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Bare Witness

By Anthony L. Greene

Gav...

...what are you doing?

Getting intoxicated.

The guests are waiting.

They're getting intoxicated too.

Someone might catch us.

Now you just turned me on.

Do it.

Oh, Julie...

...you are so beautiful.

Time's up.

I thought you girls

liked to post-coital cuddle.

Not when I have another gig.

I'm taking a shower.

Coming.

-Who is it?

-Nix.

-Hunter wants to see you.

-When?

Now.

Let's go. Out.

-What?

-Come on!

Wait. I'm soaking wet.

-Dry off later.

-I thought you were a gentleman.

So much for first impressions.

-What's she doing here?

-Leaving.

-My things.

-Get it later.

Jeez!

-When can I get my stuff?

-Sorry for the coitus interruptus.

We were done.

First half, as agreed.

Second half when the job is done.

So who am I doing?

Thank you for your generosity

and support...

...tonight and throughout

my entire campaign.

It's been a tough fight.

But I am convinced that on Tuesday...
...we will be forcing Mayor Garland
into early retirement.
And as City Council President
Frank Constantine can attest to...
...I'm committed to upgrading our
schools, building homeless shelters...
...and fighting the evils
of institutional gambling...
...within our city limits.
-Evening, captain.
-Killian.
That's a misdemeanor.
I had to go.
You won't let me go inside--
You're supposed to be
watching the grounds.
I thought you said
"watering the grounds."
Sorry, captain.
Hello, nice to see you.
Good to see you.
Gorgeous!
Everyone, remain calm!
Just stay where you are!
What happened?
Someone tried to shoot Washington
but hit the councilman.
-Constantine?
-Yes.
Hang on. An ambulance is on the way.
Killian, you're on crowd control.
The window. The shooter's a caterer.
Freeze! Let me see your hands!
The camera.
Fuck.
Hey, honey. How's it shaking?
Slim, no hands! Remember?
Oh, yeah, that's right.
You're an actress now.
Come to my studio
and show me your act.
-I don't do that anymore.
-Once a stripper, always a stripper.

That kind of thinking makes you
a thin man, Slim.
Hey, Julie!
-My favorite girl.
-Hey, what's up?
Nothing a little bug spray
can't cure.
Hey, Julie,
tell your roommate here...
...how she's shaking the wrong can
for a living.
-Are you ready?
-I've been ready since I got here.
He's such a sleaze!
I hope I get an acting job...
...so I never have to see
his smarmy face.
Come on, cheer up.
Look what I got.
Toilet paper!
Did you hit another hotel?
The Barrington Wilshire.
I got to do it in a suite.
Guess what else?
I made rent.
All of it.
Who's the guy?
I don't know. But I'd do him again.
The latest we've heard
from this estate...
... is mayor hopeful Washington
was not hit.
City Councilman Constantine
stepped in the way...
...saving Miss Washington's life.
He was rushed
to Centinela Hospital...
... where he's in stable condition.
Police won't say...
... if Washington was the intended
victim without more evidence.
I wish we'd have
gotten that on tape.
We'd be so rich.

I am so tired. I'm going to bed.
Are you staying up?
Yeah. I'm gonna watch
my latest conquest.
God, when are you gonna finish
this documentary?
What can I say? I love the research.
-Good night.
-Good night.
Someone might catch us.
Now you just turned me on.
It's rare to get that rush.
That feeling of power.
Survival of the fittest
is the oldest business.
That's funny.
I thought something else was.
I'm out of that business.
Don't kid yourself.
-Ian. Sorry to bother you.
-It isn't safe for you to come here.
We agreed to meet tomorrow.
-I don't have your money.
-It's not about the money.
We have a problem.
Problem?
Okay.
That hooker I was with,
she made a video.
She taped our conversation.
The deal, the assassination.
I went back to the hotel
to retrieve it. She's gone.
I can't contact the manager.
He'll ask too many questions.
Why would you agree
to have your face videotaped?
I'll do anything when a woman
takes off her panties.
Who is she?
Her name is Julie.
She works for a guy named Slim.
Max Reuter?
Yeah. You know him?

An old acquaintance.

Ian, I will track her down
and get that tape back.

No.

No, we'll take care of it.

-Marina, show Mr. Reed out.

-Of course.

After you.

Hey, wait!

The doctors extracted a .44 caliber,
silver-tipped bullet...

...from Constantine's shoulder.

We're holding it in evidence.

I'm running a background check on the
kitchen crew and party planners.

Is something going on
between the two of you?

No.

Then stop with all the distractions.

This might be nothing...

...but a parking attendant found
a white uniform in the parking lot.

The kitchen manager said it was like
those worn by his crew...

...but his were accounted for.

Just in case, Dalton sent it
to Forensics to take hair samples.

-Good work, McGee.

-Captain--

You're not on this case. So go away.

I got a shooter out there.

I saw him, remember?

Problem was, you had me
watching the grass grow.

You brought this disciplinary
action on yourself!

So until you're ready to submit
a written apology, it stands.

I'd sooner marry another cop.

-You don't go punching the mayor.

-Fuck him!

He asked for it. He's an asshole.

Then don't vote for him.

Let's get the record straight.

I had a partner in the hospital...
...and the prick's writing a speech
in case he doesn't make it.
I know the story, detective.
And I've heard enough from you.
Thanks for the lift.
-I'll call you later.
-Okay.
I wish you'd ask Slim
about a job at the bar.
It would be so much safer.
I've seen the guys that go in there.
Besides, it's just a shoot tonight.
-I'm not seeing anyone.
-Promise?
-I'll call you when I'm done.
-See you later.
Okay, switch positions.
And take you panties off.
Now touch her body.
And go down.
Good. Stay there.
Touch your breasts.
And climax.
And cut!
Very nice, ladies.
-Hey, Slim.
-Hey, Julie.
-Sorry I'm late.
-That's all right.
We're running behind anyway.
Julie, someone's here to see you.
-Someone?
-A producer.
He liked your headshot.
He's in the dressing room.
-Really?
-Yeah.
But, Julie...
...don't fuck this up, okay?
Come here.
Hello?
You're even more beautiful in person.
Do you always make surprise entrances?

Only when I want to admire
a beautiful woman.

-I'm John Fisher.

-The producer.

Slim was right about you.

He was trying to sell you to me
for the night. Nice guy.

Yeah. A regular Fuller Brush man.

Well, he's got good taste.

And I am looking for a girl
for the night.

-Well, I'm working tonight.

-Yes.

For me.

-You're beautiful.

-I know.

Whoa, Carly? What are you doing here?

You finally come to your senses?

Yeah, right.

No, I'm looking for Julie.

She left her makeup in the car.

Julie?

Yeah, you know, your favorite girl.

I dropped her off for tonight's shoot.

She left this in the car.

Well, Julie ain't here tonight.

Maybe she left it here yesterday.

Right, Slim.

Bitch.

Hey, Julie!

Julie?

Hey, Julie, you left--

I have this friend.

He has this thing for women.

Every night.

\$100 for a hand job.

\$500 for the whole shebang.

He told me all about you.

How you like to videotape
your sessions.

How come you do that?

I like to watch.

So do I.

Why watch another man

making love to a woman...
...when I can watch myself?
But this friend
who told me about you...
...he decided he didn't want anyone
seeing his face on videotape.
Who's your friend?
You met him the other night
at the Barrington Wilshire Hotel.
Gav?
Gav wants his tape back.
I don't have it. It's not--
It's at home.
Did you see the tape?
Did you?
No. No, I swear I didn't see it.
Are you sure?
You can let Miss Spencer out now.
-Excuse me, miss?
-Yeah?
This what you've been doing
with your time?
You like?
Really pretty. They ought to be
in a damn museum.
Here.
What's this?
Homicide. Want it?
A hooker stopped a couple of bullets
with her chest.
Penance is over?
Yeah.
You learned your lesson.
Right?
I solemnly swear to never call
Mayor Garland an asshole again.
Cross my heart.
Of course, only when he's not looking.
Why the change of heart?
Asshole's gonna lose.
Hey, cap.
Thanks.
-Looking for somebody?
-Carly. You seen her?

If she's not home,
she's usually on the roof.

-The roof?

-Up that way.

Same stairs? Great.

-Okay.

-Thanks.

-Bye-bye.

-Bye-bye.

No, she never came home last night.

Yeah, I know.

But she would have called.

Yeah, I know.

Can you hang on a second?

-Carly Marsh?

-Yeah.

Detective Killian. Got some questions
to ask you about Julie Spencer.

All right.

Let me call you back.

Julie's parents live in Detroit.

They're religious.

She used to say they made
Jerry Falwell look like John Holmes.
One day they caught her with a boy
and kicked her out.

And she hasn't....

Hadn't seen them since.

Julie's body was found in a dumpster
in Hollywood.

Any idea how it got there?

No.

I thought she was gonna be at work.

Where would that be?

She was making an adult film at--

In Slim's studio in Van Nuys.

Slim. Who's that?

Her manager.

His real name is Max Reuter.

That might be a good name
to write down.

Okay. So the body's found
in Hollywood...

...and you dropped her off

in the Valley.
What was she doing
on the other side of the hill?
-I don't know.
-You don't know.
Who would?
I don't know. A client, maybe?
I'm sorry? Client? Can you
elaborate on that a little bit?
Julie turned tricks.
She needed the extra cash.
Julie turned tricks.
Do you have any of the names
of her clients?
No. She didn't have
any regular clients.
Slim called her
with guys who needed dates.
Any of these guys ever
hurt her in any way?
No. She would have told me.
And if it was last night,
she wouldn't have had the chance.
From the looks of it.
I tried to make her stop...
...because I thought something bad
was gonna happen.
You two get along?
Yeah, we're like sisters.
You ever fight?
Of course. Everyone fights.
What did you fight about?
What do you and your wife fight about?
-Lots of things.
-Exactly.
Who's gonna walk the dog,
take out the garbage....
Professional jealousy.
You two ever spar about that?
No. I don't take my clothes off
for a living.
I loved Julie.
I would never, ever hurt her.
Are we done here?

Yeah, for now. Can I call you a cab?
I'll take the bus.
Not at this time of night.
We're downtown.
Well, then I'll walk.
So dramatic.
Miss Marsh?
-You don't need to escort me home.
-Just part of the job.
This is it.
If you need anything, or think
of anything in addition to--
You know what I mean. Here's my card.
Thanks. Good night.
Stop! Knock it off!
But she saw my face.
Move. Go.
She won't remember. Move.
Come on.
Go.
So, what else did they take?
-Julie's video collection.
-What kind of video collection?
She made tapes when she worked.
She was gonna make a documentary.
Did she keep any tapes anywhere else?
Or have a second VCR?
No, that's the only one.
Were there any of her
clients' phone numbers around?
Check her address book, but she
didn't call for work. Slim called her.
Slim. This guy's name keeps coming up.
There might be....
Are you okay?
Yeah, I'll be fine.
As long as my knees don't give out.
You got someplace to stay tonight?
Yeah, here. This is my home.
I don't think
that's a very smart idea.
I'll be all right.
I work in a bar, remember?
I'll be fine.

Okay, but I think you'll need
some protection.
You gonna give me your piece?
You wish.
Spray this right in their face, okay?
Within seconds they'll be
clawing their eyes out.
How romantic.
Thanks.
Are you okay?
Yeah, I....
I should probably get going.
Okay.
Detective?
Julie was my best friend.
Find these guys.
I'll try my best.
You should get some sleep.
-I'll check up on you tomorrow, okay?
-Okay.
-Good night.
-Good night.
-Any luck?
-Last one.
Now, she knows how to fuck.
Where's the tape, Marina?
You're getting awfully paranoid.
It's hard not to be. Especially when
you delight in my mistakes.
In case you've forgotten,
if you go down, I go down.
Then you're not conniving,
you're careless.
At least I'm not the one
whose face is all over the video.
Stop.
Come here.
-What was that all about?
-Just making a point.
Good.
I seem to remember a starving,
barefoot little street rat...
...who pulled a knife on me
in Tijuana.

I liked that kid.
She was prepared to kill
to get what she wanted.
The killer instinct
in its purest form.
What happened to that kid, Marina?
What happened to her?
What happened to that kid, Marina?
She's not hungry anymore,
is she?
She's warm and safe.
And she has a future. Thanks to me.
Thanks to me!
Find that tape. And don't come back
until you do.
Schools and courts are open today
for the election.
Mayor Garland and his opponent
addressed supporters to draw votes.
It's been a tight race.
But I am convinced
the people recognize...
... the great accomplishments
we've made...
-...and will decide against a change.
-Mayor Garland!
I've been reminded that Councilman
Frank Constantine is home recovering.
He asked me to tell his constituents
he'll be back in no time.
Ms. Washington?
-Hello?
-Hey!
You still alive?
-Concerned?
-Curious.
-Curious isn't gonna cut it.
-Okay.
I'm gonna visit Slim,
check his story. I'll call later.
-Where are you gonna be?
-Drinking. Then I have to go to work.
-You know what, where do you work?
-Slim's.

Slim's.

I thought you didn't do
that kind of work.

It's not work. It's entertaining.
Besides, I meet interesting people.
I guess it's none of my business.
Slim owns a bar on Pico.

I'm the bartender.

Listen, I'll call you later.

Two brunettes, 500.

Two blonds, 750.

Yeah, they're real. Try to pop them
if you don't believe me.

Hang on a sec.

Hey! We ain't open yet!

I'll call you back.

-Officers, what can I do for you?

-Max Reuter, a.k.a. Slim.

Yeah. That's me.

We'd like to ask you
about Julie Spencer.

Julie? That crazy girl
get herself in trouble again?

Sort of.

Went and got herself dead.

-Jesus. No shit?

-No shit.

Found her body not far from here.

Any idea how it got there?

What, me? No, I--

That's funny, Slim.

You were her manager, weren't you?

Well, yeah. But look,

Julie freelanced a lot.

She felt I wasn't getting her
good enough gigs. Maybe I wasn't.

But I got 30 girls hustling
for maybe 10 jobs a month.

I'm spread pretty thin over here.

What gigs are we talking about?

Dancing gigs.

-Bachelor parties. Birthdays.

-What about porno?

What about it?

Didn't you hire Julie
for a porno last night?
Nope. Not last night.
We shot a new girl.
Eighteen.
She was the hottest piece of ass
to ever come through my door.
High praise.
A lot of girls come here.
So you let Julie go...
...because you were gonna
use the new piece of ass?
Look, detective.
There was no job.
I never called her.
-I never promised anything.
-So, Slim?
We have a witness who says
you hired Julie for this porno.
No, she's lying!
Now, if you will excuse me,
I have a bar to open.
Funny thing. We never mentioned
if the witness was a he or a she.
We'll be in touch.
Did you get it?
"52 Tokens of Affection."
What is that?
You told me to be
more romantic with Holly.
Each card gives you
a different romantic idea.
I thought you were
swiping his address book.
Chill, okay?
Now give me my cards back.
You need to get
your priorities in order.
-Fucking cards.
-So do you.
Found him today in his condo.
Apparent suicide.
-Who is it?
-Murder weapon in his hand.

Powder residue all over him.

-Who is this guy?

-Name is Gav Reed.

I didn't suspect a thing
until the coroner showed me this.

-Shit! That's a silver-tipped .44.

-So what?

Ballistics confirmed Reed was killed
by the same gun fired at Constantine.

Holly? You caught the killer.

Good job.

Not so fast, team. Okay?

Especially not in the age
of Internet news flashes.

One more thing, captain.

I found this in his coat pocket.

It's a key card to
the Barrington Wilshire.

Records show he was checked in
the night of the shooting.

Good work, McGee.

Let's keep this under wraps.

-Any progress on that dead hooker?

-I met the manager. He's full of shit.

Dalton grabbed his address book.

We'll see if we can get any leads.

Keep me in the loop on this one.

-Hey. Great job, Holly.

-Thank you.

What are you doing?

Making a special invitation.

-For what?

-Wouldn't you like to know?

That is a hell of a wrapping job.

You've really missed a career call.

Who's the lucky girl?

-You bring me to the nicest places.

-You wait here.

Don't take too long, huh?

I might get lucky.

Slim, come on.

I'm not giving you a raise.

But my rent is due. And with Julie
gone, I can't make it myself.

Well, then,
there is your old job back.
Hello, Ian.
Hey. Why don't you go
mop down the bar?
-You are heartless.
-Yeah.
You want a drink?
This is not a social visit.
-Come on. Sit down.
-My secretary said you called.
-Something about "life and death"?
-Yeah.
Two detectives came to see me
about Julie Spencer.
Julie Spencer?
Yeah. That girl you hired
the other night.
I lied, of course,
to cover your ass.
You didn't say
you were planning to kill her.
What makes you think
I would do such a thing?
Come on, Ian.
It's so obvious.
I've got to tell you...
...I'm not thrilled about being
in the middle of murder.
If the cops find out I knew
anything, they'd shut me down.
Or even worse.
What do you want?
Well, Ian...
...the way I see it...
...you got me into this mess.
Now you can pay me to get out.
Thanks.
What was that all about?
Are you jealous?
Silicon Valley?
He's going to get me a good deal
on a new computer.
Well, that's gotta beat the

cheap things I've brought home.

-Somebody call a taxi?

-I was thinking you wouldn't show.

-Wow, that's you!

-Bimbo in the middle.

Me in my airbrushed glory.

That's so cool.

Where's your name?

-Right down there.

-Bette Jo Hepburn?

Bette Davis, Joan Crawford,

Katherine Hepburn.

I thought if I named myself after
great actresses, it would bring luck.

But all it got me

was this palatial estate.

-So you're an actress?

-Yeah, well, not in that.

Slim denies putting Julie
in that movie.

Well, he lied.

She told me so herself.

She'd have no reason to lie.

What's all that stuff?

-Where'd you get these?

-Julie brought them from her date.

Her spoils, as she called them.

Julie ever mention a Gav Reed?

Gav? Maybe. Why?

We found him dead. He had a hotel
key card on him with this name on it.

-So Julie's date was a hit man?

-It's probably him on the tape.

But you said he was dead.

Obviously, someone else
has a stake in finding it.

Miriam! It's okay.

-Are you okay?

-I spilled my drink.

-Can you help her?

-I think I'm okay.

-I'm all right. No, I'm not.

-Take it easy.

-Are you all right?

-I'm okay.
-You're good?
-Let's help her downstairs.
All right. Take it easy.
-You wanna come in?
-No, we can't.
Well, I was talking to the hunk.
That's flattering, but I gotta go.
I've gotta get you into bed.
-You can stay.
-No, I'll talk to you tomorrow.
Good night.
Okay, Lucky, cop's gone.
She's downstairs at the neighbor's.
Good night.
Lucky, she's coming back up.
What the hell?
Don't you fucking move!
Where's that--?
Lucky? Are you okay?
Shit!
Cut! Cut!
I didn't have a shoot
scheduled tonight.
Who's the girl?
Hey, weren't you at my bar tonight?
You noticed?
Well, you ain't hard to notice.
So you're looking for a manager?
What do you do?
Lately?
Everything.
Well, that's good. Because...
..."everything" just happens
to be my business.
Nice.
You want to show me?
Yes.
I do.
But first...
...I want to talk.
You like talking?
About Ian Hunter?
Okay, this audition happens

to be over.

Did Detective Killian put you
up to this?

No!

You don't understand.

I work for Hunter.

But he abuses me and I want out.

I know you made a deal with him.

But I can get you more money
if you do me a small favor.

What favor?

I need that tape.

The one with Julie Spencer
and Gav Reed?

I don't have any tape. Should I?

Maybe the hooker sent it to you.

You know, Ian would spend
a small fortune to get it back.

Oh, really?

So Ian is in trouble, is he?

Yes.

Maybe I should warn Ian...

...that one of his girls
is trying to fuck him over.

Maybe he'd sweeten

my deal a little, huh?

Haven't you heard about Latin women?

We can be very...

...spicy...

...and tempestuous.

But if we don't get what we want...

...we can be very mean.

Don't!

Don't go back to your apartment
tonight. It's not safe.

You should stay here.

You can have the bed.

I don't want to disturb you.

You've done so much for me.

Don't worry about it.

So who's this?

That's my ex-wife.

We're still friends.

Nothing more?

Sorry, it's none of my business.
No, no. It's okay.
She's a cop. We were partners.
When we got married,
I wanted her to quit.
I didn't want her to get hurt.
Turns out she loves her job
just as much as I do.
I'm sorry.
So how long has it been?
A year.
Anyone since then?
No. Taking a break,
if you know what I mean.
Yeah, me too.
I keep thinking that one day,
the right one will come along.
But how do you know
who's the right one?
I don't think you do know.
I guess it just happens.
Don't stop.
I'm at Mary Washington's
campaign headquarters...
... where the victory celebration
raged through the night.
Thank you so much.
We did it!
It would....
It would be unfair to celebrate
this triumphant moment...
... without acknowledging
Councilman Frank Constantine.
I'll be there as soon as I can.
Another woman?
Another homicide.
Somebody iced Slim.
Thank you, Frank. Thank you so much.
Relax. You're perfectly safe here.
Just don't leave the house.
Make yourself something to eat.
I'll be back as soon as I can.
Sorry.
-Hey, Tommy. Everything done?

-Sure. Go on in.
This is ugly.
His death,
or that Pillsbury Dough ass?
More cushion for the pushin'
never hurt anybody.
You know, I think the problem is
he didn't take things seriously.
He'll take this seriously.
This is really ugly.
Oh, the view improves.
Take a look at this.
What do you got?
Hunter?
Hunter.
Hello. Mr. Hunter, please.
He's at lunch, Mr...?
Oh, I'm sorry. Killian.
Detective Killian, LAPD.
What's this about?
Oh, actually it's a personal matter.
Will he be back soon?
-I can't say. You have an appointment?
-You know, I don't.
His office, that weird, big--
Yeah. Right upstairs.
I think it's best for me...
...to wait for him upstairs.
-Wait!
-Hunter and I are close.
Mr. Hunter wouldn't like this.
-Two sugars with cream.
-Wait!
Mr. Hunter wouldn't appreciate
you being in his office.
Relax, I've known Ian for a long time.
Besides, I'm a cop.
What is this?
It's a casino.
Two thousand slot machines,
a hotel, three restaurants...
...and way back over there,
an outlet mall.
Mr. Hunter says Indian Springs

will be the new Vegas.
That's way out in the desert.
How's anybody gonna get there?
Well, we're building a highway.
I'm sorry, Mr. Hunter.
This is your friend, Detective....
Killian! Ian! Long time.
You can leave us.
Caught me in the room.
She's a fast runner.
Hell of a casino.
Who did you grease to get the highway?
The city. Wasn't hard.
Try to get them
to pay your traffic tickets.
Well, I know the mayor.
So, what can I do for you, detective?
-Miriam?
-Yeah?
-You shouldn't be on that ankle.
-You shouldn't be here.
I'm just getting a few things
and then I'm going.
-So how is your ankle?
-It's fine.
Listen. If you don't mind,
I really need my VCR back.
Why do I have your VCR?
Julie borrowed it.
Night before she was killed.
I'm sorry. I know it must be hard.
She was such a sweet girl.
Where's my VCR?
Julie took it to get fixed.
Something about a stuck tape.
Something's burning.
We can discuss this later.
Tonight? Of course I'll be there.
I'll see you then. Good.
Sorry, detective. Business.
Describe your relationship
with Max Reuter.
Slim came to me
about financing a film.

I told him I'd consider it.
And you haven't seen him since?
No. Is there a problem?
There is if you're Slim. He's dead.
Interesting. Next to him,
written in his blood, by him...
...the last thing he did, is a name.
Yours.
My name?
That's right, your name.
Any idea why?
Well, I don't know.
I hardly knew the man.
-What about Gav Reed?
-Gav Reed?
Yeah. Ring a bell?
We pulled your file.
You were both Navy Seals.
He was an expert marksman.
And your point is...?
You didn't hire him to shoot
Mary Washington?
Mary Washington?
Why would I? I gave
a million dollars to her campaign.
Do you think I'd give her a million
dollars, and then try to kill her?
I can't figure that one out either.
You're building a casino
with Mayor Garland.
But you give a million dollars
to his opponent.
-Does that make sense?
-Sure.
It makes good sense if you think
he's going to lose.
Ah, covering your ass.
Of course.
Touch.
Well....
Oh, one last thing.
Where were you last night?
Celebrating,
with Mayor-elect Washington.

I'm sure you'll prove that.
Of course. Why don't you ask
the mayor-elect?
I'll be with her tonight at
Commissioner Burner's retirement party.
I will.
Thank you.
Have a nice day.
Excuse me?
I'm here for my VCR. My roommate
dropped it off Saturday.
Here's the receipt. It's paid.
There was a tape inside.
Yes, that's Papa's handwriting.
He works on Saturdays.
Can we hurry, please?
I'll hurry. Don't you worry.
Found it.
Great. And the tape?
Here it is.
Super.
What are you doing here?
You come to gloat?
Or to slug me again?
Don't worry.
This isn't a social visit.
No?
What is it, then?
What'll Hunter do with this casino
now that you've lost the election?
Ian Hunter?
I heard the city's funding a highway.
Why would I do business with Ian
Hunter? I can't stand him.
Look, we go back a long way.
Like each other or not.
This is what I heard:
Hunter's building a casino.
The city's funding a highway
right to it.
If Ian Hunter's building a casino...
...it's for someone else.
Mary Washington?
You mean Mother Teresa?

God, no!
Okay. Who?
The only way they'll get
funding for that highway...
...is to get Mary Washington
out of office.
And...
...as of today...
...Mary Washington's moving in.
Someone might catch us.
Now you've just turned me on.
Come on. Come on.
Oh, no, not again!
This way.
She's getting away!
Come on!
Come on!
The door!
Wait!
Go! Go! Please go!
Floor it! Go!
Yes. I need to speak
to Detective Killian.
He's not there?
Tell him Carly called.
Tell him I have the tape.
And to meet me at Slim's bar.
As soon as he can. Thanks.
Somebody's following us.
I need a favor.
-Are you sure she's here?
-This is where she was heading.
-Go.
-Wait a minute.
Go.
Oh, shit!
Nice try, but I wasn't gonna
fall for it twice.
Check the tape.
Did Carly say when she'd be here?
Excuse me, I'm looking
for Detective Killian.
-I'm Killian.
-Hey, I'm Chet.

You won't believe this.
I'm leaving my house...
...I come to this stop sign.
Suddenly my door flies open.
This girl jumps in.
She says her name's Carly.
-Where is she?
-Griffith Park.
-Is she okay?
-I'm sure she is.
-She wanted me to give you this.
-Jesus!
First half as agreed.
Second half when the job is done.
-So who am I doing?
-Mary Washington.
But don't you actually kill her.
Not yet, anyway.
So you want to give me \$ 20,000
for not killing someone?
So you want to give me \$ 20,000
for not killing someone?
Where are you?
Stop!
It's okay. Give her the tape.
We made a deal.
Set it down and back off.
What are you gonna do? Shoot a cop?
Is that how you get off?
I don't shoot for thrills.
Only to survive.
She gave me this.
It's an agreement
between Hunter and Constantine.
They're gonna build a highway
out to a casino.
Constantine doesn't have
the authority.
He does if something happens
to Mary Washington. He becomes mayor.
If you're handing over evidence,
let us keep the tape.
I'm gonna sell it to CNN.
Make my fortune.

Good luck.

Hunter's gonna shoot the mayor
tonight. I don't know where.

Get in the car.

Commissioner...

...let me be the first to say thanks
for retiring before I take my oath.

I have the great pleasure
to introduce to you a man...

...who's not only a great force
behind the city...

...but a man who'd
take a bullet for his mayor.

City Council President

Frank Constantine.

Thank you. Thank you very much, Mary.

Thanks, everyone.

Thank you very much. Thank you, Mary.

Thank you, everyone.

Commissioner Burner and I
go way back.

Of course, he goes back
a lot further than I do....

He's devoted most
of his life to this department.

-Stay here.

-I can help you find him.

I don't want you to get hurt.

Just stay put.

Whether he was basking in honorable
times or sweating out crises...

...Police Commissioner Burner
has always managed to serve...

...with dignity and honor.

And a big bowl of jelly beans.

The last 20 years were rough, but
he's gotten crime off the streets...

...and made it possible for families
to go outside again.

Have you seen Mayor Washington?

I think she went outside.

Funny, I thought you worked here.

Don't make a sound. Take it easy.

Easy. Come on.

I know how much money you've donated.
But I am at a dinner now.
If you have business to discuss with
me, it'll have to wait until Monday.
And frankly, I'm surprised
that you're not here tonight.
Surprise again.
-What a strange thing to do, Ian.
-Not really.
What are you doing?
Hold it.
Secure the area!
Hey, look, I'm sorry.
You might have been right
about my priorities.
I have another arrest to make.
Careful! I've got an injured shoulder!
Shut up and get in.
Excuse me. I have evidence
of a murder conspiracy.
Nice move back there.
Thanks. I wasn't a Slammer Girl
for nothing.
There's something I can't figure out.
What's that?
What's a tough guy like you...
...doing with something like this?
Let's just say I finally got
my priorities in order.