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Sea of Love

By Richard Price

Oh, baby.
Okay?
I can't...
Is this okay?
IDs, fellas.
Invites, guys, invites.
Invites and IDs, guys.
Invites and IDs.
IDs, fellas.
Invites and IDs, fellas.
Welcome to the Yankees.
All right, have a good breakfast.
Go ahead. Go on in, young man.
Welcome to the third annual
"Meet the Yankees" breakfast.
Have a seat, fellas.
The Yankees will be here
in a few minutes.
How you guys doing?
Yo, bro. Where are the Yankees at?
They're coming.
You a Yankee?
- You don't recognise me?
- Shortstop?
- Used to be.
- What?
Sure.
Holy cow!
- I thought so.
- You're the Scooter!
Yo, Efram,
this dude is Phil Rizzuto.
Do that again.
Holy cow!
How come you're pouring us juice?
How we get to the game after?
I ain't got no car.
- We got you covered.
- Word. Yanks up in here?
- Yeah.
- All right. Bust it out.
Yo, Scooter.
I'm good.
Go ahead,

get yourself something to eat.
I got some good news,
and I got some bad news.
Which you want to hear first?
Good news, good news!
Fuck that.
Give up the bad news, homeboy.
Bad news wins.
The Yanks can't make it here, guys.
You can't make it
over to the stadium.
We got 45 outstanding warrants
eating our pancakes here.
On behalf of the New York Yankees...
and the New York City Career
Criminals Investigation Unit...
you are all under arrest.
Sorry, guys. We got you.
- What's the good news?
- Good news is coming around.
Excuse me.
I'd like to propose a toast.
Hold it.
To Detective Frank Keller...
on today,
his 20th anniversary on the job.
I can't believe you're not retiring.
I get 20 years and a wake-up call,
and I'm history.
Take half my pay...
Open a motel,
a bar, a polygraph school...
I'm going to be 46 years old
in some alley...
sticking my pencil in some
dead skull looking for a bullet?
Nothing wrong with motels.
I'll visit you.
I'll get you plenty of towels.
Anyway, congratulations.
Am I too late?
Got an invitation?
Yeah.
Who's this?

That's my son.
Ernest Lee,
the invitation's for you only.
I can hardly meet Dave Winfield
without taking my boy.
You got ID, Ernest?
Yeah.
Grand theft auto...
two counts.
We're all booked up, Ernest.
- I got an invite.
- I said we're all booked up.
- Thanks, man.
- Catch you later.
Gruber.
Frank Keller.
How you doing?
I wake you?
Could I speak with my wife, please?
Yeah, my ex-wife.
Denise. How you doing?
I wake you?
I'm sorry. Listen.
I gotta talk to you.
I think...
I got appendicitis.
Hello?
Mr. Mackey!
Mr. Mackey?
Thank you, chief.
Where's it at?
Anybody talk to you?
No one of weight.
No one of weight?
You ever on the job?
Me?
I'm just a square badge.
I was in Korea, though.
I could have sworn
you were on the job.
Listen, I'll come down.
We'll talk later, okay?
I'm of weight.
"You ever on the job?"

Oh, shit.
It's called making
people feel good...
so they'll cooperate with you.
You should try it sometime.
I'm sorry about that
phone thing last night.
I'm having a mid-life crisis.
I don't want you calling

at 3:

You want to talk to Denise,
call at decent hours.
Decent hours? What's that?

Dinnertime? 8:

I can't believe those guys.
You never saw Joe Louis.
In the bedroom.
Joe Louis?
Where did you see him?
Way before you were born,
in Chicago.
They called him The Brown Bomber.
He was gorgeous.
You want to take the lady outside?
Getting a little crowded in here.
And your prints, too, chief.
What's this guy's name?
James...
Mackey.
Mack the Knife.
You know...
when she was married to me...
I was never gonna die.
We fight, we split...
she goes to you.
So it goes. Life is forever, right?
What do I care?
I passed my 20 yesterday.
Everybody says retire...
so...
I feel kind of mortal
all of a sudden.

Know what I mean?
I say this guy's dead 48 hours.
No.
Look at the lividity.
It's more like 36.
Smells like 48.
Smells like 36.
I was just trying to get
some attention.
You know?
I apologise.
It was just...
we're in the same squad...
six years.
We don't so much as
have a beer together.
How the hell
do you take my wife away?
I didn't take nobody nowhere.
You understand?
You didn't treat her right.
She walked.
I didn't treat her right?
She walked!
You want to kick somebody's ass
about it, you kick your own.
Fuckface.
I'll check everybody out,
but truthfully...
it boils down to grabbing
the strange trim...
he got hooked up with.
This guy's
a swordsman extraordinaire.
Could be one of these ladies
gets pissed off...
because, you know, they're in bed...
he starts moaning "Mary"
instead of "Gladys."
"Hell hath no fury," and all that.
How do you know the trim is strange?
Maybe it's a steady.
Strange. You know how I know?
Records, 45s.

Nobody whips out their old 45s,
except on a first or second date...
when you're doing
"the wonder of me" thing.
Getting to know you.
So what do you do?
Take out old records, show the broad
you kept them all these years...
meaning you're a wonderful,
sentimental individual.
Who does that with
somebody they know already?
Once you know them,
who gives a shit?
How you doing, chief?
Working hard or hardly working?
Little of both. How you doing?
Okay.
You think of anybody else yet?
The mailman maybe
came by in the afternoon.
I don't remember.
There was a cable TV repair guy
here, I think.
What's that, Cable Time? Cable Tone?
But he was down in the basement.
Pretty much
what I told you yesterday.
What about ladies?
See any young ladies?
See any of them?
You told me there was a sex parade.
If I'm looking to see somebody
in particular, I'll see them.
If not, if I'm hailing a cab,
or in the package room...
Okay. We'll talk again.
So the emcee says
to the first husband:
"Where did your wife say...
"was the most exotic place
you ever made love to her?"
So this guy's thinking, right?
He's got a brain

like a friggin' pea...
but he's thinking.
Finally he says, "In the butt."
You get it?
Hey, anybody do any work
over at 365 West End Avenue Monday?
I was over there.
Did you see anybody over there,
not looking right?
You know, freaked out, scared?
Running, like, lost?
No, I saw a couple ladies
going to the laundry room.
Why? What happened?
There was a shooting.
If you remember,
you want to give me a call?
Yeah, sure.
Thank you very much.
So good.
Please.
Excuse me.
A toast for our host.
Ten promotions overdue.
Meet your detectives.
Tommy Squibb, detective third grade.
Felix King, detective third grade.
Dave Pines, detective third grade.
Hey, fellas!
Come on, I'm giving a toast here.
Tommy Squibb, detective third grade.
All right, George.
Where the hell did you learn that?
That's like watching a movie.
It keeps me fit.
I get in a beef with a guy, I hit
him fast, a lot, I'm out of there.
I don't like getting hurt.
God gave fat guys guns,
so we wouldn't have to do that.
You're Frank Keller?
- I'm Sherman Touhey from the 112.
- Forest Hills?
I heard you caught a good one.

Face-down taxpayer,
back of the head in his own bed?
Me, too, on Yellowstone Blvd.
- No shit?
- The bullet, we can't do nothing with it.
It got pancaked on the bed frame.
We got cigarette butts
with lipstick on them.
- We didn't get any butts.
- Get any prints?
Yeah, nothing showed up
on the files, though.
Let's compare tomorrow.
Dewars, double Dewars on the rocks.
Budweiser.
You know something?
You talk lipstick.
I think my guy got done by a broad.
How's that?
We're talking
a four-star ladies' man here, okay?
You play, you pay. Am I right?
My wedding night, I wake up...
my wife's got the tattoo needle,
the eyeshades.
I look down,
I've got "property of" on my balls.
I'm only kidding,
but catch my drift?
This guy, I found 30 letters...
from the singles magazine
he placed an ad in.
He didn't even get around
to opening them.
You find any records there?
What do you mean, like files?
Records, like old records, 45s.
One was playing on the turntable
when they found him: Sea of Love.
Remember that one?
Sea of Love? Jesus.
Come with me, my love
to the sea
the sea of love

I want to tell you
how much I love you
Do you remember
when we met?
That's the day
I knew you were my pet
I wanna tell you
how much I love you
Something's got to come off.
That's it?
No, you gotta take something off.
Come on, take it off!
I just met this guy.
Actually, I admire this woman...
whoever she is, for her directness.
I mean,
the guy fucks around on her...
falls asleep, whatever.
Bingo!
Pop him in the head, it's over.
Other women, like my ex-wife Denise,
for example...
you step out of line a little,
she'd like to stick it here...
stick it there,
let you walk around bleeding.
This one, bingo! No muss, no fuss.
Evelyn Woods School
of Speed Revenge.
No walking wounded.
Fuckin' women!
Hey, Grube,
let me ask you something.
Your wife, does she
ever like to stick it to you?
What are you trying to say?
You're a happily married man.
Maybe Gruber's too busy
sticking it into her...
to notice when
she's sticking it into him.
Break it up!
Guys, come on, break it up!
Are you okay?

Come on. He's crazy. Let's go.

Fuck it.

"Silver balloons

"A lifetime of Junes

"Old rock tunes"

Who the hell are you?

Wait a minute.

What's my name?

This isn't funny.

I said, what's my name?

Jim Mackey.

So you answered his ad

in the New York Weekly?

I don't know why I'm crying.

I never even got to meet him.

It's just so sad, somebody dying.

So you wrote him, or you called him?

I wrote him...

and then he called me.

Fate sucks, I swear.

Gina...

maybe you'd feel better...

if you took those balloons off.

They're the only things

keeping me up.

Frank.

The lieutenant said I could
go through the jacket on your case.

Guess what? The prints match.

The same doer. Ain't that grand?

Well, I got one for you, my man.

Your guy put an ad

in a singles magazine, right?

New York Weekly.

Bingo to that.

My guy's in there, too.

"Silver balloons, endless Junes,

Old rock tunes

"Let me put it in your moon"

Wire Paladin. Something like that.

You want to hear my guy?

"City streets beneath my feet

"4:

"The hunt goes on
till the break of dawn
"for love, the rarest flower"
This lady, she's in the crosshairs.
Poetry lover.
More like she hates it,
you know what I mean?
Listen,
I had my lieu talk to your lieu...
and me and you,
a two-man task force on this.
What do you think?
- Queens or here?
- Are you fucking kidding me?
I'd kill to work in Manhattan.
You want to work in Queens?
Let me introduce you.
Let me catch them tomorrow.
I gotta split.
I got a tuxedo fitting in an hour.
Tuxedo? You got a lounge act?
My daughter's getting married Sunday
out on the Island.
You like weddings?
Get out of here!
Want to dance
with a couple of bridesmaids?
Want to know how we catch her?
We put in our own ad.
Say what?
New York Weekly magazine.
We put our own ad in.
A hundred guys
place ads in there a month.
They get 30 to 50 responses each.
That's 4,000 or 5,000 women.
What are we gonna do?
Go out with 5,000 women? Hell, no.
We know the broad
is into rhyming ads, right?
So we put in a rhyming ad.
"Moon, June, spoon, sand dune."
We set up dates with 30, 40, 50
of the ladies who answer.

We take them out,
some restaurant, some bar...
get their prints on a wineglass.
Bingo! She's dropped.
I love it.
That's horseshit, but I love it.
Do you know how many guys
placed ads last month that rhymed?
Three.
She went out with two of them.
Shit!
I can't believe we haven't
chased down that third guy.
Raymond Brown,
I tracked him through his post-box.
- What are you, a fucking cop?
- Sometimes.
Gruber.
I'll catch up with you.
How you doing?
This 20-year thing,
it's kicking my ass.
I'm sorry.
"Raymond Brown,
Downtown Brown."
Here we go.
"Loneliness and silence
"Envelop a heart
that pounds like thunder
"All the love I have inside
"Is ripping me asunder
"The city is a jungle of pain
"But my love is from the soul"
"So be so kind
as to answer this ad
"And you can ride on my pole"
Give the guy a break.
This is a major lonely heart.
Major?
Good afternoon,
I'm Detective Frank Keller.
This is Detective Sherman Touhey.
Does a Raymond Brown live here?
Daddy!

What's the matter?
They're cops.
What's up, fellas?
What's wrong?
Relax.
Are you all right?
I want to tell you something.
I love my family.
Raymond, no kidding.
We don't give a shit.
All we need are the names of those
you went out with and their letters.
I don't have letters.
Raymond, there's some
psycho woman out there killing guys.
I swear,
I didn't go out with any of them.
I threw them away.
I didn't have the heart to do it.
Raymond, you take the time...
to make up this beautiful poem...
about loneliness and silence.
You spring \$300
to put the ad in the magazine.
You spring another \$500 a month
for some love nest in the Village...
\$50 for the post office box...
and you're trying to tell us
you never went out with any of them?
Raymond, please.
You know what the worst part
of being a cop is?
Eight hours a day,
all you hear from people are lies.
"I didn't do it. I wasn't there.
It was somebody else.
"Blah this. Blah that."
I swear on the eyes of my children.
Miss Wrong, we got her.
Upstairs gives us \$300
to put the ad in the magazine...
we spring for a few vinos,
a chef's salad or two...
bag the wine glasses, it's all over.

What? Come on.
"What? Come on?"
Suppose I pull out \$300 of my own
money, buy the ad myself...
we drop her, you pay me back
like a personal bet?
This thing's gonna work.
If you want me to, I'll set you up
with my sister-in-law.
She's got great tits,
divorced, no kids, no cats.
Lieu's sister-in-law sounds great.
"I swear
on the eyes of my children."
We should've tailed him.
We fucked up.
He fucked up.
Don't take them out
of the restaurant.
Don't lay a hand on them.
- Don't have intercourse with them.
- It's over. I'm not doing it.
You converse,
you get prints and you split.
You wear a wire,
we'll have a sound van outside...
and a two-man backup
at another table.
Keep the restaurant receipts.
I don't want to have to read
about this in the Village Voice.
What's with the backup and wire?
What's she going to do?
Confess? Shoot me?
We're in a restaurant.
To make me happy, okay?
Now, who's writing the ad?
Who's the poet?
"Roses are red
"Violets are blue
"I got one yea-long
"And it's all for you"
"I got one yea-long!"
Check it out.

I got one!

Check this one out.

"Windswept hallways in my heart

"Echo the blackness of eternity"

Get out! What is he,

Edgar Allan Poe, this guy?

I'll be sitting across

from Morticia Addams.

- Thing!

- Gomez!

She's a shooter, right?

So, how about something like:

"Many a girl has shot me down"

"I've been shot before..."

"Shot me down..."

"I'm hot to trot, give Frank a shot"

"I live alone

"within myself,

like a hut within the woods

"I keep my heart high upon the shelf

"barren of other goods

"I need another's arms

to reach for it

"and place it where it belongs

"I need another's touch and smile

"to fill my hut with songs"

Not bad.

It's a little corny, but it's good.

- Better than what we got.

- Did you just make that up, Mr. K?

Frank's mother wrote that.

High school, 1934.

She was a goddamn beautiful person.

Go ahead. Use it.

She'd have liked that.

Good poem.

I really liked that.

You guys are fucking slobs.

And you're GQ.

See you later, Frank.

Pop.

Come on.

You stay here with me tonight.

Come on.

That's it.
Where are you taking me?
That's good.
Am I walking?
I'm walking, right?
It'll pass for it, Dad.
That warrant isn't for me.
You got the wrong guy.
Sorry, Frank.
Okay, kid.
Smell a shooter in there?
I don't know, Gloria.
I just got this hopeful feeling
when I read your letter.
It's just... I can't explain it.
I'm a printer.
My own business.
Amanda? My mother's name was Amanda.
Miranda?
You're a what? That's what?
You like guys and girls?
Or girls?
I got an aunt named Carmen.
That's cool.
Carmen Miranda.
Me?
Sometimes, but mainly girls.
You've a lovely voice.
You should be on radio.
Women, you know?
How's around...
Are you a night owl?
Solid. Let's get crazy, then.
Taxi!
Not that I haven't done this before.
Shove this in here.
I've wanted to do this all night.
- Is he on, Bill?
- Yeah.
I look natural?
You look good.
Okay, kids.
Can I help you?
- Good evening, sir.

- Good evening.
- Chair this evening?
- Yes, thank you.
Cocktail this evening?
Cocktails? Yeah.
What kind, sir?
- A little bourbon and water.
- Bourbon and water it is.
Come back now.
Do you remember
when we met?
That's the day
I knew you were my pet
Can I get a little hi-de-hi here?
If I look half as good
as you at your age...
You got nothing to worry about.
You look great.
You're very sweet.
It's just that I should've said
on the phone that I'm the age I am.
Look, I'm telling you something.
You look better than
three-quarters of the girls...
I know that are half your age.
Did that come out right?
Yes, thank you. I'll buy that.
I'll quit while I'm ahead.
The lady would like
another white wine?
- Yes, please.
- And I'm fine here.
I got it. I'm taking it out now.
Watch it!
We need some more
dinner plates out front, on the double.
They're coming out now.
What do we do now?
Well, I'll tell you, I gotta pick up
my son in half an hour, so it's...
My timing's terrible.
Should we have dinner sometime?
Sure. We'll call you.
"We"?

- I said "we"?

- Yes.

That's me, all day on the phone,
it's "we this, we that."

Meaning my company. I'll call you.

Check, please.

I'll call you. Me.

No, you won't.

Oh, well.

I don't know.

I get this very weird feeling
you're not who you say you are.

There's something
not right about this.

What do you mean? Like what?

You got cop's eyes.

Cop's eyes?

You look at me,

I feel like I did something.

Like you did something? Like what?

My ex-husband was a cop.

What did you say?

What are you, you're a printer?

If you're a printer, I got a dick.

I didn't doubt it
for a minute, baby.

Think you could go
for a babe with a dick?

Depends on her personality, really.

So you're divorced, right?

I said that.

You got kids? Kid. One kid. A boy?

No. A girl.

You got a girl, right?

You know, it's interesting,
your coming from...

York, Pennsylvania,
because in a way...

you went from York to New York.

You like the park,
and I like the beach.

You like movies, I like plays.

You're a printer,

I manage a shoe store.

And I don't believe in
wasting time on this stuff.
You know what you know,
and you go with it.
You go with what?
You're just not my type.
I mean, you just sat down.
Give it a little bit of time.
I believe in animal attraction.
I believe in love at first sight.
I believe in this.
And I don't feel it with you.
I'm hell on wheels once you know me.
How are you folks doing here?
Is that wine okay, miss?
You haven't even touched your glass.
Have a little sip.
You know, warm up.
Let's raise a glass here. Come on.
Come on, here.
Let's have a happy hunting toast.
It's nothing personal.
Come on. Where are you going?
Kiss my tiara, bitch. Look at that.
I didn't get prints.
I didn't get prints.
How many more of these have we got?
Okay, that's two more.
Two more.
Oh, no.
Mercy, mercy.
How are you doing, Frank?
- Anything on the prints?
- Nothing yet.
How's your head?
It couldn't be worse.
How are you doing?
Terry. Cable Tone.
Yeah. What's up?
I was just telling your partner
that there was a kid there that day.
A black kid.
I think he was from
the supermarket...

'cause I saw him come in
with groceries earlier on.
Anyhow, I'm working
down in the basement.
About 20 minutes later...
he comes tearing through there
like a bat out of hell.
No groceries.
I mean, why is he going back out
through the basement, right?
There is a lobby, right?
The kid has those...
black militant corn holes.
I mean, corn rows in his hair.
He looks like a real shitbag,
if you ask me.
How are you doing, chief?
One of your kids got corn rows?
You know, afro hairdo?
- Stevie Wonder hair.
- Wonder hair?
Reggie, he means Quawi.
- Where's he at?
- You got me. I fired his ass Monday.
How come?
He goes to make a delivery,
he doesn't like the tip...
so he starts screaming
at the customer.
You got his address?
Maybe.
What did he do, kill somebody?
Quawi Benjamin.
"Spooney." Call him that, he goes crazy.
I got nothing here.
He only worked, like, a week or so.
If he comes in,
or if you see him somewhere...
Call us?
Sure.
"Hell on wheels," huh?
How quickly we forget.
No, I don't forget you.
You're the "animal attraction"?

"Love at first sight."
What, do you live around here?
Yeah? I live on 85th.
You know that poem you wrote?
You didn't write it.
I read that poem in the magazine...
and figured, this is either
a very sensitive guy...
or else he ripped off
some lady's poem...
or some girl's poem.
You didn't write it, right?
Nope.
Some lady did, right?
My mother wrote it,
some 50-odd years ago.
That's why my father
fell in love with her.
Something like that.
Is that true?
So he says.
I like that.
I like that you did that.
You want to hear my idea of poetry?
Precision in life.
Knowing when and how
to make your move.
Say your piece...
like you the other night with me.
That was...
poetry in motion.
Beautiful.
Look at me.
What?
You still want to go have that
"happy hunting toast"?
What happened to
the animal attraction?
What are you, fucking nuts?
What if she's the doer?
We won't get the prints
back till tomorrow.
Wait till then.
Come on,

the doer's down south somewhere.
Spooney, Quawi,
whatever his name is.
Listen.
This one walked. You remember her?
You with that bitch
who wouldn't even drink with you?
It's good in a way.
Maybe I'll get her prints now.
Bullshit! What are you gonna do?
Send your dick to the lab?
That'll be some great testimony
if she's the one.
"You see, Your Honour...
"first I whipped it out,
then she whipped it out."
You catch my drift?
How do you know it's this Quawi kid?
It's probably a broad.
You know that.
She's a friggin' suspect.
Just walk away.
Frankie, just walk away.
Nothing to it, chief.
That's it. I'm walking. Okay?
See you tomorrow.
No, just a girlfriend.
Okay. Thanks a lot.
I'll talk to you later.
Something came up, you know?
Isn't that crazy?
What's your name again?
Helen.
You know why I got married?
I was 37 and I wasn't married.
So I got married.
How do you like that?
I can top that.
You want to know why I got married?
Some guy says to me, "I love you."
I knew him a week.
Playing hard to get?
Yeah, right.
We didn't last very long,

I'll tell you that.
Me, neither.
The wedding lasted longer
than the marriage.
But we still...
We're still friends...
sort of.
- You?
- Friends? No.
I found out I was pregnant,
I walked.
You walked? What do you mean?
The guy doesn't know about the kid?
No. He's out of the picture.
You know, sometimes,
when I think about...
the people I got involved with,
the choices I made...
it's pretty amazing,
but I found something out.
There are very few mistakes in life
that can't be corrected...
if you got the guts.
If you got the guts?
Last call.
What are they, bombing us?
Oh, man.
You know,
when it gets late sometimes...
I feel like a big cat...
in a small cage.
Yeah?
You know...
I have done some desperate,
foolish things...

come 3:

You mean like being here with me?
Where's your bathroom?
- Where's your bathroom?
- Over there.
Where's my bag?
Get in bed.
Jesus Christ.

For God's sake.
Holy fuck.
What the fuck?
Oh, shit.
Holy fuck.
Oh, my God.
Holy fuck.
I can't believe it.
Fuck! Jesus!
What did you do?
Where did you put it?
No! What are you doing?
Open the door!
Open this fucking door!
What is it?
This ain't real.
Open this fucking door!
It's a starter's pistol. I saw...
You goddamn son of a bitch!
Don't you ever fucking
put your hands on me!
I got scared.
Tell me about scared!
What are you doing
with a starter's pistol?
None of your goddamn business!
Get off me.
Listen to me!
I saw the gun
sticking out of the purse.
I freaked, okay? It was a reflex.
Feel my heart. Feel it.
Go ahead.
It's like a drum.
Feel it?
I'll tell you some stories
about scared sometime.
You don't know.
This city,
what it does to people...
I can't apologise enough for...
I don't know,
I got this survival rush.
You start to think with your hands,

not your...
Like an animal.
Did I hurt you?
No.
What?
What are you looking for?
What are you doing?
What are you looking for?
Jesus.
Oh, baby.
Jesus.
What are you looking for?
It was just too late
to call you back.
Okay.
Yeah, just a friend.
Okay, I'll be home.
I'll be home when I get home. Bye.
You're killing me.
Is that the sun?
Are we still alive?
I thought you were an insomniac.
I am.
I must have fainted.
What are you doing over there?
I can't even make you out.
Helen, right?
Come here.
What?
I gotta talk to you.
There's something I got to say.
You've gotta be kidding.
I'm kidding.
Good.
Are you kidding?
I'm gonna have to be airlifted
to a standing position.
But you, you're something.
You go in the kitchen,
you make coffee, you come in here.
- What are you, Superman?
- Wonder Woman.
What do you wonder about?
I wonder how we made it through

last night in one piece.
Last night?
Let me tell you about last night.
Let me tell you.
Cut it out.
I have to get home, to my daughter.
Your daughter?
She's with your mother, right?
Your mother live with you?
She's just helping us out
for a couple of weeks.
I don't know about this.
What's it like
working in a print shop?
A print shop?
Yeah.
Inky.
What's it like running a shoe store?
It's okay.
But we don't live
for our work, do we?
No. I always like to think
I live for love.
I mean, what else is there? Food?
- You're something else.
- No, you're something else.
You've no idea how many creeps
there are out there.
You're wired like
no one I ever met...
but you're a good man.
You never know.
I always know.
Or at least I find out.
What do you mean, creeps?
Manipulators.
Liars.
Guys who wait till you're in deep...
before you find out
who they really are...
guys who, all of a sudden,
you're fighting for your life.
Creeps.
You asked.

You got any cigarettes?
You smoke?
- Sometimes. Does that bother you?
- What brand?
I mooch.
I think I'm out.
Let's see here.
See any jump out at me?
I gotta go.
I gotta go.
I like to be home
when my daughter wakes up.
Hello.
Keller here.
Guess what? She's still out there.
None of the prints match up.
So should we dust your dick?
You know, cover all bases?
Would you finish that sale?
Can I help you with something, sir?
Yeah, you got this in a sneaker?
I was in the neighbourhood,
so I thought I'd come in.
- Why are you whispering?
- I'm whispering?
Yeah.
Sorry. I just want to talk to you.
Why don't you have a seat?
I'll be with you in a minute.
So, what did you want
to talk to me about?
I was going to ask you
about something.
About some of the people
you've been seeing...
over the past month or so.
You know, guys.
It's none of your business.
- It is, in a way, my business.
- Yeah? And how's that?
Forget it. It's stupid.
Look, I don't sleep around,
if that's what you're talking about.
No, that's not it.

Look, why don't you come over
to my house tonight for dinner...
and we can talk about it?
Lady.
- Yeah, you, I was in here, what...
- Six months, right?
Yeah, six months ago, and...
you had this real beautiful boot.
It was Vivoli, Vavoli, Ravioli,
or something like that.
Vivoli. We're out of stock.
You can try back
in about two weeks, if you like.
Look, can I help you with something,
or what?
Come on, man, what's your problem?
Tommy, let's blow. The guy's a cop.
Let's blow.
So, if I beat the shit out of you...
I'd get nailed
for assaulting an officer, right?
You piece of shit.
Okay, what?
You're a cop?
Yeah.
So what?
Pretty bad, huh?
It's just too much for you.
I mean,
you let scum like that in here...
but my being a cop,
that's just too much, isn't it?
Let me tell you
something about this.
All these people in here,
with their rocks and their furs...
they get robbed, they get raped,
I'm all of a sudden their daddy.
Come the wet-ass hour,
I'm everybody's daddy!
What do you think you're doing?
What do you mean?
Don't try to turn this around on me.
You lied to me.

You looked like
I had the plague over there.
Why did you tell me you were
a printer? You're a cop.
- I always wanted to be a printer.
- Come on. Talk to me.
For 20 years,
I go out with people, right?
I tell them I'm a cop.
You know what happens?
I'm a nonperson.
What do you think
I put the ad in the paper for?
Look, you ever keep something
inside yourself?
But you know you'll let it out.
I just want to get on
solid ground with you.
I wanted us to know each other
a little bit, before I told you.
That's all.
I wanted to bring it along slowly.
So you're a cop?
I'm Frank.
I'm just Frank.
Don't lie to me again.
I don't like it.
Look at these. They're so soft.
They feel like feet.
They're very subtle.
Wild, right?
This girl, you know...
My girl gave them to me.
Gotta wear them, right?
What are you gonna do?
Pretty jazzy.
You know, look at these things.
She works in a shoe store.
No offence,
but you never did get her prints.
She's not the shooter.
And this we know how?
I asked her.
- Golden Cadillac?

- Screaming Golden Cadillac.
What makes it scream?
Getting attacked by a White Russian.
That's very clever.
Make that two.
- Want yours screaming, too?
- You have very tight skin.
You know that?
That's 'cause I'm fat. It pushes
it out like balloon rubber.
Excuse me,
did you not get that order or what?
See you.
I bet I've seen eight women tonight.
I bet every one
made more money than me.
That blonde,
she was a school principal.
I mean, how come none of these women
are married?
I don't know.
How come I'm not married?
Gentlemen, anyone here up for
the Island of Lost Souls?
- No, not me tonight, kids.
- What's the matter, Frank?
I don't know. I'm tired.
You're tired?
I'm going to walk home.
Tired?
Talk to you tomorrow, kids.
All right, Frank.
Hey, how you doing?
Did I wake you?
Listen...
is your daughter asleep?
You think you can get somebody
to watch her for a while?
Good.
What have you got on?
No, take them off.
I was just... Sea of Love.
What?
You have Sea of Love.

I don't know.
I haven't looked
in those boxes in years.
Why? Do you like that record?
Yeah, I like it.
I'm saving them for my daughter.
Probably worth a fortune by now.
I bet they'd fall apart
if I put them on the turntable.
You never play them?
I don't even know
what's in there anymore.
You want something to drink?
Yeah.
A lot of people keep records, huh?
I should have kept mine.
I had thousands of them.
They'd be worth something now.
You better go home
before it gets light out.
Okay.
I want you to see something.
Beautiful.
How would you know?
You didn't even look at her.
What do you mean?
I didn't want to wake her.
I wonder what kind of father
you would make.
Me?
I don't know, you know...
Who the hell wants a policeman
for a father?
She's got a father, doesn't she?
I mean, she does have a father.
You know what I mean?
Go home.
He's not dead.
You're divorced, right?
Yeah.
You mad at me?
No.
Okay.
Okay.

Is your mother back yet?
Can you stay with me tonight?
Good. I've got something
very important to talk to you about.
Okay? I'm gonna take you somewhere,
so I want you to dress nice.
Waiter!
I'm being paged now.
Can I call you back?
All right. Okay. Take care.
Come with me, my love
How are you doing, folks?
A little something from the bar?
I know you. You're that cop.
- Hold it. You're a police officer?
- Did you get fired?
- This is Gina.
- What do you want with me?
Just sit down. It's okay.
This is Gina Gallagher.
Hi, Gina.
This is Detective Sherman Touhey.
She's good people.
Hi.
I'm gone.
I feel like Betty fucking Crocker
in this.
Jesus, it's only 8:00,
and I'm hammered.
I'm gonna stay around here tonight.
If I drive, I'll die like a dog.
It would make a nice headline.
I'll call the wife,
tell her I'll crash around here.
Get a hotel.
Go to the squad room.
There's this nice cosy
army cot there, man.
Go ahead.
I got extra keys for my old man.
I'm two blocks away.
We'll sleep together?
Why not?
I'm going to see this Helen later.

I got this hotel suite.
An ex-partner of mine
is head of security...
so he owes me one.
It'll be a nice surprise.
You see this guy
This guy's in love with you
I'm gonna ask her
to move in with me.
What, are you nuts?
You just met her.
I feel like a fucking teenager.
The guy says to me, "Frank, retire."
I say, "To what?"
There's nothing out there
after this.
Could you get the waiter, please?
Is there a waiter in this place?
That's what I'd like to know.
So, what's this important thing
you wanted to ask me?
What?
Maybe you should
slow it down a little, huh, Frank?
Maybe a menu should come here
sometime this century.
What's the big question
you wanted to ask?
I don't know.
I feel like I got
the London Philharmonic up my ass.
Let's go. Come on.
- We just got here.
- I know. Let's get out of here.
Bad choice.
Not my favourite place.
I love this neighbourhood.
I figure the worst that
could happen to me here...
is I'd trip over
an old Perrier bottle.
Could get worse, you know.
Nicey-nice, this neighbourhood, huh?
Hold it.

Last year alone, we had
three murders right in this block.
See that garage over there?
One in there.
The building across the street,
second floor. One in there.
Two months later, third floor.
One in there.
This town is like one big
city of the dead for you, huh?
City of the dead?
What do you say that for?
I love life.
I'm just trying to share with you.
If you live with a cop...
I mean, there are certain things...
you know, a cop's eyes,
what we see...
There's you, what you see...
which is like nothing...
and our eyes, our life, what we see.
If you live with a cop?
What?
You said, "If you live with a cop."
You mean, if I live with a cop.
Me, right?
Have you thought about this at all?
I have a kid.
It's a whole family.
You get that, right?
I want to ask you something.
The singles magazine.
I don't know, you know?
I mean, the dates...
How can you do that shit?
I mean, you know,
go out with guys like that.
How can you do that?
What do you mean? You do it.
Did you forget how we met?
What are you talking about?
I was on a job.
I mean, that was a job.
I was wearing a wire.

We were going to drop somebody.
I'd never do that for real.
The part about the wire.
You want to run that by me again?
- Let me just tell you...
- Fuck you!
Wait a minute, now.
I was just... Listen!
I was just saying that...
What're you having?
Double Dewar, Pete.
You got it.
Oh, hi. Is...

It's 1:

I'm Frank.
I know who you are.
My mouth ain't working
so good tonight, so...
all I can say right now is that...
the circumstances...
were the circumstances, and...
- No, that's not good enough.
- Okay.
The whole thing is horseshit.
Know what I mean?
The wire, the job.
There was no wire,
there was no job, no nothing.
I was just saying that
to push you away from me...
because I was going to ask you
to live with me.
And I got scared, you know?
I'm sorry.
You know...
you never even told me...
what your kid's name is.
Sarah.
I would like...
for the three of us...
you know...
to go somewhere,
a movie or something.

Just take it slow, you know?
Helen...
I can't even sleep in my own bed
anymore unless you're in it.
I mean...
I need you to lie down with me.
Otherwise, I'm just going to
walk the streets all night.
I'm so tired.
You gotta come lay down with me.
I got these shoes here.
See?
Come back with me, please.
Let me go tell my mother.
Frank, I didn't want to wake her up.
I think I need a little time
to think all this through.
I think I should be alone tonight.
Okay.
Catch you later.
Sherman.
Frankie?
Yeah.
Frank?
I forgot you were here.
Scared the shit out of me.
I'm gonna stay on the couch.
- I thought you went to a hotel.
- No, it didn't work out.
What's he doing here?
Is this his place?
Look, I'll go to the station house.
No, listen, I gotta talk to you.
I never did nothing
like this before.
That's okay.
No, listen.
I gotta talk to you about this.
None of this was my idea.
First Gina starts hitting on me,
rubbing my leg under the table.
Then you threw the keys.
I told you not to throw me the keys.
You want to go get her?

Want me to get her?
I'm sorry, Sherman.
I'm sorry.
Take care.
"Catch you later"?
What's that supposed to mean?
Is that some
kind of brush-off, Frank?
No, not at all.
No.
I got something for you.
Oh, yeah?
What?
You were looking at this
like it rang some bells.
Want to dance?
Okay.
Got something for me?
You got something special
for me tonight, huh?
Real special.
What do you got, Mummy?
Got something special for me?
Yeah, special.
What are you going to give me?
Find it.
Where's it at?
Find it.
Here?
Cut it out!
Let's see what we got here.
What?
Let's see.
What's this?
Why did you bring the fake one?
You forgot the real one?
Want to try mine?
You're crazy.
Come on. Let's get it over with.
I don't want to wait
a couple more days.
Let's get it over with now. Bingo.
Just put the gun away, please.
Want to fuck first?

Then get me face down?
Just put the gun away, okay?
What kind of creep am I?
I'm the guy who fucks you once
and wants to own you, right?
What about James Mackey?
What kind of creep was he?
Or that poor bastard in Queens?
What's his name? Raymond Brown.
You fucked him good.
You've been following me around?
Last chance.
How long have you been following me?
I haven't been following you.
Then how do you know about them?
It's my job. It's what I'm paid for.
I didn't sleep with any of them.
They were just dates.
- Shut up!
- Okay, I slept with James Mackey!
Big deal! He didn't mean anything!
I don't care!
Why'd you do it, Helen?
Tell me why you did it.
Tell me you did it.
Tell me why you did it.
I want to know everything,
all right?
Come on. Talk to me.
Look. I'm wearing your shoes.
Talk to me. Come on.
Talk to me.
Look, the arresting officer
was fucking the doer!
See? It's a joke.
It won't go to trial even.
You understand?
Talk to me. Come on.
Come on!
Helen.
Please.
Talk to me.
Get out.
Come on.

Go ahead.
Helen?
I know you!
You fucking swinging dick!
You got in deep, man!
She throws a court order at me,
my family is up for grabs?
It's not your family!
It's not your daughter!
God!
Don't!
Go!
On the bed!
Get down on the bed, man.
Tell me, man, did you have
a good time with her last night?
Who are you talking about?
Who? Are you a fucking owl?
I don't know who
you're talking about.
I'm talking about my wife.
My wife, Helen.
You remember her, don't you?
I don't know.
I'm a New York City...
I know who the fuck you are.
You just show me
how you did it to her!
I didn't do anything.
You know.
No, I didn't do anything.
You show me, I'll let you go.
I didn't do anything.
Show me what you did to her!
Show me!
I tell you, we didn't do anything.
Okay. Okay.
This? You mean this?
Okay?
Fucking bastard!
Get your fucking clothes off!
Take your fucking...
Don't fucking move!
Put it down!

On the floor!
Hands in back of the head! Come on.
Get them on there!
Don't fucking move!
Okay.
What are you going to do?
Lock me up and throw away the key?
Shut the fuck up!
Fuck you! It ain't going to work!
It's not your wife!
- It's not your family!
- What are you doing?
No!
I hadn't seen him in about a year.
I thought he was gone for good.
That's it. That's the stuff.
This one's on the house.
You don't want to get up.
- Come here.
- How you doing, sport?
- Good to see you.
- I'm doing better than you.
What are you drinking, scotch?
No. I think I'll have
a club soda and lime.
Club soda and lime?
- You're a cheap date.
- It's the new me.
Here's to the new you,
and the old me.
Rub it in, rub it in.
How you doing, Frank?
Hanging in, hanging out.
I'm with the 1-9 now.
Yeah?
You?
Same old, same old.
That was a hard job to top.
- I hear that.
- Wildest ride I was ever on.
You know, I followed up that nutbag.
The husband, Terry?
Turns out he'd been shadowing her
for eight months.

Can you believe it?

Jesus.

She always had that edge, you know?

Like she smelled him,

like she sensed him, or something.

I must have sensed him, too.

- Wonder what she ever saw in him.

- I don't know.

What does anybody see in anybody?

People are work, brother.

A lot of work.

- Too much work.

- Did you ever see her again after?

Well, I tried, but...

she didn't want to.

Can you blame her?

I'm in bed with her, making love...

I'm out of bed,

I'm stalking her, like...

She had that nutcase

over one shoulder...

and me over the other.

Come on.

Can you blame her?

Yeah, right.

I'm going to let her go.

I ran her through a wringer, man.

You know?

What am I supposed to do?

She'd tear my head off.

What are you looking at?

How you doing?

Just great.

Good. How's your daughter?

She's fine.

Good, good.

I'm working out of the 1-9 now.

That's this area here.

We had a series of break-ins

around here.

You've been all right, though?

Your shop's wired to the precinct?

Yeah.

Listen, the reason I come by is...

I wanted you to meet somebody.
"Who, Frank?" Well, actually...
I'd very much like to introduce
myself to you.
Who are you this week,
a fighter pilot?
Fighter pilot? No.
No more surprises.
No more lies.
I'm all here.
Right. The circumstances are
no longer the circumstances?
I hung fire to be with you.
You don't know.
There's a lot I don't know.
You've got to give me a chance.
You never really got to know me.
Not 100 percent.
The person you got involved with,
that was half of me.
You owe it to yourself.
Check out the complete person.
Cut the crap, okay?
Look, I had a rough day.
What am I gonna do,
follow you all over the city?
How am I gonna
get over with you now?
How are you gonna get over with me?
After what you did,
you're looking to get over with me?
It couldn't be helped.
I couldn't help that.
It's killing me, not seeing you.
It's killing me.
How do you think it makes me feel?
I don't know. How does it...
- How does it make you feel?
- It doesn't make any difference.
I'm moving back home anyway.
Back to York?
That's fantastic.
Because just this morning...
I got offered a job

in York, Pennsylvania.
Police department.
They want me to head this huge...
Break up this huge
counterfeit produce ring.
Listen, this is fantastic, you know?
Look, I tell you what.
What?
I'll take the job now. All right?
Whatever.
You could help me out there.
Do you know any nice apartments,
houses, stuff that I could...
- What about the guys...
- Okay, enough, Frank.
- Enough.
- No, really! When are you going?
You're not going?
You're staying here, right?
I've been on the wagon...
for seven weeks now.
You still drink coffee?
Like it's going out of style.
I'll buy you a cup if you like.