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Red Heat

By Harry Kleiner

This is not
a foundry worker's hand.
If you work with steel,
you should be used to the heat.
I want Rosta! Viktor Rosta!
- He left!
- Where?
Druzhba Cafe!
It's getting harder.
Ten years ago, no drugs.
Now we have a problem.
Another 10 years, it'll be like Harlem.
It'll never happen.
You're wrong.
You know your new nickname?
The officers called you Iron Jaw...
...but after the fight in the snow,
they call you Roundheaded.
Actually, I'm circumcised myself.
How's your cold?
Awful. Did your mother teach you
any home remedies?
Try holding a hot rock in your hand.
All right, listen.
You go first and I'll stay behind.
To make sure our men
are positioned properly.
Let's get them.
Everything's okay.
No problem, officer.
Let's go. All of you.
Why do you always
pick on us Georgians?
We are just simple people.
Maybe that is why
we are such easy prey.
What's this country coming to?!
This is like the old days!
We are not guilty of anything!
Where is your evidence?
I got his brother in the leg.
Freeze! You are under arrest!
Drop your gun!
Now!

Handcuffs would be a good Idea.
Our informants...
...say Rosta fled the county
with two other criminals...
...Josip Baroda
and Pytor Tatamovich.
We'll find him.
He'll pay far his crimes
against the people.
Abdul Elijah says we're in business.
Get the capital in a safe place
as previously discussed, dig?
Meet me back here at 3:00.
You bring me a key.
We go check the color of your green.
Your shipment's on its way.
You have a small item for me.
I give you a courier?
Bless Abdul Elijah
and the brotherhood.
Nice doing business with you,
comrade.
We're in business.
Attention.
Fun bag patrol.
Double bogies, 11 o'clock.
Christ.
You think she bought those?
I don't think so.
I don't think so.
I think those are homegrown.
Yeah, definitely homegrown.
Art.
Just an opinion.
Jesus.
- Guy's gotta be dead not to notice.
- What's the matter with you?
I'm a man. I got needs.
Chrissakes, we're on the job.
Come on.
We ought to arrest her.
- What'd you squeeze him with?
- Caught him packing on parole.
Gave him a choice:

Whisper in my ear...
...or I turn him into Miss Joliet
for the next three to five.
He tipped you
to a big cleanhead deal?
Man, don't tell me we're popping
cleanheads. I hate the cleanheads.
You are this close to losing your job.
Can you just give us a second,
Charlie?
Yeah, right.
You're not helping yourself here, Art.
This is a good tip.
I got it from my guy, Streak.
All right. Come on, let's go.
- Freeze!
- Freeze! Police! Hands up!
Shut up!
You ain't got shit.
Follow me. You have the right
to remain silent.
Anything you say can be used
against you in court.
You have the right to talk to a...
Outside stairwell.
Freeze, motherfucker!
Don't get nervous. I do this for a living.
You look like Marvin Hagler to me.
I lost money on Hagler!
Hey! How long
you gonna be in there, man?
You're not even using
the goddamn phone.
Jerk.
Yes, top priority.
I'm expecting confirmation.
We'll take extreme precaution.
Take this to Colonel Kulikov
immediately.
Then send for Captain Danko.
He is to report as soon as possible.
Good news, comrade.
America.
Chicago. Gangster.

You are being given
a great responsibility, captain.
Viktor has been arrested
for a minor offense.
His two accomplices
are still at large.
Viktor was organizing a huge
cocaine shipment from America.
Our informants say
5 million dollars' worth.
Bring Viktor home.
Bring him home.
But don't tell the Americans.
I repeat, tell the Americans nothing.
Do not discuss our problems.
Bring Viktor to us.
We will avenge Yuri...
...and protect ourselves
from the poison of the West.
Trust me.
O'Hare skybus leaving for downtown
in five minutes.
- How you doing, honey?
- Blow yourself.
Thank you. Thank you very much.
Good thinking.
He should be out any second.
He's going through customs right now.
You read the report Stobbs wrote
on the cleanhead bust?
Yeah. He said your performance
was adequate.
Adequate. Jesus Christ.
What a jerk.
- It's a personality thing, Art.
- Yeah.
Stobbs just doesn't like yours.
Ten to one
he doesn't speak English.
- Captain Danko.
- Yes.
I'm Detective Sergeant Gallagher,
Chicago Police Department.
- Glad to meet you.

- Thank you.

This is my partner,
Detective Sergeant Ridzik.

- First time in Chicago?

- Yes.

- You have a nice flight?

- Yes, fine.

- You hungry?

- No.

- Thirsty?

- No.

Hate to break up this romance,
but I'm parked in a red zone.

No offense.

We got a car waiting outside
for you.

Be about a half-hour drive to the city.

It's a nice drive. You'll enjoy it.

Nice night.

Been real hot lately.

Nothing hotter

than Chicago in August.

It's the humidity that gets to you.

Humidity.

You know, moisture in the air.

How's it been in Moscow?

Hot.

No moisture.

Where'd you learn to speak English
so well?

Army.

Compulsory training.

Language school in Kiev.

Oh, yeah.

That's like as in Chicken Kiev.

Yeah, we had that

at my sister's wedding.

This Viktor Rosta, he must've
pissed off quite a few commissars...

...for them to send someone all
this way just to babysit him home.

What did he do? Take a leak
on the Kremlin Wall or something?

I gotta apologize for my partner,

captain.

You see,

he's just naturally suspicious.

Did you arrest Viktor?

Me? No, it was a couple
of our patrolmen.

Where?

Right near his hotel, actually,
The Garvin.

Yeah, it's a breeding ground
for pushers, pimps, prostitutes.

- You know, anybody...

- Take me there.

We got you booked
at the Executive House.

Please. Garvin.

You sure you wanna stay here?

It's the pits. You have a choice.

I stay here.

- If you're on a budget I can talk to my...

- Thank you.

- I will be fine.

- Okay.

You're the boss.

I'll pick you up around

9:

Hey, nice talking to you, captain.

- What do you think, Art?

- I think he's a jerk.

- Danko.

- You're welcome.

Put your name in the big book
right there.

You had man here called Rosta.

Viktor Rosta.

- A Russian?

- Soviet.

I want same room.

Are you Russian too?

Nice going.

It's 302.

Right up the stairs.

Capitalism.

And this is our booking area.
Looks like a major crime wave
just hit, right?
When I first walked in here when
they assigned me to this district...
...I thought all hell had broken loose.
Nope.
It was just a typical Monday morning.
Is that a Russian cop uniform?
Looks like a glorified postman
or something out of World War Two.
- Be respectful to our guest, Audrey.
- Yes, sir.
Not king.
Checkmate in two moves.
Use bishop to queen four.
Thanks for your advice, comrade,
but I think I got it covered.
This way, captain.
The nerve of that guy.
Captain Danko, Moscow Militia.
This is Commander Donnelly,
chief of this district.
Thanks, Tom. The captain
will be with you in a minute.
This is an extradition order.
All it requires is your signature.
He ran a red light.
Didn't have a valid driver's license.
Arresting officer found a gun
in his glove box, brought him in.
We shook him down.
Then he refused to speak English.
We found the Cyrillic
tattooed across his shoulders...
...we figured out he was one of yours.
Viktor did not ask for political asylum?
I think he's resigned to going home.
Audrey, go get Sergeant Ridzik,
will you?
Right.
Stress management.
You watch the fishes.
You water the plants.

Special breathing exercises.

Monitor your blood pressure.

Listen to pleasant sounds.

Relax.

Personally, I think

it may all be a pile of shit.

But when you're facing a bypass,
you stop asking questions.

Look, just out of curiosity, and since
I figure cops are cops the world over...

...how do you Soviets

deal with all the tension and stress?

Vodka.

Yes, sir.

Art, I want you to ride with Gallagher
and the captain here to the city jail.

Make sure he signs this form before
he and Gallagher go to the airport.

Then bring the top copy back here.

- Well, you're probably want...

- Just bring the top form back to me.

- Yes, sir.

- That'll make it official.

So long, captain.

Nice doing business with you.

- Gallagher! Taxi service.

- Right.

Stand up.

I'm taking you home.

Eat shit.

You can tell they're old buddies.

Body language

is a beautiful thing, isn't it?

We are ready.

Yes, sir.

What is this key to?

Kiss my ass.

- Do you know what this key opens?

- Looks like a key to a locker to me.

Why don't you ask your bud?

You try it.

Where is the locker...

...that this key opens?

- What'd he say?

- He say:

"Go and kiss your mother's behind."

You son of a bitch! Come here!

- Stupid motherfucker!

- Take it easy!

- All right, all right, I'm fine! Fine.

- For God's sakes.

- Take it easy.

- All right, all right.

- Take it easy.

- I'm fine. It happens all the time.

Every day someone tells me

to go fuck my mother's ass.

- Have you seen my mother's ass?

- No, I haven't seen your mother's ass.

Well, you'd want to fuck it too.

He shouldn't have said that

about my mom.

What do you care what he says?

It's not your case, Art. It's not my case.

- It's not even an American case.

- Right, right, right.

We're just an escort service here,

Jesus. Pull back on your emotions.

You heard what he said.

How can I let that pass?

- Find a middle ground, Art.

- Yeah.

This way, clown.

All right, I'm out of here.

Look, captain,

you have a good flight back, all right?

And if you get a chance

to flush this turd down the toilet...

...do it over the Pole.

By the way, you were right about

that chess move. I was dead in two.

It was obvious.

Forgive Ridzik, captain.

He's been having a hard time lately.

- Put himself in a jam...

- I try to forget Ridzik.

- Hey, Bernie.

- Yes, sir.

Yeah, give me a Sun Times
and a Racing Action tip sheet.

Yes, sir.

You got a winner?

Move!

- Come on, let's move!

- I need the key!

Come on, man!

- Let's go, let's go!

- Move it. Let's move it, damn it!

- Well, how's he doing, doctor?

- It's still a little early.

There's no fracture, but Captain
Danko does have a concussion.

Well, we're gonna need him
to make a full statement.

Well, I don't think you should plan
on getting much out of him today.

Thank you very much.

Gallagher didn't even get a shot off.

I think it was
the cleanheads who did it.

That's possible.

They all walked yesterday morning.

Illegal warrant.

- Even the guy with the shotgun?

- You bet.

Walked right out the door with
a great big handshake from the judge.

- Shit.

- Get a load of this.

- This guy you nailed in here.

- Yeah.

According to his ID,
he's another Russian.

Can you believe that?

Comrade Captain Danko,
this is Comrade Consul Stepanovich.

I am Moussorsky,
your liaison officer.

We're here from Washington.

We took the first flight
when we heard the news.

We need to know what happened.
Moscow must get a full report
when we return to Washington.
There's nothing to report.
Your attitude is disappointing.
He got away.
Get the details from the Americans.
They ask too many questions.
It could be an embarrassment.
Rosta escaped
because of your stupidity.
Rosta will finish his deal
and send the American poison home...
...through his Georgian network.
We are humiliated before the world.
You've failed.
Report whatever you want.
I've already cabled Internal Affairs.
Take the first plane to Moscow
when you leave the hospital.
Your superiors want to see you...
...the moment you land.
I'm sorry, but the police department
will have to bear with us, lieutenant.
Captain Danko
should remain incommunicado.
The Russians got a chance
to talk to him. Why?
They were the closest thing
to family...
...and they didn't intend
to interrogate him.
Now, how did you get that piece
through customs?
Diplomatic immunity.
Great. That restores my faith
in airport security.
You're not supposed to have that gun,
Danko.
I'll tell you what, though.
Tell me what the hell's going on
with Viktor, I'll let you keep the piece.
Take it.
Come on, give me a break

with this shit, huh?
Maybe this Russian bully stuff
works on a chessboard, but not here.
What, are you retiring your uniform?
I now work undercover.
Undercover?
You look like Gumby.
Yeah, you're gonna fit right in.
For your information, captain,
I bagged one of your Russians.
Unfortunately, he's not dead.
He's in the intensive care unit.
When he comes to,
maybe you should talk to him.
How long before this happens?
What is this, 60 Minutes?
Do I look like a doctor to you?
Other things first.
Hey, Gumby? Hey.
Where do you think you're going?
All right, lighten up.
Lighten up, I got it. Thanks.
- Hey, what are you doing out of bed?
- He thinks he's gonna find Viktor.
- That's cute. You keep an eye on him.
- Why me?
Because I said so. He's a material
witness. I'm gonna talk to Donnelly.
- He can figure what to do.
- How come I get all the shit jobs?
- Because it fits you, Ridzik.
- Yeah.
- You come with me, yes?
- Well, you heard. I just got my orders.
- Take me to the same hotel.
- Do I look like a fucking cab to you?
Yes.
All right, all I did
was take him back to the hotel.
He went in, came out 10 minutes later.
I don't know what to do with him,
so I brought him here.
Okay. Good.
About your involvement in this thing,

you know the standard procedure.
If you're a witness to a murder, you can
no longer be active in the investigation.
- But I think this is gonna be a little...
- Okay, okay, I know.
I'm not taking you off the case.
You and Gallagher were friends.
I'll fit you in somehow.
Send in Danko.
The two Russian suits
that showed up out at the hospital.
They want Danko.
Want him in a big way.
So I told them we'd put him on a plane
as soon as possible.
Please be seated, captain.
You've met Lieutenant Stobbs?
Stobbs is the point man
in this investigation.
We met. I'd like to run this by you,
captain.
"Viktor Rosta.
Full name, Viktor Sedgavich Rostavili.
Born September 4, 1944.
Georgia, Russia.
His father had the distinction
of being hanged by the U.S.S. R...
...for the crime of brigandage."
Brigandage?
Burning villages, raping women.
That sort of thing goes on
in Russia, huh?
In past, during war.
Not now.
According to you. According to this...
...Viktor spent three years
in the army...
...and six on a forced labor camp
for drug offenses.
"Is currently wanted in the U.S.S. R...
...on the charges of murder,
kidnapping, rape...
...extortion, currency speculation
and drug dealing."

Where did you get this information?
Your boys in Washington...
...have decided to be incredibly
cooperative since Viktor split.
In fact, they got a whole new attitude.
I hear they're sending over
some caviar later.
Why didn't you tell us this before?
- I had no authorization.
- Bullshit.
My government does not like
to do laundry in public.
Is there anything else
we should know about?
I will not leave this country
without Viktor.
I need cooperation.
Okay.
You wanna stick around...
...and find Viktor, captain,
that's fine by me.
One more thing, captain.
I don't want the press to get near you.
And I don't want you rolling
through this town like the Red Army.
Have you wiggled out?
Danko is the perfect weapon, Charlie:
A loose cannon.
If he helps us find Viktor Rosta, great.
If he screws up, breaks rules
along the way, he's a Russian.
- But what about Ridzik?
- Ridzik is a good cop.
And a total expert at fucking up.
Departmentally speaking,
I got no downside here.
I have them bringing
Gallagher's snitch...
...the guy who helped us with the bust
on the cleanheads the other day.
He's a sleazy shit,
but if we can get him to talk...
...I think he can tell us
who's brokering the cleanheads deal.

This man visits Viktor in jail?
Only two folks had that honor:
A skirt named Cat Manzetti
and that Russian I shot.
All right, the girl teaches dance
in Wicker Park for the city.
We're gonna try to catch up with her
later on tonight, all right?
About this pile of shit pimp in here.
In this country, we try
to protect the rights of individuals.
It's called the Miranda Act, and it says
that you can't even touch his ass.
I do not want to touch his ass.
I want to make him talk.
I'm gonna handle this one, okay?
Hey, Streak.
- You can't hold me here, dickweed.
- Hostility.
You got nothing on me.
This is bullshit!
- Easy.
- Where is Viktor?
What are you doing?
Will you be civilized?
I don't know who he thinks he is.
I'll have both your badges for brutality.
Easy, Streak. Just sit down, relax.
Now, we wanna ask you a couple
questions about the cleanheads.
Fair price for services rendered?
Capitalism works, right, Streak?
Cleanheads got a monster deal going
down. I told Gallagher. End of story.
He lies.
In this country,
he has that God-given right.
Do I smell heroin?
- What's this?
- Come on, man.
- You bring this into the police station?
- You planted that.
That's disrespectful.
This is distribution weight.

Fucking cop setup.
You're fired.
You know who I got on retainer?

Cleanheads deal:

Who, when and where?
The lawyer I got makes ACLU
look like Nazis.
He lives for cop misconduct like this.
- Probably sue you for fucking free.
- Yeah?
And I ain't telling you shit.
Jesus! Oh, shit!
Okay, Abdul Elijah's running the deal
from Joliet.
Shit's coming in in a couple of days.
I don't know where.
I swear on my balls,
I don't know where.
Soviet method is more economical.
I'm so glad I took the time
to explain to you an individual's rights.
Streak.
Sorry about that hand.
You gotta watch these doorjams.
They're dangerous.
Breaking his goddamn fingers
right in front of me.
You can't pull a stunt like that.
You fucking ignored me.
- Miranda?
- Yes, Miranda.
In your country,
it's okay to lie and put drug in pocket?
Okay, okay, no, not really.
Okay, maybe I was a little
out of line there, all right?
I was just trying to get him to talk,
that's all.
I mean, I wasn't gonna
prosecute the guy.
We both go too far.
Shit. All I know is Gallagher's dead,
your Russian's on the loose...

...and I gotta chauffeur you around
all goddamn day.
You know, it really sucks.
Who is Abdul Elijah?
He's got one of the biggest
criminal organizations going right now.
- Where can we find him?
- In jail.
Miranda Law is there?
Yes. Miranda is there.
Even scumbags have rights
in this country. I told you.
In Soviet Union, only after two days
can scumbag talk to lawyer.
You're shitting me.
I am not shitting on you.
We go see Abdul? Yes?
Sure. Whatever you say, Gumby.
I'm your escort.
That suit's not gonna explode
or anything?
- I think you're safe.
- Just checking.
Once I lock one of these fuckers up,
the gangs take over.
You got the Aryan brotherhood,
the cleanheads, the Muslims.
Since most of these convicts
are repeaters...
...gang leader's got connection
to the outside.
Criminal operation.
Cleanheads' playground.
- From now on, you're on your own.
- Thanks.
There he is. Abdul Elijah.
Sitting on his throne with his cronies.
He makes them shave their heads
to prove their obedience.
I guess the rules are different
for the bosses.
Kind of like your government,
huh, Ivan?
Come here, you.

I wanna talk to you.
This is Captain Ivan Danko.
He's come from Russia
to speak to your scoutmaster.
Well, that's nice,
but who the fuck are you?
These men have no respect
of our authority as police officers.
No shit.
Revolutionary political leaders,
like myself...
...are incarcerated to keep us quiet.
What is your political crime?
I robbed a bank.
Now, let's get to it, Mr. Moscow.
What is it you want?
I have Viktor's key.
If that's true,
then you also have Viktor's money...
...and all you need is half
a hundred dollar bill...
...then you and me are in business.
I give you key, you give me Viktor.
That isn't ethical.
You keep cocaine.
Man. You're trying to make me
compromise my principles.
We are not like American police.
You ship drugs to my country,
and one morning you will wake up...
...and find your testicles floating
in jars of water next to your bed.
I'm a holy man.
I got no need for testicles.
Then I settle for your eyes.
You can't threaten me, white boy.
You want to know what my crime is?
My crime was being born.
I'm 38 years old
and I've been locked up 26 of those.
I educated myself in here.
I've come to understand this country
was built on exploiting the black man.
Of course, I don't hear anything

about brothers in your country.
But your country
exploits its own people just the same.
So I guess that makes me
the only Marxist around here...
...right, comrade?
You see, this ain't just no drug deal.
This is politics, baby.
This is economics.
This is spiritual.
I plan to sell drugs...
...to every white man in the world...
...and his sister.
I still want Viktor Rosta.
- Yeah, real bad. I can tell.
- Where can I find him?
I tell you what I am gonna do, captain.
I'm gonna put you
two white boys together...
...see if you can't
work this thing out.
I need Viktor.
And he needs that key.
And you.
You're just another motherfucker
we gonna have to deal with.
Be cool.
Okay, so tell me. How did it go?
- Fine.
- Fine?
You wanna cut the shit?
You were talking
to that jazzbo so long...
...I thought about having
my head shaved.
Could be a good idea.
- What's that?
- My watch.
- It's on Moscow time.
- Time to pick up Pokey?
- Time to feed parakeet.
- What's that?
Russian for jerking off?
- I guess not.

- What's wrong with parakeet?
Nothing. I didn't say
anything was wrong with parakeet.
My kid sister used to have a parakeet.
You want a parakeet,
it's okay with me. I don't give a shit.
You think that parakeet is feminine?
Did I say that? I didn't say that, did I?
What the hell do I know?
I guess it's okay.
- Christ, it's fine.
- Thank you.
You're welcome.
Slow and fast.
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, hips.
One, two, three and four, five, six.
Easy. One, two.
One, two, smooth, five, six.
Okay, that's great. That's fine.
You mind showing me some ID?
I like to know who I'm talking to.
Ridzik, Arthur, Detective Sergeant.
This is Captain Danko.
He's from Moscow.
Now, look,
you went to see Rosta in jail.
- What did you talk about?
- The weather, taxes, inflation.
So did you meet him
hanging around a hotel bar?
You probably worked
the lobbies, right?
Fuck you.
No thank you, I have a headache
and good taste.
I don't have to listen to this shit.
It's very important.
Many people could be hurt.
Shit.
It's really no big deal.
He told me to go to The Garvin,
get his old room...
...told me exactly where to look.

It was just a passport and this
hundred-dollar bill torn in half.
I gave the stuff to a friend of Viktor's.
I don't even know his name.
Cut the shit, will you?
- Just tell me where he's at.
- I don't know.
- Got a phone number?
- I lost it.
- Look, this Viktor's a very bad guy.
- Really?
- A cop died because of him.
- I don't know anything about it.
You know anything
about 11th and State?
Maybe I'll take you down there
and book you for murder.
- Trying to scare me?
- Trying to figure out...
...why you're trying to help him.
- He's my husband.
I'm gonna bust that bitch so hard
she bounces.
Wait. We can use her to find Viktor.
You got all the ideas.
Maybe I'll just go home and whack off.
You know, watch old crime stories,
get some tips.
Viktor uses fake name...
...marries American to get
travel visa to United States.
Right. Why do I get the feeling
that you're taking it so personal?
I shot his brother six months ago
in Moscow.
- Shot him dead?
- Yes.
Way to go.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
Why don't we stake it out? You go
to the car, I'll get us something to eat.
I'll get you something healthy,
from all food groups:

Hamburger, French fries,
coffee and donuts.

- Wait.

- What, you don't like onions?

- Give me key to car.

- It's unlocked.

In case she leave.

You can't drive that car.

That's against regulations.

What if you crash?

That means I gotta fill out reports
until I retire.

Key.

All right. But honk
if you see something.

Hey, asshole. You can't park here.

This is my parking place.

I live right up there.

Move your piece of shit car out now
or give me 50 bucks.

- I do not understand.

- Let me make it real simple, moron.

You move your ass or give me 50
or I take my Pete Rose...

...and fucking mutilate your car.

- Do you know Miranda?

- Never heard of the bitch.

- Everything okay?

- Yes, fine. No problems.

What about that sack of shit
laying on the sidewalk?

He lives here.

You're a real beaut, you know that?

I called the squad room. Guess what.

Tatomovich, you know,
that bastard I shot?

Well, he's pulling out of his coma
at the hospital.

Why don't we just go over there
and interrogate him, bag this shit?

Here she is.

- Now we go.

- Wait, wait, wait!

Shit! Goddamn it! Jesus Christ!

I just burned off my dick!
Oh, God! Jesus!
Look at the mess I made, damn it.
Now I gotta wash the car.
Just wrecked a goddamn suit
and I hard-boiled my nuts.
It's gonna look like I pissed
in my pants all goddamn night.
Hey, hey, careful with the driving,
will you? I don't want any accidents.
I'll have to fill out paperwork
for the rest of my life.
I have car under control.
Yeah, sure. I suppose they taught you
everything you need to know...
...about car wrecks and the price
of insurance in your school in Kiev.
Socialist countries,
insurance not necessary.
State pays for everything.
Yeah.
Well, tell me something, captain.
If you got such a fucking paradise
over there...
...how come you're up the same creek
with heroin and cocaine?
Chinese find way.
Right after revolution...
...they line up all drug dealers,
all drug addicts...
...take them to public square
and shoot them in back of head.
Never work here.
Fucking politicians wouldn't go for it.
Shoot them first.
Christ, they're right behind us.
That's the general idea.
Look at this, man. We have a pro
basketball team heading toward us...
...with guns.
- Hold this.
- What's this?
It's Viktor's key.
- Put gun away.

- Are you nuts?

I'm supposed to tell you
that this is a truce...
...arranged by somebody
named Abdul.

- You leave your guns with those guys.

- No way.

Chicago cop never relinquishes
his weapon.

Here.

You got the key?

Boy, am I glad we hid that key.

Good thing we didn't bring it with us.

We'd really be in deep shit.

Don't waste your time.

- Where is Viktor?

- We got everything under control.

Well, good. I'll be the translator.

You got a job. You're the hostage.

I'm out of here. I've had enough
of this macho shit.

Thank you. I'm glad you could help.

Hey, I'm sorry,

but this whole thing is way past me.

Honey, I understand, really.

Go see Viktor.

He's down that ramp over there.

You get out of hand...

...your friend here gonna be gone.

Hear that?

Prick.

Greetings, comrade.

We meet in strange places.

I don't like being used as bait.

- I thought Viktor wanted to see me.

- Viktor wants you to get in car.

If they let me have my gun
you would be already dead.

Cigarette?

The people have many needs.

One is law and order.

Other, entertainment.

We both have our codes, Vanya.

Yours, one of the state.

Mine, one of thieves.
We both respect courage.
We even hold our own lives
in contempt.
You have contempt for all life.
You don't, huh?
You killed my friend.
You killed my brother.
Your brother was criminal.
A dead man is a dead man.
After 70 years,
the doors begin to open in Moskva.
Our first taste of freedom
will be cut with cocaine.
Any country that can survive Stalin...
...can certainly handle dope.
I think you should come off
your high horse, captain...
...and start to talk business.
You have my key.
I need it quite badly.
I'm willing to pay for it generously.
More than you can make in 10 years.
I do not sell drugs.
Foolish.
You are so foolish.
I thought you might
be more reasonable.
Money has a way
of doing that to a man, but no.
I don't think so.
Not with you.
You are one of those kinds of Soviets
that only look forward to death.
I know you well, Vanya.
Without me, you don't even exist.
I don't give a shit if they did
give us the fucking guns back!
These are the motherfuckers
that killed Gallagher, you know that?
And you call yourself a fucking cop.
You know, in this country,
we trust our partners.
We don't hold back

from our partners...

...and we never leave our partners holding their dicks in their hands...

...while some bald motherfucker's got a gun in his ear.

Here. Here. Take this goddamn key. Take it.

Now we go to hospital to question Tatomovich.

You are a shithead.

- We're here to see Tatomovich.

- Yeah, I got him right over here.

No, this is not part of our deal.

I've had...

What is his condition?

He started coming around about an hour or so ago...

...you know, mumbling something in Russian.

They got a nurse in there with him right now.

- Any visitors from downtown?

- Not so far, but they're on the way.

You'd better wait for Stobbs and Donnelly.

- Ernie, let's get some coffee.

- Sure, okay.

- Pardon me.

- Pardon me.

Check it out.

I knew I should have been a doctor.

Hey, this area's restrict...

Hey, buddy. Hey, shithead.

You talk to him.

You speak his language.

Tatomovich.

Come on, scumbag, don't play dead.

The nurse.

Hey!

Hey.

Hey.

Shit. Look out.

Goddamn it, lady, police!

Stop, goddamn it, or I'll shoot.

- Don't! Put it down.
- What are you doing here?
- Put it down. Are you crazy?
- Move, goddamn it.
- Put it down. Goddamn it.
- Goddamn it.
- Move.
- Oh, God, no.
Don't! Stop it!
You...
What the hell? It was a guy.
Shit.
You are stupid.
I never meant for any of this...
Viktor has 10 women like you at home.
They're all dead or in prison.
What am I supposed to do?
Go. Go.
I just don't see how she could
disappear into thin air.
- You checked the back stairs?
- Yes.
- No sign of her?
- Yes.
- She just got away?
- Yes.
- Nice work, Gumby.
- Thank you.
I didn't mean that.
- You got a shithouse in Russia?
- Yes.
We got one here
and you and I are standing right in it.
It's not only gonna hit the fan,
it's gonna go right through the ceiling.
Watch it, lady, okay? I don't know
why you insist on this tetanus shot.
I had one 14 years ago. Easy.
Shit, bitch.
What's in that, cement?
All right, what's the score, Ridzik?
Shit, it's been a hell of a night,
commander.
First of all, some cleanhead

stuck his damn gun in my ear.
Danko here shot a drag queen.
I've always enjoyed your reports,
Ridzik. I'm gonna enjoy the one...
...where you detail your examination
of Gallagher's informant.
- Streak?
- According to his lawyer...
...you tried to break his hand.
He's filing a criminal and civil suit...
...against the department.
Well, it's bullshit.
We can beat that rap.
He got his hand stuck in the door.
Danko will tell you.
Listen, the story is after silencing
the alarm button on the EKG monitor...
...el transvesto killed Tatomovich
by shooting an air bubble into a vein.
He didn't want us to question him.
Viktor did not want me
to question him.
The drag queen belongs to Viktor?
Yes. He killed his own man.
He knew I would get information
from Tatomovich.
- He thinks it's better to kill him.
- Did you get to his wife?
This Manzetti woman? We've been
trying to track her down all night long.
No, we don't have shit.
Tell me, captain.
Where did you get the gun you used?
Registered in my name.
Moscow Militia Headquarters.
- Ridzik.
- Yeah.
He did not know about gun.
Under the circumstances, I'm gonna
have to ask for your weapon.
And I say no.
I see Ridzik is teaching you
his sense of humor.
Your gun, captain. Now.

Don't fuck with me.

Sergeant...

...I need to see paperwork on this whole incident by 10:00 this morning.

Every move you and Danko have made.

You'll have it.

- Where did you put the witnesses?

- Got them right down the hall, sir.

I need other gun.

Get away from me, man. Just get away from me. I can't deal with that.

We got no leads, pal.

We're batting fucking zero.

Don't even look at me like that.

It's not happening.

I mean, I give you a gun, my ass is grass. You understand?

Donnelly wants me for dog meat, so forget it.

Just get in the car and relax.

We have many men like Commander Donnelly in Soviet Union.

I understand him. He's like KGB.

All right, goddamn it.

All right, I owe you one because you saved my life tonight.

Here.

Captain Danko, you are now the proud owner...

...of the most powerful handgun in the world.

Soviet Podbyrin 9.2 mm...

...is world's most powerful handgun.

Come on, everyone knows the Magnum.44...

...is the big boy on the block.

Why do you think Dirty Harry uses it?

Who is Dirty Harry?

Well, you got your site report, your preliminary report.

You got your accident report.

You got a questionnaire

from the coroner to fill out...
...which has to be typed in triplicate.
- How are you two fellows doing?
- Great.
Just had my ass jammed
with a horse needle.
Poor baby.
Look, lady, I just got my coffee
the perfect color.
It's the only thing I got going for me
tonight.
You married?
I'm just curious.
I mean, we are working together.
- No.
- Ever?
No.
- You got a girlfriend?
- No.
- Ever?
- Of course.
Great. That's good to hear.
How about your dad?
What was he, a cop?
Army. Dead 11 years.
How about your ma?
Nurse. Died when I was young.
Grandparents?
Killed in war against Nazis.
Pretty fucking grim.
- You got any brothers or sisters?
- No.
You?
Yeah, I got one sister. Divorced.
Parents are both dead.
My dad was a cop. A real good cop.
You and I won't spend a lot of time
Christmas shopping this year, huh?
You don't like talking
about this stuff, do you?
I didn't think so.
Yo, sweet cheeks.
While we're young, huh?
Tea, please.

In a glass with lemon.

Right?

Yes.

I saw Dr. Zhivago.

I'm gonna go back

to the station house.

You catch a couple Z's

and take a shower.

We'll get back to it

in a couple hours.

Hey, you're all wet.

Messages.

Just trying to be friendly.

Yeah, you got a whole

mess of them here.

All from the same honey too.

Been calling every 10 minutes

the last hour.

Hey, buddy, I got an idea.

Why don't you just use my phone?

Just make sure it's a local, will you?

- Yeah.

- This is Danko.

Yeah, look,

I can't be in the middle of this.

If Viktor finds out, you guys

gotta promise you'll protect me.

The drugs are coming in tonight.

I give you Viktor, you let me walk.

- I do not understand.

- You know exactly what I mean.

You get Viktor, I go free.

You understand "freedom"?

Look, I just want my life back.

The city pays me \$5.84 an hour...

...to teach kids

they hope won't turn into junkies.

Viktor gives me 10 grand

just to marry him. You figure it out.

Look, he's gonna contact me.

I find out when and where this

drug deal's going down. I tell you.

- Why would he tell you?

- He trusts me. I'm his wife.

Come on, Danko.

Don't just breathe at me.

I get Viktor, I promise I do what I can to help.

- Come on, what's bugging you?

- What do you think?

Check your messages, Art.

Your phone's been driving me crazy.

Yeah, Ridzik, Nelligan here.

Listen, that 560 report, please get it done tonight.

It's got to be in by morning.

Yo, Art, this is Pat, your millionaire brother-in-law.

Yo, hey, pay attention to me.

This alimony business with your sister is getting out of hand.

We gotta talk. I'll be at the key shop later tonight.

Hi, guys.

How you doing?

Hey, you want your old room back?

We're ready for our next case.

So, Mr. Bennet, please introduce our new couple.

Your Honor, this is the case of Antonello v. Antonello.

Ben Antonello is a 27-year-old police officer.

Roxanne Antonello is 23 and works at...

Three-oh-two.

- You shop full-time, then?

- As a matter of fact, I do.

- Where is he?

- He's in the bathroom.

Wrong guy.

Viktor set us up.

It's him.

No. Not me. I'm not with them.

I don't know anything about this shit.

- I just wanna get out of here.

- How many more?

I don't know. They just came in

and blew my trick away.
I don't know anything about this.
Viktor.
Hey, wait a minute.
I don't believe this.
What is this all about?
Hey, where are you going?
You're not gonna start shooting again,
are you?
What's in there?
What are you gonna do?
Let's get out of here. Oh, God.
Oh, God.
Don't get any on your shoes.
Would you tell me
who's gonna explain this to my boss?
That third floor looks like Beirut.
He's gonna shit bricks
when he sees this.
Who's gonna back me up
when I tell him it's not my fault?
The city of Chicago? You cops?
Somebody's gotta pay for this...
...and it ain't gonna be
that bastard Commie Russian.
- I'm just here to get your statement.
- I don't know.
I don't know about anything.
- Everybody just started shooting.
- Where'd you get the gun?
In my purse.
I don't know nothing about any of this.
- You carry a gun in your purse?
- Around here everybody's got a gun.
You meet a lot of weirdos.
- How many more upstairs?
- Three.
There's only one thing that's clear
to me about this whole damn case.
That Russian bastard
is still holding out on us.
- Young woman found in the Chicago
River as a Catherine "Cat" Manzetti.
The victim was a dance instructor...

...employed at Wicker Park
Performing Arts Center.
She was 24 years old.
The body was discovered
beneath the Kinsey Bridge...
...by a local patrol unit.
Cause of death
has not been determined...
...but foul play
has not been ruled out.
Thus far, investigators are refusing
to comment on the incident.
Miss Manzetti was identified
by police records.
In 1986,
she was charged with pros...
It's Viktor's wife.
Cat Manzetti. We fished her
out of the river about an hour ago.
Preliminary med-path
indicates a broken neck...
...strangulation, the works.
I want an autopsy right away.
If I talk to either of them now,
I'm gonna get a heart attack.
Bring them both in,
shut them down, the end.
I'll interview Danko in my office later.
I want some debriefing.
I was very wrong about the downside.
Donnelly says you're riding
the desk starting now.
We're sending you back
behind the curtain where you belong.
Eat shit.
Excuse me?
See you at the office.
Stupid, goddamn, fucking Russians!
Don't take that personal, Danko.
I didn't mean you.
I'm talking about Viktor.
Except Viktor's not stupid
because he's got the key.
Okay, Art, if you and your foreign

friend wanna gosestep back here...

...we can talk.

- These the books?

- Yeah.

They're alphabetical order

and in English. Is that a problem?

- Hey, take a walk, will you?

- What did you do, Art?

Lock one of your girlfriends up
in the patrol car?

- Tell your sister to stop calling me.

- I'll give you a tip.

Pay your alimony on time

and she'll leave you alone.

Said it was your idea

to go back to court.

She can take me back to court

because I don't have any more money.

We both agreed to the payments.

Why can't she live...

Your May check arrived July 9th

and bounced like a superball.

- Too much free work for the police.

- Maybe we should have a pity party.

Don't start with that. Talk to her.

She'll listen to you.

She don't listen.

I told her not to marry you.

I offered her money not to marry you.

I gave her the best six months

of my life.

You know what you are?

You're cheap, man.

You hurt her. You owe her money,

and you should pay up.

- You're a sleazebag.

- Get out of my face.

Hey, you pay her.

Find anything?

Coffee.

Thank you.

Everything okay, yes?

Sure.

The stuff's coming in on the 9:30

from El Paso. Check it out.
I trust you.
Spread it all over Siberia, right, man?
All right. Let's go in.
Wait a minute. Now, look.
I know you really want this guy,
but this is a Chicago Police matter.
Go in the front.
I'm gonna cover the back.
And don't try to be a hero.
You dig?
You dig? You understand? Dig?
What, they didn't
teach you that in Kiev?
- I'm not on holiday here.
- Then let's go.
Excuse me.
You got change for a \$100 bill?
This is the smallest I have.
Your merchandise
is in the luggage trunks.
Hey.
You did not make it, Viktor.
Back off, captain.
He killed a Chicago police officer.
Chicago gets him first.
I have my orders.
What, are you fucking nuts?
All right, come on, get real, Danko.
Look, we're doing good things here.
We'll... Move!
Move!
- I'm not leaving yet, mister.
- Get out.
Hey.
Hey. Hey.
- Get in.
- What were you gonna do?
Leave without me?
Where did you learn to drive a bus,
anyway?
Kiev. In the army.
Jesus, we're going down
the wrong way street.

Get on the other side of the street.
Danko. Danko,
you're not listening to me.
Christ. Go to the right.
Way to go.
That was a fucking Chicago landmark.
Where the hell are all the cops?
Damn, they're never around
when you need one, you know?
You make a U-turn, they're all over
your ass. Where the fuck are they?
Watch it, watch it!
Shit!
Shit. This is called Chicken.
You're not supposed
to play it with buses.
- This is no game.
- No shit.
Get ready to swerve.
Come on, get ready to swerve.
Come on. You crazy fucker.
You fucker. You almost killed
both of us, goddamn it.
- And Viktor!
- Fuck Viktor!
What's wrong with you?
Are you crazy?
You almost got us both killed!
Jesus Christ, man! What the hell
do you think you're doing?
You son of a bitch.
I take care of this.
I give up.
This whole thing's very Russia.
Hey, Gumby.
Honk if you need me.
Did you get him?
Nice grouping of your shots.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
I still like Soviet model better.
Got a real attitude problem, Danko.
High, left center.
I do not understand this sport.

You're not supposed to.
It's totally American.
You should stick to things
that you're good at.
You know, like knee dancing, training
those cute little bears for the circus.
We play baseball now
in Soviet Union.
Come on.
Give me a break, will you?
You haven't got a shot.
This is our national pastime.
Forget it.
It'd be a hell of a World Series,
though, wouldn't it?
We will win.
Hey, Danko, listen, I been wanting
to ask you something.
Remember when we were back at
the bus station, both of us had Viktor?
You turned and pointed
the gun at me.
You weren't gonna really shoot me,
were you?
Yeah, that's what I figured.
Just checking.
It is custom in Soviet Union...
...to exchange article
as souvenir for friendship.
I decide to give you this.
That's really nice.
Here. Here, I want you
to have my watch.
This here is a \$1000 marvel
of Western technology.
I got it at, you know, a discount
from my cousin.
Thanks.
This is really...
...a \$20 East German watch.
Thank you.
Ridzik.
We are police officers...
...not politicians.

It's okay to like each other.
Sorry, my Russian's a little rusty.
Good luck.
Farewell.