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Blow Out

By Brian De Palma

Hey, will you guys shut up in there?

Barbara!

Oh, shit.

What the hell is going on in here?

I am trying to study for a final.

Yeah, we have finals too.

Ever hear of modern dance?

- Can't you study to music?

- No, I can't study to music!

- Turn it down or do I have to go to Sue?

- Go to Sue, then. Fuck off.

- I'm going to Sue!

- I'm going to Sue.

Oh!

- Get off of me!

- What?

Oh! Oh!

Oh, there's somebody out there.

Come on! There's somebody out there!

- There's nobody out there.

- There is!

- Calm down.

- I can't calm down.

You better take care of it,
cos I can't study with this disco music.

All right, move. Come on.

Oh, look. The little fink
brought back the master fink.

- The music's not loud.

- Yes, it is.

God, that scream is terrible.

- What cat did you strangle to get that?

- That's her voice.

- You didn't dub that?

- No.

- That's hers?

- Yeah.

- Oh, really?

- Yes.

Run it again. I wanna hear the scream.

- Run it?

- Yeah.

And kill all the effects
except for the scream.

Kill it.

You're right. It's hers. And it's shit.

Look, Jack, I didn't hire that girl
for her scream. I hired her for her tits.
Then why worry?

Who's gonna be watching her scream?

Wait a minute. Come on, Jack.

Look, how many years
have we worked together?

Let's see. I met you on Blood Bath, right?

And then we did Blood Bath II.

And then we did Bad Day at Blood Beach.

And then we did Bordello of Blood.

Well, that brings us up to date.

Co-ed Frenzy.

By the way, I didn't tell you this but...

I'd like to think this is our finest film.

- Almost two years.

- Oh, God. Five films in two years.

You know what I can't figure out? Why
a smart guy like you is still doing that shit.

Come on! You do the shit. I do the sound.

No, you do the shit. That wind sounds
like you're whistling in the crapper!

It's library stuff we used a million times.

That is the trouble!

I have heard it a million times!

- Get something new.

- New wind. Got it.

- And that scream. We gotta dub that.

- All right. Know any good screamers?

- I got a few ideas.

- I bet you do.

Just worry about the scream.

...a sweeping condemnation
of White House policies.

The same poll gave evidence
of a ground swell of support
for Governor George McRyan
in his bid for nomination.

If an election were held today, Governor
McRyan would win hands down,
drawing a remarkable 62 per cent
of the vote to the president's 23.

The president's campaign manager,
Jack Manners, told reporters.:

The president's had to make
some tough decisions.

But when these policies are carried out
and the economic climate improves,
as we confidently expect it will,
the people will rally to support
the president in the upcoming primaries.

A lot can happen between now and then.
Congress waits anxiously for Governor
McRyan to declare his candidacy.

They may not have long to wait. The
governor is now at the Bellevue Stratford
where he will soon address the kickoff
dinner of the Liberty Day celebration.

Some people think he will use the
occasion to throw his hat into the ring.

Joan, any word

from the Bellevue Stratford yet?

Not yet, Bill, but as soon as there is,
we will be going there live.

Liberty Day is one of the most eagerly
awaited of all Philadelphia celebrations.

But this year it's going to be extra special.

It is 100 years since the Liberty Bell
was last rung. To honour this centennial,

...a parade on Saturday

will end up at Penn's Landing

with a spectacular display of fireworks.

In addition, a full-size replica
of the Liberty Bell has been made
from pennies donated by schoolchildren
from every state in the Union.

And they'll be ringing it

after the fireworks at Penn's Landing.

That's right.

Hold it. We've got the Bellevue Stratford.

Let's go live to our political

correspondent, Frank Donahue,

at the Liberty Ball

at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel.

Frank, you look fabulous.

Have you spoken with the governor yet?

Yes, Joan, briefly. He just arrived.
I did ask the governor his impression
so far of this year's Liberty Day Jubilee.
He said he was honoured to be here
and plans to attend the parade and the
ringing of the new bell on Saturday night.
He felt it a shame the Liberty Bell
had been silenced for so long.
He looked forward to a new voice
of liberty throughout the land.
The governor is now greeting friends and
will be enjoying a meal in the ballroom.
But his people have told us
that he will speak to us after that meal.
I'm Frank Donahue. "Eye on the City"
News, Bellevue Stratford.

Thank you, Frank.

We'll be getting back to you later on.

Meanwhile, in other news,
a teacher's strike...

Let's take a walk
along the river here.

Mm. Nice.

- David, look. Someone's on the bridge.

- Let's not worry about that.

- He's staring right at us.

- Who cares?

- I care.

- Betsy.

- I don't wanna stay here. Let's go.

- Yeah, OK.

- What is he doing?

- I don't know.

- What is he, a Peeping Tom?

- Oh, who cares? Let's walk down there.

Jesus Christ.

Oh, God! Please help me!

Get me out of here, please!

Oh! Oh, God!

- A bang?

- Yeah, some sort of a bang.

- Where?

- I'm not sure where.

- You were facing the car?

- Yes.

Well, you heard the blowout.

Yes, but the first sound

I heard was a bang.

- Some kind of an echo.

- No.

Look, I know what an echo sounds like.

I'm a sound man.

And the bang was before the blowout.

- What were you doin' up there?

- I was recording sounds for a movie.

- You recorded the accident?

- Yes.

What happened after that?

The car went off the road

into the creek and I...

- What did you do then?

- I'm tryin' to tell you.

I ran down, jumped in the creek

and pulled out the girl.

- There was a girl?

- Yes, there was a girl.

- What girl?

- The girl I brought here. In the room.

She was inside the car?

- Yes.

- Are you sure?

I wasn't bobbing for apples.

Of course I'm sure.

It can get pretty dark

under eight feet of water.

Is this known as obtaining objective
eyewitness testimony? If it is, forget it.

We gotta get the stretcher through.

Step back.

Doctor! How is she?

Very lucky. Mild shock, some cuts

and bruises. No major injuries.

- Can I see her?

- She might be asleep. She's sedated.

- I'll just say goodbye.

- Don't stay too long.

How you doin'?

- Do you have my purse?

- No.

I'm sure the police'll find it.

I wouldn't worry about it.

I know.

- Where are you going?

- I have to leave now.

Wait a minute. I think

you'd better get back to bed.

I don't think they're finished

with you yet. Come on, up. Up.

- Just for a minute.

- All right.

So how do you feel?

He said I was lucky-the doctor.

Yeah. He should've been there, huh?

- Thanks for getting me out.

- No problem.

I didn't realise you were this pretty,
with all that mud.

I don't have any make-up on!

Well, don't worry about it.

It's fine. It's a hospital.

- Who are you?

- I'm Jack Terry. Who are you?

- Sally.

- Sally? Nice to meet you, Sally.

Are you leaving?

Yeah, I gotta go. But...

How about, when you get outta here,
we have a drink sometime? In a glass.

- Sure.

- OK. You take care.

How about tonight?

No, I don't think so, Sally. Not tonight.

But I'll ask the doctor when you get out.

- He wants to keep me for observation.

- Sally, you gotta stay in bed.

I don't like to be observed.

I'm sorry, but there's nothing

I can do about that.

Please. I really don't like hospitals.

I've got to get out of here.

All right. I'll make you a deal, OK?

You stay here, I'll get your clothes,

and when I come back, we'll go out
and have a drink, OK? All right?

- I need shoes and a coat.

- Yes. I'll get them.

But if you don't stay, I'm not comin' back.

- OK.

- All right.

It looks like

she's gonna be all right.

This guy, Jack Terry, that took her
out of the car, he's over there.

He's being a real horse's ass. I don't know
how we're gonna keep the lid on this guy.

Get some men here. I want this place
sealed. I don't want this circus.

Sir, this is the guy. He was there when
it happened. He saw the whole thing.

- He's the one who saw it?

- Yes. He pulled the girl out of the car.

I wanna talk to you.

And to the girl too. Where is she?

- She's in there.

- She's asleep.

And if you wanna talk to me,
make it quick, cos I wanna go home.

- There someplace we can talk in private?

- I'll take care of it.

- Would you secure that room for us?

- I want these men checked out.

- Officer, what's goin' on here?

- Car accident. Guy got killed.

- I know, but what's the big deal?

- Did you know the guy was McRyan?

Governor McRyan?

That stiff on the stretcher
was probably our next president.

- Hell, he had my vote.

- Jesus Christ.

Let's talk in here.

- You pulled the girl out of that car?

- Yes.

Well, I would like for you to forget
about her. Forget you ever saw her.

Wait a minute.

- Who are you?
- My name is Lawrence Henry.
- I worked for Governor McRyan.
- Ah.
He was also a friend.
He was my friend.
Look, I'm very sorry about the governor,
and I obviously would have loved
to have saved his life too, but...
I mean, I was there and she was there.
We know what happened,
but the governor is dead now and...
we don't want to embarrass his family.
Do you have any idea what the press
would do if they got ahold of this?
You want me to say she wasn't there?
I already told the police.
That's already taken care of.
- All right. What about the girl?
- I'll talk to her. She'll cooperate.
Just one playmate just vanishes
from McRyan's car, just like that?
- That's right.
- Aw, Jesus, I don't know.
Can't you keep your mouth shut?
It's better the governor died alone.
I just don't know if I can do that.
I was there, she was there, and...
Who gives a damn that you were there?!
You wanna tell his wife that he died
with his hand up some girl's dress?
- Or let her read it in the papers?
- That is what happened.
- That is the truth, isn't it?
- What difference does that make to you?
But it would make a great deal
of difference to his family.
All right.
Good. We'll slip you
and the girl out the back.
How about your place?
You don't wanna go home, do you?
- They told you who was in the car, right?
- Yeah.

Well, some smart reporter could
figure I was there too, you know?
They got my purse
with my name and address.
They're gonna be camped
on my doorstep.
What about my doorstep? I'm the one who
pulled you out of that wreck, didn't I?
Yeah, right.
Let's go to a motel.
First it's a drink, then it's my place,
now it's a motel.
Things are movin' fast tonight, Sally.
Whoops.
Stand here for a second.
- Beautiful night for a walk.
- Yes, it is.
Let's take a walk
along the river here.
- Mm. Nice.
- David, look.
- Someone's on the bridge.
- Let's not worry about that.
- He's staring right at us.
- Who cares?
- I care.
- Betsy.
- I don't wanna stay here. Let's go.
- Yeah, OK.
- What is he doing?
- I don't know.
- What is he, a Peeping Tom?
- Oh, who cares? Let's walk down there.
Jesus Christ.
Shit.
So, uh... you want some coffee?
- Huh? You want some coffee?
- Mm! Good morning.
- Hi. How you doin'?
- I'm fine. How are you?
Pretty good. There you go.
What are you doin' here?
You listenin' to some music?
Nope. This is my... This is my job.

- I do sound effects for movies.

- Oh, movies, huh?

Matter of fact, last night

I was out recording some sounds.

What do you mean, sound effects?

You know, when you see a movie and you hear a door slam or a bird chirp or wind, I record those actual sounds, and then I put them in a movie, and then you see the movie.

- Oh.

- Last night...

- Big movies?

- No. Just...

Just bad ones, unfortunately.

I really love movies, you know.

It's a very interesting subject to me because I do make-up.

Right now it's only behind a counter, but I dream about doin' make-up for movies.

I've seen these big movie stars like Barbra Streisand, you know?

- They don't do it right.

- No.

- I know how to fix a face.

- Really? That's good.

I want you to hear something. Look.

Last night I was recording some sounds, and I recorded your accident.

I got the whole thing on tape.

- Oh. You recorded the accident.

- Yes, I did.

Except I don't think you had an accident.

I think your tyre was shot out.

- That's crazy.

- No, it's not. Listen to this.

You're gonna hear two sounds. The first is a gunshot, and the second is a blowout. All right? Listen up.

- Now listen again.

- I heard a noise. Maybe it was a gunshot.

But, I'll tell you, I don't really feature listenin' to a replay of last night.

It's kinda depressing.

- Can I ask you something?

- What?

What were you doing with McRyan?

That's a very personal question.

That's none of your business.

- I don't mean the details. I just...

- I'm gettin' a cold here.

- Forget it, Sally.

- Personal questions.

- I don't even know who you are.

- I'd like you to get to know who I am.

- How about that drink?

- Some other time, OK?

Sally, I saved your life. The least you could do is have a drink with me.

All right. You can call me at my girlfriend Judy Demming's. I'll be there.

- She's in the book.

- All right. You tellin' me the truth?

- Yeah.

- All right. I'm gonna call you.

OK.

Jack. They got movies of McRyan gettin' killed. I just heard.

- Maybe it's on the news.

- What?

Movies of McRyan gettin' killed!

Incredible as it may seem,

a local photographer, Manny Karp, was on the scene of the accident with his camera.

Mr Karp sold his film to "News Today" magazine this morning...

- News Today...

- Shh.

Our own Frank Donahue spoke with Mr Karp just a few moments ago outside the magazine's offices.

Well, I'll tell ya. I had gone out there to try out this new film stock, right?

It's a very high speed. It's good for night shooting. I do a lotta work at night. So I'm out there and all of a sudden I hear this car barrellin' down the road.

I didn't pay too much attention till
all of a sudden I hear it startin' to skid.
I turn around, my camera's runnin'
and I catch him goin' through the railing.

Mr Karp. Frank Donahue,
"Eye on the City" News.

Mr Karp, was the governor driving?

Was he in control?

Control? It went into the drink.

He wasn't in no control.

- Was he alone in the car?
- I didn't see anybody.
- Why didn't you go to the police?
- Oh, no. No, no, no.
- No cop ever did anything for me.
- Hey, Jack.

They ain't gonna give me money
like these guys here.

- Where you goin'?

- I gotta go.

You gotta go? What about the auditions?

Exclusive photos. McRyan's death.

One at a time, please.

Exclusive photos. McRyan's death.

- It's about time.
- Is Rick in?
- No. But Sam's got girls for you to hear.
- Give me his key. Come on, come on.
- What about Sam and the girls?
- I'll do it later.
- Jack?

Yo, Jack!

Come on, open up! It's Sam!

Jack.

This is the pivotal moment in the film.

You gotta realise that.

- Jack! Where are you goin'?
- Sam, I'll be right back.

I need you now! Now get in here!

- What do you think?
- Keep lookin'.

Keep lookin'? Hey, Jack!

- Sorry, Jack. I'm all stacked up.
- Please, just this once, as a favour to me.

I'll see what I can do.

Come back after midnight.

Sally? It's Jack.

See? I told you I'd call you.

How about that drink you promised?

Where are you goin'?

Why don't I meet you at the station?

Sally!

Hi!

- I'm so glad I caught you.

- Yeah, I was out the door.

Look, I only got 20 minutes.

That's fine. We'll have a quick drink
and you'll be on your way.

Well... I wanna get

a good seat, you know?

- Aw, come on, Sally. You promised me.

- OK, but just 10 minutes.

- OK. Come on. Let me take this.

- OK. Thanks.

- How are you feelin'?

- Pretty good.

- You look nice.

- Thanks.

What's the first thing you see
when you meet somebody?

Legs. I'm a leg man.

- Come on!

- All right. Face. You see their face.

Exactly.

So, if your face doesn't look right,
no one is gonna look at you again.

- I don't think your face needs make-up.

- Every face needs make-up.

- But it shouldn't look like make-up.

- Oh, I see.

I've worked on this face. I've hidden
everything so you don't see the make-up.

- You got make-up on right now?

- Yeah, I do.

- I don't believe it. I don't believe it!

- Absolutely.

And, you see, this took me two hours.

And this is the "no make-up look".

Really? I'd like to see what the "make-up look" looks like. I bet that's good, huh?

Well, I... I only do that for special occasions.

How about a broken nose?

How would you deal with that?

Oh, that's easy. You just take a little... Wait a minute.

Let me see. I can show you.

Yeah. You get a brush like this, right?

You take a little brown powder.

- You just make a little brown...

- What are you doin'?

Hey, wait a minute.

This is serious business here.

- You interested or not?

- Oh, yes. OK. Sorry.

You make a brown line and kinda smudge it in.

It has to be real subtle so as no one'll notice it.

But... What are you smiling about?

I'm impressed that you know so much about this.

- You're not interested at all.

- Yes, I am.

You're not. You just kept me sittin' here talkin' so I'd miss my train.

That's not true, Sally.

I just didn't want you to go.

Why?

Because I like you, and I just met you and you're goin' off on me.

- I don't know anything about you.

- I'll tell you anything you wanna know.

- All right. You're a sound man, right?

- Yeah.

OK. How'd you get that job?

That's a good question. I don't know.

No, I'll tell ya. It all started in school, OK?

I was the kind of kid who fixed radios, made my own stereos, won all the science fairs - you know the type.

After that I went into the army,
and I refined my skills there.

Oh, yeah? Were you
in any wars or anything?

No, no. I was such a communication whiz,
they wouldn't let me leave New Jersey.
Then I went into the police for a while,
and after that I went into movies.

Wait a minute. You were a cop?

- No. I worked for the Kean Commission.

- What's that?

A group of politicians that got together
to try to stop police corruption.

- Oh.

- Then I quit that and...

Well, what'd you do?

- It's a long story. You don't wanna know.

- Oh, I do. This is very interesting.

I thought you wanted
to know about movies.

Yeah, movies are great, but this is... this is
like real life on the streets. You know?

It's exciting.

All right.

I, um... I wired their best undercover cop.

A guy by the name of Freddie Corso.

And one of Freddie's cases

was to set up a corrupt police captain
who was tryin' to shake down a Mob guy.

And my job was to rig a wire on him
so I could record the conversation.

Wait a minute.

What do you mean, "wire"?

It's a tiny mike attached to a transmitter
that I strapped around Freddie's waist.

Mackey, hand me the tape.

- OK, Freddie, give me sound. Count to 10.

- One, two, three, four, five...

It was a great wire.

He could be blocks away
and you could hear everything
within 10 feet of him.

- Hey, Milt! How ya doin'?

- Hello, Freddie.

- Good to see ya.
- You look good.
- You too. You look great in that get-up.
- Thanks.

So, uh... I brought somebody here I want you to meet.

Captain Kennedy, this is Milt.

Who the fuck wants to meet him?

- Milt, take it easy.

- Hey, I don't wanna meet him.

Hey, take it easy. This man could put the cap on everything.

All right, come on in the car.

We'll take a ride and talk.

And the first thing

that the captain says to the Mob guy.:

Look, I understand

that the man has a brother-in-law.

Now, I happened to see him

talkin' to his brother-in-law.

Now, the brother-in-law

is a known felon, Freddie,

and Milt's out on parole,

and that's a parole violation.

Now, I'm gonna have to tell the parole officer. If I do, he's goin' back in the can.

But I think I could work somethin' out that I don't have to tell him for... 5,000 bucks.

\$5,000? Freddie, you little prick.

We started this thing for \$1,000.

\$1,000?!

I'm gettin' this clear as a bell on tape and I start to hear the static.

You think you can?

You're outta your!

We can work this thing out.

- He's goin' up the river. You understand?

- Right.

What's the matter? You're sweatin', Freddie. What's the matter?

The fuckin' whiz kid didn't figure Freddie would get nervous and sweat.

The battery in the transmitter

shorted out and burned a hole in him.

Hey, pull over to this gas station.

I gotta take a piss.

- Shit.

- What's wrong?

The battery in the transmitter is arcing.

It's burning him. I gotta get in there.

- You can't. You'll blow his cover.

- I gotta go in there.

- You can't.

- My fuckin' battery burned a hole in him!

- You're gonna screw things up!

- Shh.

- I gotta go.

- Jack, you're nuts.

Aw, Jesus Christ.

Aw... no.

- It wasn't your fault.

- Yeah, well, you tell that to Freddie.

- Shit.

- Are you OK?

No. Something's buggin' me. This whole thing with Henry, the governor's assistant.

Oh, he talked to you too, huh?

That's why I'm leavin' town.

He gave me some money to disappear for a while.

I thought so. Look, they are covering up a lot more than you being with McRyan.

- I know that tyre was shot out.

- How can you be so sure?

- Did you see the News Today photos?

- Yeah.

I found a way to put my sound with them.

And when you see it,

I'm sure you'll see it was no blowout.

I don't know.

Would you stick around for a couple of days?

- What for?

- I just think you could help me with this.

Jack, I don't know. I'm in a helluva lot of trouble already. If I stick around here...

If I can just clear myself of this...

We could go away together.

I mean... why not?

What the hell's the sense
of goin' away by yourself?

- I don't know.

- Come on.

I have to think about it or somethin'.

I'll think about it.

Hey, Sal. How ya doin', huh?

It's good to see... I was just hangin'
around, watchin' this great movie on TV.

You look terrific.

Yeah. So what are you doin' in Reading?

Listen, you want somethin' to drink here?

How about some Scotch?

- Yeah?

- It's Sally.

Hey, Sal! Hey, come on in! Come in.

You look great.

What are you doin' around here?

Jesus, Manny.

Don't they ever clean this place?

You gotta get up real early
to catch a maid. I haven't made it yet.

Hey, I'm sure glad
you come by, you know?

Listen, how'd you find me?

- We worked this place a million times.

- Oh, that's right. Hey, you want a drink?

- This isn't a social visit, Manny.

- Oh, no, huh? Oh.

You almost got me killed the other night.

Dead-you understand?

Oh, hey, babe. I didn't have nothin'
to do with that. That was an accident.

- What happened to you?

- What do you mean?

I took off as soon as I saw
that kid jump into the creek.

He did a helluva lot better job
than I coulda ever done.

You know, I don't know if I ever told you
this before but... I can't even swim, babe.

Great.

Terry, do you know how many conspiracy

nuts I've already had in here today?

No.

If I had a fuckin' dime for every one of 'em I'd buy all of Florida and retire in peace.

It's very clear in these photos.

The flash and the smoke.

It could be a lot of things. Why the fuck does everything have to be a conspiracy?

A man has a couple too many drinks, he drives off the road, falls into a creek.

- Accident, plain and simple.

- It was not an accident.

I was there. That tyre was shot out.

I heard it. I recorded it.

So you're an earwitness

to an assassination. It's got a nice ring.

- Are you heading up the investigation?

- Yeah.

- Did you check McRyan's tyre?

- No. Why should I?

It has a bullet hole. He was killed.

- Says you. Everybody else says accident.

- Who?

I got a special commission formin' here that's gonna say it was an accident.

That's gonna say it was?

They have no evidence! They don't have the tape, the tyre, they didn't speak to me.

I know all about you and your fuckin' tapes. You put a lotta good cops away.

That has nothin' to do with this, and I resent it.

I think you stink.

That's what it's got to do with it.

Hey, you. Just because I don't like you does not mean I'm not gonna do my job.

Now gimme that tape. I'll send it over to the lab and I'll have it checked out.

I want you to look at that film I made from those photos. I think you'll get the idea.

But if we can get Karp's original film, this gunshot'll be a lot clearer.

Karp is makin' a bundle sellin' his pictures to magazines.

What makes you think
he'll give 'em to us?

- He's got to. It's evidence.

- I can't find him, Terry!

- It's your job, man!

- Don't tell me how to do my goddam job!
He could tell us what he was
really doin' with his camera.
Nobody wants to know. Nobody cares.
No sordid details.
No political assassination. Accident!
This guy's dead. None of this shit's
gonna do him any good now.
This isn't for him! I know he's dead!
Don't you understand? If they can get
away with killing McRyan, who's next?
Who's "they"? First tell me who "they" is.
Is it a communist conspiracy? Or maybe
it's ayatollahs in the street with blowguns.

- Oh, give me a break.

- Save your paranoia for public TV.
Fuck you. I'm leaving.
Put those pictures down, or I'll have you
arrested for withholding evidence.
Is that right?
All right. I'll be at the office all day.
You can get me there.
I'll call you. Don't call me.

- It's Burke, sir.

- What?
It's Burke, sir.

- Burke! What have you done?
- I don't understand the question, sir.
Are you crazy? You were just
supposed to get some pictures of him.
Are you aware of what you're saying, sir?
Where are you?
I'm calling from a secure phone booth.
I suggest you call me back on same.
Excuse me. Is Mr Karp in?

- Could I go in?

- What for?

- I just have to pick up some pictures.

- Are you anybody?

- I'm one of his customers.
- You know, he had a lotta customers.
- You're a reporter, ain't ya?
- No.
- You want Karp's film.
- I don't know what you're talking about.
If there was a law against Iyin', I'd have
made a lotta collars today - Mr Customer.
- I am a customer and I'd like my pictures.
- Yeah, he's a customer too.
- He offered me a thousand bucks.
- Really?

And his wife offered me three.

Doesn't seem worth it

but I guess you had to be there, huh?

Looks like Karp did

a little divorce work on the side.

Didn't give a shit about his customers.

I found these in a heap under his bed.

That's some baby picture.

You were supposed to get pictures
of McRyan, not kill him!

I understood

the objectives of the operation.

I didn't kill him. It was an accident.

You accidentally

shot out the tyre of his car?

As you may recall, this was my plan
as proposed at our meeting of June 6.

We rejected that plan.

Don't you remember?

I do admit I had to exceed
the parameters of my authority.

But I stayed within
an acceptable margin of error.

After all, the objective was achieved.

He was eliminated from the election.

Burke, I don't know you.

I've never seen you.

- Don't ever call me again!
- Just a minute. We got some loose ends.

I changed the tyre
so it looked like a blowout.

I erased the sound guy's tapes

so he'll seem like a crackpot.
Karp's disappeared, but I'll find him.
But that still leaves the girl.
I've decided to terminate her and make it
look like one of a series of sex killings.
- This would secure our operation.
- What operation?!

Come on, Betty. Try again.
Take 28.
- Cut!
- Cut!
- Speak into the mike. They can't hear.
Oh, Christ. Cut!
All right, uh... switch.
Betty, you pull the hair. Jean, you scream.
Take 29.
- Sam! I'll be in my room.
- Hey! Where the fuck have you been?
I had some business to take care of.
Shut up!
- I thought you were workin' for me.
- I am. What's the problem?
- We need the effects for the other reel.
- Fine. I'll get 'em.
I haven't even got the scream
for the first reel!
Yes!
Why don't you answer your phone?
It's the police.
- Who's been in here today?
- Some guy...
- What guy?!- I don't think I like your tone of voice.
- Yes?
- What is wrong with you?
- What?
- Your fuckin' tape had nothin' on it.
All my tapes are blank.
I don't get you. First you feed me
all this nutty assassination shit.
Then you give me a blank tape. What for?
Because somebody erased it!
They've erased all my tapes!
Oh. Oh, yeah. "They" -

they erased your tapes.
Are they gonna be tryin' to kill you next?
You're fuckin' nuts.
Sally? It's Jack.
Listen to me. I have to show you
that film that I made.
So just stay there. I'm coming right over.

- Is Jack Terry here?
- Sure.
- Frank Donahue. Channel...
- Debby.
- There he is now.
- Jack! How are you? I'm Frank Donahue.
- Eye on the City News.
- Oh, yes. Yes.
- Could I talk to you?
- No. Not right now.

Come on. Two minutes. That's all I need.
I came all the way here. Two minutes.

- What do you wanna talk about?
- It's sort of private.

Can we go back here and talk?
- Uh... yeah.
- Great, great.

So you make movies here, huh? I think
I'm a frustrated actor myself, Jack.
What do you want?
You told the police that someone
shot out the tyre on McRyan's car.

- Who told you that? Who told you?
- Jack, that's not important.

I'm a reporter. I've got my sources.
Why would a guy like you be interested in
some kind of assassination nut like me?
Jack, I don't think...

- Can we talk in here?
- No. No, no, no. Over here.

What do you mean, a nut?
I don't think you're a nut.
That's why I'm here.
I've looked into this thing,
and a helluva lot of things don't add up
about this... what are the cops
calling it-a freak accident?

I mean, that girl-everyone's pretending she wasn't in the car. You saw her.

What else did your source say?

Well, among other things, that you recorded that gunshot.

Great work, Jack.

I'd sure like to hear the tape.

- I could've made it in a recording studio.

- Well, you could have but...

I don't think you did.

I think you got a tape, Jack, and I think it's the real thing.

Let me put you on the air. Tell everybody what you saw that night, what you heard.

And then-boom! We play that tape.

It's a great story. What do you think?

- It's bullshit. Nobody'd believe it.

- Hey! Frank Donahue believes it.

And he's got eight million people every night that watch him.

Go along with me. I guarantee you, by 8.30 tomorrow night,

every one of those eight million sons of bitches will believe Jack Terry's story.

Yeah, that's what I heard.

Just before the tyre blew out.

You're right. It was a shot.

- You took this to the police, huh?

- Yes. I gave them a copy.

They sent it to the lab and it was blank.

- So somebody's erased it.

- Are you sure?

I transferred it myself, I played it back and now it's blank, like the rest of my tapes!

OK! Calm down. The sound is very clear.

It's the picture that's a little fuzzy.

Shit. They'd say I made it up in the lab, and they'd be right.

Whoever's in on this has contacts with the police. They want McRyan to vanish.

They don't wanna hear about my gunshot.

- Gee, what are you gonna do?

- What?

- What are you gonna do?

- You mean, what are we gonna do?
- What do I have to do with this?
- Cut the shit, Sally.
- I know what you were doin' in that car.
- What do you know?

You and Karp were settin' up
McRyan for blackmail,
gettin' scummy pictures of him
gettin' laid after the Liberty Ball.

You tell him running water
under a well-lit bridge gets you hot?

- Who told you that?
 - I saw your motel candid-camera shots.
- You got nice tits. Who was paying you
to flash 'em for McRyan?

I wasn't in the car.

Or haven't you read the papers?
Henry's cover-up won't last. I just talked
to a reporter who knows everything.

They have erased my tapes, they've made
you disappear, and next it's gonna be me.

- But I'm not disappearin'.
- Yeah? I am.
- It could be permanent.
- What do you mean?
- We did meet in a car wreck under water.
- But that was an accident.
- Manny wouldn't get me hurt.
- Didn't he get you into the car?
- Yeah, but he didn't know...
- He didn't know the tyre'd be shot out.
- He couldn't have.
- Come on, Sally!

If I hadn't been there to pull you out of the
river, you'd be dead now! Don't you get it?

Sit down. Come on.

I wanna hear everything.

Just start right from the top. Come on.

It was just a job, like all the others. I'd get
'em into bed and Manny'd get it on film.

Them. Who's "them"?

Husbands, city officials,
mostly small-town guys.

Why?

- The money.

- Oh, you need the money that bad?
Come on. You know where I work.
I get paid to smile my ass off and show
the 27 different lipsticks they're pushin'.
You know how much I make?
Shit is what I make. And I can't type.
So it doesn't leave
a helluva lot, you know?
So I did it.
I didn't really have to
do anything like screw 'em.

- Just make it embarrassing. I know.

- Yeah, right.

Manny said if a guy stuck his hand in the
cookie jar, he deserves to get it cut off.
Can't cheat an honest man, right?
I guess I wanted to believe it.
It just made it easier.

- OK. McRyan. What about him?

- Manny got me into the Liberty Ball.
I went over to McRyan, told him how great
he was, and he was very hot to show me.
So we slipped out the back
and took off in his car.

- Who hired Manny to take these pictures?

- I don't know.

Don't you think Manny knew that his
client was planning to shoot out the tyre?
No.

- It wouldn't pay to tell you, would it?

- Manny wouldn't do that.

- Didn't he wanna make an extra buck?

- Yeah.

Cos he's makin' big bucks now.
What's your cut?

- I got paid.

- Underpaid, probably.

- What do you care?

- I'm sick of bein' fucked by these guys!
First Henry gets me to shut up to preserve
the reputation of the great governor.
Then I find instead of gettin' laid he gets
murdered, and nobody wants to know.

Nobody wants to know about conspiracy!
I don't get it!
Let me tell you somethin'.
I know what I heard and what I saw.
I'll make sure everyone in this
fuckin' country hears and sees it too.
And you're gonna help me. You find
your pal Karp and get that original film.
This isn't any good. I need the original.
Cos if we don't get this on television for
everybody to see, they'll close the book.
And any loose ends, like you or me,
are gonna be cut right off.
You got your choice:
you can be crazy or dead. Either will do.
All right. I'll try and get the film. Then will
you just leave me alone about all this?
I wish I was the only one
you had to worry about!
- You're doin' a good job of scarin' me.
- I'm tryin' to save our asses!
I'll look after my own ass, thank you.
- Things aren't adding up, Manny.
- Yeah? Like what?
- There you go.
- How did I end up in that car?
Come on, sit down. Have a seat.
How did I end up in that car
in the bottom of the creek?
Listen. The guy's drivin' along
and all of sudden he has a blowout.
It wasn't a blowout, Manny.
Somebody shot out the tyre.
What are you talkin' about?
How do you know that?
I know. I just know.
- Now, who was it?
- It was nobody.
Come on, Manny. Just level with me.
All right. This nut, he calls me
a couple of weeks ago
and he says he's workin'
for some candidate.
Some candidate that's interested

in gettin' McRyan out of the race.
Sounds like a normal Joe, right?
He says he's heard about our fine
divorce work and offers me six grand.
Six? You told me three.
Yeah, well... three before and three after.
So when were you gonna
tell me about the three after?
After I collected it. When do you think?
Yeah. Sure.
Hey. What's the matter with you?
You think I'm pulling your leg?
You don't believe me?
Listen. How was I gonna be sure
that this guy was gonna come through?
I mean, six grand-that's a lotta money
for this kind of a job, huh?
- I'd say he got his money's worth.
- He wasn't supposed to die.
He wasn't even supposed to get hurt.
That was an accident.
I figured it out later.
This nut's idea was to shoot out the tyre
of McRyan's car, cause a little crackup.
- The police come, pull him outta the car...
- With me?
Yeah, yeah, with you.
And I'd get it all on film.
Some little crackup!
He wasn't supposed to die!
That was an accident!
How many times I gotta tell you that?
Manny, we got him killed.
Oh, hey, wait. We?
What do you mean, we, huh?
We didn't do nothin'.
I was in the woods, you were in the car.
I didn't shoot out no tyre. Neither did you.
So, please, don't give me
none of this conscience shit, huh?
Besides, nobody is exactly cryin'
over the way things turned out.
What would've happened
if the guy had lived?

His career was finished, thanks to us.
This way the guy comes out ahead.
He's a saint, a martyr. Christ,
they passed one of his bills this morning.
You're a pig, Manny.
- And I'm a pig too.
- What the hell is with this "pig" shit?
We gotta tell the truth before the books
are closed and the loose ends are cut off.
What are you talkin' about?
McRyan was murdered
and everybody should know that.
Are you crazy? We got him killed.
Do you wanna go to jail?
Yeah, but I was in the car
and you were in the woods.
You think anybody is gonna believe that?
I don't know but I gotta do somethin'.
Yeah, like just keep your mouth shut
and take the money.
Hey, babe! This is the biggest thing
since the Zapruder film.
- I don't care.
- It's bigger!
This is history we got here, girl!
This is gonna be a goddam fortune.
It's gonna be in every newspaper.
It's gonna be in every magazine.
It's gonna be on the fuckin'
six o'clock news.
They're gonna build TV specials
around this thing.
And they're gonna ask
a goddam fortune for it.
Hey. Don't you understand,
sweetheart? We're set.
I don't care. I don't want any part of
this thing. You can keep your three after.
Hey, don't be such a dope, huh?
Money's money.
We sound like a couple of vultures.
Pigs, vultures... You swallow
a whole box of animal crackers?
I need a drink, Manny.

Come on, give me a drink.

- Yeah, sure I'll get us a drink.

- Just give me the bottle.

Hey, now you're thinkin', babe.

- We'll go over to Atlantic City maybe.

- I don't like Atlantic City.

- No? I'll show you around.

- Stop. Come on.

- We'll have a lot of good times.

- Manny, stop!

- We'll have a lotta laughs.

- Please, Manny, don't. Don't do this.

Manny, please! Please!

Relax, baby.

Fantastic! Ah.

Great.

- Well? Now what?

- You're great.

I'm gonna call that TV guy.

We're gonna get it on the air.

- Can I make you somethin' to eat?

- Yeah, fine.

- How about some cornflakes?

- Anything.

Frank Donahue, please. It's Jack Terry.

- Yeah?

- Jack Terry calling.

- Mr Donahue?

- Jack. Yeah.

I've changed my mind.

I want you to hear that tape.

I've also got Karp's film. If you run 'em together, it's clear it wasn't an accident.

That's great, Jack. Look, I can't talk now.

Can I get back to you in 20 minutes?

I don't know why.

She wanted me to do it.

She asked for it.

She begged me for it, the bitch!

I... I didn't wanna do it.

She made me do it.

You ask her. She'll tell you.

- OK. Where is she?

- I don't know. Somewhere.

In that big hole, near the Reading Market,
where they're buildin' somethin'.
But don't listen to her. She made me do it!
OK. Just tell me where you are.
Where...
Listen, Jack. You realise this won't mean
a thing unless you come on the air
and you say it's what you saw and heard?
- I'll say it's what I heard.
- OK. That's great.
Jack, what about that girl? She must
have heard it. Can we get her on?
No. She did, but don't involve her, OK?
- Why not?
- She's not exactly proud of what she did.
OK. No problem, Jack.
But could I at least talk to her?
- Well, that's up to her. I...
- OK. Look, I'll take care of that.
Jack, could you hold on just one second?
- Jack, when can I see this stuff?
- Uh, any time.
Great. Can I give you a call
this afternoon? Where can I reach you?
- I'll be home all day.
- OK. I'll call you then. So long.
- Oh, hi.
- I just spoke to Donahue.
- Who's he?
- A TV newsman. Does investigative news.
Oh, I don't watch the news.
- What?
- What's he wanna do?
- He said he'd put it on the air.
- He'd call later and set up a meeting.
- Great.
He also said he'd like me to go on TV
and say that it's what I saw and heard.
Said the tape wouldn't be
any good without it.
- But he'd also like you to go on too.
- Oh, no. I don't want any part of it.
Well, I know you don't,
but would you at least speak to him?

No, I don't want to.

Come on, Sally. They can't say
we're both hearing things.

If we get this out in the open,
there's no one that can hurt us.

All right, I'll think about it, OK?

At City Hall this morning, Chief Inspector
Mackey held a news conference.

He said a preliminary investigation
into Governor McRyan's death
revealed that he was the victim
of a freak accident.

- Bullshit!

- Also in the news
is the bizarre sex killing of Mary Robert,
a 22-year-old receptionist
from the Center City area.

Her body was found at 10am
in the Reading Terminal excavation site
after police received a tip
from an anonymous caller.

The girl had been strangled,
then repeatedly stabbed with a pointed
instrument across her stomach and groin.

The stab marks were
in the pattern of a Liberty Bell.

The police are at a loss
to explain this grotesque mutilation.

We asked forensic psychologist

Dr Joseph Fuchs

what connection there might be
between the bell-shaped wounds
and the upcoming

Liberty Day celebration.

- Hi. This is Sally.

- Hi, Sally. Frank Donahue here.

Yeah, you were supposed to call Jack.

It's the damnedest thing. I can't get Jack
on the phone to arrange a meeting.

His line's been busy

all day. So I thought I'd give you a ring.

Yeah? So?

Something's wrong with your phone.

I kept gettin' a busy signal.

What do you mean?

I've been waitin' for Donahue's call.

- He was gettin' a busy signal too.

- How do you know that?

He called me. We're meeting
at 30th Street Station at five.

How did he get your number?

- Didn't you give it to him?

- No.

Well, reporters have a way
of gettin' numbers.

- So I'll give him the tape and the film.

- Why didn't he call me back?

He wants to meet me alone,
to talk me into goin' on the air.

No, he should've called me back.

- Your phone is out of order.

- It is not out of order.

I've been here all day.

I made a phone call.

Here. Listen.

- Maybe the phone company's in on it.

- No, something's not right.

Let's just meet him. I'll give him the tape
and the film and get it over with.

Once he's got the film, that's it!

All right. He wants to meet you, right?

- Yeah.

- OK. You're gonna go and meet him.

If he sounds OK,
you'll give him the film and tape.

- Where are you gonna be?

- Close.

- I don't get it.

- I'm gonna wire you.

Wire me? What for?

I'm gonna cover all the bases.

Nobody's gonna fuck me this time.

This way, if he disappears with the film,
he can't deny it cos I got him on tape.

Aren't you gettin' a little paranoid here?

He's a newsman. This is a very big story.

Why isn't he gonna put it on the air?

Look what happened when I took it

to the police. They erased it, right?

- What are you doin'?

- Making a copy, to cover ourselves.

Yeah? Well, what about the film?

I can't make a copy now!

I don't have time to do that!

- OK, OK. Bring on the wire.

- Take off your coat.

OK. Let's get it over with.

- So you travel a lot, huh?

- Oh, yeah. I been all over the place.

Yeah, I travelled once.

So, uh... you say you got

about 60 minutes and about 60 dollars?

- Oh, no. Did I say that?

- Yeah, you did say that.

No, I think... about 20 minutes

and about 20 dollars is what I've got.

Gee, it's too bad you don't have

about 40 minutes and about 40 dollars.

- Yeah, that's too bad.

- Yeah, that's too bad.

What I've got is about 20 minutes

and about 20 dollars.

The trains are never on time.

They're notorious. Know what I mean?

I bet you at least got 30 minutes. At least.

- Do I have to have 30 minutes?

- At least 30 minutes.

You know, I believe I do have

about 30 minutes and about 30 dollars.

Great. I'll make a quick phone call

and meet you in the back

of the waiting room in two minutes.

That should be two dollars off but... we'll

let you go this time. Know what I mean?

No, I don't know what you mean.

You know what I mean?

- See ya.

- Yeah. I know what you mean.

Hey, Ralphie!

I gotta have a 20.

Just enjoy your puppet show.

Have a good Liberty Day.

- Slower! Aw, shit!

- Some hotshot sailor you are!

That's ridiculous! Why don't you grow up
and learn a thing or two, sailor boy?

I've been on a sh...

Ten for you, baby! Ten!

- Hey, what about my \$30? You fuck.

- You blew it! You know what I mean?

Shit.

Attention, please.

This will be the last call
for the Broadway Limited
to Pittsburgh and Chicago.

All passengers travelling
all the way to Chicago,
and passengers holding space
in car 4140...

- Aren't you overdoin' this a little bit?

- We've got nothin' to lose.

If I had any sense, I'd take this stuff
and dump it in the trash, and that'd be it.

- Yeah, but I got the original at home, so...

- So why all this?

Because of Manny's film. I told you.

We gotta be careful with it.

You know, the only real trouble
I ever got into was when I was too careful.
Give me a sound level. Count to 10, slow.

- One two three four...

- No, just normal.

One two three four five
six seven eight nine ten.

- All right.

- Come on. We gotta get goin' here.

- Look, don't forget you got this on, OK?

- OK.

If you need me, talk to me. It's right there.

OK. Affirmative.

- Sally, come here.

- What?

Thank you.

Over and out.

Hello, Jack? Can you hear me?

Like I was saying before about goin'

to New York. We could see some shows.
You know, like Sugar Babies. And I know
a great hotel in the Times Square area...
Sally?

- Hi. I'm Frank Donahue.

- Oh, hi. Nice to meet you.

Would you mind
walking with me for a moment?

Where are we goin'?

- I think we got a little problem.

- What's that?

It sounds crazy but...

I think we're being followed.

Yeah. No problem.

Gee, you're a fast walker.

Well, in my business
you gotta be fast on your feet.

- Where's Jack?

- Uh... Oh, he's at home, resting.

- The pressure can get to you.

- Which train are we takin'?

- I don't know yet. Got the tape and film?

- Yeah, right here in my bag.

- I guess we lost him, huh?

- Well, we can't be too careful.

Tell you what. Walk slowly down to the
end of the platform right in front of me.

I don't know why you think
anyone'd wanna follow us anyway.

You'd be amazed what some people
would do for a story like this.

- Yeah, I guess so.

- No, don't turn around.

- We don't wanna give ourselves away.

- Yeah, right.

Just pretend like
nothing's happened, all right?

Just look at this place!

This is disgusting!

- Yeah. It's a real shame.

- And it's not even safe any more.

It reminds me of that story
about that guy in New York. Remember?

- Yeah, I think we did a piece on him.

- He'd ride the subways at rush hour.
He'd stand in the corner real quiet
so's nobody'd notice him.
Then they'd pull in to a station, he'd open
his coat and pull out a big meat cleaver,
and whack 'em right over the head.

- Let's go, Sally.

- And then they had this transit strike.
He just disappeared.
It was like he went on strike too.
So I don't ride the subways.
It's not safe. I wouldn't even
come down here if it wasn't for you.
Speak up. Come on.
You see what I mean? See that creepy
character? It's just not safe any more.
The train's coming.

- Franklin Bridge Express.
Is that where we're goin'?

- Where? Come on.

- That where they're having the fireworks?
That's right.
They got a nice bar down there.
Why don't we have our drink and
our little chat, then take in the fireworks?
Sure, OK.

- Want to help me cover the story?

- All right.

- You could give us the woman's angle.

- Yeah.

Franklin Bridge Express, huh?
Hey!
Sally! Sally!

- So what's the big deal with Liberty Day?

- Did you see our story?
I don't watch news. It's too depressing.
Somebody get an ambulance!
Try that back door!
Is it 16 or 35?

- What do you mean?

- The gauge of the film.
They've only got 16mm equipment
out at the station.

- I think that's what it is.

- Why don't you let me have a look?
- Oh, sure.
- Come into the light.
Here it is.
- Got the tape too?
- Yeah.
Yeah, that's 16 all right.
Are you... wrappin' it up?
What did you do that for?!
Jack's gonna kill you.
Oh, God, no. No!
One more sound and you're dead.
Come on, Sally. We're gonna
cover the fireworks, remember?
Jack, please!
Jack! Please!
No!
God, Jack!
Hello, Jack? Can you hear me?
Like I was saying before about goin'
to New York. We could see some shows.
You know, like "Sugar Babies".
And I know a great hotel...
Two more young women
were killed by the Liberty Bell Strangler.
But the tragedy ended when
the final victim, Sally Badina,
killed her attacker in a bloody struggle
on the top of the Port of History building
during the Liberty Day
firework celebration.
The identity of the strangler
has not yet been determined.
Governor McRyan's death continues to
send shock waves throughout the nation.
Oh, Jack!
Oh, God! Oh, please!
Jack, please!
Oh, God! God, Jack!
Now, that's a scream!
- How was the level?
- More on the scream.
- I don't wanna distort it.
- Come on. Bring it up.

- All right. I'll give it more the next time.
 - That's wonderful.
 - What'd you think of the rest of the mix?
 - Uh, OK. On the beginning...
- It's a good scream.
- It's a good scream.
- It's a good scream.