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Angel Heart

By Alan Parker

How are you?
Hello!
Yes, this is Harold Angel.
Yes, initial R, like in the phone book.
Excuse me?
Winesap.
Herman Winesap,
Winesap & Mackintosh?
Hold on a second!
Winesap from Winesap &...
Mackintosh. I've got it!
Of course I know what an attorney is.
It's like a lawyer,
only the bills are bigger.
Sure, I'll hold.
Asshole!
Hello, Mr. Winesap? Harold Angel.
Yeah, I could be free.
Would this be with your firm?
Gimme that again.
Louis... how do you spell that?
Cyphre... okay.
What is it... foreign?
Is your client a foreigner?
Mr. Winesap, could you
give me a few more details?
Okay, I know the place.
It's a long way up, but I can be there.
Hallelujah!
Show right now how much you love God!
I want you to show! It's your time!
Open up your hearts
and open up your wallets!
Open your purses!
Open your pockets!
And give it up! Praise the Lord!
Somebody has been talking about me
riding around in a Cadillac.
If you love me and want to give to me,
then I should be in a Rolls-Royce!
Would you come with me, please?
An unfortunate husband
of one of Pastor John's flock
took a gun to his head. Most unpleasant.

Mr. Angel? Please?

Allow me to introduce my client,
Monsieur Louis Cyphre.

Hi, Harry Angel.

- Pleased to meet you, Mr. Angel.

I don't want to appear impolite,
but do you have any I. D.?

- Sure! Here...

How's that?

GU N PERM I:

Nothing personal.

I'm a little over-cautious.

You know how these things are.

- I know. So...

How did you hear about me?

I guess

you guys just looked in the phone book.

Usually that's what happens. Because
my name is "Angel", it's under "A"...

People are lazy.

They see the first name

and...

- Johnny Favorite.

Excuse me?

Do you by chance remember
the name Johnny Favorite?

Johnny...

No, I don't think so.

You never knew him?

- Am I supposed to?

He was a crooner before the war,
quite famous in his way.

Well, I tell you, Mr. Cyphre...

I'm sorry!

I usually don't get involved
in anything very heavy. I usually
handle insurance jobs, divorces,
things of that nature.

If I'm lucky sometimes

I handle people. But I don't know
no crooners

or anybody famous.

- His real name was Liebling.

I don't know any Liebling, either.
What do you want from me?
Does this man owe you money?
- Not quite.
I helped Johnny
at the beginning of his career.
You were like... his agent?
No!
Nothing so...
Monsieur Cyphre has a contract.
Certain collateral was to be forfeited
in the event of his death.
You're talking about a guy that's dead?
- He was drafted in '43,
North Africa.
"Special Entertainment Services".
There was an attack,
and his head and face was badly injured.
He had...
- Amnesia. I think you call it...
Shell shock.
- Exactly! - I know how that feels.
Why? Were you in the services?
- I was in for a short time.
But I got a little fucked up.
Excuse me! They shipped me home,
and I missed the whole shebang:
The war, the medals, everything.
I guess you could say I was lucky.
Johnny wasn't so lucky.
He returned home a zombie.
His friends had him transferred
to a private hospital upstate.
There was some sort of
radical psychiatric treatment involved.
His lawyers had
the power of attorney
to pay the bills, things like that.
But you know how it is.
He remained a vegetable, and my
contract was never honored. - I see.
I don't want to sound mercenary.
My only interest in Johnny
is in finding out if he's alive or dead.

Each year my office receives a signed affidavit confirming that Johnny Liebling is indeed among the living. But last weekend Monsieur Cyphre and I, just by chance, were near the clinic in Poughkeepsie. We decided to check for ourselves, but we got misleading information. The run-around!

I didn't want to cause a scene, I hate any sort of fuss. I thought, perhaps you could subtly and in a quiet manner... You want me to check it out.

- Check it out!

I have a feeling I've met you before. I don't know, I don't think so. Do you remember the name Johnny Favorite? His real name was Liebling. My only interest in Johnny is in finding out if he's alive or dead. May I help you?

- My name is Harry Conroy from the National Institute of Health. Is there anyone in particular you want to see? The Institute is conducting a survey of incurable trauma cases. I understand you have a patient here fitting that description? We can't let you see anyone without an appointment. I appreciate that, but maybe you could check the files and make sure I'm on the right track. I don't want to bother anybody unnecessarily. Okay? Thank you. What's the name of the patient?

- Liebling, Jonathan Liebling. One moment please, I'll check. Were you working here last weekend?

No, day off.
- Did you do anything nice?
My sister's wedding.
We did have a Mr. Liebling,
but he was transferred.
You sure?
- That's what it says.
And when was that?
- Years ago, in December '43.
May I take a look at this? Thanks.
Is this recent?
It's an old file.
- It's in ballpoint!
They weren't big on ballpoint in '43.
Is that ballpoint?
Well, I'll be!
They didn't have ballpoints back then?
No.
This here
Dr. Fowler,
does he still work here?
- Just part-time, he's old.
Thank you.
Time for your evening fix?
Who are you?
How did you get in here?
Through the mailslot.
I'm a private detective.
Breaking and entering is a crime,
whoever or whatever you are.
- Hey man, call the police!
Which you won't do in case
they discover your opium den
in the icebox!
I'm a doctor. I'm perfectly entitled
to keep pharmaceuticals at home.
Tell it to somebody else!
We're not talking about a Band-Aid
or a tube of unguent. How long you
been hooked? - What do you want?
Information about Johnny Liebling.
I treated a patient
of that name many years ago.
I'm not fooling around.

Either you give me some answers
or I'll call the police myself.
I've seen the works cooking upstairs,
and it ain't Mr. Salk's vaccine.
He was an entertainer
during the war, a neuro case.
No chance of recovery, so I transferred
him to a V.A. Hospital in Albany.
I hate to shake you up,
but I checked, and he's not there.
You faked the transfer.
Because he recently had a visitor,
the first in 12 years.
Popular guy, eh?
Where is he now?
- I don't know... - Come here!
I haven't seen him
since he was a patient here.
You're in a cold sweat! Look at you!
You can't wait for me to leave
so you can raid the icebox.
The sooner you get out with it,
the sooner you can shoot up.
I'll ask you again: Where is he?
I don't know.
Some people came one night years ago.
He got in the car with them and left.
He got into a car?
I thought this guy was a vegetable.
At first he was in a coma
but he quickly recovered.
But he still suffered from amnesia.
The friends.
Who were the friends?
- His name was Kelley, Edward Kelley.
The young lady I don't know.
She stayed in the car.
Where did they take him? - Down South.

The man said:

And what was the deal?
- \$25,000.
For what? - I was supposed to pretend
that he was still a patient in hospital.

Didn't the administration suspect?
- Why should they? I kept the charts
up to date. And no one asks questions
when the bills get paid.
Tell me about Johnny Liebling.
What did he look like?
- No idea. His face was damaged.
He had facial reconstruction.
He was in bandages the day he left.
What can you tell me about Kelley?
It's too long ago.
I only have a vague memory.
He was well dressed
and had a southern accent.
I truly don't remember.
- All right, Doc. Have a lie down.
I'm going out to grab a cheeseburger.
Maybe a few hours cold turkey
will refresh your memory.
Watch yourself!
We're going to take
a little nap, sit your ass down.
We're going to clear your mind.
I'm going out. When I get back,
I'll fix you some goodies
from the icebox, alright?
Tell me what I want to know
and you'll get rid of me forever.
I'm back, Doc!
I brought you a little something!
I didn't think
you'd want a cheeseburger...
I will! Bye!
Hi, Ellie!
Is that your boyfriend?
He's got a car and everything?
See you later!
Did you see him?
- No.
Why not?
- It would've been difficult. - Why?
Why? Because he's not there.
Johnny Favorite
walked out of the clinic 12 years ago,

in his best suit, with a new face wrapped in bandages and a headache. He left with a guy called Kelley and a girl.

Do you know this Kelley?

It seems this Kelley paid off some bent doctor called Fowler to pinch hit for your guy. He's covered up for him all these years. Looks like our Johnny has a perfect disappearing act.

- It seems so.

But you know what they say about slugs. No, what do they say about slugs? They always leave slime in their tracks. You'll find him.

- No, I won't find him.

Because I left out one little detail. This Dr. Fowler ended up dead with his fucking brains blown out.

Did you kill him?

- No!

But the cops might think I did.

I took on a \$125-a-day missing persons job for you.

Now, I'm a murder suspect.

That's it! I'm out.

Such are the hazards of your profession. If the fee bothers you, we'll adjust it. You bother me!

The closest I ever come to death is watching a hearse go by on 2nd Avenue. That's the way I like it. Are you afraid?

Yeah, I'm afraid.

I'll instruct my lawyer immediately to send you a check for \$5,000.

If you don't want the job, I'll engage someone else.

You want this Johnny pretty bad, eh?

I don't like messy accounts.

Some religions think the egg is the symbol of the soul, did you know that?

No.

Would you like an egg?
No, thank you.
I got a thing about chickens.
It's after eleven, you're late.
- I'm sorry.
You get it?
- If I lose my job,
I'll come and be your secretary.
I couldn't pay you what the "Times"
pays. Besides, they won't miss it.
Hi, Johnny, where the fuck are you?
He really was a crooner, like you said.
I didn't realize he was so big.
He was in a band called the Spider
Simpson Orchestra. They're all dead.
Only Spider is here in town.
- Where? - I wrote it all down.
The dyke in the archive is suspicious.
My boss hasn't
researched the story in years.
You can get the files.
Spider is in an old people's home
on 138th Street.
Oh, I get to go to Harlem again.
There was a picture of Johnny
with Toots Sweet, a guitar player.
No one's heard of him for years!
Johnny was engaged to a rich broad,
Margaret Krusemark.
Her dad owns half of Louisiana.
Met him at a high school prom. Johnny
shit on her, and she went back to Daddy.
There's lots on their spells.
Spells, what do you mean, spells?
The eye of a newt,
toe of a frog and that kind of shit?
- Seems she was a bit of a crackpot.
Casting spells
at society do's and stuff.
Didn't go down too well with
the lvy League stiffos.
She was known as the Witch of Wellesly.
Did I do good?
Great! So what've I got:

A religious loonie as a client.
I gotta find Johnny "Golden Tonsils"
and we don't know where he is.
And he probably doesn't know who he is.
I got a geriatric bandleader
in a home in Harlem.
I got a guitar player
called Toots Sweet.
What else have I got?
A hard-on?
Are you okay?
January 3rd,

Copy:

attorneys. As reported,
Johnny Favorite has not been
in the Sarah Dodd Clinic in
Poughkeepsie for the last 12 years.
He was taken away by a man
called Edward Kelley and a girl.
The girl is unidentified.
Kelley paid a Dr. Fowler \$25,000
to falsify reports
stating
that Favorite was still in the hospital.
The doctor is now deceased.
Before Johnny's accident it seemed
like his career was going great,
until he started to dump on everyone.
I tracked down Spider Simpson,
Johnny's old bandleader. He resides
at the Lincoln Presbyterian Hospice
on 138th Street. Johnny also
had a good buddy, a guitar player
called Toots Sweet.
Toots went back to Algiers.
That's Algiers in New Orleans.
I think maybe Margaret went back there,
and maybe Johnny, too.
Oh, yeah! According to Spider,
Johnny had a secret love.
A black lady
called Evangeline Proudfoot.
Evangeline ran

some kind of spooky store in Harlem
called "Mammy Carter's."

You don't

need to know that, Cyphre. I think
a secret love should stay secret.

The only person

who Johnny was seeing regularly
was a palm reader
in Coney Island called Madame Zora.

Are you lizzy?

Looks like the last bit of sun, eh?

The guy in the arcade over there
told me you might be able to help me.

I'm looking for Madame Zora. - I know
her, friend of the wife before the war.

She was a fortune teller, right?

- And then some!

I hate those hocus-pocus bitches!

Her and the wife got along real well.

Wife's a baptist. Oh, here!

Have a nose shield!

Go on, take one. I found a whole
boxful under the boardwalk.

There's not much sun right now.

Yeah, but it keeps the rain off too.

Ever hear of a Johnny Favorite?

The singer?

- Yeah, he used to visit Madame Zora.

Heard of him, but don't know nothing.

Ask the wife.

She always sings stupid tunes
off the radio. She knows all that shit.

She likes the water, eh?

- She hates it.

She's getting on the heavy side.

She thinks it's good for varicose veins.

Alright, thanks.

What do you do here in the summer?

Bite the heads off the rats.

And in the winter?

- The same.

Excuse me!

I was just talking to your husband.

I was inquiring about Madame Zora.

Yeah, I knew her before the war,
Madame Zora, you say?
Yeah, she was a gypsy fortune teller!
Had the booth across the boardwalk from
me. She was a debutante not a gypsy,
and she did
more than just read tea leaves.
Did you ever see her with a guy called
Johnny Favorite? - Yeah, he was cute.
She was stuck on him. He was called
"Golden Tonsils". I knew all his tunes.
Have you ever
heard of a Margaret Krusemark?
Don't be a gazoony, fellah!
Madame Zora was Margaret Krusemark.
Well what happened to her?
Packed up her stuff
and went back home, down south.
You have any idea
where I could find Johnny Favorite?
No, maybe the cemetery.
Want to hear one of his tunes?
Thanks for the nose shield.
I'm going to need it where I'm going.
In Brooklyn?
- Louisiana. - Nice.
Where'd he go?
FOR COLORED PATRONS ON LY
Mr. Angel? Sorry to keep you waiting,
but you're a little early.
I had a bad line.
I didn't know if you said 4:00 or 4:30.
This is a wild place you got here!
- Yes, I've been very happy here.
I've never had my fortune read before.
Does it take long?
I'll take the details now. It usually
takes a couple of days to do a chart.
Tea?
Do you want some tea?
Yes, thank you.
Darjeeling, jasmine or oolong?
Not many people like oolong.
Do you play the piano?

No, not exactly.

Sing?

I can carry a tune,
but no... not really.

Who is this mean looking guy?

My father.

I'm sorry!

Don't worry, he hates it too.

He looks like one of those guys
in an old pirate movie. What's his name?

Ethan.

- Ethan Krusemark...

Well, I tell you,

I never saw any of Ethan's movies.

Do you speak French?

I'm from Brooklyn.

I would prefer it if you didn't smoke.

- That's okay.

Cream or sugar?

Straight up is fine, thank you.

I need your exact date of birth.

Sure!

I was born on February 14th...

...1918, on Valentine's day.

How curious! I used to know a boy
who was born on that exact same day.

Well, you know how it is,
all the soldiers home on leave and all.
Maybe we could pull your friend's chart
and save ourselves some time.

I don't think so. Every person
is very different. I don't think
you'd like his chart.

Place of birth?

Brooklyn, New York.

Was your friend a jerk or something?

You could say that.

I guess you didn't get along.

You and Johnny.

You and Johnny Favorite?

Who are you?

- I was an old army buddy.

I thought you two were kinda...

Look, I ain't no army buddy, I'm just

a guy who was paid to snoop around.
To tell the truth,
I wasn't born on Valentine's day.
It's Johnny's future I'm interested in.
Johnny has no future, he's dead.
He died 12 years ago.
I'd like you to leave.
I know you're thinking who is this creep
poking his snitch in everything.
I don't want to sound nosy, but...
- He's dead, Mr. Angel.
And if he isn't, he is to me.
He must've hurt you pretty bad!
We all have our scars.
I don't know too much about the guy, but
he must've been stupid to let you go.
Lies and cruelty
come very easily to some people.
Pity, I really would've liked
to have gotten my palm read.
Then I could have held
your hand just a little longer.
I don't think you'd like what I see.
Very pretty necklace!
You got any High John
the Conquerer root?
- Powdered or hanging?
I'm not really sure.
Caught in the rain, eh?
Two roots, \$1.20.
I have a question.
I had an acquaintance in Harlem
who used to deal in the root.
Name was Evangeline. Heard of her?
Practically everyone around here is
called Evangeline. After the poem.
Do you know it?
Yeah, I know it.
This acquaintance had a store in Harlem
and it was the same name:
"Carter."
- Everybody uses the name, mister.
Like "Howard Johnson,"
but this is the real place.

Her name was Proudfoot.
Evangeline Proudfoot?
I knew her. She used to come back all
the time when she lived in New York.
Do you know where she is now?
- She got sick and died.
She went back to the Holy Shelter
swamp and was buried in Armandville.
She was waiting on some fellah.
- Just like in the poem? - Yep.
\$1.20.
Who was the guy?
- She never told.
Okay, thanks.
A week, you say?
- At the most.
What is it?
Why are you crying?
We're going to Grandma. What's there?
Grandma.
Grandma.
Let's go.
Give me your hand.
I'm sorry!
I got these off a guy in Coney Island.
Some crazy guy.
I'm sorry.
Stop crying.
I was hoping
I could talk with your mother.
You're a little late.
Did you know her?
No, I never met her but I was hoping
she could answer some questions for me.
Are you a cop?
No, my name is Harry Angel.
I'm a private detective.
So what's...?
- Epiphany.
Your mama left you
with a very beautiful name.
And not much else.
Actually, I'm looking for
a friend of your mother's,

a guy called Johnny Favorite.
I met all her friends
but never anyone called Favorite.
Shit!
I got a thing about chickens.
This Favorite was friends with your
mother in New York city before the war.
Well, she never told me.
Mama had a lot of guys. She liked men.
How about a guy called Toots Sweet?
He was a friend of Favorite. Know him?
- No. - He was a good guitar player.
I was going to catch his act tonight.
I'm going to be
staying in town, in a hotel.
If you remember anything
that might help me,
give me a call.
You're a very pretty girl, Epiphany,
your name suits you.
These crazy chickens!
What are you after him for,
Johnny Favorite?
I'm not after him. I'm just being paid
to find out where he is.
He could be 6 feet under.
- Then I'll have to buy a shovel.
How are you, sugar?
Some beautiful tune
you were singing there, Mr. Sweet.
- Toots, son! Thanks. - Buy you a drink?
Mine's on the house. Special cocktail.
Whatever's in it gives a big kick.
You know, I heard you play
years ago in New York.
Before the war
at the old Dickie Wells Bar.
You were having it up pretty good
with a guy called Johnny Favorite.
Yeah, I vaguely remember.
- You and he were buddies, weren't you?
No, he recorded one of my songs.
Say, are you a dick or a book writer?
Neither. I'm a journalist

and I'm doing this piece
about Johnny
and the Spider Simpson Orchestra.
Spider played them drums
like two jackrabbits fucking!
Haven't got much time. Got to piss,
spit and get back to work.
Try one of those cocktails. Then you can
make the whole thing up as you like.
That's what you usually do, anyway.
I can't even take a piss!
I just wanted to talk about Johnny
Favorite and Evangeline Proudfoot.
I'm too big to go hiding under beds.
I don't know nothing.
I'm only interested in cocktails. Fuck!
What's going on? - Nothing! Mind your
own business. I want to piss!
Get outta here,
or you'll wish your little white ass
was never born.
Please! I've got a thing about chickens.
End of bullshit time!
I've had a
good look at you and young Epiphany
doing your hot shoe number
with the chicken.
Listen!
I ain't up on this voodoo shit.
I'm from Brooklyn.
We ain't all Baptists here.
- What's with this Proudfoot girl?
She's a mambo priestess, like her mom.
Has been since she was 13.
When was the last time you saw
Johnny Favorite at a chicken dance?
He used to run around with Ma mambo.
- I ain't seen him since before the war.
And the chicken foot in the john?
- It means I got a big mouth.
It's not big enough.
What's this fucking star
in your mouth? I'll tell you what.
I'll give you my hotel number.

Gimme a call if you hear anything.
You never know.
Next time you get a delivery of a
chicken foot, you might need help.
As far as I'm concerned,
any dead chicken is a good chicken.
Only cops and bad news don't knock.
Only private dicks sleep late.
Quite a dream you were having!
- I was on my way to Mandalay.
Shit! There's some leak up there!
Here! Is this your name?
That your hotel?
You're standing in it, ain't you?
- Your handwriting?
I think so.
Then perhaps you can tell us
why we found it in the hand
of a dead guitar player.
Toots Sweet is dead?
This one wasn't so quick,
this one took time.
How did he die?
Technically?
Asphyxiation by his own genitalia.
And not so technically?
They cut his dick off
and choked him with it.
Then redecorated his apartment
with his blood.
When did you see him? - I interviewed

him around 1:

A missing person.
Who?
A guy who took a walk 12 years ago.
There was a photo of him and Toots.
- Who is the party you're looking for?
I can't say.
I'm working for a New York lawyer.
Name?
- Come on, man!
Winesap!
You want his number, his address?

Ask Tess Truehart over there,
it's in the book.
Under "W," genius! - Do you know
Ted Williams, the baseball player?
Alright, is that it, guys?
That's it.
You can go eat lunch,
but don't stroll too far.
Not until we talk to this lawyer.
Ever watch the "Mickey Mouse Club?"
Do you know what today is?
Today is Wednesday.
It's "anything can happen" day.
Hey man, do you want a tune?
Yeah, I got a tune for you.
Hiya, boys!
Same to you.
I'm getting kinda hungry.
Do you want to sell some of those?
- Sure, give me a sack.
Listen good! Margaret Krusemark's old
man wants you on the first train home.
Take that fucking thing away from me!
Don't, or the dog will bite
your fucking face clean off.
What happened to you?
A dog bit me.
So, what do you want?
Right now, I need a laundry.
Listen, Epiphany...
- Epiphany.
There's something I want to ask you.
The other night I saw you and Toots
boogying with the cock-a-doodle.
Looked like you were having some party.
What's your problem?
It's a free country.
Not for chickens.
- Oh yeah, your thing about chickens.
Listen, Toots is...
Toots is dead.
- I know, I heard.
You set him up.
- No, I didn't.

You were the only one
that knew I was seeing Toots.
You sent the
gift-wrapped chicken foot, didn't you?
Toots had a big mouth.
I guess he did,
judging by what the cops found in it.
Quite a cute religion! - Nailing a man
to a cross ain't so cute either!
You've got to kill the chicken
to make the soup, eh?
We don't go around murdering people.
What about your Johnny Favorite?
Now you remember him after all.
- Yes, he was my father.
I'll pick the baby up later, okay?
- He'll be all right.
Anything you're holding out,
now is a good time to tell.
Nothing to tell.
Johnny never came back from the war.
Mama waited and Mama died.
Sad and simple.
There's too many dead bodies
floating around, even for Louisiana.
I'd tell your old man
to look out for you.
You do have a husband?
- No.
No?
Jesus, you've got beautiful eyes!
Really.
The kind of eyes
that tell what's going on inside.
Right now, you're scared.
- I'll manage.
Listen...
- Yes, I'll call you if I hear anything.
Call me if you don't.
Alright?
I have a message for you.
Thank you.
- You're welcome.
I'm so glad you could come.

- I didn't know you were in town.
I'm speaking in Baton Rouge and thought
I'd catch up on your progress.
I'll tell you,
the progress ain't too good.
I've found out a lot of stuff,
but so far... no Johnny Favorite.
How unfortunate! - All I've got is a
belly full of hocus-pocus and...
Dead bodies, Mr. Cyphre.
Murders.
I got Fowler, Johnny's doctor,
bumped himself off.
This old voodoo guy Toots Sweet.
He got choked to death with a part of
the body meant for pissing with...
This is a church!
The whole thing has to do with
religion. It's very weird.
I don't understand it. It's ugly.
They say there's enough religion to
make men hate each other but not love.
Do they say that?
I'll tell you something. There wasn't
much love around for Johnny Favorite.
He was bad luck!
It's starting to rub off on me. I'm a
murder suspect already in two cases.
The police found my name
and my address in Toots Sweets' hand.
I know, Winesap told me.
You must be careful, Mr. Angel.
And the third murder?
I checked out Johnny's old society
girlfriend, Margaret Krusemark.
Do you know her?
- Vaguely.
Vaguely? I'm a little fed up
with fucking vaguely.
"Vaguely" is putting a noose
around my neck and I'm choking, so...
Did you know her or not?
I knew about her,
but I never actually knew her.

Tell you what, she was doing my chart.
I gave her Johnny's birthday,
February 14th.
Except someone got to her and
took out their own Valentine's card.
They slit her open
and cut out her heart.
I guess she couldn't
predict the future for herself.
The future isn't what it used to be.
And your conclusions?
- I haven't any.
All I know is that Johnny is running
around bumping off everyone he knew.
And more and more,
it's me who's on the line for it.
I'm being set up
and it's scaring the shit out of me.
So why don't you just level with me
and tell me what the fuck is going on?
Just Johnny Favorite
and the debt that's owed to me.
I have old-fashioned ideas,
about honour.
An eye for an eye, things like that.
Who the fuck are you?
Watch your language!
I don't give a fuck,
if this is a church.
I don't like churches.
- Are you an atheist?
Yes, I'm from Brooklyn.
I'll be in town for a day or two,
let me know what else you find,
and if you need more money...
- No!
But if I'm not careful,
that 5,000 bucks you gave me could
buy me a seat on the electric chair.
Frightened eyes never lie.
Come on! Come inside!
Where's your child?
- He's at Mincie's. She'll bring him.
She's got 14 of her own,

so he'll be okay there.
You're welcome to stay here,
or I can get you a room.
No, it's okay.
I'm going to have a drink. Want one?
Well, have one anyway.
I've been thinking...
What the hell did your mother see in
a guy like Johnny Favorite?
I don't know. Whatever he had,
it sure stole her heart away.
To tell you the truth,
the guy was a creep.
She sure missed him.
What does a lady see in a guy
who runs around chopping up pigeons?
They say it's always the bad-asses
who make a girl's heart beat faster.
Did she ever say anything about him?
Just two things.
- What?
That Johnny Favorite was as close to
true evil as she ever wanted to come.
What else?
That he was a terrific lover.
How old are you?
Kind of young to have a kid, isn't it?
Old enough.
Where did the father go?
- I never knew him.
I'm sorry.
I don't know why I took this room.
I can't believe this!
It was a Bambouche. When spirits
possess you, it's called "chevalier."

I know that:

Chevalier. - That's what I said:
Chevrolet. - Mounted by the gods.
So the gods got you pregnant?
I understand now. I'm sorry.
I'm not.
It was the best fuck I ever had.
Want to dance?

Here?

Yes, here.

I got bit by a dog this morning,

I can't move around.

You won't feel a thing.

Alright, I'll dance with you.

But you've got to promise.

- What's that? - No chickens!

Alright, I'm coming!

I should've recognised the knock.

At least you got a reason

for sleeping late.

Down here we don't mess with jigaboos.

The colored folks keep to themselves.

I'm not from down here.

- You cut yourself?

Dog bit me.

Somebody called Margaret Krusemark
figure in your missing persons case?

No, why? - She's dead.

That nigger guitar player of yours,
he didn't matter a shit. He was into
voodoo, they 86 each other every week.

But this Krusemark dame, she comes
from a Louisiana money family.

Two people bumped off in a week,
what's the connection?

Similar circumstances!

Did she have her dick cut off too?

- No!

Some fucker cut her heart out,
neat as a butcher.

Look, mine's
a missing persons, it's not a murder.

I want the name of the party you're
looking for. - Talk to the lawyer.

I did. A fancy mouthpiece, gave me the
same big city shit as you.

What should I say? Why don't you and
Effie Klinker just fuck off
and leave me alone?

- You ass-wipe!

You play jump rope with Louisiana law
and I'm going to stick

your big city smarts
right up your New York ass.
This Krusemark was into black magic
and all that shit.
Nothing is worse for a cop than people
who get killed for nutso reasons.
Sorry about the mess.
Maybe your nigger can clean it up.
What are you singing?
It's by Johnny Favorite.
My mother used to sing it all the time.
You okay?
Shit!
What do you want, Mr. Angel?
I thought you knew.
- Why should I?
Two of your morons with a matching
poodle have been chasing me for days.
I'm looking for Johnny Favorite.
As far as I know,
that dance band scumbag is dead.
That dance band scumbag
probably killed your daughter.
Who is employing you?
- I can't say.
I'll pay.
- So do they.
snatched Favorite from the nut hatch.
You gave a junkie doctor 25 grand to
pretend Johnny was still there.
You did a good job until a week ago.
You used the name Edward Kelley.
Let's go over here. It's a little
private and you can sample our Gumbo.
I've got an acid stomach.
Cajun cooking kills me.
Pity about your stomach!
You'd have enjoyed our Gumbo.
I was Edward Kelley.
It was me who paid Fowler the 25 grand.
Did Favorite know you?
- No.
He acted like a sleep walker. He looked
out of the window at the lights.

Where were you taking him?

- Times Square. New Years Eve, '43.

We dropped him off in the crowd,
and he disappeared forever.

Or so we thought.

You're telling me you paid 25 grand
for a guy and lost him in a crowd?

I did it for my daughter.

Some sort of hocus-pocus she and Johnny
were fooling with. She was obsessed.

I know,

I found a mummified hand in her room.

The hand of glory.

It's supposed to open any lock.

It was the right hand of a murderer, cut
off while his neck was in the noose.

That's what Margaret believed.

Black magic! - Black, white, what's the
difference? Margaret was always...

Evil.

- Evil as a dunghill.

Everyone speaks about someone else.

Margaret wasn't evil.

She was a strange kid! She was into
Tarot cards before she could read.

Who got her started?

- Some maid, or governess, who knows.

Everything you tell me
is a crock of shit!

You got her started!

You're a devil worshipper! - The Prince
of Darkness protects the powerful.

Shit!

- I can't help if you don't believe it.

Come straight with me, you slime-bag,
or I'll save the state an execution!

I introduced

Johnny Favorite to my daughter.

I watched him conjure up Lucifer in my
home. He was deeper in it than me.

He made a pact with Satan.

He sold his soul.

You expect me to swallow that?

- I don't give a damn!

That's a crock of shit,
you lying toad!
He sold his soul for stardom.
- For stardom?
Satan rose from the depths.
But he tried to outwit
the Prince of Darkness.
When he made it big,
he tried to duck out of it.
That's a crock of shit!
Johnny found an obscure rite in an
ancient manuscript. He needed a victim.
Someone his own age. - Why?
- To steal their soul.
Toots and Johnny
picked up a young soldier.
Who?
- Just a soldier
celebrating New Year's Eve in New York.
They took him back to Johnny's hotel,
where they had the ceremony.
What ceremony?
The boy was bound naked on a rubber mat,
there were complicated incantations.
A pentacle was branded on his chest.
Margaret gave Johnny a virgin dagger.
He sliced the boy clean open
and ate his heart.
It was still beating
when he wolfed it down.
Johnny wanted to become that soldier.
Before he had worked it out,
he was drafted,
injured and sent home
without even knowing who he was.
Who was the boy?
Only Johnny knew. He put the dog tags
in a vase and gave it to Margaret.
It was Margaret's plan
to drop him off in Times Square.
The last place he remembered
before it happened.
He needed a victim.
Someone his own age.

To steal their soul.
He sliced the boy clean open
and he ate his heart.
Who was the boy?
Johnny wanted to be the soldier.
Maybe he gained the guy's soul,
but he still looked like Johnny to me.
I know who I am!
Alas...
How terrible is wisdom if it brings
no profit to the wise, Johnny.
Louis Cyphre...
"Lucifer!"
Even your name is a dime store joke.
"Mephistopheles" is
such a mouthful in Manhattan, Johnny.
Do you think posing as the devil,
just because it scared
a superstitious old guitar player,
and that witch,
and that nutty old man,
do you think it's going to scare me?
It ain't, because I know who I am.
You killed them,
and you're trying to pin it on me.
I know who I am.
If I had cloven hooves and a tail,
would you be more convinced?
You're crazy.
I know who I am.
You're trying to frame me.
You're trying to frame me.
I know who I am. You murdered them
people! I never killed nobody!
I didn't kill Fowler,
I didn't kill Toots,
and I didn't kill Margaret or Krusemark.
I killed no one.
I'm afraid you did, Johnny.
- My name's not Johnny!
All killed by your own hand.
Guided by me, naturally.
You were doomed from the moment
you slit that young boy in half.

You've been living on borrowed time and
another man's memories for 12 years.

I want to tell Winesap, he knows!

- He's dead.

Nasty accident!

Don't worry, no one will mourn one less
lawyer. Death's everywhere these days.

But what gives

human life its worth, anyway?

Because someone loves it, hates it.

The flesh is weak.

Only the soul is immortal.

And yours belongs to me!

I know who I am.

That's it Johnny, take a good look!

However cleverly you

sneak up on the mirror, your reflection
always looks you straight in the eye.

- I know who I am.

I know who I am!

Why did you come back?

I live here.

Who is she?

She ain't:

She's my daughter.

Bullshit! Who is she?

Epiphany Proudfoot.

She stayed here for a little while.

Long enough for you to kill her?

Or ain't that your gun up her snatch?

You're going to burn for this.

I know.

In hell!