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They Call Me Mister Tibbs!

By Alan Trustman

Will you get away from me?!

Get away from me!

Get the hell away from me.

I can't even fake it any more!

Well, what are you waiting for?

I had it better this afternoon
over there on the rug!

Much better! Now get outta here!

I'm sick of you and your lousy hang-ups!

Just get the hell outta here,
and take this thing with you!

You lousy son of a bi...

It's Mealie.

Miss Joy?

Comin' in, Miss Joy.

Comin' in for the trash.

Miss Joy?

Miss Joy?!

Mr Weedon. Mr Weedon!

Mr Weedon! Mr Weedon!

Mr Weedon!

I told you to keep away from here.

That girl down in 3A, Joy Sturges...

She... she's dead!

- She's what?

- She's dead.

There's a lot of blood down there.

Somebody's done a terrible thing.

Shut up! You want 'em to hear you
clear across the bridge?

The poor girl's
laying down there in the...

Now, Mealie, just take it easy.

Now, take it easy.

Now, what the hell
are you talking about?

I... I went in there,
just like I always do
when she forgets to put the trash out.

And there...

..on the floor, right there...

I think it happened just now.

- Did you see anybody?

- No.

People come in and out of there
all the time. You saw somebody.

No. No, not a soul.

I... I didn't see any...

Think, Mealie, think.

Nobody. I...

- Yes. Yes.

- Who?

Mr Sharpe.

Logan Sharpe?

- Yes.

- When?

About a half-hour ago,
maybe a little more.

Yeah?

But he went to see...

went to see her often.

He'd... you know, he'd...

Man just, uh... spreadin' the Word.

- Did he see you?

- No.

Now, don't you go

suspicionin' Mr Sharpe.

I've never had any trouble in this building.

Now I'll have police all over the place.

I... I don't want anything

to do with no police neither.

You don't tell them nothin'.

- Don't even tell 'em I saw Mr Sharpe?

- Nothin', I said!

You understand? All you know

is the inside of a trash can.

Now, look, uh... Mealie.

I take care of you, right? Huh?

Here.

Take it. Don't you want it?

Now, you have a good time.

But remember, don't you say nothin'

to nobody. Get it? Nothin' to nobody.

Mighty nice of ya, Mr...

It's OK.

Remember what I said.

Marden here.

Mm-hm. OK, put him through.

- Logan did it.

- Who?

Logan Sharpe killed a girl.

He did what? Who is this?

110 St James Street, apartment 3A.

She was his girl. We saw him running out of the apartment. Got that?

Uh, hold on. I want to get a pencil.

Don't get cute!

- Captain, about this report...

- What is it?

Uh, I'll initial that later.

- You ever been arrested?

- Once.

- What was the charge?

- Hooker.

Tibbs.

Hello.

How are ya?

I'm fine.

Yeah.

Not long. In a little while.

It is Sunday. And you have a family.

A family? What's that?

- Would you like anything special to eat?

- No. Something light. A beer, that's all.

Hey, uh... can we go

and hear Logan tonight?

I can get a sitter. OK?

Not tonight, honey. I'm... I'm beat.

- Did you hear me?

- Yeah, I heard you. You're beat.

- You're mad.

- No, I'm not.

- Don't be too late, OK?

- OK.

Virge, uh... Something's up.

I think you'd better go with Herb and have a look. Do you mind?

What would you say if I said yes?

It's your pal, Logan Sharpe.

He may be in a jam.

Out.

- Anything?

- Too good to be true.

OK, hurry it up.

Stanley? What have you got?

- Nobody in or out since we got here, sir.

- Who's been questioned?

Everybody on the first two floors. Carter and Levy are covering the upper floors.

- Lady at the switchboard saw nothing.

- What about the fire escapes?

I haven't looked.

- Now is a good time to start.

- Yes, sir.

Eddie? George, I want in the living room, and I want that glass sent down to the lab, and John, in the kitchen. Come on.

Anything?

Oh, too much. She's been strangled, too.

- It'll take the autopsy to clear things up.

- What about a time?

You know me. I never guess except in a court of law.

The lights weren't on.

Would you put it before dark?

You heard me the first time.

Deutsch? Deutsch, come in, please. Over.

- Yeah?

- This is Kenner.

What about Logan Sharpe?

He's home. He's been there since 7.15.

There are witnesses.

OK. Out.

Who made that phone call?

That's the question.

Don't you and Sharpe sit in the same pew?

Maybe you oughta pass this one.

Lieutenant, this looks like a new carpet.

A lot of this loose stuff's lying around.

- Take some down to the lab.

- And here, I think, some semen.

Scrape it.

Oh, Lieutenant?

There's some more on the couch.

There's semen on the spread, Lieutenant.

- Book it. And run an acid phosphatase.
- Looks like Joy's had a very busy day.
- This room's been dusted?
- Yes, sir.

Check out the hallway and the roof.

- Eddie, take Joe with you.
- Got it.

The Church in the Modern World.

Ha! This broad?

Belongs to Logan Sharpe.

"For what is man,
that thou art mindful of him?"

"Thou hast put all things
under his feet."

"Sheep and oxen, all of them."

"The fowl of the air,
and the fish of the sea."

But man has polluted the air,
and rotted the cities.

And what are we doing about it?

Where are we spending our money?

So what, if all of our children go to
brand-new, five-million-dollar schools?

What can they learn from teachers
who do not speak their language?

From teachers who would
rather be somewhere else,
teachers who are responsible
to someone else?

They say that I'm a political preacher.

They warn you against listening to me.

But what is the word "politics"?

What does it mean?

Let's look to the dictionary.

It's Greek.

It means "of the citizen".

And what is a citizen?

A citizen is a human being.

And if a human being and his welfare
are not in the domain of one of God's
ministers, then I ask you, what is?

We're down to the wire.

The next few days

will determine the success

or failure of Proposition Four.
Now, I'm not going to delude myself.
If it's successful, it is not the end.
It is the beginning, it is a start,
it's a foot in the door.
I eventually would like to see home rule
in all areas other than schools.
If we do not do things for ourselves,
no one will do them for us.
Anger will not do it.
Votes will.
Let us pray.
Lord, teach us to love ourselves,
so we can love.
Teach us to respect ourselves
so others will respect us.
And, dear Lord,
give us this, our first victory.
- Amen.
- Amen.
- Looks like you're in for an easy night.
- So far, so good.
I hope it stays this quiet
after the votes are counted.
Yes on Proposition Four. May I help you?
How long have you known this man?
18 years.
If it's relief money, we don't want it.
How's about putting up a few posters?
It'll help take the kinks
out of your rheumatism.
No, don't waste a stamp. We'll send over
our armoured truck to pick it up. Angelo!
Uh-oh. I was afraid I was becoming
too controversial. How are you?
- So-so. Nice sermon, Logan.
- Thank you. Where's Valerie?
This is Lieutenant Kenner, Homicide.
Inspector Deutsch, Homicide.
The Reverend Logan Sharpe.
- What's the occasion?
- Joy.
Joy?
- Joy Sturges?

- Yeah.

- Is there someplace better we can talk?

- Sure. This way.

We can't afford TV spots. You gotta do something to get the coverage for free, like maybe stand on your head on top of a cable car or something.

- Hello?

- I've got it down here, Reverend.

Joy... Has something happened to Joy? She was found dead tonight. She was killed.

Oh! How... how... how'd it happen? Messy.

I think you'd better call a lawyer, Logan.

- Now.

- What... what for?

I think it would be a good idea to check his shoes. Do you mind?

No, of course not.

There's another couple of pairs in the bedroom closet. I'll get 'em. Get everything out of the closet. Lay it on the bed.

Someone said he saw you. He phoned us.

- Who?

- We don't know.

I think someone's trying to discredit the campaign. That's possible.

Logan, tell me. What was Joy to you? She had no job. Those apartments rent for \$300 a month. And the furnishings. Have you seen her new carpet? Must have cost \$20 a yard.

- Yes, I've seen it.

- Then you must have been there today.

- Why do you say that?

- It was only put down yesterday.

- Then I could have seen it yesterday.

- Did you?

No, I...

I was there today, Virgil.

What time?

About 4.30 or so.

Just making your parish rounds, huh?

I'm reminding you, you don't have to say anything without a lawyer.

No, I want to.

I want to answer, Virgil.

I... did know Joy.

I tried to help her, like so many others.

I lent her books. I tried to get her to go back to her family...

We'll be needing

the clothes you're wearing, too.

What time did you leave her apartment?

Uh... I went on other visits.

I'm not sure about the time, but I went to the Bakers.

I, uh, went to the Greens.

They weren't home.

But I did see, uh...

- I did see Mrs Battaglia.

- What time?

I'm not sure about the time. I, uh...

She was cooking dinner.

OK.

Logan, we want to take these clothes to the lab and check them for blood spots.

They'll be returned in the morning.

Fine. I have some work to do on an interview for tomorrow anyway.

- Herb?

- All right.

Virge?

What do you think?

You haven't a real alibi.

We're gonna be doing a lot of poking around.

I... want to tell you the whole truth.

I didn't want to in front of them, because I didn't want them to hear.

Don't ask me to keep secrets, Logan.

Virge...

My visits with Joy were
just like I said in there, but, uh...

the last couple of months

I've been sleeping with her.

And this visit today?

Logan, if you were paying the rent
or anything, it's gonna come out.

I haven't. No, she would never
take anything. Not a cent.

No gifts?

- Loans, books. No gifts.

- OK.

I'll sit on it for a while.

Anything else?

No.

No, I... just feel better
for having told you.

You should have

stuck to visiting old ladies.

Hi, Andy.

- Hello, Andy!

- Hi, Dad.

Boy, this is outasight!

- What did you do that for?

- It's too loud.

- What'd you do today?

- Nothing. I just fooled around.

Spent the day in your PJs watching TV
and playing that guitar, right?

Why don't you ever do anything?

Like read a book. Something useful.

Do you hear me talking to you, son?

Get off your butt and listen to me.

What did you say, Dad?

I said "Get off your butt

and listen to me when I'm talkin' to ya."

Did you have a nice day at the office?

She's having a problem

with her gym class.

Maybe you could help.

- Andy...

- He's watching television.

What is it?
Trouble. Logan.
Disturbing the peace,
or inciting to riot?
A girl named Joy Sturges
was beaten to death tonight.
Logan Sharpe?
Oh, Virge, no.
That's what he says.
Well, you believe him, don't you?
Virge, we've known
Logan Sharpe all our lives.
Yes, honey, I know, but...
But what?
He's a man. He's no saint.
Oh, Virge, no. He couldn't have.
Anybody could.
Four, five, six,
seven, eight, nine, ten.
Hold your knees together, Ginny.
Always hold your knees together.
Again, again. Let's try it again.
OK. There we go.
- This is your case, isn't it, Virge?
- OK?
Now hold it. Good girl!
- Isn't it, Virge?
- I have to hold it for 30 seconds.
I want my gold star.
- It might be.
- Well, what does that mean?
It means yes and no.
Turn that off! It's seven o'clock
in the morning. And leave it off, dammit!
- Are you in charge of this case?
- There are two schools of thought.
- Everybody knows we're friends.
- Which is why you should insist.
OK, OK!
Like hell you will!
And that's definite!
Hank, it's nothing to me
who's in charge...
Then why don't you shut up?!

It's not about the personal thing,
or whether he did it or not.
We've got 12 good years invested in you,
and you know damn well what I mean.
The time may come when we need you
for more than homicide.
- This city's coming apart.
- No argument.
Once word gets out
that Logan Sharpe's a suspect,
the lid blows off, and you'll have to
book him or clear him fast.
And I can help. I... I know his habits.
All right, Virgil.
But officially, Herb's in charge.
Do you mind if I turn out the light?
Be my guest, Virgil.
OK, run it.
Next.
OK.
- It's positive acid phosphatase.
- Half-cell?
No, sir, it's doubtful.
OK.
- That was positive and half-cells.
- How long before?
- Two or three hours.
- OK.
OK.
- Mm-hm, she was strangled.
- Yeah.
But, Captain,
the autopsy's not finished yet.
- That's the weapon?
- Mm-hm.
All right.
Yup, that was probably
the cause of death.
Go back.
Show me the... the neck.
What's that abrasion?
Whatever it is,
it's a cinch it didn't kill her.
This is Lieutenant Tibbs.

Let me talk to the medical examiner.
All right. What do you wanna do now?
There's no blood on Sharpe's clothing,
there's nothing in the hallways,
nothing in the fire escapes.
They picked up fresh prints
off the bedroom window.
- Which we haven't identified yet.
- Doc.
What's that scratch
on the back of her neck?
Any way of telling whether
it was made during the struggle?
Thanks.
It's recent, that's all.
His wristwatch could have caused it
while he was strangling her.
- Maybe.
- Virgil!
The money and the jewellery
are still there. It couldn't be robbery.
So, what now?
You haven't answered my question!
Ask Herb. He's in charge.
Ralph, you're offside again!
I'm not gonna tell you again, Ralph.
Mario, referee for a while.
Hi.
Come on, I'll buy you a drink.
- Hey, you wanna referee?
- No.
Well, what brings you down
to this neck of the woods?
Being a detective. Ever see this before?
- I suppose it belonged to Joy, right?
- Right.
I think it looks familiar.
The clasp is rough,
might have scratched her.
Was she wearing it
the last time you saw her?
I never pay much attention
to jewellery, Virge.
You're wearing some.

This was my mother's. You may remember having seen her wear it.

I don't pay much attention to jewellery either.

"Sturges, Joy."

That's strange.

I know she was payin', or I'd have thrown her out. I've got good tenants. They're all fine people.

You're a careful man, Mr Weedon.

I can sense that.

Yeah.

I'll look through the apartment file.

Let's see. 3A...

3A. Here it is.

I'm sorry, it completely skipped my mind.

She wasn't a tenant. She's a sublease.

- Who paid the rent?

- Garfield Realty.

They stole one of my tenants, took over his lease. The girl moved in.

She paid them, they paid me.

Here's a card.

Woody Garfield Realty.

- Thank you.

- Stay for a drink.

- No, thanks.

- You sure?

Do you own a lot of buildings, Mr Weedon?

Yeah, here and there.

- You do pretty well.

- Well, I... manage to scrape up a living.

From your first-class tenants?

You let me know

if I can help you any more.

What is it, Weedon?

Who do I call first about you, the Vice Squad or Narcotics?

You can call the president

if you want to, Mr Tibbs.

Why do you want to see him?

Would you mind telling him I'm here?

Well, you see, I am Mr Garfield's wife

as well as his partner.
Would you... wait a minute, please?
Look, will you get off the phone?
I need you now. Get off the phone now!
When I say something, it's important!
- There is a cop out there!
- So there's a cop. He can wait!
What do you mean, wait?
I'm the one that's out there.
I don't know what he's doing here!
Hang up now!
You can come in.
- Mr Garfield? I'm here about Joy Sturges.
- Hi there.
Joy Sturges...
110 St James, apartment 3A.
That doesn't belong to us.
That belongs to that pimp, Weedon.
- You lease and sublet that apartment.
- Nonsense!
Yes. Yes, we do, dear.
That was all part of a package deal.
We took in one of his tenants in March,
assumed responsibility.
Then we must have
a file on it somewhere.
I'll get it.
Good.
- Pardon me.
- Mr Garfield?
Well, what's that?
Looks like lint... from a new carpet.
That was 110 St James, hm?
Woody, come back, damn you! Woody!
- Where is he going?
- I have no idea.
This is Tibbs. Inspector Deutsch
is following suspect.
He is not to arrest
unless suspect tries to leave town.
He may lead us to something.
Mrs Garfield, get your coat.
You're coming with me.
This is "Be Nice to Police Week".

Paper! Get your paper!

Paper! Paper!

This is Inspector 71 to headquarters.

- Go ahead.

- Suspect in rental car, blue Chevy,
licence plate 478

Q-Queen, H-Henry, G-George.

He's headed toward Geary Street.

We want to send an officer to your house
to pick up his clothes. Do you mind?

- What good would it do if I did?

- Not much.

The lint is enough to justify a warrant.

Want to give us a key?

Thank you very much.

- Inspector 37 to headquarters.

- Go ahead, 37.

Suspect just went past. 71 is right
with him. Do you need me? Over.

Stand by, 37. 71, what do you think?

He's circling.

I think he's a scared cookie,
trying to make up his mind
what to do. Over.

You may need a little help.

37, you go with him.

- Roger.

- I can't stand it! Let me go!

You're treating him
like a fish on a hook!

Please.

Please.

Would you like a cup of coffee?

No. No, thank you.

Inspector 37 to headquarters.

Go ahead, 37.

Suspect proceeding
across bridge at normal speed.

- Tibbs.

- This is O'Connor at Woody Garfield's.

Hold on.

- Go ahead.

- There's a hamper in the bathroom.

Dirty clothes full of fibre fuzz.

We think it's like the rug.

- What kind of clothes?
- Underwear and socks.
- Underwear?
- Is there any blood?

Not that I can see.

- Bring 'em in anyway.
- Yes, sir.

Tibbs.

He is?

OK.

I'm going down to Communications.

You hang tight here.

Right, 37.

Affirmative. Right.

He's on the bridge, Lieutenant.

Shall we pick him up?

- Not yet.
- 37, don't move in. Just stay with him.

37 to headquarters.

10-20 is continuing into Marin County.

- Have the Highway Patrol been notified?
- Affirmative, 37.

Give me Highway Patrol radio room.

This is 71. I've had it.

He's spotted me. Over.

Yeah, south. Our cars can't follow.

Can you set up a block?

Only bruises and superficial burns.

He wants to call a lawyer.

It better be a divorce lawyer.

All right, then, Mr Garfield.

Your lawyer, Mr Bickel, is present.

Your lawyer,

of your own choosing, right?

Let the record show

that he nods, meaning "right".

- And you are talking willingly?
- Can't you see that my client is in shock?

He belongs in a hospital.

Dr Paul here thinks

he's fit to be questioned.

You've been advised of

your right to remain silent.

Anything you say
may be used against you.
Cut the crap!
Ask your questions.
Yes, sir, we'll do that.
You knew Joy... Miss Sturges?
Mr Garfield?
Mr Garfield?
And you were paying
the rent on the flat? Right?
Doc, unbandage one of his hands.
What the hell for?
We'd like to see
if they're properly bandaged.
You couldn't object to that.
- What's this about?
- I'm not gonna hurt you.
- Couldn't be shorter if he bit 'em.
- If you're talking about my fingernails,
they cut 'em before
they put the bandages on.
He always leaves them long and pearly.
Give me Police Receiving.
Hal. A prisoner, Woody Garfield,
with burnt hands, just now.
- Did you cut his fingernails?
- I always wear 'em long. Always.
- You can check with my manicurist.
- I'll hold.
Thanks.
They were long, and they cut them.
Bandage him. And when
he's through, you may leave.
- You're free to go.
- Now, look.
- Don't play games with me.
- There's no charge.
Except reckless driving.
Thank you.
Six finger marks.
And there was pressure
enough to cause deep bruising.
Not a cut, not an abrasion. Not even
slight penetration of the skin surface.

Yeah, you're right. It couldn't
have been done with long nails.
Then why did that guy run?
Maybe he was more afraid
of his wife than he was of us.
How about Logan Sharpe's nails?
They're short.
Always have been.
You must admit the Establishment...
Please don't put that word in my mouth.
It's been used and misused
until it's meaningless.
Oh, come on. Do you deny that
the opponents of Proposition Four
tend to fall into a certain category:
the privileged, the vested interests,
those who have?
Not all of them. Individuals vary.
We want a broad base of support.
We're not interested in
alienating anybody with loose labels.
You can't call city government friendly.
For one thing, you want
control of building codes.
No. No, no. Enforcement of building
codes. That's a different thing.
We simply want
what we're supposed to have.
Government by consent of the governed.
See, we've been swallowed by bigness.
Little city halls, neighbourhood city halls,
we feel are the answer.
OK.
Privately, I wish you luck.
Four, five, six, seven,
eight, nine, ten,
11, 12...
- Hi!
- Hi, Daddy!
- 13, 14...
- Where's your mommy?
- In the garden. 15, 16...
- You're doing real good!
Thank you, Daddy. 17, 18,

19, 20, 22...

Uh-uh. What happened to 21?

I don't know. 23, 24,

25, 26...

Hi.

Virge! There's a time, and a place.

Ginny? Look, I read somewhere,

a famous psychologist once said

that if your kids see you pat your wife on

the fanny and she looks like she likes it,

then it gives them

a healthy attitude towards sex.

That was for Ginny's benefit, was it?

Right!

Virge, if you're feeling so fatherly,

why don't you go upstairs

and fix the curtain rod in Andy's room?

Consider it done.

OK.

Virge?

There are some new developments.

I don't know how important they are yet.

Hi, Dad.

Hi, Andy.

- Dad, I wouldn't...

- I think maybe it's time for dinner.

Bring that toolbox up to your bedroom

for me, will you, Andy?

If you're gonna do it, do it properly,

and make sure you enjoy it.

Puff. Puff.

Do I have to inhale this thing?

No, but keep puffing.

Puff.

Yeah.

And when you hold it, hold the end down

so the butt won't get wet. Like that.

How do you live like this, everything such

a stupid mess? Don't you ever clean up?

I understand Stevie

is first in your class again, hm?

You enjoy being second-best, right?

The kids hate him, and nobody hates me.

And he works hard, and he worries.

Puff.

You know, you're too big
to be swinging on curtain rods.
Those screws aren't gonna hold.
Practically have to build
the whole house again.

You know, man...

Nice house like this,
you don't even notice it.

Good schools are lost on you.

Maybe we ought to send you away.

Someplace fancy, where they're
gonna make you toe the line.

Why?

Because it's opportunity,
and that means that you grab it.

Do you know that any school you want,
you could have it? The best there is.

They're looking for you.

A slob who hits his sister.

You know, in less than ten years now
you're gonna be on your own.

School's through, the army's through,
your mother and me, we'll be through.

You'll be on your own then, mister.

Ever thought of that one?

And what are you gonna do?

What are you gonna be? Hm?

Well, that depends.

- On what?

- On you.

- How?

- Well, if you don't have any money,
I'll be a bum.

But if you're rich, I'll be a playboy.

There's so much I wish I could tell you.

But I guess it isn't possible.

Like try to understand what's going on.

Try to do something useful.

Like cleaning up this room.

Can you understand what I'm telling you?

- I mean, can you dig it?

- Sure, I can dig it.

You want me to clean my room,

and read books, and don't hit my sister.

And keep puffing.

Puff.

Drink.

Here.

- Thanks.

- Drink some more.

You're sure? Hold it a sec.

Baldy, the guy who drives
the campaign truck.

- Just picked up on possession of pot.

- Ten to one he was framed.

I been waitin' for the fuzz
to pull something like this.

- Who's gonna replace him?

- Do you need a special licence?

- You know, like a truck driver's?

- Hell, no. That's when it's for pay.

- You ain't gettin' paid.

- That's the misery with this deal.

Everything's for free but our blood.

Bud Ward'll be right over.

Yes on Four. May I help you?

Yes on Proposition Four. May I help you?

We'll try to get

somebody to pick you up.

No, don't worry about it.

We'll be there.

Thank you. Thank you for calling.

Is there any cream for this coffee?

Give me some cotton.

Are you gonna tell me

whose sneakers they are?

I don't think so. Got a box?

Well, I've been looking all over for you.

What's this all about?

It's glass from the carpet?

What the hell is going on here?

This isn't your own private case.

I got my name on it in big block letters!

- Will you stop talking like a policeman?

- It's what I happen to be. Are you?

Glass from the sole

of one of Logan's sneakers.

- It matches.
- Well, praise the Lord.
You weren't going to tell me
about it, were you?
Oh, no. Look, Virgil,
I really didn't mean that, uh...
But you can't let
personal feelings interfere...
Spare yourself, will you, Herb?
I can think my way through that one.
But let me try this out.
The lab checked out
his clothes and shoes. No blood.
- And also no carpet lint, right?
- It wasn't important.
- He admitted he was there on Sunday.
- OK. Then I remember the sneakers.
And they've got broken glass in them,
and that's damned important,
because it only could have
gotten there afterwards.
Yeah. Broken glass on the floor
would be a little scratchy
the way she did business,
all over the place.
So, what would you do?
I'd haul him in.
Then all hell breaks loose. "Cops
railroad leader of home-rule movement."
- They'll be in the streets, marching...
- Virge, I'm a liberal myself,
but home rule,
that's too far-out for me.
I don't wanna be pushed around
by a bunch of amateurs.
He had no known motive, and there
can be other explanations for this glass,
- so how sure can you be that he did it?
- Damn sure.
Except for one thing. You know those
two big fat fingerprints on the statue?
Well, they belong to Mealie Williamson.
That's the handyman.
- Has he got a record?

- Yeah, two minor felonies,
one for pandering... but nothing recent.
That statue was so clean,
chances are it was wiped.
Williamson may have picked it up
after the killer left. What'd he say?
He lives in the basement, but he wasn't
there. He goes out on a bat now and then.
What about that guy
who owns the place, Weedon?
His prints on that
business card match some
found on the window of her apartment.
- What the hell. He owns the joint.
- Has he got a record?
No.
But he has some very expensive lawyers.
You know what, Herb?
No. What, Virgil?
I'm going home to dinner.
Daddy! Andy hit me!
Andy said "I won't do it, and you can't
make me." Do you know what he did?
He took her Lego apart
and spread it around the room.
I asked him to pick it up,
that's all I did.
Ginny said to him
"Do what Mummy says", and he hit her!
He took her arm and twisted it.
Ginny, that maybe was
none of your business.
I mean, you might have been
asking for that, hm?
You're some father! You really are.
You're never home, and when you
are home, you can't control your son!
Why not stay home and control your son?
You can't solve that murder,
and you're late for dinner, as usual!
You go in there and make him
pick it up, if you can!
She told you to slug me, didn't she?
No.

But if I do, she wouldn't be too unhappy.
She's always on my back!
Yeah, but you shouldn't have hit your sister.
I can't stand her.
She can't do anything!
She's always standing on her head for you.
Well, I'm... I'm proud of what she's learned to do.
She's not quite as coordinated as you are.
She's learned to live with what she's got.
- What have you learned to live with?
- An uncoordinated sister.
Would you, uh... pick it up for me?
Please?
As a... sort of a personal favour?
Sure.
Good.
When?
A little later.
Look, man, I gotta keep peace in this house, you know.
So would you please... pick it up now?
Now you're on my back!
Will you please stop bugging me?
- Don't make me hit you.
- That's what you want to do.
That isn't because she told you.
This is supposed to be good for you, having me here, a father and all...
hell, if it wasn't for me hitting you, you know what you'd be today?
Sullen and rebellious.
Now, pick it up.
Pick it up, Andrew, please, or I'll hit you again.
Pick it up!
Andrew, pick it up, please.
I don't care if you hit me any more.

It hurts so much now, it can't hurt
any more. I don't care if you hit me.
Andrew, pick it up!
Please! Pick it up!
You're not perfect, are you?
And I can't forgive you.
You made me cry!
Yeah, yeah.
Yeah, OK, OK, OK.
It's gonna be all right.
- Are you sure?
- Who else would look for me but a cop?
I ain't got no money,
and I don't owe none.
- Who tipped you?
- Nellie, the girl on the switchboard,
she... she told me.
Mr Weedon, why...
why are they lookin' for me?
I don't know. I don't know why they
haven't picked up the damn preacher.
Who the hell's protecting him?
Mealie, did you touch anything?
Touch anything? No, I...
Oh... Oh...
I... I picked up that little statue.
You idiot!
All right. Don't come back here. I'll give
you another address. Now, write it down!
Hello!
Hello. Mr Weedon in?
Yeah, yeah. Come in, come in.
Well, Lieutenant!
Always a pleasure.
Lieutenant Tibbs, that is Puff.
- Always a pleasure.
- Which is it? Army, navy or air force?
- Homicide.
- Oh! Do tell.
But you're not fuzzy fuzz, are you?
Have a shot of 16-year-old bourbon.
\$12.95 a fifth? That's the attraction here.
Thanks. Soda.
Puff is the most amusing chick

this side of the morgue.
But I love him. He beats me.
- What do you want, Lieutenant?
- Where's Mealie Williamson?
Oh, so it wasn't the whiff of bourbon that brought you? I don't know where he is.
Yesterday was payday. Today...
The trouble with this country is overemployment.
I can think of others.
Lieutenant, breathe in that deep, delicate aroma.
Thank you, Puff.
You're in apartment 5C, aren't you?
Yeah. Would you like to come up?
The 12th of the month, that's payday?
No, I held his up.
Penalty for taking off last time.
I suppose you've got the cheque stub?
No. Cash is all Mealie understands.
But you pay his withholding and social security for him?
No, no, no.
My bookkeeper takes care of that.
- Why all the sudden interest in Mealie?
- What is your interest in hiding him out?
We found your fingerprints in there, Weedon.
You'll find my fingerprints all over this building.
He's a very friendly landlord.
Suppose you were in there that night, and Mealie knows it?
There's a natural conclusion to be drawn from that.
Conclude whatever you like, Lieutenant.
You picked the right man, Puff.
He's big.
He owns three firetraps over in the Potrero section, and building inspectors don't bother him.
Nobody bothers him.
He doesn't love you, honey.

Even with that \$12.95 taste
in his mouth. I wonder why.
About all I can do is
inconvenience Mr Weedon a little
by putting you away for 30 days.
Sorry, Puff, but I'll send you books.
You wouldn't do that.
Yes, I would.
The Vice Squad was all set
to run you in. You and that girl in 2G.
When this thing broke,
we asked them to hold off.
Only me and Jane? What about Joy?
Well, she was more careful...
or he was more careful for her.
I want to know where Mealie is.
Think it over, Weedon...
for about five minutes.
Thanks for the drink, Puff.
Lieutenant? Uh... you wouldn't.
You really wouldn't, would you?
Yes. Yes, I would.
438 Garrison Street.
You son of a bitch!
You'd send me books too, wouldn't you?
Take it easy, take it easy.
It's only a bluff!
And you were more careful about Joy.
I suppose that was a bluff.
I don't even know
what the hell he's talking about!
Why is he playing it
so cosy with the preacher?
That's what's bugging me.
- 71 to headquarters.
- Go ahead, 71.
We're on our way to 438 Garrison Street
to question a suspect.
- 438 Garrison?
- That's right.
There's been a disturbance reported in
that area. Two juveniles in a stolen car.
The crowd interfered
with the arrest, I think.

I don't have a clear report,
so take it easy.

- Hey, look! There's a pig!

- Clear the way! Injured man!

Pig! Pig! Pig!

Hey, Charlie, are you all right?

Listen to me, please!

Will you listen to me, please?!

Listen! What are you doing?

Give the coach a break.

Come on, guys! Listen.

Big deal! You broke a window.

You stole a television set.

Big deal! Listen to me! Please!

- Don't doze off.

- That'll be the day.

I don't know what happened...

- 71 to 74.

- 74 here.

- Keeping your eye on the back?

- Affirmative.

Why don't you go back

to the pulpit, preacher man?

We got this thing under control.

Get outta here!

Evening, Charlie.

I'm looking for Mealie Williamson,

and we're watching the back.

Mealie? He, uh... went out

to see the fun.

Did he?

Mealie Williamson?

On your feet!

- Thanks, Charlie.

- Yeah.

What you got on me?

You ain't got nothin' on me!

I ain't gonna let you railroad me!

What you been tellin' these people?!

I ain't never killed nobody!

And them fingerprints...

them fingerprints don't mean nothin'!

Why don't you talk to the reverend?

The reverend, he was there!

- I saw him!
- Reverend who?
Sharpe. Reverend Sharpe!
He was there! I saw him!
Go talk to the Reverend Sharpe!
Talk to the Reverend Sharpe,
you dummies!
Talk to the Reverend Sharpe!
Let's try the one on Van Ness next.
I think they're open all night.
You realise I can't test
for molecular structure?
We realise.
Obviously the same grade of glass.
- Colour refraction the same.
- Give us a light, will you?
Superficially, they would
seem very similar.
The truth is, fellas, this town
is littered with this kind of glass.
I say bring him in! I want people to know
I'm not afraid to, no matter who screams.
Sure, you've got the guts to bring him in,
but have you got the case?
Dammit! Dammit!
I phoned Miami to head you off.
Something's come up.
I wanna cool it for a while.
They couldn't reach me.
When I'm carrying, I make sure
that God Almighty can't reach me.
- Take it back.
- Take it back?
And tell Miami no deal?
Oh, you'll take it.
Or you'll never see another shipment,
no matter how damn big you are.
OK.
I want it off
to the distributors, and fast!
Right.
I'll be happy to give him the message
as soon as he comes in.
Cut the Peninsula back to 60.

- Central was 70 last month?

- Less.

What's the matter with that guy?

Give him 100 and a kick in the ass.

Yeah?

- Tibbs. He's on his way up!

- Tibbs? That black cop?

- He knows me!

- Get rid of this stuff.

Get out there and stop him.

Get out there!

And don't go waving two bucks

to a blind man!

Hold the bag.

Well!

Are you ever big on TV.

Do you want my autograph?

More than that. I'm just on the way to my
place. Wanna join me for coffee and stuff?

- Sorry.

- Why? You're not on the Vice Squad.

- And I did you a favour, didn't I?

- Mm-hm.

- See ya.

- Hey!

Don't act so square.

- You're not. I can tell.

- What's the matter?

- Weedon beat you once too often?

- Nothing like that.

Haven't you spotted him yet?

- He's a switch-hitter.

- With a low average.

Couldn't get in the park

unless he owned the club.

Why are we wasting time in conversation?

I was thinking the same thing. See ya.

Lieutenant?

Don't tell me I've been wrong about you.

Come in.

Ah, Lieutenant. What a surprise.

Gin.

Sit tight, Weedon.

- Who's this?

- Mr Carson, a friend of mine.
Naturally we call him Kit.
Naturally.
You made the phone call, Weedon.
Mealie ran up and told you,
and you got on the horn.
If I did... if I did,
you should thank me.
But you didn't want to be thanked. Why?
I want to look at your clothes.
Oh? Have you got a warrant?
You've seen a warrant before.
You don't have to look at all the fine print.
I want my lawyer present.
You've been reading
the wrong Supreme Court cases.
- Now, are you gonna let me take a look?
- OK, Lieutenant. I'll get the clothes.
Sorry.
I want to see 'em all.
- Look, I tried to...
- Give me that!
I'm clean! I'm clean!
I found a piece for comparison
in one of Weedon's rubber heels.
- It seems to match.
- Thanks.
- The glass matches.
- The glass matches,
the lint matches,
he had short fingernails,
and we've got a good motive:
he was no good in the sack,
and she taunted him with it.
I've known at least 20 homicides, that was
the real motive. Go ahead with the report.
- The press wants a statement.
- What are you gonna give 'em?
Christ, he ran and started shooting!
A case is never solved
until a judge says it is.
All right, we consider it solved.
I was gonna say that anyway.
See if you can get him

to hold off on that statement.

- Where are you going?

- 110 St James.

Hang on to your virginity.

Can't I get it through your head?

He's dead. All I want is a clean case.

Why isn't it clean enough for you?

You killed him.

Look, let's get the record straight.

He started that shoot-out.

Well, you bastard, you killed
the wrong man. He didn't do it.

Now, will you please
just get the hell out of here?

What makes you so sure he didn't?

- I was in his apartment all the time.

- And he never left it?

Yeah, he left it. He went down there.

- Come again?

- We had just been in his bed,
and he wasn't young enough
or interested enough
to go downstairs and try it again.

So why did he go down there?

- Why did he go?

- To collect!

- Maybe she was holding out on him.

- He wouldn't kill her.

She was merchandise.

Did she talk about Logan Sharpe much?

- Did she talk about Logan Sharpe?

- Some.

- Did he ever give her anything?

- Books. A lot of dull-ass books.

Only books?

And a lot of talk
about political and religious crap.

How did you get into her apartment?

What?

- Where did you get this ring?

- It's not worth anything.

You sweet-talked your way
past the cop at the door, didn't you?
I've got enough on you now to get you

three years instead of 30 days.
How did you get into her apartment?
I told the cop
she borrowed a dress of mine!
You'd take a chance like that for
something that isn't worth anything?
That's not what you were
really after, was it?
What you really wanted...
wasn't there, was it?
No! That's the trouble
with you goddamn cops.
You're just as crooked
as the rest of us.
Maybe we've got it down at headquarters.
You're a friend of hers,
you could make a claim for it.
What did it look like, Puff?
It was on a gold chain.
But it wasn't the chain.
It was the locket I really wanted.
It had a diamond
right in the middle of it.
Thanks.
This is Lieutenant Tibbs in car 71,
calling for Lieutenant Kenner.
- This is Kenner.
- Did the old man put out that statement?
- Not yet.
- Good. I'm coming in.
Get all the guys together you can.
We've got an awful lot of legwork to do.
Vote "no" on Proposition Four.
You got here in a hurry, Lieutenant.
Look, Coach, those opinion polls
can be wrong, you know.
I tell you, we got it in the bag.
Our side's gonna get out
and vote tomorrow, and they won't.
Some of them will, Freddie.
It's the undecideds I'm worried about.
What makes an undecided decide?
Is it a gut feeling?
Is it a mental process?

Well, I sure wish
I was old enough to vote.
I wonder if we'd said something different,
or done something different,
if there'd be fewer undecideds.
I wish I believed in divine guidance,
really believed in it.
Hi!
Did you come to share
the long night before the battle?
Not exactly.
Freddie, could you give us
a couple of minutes alone?
I bet you wouldn't say that
to Van Cliburn.
I don't know how to ease into this.
I can't. I gotta take you in, Logan.
I don't believe what I just heard.
Why?
Don't make me give you the spiel
about lawyers and your rights.
Just come on in,
and let somebody else take over.
Look, I can't! You know I can't talk
to anyone else about this but you.
Now, you just tell me,
and... we'll clear it up.
You can't. Logan, you can't clear it up.
Because you did it.
Now, you've gotta tell me
why you think so.
Why I know so.
You wearing that chain around your neck?
The night we took your clothes,
you were not wearing it.
I don't remember.
I usually wear it,
but... well, not always.
Like when Joy was wearing it.
Look, let's go, before I find myself
interrogating you.
I'm not leaving here.
Not before the election!
You tore it off of her!

Or she tore it off.
I think she tore it off!
I think it would take that
to provoke you enough.
That isn't even circumstantial, you know.
That's pure fantasy!
Logan,
you took that necklace to a jeweller,
Carl Wilson, to have it repaired.
He has identified you.
And he can identify
the new catch he put on.
Don't try to explain it,
because it might trip you up later.
The old catch was 18-carat gold.
Jewellers just don't throw
stuff like that away. It mounts up.
When it scratched her neck, it left
microscopic traces of blood and skin,
enough to positively identify you.
Don't.
I don't want a statement.
It's no good without witnesses, anyway.
Besides,
I don't wanna hear it.
Virge?
Virge?
First she made me feel
like a washout as a minister,
and then she made me feel
like a washout as a man.
You can understand that,
can't you, Virge?
Not condone it, but... understand it.
24 hours, Virge, until the polls close.
I can't!
Look, you'll be spared a trial.
I'll confess. I want to confess.
God, I want to confess!
Listen, Virge,
what difference does 24 hours make?
I know you did it.
That's the difference.
15 per cent of the voters are undecided.

The second you take me in, it's gonna be
all over the newspapers, on the television.
Think about how hard
these people have worked.
They're never gonna be able
to get back together if we lose this, Virge.
They wanted me to arrest you yesterday.
And it might have been better if I had.
There'd have been enough time to play up
the issues and play down the man.
But I wasn't sure about you yesterday,
so I didn't.
If you did it then, you can do it again.
I'm not gonna run.
Stay glued to me, but you've gotta do it,
Virgil. You've... gotta do it.
I'm through playing God, Logan.
Maybe arresting you
will throw those undecideds your way.
Maybe they'll think you're a martyr.
Maybe they won't.
How the hell do I know
what they'll think?
Look, I'm not wise enough
to play fast and loose with the rules.
Oh, for chrissakes, Logan!
Do I have to put the cuffs on you?
- Should I get my stuff?
- No.
I'll have it picked up.
Hello, this is Lieutenant Tibbs.
I'm on my way in with Logan Sharpe.
- How is he, Mr Tibbs?
- He's dead.
It was an accident?
- But he was in custody?
- Yes.
- Do you consider the case solved?
- A case is never solved until the judge...