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# One for the Money

By Stacy Sherman

I'm Stephanie Plum, and this is my story.  
I was born and raised in a blue-collar  
chunk of Trenton called the Burg.  
Here, houses are modest, yards are small,  
and cars are American.

Stephanie!

Hey, guys.

And at this point in my life,  
I have no food in my fridge,  
\$4 in checking,  
and I'm driving to my parents' house  
in a car I can no longer afford.

- Your father needs to eat.

- I'm coming.

The clock on the dash told me  
I was five minutes late,  
and a lifetime with my mother told me  
she'd think that meant I was dead.

- I thought you were dead.

- Five minutes late, Ma.

- What's for dinner?

- Pot roast.

Dried out, but pot roast.

As for my dad, those five minutes  
were spent contemplating  
how to kill Grandma Mazur  
and where to bury the body.

Guess who died? Read it today.

You'll never guess.

Jimmy. With the bumpy ears.

Seventy-two, dead. Electrocuted.

Ma! His poor mother.

You're not eating.

I got some not-so-great news.

- You found a lump.

- Come on.

No. I got let go from Macy's.

Those bastards.

Six months ago.

Six months and you're just now telling me?

For the love of God.

I know. I know. And I got,

maybe, 10 minutes left with that car.

So, that's my news.

What I need to get is a...

- Job.

- Husband.

Bernie Kuntz is single.

Ma, I had a husband. I didn't like it.

I don't want another one.

Yes, a job.

'Cause, as hard as it is to imagine,  
there's just not a lot out there  
for a department-store lingerie manager.

Well, you'd think  
there would be.

Who wouldn't enjoy a nice thong?

MRS. PLUM; Ridiculous.

Nobody panic. It's just them towing my car.

What?

I thought you said 10 more minutes.

My judgments a little screwy.

Good judgment is for sissies.

I can't take it any more.

A little FYI.

Your cousin is looking for someone  
to help with the filing.

- Which cousin?

- Vinnie.

He tried to make out with me  
at my own wedding.

Oh! He's a flawed individual.

This is my place.

The appliances predate my grandmother,  
but it suits me.

I hate to tell you, Rex,  
but you're going nowhere.

That's official.

Ta da!

Gram.

You need to look through that peephole  
before you answer the door.

I could've had an ax or worse.

Wanna come in?

Not so much.

I got a little something for you.

Big Blue.

Gram, I can't take Big Blue.

And how did you get here?  
You don't have a driving license.  
What, are you going to ride a bus  
like a gypsy?  
- People ride the bus all the time.  
- Not when they could be riding in style.  
All right. Thank you.  
You might want to run a comb  
through your hair.  
- You'll feel better.  
- I feel fine.  
Okay, run a comb through your hair  
and I'll feel better.  
Now, go get some clothes on  
and give me a ride home.  
Go, go.  
This is my  
Cousin Vinnie's business.  
Every scumbag and sleazeball  
in Trenton has passed through here,  
but anything's better  
than marrying Bernie Kuntz.  
So, here I am.  
Stephanie Plum, swear to Christ,  
I thought you were here to make bail.  
That would've been sad.  
You look confused.  
It's me, Connie Rossoli.  
You graduated Central  
with my little sister, Tina.  
Tina Rossoli. Holy crap. How's she doing?  
Not good. Big as a house.  
Enough about me and mine.  
You're here to see Vinnie regarding what?  
I heard you guys had a filing job.  
- Nah.  
- Nah? What do you mean, "Nah"?  
We moved some files into storage last week.  
Two days' work.  
It was a crappy job.  
Spend all day on your knees.  
If you're gonna spend  
that much time on your knees,  
you could find something that pays better.

You know what I mean?  
Yeah. You guys got anything?  
Full-time, part-time, freelance?  
Just till I get my feet back on the ground?  
Maybe Vinnie will let you do  
some skip chasing.  
How comfortable are you with the lowlifes?  
I sold lingerie for three years in Newark.  
You're good to go. Tell you what.  
Morty Beyers is down for the count.  
Ruptured appendix, disgusting.  
- These are his cases.  
- Can I look at them?  
Mmm-hmm.  
- FTA?  
- Failure to appear.  
Skipped out on bail.  
Bring him in, you get 10% of the bond.  
Adds up.  
Yeah. I could do this.  
I don't know, Steph.  
You're dealing with criminals.  
I gotta say no.  
I can either apprehend criminals  
or become one.  
- That's where I'm at, Vin.  
- It's that bad?  
Yeah.  
Joe Morelli skipped out on bail?  
No, no, no. You stay away from that.  
- I'm in for half a million.  
- I'd give it all up to put his ass in jail.  
Give it all up? You have  
nothing left to give.  
Remember, you just said  
you have nothing left to give, so...  
It's a figure of speech, Vin.  
I remain unconvinced.  
All right. Take a couple of civil cases  
of Morty's, all right?  
But you stay away from Joe Morelli.  
You'll muck it up, I'll lose my business,  
his mother will lose the house.  
- Only bad will come of it.

- I need the 50 grand.

No.

You stuck your tongue in my mouth  
at my wedding.

I was drunk, okay?

I was drunk and you resembled  
someone else. That was not anything I did.  
I was wearing a big white dress and a veil.  
I gave you a job. Get.

You know, I used to get my nails done  
by this very chatty manicurist  
who moonlights as a dominatrix,  
of all things.

- How chatty?

- Deeply chatty. How's your wife?

There's some men who enter  
a woman's life and screw it up forever.  
Joe Morelli did this to me.  
He was the big catch in our neighborhood  
and I thought I caught him  
when I gave him my virginity  
on the floor of the Tasty Pastry Bakery.  
I worked at when I was 17.

Unfortunately for me,  
he never called after.

Joe?

Unfortunately for him, I hold a grudge.  
It's not like I really thought he was gonna  
open the door,  
follow me to the station,  
and I'd collect a bag of money, but...

Can I ask you a question?

- What?

What if he's innocent?

It's not my problem, Mary Lou.

You're my oldest friend, Stephanie.

Let it go.

Crap! Mooch Morelli just pulled in here.

Oh, wow!

Did he lose, like, 70 pounds?

Yeah, lap band. He got tired  
of being known as Joe's fat cousin.  
Now he's known as Joe's ugly cousin.  
It's so unfair.

No, I think he looks better.

You're not being very nice.

Will you hang up the phone  
and go check the car for clues?

Great.

Shit, Shit, shit.

Play it cool, Steph, play it cool.

Luckily, Mooch's car  
wasn't too hard to follow.

It was pretty flashy and yellow.

I think I found my guy.

Now, all I have to do is come up  
with a plan to bring him in.

Hey!

- What do you want?

- Morelli! Morelli!

- God.

- Jesus. Stephanie Plum, what the hell?

Still charming.

Says the girl who ran me over with a car.

That was an accident. My foot slipped.

Accident, my ass.

You jumped the goddamn curb,  
broke my leg in three different places.

I think of you every time it rains.

See? That right there!

Almost charming, but not quite.

I heard you moved back here  
after your divorce.

- Yeah? Well, I heard you killed a guy.

- And?

And you're in violation  
of your bond agreement.

I'm gonna need you to come with me.

- Vinnie sent you to bring me in?

- Yeah. You think that's funny?

Yeah, I do. And I gotta tell you,  
I could use a good joke these days,  
'cause I haven't had a lot to  
laugh about lately.

You know what I mean?

Okay, we can do this the easy way  
or the hard way.

- Hey! Hey!

- Hey!

You got no gun, you got no cuffs,  
and you got no backup.

I mean, seriously, Plum,  
thanks for the laugh.

- What about your mother?

- What about my mother?

She mortgaged her house.

She's gonna lose everything.

Don't you even care?

- Hey! Listen to me! God!

- You listen to me.

I'd cut my own throat before

I'd let you bring me into custody.

'Cause number one, I'm a cop.

You know what happens to cops in jail?

Not pretty. And number two,

you're the last person

I'd let collect the money,

'cause you're a goddamn

lunatic who ran me over

because I didn't call after I nailed you.

We're ancient history.

Like the pyramids, baby.

It was an accident.

You're going down, Morelli.

God.

I mean it. I'll just come after you.

Fine. I'll get my keys, get in my car.

I got to say, I like the way

you let your hair go curly like that.

It suits your personality, you know?

It's got lots of energy, not much control.

Sexy as hell.

- You know nothing about my personality.

- No?

Well, I know about the "sexy as hell" part.

Tactless of you to remind me.

Oh!

Come on.

Good to see you, cupcake!

You're an animal!

Yeah. So he's an animal,

but we knew that already.

Can you move up a little?  
You smell like a dumpster.  
No offense.  
Really? Because I don't smell it any more.  
- 50 grand, dead or alive?  
- Yeah.  
Vinnie will lose his shit if he knew  
you were face to face and came up empty.  
Oh, all right.  
Look. Ricardo Manoso,  
likes to be called Ranger.  
- Call him in the morning.  
- Ranger?  
What is he, an action figure?  
Ranger Manoso, the Lord God guru  
of bounty hunting.  
He looks like Michelangelo  
dipped the statue of David in caramel  
and strapped some heat on him.  
Did I catch you in the middle  
of a tour of duty?  
Yuk it up. If it had been me  
who clocked Morelli,  
I'd be sitting on 50 grand right now.  
- How are those fries?  
- They're not bad.  
Excuse me, can I get some ketchup?  
Thanks.  
So I did a little recon.  
The guy Morelli killed, Ziggy Kuleska,  
he was moving heroin.  
But you knew that already, right?  
Yeah. Yeah. Isn't that a little hard  
on your stomach?  
How come you're not going after Morelli?  
Trying to diversify to private security,  
things like that. None of your business.  
No Splenda? Nothing?  
It just seems a little acidic, is all.  
And, you know, food is fuel, so.  
You're out of your league.  
You need to respect that.  
A, he's a cop, B, he put a bullet  
in Ziggy Kuleska's head

and we don't know the circumstances.

Except for C, he was off-duty  
and he used a personal weapon  
with a .45 Hydra-Shok.

- You even know what that is?

- It's a gun. I'm not an idiot.

A bullet.

Entry wound like a BB blows out a chunk  
the size of a potato.

You even own a gun?

Is it bad if I say no?

She wants to be a badass recovery agent.

She's going after Morelli.

- Smith and Wesson five-shot.

- Thirty-eight special.

- It fits nice in a purse.

- Mmm. Sexy.

You can take the gun, honey.

- It's enchanting, isn't it?

- Yeah.

Do you mind if I take her for a test drive?

I might like his better.

Hey, look. I got three out of five.

Not bad, right?

You might have put a dent in his golf swing.

That's about it.

I mean, this one just pissed him off.

He returned fire and killed you. Muerto.

Yeah, but you just got two.

It's a good two, but two out of how many?

I'm just saying, I got three out of five.

Did it ever occur to you that all my rounds  
went through the same two holes?

Yeah, I don't think so.

Not done.

Head on a platter. Here.

Wow!

Hey, listen. I'm going to go pay  
for these guns, okay?

No, I can't let you buy me a gun.

Now, Plum, don't flatter yourself.

She won't sell to you. You got no permit.

You're paying me back.

Okay.

Can I keep this?

Hey, I was just about to call you.

You will never believe where I am.

I was just shooting a gun. How hot is that?

- Where are you?

- Sunny's.

Ranger's teaching me how to shoot.

He bought me a gun.

Ranger? What is he, an action figure?

I know, right? But he's helping me with this whole bounty-hunter thing so I can nail Morelli.

Well, not "nail" Morelli.

You know what I mean.

- Yeah, I know.

- What?

He skipped bail. He's worth 50 grand.

That's it.

What?

Okay. I just can't tell if you're actually in this for the money or if that's just a handy excuse to chase this guy down.

Yeah, I can see where this is going, so I'm gonna hang up. I love you.

If I'm looking for Morelli, I gotta start with his mom.

I don't care if the Pope comes to the house and beats me with a stick

I will never forgive you. Not ever.

I understand that, Mrs. Morelli, but Joe missed his court appearance...

You understand nothing.

Wait till you have a child, and some stunad comes along in a car and breaks his leg that God gave him. Then maybe you can stand on my stoop and tell me you understand.

Okay, but maybe I could just give you my number, you know and...

A gun? Jesus,

what is this world coming to?

Does your mother know

that you're carrying a gun, Stephanie Plum?

That went well.

The only other person who wants to find Joe Morelli more than I do...

- Hey, Eddie, what's up?

- ...is my old friend, Eddie Gazarra.

I like the new office.

You're moving up in the world, Eddie.

Good for you.

We both know why you called,

so just get to the point.

The point is, I was on the receiving end of a baffling phone call,

which I am trying to understand.

Hey! That's going to leave a water mark.

It's laminated, Eddie.

It's like watering a fake plant. Relax.

Maybe I'd relax better...

Would you please get off my desk?

Maybe I'd relax better

if I didn't get a call from my wife.

- Shirley the whiner?

- Hey, hey, hey.

That's my wife and your cousin,

who herself got a call from Lucille Plum.

Vinnie's wife?

You people gotta stop gossiping.

What is wrong with everybody?

What's wrong is we're worried.

You shouldn't be anywhere near

the Morelli thing.

Hey, I have as much right to go after

Morelli as anybody.

You don't know anything about the case.

I know the victim's name is Ziggy Kuleska.

I know he was shot by an off-duty Morelli.

I know the judge posted

bail at half a mill,

and I know Vinnie decided to

put the money up, thinking,

"Joe, he's not gonna screw me."

Wrong. He skips and, as of yesterday,

Morelli was holed up on the third floor

of the Gold Cup factory

with access to a borrowed car.

So now he's probably long gone.

- Proud of yourself?

- Very.

And I know he used a personal weapon.

Hydra-Shok with a .45.

Goes in like a BB out like a potato.

So, that's what I got.

- You're going after him, aren't you?

- Damn skippy.

This is Morelli's statement.

Merry Christmas and you're welcome.

That's Carmen Sanchez.

She's a working girl, mostly Stark Street.

- Says she called him for help.

- Yeah, Morelli got to her apartment,  
says Ziggy fired on him first.

He's claiming self-defense.

Trouble is, Carmen's not around  
to corroborate.

Says there was another guy there.

Yeah, we can't find him either.

And there's zero evidence

Ziggy ever had a gun.

It looks bad.

Okay, this'll work.

Hookers, they always know something.

Can you spare a dime?

She looks like my parole officer.

I don't know. She's ain't coming...

- Hell.

- Here she comes.

No. Now don't go pretend  
to be on the phone.

Answer your damn phone. Answer.

Yeah. Anyway, you'd see how fast the  
laws would be changed if I was president.

If I was the president, I'd be like,

"This is some change you can believe in."

My mama's bipolar?

Look, you would want her to be bipolar  
when she goes bipolar  
all over your you-know-what.

- Excuse me.

- I'm on the phone.

- I'm looking for a girl.  
- No. You need to keep it moving.  
Yeah, we're strictly dickly,  
but good luck, though.  
No, no, I mean...  
I'm looking for this girl.  
Do you know her? Carmen Sanchez?  
- Okay, bye.  
- Goodbye. Bye.  
Finally, somebody gives a shit  
about Carmen.  
I need to talk to her about Joe Morelli.  
You want to talk about a cop?  
Look where you're at.  
It's important. I really  
need to talk to him.  
- Girl. He got you knocked up.  
- No.  
Well, I can't help you with the cop,  
but you want to know shit about Carmen,  
talk to the boyfriend.  
Yeah! You better not be thinking about  
asking her to go for a ride.  
You ask me. This is my corner, son.  
Who's her boyfriend?  
Benito Ramirez. Stark Street Gym.  
Just like that?  
Giving out details to the white girl?  
No, no, no. It's good.  
I'm good. I promise. Trust me.  
Thank you. This gym right here? Thank you.  
What did you do that for?  
The girl was blocking my sign.  
Come on. Come on. Give it all you got, man.  
When I fought, we used brass knuckles  
and baseball bats,  
not these padded gloves, you nancies.  
Hey, Girl Scout, what happened?  
You lose your troop?  
Jimmy Alpha, proprietor.  
Single, Libra. How can I be of help?  
Stephanie Plum, recovery agent.  
A bounty hunter, huh?  
The quicker picker-upper.

Hey, Shawn! Shawn! One, one, elbow.  
Come on, harder, harder.  
I've seen harder hits  
at a sweet 16 pillow fight.  
Is there somewhere else  
we could go to talk?  
Yeah, sure.  
Too much testosterone for you, Officer?  
No. Not an officer. Not a cop.  
So, Mr. Alpha, I'm going after a guy  
named Joe Morelli.  
Well, I don't know him. That's the truth.  
Actually, Joe is not the  
guy I'm looking for.  
Yeah, but that's what you just said.  
How can I help you if you're not  
being honest with me?  
- He killed a guy named Ziggy Kuleska.  
- Ziggy Kuleska.  
You know, when I first met him,  
I didn't know which name  
to make fun of first.  
What a ridiculous name, huh?  
What a dirt bag.  
He tried to horn in on  
one of my deals with a fighter.  
- Benito Ramirez?  
- Yeah, Benito.  
I took in Benito when he was just a kid,  
I gave him all my time, made sure  
he ate right, gave him a place to crash.  
Well, I'm looking for Benito's girlfriend,  
Carmen Sanchez.  
All right. First, you're looking for  
Morelli, then you're looking for Benito,  
and now you're looking for Carmen.  
If you're trying to confuse me,  
you're doing a great job of it.  
Just pick one.  
Carmen.  
Look, can I be honest with you?  
Sometimes I don't even know  
what to do with Benito.  
You know what I mean?

Look, I wish I could be more help to you,  
but I gotta go.

You know, I'd drop this if I were you,  
because these guys got a taste for violence,  
which I personally don't condone,  
but what are you gonna do?

You know what I mean?

Mr. Ramirez?

Get up.

- Who are you?

- I need to ask you a few questions.

Then you need to step into my office.

Does he need help?

My name is Stephanie Plum.

I'm a bond-recovery agent.

Pretty fancy title.

Wow! That's quite a grip.

Jimmy Alpha told me to talk to you.

You need me to beat the shit  
out of somebody?

No. Thank you.

That's a very nice offer, though.

I'm trying to find Carmen Sanchez.

Then we have a lot to talk about. Let's go.

- Okay.

- What's your problem?

You know what? I'm supposed to

be meeting Sergeant Gazarra

down at the station,

so I'm just going to get going.

If you keep lying to me,

I'll cut you up and sell you for parts.

- You all right? You okay?

- Oh, God!

- What the hell were you doing?

- Looking for you.

Yeah, well, congratulations, you found me.

You also blew my cover.

You got to stop grabbing at me.

- Knock it off!

- Jesus Christ!

I am so close to blowing your head off

right now, you don't even know.

And who would blame me?

You shot an unarmed man, you skipped bail.  
Why are you still moving?  
'Cause I don't think you're gonna shoot me.  
Think again, Morelli.  
I don't have to.  
You could've shot Ramirez back there,  
but what did you do?  
You hit him with your pocketbook.  
I, on the other hand,  
have not provoked you in any way.  
As far as you're concerned,  
I am always provoked.  
All right, correction.  
I have not provoked you recently, right?  
Steph. Come on, will you?  
Would you please not shoot me? It's me.  
Would you please not shoot me?  
Fine.  
- Will you come into custody then?  
- No.  
- You're a lunatic.  
- God damn it, Joe! You owe me.  
I owe you? How do you figure?  
I saved your ass back there.  
Saved my ass? I was fine.  
I had it handled.  
The guy's been charged  
with rape three times,  
and all three times he walked,  
because the vics disappear.  
- Yes. So consider your ass saved.  
- You're watching Ramirez? Why?  
You kidding me?  
I gave you my gun. Come on.  
Give me something.  
- I'll give you something.  
- Give me something I can use.  
All right, you got one question  
because I feel sorry for you.  
Hurry up, make it good.  
Who's Carmen?  
- She's my informant.  
- And?  
And, in exchange for information,

I protect her.  
I need to know what happened.  
I owe her that.  
I think Ramirez made her disappear.  
I had been watching from across the street  
trying to get a read on it,  
until you came along  
and I had to blow the whole place up.  
Here, don't monkey around with that.  
That sweatshirt makes you look  
like the Unabomber.  
Yeah, what can I say? I'm a wanted man.  
Shit!  
Crap. Who broke my window?  
Hey! Keep your voice down.  
Hey, so I gave you one question  
back there, right?  
How come you didn't ask if I'm innocent?  
That's for the jury, Joe  
I'm just here to collect.  
Catch me if you can, cupcake.  
- Oh, I think I can.  
- We'll see about that.  
I'm 12 minutes late for dinner,  
which means my mother is probably  
listening for sirens.  
- I'm starving.  
- Great.  
I made a ziti and a turkey  
with pineapple upside-down cake,  
your favorite.  
Something's up.  
What's Bernie Kuntz doing here?  
Did you guys buy a new TV or something?  
He told his mother  
his biological clock is ticking.  
Ma!  
- Hey, Bernie.  
- Hey, Steph. Long time, right?  
Yeah. A couple of years, at least.  
How you been?  
- Good. Good. You?  
- Great.  
- I like your hair.

- Thanks. It's just the same as always.  
I like always, so...

- Real good, Mrs. Plum.

- Thank you.

So, how's the appliance business, Bernie?  
Booming.  
Stephanie started a new job.  
Oh!  
Yeah, I did. I just got a gun.  
She's kidding.  
Oh. Oh!

- Ma!

- A five-shot. Good for you.

- Thanks.

- Good for you, Steph.

Yeah. I'm doing the bounty-hunter thing.  
We're going after Joe Morelli.

- Didn't you run him over with a car?

- Ugly rumor. Never happened.

Morelli? Really?  
I know the guy he shot.  
Ziggy something, right?  
Ziggy Kuleska. Yeah, that's right.  
I didn't "know him" know him.  
I sold him a plasma for the Super Bowl.  
I used to see him playing the numbers  
at the butcher's across the street.  
Yeah? Which butcher shop?  
Sal's. Does a real good business.  
Yeah, the gurus at CNBC  
say foot traffic's dead.  
All's I know, I hang a sign in my window,  
and all the guys making book at Sal's  
buy their I Vs and whatnot from me.

- Put the gun away, Ma!

- On account of the signage.  
I don't know why I even try.  
Now look what you did!

- She belongs in a home.

- Frank!  
Shot that sucker in the gumpy.  
It's like fireworks. Made of meat.  
Look at you.  
Didn't the two of you, like, at the bakery,

have a little...  
It was high school.  
I'm going after him for the money, period.  
Nothing else.  
Dolly, honey, you lack vision.  
All in all, Bernie handled the evening  
pretty well.  
He hadn't wet his pants when  
Grandma Mazur shot the turkey's pecker off,  
and he'd given me a clue  
to help catch Morelli.  
Ziggy Kuleska was a scumbag,  
a gambler, and a crook.  
Not that I knew what to do  
with this information,  
but at least it's something.  
Crap.  
Yeah?  
Someone needs to shut you up.  
Sew up that pretty, little mouth.  
How'd you get this number?  
If you want something bad enough,  
you figure out a way to get it.  
It's not like I can call the police.  
They already think I'm in over my head.  
Yeah, well, I'm not going to lie.  
It's not good that he's calling you,  
but it is good that he's riled up.  
It means he'll get sloppy.  
That's easy for you to say. You probably  
know the Vulcan grip or something.  
All I know how to do is swing a purse.  
Where do people even learn  
how to do stuff like this?  
On the fly, babe.  
There we go.  
All right. You are looking for anything  
that says this guy's got a lifestyle  
beyond his means or links him to Ziggy.  
And my guess is it's already picked clean,  
but you never know. Good luck.  
- You're not coming in?  
- No, no, no.  
Someone always has to have

the other one's back. Okay? Always.

It's easy for me to

imagine Morelli at home.

Taking showers, paying bills.

Breaking hearts.

It's just junk. Junk.

- Nothing.

- Damn. I knew it.

- Wow, Plum, that is some grim shit.

- Right?

It's kind of hard to blend in a car like that.

Once you're seen, you're seen.

Which is why...

Let's see what we got, Joe.

- An Explorer. Neat.

- I didn't see a thing.

- All right, then.

- All right.

Solid.

Man.

Crap. I need cash.

Okay, yes. It's gonna take longer  
than I thought to get Morelli.

But I need to bring someone in.

I need money.

Let's see what I got.

Clarence Sampson. Got drunk as a lord  
and stole a police cruiser.

Take a tour of the bars on Stark.

He's in one of them right now.

- Easy money.

- There's like 1,000 bars on Stark.

That'll take forever.

I need fast money, not easy money.

Well, it's not gonna come knocking  
on your door, hon.

Wait. This one might.

William Earling, exhibitionist.

He got kicked out of two retirement homes  
for flashing his junk.

He lives in your building.

Yeah, Mr. Earling. He lets me use  
his old newspapers for my hamster's cage.

He's a perv?

Whoa!

Okay, that's bold.

- Thank you. Got this one.

- Yeah.

Well, hello there.

Hey, Mr. Earling.

I'm here 'cause I work for your bond agent  
and you missed your court appearance.

So maybe you could throw  
on a robe or something  
and we could go get you a new court date.  
Court date, yes.

Robe, no.

I was born naked, I'm gonna die naked,  
and everything in between, naked.

Dispatch, please.

Yeah, I got an FTA here  
and I'm requesting aid  
with the transfer of custody.

Thanks.

Well,

I'm not too sure  
what happens now, Mr. Earling,  
and I feel really bad about that.

No. No. Not that bad. Put it away.

What?

It's still red. What are you beeping at?

- Crap. Crap. Come on, turn.

- You freaking nuts?

- This is my car!

- Then go call the cops!

This is my... God damn it!

This is my vehicle!

It's mine for the time, Morelli! Suck it!

Oh, my God, is that guy naked?

He better be wearing pants.

- You better be wearing pants, pal!

- Lighten up, son.

Fresh air is good for the boys.

Hey, we're headed to the

police station now.

So if you want to follow us there,  
that'd be great.

It would make my job a lot easier.

- Open the door.

- I gotta go.

Was great to see you.

- Get out.

- See you soon.

Come back!

Take this to his bondsman.

He'll cut you a check.

I was hoping for cash, but this'll do.

Hey, Plum, you can't get Morelli naked,  
so you're settling for him?

- What is wrong with you?

- This ain't no booby prize, pally.

See you later, Mr. Earling.

Sure, I had to see an old  
guy's twig and berries

but at least it bought me a meal  
that didn't come in a Lunchables box.

Hey, do you want a meatball?

- No.

- Look at this.

William Earling, my first FTA.

Nice job, babe.

You know it's gonna be a lot harder  
to take down Morelli, though, right?

I mean, he's a good cop,  
probably a better felon.

What is it with you two, anyway?

Nothing. I sold him a  
cannoli in high school.

Honey, half the women in Jersey  
sold Joe Morelli their cannoli.

So you're riding around in Morelli's car,  
learning how to shoot a gun,  
chasing him down like a dog.

That's a lot of chi to be  
spending on nobody.

A cannoli?

Yeah, I gotta bounce. Duty calls.

Wait. I owe you some of this for the gun.

No, no.

Pay me back when you're rolling in it.

You know he's gonna try  
to steal his car back, right?

I'm counting on it.

- Hey.

- Hey.

- This is a manly car.

- I commandeered it.

She stole it.

Look, any word on Carmen yet?

I'm working on it.

Hey, listen, have you guys seen an old, tan van sneaking around here lately?

- No.

- Would you quit giving it away for free?

You just want to roll up

and start asking questions?

I heard you was a bounty hunter.

Do you make a lot of money doing that?

Hey, we should change our profession.

You know what?

If you want more information from Lula, you have to bring her a snack.

- Done.

- All right. Bye, girl.

- All right, I'll see you guys soon. Bye.

- Bye-bye.

- Lula. A snack?

- You always complaining.

It's hot. I'm hungry.

Here's a Jersey survival tip.

When you remove someone's master fuse, they can't start their car.

Once Morelli sticks his head under the hood,

I'm going to take him down with my pepper spray.

It's gonna be awesome.

This sucks.

- Hello?

- Hello, dolly. How long till you're here?

I can't come, Gram. I'm busy.

She says she's busy.

- Put her on the box.

- No.

Gram, don't put me on speaker.

Everybody yells when you...

put me on speaker.  
I'm making a nice big pot  
of stuffed cabbages.  
You should come home for dinner.  
Work, Ma.  
You're still chasing after Morelli?  
This time, I'm waiting  
for him to come to me.  
She's gonna be waiting a long time.  
I'm still on the phone, Gram.  
I can hear you.  
Of course.  
He sends his cousin.  
This is disgusting.  
Stupid, useless...  
I want my car and I want it now.  
God damn it, Morelli!  
Your car?  
God, I thought you were Ramirez.  
I thought you were here to kill me. Jesus!  
I want the keys, the master fuse,  
all of it. Now.  
God.  
Go to hell.  
I'm kind of already there.  
Quit looking at my tits.  
Oh, come on!  
- Ow!  
- Actually, I was looking at your hands.  
I'm going to lose my towel.  
I wish I could stick around.  
I'll be honest,  
and trust me, I'm not proud of this,  
but I fantasized about being handcuffed  
and naked in front of Joe Morelli once.  
Okay, maybe twice.  
You don't have a car  
because you have too many damned shoes!  
Three words, "Grand theft auto."  
Yeah? Like I said,  
why don't you call the police, huh?  
You know what I don't get?  
How does a person eat like you eat,  
and look like you look?

You know what I don't get? Why you just can't come right out and say it.

"You look great, Steph."

"Gee, thanks, Joe."

Cheese balls? Are you kidding me?

No keys in here.

You haven't seen a master fuse around, have you?

Hey, why are you messing with my Tastykakes?

Why did you take my vehicle?

To draw you out. Obviously, it worked.

You're naked and shivering in a tub.

You're not capable of drawing me out, Plum.

So just remember that.

You know what?

Keep the wheels. I don't give a shit.

No, Joe. No!

But I am taking the towel.

No, that's cruel. You can have it back.

- Damn it, Joe!
- Sorry.
- I'll just leave it there for you.
- Great, thanks.
- You look great, by the way!
- Gee, thanks, Joe.

Crap.

If I call my mother, she'll just send my father, and, well, that would be awkward.

Come on, now.

Come on.

There's only one person I know who would have a handcuff key and could be here in 10 minutes.

Sorry, fellas.

Are you in danger?

Sort of. Not exactly.

I'm busy.

I'm naked.

I'll be right there.

- How'd he get in?
- Picked the lock.
- How'd you get in?

- Picked the lock.

Really? I'm that easy?

Vulnerable's more like it.

Look, get yourself a couple of dead bolts.

Lock that shit up.

- Thank you.

- Yeah.

So that's two guys in one night  
that have seen me naked and walked away.

Should I be worried?

- Eddie, thanks for coming.

- Make it quick. I only got a sec.

- Yeah.

- What the hell's that?

- Hey, that's my...

- Yeah.

SOC. "Scene of the crime."

Someone's watching too much TV.

A lot of stuff going on right around Shaw.

This is where Carmen lives.

She's missing. She gets an X.

Ziggy's dead. He gets an X.

- And over here is Stark Street Gym.

- Jesus Christ.

- You teaching me how to be a cop?

- No.

'Cause I don't think being a cop  
is all that hard.

You got more resources.

Being a bounty hunter, on the other hand,  
another story.

Anyway, I'm noticing a pattern.

Well, you drag me over here...

You know what? I got work to do.

A lot of Xs piling up on Shaw.

- Just saying.

- Either way,

no one's talking to the cops down there.

Good thing I'm not a cop.

If Eddie wasn't gonna follow the Xs, I was.

And they lead right to Carmen's apartment.

The scene of the crime.

What? Think we're gonna steal your car?

It's not even mine. Knock yourself out.

Carmen, Morelli's missing informant.  
Funny, no pictures of the boyfriend.  
Maybe she didn't like Ramirez  
that much after all.  
What, do you think you own the place?  
Stupid truck.  
That's a pretty fancy truck  
for this neighborhood.  
Hey, buddy.  
- He yours?  
- My daughter's. I'm babysitting.  
You shouldn't be in here, papito.  
You, too. Me, neither.  
None of us should be in here.  
Can I ask you some questions  
about the night Carmen disappeared?  
I don't know anything.  
Well, actually, I'm going after the cop  
who shot the unarmed man.  
I still don't know anything.  
But I know someone who does.  
Talk to her.  
Mmm.  
No.  
She's going after the cop!  
So, I'm rounding the corner.  
I have a bottle of whiskey,  
a bag of ice, half an ounce of Kush.  
I'm all about the chill.  
When bam!  
Gun! And I'm like,  
"Oh, shit!" And that's when I see  
what's his face.  
- Morelli?  
- Yeah, yeah, yeah. The cop, right?  
Yeah, and he's standing there  
with his gun and shit,  
and I'm like "Boom!"  
with my bottle of Jack.  
Right on the cop's head! Right? And then...  
That's when  
the flat-nosed guy came up, right?  
No, wait, wait. What do you mean?  
What flat-nosed guy?

The flat-nosed guy.

Oh, my God, dude.

Dude flew by me

like a freaking snow leopard, right?

He couldn't wait to get out of there  
when he heard the freaking sirens.

- That's when the cops came?

- Yeah.

One more question.

The guy with the bullet hole in his head,  
gun or no gun?

- No gun.

- Okay, one more question.

- Okay, you already said that.

- I know.

Did you see

Carmen Sanchez at all that night?

- I mean, at all?

- No, nothing.

Okay.

- One more question.

- Okay, you gotta stop saying that, please.

I gotta know. The snake?

Cabo. Wasted.

I woke up and it was there.

What are you going to do?

It's harsh, I know.

Sorry. Just one second.

- Okay.

- What's up?

- What are you doing?

- Making ravioli in my high heels.

What are you doing?

Got an FTA for you.

Ready to have some fun?

- Tell her, "Yes!"

- You can hear that?

Ninja ears. Whoo!

Lonnie Dodd.

Expect a scene out of Cops.

Skinny, shirtless, track marks.

- Got it.

- I got a call into Ranger for backup.

I got this.

- I know, but just in case.

- Okay.

Hey! Hey! You talking to Steph?

She got any luck with Morelli?

What's happening with that?

Hey. Connie.

How come you never listen to me?

All you do is you do that.

Who are you?

- Stephanie Plum.

- Plum? Like Vincent Plum?

- Get out of here.

- What? No, hold on!

- Really?

- Truly.

In that case, come on in.

- My gun.

- My gun.

Crap!

Hey!

Come on, now, Lonnie. Nice and easy.

All right, you know the drill.

No mountains, no molehills.

You and me, we're gonna go inside,  
grab your shirt. You're coming with me.

125 pounds of angry female  
can do a lot of damage.

- Clothesline, bitch!

- Fuck!

Yeah, I saw that on TV.

Okay. 130, tops.

Ranger, when did you get here?

About 30 seconds

before your hillbilly shot me.

- What?

- Yeah. Wait a second. Is that your gun?

I totally get now

why he's always wearing Kevlar.

Yeah.

Jesus. Here, cuff this guy.

I'm so, so sorry.

- That's okay.

- Not you!

Got it? Here.

Now, look, I already called 911.  
There's a squad car on the way.  
Yep. And I gotta bounce.  
Got a date with a bad guy. Good luck, Plum.

- Thank you!
- Yeah.
- Sorry.
- Sure.

No, I don't think you understand.  
He got shot with the gun he bought me!  
You're hyperventilating.  
Steph, you should relax.  
Get yourself a little snack or something.  
A snack? That's your advice?  
That's always my advice.  
A snack wasn't a bad idea, actually.  
And as long as I was there,  
I grabbed one for Lula, too.  
What did you bring, mama?  
Ice cold.  
Yeah.  
Hey! What you want?  
I'm talking to my friend here! Go around!  
Go around!  
Now, what was your question, sweetie?  
Look, I don't want to get anybody  
in any trouble.  
What kind of game you playing?  
Say the first thing that comes to mind,  
that's all.  
Just the first thing.  
Truck, orange, with a stripe.

- Step away, Lula. Don't...
- Ramirez.
- Damn.
- Yes, I knew it.

God Almighty.  
Would you please stop talking to this girl?

- I think I piss her off.
- That's just her.

You know,  
we got this good cop, bad cop thing going.  
Except we're hookers.  
Stop talking!

Go away, bee. This ain't your hive.

You see?

Yeah. Give me a second.

- Hey.

- Hey.

You talk to a guy named Cho this morning?

He was the first one on the scene.

The guy's a real riot. Why?

Your boy just took a dive  
from a four-story window.

I heard it on the scanner.

Hold on a second.

Get off me!

Anyway...

- It might have been an accident.

- No. Absolutely not. Somebody killed him.

Yeah, well, it also might have been  
punishment for talking to you.

You gotta stay sharp, Plum.

You got enemies you can't see  
and you need to lay low.

- Are you listening to me?

- I am. I am.

- I gotta run.

- Oh.

- Okay. Well, thank you.

- Sure, no problem. I'll see you soon.

I'd been on the job three days  
and I'd already been attacked  
by a psychopathic fighter,  
I'd gotten Ranger shot,  
and now Cho is dead.

On top of all that, I was nowhere close  
to finding Carmen or bringing in Morelli.

Mmm.

No?

Later, then.

Lula! Lula! Lula!

God, I'm so sorry.

I'm gonna get you help, okay?

Hey! Hey, somebody help me!

You've been here all day

waiting for MRI's and shit. Go home.

You got better things to do than to wait

for Lula's Jurassic ass to be discharged.

Look at this fool.

Look, I just want to  
apologize for him, okay?

'Cause I don't like  
when this sort of thing happens, you know.

I mean, the way he treats women,  
I don't know what's the matter with him.

I knew he was crazy. I just didn't  
know he was psycho, that's all.

Yeah, I don't think we're the ideal  
audience to be complaining to.

Jesus. Lula, I'm so sorry.

I mean, nobody told me.

Did he break anything?

Here, these are for you.

Look, I'll pay for all the bills.

Jimmy Alpha.

Take these stink-ass flowers!

No, you gave them to me.

- She's gonna be fine.

- Oh, yeah.

Look, I'm not excusing him or nothing,  
but just take a day

before you press charges, all right?

He can't take another assault charge,  
is all I'm saying.

You call me on this.

But if he bothers you or anything,  
you call me.

You call me right away, okay?

- Ahh!

- Oh, I'm sorry.

- All right, help me on up. Come on.

- All right.

Okay, let me... Watch my arm.

- Okay, okay.

- Okay.

Just watch your step.

- Get some rest. See you all later.

- All right.

Come on.

This may have started with Morelli  
and the 50 grand,

but it wasn't about that any more.  
Now, it's personal.  
You gotta put some guys on Stark.  
Ramirez just beat the hell out  
of a friend of mine  
and he killed John Cho  
and Rosa Gomez is next, Eddie.  
She's got a little kid with her.  
You gotta do something.  
Nobody killed John Cho.  
He was a garden-variety pothead.  
No known associates,  
not even a blip on the radar.  
He was smart and funny.  
He saw the whole thing go down.  
He talked to me, Eddie.  
- And he's dead!  
- Calm down.  
How are you not seeing this?  
Rosa Gomez is next, mark my words.  
They talk, they die. Do something!  
If he's coming after me,  
I'm looking for a fight.  
It's okay, Steph.  
I...  
I need your help.  
You look like you could eat something.  
Come on.  
Sorry, bro.  
Wow. Nicely done.  
Thank you.  
It's all you had in there.  
That and Halloween candy.  
Your hamster eats better than you.  
- Not tonight, he doesn't.  
- Not tonight.  
You got a 9-millimeter Glock?  
Yeah. Service pistol.  
You still got it?  
I'm still a cop.  
Can't take it away if they can't find me.  
It's just a matter of time.  
You know that, right?  
The villagers are lighting their torches.

It doesn't hurt that you're  
a dead-or-alive proposition.

Wow.

There it is, huh?

There's no evidence  
that anyone was shooting at you.  
No bullets in the walls, the doorjams.  
No powder on Ziggy's hands, no gun.  
No one left alive to say  
one way or another.

- What do you expect?

- I don't expect anything.

What I want is to find Ziggy's gun  
to prove it misfired.

That's kind of hard  
with a pile of cash tied to my tail,  
you know what I'm saying?

Look, I'm going to go out on a limb  
here and say that  
you don't want to share the reward  
or the credit with anybody else.

I can help you with that.

I'm listening.

Well, the only person with ties  
to both Carmen and Ziggy is Ramirez.

Right? Everyone else is dead.

Well, no, there was one other guy, but...

He didn't happen to have  
a flat nose, did he?

Oh.

Shit, Plum. Nice.

- We got to draw Ramirez out.

- That's a big "we."

I'm not gonna be bait  
so you can move out of your van, Joe.

Ah, no offense, but you can't  
bring me in without my cooperation.

I'm bigger, stronger,  
and a lot meaner than you.

Plus...

I'd rather be shot  
than go in before I'm ready. So...

You need my help with this, Plum.

Believe it.

Fifty thousand changes my world.  
All right, I'm in.  
But I think we both know  
that the money's secondary.  
Keep flapping your lips.  
I'm in it for the cash.  
Oh! That's a lie.  
It's a lie.  
You see, that little vein in your neck.  
It's pulsing.  
You want to be the one.  
It's okay, you can admit it.  
Ancient history.  
Like the pyramids, baby.  
You look like hell, by the way.  
I've been waiting a long time to say that  
and mean it.  
Wanna say it again?  
Nah.  
You'll have to take a bath.  
I don't have a shower curtain.  
You can stay here if you want.  
No one's been this nice to me  
in a long, long time.  
I know.  
Okay. Good night.  
Night.  
Yo!  
Rise and shine, badass.  
Did you sleep?  
Yeah, like a rock.  
Yeah, me, too.  
Stand up, lift your shirt.  
Wow.  
Not even a "please," huh?  
Actually, just take it off.  
Please?  
- Come on, it's strictly professional.  
- Yeah.  
Look, it's a wire, okay?  
It's our best option.  
Pretty bra.  
Thank you.  
Best option for what?

Best option in case someone starts talking,  
we have it on tape.

'Cause, you know, for whatever reason,  
people talk to you.

God knows why.

Stand still, will you?

I highly doubt anybody's gonna come out  
and incriminate themselves to me on tape.

I'm not just miccing you to record you.

Excuse me.

I'm doing this so I can hear you.

So I know you're safe.

All right.

You're all set.

- Who knows I'm here?

- No one. I swear to God.

Whoever it is, get rid of them.

Hello.

I'm Morty Beyers.

May I come in for a second?

Uh...

Actually, I was...

- Yeah, sure.

- Thank you.

Mmm-hmm.

- Am I intruding?

- No. God, no.

Well, I need my files back.

The Morelli skip was mine.

That's my payday.

But they gave it to me. So...

Yeah, because I was sick,

but now I'm better.

A tiny little scar. No stitches.

Laparoscopic.

They stick a camera right down in there.

It's quite something.

That's great.

So here's the deal.

I'm taking Morelli.

Vinnie's not gonna care

which one of us brings him in.

But I care, and I can't help but notice  
that his Explorer is parked down there.

I'm just trying to draw him out.  
That's smart, very smart.  
How's that working for you?  
- Nothing yet. But...  
- Got eyes on him?  
A couple of times, down on Stark.  
I'm asking you nice.  
- I need you to step away.  
- Yeah, I can't do that.  
That's funny, 'cause last I heard,  
you were selling underpants at Macy's.  
You're not really exactly  
qualified, are you?  
Well, then you should have  
nothing to worry about, right?  
Okay, I was just leaving anyway.  
All right.  
Thanks for stopping in.  
Sure.  
And no hard feelings when I bring him in?  
- Nah, no hard feelings.  
- Well, that's good  
'cause you never had a shot anyway.  
Nice.  
- That was weird.  
- Check your purse.  
I think he took your keys.  
Damn it, he did.  
God's going to get you for this,  
Morty Beyers.  
Screw God!  
Oh, God!  
Well, I told him.  
They blew up our car.  
Excuse me, whose car?  
Your car. Do you want it back?  
Poor Morty.  
Obviously, I realize that the chances  
of this being an accident were slim,  
and that the chances of it  
being meant for me were large.  
Okay, so you think Morty Beyers  
was roasted in Morelli's car  
because he pissed off God.

It's just a theory, one of many.

Kidding aside,

you do realize that Morty Beyers  
was not the intended here?

You given it any thought?

A building on the corner of  
Shaw and Liming.

Up in flames, four-alarm.

- That's Rosa Gomez.

- Let's go.

- I'll meet you there.

- Okay.

- No, ma'am. You can't go in.

- Eddie!

- Let her through.

- All right, go.

I was in a panic on the drive over  
until Eddie called to tell me  
he'd moved Rosa and Carmen's kid out  
the night before.

They were safe.

- Hello?

- Where the hell are you, Plum?

Carmen's building. It's  
a real mess up here.

A lot of cops around.

Anyone you want me to say hi to?

Who are you talking to?

My grandma. She loves a good bombing.

What are you going to do?

Okay, one mile, tops.

What are you talking about?

Your transmitter.

If I can't hear you, I can't help you.

We gotta stay within a mile of each other.

Now, I gotta burn this phone after I make  
this call and I can't get a new one,  
so you gotta keep letting me know  
where you are.

Well, if you gotta know, I am headed over  
to Bernie Kuntz's Home and Hardware  
to pick up a new shower curtain,  
'cause some asshole I know ruined mine.

Okay. That's close.

Meet me over on Stark when you're done playing house with Bernie.

Boy, I can't wait.

Okay, nice talking to you, too.

Molotov cocktail into the apartment.

I want you to know you saved two people by being a screaming lunatic.

Thanks, Eddie. I told you, huh?

I'm always right.

You should know this by now.

Let's have a little listen to you here.

That's a nice array of shower curtains there, huh?

Yeah, you got quite a selection.

Most women gravitate toward the florals, but I'm thinking you're more checkerboard or solids.

This guy kills me.

It's nice to see you, Bernie.

How are you doing?

Good. It's nice to see you, too.

I got sliding doors.

Yeah, chicks love sliding doors, Bernie.

And my guest bath, same deal.

It's real nice at my place.

Yeah, Sallie's getting the fresh catch.

Hey, you should go over there and get yourself a nice piece of fish.

Mmm-hmm.

A friend of Ziggy's, if you remember me saying.

Yeah. Yeah, I do remember.

So, what's it going to be?

This was the flat-nosed guy.

Holy crap.

The only witness that could prove Ziggy had a gun and Morelli wasn't a murderer.

- Huh?

- Oh, the uh...

- Oh, I'm going with the flowers.

- Okay.

- I'll ring it up if you want or...

- Yeah. Sorry. I'll be right back.

Good, yeah. Come on back. Come on back.

I am sweaty.

Hey, Morelli,

I think I found your missing witness  
at Sal's butcher shop.

The guy's a cop!

Get over there, Steph.

Playing it cool is not my strong suit,  
but I cannot blow this.

- That flounder's just in.

- Good to know. Good to know.

So you must be Sal?

- Sal's on Hancock, that's where we are.

- That's me.

All right, I got it, Plum.

Don't make it obvious.

- Are you a big cook?

- Huge.

- Liar.

- Yeah.

I got a delivery. You  
want it in the locker?

Yeah, yeah, but go through the back,  
would you?

Christ Almighty, these guys.

Where were we?

Cod, it's better than haddock,  
but not as good as the sea bass.

- Hmm. Who's that?

- Who's who?

That guy that just walked by, you know,  
with the flat nose.

Louie or something.

He works for a distributor in Philly.

Hang on a second.

Hey, when you're finished,  
there's two barrels back there by the door.

One's heavy, so use a dolly, roll it,  
whatever it takes.

Just get it out of here, all right?

What's he taking? What's in the barrels?

Who's asking?

You know,

I'm gonna just go with that flounder.

It looks pretty good.  
Morelli, you better be listening.  
Where are you?  
You better get that crappy van in gear,  
because your flat-nosed guy is loading  
barrels onto a truck, as we speak.  
- Get here.  
- Okay.  
Okay, he's...  
He's closing up the shop.  
Let's go.  
He's getting in the truck with Flat Nose.  
Are you getting any of this, Joe?  
I'm going to follow him.  
I hope you're with me.  
We're heading west on Junction 70.  
Hey! Move!  
We're getting off at exit four.  
Joe, you better be following me.  
I'm losing you, Steph.  
Found them.  
They parked the truck  
at the Pachetko Marina.  
I don't see anybody, though.  
Jesus, Morelli, you really couldn't have  
picked up another phone?  
- You should've waited for me.  
- Jesus, Morelli! God!  
- It's a drop-boat, isn't it?  
- Yup.  
You see that? That's heroin.  
So Sal's boat was moving heroin?  
No, Sal's boat was moving icing sugar.  
What do you think?  
God, you don't have to be an asshole  
about it.  
- Well, don't be stupid about it.  
- I'm not being stupid.  
- I've never seen heroin before.  
- Use your brain.  
- Clearly you have.  
- Of course it's heroin.  
I just said, "That's heroin."  
It's the truck.

Let's go.

These are the barrels  
they hauled out of the butcher shop.

Oh, God.

Don't puke. You'll wreck the crime scene.

Okay. Let's call the police.

- No. Not yet.

- Damn it, Morelli, we had a deal.

You were gonna let me  
bring you into custody

once we found the missing witness.

Yeah, well, in case you didn't notice,  
my missing witness is dead

and I'm pretty sure Carmen is, too.

So unless you find Ziggy's gun somewhere,  
I'm fresh out of luck.

Now, give me some light, please.

- Carmen?

- Yeah.

Her body was at Sal's this whole time.

They must have been trying to  
dump the body when they got shot.

Okay, that's it. I'm calling the police.

Jesus, Stephanie, come on. I am the police!

Jesus. Oh, God.

- Is that Ramirez?

- Yeah.

That's just great.

Crap.

I got a gun! I forgot, I got a gun.

Lipstick. Tastykake.

Stephanie, do something.

I'm looking for my gun!

I know it's here. I found it!

Okay. Can you move a little?

- Shoot him!

- No, you're sort of in the way.

I can't get a clear shot.

I'm not comfortable with this.

- You're not comfortable?

- I don't like this. You know what?

- I got something better.

- Better for who?

- I'm finding it!

- Stephanie.  
I got it. Hold on!  
- Quick.  
- Close your eyes, Morelli.  
Are you all right?  
Pepper spray, huh? That was nice.  
- Thanks.  
- Yeah, you're welcome.  
Okay.  
I got this. You find the guns.  
Guns. Okay.  
All right, big boy.  
Jimmy. Mr. Alpha, thank God you're here.  
Your guy, Ramirez...  
Morelli and I came down here and  
we just heard a couple of shots  
and I'm pretty sure  
he killed these two people.  
We just got here and found them.  
All right, Bo Peep.  
Here, I want you to go  
cuff Officer Romeo over there.  
Come on. To the rail. Come on. Now!  
Come on, come on. Hurry up.  
What are you doing?  
Now move away.  
Good, good, good.  
All right, so this guy walks into a gym,  
and it's Ziggy Kuleska,  
and he says to me, he says,  
"Hey, you could make a ton of money  
moving heroin."  
And I'm thinking, "Absolutely not, man."  
"You don't know me from Adam,  
but I'm a decent guy."  
You know, I'm always trying to do  
the right thing,  
but I gotta do what I gotta do  
to hang in there.  
So, now I'm in charge of money,  
Ziggy's in charge of the dope,  
we get Ramirez to enforce,  
and all of a sudden, we get wind  
that Carmen is talking to the cop.

The dirty, little, rotten whore.  
She knew better.  
And I know  
she called you for help that night,  
but you should've stayed at home.  
'Cause she was already dead  
when you got there.  
You know that, right?  
So, I'm gonna tell you two  
how this is gonna go down, okay?  
So, my boy Ramirez here is gonna come to.  
Come on, Ramirez. Come on, get up.  
And he's gonna rough you guys up a little.  
Well, actually,  
he's gonna rough you up a lot.  
And then I'm gonna finish everybody off.  
Lots of prints, lots of guns.  
I'm gonna pin it on him.  
And the great thing about it is  
I'm going to walk out a hero.  
You got that?  
What? What's the matter?  
You're not feeling so good no more,  
beautiful?  
What, do you want to use the can?  
You okay?  
Jesus, Steph, you've been hit.  
Thanks, Einstein.  
You know, that's too bad,  
'cause it was a pretty nice ass.  
Morelli, you got to come up  
with some better material.  
I think you're going to make it, cupcake.  
Come over here  
and help me out of this, will you?  
Steph?  
What? Cuffs?  
Steph?  
Stephanie.  
Plum. No, don't you even think about it.  
Steph. No, no, no!  
Open the door!  
Open the goddamn door!  
You had it coming, cupcake.

I had to leave Alpha  
because I didn't have the stomach  
to drag him in the cab with me.  
And there was no way  
I was opening that truck door again.  
I figured if Ramirez woke up,  
Joe would have the upper hand.  
Plus, it might be good for him  
to channel all that rage...  
- Trenton PD.  
- Dispatch, please.  
...Into someone other than me.  
- Dispatch.  
- Yeah, I got two dead bodies,  
a hit man, an FTA, and a bullet in my ass.  
I'm requesting aid with the transfer.  
I got Joe Morelli.  
Fortunately,  
Alpha's bullet only tore through  
some unnecessary butt fat.  
So, I can enjoy my victory lap  
without too much pain.  
- A meat truck?  
- I've got bad luck with cars.  
Here you go.  
Joe Morelli, armed and very pissed.  
Whoa!  
I'll kill you, you goddamn freak show!  
What is wrong with you?  
Jesus Christ!  
Why did you go and lock me  
in a truck full of dead bodies for?  
\$50,000. I told you a million times.  
And you handcuffed me  
to my shower rod, naked.  
Payback sucks. Sack up, Morelli.  
- It's not over.  
- No?  
- Not yet.  
- Can't wait to see what you got.  
Enjoy your perp walk.  
- I'm getting out soon, baby.  
- Uh-huh. Uh-huh.  
For what it's worth, the wire.

Jimmy Alpha confessed. Morelli's clean.  
But keep him on ice a while, will you?  
Let him cool his boots.  
Jeez, he's so mad.  
- I could have taken a cab.  
- No, babe. Come on, you got shot.  
The universe owes you a fly ride home.  
Oh, yeah. I am starving.  
The hospital gave me oatmeal and juice.  
Can you believe that?  
Five clean shots to Jimmy Alpha's heart.  
Five. That's not easy to do. I'm impressed.  
The medical examiner sends his regards,  
by the way.  
Ramirez?  
He spilled his guts.  
He'll be a big hit in prison.  
What about Morelli?  
He's out and about.  
Ziggy's gun was found under  
Carmen's body.  
Ziggy's prints were frozen on it.  
Proves he was armed  
when Morelli shot him,  
so it was a clean kill.  
He'll be coming after me next.  
- Getting shot is a bitch.  
- Yeah.  
Getting stabbed is worse.  
I'm just saying.  
You look pretty good  
for someone who just got shot.  
- All right, here we go.  
- Thank you.  
"For someone who just got shot"?  
What is that?  
She looks good, end of story.  
You don't add on,  
"For someone who just got shot."  
- It wrecks the compliment.  
- For real, Vin.  
Yeah, somebody needs to teach  
Mr. Bondsman some manners.  
I guess the

interview went well.

Oh. Yeah, girl.

- Mr. Plum needed some assistance.

- Oh, this is gonna be good.

- Don't spend that all in one place.

- Yeah, whatever you say, Vinnie.

- Hey, Steph.

- Yeah?

I hear Morelli's looking for you.

Oh, yeah? I heard he was out.

That's good.

That's good for him.

This is gonna be interesting, huh?

Hey, get back to work...

Hey, get back to work, both of you.

Go. Go. Come on.

Jeez. Now I got two of them.

Plum.

Morelli.

I...

I saw this and thought of you.

Okay, if he can let go

of a grudge, so can I.

Plus, I'm not going to say no to a cupcake.