That'd be all right.
Since you put it that way
I guess we could forget

about the extra expenses and all,
and just call it even.
Nice doing business with you, ma'am.
You move another hair,
and I'll blow your head off.
Now wait a minute.
You can have my wallet.
It has almost \$100 in it.
I don't want your money.
All I want is for you to say, "Ah."
What do you mean?
You know. Like in a doctor's office.
Do it.
Ah.
You can do better than that.
Make it bigger.
Ah.
Ah.
Perfect.
Hello.
- Jack Murphy?
- Yeah.
Hello?
Hello?
Hey, what the hell is this?
Some kind of game?
Yes, and the game is just beginning.
I'm gonna kill you.
But first, I'm gonna put you through hell.
Marie? Thought her name was Charlene.
Charlene's history. Marie's the future.
Woman has an incredible imagination.
I've been a cop 18 years. She knows
words I've never even heard before.
Say, Murph...
I like your tie, especially the stains.
Looks like the sewer backed up again.
I was at Madam Tong's the other night.
I saw your wife.
- Nice tits.
- Hey, lay it down.
Taste as good as they look?
Break it up, God damn it!
Come on, stop it!

Ease up.
What the hell's wrong with you two?
Murphy! My office, now!
Let's go clean up. Come on.
What was that all about?
It's something personal.
I don't understand you.
Look at you. You're a mess.
You look like you just
got out of the drunk tank.
You think you're the only man
whose wife ever left him?
Over three-quarters of the cops
on the police force are divorced.
So maybe you think
you can hide in a bottle?
You better get your act together, Jack,
or you're gonna lose everything you got.
Eh.
Get the hell out of here.
Bingo, that was airport security.
A guy matching Tony Vincenzo's
description just bought a ticket for Vegas.
His plane leaves in 20 minutes.
Attention, please.
International Airlines Flight 643
to Las Vegas
has been delayed by 30 minutes.
Southwest Airlines Flight 702...
Hey, hey!
...now arriving at Gate 17.
Hold it!
Get away from me,
or I'll blow her fucking head off!
Freeze!
Get back!
Back!
Move it! I said move!
Move! Move!
All right!
Get down.
Tony!
Watch it.
- Somebody call it in?

- You folks all right?
Can you tell me what happened?
What happened here?
It's all under control.
It's all under control.
Over here.
This way, Sergeant.
Bambino.
Mama?
Mama, the car's waiting.
He was a good boy.
A decent boy.
Your brother is dead.
What are you gonna do about it?
I'll take care of it, Mama.
I want that bastard cop dead.
Do you hear me?
I want him crucified.
Over here! Over here.
Come on!
And next up here on the stage, fellows,
is a girl you're really gonna love.
Put your hands together, and welcome.
Philly Flash!
Hi.
You got the notice?
Yeah.
So now it's official.
I tried to call you.
Your phone's been disconnected.
I moved. I'm living with Carl.
He's the manager of the club.
Jan. What are you doing here?
Don't start.
Why do you want to work
in a dump like this?
I'm a dancer.
You call that dancing?
Yes.
If you don't like it, don't come around.
\$5.40.
Watch it, snot-rag!
Hey!
You can't come in here!

Come on out,
or I'll put a bullet through the door.
Okay! Okay, I'm coming.
Go ahead, camel-crotch. Shoot me.
Don't tempt me.
Ow!
God, you snot-licking donkey fart!
Get up.
I think I hurt my back.
Poor girl. Let me help you.
You stupid...
Jism-breath! Scrotum-cheeks!
Bug-sucking booger.
You're gonna regret this.
Dinosaur dork.
Fart-brains.
Hey, you know, I want to file a complaint
against this scumbag cop here.
Police brutality.
He assaulted me for absolutely
no reason, and then he tried to rape me.
Sounds like you got
yourself a real live one.
Suck a doorknob, you homo.
She got any ID?
Get your hands off me, faggot!
Get this.
"Arabella."
"Arabella McGee."
Arabella. Cute.
Hey, sit on it, slime-ball.
Have a nice day, Arabella.
Eat it, toe-jam.
Monkey vomit!
And the dancing never stops
here at Madam Tong's.
Let's put our hands together,
and welcome to the stage...
Back again?
Yeah. Slumming.
Why don't you just go home
and leave me alone?
I'm tired of you following me.
I'm tired of you spying on me.

You know what you look like up there?

You look like a whore.

You bastard!

- Hey, hey, hey. That's enough now.

- Let go!

We got a problem here?

You're bothering my employees, pal.

Why don't you go home
and sleep it off, huh?

Up there, you look like a whore.

And your boyfriend here looks like a pimp.

- Sir, you observed the vehicle?

- What?

- You observed the vehicle?

- Yeah. It was a gray Oldsmobile.

Pretty new, maybe an '83 or an '84.

Oh, the license plate number.

It was 082 UCK.

What the hell are you guys doing here?

You're under arrest, smart guy.

Got a dozen witnesses saw you arguing
with your wife at Madam Tong's tonight.

And we got a witness saw you driving
away from the scene of the shooting.

Did it ever occur to you two
that someone's trying to frame me?

You know what I think?

I think your wife left you,
started dancing at a topless club,
showing off all her goodies to a bunch
of horny lowlifes, and you hated it.

And then, when you found out
she was making it with somebody else,
you killed them both.

Why don't you crawl back under your rock?

Come on, Jack.

Come on, let's face it. She was a slut.

Wasn't the first time you caught her
in bed with somebody else, right?

I mean, how many guys was it then? Two?

I'm surprised you didn't knock her off
right then and there.

Unless you enjoyed it.

Did you watch her doing it?

You know, Ed,
I've been wondering something about you
for a long time.
Why is it you never married?
Never even saw you with a girl.
Is it because you're so ugly,
or because you have bad breath?
Of course, a lot of guys have bad breath,
but they also have girls.
Maybe you don't like girls, huh?
And maybe that's why you two boys
spend so much time together.
Well, what do you know?
Ballistics identified
your gun as the murder weapon.
You're going to jail, Jack.
And you know what happens
to a cop in jail? Hmm?
You're dead meat, pal. Dead meat.
Your arraignment is set for tomorrow.
Now, the DA will probably go
for second degree.
But, on the other hand,
since you'd been drinking,
I think we can make a case
for diminished capacity.
Say you plead guilty
to voluntary manslaughter,
we're talking maybe eight years.
Which means you should be out
in three to four.
Did it ever cross your mind
that I'm innocent?
Frankly, no.
Sit down.
Must be your lucky day.
Well,
if it isn't Sergeant Dick-Brain.
I heard they arrested a cop.
What did you do, rape a nun?
Listen, you're gonna have a great time in
San Quentin, 'cause they just love cops.
So how do you like lockup?
Find yourself a girlfriend yet, hmm?

Kiss my squirrel.
Come on, admit it.
You're a dyke, right?
Hey, go jump a flagpole.
You know, I'm a cop.
I know everything that happens up there
in women's detention.
Maybe the first time, they have to hold
you down, but then you get to like it.
Oh, kiss my pantyhose, sperm bank.
I'll bet your girlfriend does that,
and you love it, don't you?
You fucking bastard!
- Hey, you two, knock it off over here!
- Bastard!
- Come on, break it up!
- Faggot!
Break it up! Come on, break it up.
- What the hell are you doing?
- Shut up, do what I tell you.
Get the keys out of the door.
Quick. Come on.
You! Don't make a sound.
Don't make a sound, or I'll kill her.
Drop your gun and keys on the floor.
Quick!
Come on, come on, hurry it!
Get in that cell.
Hurry it. Hurry it.
Lock it.
Come on, come on.
Help! Escaped prisoner!
Help!
This is crazy, man.
You're gonna get us both killed.
You're never gonna get out of here,
you know.
Not by the front door, I won't.
The elevator.
We got escaped prisoners in the elevator.
They're on their way down.
Why don't you just
put that gun down?
I mean, you know,

you seem like a decent enough guy.
Maybe you're just having an off day.
Besides, you don't want to kill me. I'm
actually a very nice person. I really am.
I know we got off on the wrong foot
with me stealing your car,
but that was just a mistake.
By the way, did anyone ever tell you
you've got excellent taste in cars?
Don't you ever shut up?
Why don't you go screw yourself, mutant?
Why don't you watch your mouth?
Why don't you watch your asshole,
asshole?
What's the hell is the matter
with you guys up there?
You all asleep or what?
Can't even keep a guy in lockup?
What's going on?
It's your pal Murphy.
He's got a gun, he's got a hostage.
Shit.
They must've gotten off on another floor.
Let's go.
That's it, I quit! I'm tired of you
pushing me around, booger bits.
If you're gonna...
You can make this hard,
or you can make it easy.
Now which is it gonna be?
Okay.
- I don't hear you.
- Okay.
You were saying?
I said okay,
you snot-sucking garbage dump.
A helicopter? Are you crazy?
I was a crew chief on one of these
during the war.
What the hell does that mean?
It means I can fly one of these things,
a little.
Close that door.
When was the last time you flew

one of these things?
Oh, my God.
Hi, I need to see your clearance.
This is my clearance.
Back off. Back off.
Murphy!
Put it down and get out!
Come on! Drop it!
Hold your fire, damn it!
Oh, Murphy, you fucking idiot.
I don't like heights.
I don't like planes.
I don't like flying.
And I especially don't like helicopters.
I think I'm gonna be sick.
On second thought, maybe not.
- Can we take that one up?
- Uh, it's got engine trouble.
Get a hold of the Coast Guard.
I want another chopper, like, yesterday.
Hey, Airwolf,
where the hell are we going?
Oh, my God, what is it?
Damn, we're out of fuel.
What do you mean, "we're out of fuel"?
We can't be out of fuel.
Oh, my God, we're out of fuel!
Oh, my God.
I don't want to die.
I don't want to die.
I... I don't want to die. I don't wanna...
Hang on, now. Hang on.
I don't want to die.
I don't want to die.
Hey!
We've already landed.
Where are we?
On a barn.
A barn?
I don't believe this is happening to me.
You know what this is?
I'll tell you what this is, man.
This is the worst day of my life.
And you know why?

Why, because of you, barf-bag!
Hey, pubic hair, I'm talking to you!
I think we'd better get away from this
place before somebody spots this chopper.
Uh, no way, Jos.
Uh, I'm staying right here.
As long as we got these,
where I go, you go.
Hello, there!
Get the hell out of there!
Let's go!
Look what the hell you've done to my barn!
- Who are you?
- Help me, please.
This guy's an escaped killer, the
helicopter's stolen, and I'm his hostage.
Are you saying you stole
a police helicopter?
What do you think I am, stupid?
It happens to be true, jock itch!
If you don't believe me, all you gotta do
is call the cops,
and let them know where we are.
You hear that, boys?
All we've got to do is call the cops.
Yeah. While we're at it,
let's just call the governor, too.
Yeah, and the president.
Look, penis-envy,
if you don't call the cops, I will!
They're not gonna call anybody.
Look at all this shit hanging around here.
This is a dope farm.
Hey, no kidding?
You guys grow marijuana?
Come on,
let's light up a few joints and party.
This little girl wants to party.
Well, I think we should give
the girl what she wants.
Oh, yes.
- Hey, kiss my ass!
- Get away from her!
You bastard!

Hold this bitch down!
- With pleasure.
- Get off me! Get off...
Get off me,
you fucking son of a bitch!
Want me to hurt you, baby, huh?
You want me to hurt you?
Because I'll hurt you.
No! God!
Nothing you can do about it.
Just lay back and enjoy it.
Don't, you son of a bitch.
Come on, baby. Come on.
No! Murphy!
Let's be friends, 'cause I'm gonna give it
to you like you ain't never had it before.
No!
I want her second, Kelly!
Murphy! No!
Get off, you...
Look, don't do it, man! Don't do it!
Don't do it, man. Please, don't do it.
Not having such a good time now,
are you, bad-ass?
Please, man. Don't kill us.
Please don't kill us, man.
First one who sticks his head out the door
gets it blown off.
Okay, man. Okay.
Can you wire that truck?
Does the Pope shit in the woods?
Check this out. They left the keys.
Hello?
Anybody here?
Hello?
Murphy, come on. Murphy?
Come on. Murphy, please!
Oh, God.
Don't dump on me, you buffalo shit.
Hey. Come on, Murphy.
Hello?
I'm calling you a doctor.
Put that phone down.
Who are you?

There's a friend of yours
in the other room, and he's hurt.
What's his name?
Murphy.
Where did you learn to
do stitches like that?
In the Medical Corps in Korea.
He gonna be all right?
Well, he's got himself a concussion.
But he'll probably be okay
in a couple of days or so.
He's gonna have
a hell of a headache, though.
I'm Ben Wilcove.
You got a name?
Arabella McGee.
You hungry, McGee?
Yeah.
You a Cop?
I used to be.
What happened?
Well, I got shot in the back with a .22
by a 16-year-old kid.
You don't like cops much, huh?
Not much.
I don't either.
How you feeling?
I've seen better days.
Where's Ben?
Outside somewhere.
Hey. You shouldn't be drinking, you know.
Yeah, yeah, I know.
You always this friendly, huh?
Listen, kid.
I know you don't like me.
Well, I don't like you.
I know you don't want to be here,
and I don't want you to be here,
so let's let it go at that, okay?
Fine.
Ow.
Damn it.
Here.
What the hell is it?

It happens to be an omelet.
I thought maybe you'd like something for
breakfast besides a bottle of Jack Daniels.
Jesus.
If I was gonna eat anything,
it wouldn't be that garbage.
Fine, dog-snot, don't eat it. Wear it!
You know, Murphy,
you have always been a stupid jerk.
But this time,
you are a particular kind of stupid jerk.
What the hell are you talking about?
She just took off,
that's what I'm talking about.
That's fine by me.
Murph.
You're gonna need a gun, man.
This gun looks familiar.
It should be. It's my old backup piece,
and it saved my butt, man.
Maybe it can take care of yours.
Yeah, chances are I will need it.
No, you just get the bastard
that framed you.
Take care, old friend.
Murph?
McGee?
Hey.
Look, Murphy, why don't you
just go away, huh? You're a jinx.
Every time you show up in my life,
things go wrong.
First, I get arrested, right?
Then I get railroaded into this jailbreak.
You know, why don't you just go away before
an airplane falls on me or something?
I'm sorry.
I mean, you're not a bad guy for a cop.
It's just that I don't want to get
involved in your problems, all right?
I got enough problems of my own.
And, uh, don't worry.
When I turn myself in,
I won't tell the cops where you are.

Thanks. Now get in.
Get in.
I must have boogers for brains.
What the hell am I doing here?
Hey, pull over. I'm hungry.
I'm not.
Look, whiskey-breath, maybe all you
need is a bottle. I want some food.
You better take a look at this.
Terrific, huh?
They think I'm your accomplice.
He was a pretty nice old guy, huh?
God, who would have killed him?
The same son of a bitch
who killed my ex-wife.
Frank Vincenzo.
Jesus. Don't you ever make any friends?
We're gonna split. Go.
Forget it, dog piss!
The only way I get off the hook
is if you get off the hook,
'cause the cops are
looking for me for murder.
So, from now on, pal, where you go, I go.
You stay with me, you do what I tell you,
you hear?
How are you this evening,
Judge Kellerman?
Fine, thank you.
The chef recommends you try the breast
of quail, stuffed with fresh dates,
covered with raspberry vinegar sauce,
and sprinkled with roasted hazelnuts.
Sounds good.
And a bottle of Veuve Clicquot.
Certainly.
Excuse me, now, I know
this is going to sound very corny,
but have we ever met?
I don't know. Have we?
It's just that you seem so familiar to me.
I was about to have dessert.
Would you join me?
I'd like that very much.

Ah, doesn't that feel good?
Oh, it feels wonderful.
Oh, that feels so good.
How long has it been
since someone's giving you a bath?
Well, I must say,
no one since you've given me a bath
has ever given me a bath.
Oh, come now, certainly
someone's given you a bath before?
Ooh, are you ticklish?
You are ticklish.
Ooh. Tickle!
Right. I'll get back to you.
Hi, guys. Listen, I don't mean to bother
you, but I got a flat tire out there.
And I was wondering if one of you boys
could help me fix it.
- Sure.
- I'm freezing.
Come on inside.
Jack, you want to fix
the lady's tire, okay?
Uh, spare's in the back.
Well.
Nice place you got here.
Bet you a lot of important people
live here, huh?
A few.
Bet you none of them are as
good-looking as you are.
Any of these apartments empty?
Got a couple.
Why don't we go upstairs
and take a look, huh?
I bet the view is fantastic.
Hey, Jack. I'm gonna take a little break.
Be back in about 20 minutes.
Nice bed.
You know what? Pink really gets me hot.
Yeah? Me, too.
- You know what?
- What?
I've never felt anything so small.

Murphy? Where the hell are you?
What took you so long?
I didn't want to interrupt love in bloom.
Pepe's Pizza.
You never had a piece like this.
Hi. \$9.75.
Nobody up here ordered a pizza.
Sure they did. Some guy named Guido.
Well, you made a mistake.
There's no Guido up here.
This is the penthouse, right?
Well, I got a large sausage and mushroom
pizza for some guy named Guido.
How did you get up here, anyhow?
The elevator, anchovy-breath,
how do you think?
Well, the elevator don't come up here
unless you got a key.
Yeah? Well, it did for me.
Look, all I know is
somebody owes me \$9.75.
I'm not budging till I get paid.
I wouldn't if I didn't have to,
pepperoni-breath.
Where's Vincenzo?
Yes.
Mmm-hmm.
I think I'm going to like that.
Mmm, yeah.
Do it.
Do it now.
Do it now.
Oh, baby...
Do it.
Hey, hot pants.
If you know what's good for you,
you'd get out of here right away.
- Lock her in the bathroom.
- Come on, Goldilocks.
You son of a bitch.
You killed my ex-wife and my best friend.
I don't know what you're talking about.
Then you had me framed for their murders.
Now, I think you ought

to be ashamed of yourself.
Does your mother know
what you do for a living?
I didn't do it! I didn't do it!
No. You just paid someone else to do it.
And I want his name.
I don't have a name. I don't have a name.
You're crazy, you know that!
Murphy, you're just crazy!
You're really nuts!
We're gonna play a little roulette.
One bullet left.
I want a name.
Give me a name, Frank.
You're running out of luck, Frank.
Help me!
Three left, Frank.
Give me a name.
I don't have a name.
A name.
I didn't hurt anybody.
I didn't kill anybody.
I didn't!
Two more left, Frank.
The chances are 50-50, Frank.
I hate to say it, Murphy,
but I think he's telling the truth.
The gun was empty, Frank.
So much for your big play.
Now what?
- I don't know yet.
- Oh, great.
We're both wanted for murder, we've got
a Mafia psycho who wants to bury us,
and you're out of ideas?
Thanks a lot, douche bag!
If you don't want to hang around, go!
Thanks for keeping my seat warm.
You know, Murphy, you ain't worth shit,
but right now, you're all I've got.
Oh, shit, Jack!
You almost gave me a heart attack.
Look, Murphy, if I help you,
and the Department finds out,

I'm gonna lose my badge, my pension,
my career, and I owe up to here!
My life is on the line.
Someone's framed me for three murders.
If I don't find out who, they're gonna
put me away for a long, long time.
Come on, weenie-roast, help the guy out!
Butt out, sweetheart!
Nobody's talking to you!
Have a hernia, motor-mouth!
Why don't you park your tongue?
Yeah, why don't you pull on it?
If, uh, you can find it.
Why don't the both of you shut up?
Jesus Christ!
What is this? Romper Room?
All right, I've run out of options.
You have to help me.
What do you want?
I want a list of homicide cases
that Wilcove and I worked on.
Someone we put away for a lot of years.
Got out in the last couple of months.
Yea, but to do that,
I got to use the computer.
Yeah.
Where do you suppose
I get authorization for that?
You'll find a way.
Oh, right, thanks.
You're welcome, dildo-nose.
How much money do I pay you clowns
to protect me?
What happens?
Some cop waltzes in here.
You don't do a goddamn thing about it!
Put the word on the street, \$10,000
to anybody who knows where Murphy is.
I want him!
You hear me?
And you better find him for me!
Or there's gonna be four corpses
floating in the goddamn marina!
What?

Nothing.

Don't you have something to do?

Nope.

Damn.

What am I, a TV?

Maybe you want to look at me,
but I don't want to look at you.

Who says I want to look at you?

Sometimes I've got a big mouth.

No comment.

One of my faults.

Oh, you have faults?

Hey, you ain't no charmer either, you know.

- Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

Maybe.

You want a sandwich?

Sure.

No mayonnaise.

How can you eat a sandwich
without mayonnaise?

I don't like mayonnaise.

Everybody likes mayonnaise.

Okay. No mayonnaise.

- How old are you, kid?

- Why?

Just wondering.

As in, how long have I been stealing cars?

I know, to you I'm just a lowlife.

But the way I see it, man,
being a thief is better than being a whore.

I never said you were a lowlife.

Eat your sandwich.

How old are you?

Too old.

For what?

You're not so bad.

You stop the boozing,
you'd look a lot better.

Thanks.

I'm serious.

Besides, personally,

I like them older.

Is that so?

Is it true what they say about cops?
What?
That their, um...
Their guns are substitutes for their wangs?
Don't you count on it.
Oh, yeah?
Prove it.
Yeah?
I got three names for you.
Shoot.
You remember a guy named Red LaSalle?
I don't think this is his style.
Number two is Jerry Myers.
I remember him.
Now you and Wilcove tagged him
for taking out a union leader.
He swore he'd nail you.
What about number three?
Uh, it's a real long shot.
This happened about 10 years ago.
Do you remember a woman
named Joan Freeman?
Well, they put her in Camarillo.
Not anymore. They cut her loose.
Jesus. Where is she now?
Uh, she's staying in one of those
old downtown hotels called the Sunset.
Listen, Art.
What was the judge's name at her trial?
Uh, it's Kellerman, I think. You hear what
happened to him? He fried himself.
Murphy?
You still there?
Joan?
Joan?
How've you been doing?
Pretty well.
No trouble adjusting to the outside world?
I don't think so.
I feel pretty good about myself.
Good.
How's the job working out?
Well, actually, I decided not to take it.
Why not?

Because I got another job.
A better job.
Terrific.
Doing what?
In a way, you see, I owe it all to you.
You taught me I could do
anything I wanted.
You taught me how to believe in myself.
Wonderful.
So what's the job?
I'll show you.
What's this?
My job.
I don't understand.
Who are these people?
The ones who sent me away.
You never should've let me out,
you know?
I really am crazy.
The hotel is not responsible
for the loss of personal valuables.
I'm talking almost \$200, man.
Look, Helen Keller, read my lips.
The hotel is not responsible
for the loss of personal valuables.
Oh, yeah?
When it comes time to pay my rent,
and we'll see who's responsible
or not responsible.
Fucking schwartze.
Which room is Joan Freeman in?
Sorry, pal.
The hotel guest list is confidential.
Can you count to five?
Sure.
How would you like to try it without teeth?
It's, uh, 604.
Yeah, this is Marty, down at the Sunset.
What are we doing here?
Just looking.
Sounds like fun.
Murphy?
Could you come here a minute?
Come on, man, what room?

They're in 604.
Hey! Where's my money?
Who's that stiff?
I don't know,
but I gotta get to Malibu fast.
Malibu?
Hey, don't you think
it's a little cold to go surfing?
Go!
It happened about 10 years ago.
She had a boyfriend
who worked as a security guard
in the old Bradbury Building, downtown.
She was down there visiting him one day,
and they got into an argument.
Then she flipped out, grabbed his gun,
and shot him.
By the time we got there,
she was up on the roof with a hostage.
And so that's why she framed you.
And she killed Wilcove, 'cause he was your
partner and the two of you arrested her.
Yeah, and Kellerman,
because he was the judge at the trial.
Yeah, but then who's this guy in Malibu?
Albert Skinner.
He was the prosecutor.
Mr. Skinner?
Nice digs.
Hey, this dude must have robbed
a couple banks, huh?
I'll take a look upstairs.
If I see any bodies, I'll give a yell.
Mr. Skinner!
Hey, Mr. Skinner!
Hey!
Come out, come out, wherever you are.
Skinner?
McGee?
Arabella?
Arabella?
- Homicide.
- Give me Art Penney.
He isn't here.

- Let me talk to the Lieutenant.
- He's not here either.
Oh, damn. Who's this?
This is Sergeant Reineke.
Who the hell is this?
Shit.
Ed, it's Murphy.
Murphy, you son of a bitch!
I know who killed Ben Wilcove.
Yeah, it was you, you bastard!
Shut up and pay attention
to what I have to say.
I've been set up, framed by a woman.
Her name's Joan Freeman.
You talk to Art. He knows who she is.
And get a hold of the Lieutenant, have him
send some men to the Bradbury Building.
She's on her way there.
All right, all right, I'll do that,
but come on in, will you?
We'll talk about it. Come on in.
I don't have time for this crap.
The woman has a hostage.
Get ahold of the Lieutenant,
and I'll meet him down there.
Hey, Ed. What are you doing?
Fine. Fine.
- He's inside.
- Go get him.
Alone?
What's the matter? Are you afraid of him?
Murphy?
Up here.
She's somewhere in the building.
Who? Your fairy godmother?
Hold it right there.
Put your gun down.
Where's the Lieutenant?
He's at home, watching TV.
Put it down!
You don't have to worry, Jack.
I got a friend waiting for you outside.
Frankie Vincenzo wants
to share some pasta with you.

You dirty bastard.
You're on the wrong side, Jack.
But it doesn't matter.
You always were a loser, anyway.
Come on.
You're running out of friends,
Murphy.
You better hurry!
We're waiting for you.
Where the fuck is he?
Maybe he ain't coming back.
Come on, come on!
Come on! Let's do it!
Who does he think he is? Cochise?
Find him!
AI?
AI, did you get him?
Why don't you come up
and get me yourself, Frank?
You remember what I told you
about Murphy's Law?
You remember what I told you.
Don't fuck with Jack Murphy.
You're pretty good, Murphy.
But not good enough.
It's time for your girlfriend to die.
Say bye-bye to the little bitch.
What took you so long, butt-crust?
No!
Now it's just you and me.
Do you really hate me now, Murphy?
Could you possibly hate me
as much as I hate you?
Please, help me!
Help me.
Please.
Help me, damn it!
You go to hell!
Ladies first.
Come on, move them back.
Move them back.
Move these people back.
And lift!
- You got it?

- Yeah.

These go over your side.

- Yeah, in the socket.

- DOAs.

Hey!

Would you dinosaur dorks move it
before I bleed to death?

- There it is.

- Jesus Christ.

What are you grinning at, snot-rag?
Next time I get hold of a bar of soap,
I'm gonna wash out your mouth
all the way down
to the other end of your body.
Yeah, well, blow it out your ass,
sperm-count.

Guess I'll make that a case of soap.

LA 's just a movie set

You're a flash in the pan.

Sweat drips from your forehead
While your foot's stuck in the sand.

You're pushing 105 on the freeway
'Cause you've got to get to nowhere.

You see the flashing red in your rear view.
But you don't care.

Murphy's Law.

If anything could possibly go wrong.
It will.

Hey.

You wait in line to pay the fine.
But you're standing at the wrong window.

Then she says "We close at five,
so come back tomorrow".

You dodge the traffic

You fight the smog.

But the paper's in the mail.

Somehow you knew all along

That you would fail.

Murphy's Law.

It could happen to you.

Murphy's Law.

You better know what to do.

Murphy said if anything could
possibly go wrong.

It will, yeah.
You may be down and out.
You may not have a friend.
But there's something inside driving you.
You never let the freeway end.
You say when you're not lookin'.
That's when things are found.
But when everyone's out looking for you.
It takes guts to turn around.
Murphy's Law.
Murphy's Law