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# Best Seller

By Larry Cohen

Hey, you can't put that up there.  
Did you hear what I said?  
That's what they saw when  
they went after him - a good watch.  
- Is that blood on it?  
- Yeah. They stabbed him 14 times.  
Do not move. Come outside.  
Put your hands on the gate.  
- Where's the other guy?  
- Rothman?  
- What now?  
- Get your sweet little ass out here.  
Come outside.  
Put your hands on the gate.  
We're going to locker number 84.  
You, you're helping him.  
Stop.  
Put it down.  
Back to the wall.  
Tell me, where do you get  
all your good information?  
From Rothman.  
- I don't know anything about it.  
- Sure you do, Fred.  
- Take me with you.  
- Go ahead, get in the truck.  
Oh, Fred, take this with you, will ya?  
- I can't breathe!  
- Your friend isn't fit for duty.  
You don't look so good yourself.  
You got balls of steel, my friend.  
All units respond. 2-11, police  
depository building, 114 South Spring St.  
Four male suspects,  
no description available.  
Officer down. Repeat, officer down.  
Dispatch, this is unit 12.  
We're in vicinity...  
..less than an hour ago,  
in a daring Sunday-morning raid  
on the police evidence depository  
building in downtown Los Angeles.  
iThree officers are reported dead.  
A fourth, Officer Dennis Meechum,

is undergoing emergency surgery  
at Queen of Angels Hospital.

- ..and is resting quietly.
- What's his chance of recovery?
- His condition is critical.
- Did you find the van?
- Was there an accomplice?
- I have no comment.

i.....Dennis Meechum,  
nine-year veteran of the department  
and author of ''Inside Job'', the famous -  
or perhaps I should say infamous -  
Nixon-mask robbery  
of a police evidence depository.

How do you reconcile your two careers,  
cop and best-selling author?

With difficulty. I'd have to say I'm  
a police officer first and a writer second.

i(man) ..Medal of Valor today for conduct  
above and beyond the call of duty  
while participating in an  
undercover arrest on April 17 th, 1981...

iDo you plan to remain on the force?

i- Sure.

- And also continue to write?

Yes.

LOS ANGELES, 1987

Let's go!

Halt! Police!

Take him. I'll get the goods.

Police! Don't make me  
chase you, asshole!

You stupid bastard.

Right there, asshole!

Freeze!

Jesus Christ!

- What the fuck you doin'?

- I'm a cop!

OK, asshole, drive.

Come on, motherfucker! Drive!

I ain't drivin' nowhere, motherfucker.

I'm on my break.

Stay back, this is a police emergency.

Will you get the hell out of here

before you get hurt?!

Can I help you, pal?

Careful, Dennis.

I'm gettin' too old for this shit.

Maybe the guy was in on the play.

You're sure you didn't know him?

- No, but he knew me.

- See if there are prints on the shell cases.

There won't be.

Dennis

Say Thank You.

- Good morning, Dad.

- Morning, sweetie.

You want some eggs?

Did you cook 'em?

Yes.

I think I'll just have some coffee, then.

So, any money left over

from the pizza last night?

No. We picked up these boys afterwards.

Took 'em to a bar.

Spent everything we had.

You know how it is.

Very funny.

Don't forget to pick up your bus pass,

or you'll have to pay your own fare.

- Your friend might give me another ride.

- Who's that?

This guy. He's a friend of yours.

He took me and my friends home.

- What's he look like?

- He's a nice guy.

Kind of thin, good dresser.

He knows all about us.

He knows that Mom's dead and

everything. He says he saved your life.

Christ! What's the matter with you? You

know not to get into a car with a stranger.

- There were three of us.

- That doesn't make any difference, Holly.

- Anyway, nothing happened.

- That's not the point!

- You know him.

- I don't know him.

I don't know him. I met him.

I don't know anything about him.

He sure knows you.

Mr Meechum, I'm not in business to bring  
Legal action against our authors.

We are in the publishing business.

We've been most patient.

You've missed four deadlines.

- Come on. Nobody's gonna sue.

- What about a movie deal?

There's no interest in that area.

None whatsoever.

- What genius screwed that up?

- No one screwed anything up Mr. Mitchum.

Just don't expect Hollywood

to bail you out.

Meech, this one just came in.

Some guy says your daughter left a  
geometry book in the back of his car.

Who was it?

He said that you'd know.

He wants you to meet him there tonight.

All right. All right. You wanted me here,  
you got me. Now what?

Don't step forward.

It's a long drop.

Put the light out, please, and we'll talk.

I like your books you write. Especially the first one.

Now listen to me. You stay away from me.

- And you stay away from my daughter.

- I'm sorry about that, Dennis.

- I had to get your attention.

- Well, you've got it.

She's a lovely girl.

You've done a good job.

Especially without a wife to help you out.

All right, what the hell do you want?

- I want you to write another book.

- That's what I'm doing.

Come on, Dennis. Since Kate died

you can't get past page 15.

You can't write and

you're sick of being a cop.

You're a burnout.

And those unpaid bills....  
You've got people after you,  
Dennis. They want their money.  
- I can help you.  
- I don't need your help.  
Yes, you do. And you'll get my help  
handed to you on a silver platter.  
A best seller. It's about me, Dennis.  
It's about me and the man I worked for.  
- You're crazy.  
- Yeah, well...  
Well, it's a crazy world.  
Well, that's twice.  
All right, what have you got  
that you think is worth telling? Hey.  
Hey!

"Lonley Death of a Man Who Caused a Scandal"  
"Robert Patton, Banker and Philanthropist Dies Suddenly"  
"P. B. Beltzer Drowns"  
"Judge Penn Dies in Sleep"  
"Senator Valeri Drowns in Neighbor`s Pool"  
.....  
Hoffarth`s Gun Shop and Shooting Range

**Tomorrow 4:**

Good group.  
Old habit.  
Good weapon, the Smith & Wesson .38.  
It's accurate, reliable... Little light.  
Wanna try mine?  
You're under arrest.  
You have the right to remain silent.  
I thought this was gonna be  
a friendly meeting on a neutral ground.  
You killed a man.  
Hire an attorney. Now spread 'em.  
High and wide.  
You're embarrassing me.  
I assumed you were brighter than this.  
I thought by now you'd be looking for an  
angle. A way of handling me in the book,  
making me sympathetic. You're  
truly disappointing me, Dennis.  
I'm talking about David Madlock.

Kappa International. Murder.

- Now take these cuffs off me!
- What are you selling? Mafia hit man?
- Nobody buys that shit.
- Isn't this sinking into your thick skull?

I helped make David Madlock and Kappa International, and I did it by killing people!

The ones in the scrapbook. Get it?

Corporations don't have people killed.

Corporations deal in two things, period. Assets and liabilities.

I removed the liabilities and I provided some of the assets.

I was a corporate executive in charge of just those things, believe me.

And you were in on it, Dennis.

At the very beginning. We both were.

I never knew how irritating those could be.

You got three minutes before they go back on, start talking.

It's all a question of capital.

How does an ambitious man get started?

Capital. Now, David Madlock is an unusual man. He got unusual financing. You wrote about that particular source of financing in your first book, in fact.

- The depository case.
- That's right.
- You were in on that?
- That's right.

Yeah, well, two cops died that day.

And one of them was a nice old man waiting for his pension.

That is twice you've embarrassed me.

Now try to control yourself, please.

I drove. That's all I did.

The three who were inside died. The one you stabbed died of peritonitis in a week later, ok.

- That still leaves you.
- You want me, here I am, but I got 12 people who'll swear I was in Chicago that day, all day.
- All right, tell me about the money.

- 2 1972 million dollars, tax free.

Seed money.

It's the American way, Dennis.

Kappa International was formed

six months later - on venture capital.

Can't let this one get by you, Dennis.

Bestseller

So you started as a shooter for

this guy and became a defector.

Defector? No, no. He threw me out!

I wanted something...

more than I had.

I'm a businessman, an executive.

I wanted...

respect.

He offered money.

I help him get started,

he offers me a handout?!

- Why don't you testify against him?

- He can buy his way out of anything.

- Except for the book.

- Exactly, Dennis.

Together you and I could do such a

number on him. I can tie him in to all of it.

You need me.

We need each other.

How'd you find out?

She felt this bump.

Right here, inside her elbow.

Malignant?

They opened her up, took one look,

sewed her back up again.

After that she lost weight,

started losing her hair...

After a little while she'd look at me,

didn't know who I was.

And all the money went.

I just wanted her to stay alive.

But she didn't.

After that you couldn't work?

I should have sold the house.

But I couldn't.

It was her house.

That's right. It was her house.



And you loved her more than you could  
ever love anyone in your life?

Just don't talk about her, all right?

Hey, Dennis...

I understand.

She's the clean part of your life,

I'm the dirty part. The criminal.

But you and I know things other  
people don't. Don't we, Dennis? Hm?

How it feels to kill a man, for instance.

Cop. Killer. Two sides of the same coin.

- We have a natural bond, you and I.

- No.

No, I don't have anything  
in common with you.

We'll see.

We'll see.

Hey.

- You OK?

- Yeah, I'm fine.

I just couldn't fall asleep, that's all.

You go back to bed.

Can I have a sip?

- Yeah. Just a sip, though.

- OK.

- Thanks.

- You're welcome, princess.

- 'Night.

- 'Night.

- I'm fine.

- OK.

(PA) Ladies and gentlemen, your attention  
please. I'd like to propose a toast  
to my good friend David Madlock, for his  
continuing generosity and compassion.

Thank you, Senator. Thank you.

There he is.

Denis, what do you think this place is worth?

15, 20 million dollars?

He donates it to the state like that...

for the common folk to enjoy.

The man is the history of America  
incarnate. A modern robber baron.

Well, they built this country.

They deserve special treatment.

I just wanted to return something  
to this extraordinary city,  
which has given me so much.  
Thank you.

More than anyone  
will ever know, eh, David?  
Yes, more than anyone will ever know.  
What a delightful surprise.

I'm so glad you could come.

- Wouldn't miss it.

- You must be Lt Meechum.

I admire your work,  
especially your last book.

- Thank you very much. Nice to meet you.

- When will we see another one?

Dennis is working on something new,  
as a matter of fact. Non-fiction.

I look forward to it.

I'm a great fan of yours.

It's been too long, Cleve. Much too long.

- Pretty smooth.

- He's incredible, isn't he?

Here it comes.

David! David, we must be leaving.

We'll see you around, I hope.

We've got him on the run.

OK, so you know the guy.

What's that prove?

You're a hard man to convince. I like that.

Yeah.

What the hell you doin' here?

You think I'm approving overtime?

Relax. It's on me.

I'm going to need a few days, Monksy,  
out of town. I think I'm onto something.

What?

I can't tell you. Look, make it sick leave  
if you want. I'm way overdue.

Just what the department needs.

A mystery crime-fighter.

I gotta play this one out, Monks.

I want this guy.

I mean, I really want him.

Beltzer was an auditor for the IRS.

He fell in his shower.

- Cracked his skull. They found him dead.

- And you killed him? Why?

It's the service I perform.

It was the profession I was in.

- Why did he have to die?

- Because he carried this at all times.

He was a meticulous, fussy man,

and somehow he got it into his head

that Kappa International kept two sets

of books. He had a nose for that.

See? Kappa. Kappa. Again, Kappa.

He was not going to close that audit.

Two years later, it was a member of the SEC.

Fell asleep at the wheel, hit a divider. Dead.

- Cleve, you're full of shit.

- What is that supposed to mean?

What is that supposed to mean? You could've forged that.

Or picked it up in a public toilet, for Christ's sake.

- This isn't evidence, it's bullshit.

- Next time I'll take pictures(!)

- Stop wasting my time.

- Fine.

Let's get the hell out of here.

We're going to the airport.

What about the other stops?

Tell it to the Manhattan DA.

I'm not interested any more.

Hey, mind if I go for a pack of butts?

Get out.

You're interested again, aren't you?

Come on.

It wasn't even my cab. I was just toId

to pick you guys up and ditch you.

- I didn't know it was a torch job.

- Yeah, right.

- Who were they?

- I don't know. I never saw them before...

- Not good enough.

- Take it easy.

He tried to kill us.

- Pearlman?

- No.

- Brennan?

- No.

- Thorn?

- No.

Don't be an asshole. Talk to the man.

No, no.

It was Thorn and Pearlman.

- You're making me a dead man.

- Maybe.

Hey! Cab!

- What the hell was that all about?

- Nothin'. Forget it.

Brooklyn Heights.

- See him?

- Yep.

Mrs Foster

- Yes?

- My name is Bowen. Allen Bowen.

This is Mr Gilbert, my associate.

And we're very sorry to disturb you,  
but we're in town for the evening,  
you know, on business, and...

My father used to own this house.

I grew up here.

- Oh, that Mr Bowen.

- Yes.

Would you think it strange if I were  
to ask you, could I see my old room?

- Well, I don't know. It's...

- No. You're absolutely right.

I mean, it's very late and we are strangers.

Thank you. Thank you anyway.

Wait.

- Of course you can come in, son.

- You sure?

- Yes. You seem like nice boys.

- Thank you.

Thank you very much.

Like some coffee?

I was just making some.

No, thanks. Don't trouble yourself.

We don't have time.

That'd be lovely. Thank you.

Is this different? There used to be

wallpaper with blue cornflowers on it.  
Yes. White went better with the furniture.  
You just go on up. Make yourself at home.  
- You sure it's all right?  
- Oh, yes, of course.  
Just take all the time you want to.  
I'll just make that coffee.  
Thank you.  
Right there is where it happened.  
The old man's bathroom.  
The bathroom is a natural place  
for an accident, don't you think?  
Stay up there, Holly!  
Oh, yeah. Very natural.  
I came in through the kitchen window.  
It was a hot night. The window was open.  
I had to hole up until 11 o'clock  
when the old man took his bath.  
Know what I did?  
I took a nap in the guest room.  
Just before 11 I got up.  
I went down the hallway.  
There was a little glass of bourbon  
with hot water next to the tub.  
The maid had gone to bed.  
Poor man made the mistake  
of going into business with Madlock.  
It was all a matter of patents,  
manufacturing licences.  
The old man wanted to keep them.  
His only sin was he didn't want to be rich.  
He liked this street. This house.  
A man can be dangerous  
when he doesn't care about money.  
Well said, Dennis.  
Bye.  
What a lovely old lady. Can you imagine  
letting two strange men into your house  
in the middle of the night in New York  
City? That's good old-fashioned trust.  
Faith in human nature. That's what made  
this country the greatest in the world.  
All right. You've been in the house. That  
doesn't prove you killed anybody in there.

But you know I did,  
don't you, Dennis? Don't you?  
Maybe.

Maybe you did.

It's been here many years...

Ballistics should have  
something to work with.

An old Springfield .30-06.

- Which one was it?

- Danzig and his wife.

Mr and Mrs Phillip H. They were the only  
ones that didn't come off like an accident.

January 14th, 1979. What were  
you doin' that night, Dennis?

Making love to your wife,  
safe and snug in your bed?

They were too, the Danzigs.

Ten seconds later they were dead.

- Why the wife?

- She was his bookkeeper.

She knew more about us  
than he did. They were greedy.

Always demanding more.

They deserved what they got, believe me.

You've got to understand, Dennis,  
this was the business I was in.

Now, I can nail you with this.

But not Madlock.

The book, Dennis. The book will take care of Madlock.

You never have to

leave a bar alone, Dennis.

I mean, look at these women, huh?

We could leave with any one of them.

That rifle's not gonna

do you any good, Cleve.

The bore was gone.

They fired a round through it to get the  
groove markings. The barrel blew apart.

- Madlock.

- Jesus.

Madlock, Madlock.

The conspiracy theory, right?

You can be incredibly stupid at times.

Stupid, naive and unutterably tiresome.

You know that.

Bullshit. I don't believe  
that Madlock or anyone else  
can get a major metropolitan police  
department to destroy evidence.

Forget it.

Where's the waitress?

Hello?

Please.

You don't have a friend

for my kid brother, do you?

I'm afraid he's not your brother's type.

- My mistake.

- She's with me.

I know. She just told me. No offence, OK?

OK. Then beat it.

Yeah. Right. Could I get

a Scotch on the rocks, please?

I didn't say order a drink. I said get lost.

The problem we have here is, that I'm the lover in the family.

You wanna talk to my brother.

He's the fighter. See?

24 straight knockouts. Almost killed  
a couple of guys. Just talk to him.

Let him go.

Now sit down and finish your drink.

Put this on my tab.

Thanks, Dennis.

I didn't want you to hurt him.

I could have. You know that, don't you?

Yeah.

May I show you something?

- Excuse me. May I have a cigarette?

- Sure.

This one will be just fine, thanks.

Filthy habit.

Willpower...

...is what distinguishes  
the amateur from the professional.

Which are you, Dennis? Hm?

The tender part here.

Nerves close to the surface.

Pain doesn't bother me,

Dennis. I don't let it.

That's what I mean by willpower.

Do you have it, Dennis?

Willpower?

Let's hope so.

I like you, Dennis.

I really do. I like you a lot.

Not enough to sacrifice the book...

- How long have you had this little hobby?

- Since I was 15. I used it to impress girls.

Son of a bitch.

OK, Cleve, tell me when it hurts.

- Hey, easy!

- Tell me when it hurts! I wanna know!

I'll get a doctor.

It's OK. It's OK. He's my brother.

I just said the wrong thing.

- Well, you guys have got to leave.

- No, I'm sorry.

This happens... this happens all the time.

I just said the wrong thing. Really.

If anything, you better get a doctor for his hand. Maybe he broke it on my face.

- It's fine.

- OK, let's shake hands. We're even. OK?

Yeah. OK. Why don't you bring us a couple of Scotches on the rocks, OK?

Keep the change. Thank you.

Now you know why I never asked you to take a shower with me.

You were bound to find out sooner or later, I guess.

It didn't hurt. But it did almost kill me.

The part about the peritonitis was true.

I'm not gonna bust you, Cleve.

I'm not gonna bust you.

I'm gonna kill you.

Fair enough, Dennis. Fair enough.

Could I have those drinks, please?

I can't satisfy her, Dennis.

She wants you.

She likes the way you fight.

She thinks you're cruel.

She wants you to hurt her.

I don't know. There's some



pretty sick people in the world.  
Come on, Dennis. Didn't you ever  
share a woman with a friend?  
You're absolutely right. Absolutely right.  
- Come on,. Get dressed. You're going home.  
- Wait a goddamn min...  
Shut your mouth. Jesus.  
You're right. Pain in the ass.  
Is this the greatest? Look at this place.  
12,000 dollars a day. I was born for this.  
This is what I've worked for.  
Only in America, Dennis. Only in America.  
I wanna meet your family, Cleve.  
- Totally out of the question.  
- No, we're going home, Cleve.  
It's important to the story. It's where it  
all began. It's what makes you so lovable.  
Please, Dennis. I said no.  
Yeah. I bet your mom and dad still live  
in the house where you were born.  
Am I right, Cleve? Huh?  
A little farm someplace? Hm?  
Sure. A white picket fence around?  
The smell of leaves burning in the fall?  
We're gonna make  
that place famous, Cleve.  
A regular landmark.  
Yeah, the place where a vicious,  
amoral killer was spawned,  
then set loose on the world. Hm?  
We're going to Oregon, Cleve.  
We're gonna go home.  
Do you like to shoot, Mr Meechum?  
Quail's in season.  
- Actually, no. I don't hunt.  
- Dennis doesn't like guns.  
A gun's only as good or bad  
as the man using it.  
I'm like Mr Meechum. Never could  
bring myself to kill a living thing.  
That's right, Harold.  
You'd always eat the chicken, but you'd  
leave the killin' to somebody else.  
Doc said I wouldn't make it

through last winter.

His mother thought the next time she'd see him would be at the funeral.

And then when you phoned, telling us you were coming...

- When did he phone?

- A week ago.

- Said he'd be here in seven days.

- And here he is. Right on time, to the day.

More coffee, Mr Meechum?

Dad, do you have any more of those cigars? You know, the cheap ones?

No, thanks. I've had enough.

Number three, St Louis. Four, London.

Five, Chicago. Six, Dallas.

They all tally, Dennis. Check the dates.

I have checked the dates.

A nice little chronicle of murder.

Tell me, what happens to your family when the book comes out?

They'll deny it. Defend me.

It'll give them a cause, a reason to live.

Dennis, it'll add ten years to their lives.

- What a thoughtful son you are.

- I am.

You've been planning

this trip home the whole time.

I had to. You had to take it seriously.

This farm. My family.

Dennis, I want people to know what I had to do and why.

Oh, they'll know, Cleve. They'll know.

Rural America. Growing up on a farm. The American dream.

Exactly.

Only this time... this time something went wrong.

This time these nice country people produced a mistake of nature.

An aberration. A freak.

That's all I am to you?

A freak?

Get out. I'm tired. I want to sleep.

A fraction of an inch.

The weight of a feather.  
That's how close you are, Dennis.  
You wouldn't wanna wake up  
your mother, would you?  
I didn't much like our conversation.  
You pull that trigger, your father's  
gonna have to repaper the walls.  
All I want is a little respect.  
You don't have to like me, although  
I suspect you do, in spite of yourself.  
Yeah, Cleve. You're a real charmer.  
You're not taking this  
very seriously, Dennis.  
Please --  
If you ever aim a gun at me again,  
it better be loaded.  
Shall we call this one a draw, Dennis?  
Goodnight, Cleve.  
Goodnight, Dennis.  
- Thanks very much.  
- You'll look after him, won't you?  
- Well, I'll do my best.  
- He's never had a big brother.  
Right.  
They're decent people.  
Make sure that's in the book, Dennis.  
And make sure it's in there  
that I love them.  
Am I coming off lovable?  
Why don't you buy a copy  
of the book and find out?  
- Don't I get a say in it?  
- No.  
I got you something.  
Go on, open it.  
Read the back.  
' 'To Dennis, from his friend Cleve.' '  
Surprise.  
To celebrate our partnership,  
so to speak.  
I mean, we are partners, aren't we,  
Dennis? In the book, I mean.  
It's a Patek Philippe.  
The best.

Did you see the back?  
I read it.  
I'm still a cop.  
And I'm still... what I am.  
Is that it, Dennis?  
Yeah, that's it.  
You don't think I'm capable of doing something decent, something unselfish?  
Maybe I'll surprise you.  
I doubt it.  
Lt Meechum, this is Mr Graham and his associate, Mr Pearlman.  
Mr Graham's an attorney. I'll make sure you gentlemen are not disturbed.  
I thought you'd be more comfortable if we talked to you here, on your own turf, so to speak.  
Let me see if I can guess.  
You're Madlock's lawyer.  
Technicly, I represent Kappa International.  
It amounts to the same thing.  
And I bet you two studied for the Bar together, am I right?  
Mr Pearlman is not a lawyer.  
He's in public relations.  
Public relations? An image maker, huh?  
You might say that.  
How's the new hair?  
It's fine.  
Looks painful.  
I want to talk to Madlock.  
He feels that any direct communication would be inappropriate at this time.  
It's no secret.  
Former employees rarely have anything good to say about their former company.  
I'd love to hear Madlock's version.  
Didn't those people really die?  
It's that kind of irresponsible remark we feel would be characteristic of this book.  
Let me talk to Madlock.  
If he can convince me, I'll drop it.  
- No.  
- Then forget it.

**Try this:**

for the next ten years.

We'll take your house, your car,  
attach every nickel you earn.

Even your pension -

which you won't get anyway,

because we have friends in every major  
political office in the city, in the nation.

We're a very big business, Mr Meechum.

Fuck you. And fuck your hairy friend.

- Hold it.

- What?

I said hold it.

- Jesus.

- What do you think, you're Al Pacino?

- Don't break my fucking hand!

- Your hand?

You're threatening a police officer on the  
second floor of the Southeast Division.

Scumbag!

I'll kick your fucking goon ass  
all the way to Pasadena and back.

They'll be picking your new rug  
out of the freeway, you fucking asshole.

Now spread 'em!

What's this?

What's this?

- I hope you don't have a permit for this.

- He's a licensed private investigator.

He has a permit to carry a handgun  
anywhere in the state of California.

The only threat that's been made  
in this room has been made by you.

Public relations, huh?

You wanna write a book, I'm prepared  
to offer you a substantial cash advance  
to write an authorised biography  
of Mr Madlock with his full cooperation.

You scumbag. You lowlife scumbag.

You try to blow me up in a taxi.

Now you offer me a bribe.

You tell Mr Madlock he can

read all about it in my book.

I'm sorry you feel that way.

Mr Pearlman?

Mr Pearlman, we're leaving now.

Good luck with your hair.

Friends of yours?

Business associates.

Well, that's most of it.

Couple of chapters to go.

It'll ruin Madlock.

- You'll get sued.

- Good.

I'm dying to see the rest.

You like him, don't you? Cleve, I mean.

Yeah.

And you're going to arrest him.

Yeah.

But first I've got one more trip to make.

- I'm not fighting. Do what you want.

- I don't want Dennis's discards.

- So that's who you are.

- Poor Dennis. You're stepping out on him.

- Have a good time?

- It was a business dinner.

- Business.

- What do you want?

I want to know how the book is.

What Dennis has to say about me.

You're in good hands.

I can hurt you.

It's not a problem for me.

Do you understand?

Am I sympathetic?

Will they like me? Hm?

Please do not lie to me.

- Is it an important book?

- Yes!

Good. Good girl.

My God, you must be

beautiful all dressed up.

Those long, sexy legs.

There are some women in the world,

decent, kind women. Women who work

all their lives, taking care of their families,

who never in their wildest imaginations...

ever dream of clothes like these.  
What makes you better than them?  
Nothing.  
That`s right.  
What makes you better than they are?  
Nothing!  
Now, do you know what I want?  
I want a copy of the manuscript.  
I don't have one. I swear to God.  
If I look, and I find one,  
I will hurt you like you have  
never been hurt before.  
I tried to keep a copy.  
But he took it. He knew.  
Good old Dennis. Of course he did.  
I like you.  
And most of all,  
we understand each other.  
I'd prefer that Dennis didn't know  
we had this conversation. OK?  
You wanted corroboration. I tracked  
her down. She was Hilliard's maid.  
She's the one who let me in the house. He  
was gonna lose his seat in the election.  
- One he'd held for four terms.  
- Why didn't Madlock just let him lose?  
He had two very dangerous qualities.  
He was broke and he was a drunk.  
- Why did she let you in?  
- Money.  
- Why isn't she dead?  
- Because I knew someday I'd need her.  
I think I never see you again.  
Tell my friend everything about us.  
About Senator Hilliard, the night he died.  
Will you hurt me?  
Not if you tell the truth.  
The senator, he was not a very nice man.  
But what we did,  
that wasn't very nice either.  
Que Dios me perdone.  
Why do we speak of this now?  
Es necesario. Digale. Toda la verdad.  
- IDigale!

- It's OK. It's OK.

Just talk to me.

Mire, seor.

- When does your shift end?

- Midnight.

- Take it easy.

- They're here.

Stay here and stay down.

Please. I didn't say anything.

Dennis, the woman.

I didn't say anything.

Tell him. It's all true, isn't it?

Say it!

- Let her die.

- She's my corroboration!

You asshole. He's your corroboration.

Let's get out of here.

Son of a bitch.

I don't believe this. Son of a bitch!

- You helped me kill four men.

- I ought to kill you.

You don't kill people. You arrest them.

I kill people. That's the difference  
between us. Maybe the only difference.

- I wanna meet Madlock.

- He'll contact you.

- You're planning to kill him, aren't you?

- Maybe. Maybe I am, yes.

Well, forget it. No more homicides.

It's out of your hands, my friend. Don't  
worry. Your conscience will be clear.

I'll be drinking rum

and screwing brown-skinned women

- in some place indictments don't count.

- Maybe I'll come looking for you.

That so? I'd hate to see that,

Dennis. I really would.

Why don't you just be a good cop

and leave the killing to me?

I told you, Cleve. No more killings.

We'll take separate flights. It'll be safer.

(TV) Here's what we have so far.

At least four persons lost their lives  
in tonight's massacre. An undetermined



number of others were injured,  
including three, possibly four,  
illegal alien workers.

A detective from the El Paso  
Police Department told me  
that there is no apparent motive for the  
shooting. There are also no clues so far.  
We'll be here all night to keep you posted.  
Bill Mitchell, News Four, El Paso.  
Carol, back to you.

Who are you?

A friend of your father's.

No, you're not.

What are you afraid of?

I won't hurt you. I'm your friend.

I won't hurt you.

Try me. Wait upstairs.

You know me. I work with your father.

Thorn?

What they thought, an amateur  
like you could replace me? -- Come on.

Not likely.

- Did you hurt him?

- Just put him out.

Get dressed. They know you're here.

I wanna take you to a safe place.

Go on, sweetheart. You'll be fine with me.

(PA) Ladies and gentlemen,

welcome to Los Angeles, International Airport  
where the local time is 10:15 and the  
temperature is a pleasant 68 degrees.

I'm not here to hurt you.

Dennis and I need a favour.

(PA) Passenger George Hesselwood,  
white courtesy phone, please.

(PA) Final boarding call for flight 12  
to Seattle, now boarding at gate ten.

This is the final boarding call  
for flight 12.....

- You're invited to a party. Tomorrow.

- I don't like parties.

You'll like this one. Your friend's  
not invited. Leave him at home.

Keep the change.

Holly?

Holly!

Needs an ending.

- She's in a safe place.

- You got ten seconds.

I saved her life. Thorn came for the manuscript. She walked in on him.

Now she's where they can't get at her.

- Course, neither can you without me.

- Where?

Pull the trigger, they'll find her before you do. Go ahead. I'm not afraid to die.

Now listen to me, Cleve.

Listen to me.

I want my daughter back now.

- Madlock's contacted you.

- Fuck Madlock. Fuck the book. Fuck you.

- Where is my kid?

- I'm telling you, she's safe.

She's safer than she'd be here. You don't know how these people operate.

You don't have time to find out.

Do you understand?

Dennis, I'm all you've got.

Right.

So, there's only one thing left to do.

Oh, God, it would be the perfect ending.

- I'm gonna kill him.

- You'll never get near him.

Anybody can kill anybody.

Even the president, remember?

Yeah?

Yeah, all right.

They're sending a car for me in the morning.

Jesus Christ, Cleve.

She's only 16 years old.

I'm not a monster, Dennis.

Just hedging my bets.

Follow me, please, Mr. Meechum.

Can I get you anything

from the bar, Mr. Meechum?

No.

- Make yourself comfortable.

Thank you.

- How many are there?

- Five.

Five?

David always did underestimate me.

First editions.

Every one of 'em.

It's a shame about the leather.

It gets mildewed.

- It's the sea air.

- Well, then you buy new ones.

And then I buy new ones.

Come on in, Lieutenant Meechum.

Sit down.

Forgot to flush.

Good of you to come. A little charity thing we do each year for the kids.

- Charity?

- That's right.

We should have had

this meeting a long time ago.

Look, skip the bullshit, all right, Madlock?

The book is gonna be published.

- Sherry?

- No.

- What's your name?

- Turner.

Put down the cup.

Sorry, Turner.

Our friend has grown fond

of the book. He thinks I did a good job.

I'm sure of it.

- Also, he's got my daughter.

- No, he hasn't.

Your daughter was brought here this morning by two members of your own department.

Our friend has grown too fond of you.

Emotion breeds carelessness in his area of expertise.

Your daughter's perfectly safe.

She's waiting for you to take her home.

Of course, you can always get to her.

Quite simply, yes.

I can also guarantee

her safety, absolutely.  
And yours. If you come to work  
for Kappa International.  
- And of course you own the book.  
- Something like that.  
You can't guarantee anything, Madlock.  
I beg your pardon?  
Anybody can kill anybody.  
Even the president.  
He's here, isn't he?  
What do you think?  
- Who is it?  
- Turner.  
- Who?  
- Fuck, are you deaf? It's Turner.  
Go over by the window.  
Look outside, sweetheart.  
- Get on the bed.  
- How'd you get in here?  
You can't imagine how easy it was.  
Your name?  
- Carter.  
- Christ, where's David find you people?  
- Skip the insult. Just get it over with.  
You're making a mistake,  
Lieutenant. He's a killer.  
You're helping him.  
That makes you no better than he is.  
Maybe not.  
But we're both better than you.  
David?  
Surprise.  
Seems like old times, doesn't it, David?  
Carter?  
Jarvis!  
Bad luck, David. Nobody left.  
Don't leave this room.  
You're a policeman.  
You have to protect me.  
- All right. Give me the gun.  
- No. You're in on it.  
Well, that's a chance  
you'll just have to take. Come on.  
David!

- It's just you and me.  
- No, Cleve! Don't shoot him!  
We got him. He's finished. He shot a cop.  
It's all over, Cleve.  
Can't do it, Dennis. Sorry.  
- Daddy!  
- Holly... Holly, stay up there!  
Don't shoot, Cleve! Don't!  
Take it easy, sweetie. I'll get you. Cleve...  
Cleve, for Christ's sake.  
Don't do it, Cleve. Give it up!  
Cleve...  
Please.  
You know I'll kill her.  
Here I am, David.  
- Dad!  
- I'm all right. Get help. Get out.  
- Take it. I'm not resisting.  
- Daddy!  
- Oh, you don't put those things on me.  
- I don't, huh? I don't?!  
You should have killed him.  
Always the good cop.  
It would have been the perfect ending.  
You should have killed him.  
Cleve...  
Thanks for saving my kid.  
Don't mention it. Except in the book.  
Remember...  
I'm the hero.  
Yeah.  
I'll remember.  
"RETRIBUTION" -- 28 Weeks on the Bestseller List  
(Cleve) Can't let this one  
get by you, Dennis.  
iBest seller.