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The Iceman

By Morgan Land

Mr. Kuklinski.
Do you have any regrets
for the things you've done?
You know, it's not very polite.
Ask a girl out for coffee,
you should have
something to say.
Like what?
I don't know.
You're the one
that asked me here.
So, what do you do
for a living?
I dub cartoons for Disney.
No way!
What's your favorite?
Cinderella.
Really?
Yeah.
What is that?
He, he used to be some sort
of devil, I think.
I don't know.
I was trying to look tough,
I guess.
How come?
Does it bother you?
Not at all.
You're, uh, you're a, you're
a prettier version of...
What?
Nah. No, what were
you going to say?
Um, uh...
You were going to say something.
What?
No. Nothing.
So, you got any family, or...?
Yeah, my sister and brother are
around somewhere, I guess.
What, you don't talk to them?
Not really. They're lousy
conversationalists.
Well, I guess it runs

in the family.
Most people I talk to don't
have nothing to say.
No, l... I didn't mean
anything. I just...
I get nervous
around new people.
I didn't mean you.
No? Okay.
You're a prettier version
of Natalie Wood.
I don't look anything like her.
To me, you do.
Cheers.
I thought it was bad luck to cheer
with water.
I don't believe in bad luck.
Oh, you're funny.
I hope so.
I'm sorry. My aunt is
always late.
You don't have to wait.
I don't mind.
I had a really good time.
I'm glad you insisted.
You mind if I call you again?
Please do. That would
be great.
Um, here she is.
Goodnight.
It's Earl, right?
What do you do?
I do business.
I'm a businessman.
Ask Terry.
He knows.
Yeah. He delivers,
uh, fucking diapers.
What do you do?
Me and Ritchie,
we make porno movies.
Yeah, we dub 'em.
So, Terry, which one of these guys
dates that girl Deborah?

That'll be Ritchie.
Yeah?
Yeah, how do you know Deborah?
My friend Danny
went out with her.
Girl waited three weeks
to tell him she doesn't have sex
'til she's married.
Hey, Earl, have some fucking
respect, okay?
It's his future wife
you're talking about.
I guess, if he's
desperate enough.
Ooh.
Yeah, I'm pretty desperate.
But, where there's a will...
Oh! Nice
shot, Ritchie.
There's a way, my friend.
Good shot,
Ritchie. Jesus.
Nice.
Whoa.
Where there's a will,
there's a way.
Unbelievable, man.
Good job.
Hey, what the fuck
you think you're doing?
No, what is this, man?
Come on. What?
This asshole turns you down,
so I take the bait?
Easy, Earl, you just
pay what you owe.
No, I'm not paying
you anything.
Put the money on the table.
Put that money on the table.
Trust me.
Take your money.
All right, go.
Go to your porn lab,

jerk off with your friends.
I'm going to fuck
a real woman tonight.
Wow.
And good luck getting
your dick in her.
Take a walk.
It's not worth it, Rich.
Yeah, Ritchie,
don't sweat that.
Not worth it.
Come on, stack 'em up.
Ah!
Dr. Hunter, to Delivery, please.
Dr. Hunter,
to Delivery, please.
Mr. Kuklinski?
Yeah.
Your wife and daughter
are in recovery. They're doing fine.
Oh, thanks. Thanks.
Uh, can I see them?
Come with me.
All right.
They're in here.
Oh, wow.
They're asleep now.
Congratulations,
you're a father.
Yeah.
Ritchie.
What the fuck's the matter
with you? You still there?
We're still seven boxes short.
They called me twice already.
They're probably on the way over
there as we speak.
Don't we got any shoes to give,
it's the wrong date?
Roy Demeo is with them.
This fucking guy is crazy.
Go home to your family.
Trust me on this. Okay.
Hang up the phone

and walk out. You hear me, Ritchie?

All right.

What's this guy's name?

Dino Lapron.

Lapron?

He's probably going

to accuse me of fucking up the dates.

Did you?

What kind of question is that?

Yes or no?

Did you?

No.

Are you Lapron?

Excuse me?

You Dino Lapron?

That's not him, Roy.

Where's Dino Lapron?

He's not here.

Open the door. There's nobody
in here.

Just open the door.

Let's go.

You're coming.

Seen any good movies lately?

I don't really watch them.

I'm not into porn myself,

but I got to look out

for my customers.

What do you got for us?

Well, Dino had the date

for the 28th, you know?

We can't take the blame if you

change it last minute.

Hey. That's

fucking bullshit.

That's not what I asked you.

We're seven boxes short.

Seven. We gotta adjust

the machines when they run all week.

If somebody would of told us

they needed the order

earlier we could have...

You like that? Huh?

You got something to say to me,

you say it to my fucking face.
You fuck us and try
to act like a tough guy?
If I work all night they'll
be finished tomorrow.
Hey, look at me.
Stupid fuck.
Tell me the truth.
Let's kill the fucking guy.
Fuck Lapron.
Put the gun down.
I didn't fuck nothing up.
I'll fuck you up. Come on.
I'll smack you
in the fucking mouth.
What's your name?
Ritchie Kuklinski.
You know who I am?
Mm-hm.
So if I came down here,
I must have had a good reason.
I didn't say you didn't have
a good reason,
I said the date was...
If you want to complain
about life,
you're talking to the wrong
fucking guy.
You'll have this done
by tomorrow? Yes?
All right, good.
Let's get the fuck out of here.
Hey.
We're at the Gemini Lounge.
It's on Flatlands
near the parkway.
I'll drop the prints
off tomorrow.
It's got nothing to do with that.
Roy wants to see you.
Just be there.
There.
It's okay.
Well, what's Mommy

been looking at?
Four bedrooms.
Is this a private conversation?
Yeah, she's doing
all the talking.
Well, so don't mind me.
Did I wake you up?
No, I have to feed her.
Huh?
Oh.
So, what were you
two talking about?
She says she don't
like living here.
She wants a four-bedroom
in Dumars.
Well, she's got good taste,
our daughter.
Did you just get home?
Yeah, not long ago.
Hm. It's so late.
How was your day?
It was good. What happened
to your hand?
Eh, some jerk left some film
cans out,
I almost fell on my face.
So, what do we got here?
Oh, it's just Vice President
Nixon's house.
He just put it on the market.
You want to look at it?
Sure.
Why are you laughing?
If we could afford an apartment in Hoboken
I'd be happy, Ritchie.
No, you wouldn't.
You think I'm a spoiled brat.
No. You like to be
taken care of.
There's nothing
wrong with that.
I like the way
you take care of me.

Thank you.
Hey, the guy from the porn
lab's here.
You want me to bring him up?
Nah.
Let him wait.
Come here. Sit down, I want
to talk to you.
Yeah.
What is it?
You're really keeping that
mustache, huh?
Why, you don't like it?
Nah, it just doesn't seem like
it goes with your face.
Listen to me.
The word's come
to me from the city
that you're using
my name again, Josh.
No, l...
No, not really.
Not really?
No, it was just, it was just for
the Westies.
I didn't want to walk in there
for the deal,
and with them thinking I'm
nobody, Roy.
I'm not going to use Rosenthal.
It's too Jewish.
You don't respect yourself to use
your own name?
That only makes you look weak.
Listen to me. You and I, we have
a history together.
That means something to me.
It means something to me, too.
Yeah?
It won't happen again.
All right, let's go see what this guy's
made of. Come on.
Let's take this guy for a ride.
Kulinski? Kolinsky?

Josh, pull over here.
So... Kulinski?
Kolinsky?
How, how do you
say it? Who?
Kuklinski.
Kuklinski? With a... with a K? Or is,
what is that?
A C or a K?
A "K."
"Ski." That's a "ski", "skis" are Polish,
right? You're a Polack?
Yeah.
Yeah?
Get away from the car.
Get away.
Can you spare some change?
Get away.
Take a walk!
Would it kill you
to give me a dime?
Hey! Scumbag!
Scicoli, here's a quarter.
You should go give it to him.
Go give it to him.
What?
Guy's not going to last
an hour in this weather.
He's a fucking' reefer addict.
Have some heart. It's the holidays.
Come on, Roy, why do
I got to freeze for a fucking skivatz?
Here, give me the quarter.
I'll give him the quarter.
I'll give him the fucking quarter.
Fucking give him a holiday quarter?
The fucking skivatz.
Kuklinski.
Kuklinski.
There you go!
Okay, I gave him the quarter.
Don't you feel
better about yourself?
Yeah. You did something

nice for somebody.
That's the fucking spirit.
Look at that.
Fucking guy's cold as ice.
Come on, you got to feel
something for somebody.
Got a girlfriend?
I'm married.
Then why do you act
like you don't give a shit?
What do you want?
I'm closing the porn lab.
Sorry, but you're out of a job.
If you could follow orders,
you got everything to gain.
Go put the bum
out of his misery.
If you don't have it in you,
now's the time to say it.
God almighty.
You got big hands.
Are you a lumberjack
or something?
No, I'm Polish.
Mind if I sit down?
It's your ass. Put it where
you want it.
No.
What the fuck is this?
What's he doing now?
Shut the fuck up.
Just give him a second.
Actually, I will have a drag.
What are you smoking? Camel...
Come on.
You all right?
Yeah.
Not that big of a deal, is it?
I know nobody forced
you to do anything
but, I'm going to need a guarantee
of your loyalty.
Give me the gun.
This is for you.

What you're going
to be doing is
you'll be watching my back.
You'll be collecting debts,
sending messages,
whatever the messages are.
But if I need you, Scicoli or Josh here is
going to get in contact with you.
And payphones only.
Now, you're going to deal with whatever
we can, for whatever reason.
You're only going to work
for me, nobody else.
You understand?
Sure.
Puh... please.
I got some money upstairs.
I beg of you, please?
Please?
Anything you want.
Anything, just...
I give thanks for my
beautiful wife, Deborah.
She means the world to me.
And she's carrying our baby.
Hey, honey.
Hi.
Oh, sorry.
It's okay.
Hi, Dad.
Take this.
Thank you.
Is that everything?
Yeah.
Perfect.
Yeah.
You got it?
Yeah, I got it.
How was school?
It was good.
That's good wine, isn't it?
For that price, it better be.
So how'd you guys meet?
You two?

Oh, we met on a boat.
Really?
Yeah. Like, big yacht,
one of those big fancy boats?
The one you can eat and drink anything
you want on?
So I'm in the bath
and I hear this voice
from this other stall, right?
A little mousy voice.
Oh.
And it goes, "Excuse me?"
"Excuse me? Is there somebody
in the other stall?" I was locked in.
Yeah, right. If you ask me, she
followed somebody in there.
There was a huge line
for the girls room.
How'd you meet Ritchie?
Uh, it, it doesn't compare
to the bathroom story.
I think it's pretty good.
Yeah?
Yeah, tell us.
Come on.
All right. Uh, I was working
across the street
and, uh, Ritchie would come over
every break he had
and he would bring me
flowers and candy.
And then it got really awkward,
because I didn't
know who he was.
And I started just making any excuse
I could to say no
and then one day, out of the blue
he walks in
and he tells me
I'm making a big mistake.
And I didn't know what to say,
because he seemed so convinced.
So I went out with him.
All because he wouldn't

leave you alone?

No.

Because, he knew what

I needed more than I did.

And now look at him.

He goes from dubbing cartoons

to international banking.

It's currency exchange.

Cartoons? Is that what you

call porn these days? Porn?

You're going to have

to excuse Terry as an idiot.

When me and Ritchie

weren't looking

he was using the equipment

to make porn for Adele here.

I don't think there's

anything wrong with it.

I mean, a little porn

is healthy now and then.

You guys are all perverts, okay?

Hey, look at these.

These are our girls.

Ah, look how much they've grown.

That's, um, Anabel,

and that's Betsy.

So beautiful.

Now, Ritchie...

Oh, they're gorgeous.

Yeah.

What's currency exchange?

That's when he watches the

market, like everybody else,

and he looks for trends. Okay.

Like, um, natural

disaster or typhus,

then he takes

advantage of inflation.

And waits.

Is that right?

That's pretty good.

Pretty good.

You got all

the inside information?

No. Vendor makes
the decisions.
He's the one who pays me.
In Valentino suits?
Uh, it's Bloomingdale's.
Hey, this is actually...
This is genuine Chinese silk.
It's nice, right?
Did you pick it out for him?
Absolutely not.
It's a nice shirt, Terry.
Shows off your hair.
Thank you. I spent a lot
of money on this shit.
That is pretty awkward.
That was really excellent.
Thanks a lot.
Thank you.
Keep the change.
See us again, sir.
You got dinner? Yeah,
no skin off my nose.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
So what do you think?
About what?
Olivia?
She's all right.
What is that supposed to mean?
Uh, you seem happy enough.
I'm happy for you. Okay.
What do you want me to
say? She ain't my type.
Well, I'm sorry you had
to be seen with us.
What's your problem, Dino?
Forgot already?
You couldn't even talk to a girl
unless I made the first move.
I suppose. You're my
best friend, Ritchie.
That's true. So I just
think about you all the time.
I wonder how you're

doing, how your family is.
You know, I used
to take care of you.
Now I have to call your wife
every time I want to see you? Really?
I'm doing great.
All right, that's good. I'm sorry.
Look, I, really, I'm sorry.
It's just that I miss you, you know?
It's okay.
Yeah.
Can I have a hug?
Give me a hug.
A hug? Jesus Christ. Why
are you hugging my husband?
My best friend?
Where did Olivia go?
She's in the restroom.
She's all locked in there. Really?
Try it.
It's the purest shit
you can find.
It's good.
Like I told you.
Same deal we spoke about?
Yeah, unless you want to
give me more money. No.
Here.
We should count it.
Oh! Oh!
Oh.
Oh.
Oh, shit.
Mom? Betsy woke
me up. Son of a bitch.
Uh...
Go back to bed.
She had a bad
dream. This is not fair.
Oh.
Hold on.
Hm.
All right.
What the hell is going on?

Can I come in the bed, please?

Secretary

of State Henry Kissinger says
he will ask Congress for funds.

They're coming
back from Vietnam?

Y eah.

Dad?

What?

Sister Marjorie says
it's God's will.

What's God's will?

The people who died in Vietnam.

That doesn't really make sense to me.

Well, you know, honey, there's
just too many people in the world
for God to care about everyone.

So that's why we look
after each other.

Yeah, your mom's right. God's
got nothing to do with it.

There's nothing else on?

They got school, Ritchie.

They got school real early.

Mom's the boss.

Can I stay in here with you?

Not tonight.

Come on. You'll be all right.

Come on, girls.

No more bad dreams.

All right.

All right, goodnight.

Love you.

Love you. Just count
sheep. That's what I do.

I'll try it.

You're the one who wanted to
send them to Catholic school.

I was an altar boy.

Oh, yeah.

Come here.

Hey, Jimmy.

Hey, Josh.

Who's up there?

The Gambino guy, Leo Marks.
Leo?
Yeah.
You know something, Leo?
One of these days I'm not going
to let you in here anymore.
I'm starting to associate
your face with bad news. Salud.
I got where I am by doing
what's right, Roy. Salud.
Oh, yeah?
Is that how it works?
You know, I'm the one
delivering the message.
Not receiving it.
All right, well,
what's the message?
Rosenthal steals
half a mil in cocaine,
then shoots the couriers.
You're being held responsible
by the Cubans for his actions.
How do you figure that? How
the fuck am I responsible?
He goes around throwing your
name. Demeo this, Demeo that.
Starts a war, so now everyone
thinks you're involved.
He was just trying
to help me out, Leo!
Help you out?
Ha!
Then it's your fault you
made him feel sorry for you.
You want to be friends
with the Gambinos,
then be real with me.
I understand you got this
relationship with Rosenthal.
But the couriers he
killed and stole from,
they were linked
to the Callies, Roy.
Nothing gets forgotten.

Leo, you're asking me
to kill Rosenthal?
Why don't you stop asking
questions you know the answers to?
I took the kid
from the streets!
I raised him like he was one of my own.
Then that's your problem.
Kid goes around telling
everybody he's your son
and they hold the...
the father accountable.
They were fucking
coked out delivery boys!
Who gives a fuck? Who
gives a shit about them?
But that's not the point.
You understand? They'll come
after you and him no matter what.
Do you fucking understand that in
your fucking thick head? Yes! Fuck me.
You get what I'm telling
you? Yeah, I get it.
Even people you consider
friends will come after him.
You got that friend, Marty.
What about Marty?
He already started spreading
the word where to find him.
This is one big fucking
mess we don't need, Roy.
Clean it up.
The property is in Vernon and
he's asking Atlantic City price.
Dad, we got to go.
Gambling
is going legal any day.
They're condominiums,
not a casino.
You got to understand,
it's a seller's market.
With the rumors of gambling going legal,
property values are
going through the roof.

Tell them I 'm not going
above 150, all right?

You're changing your tie.

He won't give me the time of day.

I'll have to call you back later.

All right.

Take care.

Hey, I'm going shopping.

Need anything?

More cologne?

What, again?

Yeah.

You got a girlfriend

I don't know about?

No, it's for you, baby. Mom.

Have a great day

at school, sweetie.

All right, bye.

Bye.

Oh, yeah.

Oh, yeah.

Look at that.

Let's go, Bets!

Don't take any crap
from any nuns.

Okay, I won't.

Coming.

Come here.

Bye.

Love you.

Love you.

Love you, too.

All right.

See you after school.

There's no sound on this,
but tell me your name.

Alex.

Alex.

Very nice to meet you, Alex.

I'm Marty.

Very nice.

Ah, look at that.

Bare your soul.

Okay, you like that?

I like that.
No! No!
Yes, he asked
me about Rosenthal,
if I 'd seen him lately
and I said not in a while! That's all.
That's... yes,
that's all.
Of course, yes.
I swear to God. Yes.
As soon as possible.
Thank you, Roy.
He wants to talk to you.
Yeah?
Right.
Ah. Guess everyone has
a soft spot, right?
Guess so.
Hey, what the fuck's going on?
He changed his mind.
No, no, no, no.
Look,
Rosenthal's my best friend.
I would never say anything.
Not my problem.
Well, do-no! No!
Not-Please don't!
God, please!
God, please!
What, are you praying?
God, please! Please!
You really believe that?
You think God will
come down and save you?
All right. I'll give you some time.
Pray to God.
Tell him to come
down and stop me.
Go ahead.
Our Father...
Our Father...
Mm-hm.
All right, then.
All right, all right, all right.

I'm not feeling nothing.
Nothing at all.
Harder.
What? I'm...
This your last chance.
No. No. Don't.
I think God's busy.
Please... please,
I didn't see anything.
I'm not Shannon.
I'm Alex.
She's his girl usually.
I don't know him. L...
Doesn't fucking matter!
I promise I won't say anything.
Shh. How old are you?
Seventeen.
Get out. Come on.
Come on. Get dressed.
Come on.
Better hurry up.
Come on.
Just get out of here.
Hey, Polack.
What?
Let's take a ride.
Why?
Suit yourself.
What the hell are you up to?
Guess the man didn't
want to take any chances,
putting us both
on the same mark.
Kuklinski, right?
Yeah.
Robert Pronge. Introductions
are long overdue.
- Who's the girl?
- I don't know her.
And you let her go?
I don't kill women or children.
You're going to kill
your reputation.
What are you doing?

She saw my face.
Stop the car.
Stop the car now.
The odds are against you.
You shoot the captain,
the ship goes down.
Stop the fucking car!
Aw, what the fuck is
the matter with you?
Christ! Are you
fucking nuts?
Got to keep my reputation.
You owe me a window, Polack.
Yeah, I'll pay you back
someday.
You want to get the fuck out of the way?
Stupid motherfucker.
Vegetables are good for you.
Didn't your mom
ever tell you that?
No.
No? What about leaving
witnesses at a murder scene?
She forget to tell you
that one, too?
I guess she didn't
give me much advice.
She was a kid, Roy.
That's right.
Young girls are notorious for
keeping their fucking mouths shut.
She doesn't even know me.
They got nothing' on me.
Can I do something? No.
Jimmy.
Thing is? I told you
to zip it the fuck up.
I did. I'm getting paranoid, Polack.
And it's all because he
wanted to help me out.
The Gambinos want to hurt me.
The Callies want my
whole fucking family dead.
The other day, there's a

car that I don't recognize,
it's parked
outside of my house.
Looked Cuban enough,
piece of shit car,
dark skin, I think one thing.
So I panic.
Turns out it's a
fucking Puerto Rican kid
selling vacuum cleaners
to help pay his way through
college. You get it now?
I'm not going to do a thing
until this is resolved.
For now, you're decommissioned.
We all got to make
sacrifices to stay alive.
I need to work, Roy.
I'm good at what I do.
If that were true,
then I wouldn't have
any fucking loose ends, now, would I?
Nothing is done in my name until
we figure this out. Nothing.
Let me do something
on the side.
Not a fucking thing.
Roy...
No. Nothing.
Tell me that you understand.
I brought you into this,
and now I'm letting you go.
I don't fucking
hear you, Polack.
I understand.
Here's some money
to hold you over.
Josh, let's get
the fuck out of here.
What?
Hello?
This is a
call from Hudson County Jail.
If you'd like to take the

call, please remain on the line.

Who was that?

There you go.

Thanks.

Ritchie.

What is it, almost 11 years?

How are you doing, Joey?

You're looking at it.

I've got bed bugs.

You got big.

Yeah.

Probably more pissed I killed
that dog than the girl, huh?

She was 12 years old.

Wasn't my fault.

She started screaming.

After all these years,
you got someplace to go?

Yeah, I told my kids I 'd
take them roller skating.

You're a family man now?

That makes me an uncle?

What, girls, boys, what?

Two daughters.

What are their names?

Anabel and Betsy.

Come on.

You and me, Ritchie, we're too
fucked in the head for family.

You know that.

Speak for yourself.

Think you're different
than me, huh?

I don 't have to think
about it.

Oh, yeah?

What about those stray dogs?

The ones you tied
to the express train?

You going to tell that story
to your daughters?

What about that boy? What
was his name, uh, Frank?

You caved his head in with

that shower pole. Remember?
Yeah, I saw you doing it, but I didn't
say nothing 'cause I'm your brother.
I don't want you to call
the house anymore.
Why?
Because I don 't want to have
to explain to people who you are.
What if I do, huh?
What if I want to be an uncle?
U ncle Joey?
Hey! I'm sorry,
all right?
Hey, Ritchie, please.
I need you.
I need your help.
Come back.
The old man used to count
them out in Polish, remember?
Every punch he landed,
you counted, too.
He got so pissed,
he forgot about me.
What do you need, Joey?
A lawyer.
There 's a guy in Trenton,
he said he 'd take me on.
He wants ten grand to start.
I don 't have that kind
of cash.
Well, do you know
anybody that does?
Joey, look, it don 't matter.
You killed a little girl.
Nobody's going to forgive
you, okay?
Y ea h, I know I did.
I know.
A wife?
Fucking kids?
Who are you kidding?
You're going to end up
just like me, right here.
So go fuck you

and your fucking family.
Take care.
Hey! Where you going?
I can
't stand it! Richard!
Don 't leave me again,
you motherfucker!
Goddamn! You fuck!
Get the fuck off me!
Fuck you!
Son of a bitch!
Hey, Daddy.
Hi, Mom! Hi! You're doing great, girls.
Hey, girls.
What's going on with Ritchie?
I see he got the day off again.
Yeah, off,
I don't know about off.
He seems to be making his
own schedule these days.
You know what I mean?
You know, you can ask
him what's going on, Deb.
You're his wife. It's
got to be a work issue.
And if it is?
If your husband's been laid
off, it's your business.
You're the one holding
down the house.
That's all I'm saying.
So much fun.
You looked great.
Thank you.
You look great, too.
Thanks.
So much fun.
Christ!
You all right?
Yeah. You okay honey?
Yeah.
You didn't hit your head?
Hey! You going to get on out
and take a look at it?

Why don't you just
get back in your car?
Hey, fuck you, lady!
Oh, Ritchie.
Ritchie!
All right, all right,
all right, sorry, sorry!
Hey, you hit my car!
Get in your fucking car.
Peace, man.
Son of a bitch.
You know what? Fuck you!
And fuck your family!
Ritchie! Ritchie!
Stop the car!
What are you doing?
Stop!
Stop the car!
Dad!
Daddy, stop it! Stop!
Dad, stop the car!
Dad!
Dad, stop, please!
Daddy! Please!
Just, just stop the car!
Daddy, stop it!
Dad, stop!
Stop the car! Dad!
What is wrong with you?
I'm sorry.
Are you okay?
She's okay.
She's okay.
The Golden
Nugget in Atlantic City.
You really have
to see it to believe it.
What are you doing up?
Can't sleep.
Anything on?
Not really.
What's going on, Ritchie?
Please, talk to me.
I'm all right.

That's it?
The condo prices
in AC skyrocketed.
You know that's not
what I'm talking about.
I just lost my temper.
So, what?
Yeah. Yeah. That's been
happening a lot lately.
The guy told you
to go fuck yourself.
You think I'm going
to take that?
So you put everyone at risk?
That's...
that's not what I meant to do.
I said, "I'm sorry."
I don't want to talk
about it anymore.
Ritchie, you-you-you
got to just talk to me.
Got to tell me.
You and me, we've been through enough.
We got too much good here
for you to be acting this way.
What way? Like you don't care anymore.
So that's what you think?
I don't care anymore?
I see. I don't get
the benefit of the doubt?
Really?
Of course, you do.
I buy you all this shit,
I buy you this fucking house?
I buy you your fucking jewelry.
I send the girls
to private school!
Do not raise your voice
to me, Richard.
"Richard?" What happened
to "Ritchie?" I don't know.
Yeah? Well, fuck you!
I don't give a shit what you
fucking think about anything!

Fuck!
Oh, Richard!
Richard!
I'm so sorry.
Please. I'm so sorry. Deb...
This is it, okay?
You and the girls.
That is all I care about
in the whole fucking world.
Do you understand me?
Yeah.
That's it.
I know. I know. I do. I know. I know.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.
I'm so sorry.
There you go.
Thank you.
All right, kids, that's it.
Go on home. We're closed.
No, wait.
Please, Mr. Freezy.
My little brother wants
a strawberry shortcake.
My mom gave us three
dollars. Is that enough?
Yeah, it's on the
house. Get out of here.
Thank you.
So, is it my lucky day,
or my last?
You got a second?
So who do you work for?
I work for everyone.
Gambinos, Lucchese,
Pananos, you name it.
What about you? Red with
the arrow through the eye?
That was you, wasn't it?
That's fucking legendary.
Was that target practice?
Somebody wants somebody dead,
who am I to question it?
Yeah. Remember
her? The cutie you let slide?

Force-fed her
a puffer fish.
Been frozen since the
last time I saw you.
Three more months I'll
dump her up in Pittsburgh.
There 's a crack out there, sold
his meds, started torching bodies.
I 'll do the same to her.
Pin it on that crazy fucker.
Roy put you up to that?
You know he did. Hm. Let
me show you something.
Coroners are lazier than cops.
If it looks like
a heart attack, it is.
Arsenic?
Pure cyanide.
Careful. It's rare.
Pricey. Comes as a powder.
You can liquefy it,
spray it, bake it
in a fucking cake.
Pour it in a guy's shirt, he's
dead before you can say I'm sorry.
No more stake outs.
I can do that anywhere.
I don't have any friends,
so it makes it easy.
I only feel alone
around other people.
Couldn't be truer.
You got a family?
My son's a decent kid,
despite his cunt mother.
Well, here's my situation.
I'm currently unemployable.
Except maybe by the
rat who turned me in.
Look, Polack,
I'm good at my job.
Just because you fucked up
doesn't mean I owe you shit.
I'll make it worth your while.

You take care of the
details, I do the hit.
No risk.
We split it 50-50.
You trying to be my partner?
No. This is short term.
Roy's got to think I'm retired.
You're Polish, I'm Dutch Irish.
We're not exactly
membership material.
We might as well look
out for each other. Mm-hm.
Going to need more shelves.
Mr. Kuklinski,
it's good to see you all again.
Good to see you, George.
My, your ladies
look radiant tonight.
Don't they always?
Indeed. Your table.
Thanks, George.
My pleasure, sir.
June 2nd, 1979?
Fuck, does it feel
like two years
since we laid
this fucking steak?
I don't remember.
Going to take a while
to defrost.
Nah, 24 hours they'll be good.
So I went into your office
to get your jacket
to take to the cleaners
and there was a lot of
money in that pocket.
I sold high on 300,000 francs.
That's about thirty grand.
Thirty grand?
Mm-hm.
Wow.
I'm really proud of you,
Ritchie. I really am. Hm.
Hey.

Hey.
Hey, Roy.
How are you doing, Leo?
Have a seat, Josh.
Yeah, yeah, what's going on?
Roy?
You can't, Roy.
You, you can't.
Wait, wait, Roy.
Come on, now.
Listen, listen. I'll,
I'll, I'll disappear, okay?
No one will ever hear from me.
Roy, Roy, hold-hold-hold, fuck!
Roy. No, you can 't. Sorry, Josh.
Oh!
I can't! I can't!
What the fuck are you doing
here, for Christ's sake?
All right, all right, all
right! Stop! Just stop! Get off!
Get the fuck off me!
Just get... You don't fucking touch
me, you fucking son of a bitch!
Will you leave?
Just go! It's done.
Just fucking go.
You're done. You're a dead man, Scicoli.
It's got to look
like a natural death.
Like he choked on a steak,
or had a heart attack,
something like that.
I want to be able to go to the funeral,
give my condolences to Roy.
Cry like an old grandmother
and not have my conscience bother me.
You get what I'm saying.
Yeah, I got it.
I'll give you 40 grand.
And if there's no suspicion at all,
and I mean at all,
I'll throw in another
ten as a holiday bonus.

You can finish jerking off.
Cheer up, Polack.
You look like you
don't want to be here.
If I didn't have to leave
the house, I wouldn't.
You sure Leo said 40?
Yeah.
With an extra ten if it
looks like natural causes.
We use cyanide?
Yeah.
Use those new spray
bottles I got.
Sneeze on him, one spray,
tss, he's done. Don't miss.
Hitting Roy's man could
complicate things for us.
Well, at the price
Leo's willing to pay,
this will be it.
So how's Atlantic City looking?
Eh, I should have bought in
before gambling went legal.
Richard Kuklinski, a landlord.
Shit, I give you two months.
You're going to be bored out
of your fucking tree.
More likely they'll find a couple
tenants under the boardwalk.
Think people are
looking at you, just act gay.
You know, swishy.
Polack, what the fuck
are you doing here?
Where are you going?
Where are you going?
Baby. Baby,
you okay? What happened?
Somebody
call an ambulance! Are you sick?
Hey, you fuck...
Yo, Ritchie! Ritchie!
Yo, Ritchie!

Ritchie!
I'll meet you in the car.
Hey!
Yo, we was just talking about you.
Yeah?
Motherfucker, look at you, big guy.
How you doing, Terry?
What the hell
happened in there?
I don't know, looked
like a heart attack to me.
Ah!
How you doing, Adele?
I'm good.
How you doing, Ritchie?
Not bad.
Staying fit.
Give us a second, babe?
I'm freezing here.
Just hang,
just one minute, okay?
Okay.
Dino tells me you've
been working in Brooklyn.
Says you're the first Polack
that's going to be made.
I don't know
what you're talking about.
He said you got on
with Roy Demeo's crew.
What can I do for you, Terry?
I could use some work.
I'm married,
I got two kids now.
Well, I'll see what I can do. Okay?
Good to see you.
Take care, Adele.
Good to see you, Ritchie.
Come on with the fucking guy.
Roses are red, violets...
My Anabel...
is golden...
as the light of the moon.
My Anabel is golden...

as the light of the moon.

Nice.

Nice.

You just take the can, you
drain it and you just dump it.

Yeah, I am excited.

Gosh, oh my gosh, I'm 16!

Or what? Nobody's
even eating any of this.

I don't like it.

Hi.

How you doing, baby?

That looks nice, honey.

Excuse me, Ritchie.

That's what I
really want for my birthday.

What are you doing?

Got a speech. I love it.

Yeah. Yeah.

Okay.

Roses are red,
violets are blue.

My Anabel is as golden
as the light of the moon.

Salud!

I'm not finished.

Today is her birthday, a
blessing for all.

Let's wish her a good one,
and have us a ball.

That's
beautiful! Happy birthday!

Thank you.

Oh, baby, I love you so much.

He wrote the same poem
for my sweet sixteen.

Oh, really?

Happy birthday.

Thank you.

You look great.

Hey, baby.

Thank you so much.

I didn't know
you had it in you.

Happy birthday!
Who wants cake?
I want some cake.
I got the knife over here.
Happy sweet 16th...
Aw, thank you.
Hey, Ritchie. What the
fuck are you doing here?
Roy wants to see you. I
don't give a shit. Get lost.
Happy birthday.
Thank you. Oh
my gosh. Look at this!
All right, Roy, do you
mind moving down the block?
My daughter's birthday's
going on in there.
Roy, I have guests. My
whole family is there.
Maybe I should go in and
say happy birthday to her.
You're doing hits with Freezy
for Leo Marks behind my back?
After what I've been
through with Rosenthal?
Now you're going to send me
to another fucking funeral?
I don't know what you're talking about.
Don't fucking lie to me. Who
do you think you're talking to?
You fucking lie to me.
Maybe we'll talk
to your friend Terry,
seems to think that
you and I are friends.
I can't imagine what
you've been telling them.
Poor sons of bitches, thinking
their dad's a decent guy.
What are you
going to tell your wife
when I fucking blow
your kids' heads off?
You think you got

something good?
Man becomes so full of it,
he forgets what's true.
Roy.
Jimmy, get her the fuck
out of here, now.
Go back inside.
Don't let him touch her.
Don't let him touch her.
Daddy?
Daddy?
What's going on?
All right, Jimmy,
wait a minute.
You best be looking over your shoulder
'cause if we cross paths again,
I'm going to bury your
whole fucking family.
Now get out of my fucking car, Polack.
Hey, baby.
It's okay.
Who are they?
Oh, nobody.
Nobody you need to worry about.
Relax. Everything's okay.
I'll be in in a second.
It's fine.
You're fine.
Everything okay, Ritchie?
What the fuck
did you tell Terry?
What the... I don't know.
You should probably
go talk to him.
What happened?
Eh, eh...
It's a misunderstanding.
It's Anabel's birthday,
Ritchie.
I got in a deal
with the wrong guys.
They want the interest paid
before I sell the currency.
And they came here to collect?

They're not from the bank.
You are full of shit, Ritchie.
Yeah... yeah.
All right, I'm going back
down. You should come.
Dad? What is going on?
It's okay, honey.
Are you coming back
to the party?
I'll be down
in a second, sweetie.
Fuck!
Yeah, I got
this guy in Connecticut, Sam Gunderson.
He fences Corvettes to Kuwait.
For every one you bring him, he 'll
give you 40 percent on the window price.
What's the game plan?
You just scout the dealership,
pretend you want to buy.
Take a test drive,
and you get a key made.
Come back later and take it off the lot.
Just like that?
What about you?
What about me?
I was just thinking.
I got nothing to do with it.
You asked me to hook
you up with a job, I did.
Thank you, Ritchie.
Thank you.
There's a York Motel
in Jersey City.
Tomorrow night I'll
introduce you to Sale.
Okay. Uh, I forgot to
tell you.
I met your friend Roy Demeo at Yawns.
Yeah, I heard about that.
He pretended
he didn't know you.
That's okay.
I'll see you tomorrow, Terry.

Thanks again.
Thanks again.
You want to be
my friend, Terry?
Then you keep
your fucking mouth shut.
Oh! Oh! Oh my.
What did Santa get me?
Oh.
Oh, oh, my...
Let me see.
You like it?
Oh...
Mm, I love you.
I love you.
Look at this.
Um, Dad.
Can you believe this. I
can't believe I got it.
I have got to try this on.
Mom, is it okay
if I go over to Amanda's?
It's Christmas Day.
I know, I know, but I just, I want to
give her a present before she leaves.
An hour, tops.
Okay, okay.
All right, look at how it...
Oh, my gosh.
This is, this is... So pretty.
Honey, I can't get the clasp.
Damn.
Where are you going?
I'll be right back.
On Christmas Day? Honey.
Yeah, yeah. I know, Deb.
I'll be right back.
Leo's fucking paranoid.
He thinks Roy knows
he ordered the hit.
So now he's only offering
ten Gs. You there?
Yeah.
Yeah, it's been three

months already. Come on.
Listen, we'll take
the ten grand.
It's generous
considering the circumstances.
Atlantic City can wait.
No.
This is it. This money, this job.
No, we'll wait for this to
settle, and put the word out.
Two or three more jobs, you can
put a down payment on Steel Pier.
Where is he going to be at?
Dad? It's a cemetery in Bergen.
Dad?
Hey! Fuck.
Hello?
Yes, yes, I'm here.
Leo Marks is not man we can
fuck with. Do you hear me?
Dad, it's not working.
I said I'm on the fucking
phone! Polack. Hello?
We did him in a crowded club.
That's a risk
I don't normally take.
Forty plus ten was the deal.
You've ruined my fucking Christmas.
You're lucky you get away with ten.
You promised fifty.
And Chamberlain promised peace.
You know who that is?
I agreed to meet with you because I was
told you were going to give a discount.
Three months.
You keep me waiting
three months.
Fifty is a discount.
Fifty is a fuck you.
You and Freezy better
get your story straight.
Leo, I just want to go home.
I just want my money.
Hm.

You got some pair of balls.
You fuck up a job and
now you want your money.
No, now that Roy
knows I hired you,
you get nothing.
Give me the money, Leo.
Get the fuck
out of my car, Polack.
Yeah!
Hey, don't you fucking do that.
You don't fucking do that.
You're a dead man.
Look, you're good
at what you do. Okay?
Don't fuck it up any more
than you already have.
Now just get out of here.
Go.
Go home to your family.
Life can be
very random sometimes.
Yeah. You're right.
What the fuck?
Goddamn it!
You fuck! You fuck!
Hello?
Betsy? You paged me?
Yes, Daddy.
There was an accident. It's
Anabel. She's in the hospital.
What happened, honey?
It was a hit and run.
We're at Glen Heights Hospital.
Come on.
Come now, please!
Honey.
Hey.
Hey, sweetie. Come here.
Come here, sweetie.
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
Hey. That's my...
I'm going to go in, okay.
Okay.

Just sit down.
Sit down.
This is the end of it.
There ain't going to be
nothing else to be afraid of.
I promise.
I didn't know I
was supposed to be afraid.
What did the cops say? Uh, they
say a hit and run, no witnesses?
Did they get a make
and model on the car?
I don't know. Well,
didn't you talk to them?
This was done on purpose.
They were just waiting
for her, Ritchie.
Three blocks from our house.
No, don't you touch her.
I'm going to find out
who did this.
Yeah, you better.
Oh, my God.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry!
I'm sorry!
Sorry! I'm sorry!
You're looking a little
pale, Polack. How are you?
I'm not sure. Why are
you all cleaned up?
Yeah, well, let me give you a clue.
We both should
be scared shitless.
Well, they're not looking
for an ice cream truck.
I know, they're looking for the Iceman.
Lucky son of a bitch.
I ought to charge you royalties
for headlines like that.
That was your friend,
right? Guy outside the club?
Yeah, but he's not my friend.
No shit.
Listen, it's only

a matter of time now.
Roy knows he's a dead man unless
you come forward on Leo Marks.
He's got to prove you
pulled the trigger.
My wife.
Our kids.
They're all fucking
threats now.
Doesn't matter if they love you
if they think
you're a murderer.
Maybe there's a way we
can do each other a favor.
What?
Kill my family.
You kill mine, I'll kill yours.
I know where you live. I
wouldn't even wake you up.
Listen, the way I see
it, it's a lose lose.
Either we get pinched,
or Roy finds us.
Either way, we go away
and everybody suffers.
How do you know?
What?
How do you know where I live?
Course I know where you
live. You mentioned it.
Nah. I never
told you that.
Fuck!
What the fuck
is wrong with you?
Get your hand out
of your pocket.
I'm getting a fucking tissue.
Relax!
Fuck! Jesus Christ!
You know, considering
your nerves
maybe we should renegotiate
our little partnership, pal.

Can I blow my
nose now? Jesus Christ.
What's up, Ritchie?
Shit. Hey.
I'm fucking exhausted.
How do you know this guy?
He used to work with me.
Yeah?
Chopping twenties at the store.
Sister used to work for a chemist,
so he's probably your best bet.
You trust him?
Do I trust him?
Yeah, I guess.
It's not my usual thing,
but he gets whatever I need.
I know him from Brooklyn.
Dominick Provenzano?
Yeah.
I'll give him a shot. I
got to kill this cocksucker.
Ritchie, you don't hurt
a guy like Roy Demeo
without something
happening to you, you know?
Yeah, that's why I need
it. There can't be a trace.
He's coming after my family.
How do you know it's him?
Because, he said he was
going to come after my family.
Then get the fuck out of town.
Take Deb and the kids
and get out of here.
Do you need money or something? Nah.
Nah, I got to take
care of this first.
Did you hear about
Terry? Yeah. It's sad.
It's fucking crazy. They're
calling him the Iceman.
Terry tells me he's got
something with some guy.
Next thing you know,

he's fucking dead.
Found him on the side of
the highway in a garbage bag.
Fucking crazy killer
fucking freezes his bodies
so the cops won't know
the fucking time of death.
I mean, do you believe this shit?
What guy?
What do you mean?
Who was Terry going to meet?
I don't know.
He never told me.
The police talk to you?
Yeah, twice.
But what do I know?
Dino, thanks for coming, all right?
Hey.
Of course, Ritchie.
Let's go see the girls, huh?
Yeah.
How you doing?
Dominick.
Yeah. Wow,
you're a big guy.
A lot bigger than you
sound on the phone.
Hey, you know what they say.
No, I have no idea.
That's just what they say.
So...
One sec.
Look, I'll be honest
with you, you know?
I like Dino, but, you know,
sometimes he's so full of it
you never really know who
his friends are. You know?
Oh, yeah. Yeah.
So, look, you know.
I, I don't really understand this
whole cyanide thing, you know?
I'm curious, you know,
how's this thing work?

You put the stuff in a mist.
You spray it in someone's
face, they fall asleep.
I tell you, you know, it could
take some time to get that shit.
How long are we talking?
Well, it might take
a week or two.
That's too long.
Oh, I mean, I can tell
you wanna, you know.
I'm going to need
some cash then.
Not until delivery.
Well...
it wouldn't have to be.
Tell you what. I got
this trust fund kid, okay?
I've been supplying him with
coke for about couple years now.
He wants me to get him two Ks.
All this cyanide talk and
everything, it's got me thinking.
Thinking what?
We could kill two birds
here with one stone.
Well, that's always
a good idea.
Kill two birds with one stone.
Hey, you know, I could... I
could take care of the cyanide
but, I'm going to need you
to take care of the kid.
Why?
He's a fucking degenerate.
He's got markers all over
the fucking place, you know?
Besides, he holds a grudge. He's
liable to blackmail me and bail him out.
You do me this favor
and I'll split you with
his payment 50-50, okay?
We'll keep the coke
and the cash.

Deal is worth 60 grand, easy.
And I'll have that shit to
you by next week. No problem.
Who you work for?
I work with Luchezi family.
You know?
But I got to keep that
low key, you know?
They want a piece of every
fucking thing that I got.
Don't worry.
I'm Polish.
I work for everybody.
That's good to hear.
He likes the
offer, but he's still looking for 315.
And he'll get it, too, with
property that close to Atlantic City.
315, huh? What's the
down payment on that?
We could have gone
at 15 percent,
but because it's all
cash, it's 40 grand.
40. Okay.
T ell them I'm in.
I'll have the balance
in the next couple days.
You sure?
Yeah, I'm working on it.
It's as sound as it gets,
Mr. Kuklinski.
There's no reason the building
won't be filled by the end of the year.
Can you come by tomorrow
to finish the paperwork?
Yeah, I'll call you
to schedule tomorrow.
I hope you're
as excited as I am.
Yeah, I am.
Great! Take care, Mr. Kuklinski.
Thanks.
How are you feeling?

Agh.

You still got a fever.

Mm.

I left Anabel...

physical therapy at 4:00.

Yeah, I'll take her.

Oh, it's just the flu,

Ritchie. I can do it.

Uh-uh. Let the doctor
tell me that.

I'll make you

an appointment, okay?

Okay.

Hey, how you doing, big guy?

Show me what you got.

Please, I had a half a dozen
waivers to forge for that shit.

It's 11:

you back here at 1:30.

What time did you tell the kid?

2:

uh, cyanide in the coke, right?

No, I'm going

to make sandwiches.

It's lunchtime.

We'll eat, too. Okay?

Here you go come on.

Here, kitty.

Here you go.

Yeah, good, huh?

Okay. All right.

There you go.

Something's not right.

Honey?

Nothing.

Oh, my God!

Ritchie!

Ritchie!

Oh, my God!

Get out of the car,

Mr. Kuklinski!

Get out of the vehicle!

Ritchie?
Don't move.
- Get the fuck out of the car now!
- Keep your hands up!
Get out of the fucking
car now! Put your hands up!
Put your hands on the wheel!
Open the door!
Get the fuck
out of the car now!
It's locked.
Get out of the car now!
Break it!
Put your hands somewhere
I can see them!
No! No! Don't!
Don't you touch him!
Get out of the car!
Come here!
Don't you touch my...
Ritchie!
You leave her alone!
You fucking sons of a bitches!
I'll fucking kill every
last one of you! Ritchie!
Throw him down right now.
Come on, in.
Get him down!
Put him down!
No!
Get him down!
No!
Take him down.
Ritchie!
Ritchie!
Hold him down!
Hold him down!
You've got the right
to remain silent.
Anything you say or do
can and will be...
All these fucking guys
for one little guy!
Huh? You think

you're fucking tough?
Come on, you piece of shit.
Get him in!
Come on, get in!
Close the door!
Great job.
Hey, Dominick!
Good job.
Yeah!
Yeah.
You recognize that guy?
Ritchie.
Rich!
Rich!
Law enforcement
authorities have arrested
one of the most notorious
contract killers
in state history.
A self-employed Bergen
County man is behind bars.
He is such a cold-blooded
killer, they call him The Iceman.
Mr. Kuklinski, please rise.
I never felt sorry
for anything I done...
other than hurting my family.
The only
thing I feel sorry for.
I'm not looking
for forgiveness.
I'm not repenting.
I know I'm wrong.
I'm wrong.
I do want
my family to forgive me.
Oh, boy.
Ain't going to make this one.
Holy shit.
This would never be me.
This would not be me.
You see the Iceman crying?
Not very macho.
But I hurt people...

that mean everything to me.
But the only people
that mean anything to me.
Walk on down the road #
Two separate lives #
One not more than the other #
Unbalanced my mind #
Forget regret #
There 's no looking back #
Sometimes I wish
I was another #
But there 's
no looking back #
Don 't stand
never change it #
Steady to middle #
Black and white
Two straight lines #
To the bitter end #
Ooh #
Ooh ooh #
Ooh ooh #
No one sees pain #
It's not on display #
Deep into my silence #
You fade into gray #
Where did I get off #
And who 's got my back #
Since I'm doing shows
and other #
But there 's
no looking back #
Constant never changing #
Steady to middle #
Black and white
Two straight lines #
To the bitter end ##
Ooh #
Ooh ooh #
Ooh ooh #
Ooh ooh