Ladies and gentlemen...
the motion picture you are about to see
is called The Naked City.
My name is Mark Hellinger.
I was in charge of its production.
And I may as well tell you frankly that it's
a bit different from most films you've ever seen.
It was written by Albert Maltz
and Malvin Wald...
photographed by William Daniels
and directed by Jules Dassin.

As you see,
we're flying over an island.
A city. A particular city.
And this is a story of a number of people -
and a story of the city itself.
It was not photographed in a studio.
Quite the contrary.
Barry Fitzgerald, our star...
Howard Duff, Dorothy Hart...
Don Taylor, Ted de Corsia
and the other actors...
played out their roles on the streets,
in the apartment houses...
in the skyscrapers
of New York itself.
And along with them, a great many thousand
New Yorkers played out their roles also.

This is the city as it is.
Hot summer pavements,
the children at play...
the buildings in their naked stone...
the people, without makeup.
Well, let's begin our story this way.

It's 1:
on a hot summer night...
and this is the face of New York
when it's asleep.
Or as nearly asleep as any city ever is.
Bad hunting on Wall Street at night.
No bulls. No bears.
No lambs.
A bank is a lonely place at this hour.
And even a theater has lost its magic.

A question:
in a factory ever need rest?
Does a ship ever feel tired?
Or is it only people
who are so weary at night?
There is a pulse to a city.
And it never stops beating.
And some people
earn their bread at night.
Sometimes I think this world
is made up of nothing but dirty feet.
It's wonderful working on a newspaper.
You meet such interesting people.
You put on a record. You take it off.
You put on another. Does anyone
listen to this program except my wife?
And while some people work...
others are rounding off
an evening of relaxation.
And still another is at the close of her life.
- Let's go.
- Don't be a fool. This has gotta be sure.
- Lift her up.
- What you gonna do?
A hot night has worked its way toward dawn.
Texas beef for New York markets.
Uncle Harry's letter gets an early start.
Everything as usual.
The morning routine.
And even this, too, can be called routine...
in a city of eight million people.
I done a lot of things...
but I never killed nobody.
I'm gonna stay drunk a long time.
I don't know what I'm gonna
say to God when my time comes.
He's got a big heart, I'm told,
but he don't like -
Thought you were off the liquor.
Liquor is bad.
Weakens your character.
How can a man like me
trust a liar like you?
I can't.
It's an hour later now. 6:00 a.m.
Some babies are 8:00 babies.
Some babies are 7:00 babies.
Why do you have to be a 6:00 baby?
? Good-bye, Paddy?
? No matter where you roam?
? Don't forget your country
or the ones you left at home?
? Write a letter now and then
and send me all you can?
? But, Paddy, dear
oh, don't forget?
? You are an Irish man?
And now it's time to go to work.
Eat and run, buddy.
- Uh, good-bye, Mrs. Halloran.
- Good-bye, Mr. Halloran.
Ah, come on, you little Indian.
On your horse.
- See ya tonight, Mac.
- So long, bud.
- Hello, Mr. Halloran.
- Hi, kids.
Gonna be a scorcher today.
Yeah. So next week,
I'll get my vacation, it'll be freezin'.
She went to Jones's Beach last night, had a picnic.
- With her boyfriend?
- Yeah.
- Did he get fresh again?
- Yeah.
Gee. She was born with a silver spoon.
For this woman, the day will not be ordinary.
Martha Swenson.
Forty-two years old. A widow.
Lives a quiet life as a houseworker.
Miss Dexter.
Yes. Yes.
What's your name, please?
Thank you.
Hello.
Hello.
The 10th Precinct Station...
is in the Chelsea District of New York.
A rather shabby building
on a rather shabby street.
Acts of violence in Manhattan
are reported to the third floor of this building.
Because here, rather quietly...
the Homicide Squad does its work.
Sometimes I wonder
what the human heart is made out of.
My wife, rest her soul...
always said she'd rather look into
a man's heart than into his head -
that you could tell more about him.
-Just came in, Captain.
- Morning, Lieutenant.
Hi, Dave.
You're free, aren't you, Dan?.
Haven't had a hard day's work
since yesterday.
- Woman drowned in a bathtub.
- Who's to do my legwork?.
- How about young Halloran again?
- All right. I like the boy.
- How's he doing?.
- He's making the same mistakes I made at his age.
That's too bad.
I thought he showed promise.
It's them! Here they come!
It's them! Here they come!
- Elevator's straight ahead, Lieutenant.
- Thanks.
- Who's on the job here?.
- Sergeant Shaeffer, 20th Squad.
- Morning, Lieutenant.
- Hi, Shaeffer. Well, what's the story?
Dead woman's name was Jean Dexter,
26 years old, unmarried.
She used to be a dress model
at Grace Hewitt's on West 57th Street.
Parents live in Lakewood, New Jersey.
The name is Batory. That's Polish.
Her name used to be Mary Batory
until she came to New York.
The ambulance doctor said she died of drowning. That's all I have.
- This her?
- Yeah.
Martha Swenson, the woman's housekeeper. She found the body.
Mr. Harvey - he's the house superintendent. He called headquarters.
- Where's the body?
- In there.
Didn't this woman drown in a bathtub, Doctor?
She was on the bed when I got here.
You come to work the same time every day?
- Every day except Thursday.
- That's my day off.
- Who moved the body?
Oh, when I came and saw her like that in the tub, I called Mr. Harvey here. He helped me.
You should have waited for the police.
Both of you should have known better.
- I was so upset.
- Dan. Say, Dan.
I found a bottle of pills under the bed. Looks like sleeping pills.
- Let me see 'em.
- I left them there.
Well, thankyou for that, Jimmy. This is moving day around here. I thought maybe you caught the fever.
Uh, about the pills -
Maybe the dame took an overdose. Jimmy, it's our obligation to wait for the medical examiner. He's a learned physician employed by the city to determine the cause of mysterious deaths. Let the good man earn his money.
No accident. No suicide. Bruises on her throat, shoulders and arms. Those slight burns around her mouth and nose were caused by chloroform. She was anesthetized,
after a struggle...
then dumped into the tub alive.
- How do you know that, Doctor?.
- By the white foam around her mouth.
It's proof she drowned.
- New?
- New.
- Okay, Lieutenant?
- Okay, Doctor?
- The body's yours.
- Start working, gentlemen.
Just smudges.
Dan.
Men's pajamas.
Found them in the laundry hamper.
No visible laundry marks. No label.
Real fancy.
You don't get these for 3.95.
Nick, pick up these pajamas on your way out.
I want them checked right down the line.
What time does the elevator boy come on in the morning?.

- 7:
- Martha, who belongs to these?
Oh, I don't know, sir.
I'm so unstrung.
I know you are,
but I think you'd like to help us.
Oh, I would. I would.
She was such a sweet girl. A little wild
by my standards maybe, but live and let live, I say.
- She always treated me fine.
- The pajamas, Martha.
- Oh, I'm all in pieces.
- Martha.
Well, they could belong
to Mr. Henderson.
What's Mr. Henderson's first name?
Uh, Philip, I think.
He lives in Baltimore.
At least that's what she told me.
I only saw him once.
All I know is he was
an admirer of Miss Dexter's.
- Seems likely.
- Oh, I'm all in little pieces. What a nightmare.
You're being a great help to us, Martha.
How old would you say Mr. Henderson is?
Oh, 50 about.
- What does he look like?
- Well, like I say, I only saw him once.
He was coming in just as I was going home.
He's quite tall.
On the thin side.
Anything else?
Uh, does he wear glasses? Does he -
- Oh, no, no. That's all I can remember.
- Mm-hmm.
- Do you know Henderson?
- Never saw him.
- Shoot a wire on this to Baltimore.
- Lieutenant.
Here's the ring she was wearing.
I'll phone you after the autopsy.
- Have fun.
- Always do.
Sir, that ring -
it's a black star sapphire. Very rare.
She said her brother
sent it to her from India.
- Did she have any other jewelry?
- Oh, a lot.
Valuable.
She kept it in a jewel box - locked.
- Let's go get it.
- No.
Please.
Okay. You can pick up
that bottle under the bed now.
- Check.
- That one there.
- Nick, can we open a drawer on this table?
- Yeah, I've gone over it.
- What are you doing to the furniture?
- Investigating it.
Oh, she had chamois bags
full of bracelets and rings - diamond rings!
They're gone.

Can you describe the jewelry?

Well, most of it, I think.

Fine. Shaeffer, will you -

Yes, sir.

Pretty little slumber pellets.

Jimmy, I want to go on questioning those two in there. You start your legwork.

Take the number of that prescription, see the druggist.

From him, go to the doctor.

Then go to the dress shop she worked at.

Right.

Lieutenant, the newspapermen are here.

Okay. I'm comin'.

Getting any fingerprints, Nick?

Nothing good so far.

Fragmentary print smudges.

That's all.

Looks to me like a heavy case.

A heavy case.

An investigation for murder is now underway.

It will advance methodically,

by trial and error...

by asking a thousand questions to get one answer...

by brain work and legwork.

When it comes to legwork,

Detective Jimmy Halloran is an expert.

In the war, he walked halfway across Europe with a rifle in his hand.

Up until three months ago, he was pounding a beat in the Bronx.

And now he's playing button, button in a city of eight million people.

No, the druggist can't remember Miss Dexter personally.

He'll have to look up the prescription.

Oh, yes. Here it is.

The doctor's name was Lawrence Stoneman, office in the Chaffee Building.

The Chaffee Building, Halloran.

Eighteen blocks south, four blocks west.

Nick.
How you doin'?
Not too bad.
Found these two hairs in the rug.
Mm-hmm. Getting any fingerprints?
- Nothing good yet.
- Thanks.
Martha, aside from Mr. Henderson, did Miss Dexter have any other men friends?
None that I know of, sir.
Just this Niles man. Frank Niles.
Oh, lovely man.
- What are you doing?
- Don't mind me.
Just admiring your hair.
Is Dr. Stoneman in?
- Do you have an appointment?
- I'm from the police department.
- It's quite important.
- Follow me, please.
There's your city, Halloran. Take a good look.
Jean Dexter is dead, and the answer must be somewhere down there.
Yes, sir. What can I do for you?
Have a seat.
Thank you. I want to ask you about a patient of yours.
- Jean Dexter.
- Dexter?
You wrote a prescription for her about two weeks ago - sleeping pills.
Yes. A blonde girl.
Very handsome. I remember now.
Dexter.
You from the local precinct, Officer?
- Homicide.
- Oh, don't tell me that girl murdered someone.
- Someone murdered her.
- What?
- When?
- Last night sometime.
What do you want to know?
Well, whatever you can tell me about her.
She needed a good spanking.
Took stimulants by day
and needed sleeping pills at night.
I told her to go slow,
but, no, life was too short for her.
Can you tell me anything
about the way she lived, her friends?
No. Nothing.
I saw her only that one visit.
Well, I guess that's all, Doc.
Thank you.
The dress shop is next, Halloran.
Grace Hewitt's on West 57th Street.
Imagine me in that.
I can't imagine.
In the Waldorf-Astoria,
with Franky singin'.
I can't imagine.
Oh, you! You're so uncooperative
I could slam you.
Somewhere in the back
of her pretty head...
was the fixed notion that
she couldn't be happy without being rich.
I don't think Jean ever would have married
unless the man had money - real money.
Why did you fire her?
Gentlemen sometimes
come here with their wives.
When Jean Dexter modeled, many of them
left my shop a little too interested in her.
Their wives didn't like it.
- And neither did I.
- I see.
Mmm, can I talk to her friend now -
the model you spoke about?
Ruth Morrison?
Yes, I'll call her.
- It's gettin' late. We better go.
- So what if we're late?
- The boss'1l holler.
- Let him holler. Strengthen his lungs.
Miss Morrison, I understand
you modeled with Jean Dexter.
Do you know anybody
who has cause to dislike her?
- No.
- How about Mrs. Henderson?
Who's she?
Well, Mr. Henderson and Miss Dexter
are quite friendly, aren't they?
She never told me
of a man named Henderson.
- Are you sure?
- Really, Mr. Halloran. Jean's my friend.
I don't think I want to answer any more questions
unless you tell me why you're asking them.
She was found dead this morning.
Hey! Look at the whale!
A whale should stay underwater!
Hey!
I'll slayya!
I'll cut your heads off!
- Stop, you cowards!
- Such language!
In front of a police station too.
Ah, you -
No report yet on fingerprints...
and, uh, Constantino's on his way
to Lakewood to see the girl's parents.
Um -
Got Frank Niles, Lieutenant.
Have him in.
Thank you for coming down, Mr. Niles.
I'm Lieutenant Muldoon.
Bring Mr. Niles a chair.
This is Sergeant Miller.
How do you do?
I've, uh, never been in
a police station before.
- Why'd you want to see me, Lieutenant?
- Just a routine check on something.
Did you ever run
across a girl named, uh, Dexter?
Jean Dexter?
Why, yes. We're good friends.
- And how long have you known her?
- A little over a year.
She's a model. She helps me out
in my business occasionally.
- And what business is that?
- Merchandising consultant.
I, uh, help out-of-town buyers get woolens,
dress skirts - anything in the textile line.
And you pay Miss Dexter a salary?
No. Just a bonus from time to time
when she does something.
- Like what?
- Uh, modeling, entertaining somebody for me.
- When did you see her last?
- Yesterday. We had lunch together.
Why?.
- And you haven't seen her since?
- No.
Is there anything the matter?
She's dead.
Murdered.
- Hi, Perelli.
- Hiya.
Just sit here a moment, please.
- Dan here?
- Inside talking to the guy.
Lieutenant Muldoon.
Ruth Morrison.
Friend of Dexter's. Models at Grace Hewitt's.
Hold it. I'll call her.
This is terrible.
I feel sick over it.
My hands haven't trembled like this
since I was in the South Pacific.
- Oh? What happened to you there?
- Oh, my first time in combat.
- What outfit were you in?
- 77th.
Say, I think I had a cousin in that one.
- It's a New York division, isn't it?
- Yes.
Corporal James Dennis.
No. I don't remember him.
I was a captain.
Thank you, Dave.
We won't need you anymore.
Excuse me.
We want to find the person who murdered Jean Dexter, Mr. Niles. Anything I can tell you. You know anybody who might have had a reason to kill her? Everybody liked Jean. Do you happen to know a friend of Miss Dexter's called Ruth Morrison? Ruth Morrison? No. Yes. She's a model, isn't she? Yeah. I think so. How well do you know her? Oh, I - I met her at parties once or twice that Jean gave. And how long did you know Miss Dexter? About a year. See her often? Why, yes. I, uh - Frank, why are you here? Why, uh, hello, Ruth. You don't think he could have been involved in Jean's death. He hardly knew her. How do you know? Well, of course I know. Frank and I are engaged. Congratulations. The items that make up this murder are being compiled now. They'll be listed in a folder marked "Dexter, Jean"... along with some questions. Is Henderson the murderer? Did a taxicab take him to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station? Who is Henderson? Where does he live? Who knows him? "Bulletin. Police chief. Baltimore, Maryland. "Please ascertain information about resident, your city.

"Name:

Age:
"Thin, tall build.
"Confidential. Quick Reply. Urgent.
Correspondence Bureau,
Police Department, New York City. 
Along with Henderson,
one Frank Niles is now in the case.
Every murder turns on a bright hot light...
and a lot of people,
innocent or not...
have to walk out of the shadows
to stand investigation.
I might be wanting to see you again.
Anytime you say. Jean was my friend.
And you won't leave town
without letting me know?
- Oh, all right. Good-bye.
- Good-bye.
- Lovely young girl, isn't she?
- Yeah.
- Lovely long legs.
- Yeah.
- Keep looking at 'em.
- Pleasure.
Yeah.
Uh-huh. Thanks.
Couple of things.

One:
- Dexter died between 1:00 and 2:00 a. m.
- I see.
And, uh, here...
are a few interesting items
on our friend inside.
- Mr. Niles.
- These things happen, Lieutenant.
I told you I didn't know Ruth Morrison very well.
Now you know that Ruth and I are engaged.
Can't blame a man for wanting
to keep his fiance out of a murder case, can you?
I never had a fiance in a murder case.
Just between ourselves...
you never told your fiance what good friends
you and Miss Dexter were, did you?
Uh, Ruth's a bit jealous, Lieutenant.
You understand.
Now I wonder if there's anything else
you told us about yourself...
that wasn't strictly true.
I have no reason to lie to you, Lieutenant.
I have a report in front of me that says
you never were in the South Pacific, Mr. Niles.
You weren't in the 77th Division.
You weren't an officer.
You weren't even in the army.
All right. I'm a heel.
I tried to enlist.
They wouldn't take me.
I got a trick knee from college football.
I just couldn't get in.
That's all right with me,
but why lie about it?.
I don't know.
Just foolish pride, I guess.
How did you spend the war years,
Mr. Niles?
I was in Chicago.
Same business I have now.
- Been at it long?
- Six or seven years - since college.
- Doing pretty well, huh?
- Very good these days.
Perelli back? Send him in.
Well, what can you tell us
about Mr. Niles's business?
He ain't got a business.
It's a dodge.
No credit rating.
Dropped from his university club
for nonpayment of dues.
Still owes a food and liquor
bill of $110.83.
All right. Thank you.
Well, Mr. Niles,
I've been 38 years on the force.
I've been a cop on the beat.
I've been with the Safe and Loft Squad.
I've been for 22 years
with the Homicide Squad.
But in a lifetime of interrogatin' and investigatin'...
you are probably the biggest and most willing liar I ever met.
All right. I'm a liar. I'm a circus character altogether, but I didn't kill Jean Dexter!
I told you where I was last night.
Why don't you check on that?
- We're doing that right now.
- Okay. That's fine.
I'm sorry.
I'm not angry at you, Lieutenant.
You're just doing your job.
The truth is I'm ashamed of myself.
My parents had money and position.
But since I got out of college
I haven't been much of a success.
I'm trying to keep up a front.
But I'm only a small-time liar, Lieutenant.
On important things,
I'm straight as a die.
Ask me anything you want.
Jean was my friend. I want to help you.
You spent nearly $50 last night
at the Trinidad Club.
Where'd you get the money?
I play a sharp game of bridge
with Park Avenue friends.
I take a flier on the stock market
on inside tips.
When I'm hard up, I borrow money.
That's the truth.
Thank you.
Now, about this man Henderson.
You say you met him only once,
in Miss Dexter's apartment.
- Would you describe him to me?
- Well, uh, medium height. Husky.
- Wore glasses. Looked to be about 35.
- Mm-hmm.
Lieutenant Muldoon.
Yeah. Yeah.
Oh. Oh, all right.
Well, Mr. Niles, after telling me
a lot of stories about a lot of things...
you apparently told me an accurate story
of where you were last night.
Four witnesses have placed you
in the Trinidad Club at the time Jean Dexter died.
I guess you're in the clear, Mr. Niles.
I told you.
I don't lie about important things.
- Any more questions?
- I guess not.
I'm not as much of a heel
as I sound, Lieutenant.
I'm trying to catch on
to a job in industry.
Maybe someday I will.
I wish you luck.
- Good-bye then.
- Good-bye.

Put two men on him in three shifts.
And listen. Not a word about him
to the newspapermen.
Niles isn't even in this case.
Spent $50 last night, he says.
On 50 bucks a week
I supported a wife and raised two kids.
Sure.
But you were brought up
on the wrong side of the tracks.
Fifty bucks!
It's been a long day, Niles.
But now you can go wherever you like.
Except that two men
will follow you day and night.
Two men in three shifts.
That makes six altogether.
Or is it seven?
The only good fingerprints we got
were of the maid and Jean Dexter.
Several men from the 20th Squad
are still working on the case.
The Baltimore Police say they can't locate anyone
so far who answers Henderson's description.
And the pajamas in Dexter's apartment
show nothing under the X-ray.
They're an English import
and never been washed.
All stores that carry the line
are being checked.
That's it, Captain.
Very little to go on.
This man Niles - how's his alibi for last night?
He seems in the clear.
So does everyone else
we connected with so far.
So, that means Mr. Henderson
is our only suspect.
Well...
what about this man?
- Think so, Dan?
- Mm-hmm.
Who's he?
McGillicuddy is Dan's name
for any unknown party in the case.
- You mean two men did the murder?
- Maybe there were five.
- All I know is there was more than one.
- How do you know that?
Excuse me. Now look.
This is a bed.
For the moment, I'm an attractive little lady.
How would you force the anesthetic
on me, Mr. Henderson?.
Well, I'd, uh, take the anesthetic -
Uh, I guess the best way
would be to stand behind.
Like this.
Correct. That's the way
one man would do it.
But we just got these photographs.
They show finger marks
on both arms.
That means a man stood behind her
and held her arms with both hands...
while Henderson, or someone else,
applied the anesthetic.
A strong man,
with thick, strong fingers.
And that man was my old, old friend...
You're right, Dan.
Now we have to find two men.
You'll have to find them.
I'm busy with a half a dozen other cases.
- Gentlemen.
- So long.
- Need me anymore?
- No.
? Good-bye, Paddy?
? No matter where you roam?
? Don't forget your country
or the ones you left at home?
A heavy case.
? Write a letter now and then?
? And send me all you can?
Say, Dan, there's an old dame outside,
says she can crack the Dexter case.
Have her in.
Are you the officer in charge of
the bathtub murder?
- Yes, ma'am.
- Ah.
- This one?
- Yes, ma'am.
- I can help you solve it.
- Yeah?
Yes. My granddaddy is sheriff
of Tuckahoe County. Mississippi.
Your granddaddy?.
Yes.
I'm only in my 20s, you know.
- And very handsome you are too.
- Yes, I know.
So many men are crazy about me. I -
- I just don't know what to do.
- Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk.
- Bye now.
- Bye.
Oh, yes.
About your murder -
I almost forgot.
We'll have to have the front tooth
of a hound dog.
- Yes, ma'am.
- Bury it 50 feet from the grave.
Then, on the third night after the first
full moon, the murderer will confess.
Thank you, ma'am.
Prices are awfully high
these days, aren't they?
- Uh, uh, y-y-yes, ma'am.
- Yeah.
You're sweet.
Bye now.
How much of that
have you had in 38 years?
I couldn't count it.
Every time there's a headline case.
We'll be lucky if there isn't a lot more.
"You're sweet."
Bye now.
Bye.
The day's work is over now.
People are on their way home.
They're tired.
They're hot. They're hungry.
But they're on their way home.
In the newspapers,
there's a new murder story.
It's hit the headlines.
Full layout of pictures on page three.
It's really quite sensational.
It helps while away the time...
when you live out in Jackson Heights.
Must have had a hard day, brother.
Don't bite your nails, honey.
Very few stenographers are murdered.
Read about that bathtub murder?
I'll say. Some figure that dame had.
Hello, honey.
Bet it was hot in Manhattan today.
I was too busy to be hot.
On a new case.
The subway was a furnace though. Wow.
- You too warm to say hello?
- Mm-hmm.
Got you a nice, cool dinner.
Jellied tongue.
Oh, swell. I'm starved.
Stop holding onto me, will ya, huh? Let me go.
Let me go.
- Where's Billy?
- I put him to bed.
- So early?
- Listen, dear. I'm sorry to tell you this...
but you've got
a nasty job to do before dinner.
- What's the matter?
- Billy has to have a whipping.
- Why?
- He walked right out of the yard...
crossed Northern Boulevard
all by himself...
and went to the park.
Well. Well, I-I'll give him a real talking-to.
Oh, no, you won't.
You'll give him a real whipping, with a strap.
- Just a minute.
- I know you don't believe in whipping a child.
- Well, neither did I until now.
- I -
But do you want Billy run over by a truck?
Look, I've reasoned with him.
I've pleaded with him.
I've threatened him.
But the minute my back is turned,
he's off.
Well, he's a - he's a spunky kid, Janey.
I don't want him to be a dead kid.
- No.
- Go on then.
Get it over with.
Yeah. Yeah. I guess I'd better.
- Right after dinner.
- Jimmy.
Look, honey. I just can't go up
there and take a strap to that boy.
- I have to work up to it a bit.
- You'd think I was asking you to kill him.
If you think it's easy, you whip him.
- Me? That's not a woman's job.
- Why does it have to be a man's job?
- It's always a man's job.
- Who says so?

Hello. Oh, uh, yes, Dan. Yes.
Right. Right away. Sure.
That does it.
I have to meet Muldoon right away.
- Without any dinner?
- Save it for me. I'll grab a hamburger meanwhile.
Oh, I wish you were a -
an ice cream salesman or something.
I don't like this night work.
I don't like it every time
you strap on that gun.
If I were an ice cream salesman,
I'd get fat.
- Then you wouldn't like me.
- I don't like you now.
Oh, yes, you do. Well -
Remember. You've got a job to do
before you leave.
- What?
- Billy.
- Oh, I can't stop for that now, honey.
- Halloran, you're a coward.
This is Lieutenant Muldoon.
Mr. and Mrs. Batory,
the girl's parents.
I told her.
I knew she'd turn out no good.
All these young girls.
So crazy to be with the bright lights.
- No bright lights for her now, is there?
- She's at rest now, Mrs. Batory.
No. Her kind of dead don't rest.
What about us? The scandal.
My husband's a gardener. He works for
a banker - a highly respectable gentleman.
He'll get fired now.
I hate her. I hate her.
- Paula.
- Never mind. I hate her. I say it out straight.
So fancy she was.
Even had to change her name.
We'd better go in now.
Would you please follow the nurse.
I do hate her. I do.
I warned her.
A million times I warned her.
I hate her.
I hate her for what she's done to us.
Please tell me if she's your daughter.
Oh! My baby!
My baby! Oh, my baby!
I feel better now.
The ride was good for me.
Are you sure you want to go home tonight?
- We can get you a room at a hotel.
- We'll go home.
We don't like this place - this fine city.
You don't know who did it, huh?
Not yet.
Did you ever see this ring?
Your daughter told someone it came from a brother in India.
We only had her.
No other kids. No boy.
I see. Uh, did your daughter ever mention a man called Henderson?
We don't know any Henderson.
We haven't seen Mary even for six months.
She was too busy to come see us.
Who knows what she ran around with?
She's dead, Mama. Don't.
A good girl. I swear it.
It's my fault maybe I didn't do better for her.
When she was 15 she was workin' already.
The five-and-ten-cent store.
Oh, it was hard.
Depression time. Hard.
So what? She's the only one didn't have it easy?
Other people had it worse.
Was that a reason to leave home, to - to change your name?
Wanting too much.
That's why she went wrong.
Bright lights and theaters
and furs and nightclubs.
That's why she's dead now.
Dear God, why wasn't she born ugly?
Mrs. Batory -
Oh, what a heartache.
You nurse a child, you raise it...
pet it, you love it...
and it ends like this.
Another day...
another ball of fire
rising in the summer sky.
The city is quiet now...
but it will soon be pounding with activity.
This time yesterday, Jean Dexter
was just another pretty girl...
but now she's the marmalade
on 10,000 pieces of toast.
Hey, Mac. What's doin'?
Why all the people here?
"What's doin'?" What's the matter?
You live in Canarsie or somethin'?
This is the place
where that model was killed.
You don't mean it. The bathtub girl, huh?
So why didn't she take showers?
There's no pattern yet to the Dexter case.
Just a number of loose threads.
When boys go swimming
in the East River, for example...
why report it to the Homicide Squad?
Look! Hey, look!
Just routine. The morgue will take care of it.
Nevertheless,
some things are moving forward.
There'll be a report on this.
- Dan.
- This is Dexter's address book.
Contact every name I listed in it.
Keep asking if they heard her talk about Henderson.
- Okay.
- Dan, I -
Start in on this ring of Dexter's.
Canvass every expensive jewelry shop in the city.

Maybe Henderson bought it for her.
- Oh, my poor feet.
- Your poor feet?

Be glad you're not a horseback cop.

Well, what's with you?

Niles sold this about an hour ago to a jeweler on Madison Avenue.
- Got $600 for it.
- Well!

Dave, where's that list of stuff that was stolen from Dexter?

No, it couldn't be.

No. Not here.

It's a man's item anyway.

An interesting man, that Niles.

He operates very strange.

Say, how about I check this cigarette case...

with the department list of all jewelry stolen in the last year or so?

All right. I don't think you'll get anything though.
He'd be crazy to unload a stolen item in the middle of a hot case like this.

Maybe he is crazy.

Not that one.

Hiya, Halloran. Here's a question for you.
How many jewelry shops in the city of New York?

Be patient. You're about to find out.

Hi, Officer. Just keep checking.

Henderson didn't weave those pajamas himself.

Hello, Constantino.

A detective finds himself in odd places, doesn't he?

How about a mudpack? No?

Well, how about a permanent?

Or, uh, how about those eyebrows?

Ever have them plucked?

Ask a question, get an answer.
Ask another.
If Jean Dexter isn't remembered here, check it off.
You've got her address book, Constantino. Get going.
How are your feet holding out, Halloran?
How are you doing with that ring?
Would you be interested to learn...
that there was a confession in the Dexter case only 10 minutes ago?
Lieutenant Muldoon, what's your hurry?
There's been a confession. The case is all washed up, isn't it?
He's in there, Lieutenant. I caught him trying to get in the kitchen by the back door.
He's a grocery boy in the neighborhood.
Yes, I did it.
I killed her.
I want to be punished.
I'm guilty.
My hands are stained with her blood.
Why'd you kill her?
She deserved it.
For months I've been watching her.
I'd come in here with packages, and there she'd be, in her negligee.
Beautiful. But no soul.
Immoral.
So I did it. I rid the world of her.
The knife you stabbed her with - where is it?
You'll never find it.
Never.
I buried it.
I buried it.
Call Bellevue Hospital, Psychiatric Department.

It's 7:
It's been a great day on the Dexter case.

Developments:

New clues:
Progress:

Ever try to catch a murderer? It has its depressing moments. I can't see you've missed anything. Boss, I can always trust you to comfort a man.

- Any word today from Baltimore?
- No.

And Henderson's pajamas were bought last week in a shop on 34th Street.
- Huh?
- But not by Henderson.

By Jean Dexter.
- A heavy case.
- It is that.

That Niles fella is crazy. The cigarette case Niles sold this morning - it's hot.
- It was stolen from Dr. Lawrence Stoneman.
- Dexter's physician.

Yeah. He reported a burglary in his apartment in March. $2,800 worth of stuff. None of it has ever shown up.

Here it is on the department list of stolen jewelry for the past year. And that's not all. Niles bought a plane ticket for Mexico City - one way.
- Leavin' when?
- Tomorrow noon. Want me to pick him up?
- No. What else he do today?
- Had lunch with Ruth Morrison. They held hands for an hour. She went back to the shop. He went to the Park Central and had a swim.
- He's at Toots Shor's now.
- Buyin' a plane ticket...

pawnin' a stolen cigarette case - that's not smart.

What is this man? An amateur or something? That's it. That's what's in his heart.
Now I know.
He's had no experience at bein' a crook.
He's a scared college boy
way out in deep water.
He's beginning to thrash around now.
He's in a panic.
- Panic over what?
- I don't know yet, Sam. I don't know yet.
And how does this man Stoneman figure?
Why should Niles pawn a cigarette case
belonging to him?
Dan! Dan. Captain.
- I got somethin' maybe.
- About what?
The black star sapphire that Dexter
was wearing when she was killed -
- it didn't belong to her.
- Huh?
She didn't buy it, and Henderson
didn't buy it for her.
It belongs to a Mrs. Hylton, 478 Park Avenue.
I found a jeweler who repaired it for her.
Start in a murder case
and we're up to our neck in stolen jewelry.
Mrs. Edgar Hylton. There it is.
Black star sapphire.
Part of a $6,200 robbery of her apartment.
- Did you see this Mrs. Hylton?
- I thought you might wanna see her.
Well, now, that was
considerate of you, Jimmy.
We'll telephone the lady,
and we'll both go and see her.
Have a beer on me, Sam,
and throw a pinch of salt over your shoulder.
This case is beginnin' to move.
Lieutenant Muldoon, police department.
Mrs. Hylton is expecting you.
Come in, won't you?
My, what a nice-looking young man.
You're the lieutenant who telephoned me,
aren't you?.
- Did you get my jewels back?.
- Is this one of them?. 
Oh, yes, it is.
Oh, wonderful!
Oh, you're wonderful men.
Where's the rest?.
That's all we have.
I'm so disappointed.
Oh, but this is wonderful.
I gave it to my daughter
when she graduated from college.
She was heartbroken when -
Oh, isn't it precious?.
I love to glitter.
It's a fixation.
You're such a nice young man.
Oh, sit down, gentlemen.
Get comfortable.
Young man, sit by me.
Mrs. Hylton, is your daughter here?
I'd like to speak to her.
She's due any minute for dinner.
It's her night with Mama.
One of those career girls -
has her own apartment, works.
That's what you get when you
send them to Vassar.
Mrs. Hylton, if she doesn't live with you...
how is it her ring was stolen from here?
But that was last December.
She was living with me then.
I see.
Now, I wonder if, by any chance -
Mother? I'm here.
Hello, Margaret.
- Niles - he's the connection.
- Easy, lad. Easy.
Mother -
You told me your name was Ruth Morrison,
not Hylton.
Well, Ruth's my daughter by a first marriage.
She kept her father's name.
How do you know these men?
They're investigating Jean Dexter's murder.
Jean modeled with me at the shop, Mother.
Imagine! Look, darling.
- My ring!
- They brought it.
- Aren't they wonderful?
- How did you get it?
Your friend was wearing it when she was murdered.
- Jean?
- How did she get it?
I was hoping your daughter would tell us that.
I have no idea.
It was stolen with the other things.
What did you mean before when you said, "Niles - he's the connection?"
- I, uh -
- What did you mean, please?
He was just wondering, miss, how your ring came to be on her finger.
You don't think Frank -
Oh, but that's silly.
- He hardly knew Jean.
- Of course.
Sit down.
Excuse me, miss.
Is that your engagement ring?
- Yes.
- Can I look at it?
Pearl in an old-fashioned setting.
What are you doing?
I'm sorry, miss.
We're checking your ring to see if it was stolen.
This is fantastic!
Do you honestly think that either Frank or I had anything to do with Jean's murder?
- I'm only earning my salary, miss.
- Dan!
When did Niles give you this ring?
About six weeks ago.
On January the 8th, Mrs. Charles Franklin, 382 Fern Avenue, New Rochelle... reported the loss of this ring in a robbery.
- Niles in?.
- Went in about a half an hour ago.
- Alone?
- Yeah. Apartment 6E.
- You can go home now.
- Thanks. I'm dead. So long.

Good night.

Niles!
Niles!
Stand back.
Oh, Frank.
- Darling.
- Dan, in here!
It's the police! Stop or I'll shoot!
What's the matter?
What's goin' on here? Who is that?
Somebody get help!
Help! Help!
Help!
Up there! He ran up there!
Frank. Frank.
Maybe some whiskey would help.
Whiskey's not the thing
to mix with chloroform.
Suppose you go into the kitchen and see
if there's a spot of coffee on the stove.
It'll do fine, even if it's cold.
Come on, me sleepin' beauty. Wake up.
That's the sweet lad.
- I found some cold tea.
- That'll do fine. He's wakin' up now.
Oh, Frank, darling.
- Are you all right?
- Hello, Ruth.
Oh, sweetheart, I was so worried.
Oh, my darling. My darling.
The cold tea would do more good.
- Got away... on the elevated.
- Did you give it to radio?
- Sure.
- Get a look at him?
No. He was a husky guy.
That's all I got.
What is that?
Same anesthetic that was used on Dexter.
- I think this is our friend McGillicuddy again.
Oh.
Well, hello.
How are you feeling?
I've got a head like a beehive.
Is that towel wet?
- Want any more tea, darling?
- No.
While you're thinkin' up a nice story
about what didn't happen...
supposin' you tell us what did.
- I don't know.
- Complete blackout, huh?
I was packing a bag...
and I thought I heard a noise.
And just as I started to turn around...
I got hit.
I remember falling to my knees...
and that's all.
Now listen, Niles. You came very close
to not waking up at all.
The party that killed Jean Dexter
tried the same business on you.
- Who was it?
- How on earth would I know?
If you're afraid, I'll guarantee you
police protection.
If I knew, I'd tell you.
I'm not a fool.
You suppose I enjoyed this?
Any guess who it was?
Must have been a burglar.
Came in through the fire escape,
I suppose.
A burglar.
Maybe he stole something.
He got it, didn't he?
No. No, there's - there's nothing missing.
I don't have any valuables.
What were you looking for so hard just now?
Your B.V.D.'s?
I thought - I, uh -
I forgot this was in my pocket.
It's, uh, my one valuable.
It's - It's expensive.
Jimmy.
What are you doing?
Why'd you come down here anyway?
You wanna know something, Lieutenant?
You're gonna have a lawsuit on your hands.
- You can't -
- Forrest C. Broughton, 85 West 68th Street...
reported the loss of this cigarette lighter
three weeks ago.
- Night burglary.
- What kind of a deal is this?
You tell us.
If you think I'm a thief, you're crazy.
Honey, this is the craziest thing
I ever heard of.
Sweetheart...
this is a terrible thing
to ask you right now.
But my engagement ring -
where did you buy it?
- What?
- Frank, darling, please.
- Where did you buy it?.
- It was from a private party.
- Who, Frank?
- I can't tell you.
Please, sweetheart. You must.
- Where'd you get the cigarette lighter?
- I, uh -
Where'd you get the cigarette case
you sold this morning?
Frank, tell them.
Please tell them.
Why'd you buy a plane ticket
for Mexico City?
Why, I -
What ticket? When?
He was supposed to leave
at noon tomorrow.
Is that true?
- Frank, is it true?
- It was a business trip.
- We had lunch today. Why didn't you -
- Something came up this afternoon.
You're lying.
You bought the ticket in the morning.
You've got the wrong man if you think
I stole those things, Lieutenant.
I wouldn't steal a piece of bread
if I was starving.
That isn't the way I was brought up.
I come from a decent family.
- Congratulations.
- I got that lighter as a present.
You can't send me to prison for that.
Who gave it to you?
Jean Dexter.
Now you prove she didn't.
- And the cigarette case you sold this morning?
- The same.
- And my engagement ring?
- Sure. Jean gave me that too.
- My engagement ring?
- You heard me.
No, no, Frank. Don't say a thing like that.
That would be horrible.
- And I know it's a lie. You hardly knew Jean.
- I'm sorry, Ruth.
I don't believe you.
Frank, I love you.
I'll marry you now - tonight.
But say you're lying about Jean.
- If you're a thief, I'll stand by you. I'll -
- And go to prison? In a pig's eye, I will.
Those things were presents. Presents!
Your ring was a present -
- Frank!
- from Jean.
You're lying.
You're lying! You're lying!
You're lying! You're lying! You're lying!
- You're lying.
- Niles, you're under arrest.
Arrest me all you like!
But try to prove something against me.
Try it! Just try it!
? Mother, Mother, I am ill?
? Call the doctor
over the hill?
? In came the doctor
In came the nurse?
? In came the lady
with the alligator purse?
? Out went the doctor
Out went the nurse?
-? Out went the lady with the alligator purse?
- With the alligator purse.
- Dan?
- Yeah.
I'm not sure, but -
but I think maybe I found a connection...
between these jewel burglaries
and the Dexter murder.
You have?
Have you read the autopsy report
on Peter Backalis?
- Not yet.
- Well, yesterday morning...
some kids swimming in the East River
found a body.
Medical examiner says he died of drowning.
Had a head injury and was full of whiskey.
- His verdict is accidental death.
- Uh-huh.
But look at this. Jean Dexter died between

1:
This guy Backalis died between 3:00 and 6:00 a. m.
the same morning.
Well...
show me that it's more than a coincidence.
I can't show you, Dan.
But this man had a record.
He served two years in Sing Sing
for stealing jewelry.
Now listen.
Niles and Dexter were dealing
in stolen jewelry. Sure.
But it was society stuff.
- What does Backalis's record show?
- I didn't think of that.
It was small-time -
a pawnshop burglary in Queens.
See?
I'm afraid the two cases are miles apart.
If we drag every petty jewelry thief into this, we'll go crazy.
You're not convinced, are you?
I don't know, Dan.
Trouble is, where are we in the Dexter case?
Well, we sent photos of Niles and Dexter to every police department in the East.
- They'll check all jewelers.
- Where can that lead?
Well, that's the way you run a case, lad.
Step by step.
Oh, I suppose so.
Look, Dan, do me a favor.
Let me waste some time on this Backalis angle.
- Okay, lad.
- Swell.
- Phone in once a day.
- Right.
By the way, this is only the third day of the Dexter murder.
The department never calls a case unsolved.
Good deal. Twenty years from now I'll put my kid on it.
Backalis's parole officer was Charles Meade, county courthouse in the Bronx.
- Charles Meade?
- Yep.
Thanks.
Well, tell me this, Mr. Meade.
Do you think Backalis could get so drunk... he'd fall down on the pier, hurt himself and topple into the river?
I doubt it. He seemed like one of those steady all-day drinkers - always with a load on, but neverwobbly.
- Who was his arresting officer?
- Uh, Patrolman Albert Hicks.
Long Island City Precinct.
What do you know? Right at my doorstep.
Thanks.
- You're Hicks, aren't you?
- That's right.
- Detective Halloran, Homicide Squad.
- Hiya.
About two and a half years ago,
you arrested a man named Backalis.
- Backalis?
- Peter Backalis. Pawnshop entry.
- Oh, yeah, yeah. I remember.
- Did he do that job alone?
No, there was another guy with him.
- A fella he called, uh, Willie.
- Willie?
- Yeah.
- What happened to him?
He got away by the neatest trick
I've ever seen.
I nailed Backalis in a back alley.
And he yelled, "Beat it, Willie!"
And this other customer throws a chair
through a plate glass window...
dives right after it and comes up
on his feet like an acrobat.
Then he's off like a streak.
- How was this fella built?
- Oh, big... Like an all-American fullback.
And listen.
Somethin' funny about him.
One of the things the owner
reported missing was a harmonica.
Now, there's no resale value
in a thing like that...
so I always figured
he must have liked to play one.
Maybe you're right.
- Much obliged.
- Okay.
Mm-hmm.
A big man who's an acrobat, huh?
Jimmy, I don't know where you're goin',
but I'm goin' to start in and help you.
I'm givin' you Fowler and Constantino
beginnin' tomorrow morning.
Thanks, Dan.
Good night.

His name is Willie... maybe.
He might have been
a professional acrobat... maybe.
He might be the man
we're looking for... maybe.
Oh, yes. He's a big man.
Only half a million big men in New York.
A harmonica player?
No, sir, brother.
Why, a character like that,
I wouldn't even let work out here.
Not that I can remember.
I been bookin' vaudeville acts, circus acts,
nightclub acts for 30 years.
Oh, a lot of queer eggs among 'em...
but an acrobat
that played the harmonica?
That queer I never saw one.
Offense.
Defense. Give, give, give.
Offense.

Now go to work a little.

Hey, who runs this joint?
- I do. What do you want?
- Police.

Look. Any of you guys ever know a wrestler
who liked to play the harmonica?.
Sure. Willie the harmonica player.
Willie Garzah. I teached him how to wrestle.
You didn't teach him so good.
I pulverized him in Pittsburgh five years ago.
- Where is he now?
- I wish I knew.
He borrowed 38 bucks from me once.
Never paid me back.
- Where'd he used to live?
- I don't know.
Staten Island, with his brother.
What's his brother's name?
Garzah.
All brothers got the same name.
- I mean his first name.
- Uh, I don't know.
Okay.
Offense.
Defense.
Know what my kid did the other day?
Crossed Northern Boulevard all by himself.
- Yeah?
- Shows the kid has nerve.
My wife was sore for a few minutes.
Big deal.
We haven't got any kid...
and my wife's sore all the time.
Which one of you is Garzah?
- Garzah! Hey, Eddie!
- What?
Your wife just told us
where we could find you.
We're lookin' for your brother Willie.
Me and my brother Willie ain't got
nothin' to do with each other.
- He's no good.
- When'd you see him last?
Oh, three months ago about.
He tried to sell me
a diamond ring for my wife.
- I told him to go blow.
- Any idea where he lives?
He had a room somewhere around
the Williamsburg Bridge, is all I know.
- Got a picture of him?
- No.
But when he was wrestlin', the newspapers
printed his mug a few times.
That's it. Okay.
Hey, if you send him up,
do me a favor, will ya?
Throw the keys away.
This is New York's East Side.
And a former wrestler named Willie Garzah
lives somewhere around here.
The Homicide Squad wants to talk to him...
if they can find him.
Nothing to it, boys. Just spot this guy
out of half a million people.
Lady, ever see a man, looks like this?
Mister, ever see a man, looks like this?
Lady, ever see a man, looks like this?
You go home. You go to bed.
You get up. You start all over.
Mister, ever see a man, looks like this?
Mister, ever see a man, looks like this?
Hello, Dan. Jimmy.
No. No, nothing so far.
Oh, sure, sure.
I'll keep goin'. Yeah.
What's doing at your end?
Doin' fine here.
Mm-hmm.
I'm talking to that clean-cut,
young American beauty again.
Yeah. I think he's going to tell us
something this morning.
Okay. Report in.
I've told you everything I know.
Oh, no, you haven't, sonny.
But you will.
Come in, Mr. McCormick.
- You recognize this man?
- I certainly do.
Stop that.
Sit down.
Any more of that and you'll
get yourself in trouble.
You're gettin' quite a slappin' around
these days, aren't you?.
I came all the way down from Boston
to do that.
That smooth-talking crook came to me
with an introduction I had to honor.
He gave me a song and dance.
His sister was terribly ill,
needed an operation.
He was trying to sell her jewels.
I paid him over $3,000.
Now it turns out to be stolen property.
You paying him to say that, Muldoon?
You still can't prove anything.
I can.
I run my business with great care.
This is the letter of introduction
he brought with him.
Dr. Lawrence Stoneman.
Dr. Stoneman treated my mother
some years ago.
I had to honor his letter.
Will you wait outside, Mr. McCormick?
How do you get a letter of introduction
from a man like Stoneman?
You're goin' to the penitentiary, Niles...
but from now on, the length of your sentence
depends on you.
Stealin' jewelry is one thing.
Murder is different.
You know I didn't kill her.
I was at the Trinidad Club. I have witnesses.
- Then who did kill her?
- I don't know.
- Who's Henderson?
- I don't know.
Listen, young fella.
The picnic is over.
No, you've told your last lie.
You're knee-deep in stolen jewelry.
You're involved in the Dexter murder.
You've been tryin' to obstruct justice
all along the line.
Now you're goin' to tell me
what I want to know...
or if it's the last thing I do
in this department...
I'll get you 20 years.
Now, that's the truth, sonny boy.
And you know I'm not bluffin'.
Who's Henderson?
Who's Henderson?
Stoneman.
It's Dr. Stoneman.
- Got any cold root beer?
- Like ice.
Ever see this man?
- He's a box fighter?
Wrestler.
Wrestler, boxing - what do I know?
Five cents, please.
Uh, please.
He's a fella who likes
to play the, uh, whatchamacallit.
The harmonica. Yes.
- Sure, I know him. Willie.
- Where does he live?
- This street someplace.
- What house?
- Down the street someplace. I don't know.
- Where's the phone?
Mister -Who-Who are you, mister?
You -You from a collection agency maybe?
Ben? This is Jimmy.
Dan there?
Oh. Well, now look.
When he gets back,
tell him I've located Garzah.
Yeah. On Norfolk Street,
between Rivington and Houston.
By me, Willie is a nice fella.
A man likes kids, he's nice.
Any little kid asks him,
Willie plays the, uh, whatchamacallit.
I don't want I should make trouble for him.
Don't worry, lady.
Mister, you don't want your root beer?
Lieutenant Muldoon, police department.
- Is Dr. Stoneman in?
- He's in the X-ray room.
- Where's his office?
- Straight ahead.
I want you to do
exactly as I tell you, miss.
Tell the patients who are waiting
that they have to leave.
- But -
- Do as I say, miss.
You kids know a man who lives around here,
the name of Willie Garzah?
- No.
I don't know him.
Plays the harmonica.
I know him.
Willie.
Where's he live?
Across the street.
The corner house, I think. Or the next one.
Good girl.
Superman!
Here. Sit there.
And don't say anything.
This is really unheard of.
Yes, I know, ma'am.
Now, tell Dr. Stoneman
someone out here has to see him.
Tell him to leave his patient
and come right out.
And don't tell him anything else.
Uh, miss, use the, uh - this thing.
I'll lose my job over this.
Doctor, there's someone here.
He has to see you.
You have to come out right now.
You must, Doctor.
Right now. You must.
What are you doing here?
Who are you?
Lieutenant Muldoon
of the Homicide Squad.
Do you go under the name of Henderson?
Yes.
You've been a long time getting here.
Almost a week.
You're under arrest
for the murder of Jean Dexter.
No. I couldn't do anything like that.
If anyone did it, it was he.
Finished.
I'm finished now.
What's your relationship
to Niles and Dexter?
A lambled to slaughter.
An idiot...
robbed of self-respect.
I saw her a year ago in that dress shop... and from then on, I was drunk with her, lost. For six months now, I've known they've been using me. I was their tipster. Me. Stoneman. - What do you mean? - They used my social connections. My wife - My wife is a party giver. Jean would find out from me who was going to be there. It was only after months that I realized when anyone came to my house... his apartment was robbed the same night. Why didn't you go to the police? Why doesn't a drug addict stop taking drugs? She kept promising each time was the last. I believed her because I was afraid to go to the police. I was afraid of the scandal. Did you arrange the burglary of your own apartment? Yes. I even came to that. I was frightened. I had to wallow in my own filth. What proof have you that you didn't kill Dexter? Proof? I was someplace else. Miss Owen, my date book. Um, uh, yes. A birthday party, uh, at the Broughtons'. Will you testify in court that Niles and Dexter committed these burglaries? No. No, they were the fixers, the smart ones. They used me one way. They hired other men to do the actual robberies. - Who? - I don't know. Miss Owen. My practice. No, don't cry.
You will call Dr. Grenard.
Only don't let me have to see anyone.
Not my wife, no friends, no lawyer.
Just lock me up and hide me away.
Me. Stoneman.
It's impossible.
I won't have it.
Stop! Stop! Let me go!
I don't know much
about medicine, Doctor...
but I'm pretty sure that's one prescription
that never cured anything.
Thanks, Niles.
And now that you've finally
decided to cooperate...
why not go the whole way?
You're not stupid.
You're hooked and you know it.
So why not spill the rest?
Who did the job for you?
Who was it?
Who was it?
Willie Garzah.
He and Backalis.
They wanted more of a cut
from the robberies.
Garzah killed Jean, and later that night
he killed Backalis.
I loved Jean.
I had nothing to do with it.
It was Garzah.
Garzah. Garzah.
Come on in.
Oh. I thought it was the janitor for the rent.
Who are you?.
Don't mind me.
I'm just havin' a little workout.
My name's Hawkey. I work up at Bellevue Hospital.
Are you Willie Garzah?
That's me. Ever seen me wrestle?
I wasn't so bad.
No, I never did.
Patient up at the hospital gave me your address.
Asked me to see you.
What's he doin' in the hospital?
Almost got drowned.
Fell in the river when he was plastered.
Some guy in a tugboat fished him out.
You don't say.
Oh, that Pete.
Can't leave the booze alone.
So, what does he want from me?
He says he wants to see you.
You know what he wants?
He wants money.
Some condition I'm in, eh, brother?
Don't smoke. Don't drink.
So Pete wants money again, eh?
Ah, that Pete.
You know what you can tell him, buddy?
Lie still or I'll snap your arm
like a wishbone.
Get up.
- Copper, ain't you?
- Yeah.
Just because I was a wrestler,
everybody thinks I'm dumb.
I'm not dumb.
I'm smart.
Now how did I know you were a copper?
Because nobody knows where I live,
not even Pete Backalis.
If you're smart, you'll come down
to headquarters with me.
Ha, ha.
That wouldn't be smart.
You know why?
Because Backalis ain't in Bellevue.
He's in the morgue.
Turn around.
Turn around.
Don't be a fool.
I'll prove I'm smart, copper.
And you know how?
You're scared right now I'm gonna rub you out, but I ain't, 'cause I'm smart.
Rub out a cop
and you'll really get the chair.
All I need to do is put you to sleep.
Then I'm off.
Try and find me.
This is a great big, beautiful city.
Just try and find me.
That was a rabbit punch, copper.
And it's strictly illegal.
Yeah. He signed it.
Wait a minute, Ben.
Perelli.
- Yes, sir?.
- Keep Niles away from the newspapermen.
- Yes, sir.
- Now listen, Ben.
When Halloran calls in -
or Fowler or Constantino -
tell them that Willie Garzah may be the gimmick in this case.
When did Halloran call in?
Was he alone?
Now get this.
Send out an emergency.
Rush every available squad car.
Block off the street.
Surround it.
Boundary line, 57th Precinct to signal 32.
The address, Rivington Street, between Essex and Norfolk.
Car 702, Fifth Precinct,
509, Seventh Precinct and 110 will respond.
Use caution.
Emergency service truck responding.
Attention all cars. Particular attention, cars in Lower Manhattan.
In connection with the signal 32, block off and surround both sides of the street.
Be on the lookout for two men.
One, Detective James Halloran,
26 years old.
Two, William Garzah, wanted in connection
with a homicide in the 20th Precinct.
Proceed cautiously.
Garzah may be armed.
You've lost him, Halloran, haven't you?
Well, he's a tough cookie.
You better follow routine now.
Report in.
The cops are on a manhunt, Garzah.
You need a plan.
You've got to get out of this neighborhood.
Stop and look at a tie.
Maybe you're being shadowed.
Lady, ever see a man, looks like this?
You gotta get out
of this neighborhood, Garzah.
That's it. A crowded bus
is safer for you than a taxi.
Tough luck.
But you can't wait for the next one.
How about the subway?
Wait a minute, fella.
I'll tell you when.
Okay.
Take it easy, Garzah.
Don't run.
Don't call attention to yourself.
- Dan, Garzah's the guy.
- I know. I know. Where is he?
I don't know. I lost him.
But he's around here someplace.
It's only an accident, Garzah. Pass it off.
Don't lose your head.
Don't losey our head!
Now remember, boys,
we're in a crowded neighborhood.
Now here's what we do -
It's Garzah!
Dan, it's Garzah! Halloran's after him!
They're running towards the Brooklyn end.
You stay with Halloran!
Don't shoot unless you have to!
You two stay with him.
Get radio. Have them
send a car from the Brooklyn end.
You boys, get in.
You two, cover this end.
That tower up ahead on the left -
you boys will get out there.
- Watch for Garzah from that angle.
- Right.
Hold it! Hold it, boys!
Come on down.
We want no dead heroes.
There's no place he can go to now.
Garzah, come on down!
You've got a chance
if you come down now!
I'm tellin' my men not to shoot!
All right, Garzah,
we give you 100% in acrobatics!
Now will you come down under your own power,
or do you want a little persuasion?
What do you say, Garzah?

It's 1:
And this is the city.
And these are the lights...
that a child, born to the name of Batory,
hungered for.
Her passion has been played out now.
Her name, her face, her history...
were worth five cents a day
for six days.
Tomorrow a new case
will hit the headlines.
Yet some will remember Jean Dexter.
She won't be entirely forgotten.
Not entirely.
Not altogether.
There are eight million stories
in the naked city.
This has been one of them.