I'm Erica Bain. And as you know, I walk the city. I bitch and moan about it. I walk and watch and listen... ... a witness to all the beauty and ugliness... ... that is disappearing from our beloved city. Last week took me to the gray depths of the East River... ... where Dimitri Panchenko swims his morning laps... ... like he has every morning since the 1960s. Today I walked by the acres of scaffolding outside what used to be the Plaza Hotel... ... and I thought about Eloise. Remember Kay Thompson's Eloise? Eloise who lived in the Plaza Hotel... ... with her dog Weenie and her parents, who were always away... ... and her English nanny who had eight hairpins made out of bones. That Eloise. The adored brat of my childhood. A little punk kid... Sid Vicious, spewing beer from his teeth in the Chelsea Hotel. Andy Warhol, his sunglasses... Edgar Allan Poe, freeing live monkeys from the crates of a crumbling schooner... ... on the oily slips of South Street. Stories of a city... ... that is disappearing before our eyes. Its people swept over... So, what will be left of those stories? Are we going to have to construct an imaginary city to house our memories? Because when you love something, every time a bit of it goes... ... you lose a piece of yourself. So where's Eloise going to sleep tonight? Can you hear her ghost... ... wandering around the collapsing corridors of her beloved Plaza...
... trying to find her nanny's room...
... calling out
to the construction workers...
... in a voice that nobody hears:
"Has anyone seen my turtle, Skipperdee?"

This is Erica Bain, and you've been listening
to Street Walk on WNKW.
- And this is 90.1, WNKW.
- All right.
- See you next week.
- Have a good one, Erica.

Hey, I'm out of here.
Did Eloise really mean that much to you?
Oh, come on, Carol.
Weren't you ever a little girl?
Not the kind of little girl that
remembers the name of her turtle.
Anyway, good show.
Look, Bravo called again
about that TV spot.
You know what? I'm...
I'm not a face. I'm just a voice.
The shows are on the website.
People can download them for free.
- Yeah, exactly.
- Maybe.

Bye.
- Hello?
- Hey.
- Hello.
- What are you wearing?
Green scrubs, tied at the waist,
very sexy V-neck.
- Short-sleeved little number.
- How about the sexy green hat?
- Still got that?
- In my hand.

You like it more than the others,
less than the others or the same?
Oh, yeah. I'm at the place...
... and I wanna make sure you're still okay
with the cream and the orange.
Yeah, cream and orange.
Actually, it's not cream.
It's vanilla. But that's fine.
It's not cream. It's vanilla.
- Who cares? Let's go get married tonight.
- Your mother cares.
Trust me, she wants invitations.
Yeah, these are good. Thanks.
Hey, listen. For tonight, if you meet me
at Nicole's art thing...
... you don't have to
talk to anyone but me.
- Maybe.
- Come on.
- I've got a game, haven't I?
- You're not coming?
- Look, I've gotta go.
- What?
I do love you.
Yeah. I love you too.
- Hi.
- Hi. Oh, you're James.
- I'm Erica. I'm Nicole's friend.
- Hi.
These are good.
They're really cool. I love them.
The Laundromat is in a town in Jersey
where Diane Arbus used to do her laundry.
- Oh, yeah?
- Oh, that gun store is down in Chinatown.
Berenice Abbott shot it in the '30s.
It's really evocative, you know?
Kind of quiet. I like that.
It doesn't make too much noise.
Thanks.
Bring more drinks, less shrimp. More.
Where you going? You're leaving?
- No, no. I'm staying. I'm staying.
- Oh, my God, you're such a bad liar.
I know, but I try.
You have to convince him
to come to one of these things.
He can't avoid us forever. Oh, my God.
- What are you doing here?
- Don't you love this woman?
I could take her or leave her.
You guys...
...this, when it starts, it's disgusting.
- We have to go.
- You're too happy.
- Say goodbye.
- Bye.
- I hate you.
- I love you.
I really... I hate you so much.
Oh, God. It's so pretty out.
Tell you what. I'll get him.
You sit here. Okay?
No, let me get him.
- Okay. Will you get me my jacket too?
- Fine.
Here. Take this.
Thanks.
Hey.
Oh, I can open my own door.
Thank you.
Good boy. Good boy.
- Hi, puppy!
- Here.
Are you gonna be that crabby
when you get older?
I am older. And I'm way meaner.
Look, she gave me an apple. Here, baby.
- So she is human.
- That was too big a bite.
That was too big a bite.
I didn't say you could eat the whole thing.
You know what?
I could get about maybe five days and we
could go to the place with the water and...
...find good food and lots of sleeping.
Yes, I concur.
Here, boy. Good boy.
Good boy.
Don't give it to him. Throw it.
- I wasn't mucking about, you know.
- What about?
Why can't we go down
to city hall tonight?
- Because it's closed.
- Tomorrow, then.

David, you have a family.
I don't, you know?
- You're not marrying my family.
- Well, I am, kind of.
I mean, I hope I am.
Your mom is so sweet and she just...
She wants the whole deal, you know?
She wants the invitations...
...and the band playing and the minister.
I don't know. Maybe I do too,
you know? Because...
...it's not like I'm gonna do this twice.
You're not?
No, I'm not.
That's the nicest thing
you ever said to me.

Where's Curtis?
Oi, Curtis!
Come on, boy.
Come on, pup! Did he go up there?
- He's not in there, is he?
- Come on!

Curtis?
Hey!
- There he is.
- Curtis.
- Come on, boy.
- Curtis, come on.

Hey, Curtis?
- Hey.
- Curtis.
Hey.
- What's up, boy?
- What's wrong, sweetheart?

Hey.
Man, don't you know
there's a fucking leash law?
Yeah, don't you fucking know better?
Yeah. I'm sorry. Thanks for finding him.
It's... It's all good, bro. It's all good.
But...

...I get a reward or something?
Our gratitude. Now give him to me.
Come on, man. You know gratitude ain't worth shit around here.
- You're hurting him!
- Give me the dog.
No, I don't think so.
See, I kind of like this dog. I think he's a keeper. A keeper.
Smile, baby.
- You are a cunt.
- Fuck you, bitch!
Come on, motherfucker.
That's what I thought, you stupid pussy.
- Look...
- Go.
I haven't got much money.
You can have what I've got.
Give me your watch, give me your ring. Let's go, I ain't got all day.
Hurry the fuck up, princess.
- Let's go. Hurry up!
- Give him the shit.
- Get the fuck over here.
- Fuck!
- David!
- I fucking missed it!
Where you going?
- Action!
- Think you're fucking with me?!
You just made my day!
Popped your motherfucking cherry!
Let's even shit out.
Ready for your close-up, cunt?!
Heads up!
Hollywood!
Think you're fucking with me?!
You ain't got nothing to say now, fool!
- David.
- Oh, how cute. Lovebirds.
- A chickenhead and a faggot.
- Say "cheese," bitch!
This is the emergency room.
- Did you get any sleep?
- No. Where's Murrow?
We're looking for him.
She was dead on arrival
and her fingerprints are all over the gun.
- Where?
- Bedroom.
Daughter called 911.
Thanks. I wanna see her.
- So he's laughing again.
- Yeah.
Listen, the kid's in a waiting room
with ACS. I'll meet you over there.
We need your signature right here.
Where is she?
- Can I talk to her?
- You can try.
Hey, sweetie.
Can I have a word with you?
We're just gonna be right here.
All right.
You like lollipops?
Pick one.
That was the one I was gonna pick.
You know, sweetie...
...something you should know. Your
mommy, she was really worried about you.
And if she could, she would tell you
that you can trust me.
Did your stepfather hurt your mommy?
Sean? Sean!
Okay. Okay, step back!
- I want my daughter!
- Get back!
All right! All right.
You don't have the right.
- I do...
- At a time like this, I need to see her.
No, you don't. I do have the right.
- She is my daughter.
- No, she is your stepdaughter.
And you know
how this whole thing works.
You done been through this a thousand
times. You hire your lawyers...
...and you do your thing.
But right now, we're gonna do ours.
- I'm gonna take a walk. You deal with him.
- Yeah, I got it.
That was Dr. Sterling. Okay, bye-bye.
It's a hell of a thing.
- Yup.
- I heard her show once.
Erica?
Erica, can you hear me?
Erica?
You had the service?
They didn't know when
you were going to wake up...
...if you were going to wake up.
You were gone for three weeks.
We had to let him go. We had to.
I wanna see him again.
- He's gone.
- I wanna see him again!
He's gone, honey.
He would have been happy
that you lived.
Nurse Bench, you have a call on one-four.
Nurse Bench.
I don't know. All the faces
are starting to blur together. I...
I just can't tell anymore, you know?
You gotta help us here. We need
something from you, anything.
Let's start over again.
He hit your boyfriend with the pipe.
Once, twice, three times?
We know how tough it can be...
...to go back there...
- Do you, huh?
Look, Miss Bain, we're on your side.
Yeah.
I know that.
You're the good guys.
So how come it doesn't feel like that?
Please leave a message for David and Erica
after the beep.
Hey, it's me. Call me at the gallery.
I'll take you out. Go to dinner, a movie.
Let's go for a walk. Anything, okay?
Ma'am, can I help you?
Detective O'Connor and Detective Pitney, please.
Pitney and O'Connor are out.
Can anyone else help you?
Well...
...you know,
I wanted to check on my case.
I've been calling and
we've been playing phone tag...
...and I thought that if I came down...
- Okay.
What kind of case did you have?
My boyfriend was beaten to death.
Oh, I'm sorry.
Do you have a complaint report number?
- No, I don't know it.
- And what was his name?
David Kirmani.
It might be under Erica Bain.
About how long ago did it happen?
June 11th.
Okay. I realize how difficult
this can be...
...but if you'd please be patient
and have a seat over there...
...an officer will be down shortly
to help you.
Okay.
I realize how difficult it can be...
...but if you'd please be patient
and have a seat over there...
...an officer will be down shortly
to help you.
- Wanna get something to eat?
- What's up, guys?
- Hey.
- You saw the game last night?
Man.
Could I help you?
Yeah. I wanna buy a gun.
License?
Oh, yeah, of course.
I need a license, yeah.
Once you get one, fill out this form,
and we'll notify you in 30 days.
I need to get something now.
Sorry. That's illegal.
Hey!
I won't survive 30 days.
Hey.
- What happened to you?
- Me? Nothing.
A thousand dollars.
A thousand dollars?
Okay, but I need to learn how to use it.
No shit. Follow me.
Wait right here.
In here.
It's a Kahr K9.
Check to see if it's loaded.
How do I do that?
The chamber. Pull the slide back.
It's got internal safety so you don't
shoot yourself. Loads from the handle.
All right.
You pay me now, it's yours.
I'll throw in the bullets.
Yeah, I'll take it.
Got it, got it, got it.
You shouldn't smoke. It'll kill you.
I don't care.
There's plenty of ways to die.
But you have to figure out a way to live.
Now, that's hard.
Look at you, all sophisticated.
- You shouldn't be working this late.
- I had a client dinner.
Hey, can I get a dirty martini
for the lady?
You said this was business, Sean.
It is.
Eighty-six that.
Okay, l...
I need a favor from you.
You...
- You heard about that Murrow thing, right?
- His wife killed herself.
Oh, come on. Women don't
shoot themselves in the face.
At least in my experience.
Where do they shoot themselves,
in your experience?
The heart.
Jackie, I been...
...chasing after this asshole
for three straight years.
And right when his wife was ready
to turn state's evidence on him...
...instead of blowing the lid off of him,
she blows off her own head.
- Come on.
- You don't let go, do you?
So what can I do?
Well, she has a daughter.
Had a daughter.
And...
...her daughter knows something.
But now he's asked for custody of her
and then he's gonna get it.
- Is he the father?
- No, no. He's her stepfather.
- And you want her made a ward of court.
- Yes.
She knows something
and she's not safe with him.
Look, all I'm asking you to do
is just act on her behalf.
Please.
Sean, I'm your ex-wife.
Conflict of interest.
And besides, I don't do pro bono.
You used to.
Yeah, well, I grew up.
When did you get out?!
- You won't let me see my kids?
- You can't be here! Court order!
- I'm calling 911!
- If I can't see them, you won't see them!
Try seeing them now.
It's my money too.
I can hear you breathing.
No.
- Squad central.
- Notify upon arrival.
- Damn.
- We're a 10-84 at 110 and Lenox.
10-4. Eighty-five to patrol supervisor
on the scene.
- 10-4.
- Looks like the circus made it to town.
Any IDs?
Victim's a 30-year-old Vietnamese female.
Ida Combs.
- Where's the other body?
- This way.
Got a 39-year-old, Sandy Combs.
White male.
Looks like he was a roadie for Aerosmith.
I don't think those guys have a dental plan.
Guy had a rap sheet longer than my dick.
So in other words, no priors.
Easy.
So we got us a Sandy Combs and
an Ida Combs. What does that tell us?
They're married.
I'm way ahead of you, pal.
- Yeah, that's one way of ending it.
- You know, what's wrong with divorce?
Everything.
Divorce sucks.
Okay, so tell me.
Well, she took three in the torso
with a .38.
Then somebody smoked him with a 9 mm
automatic. Don't ask me who, though.
And we found these casings.
Three casings. Looks like there's
a partial print on one, but it's smudged.
Anybody check surveillance?
That monitor's working,
but the machine's empty.
Machine's working.
- But where's the tape?
- Don't know.
And why didn't he take the money?
They chickened out, got scared?
We got three casings, only one hit.
How about that?
Maybe he's farsighted, crappy shooter.
Who knows?
Or he never fired a gun before.
It is...
... astonishing...
... numbing, to find...
... that inside you there is a stranger.
One that has your...
... arms...
... your legs...
... your eyes.
A sleepless, restless stranger...
... who keeps walking...
... keeps eating...
... keeps...
... living.
New York, like any metropolis...
New York, like any metropolis,
is an organism that changes, mutates.
Building sprout-like chromosomes
on the DNA of its streets.
New York, like any metropolis...
... is an organism that changes, mutates.
Building sprout-like chromosomes
on the DNA of its streets.
Look, I've got... I've got two shows
that are almost finished.
They're already mixed. All they need is an
intro and an outro, which I could do live.
I've got six shows in various stages.
I've got all these stories in my files.
You know, new stuff, better stuff.
And I know what I'm doing,
and you know that I know what I'm doing.
Erica. You've been through so much.
You need more time before
you put yourself out there.
- Don't make me beg.
- I don't mean to.
But we have a public and I'm not sure you're ready for it yet. You telling me I can't work because of what happened? I did not say that.

Look...

...I just need to keep living.

You know, I don't wanna...

I don't wanna disappear.

- station WNKW, located at 90.1 on the FM dial.

Up next is Street Walk. Let's now join Erica Bain in our WNKW studios.

Okay, Erica.

Three, two, one, you're on.

This is Erica Bain, and I walk the city. New York...

...like any metropolis, is an organism...

Okay. Is there anything we can cut to? Music, prerecord, anything?

Give me a minute, Carol.

New York...

...like any metropolis...

...is...

Oh, shit.

New York...

...the safest big city in the world.

But it is horrible...

...to fear the place you once loved.

And to see a street corner you knew so well...

...and be afraid of its shadow.

To see familiar steps, be unable to climb them.

I never understood how people lived with fear.

Women afraid to walk home alone...

...people afraid of...

...white powder in their mailbox...

...darkness and night.

People afraid of people.

I always believed that fear belonged to other people.
Weaker people.
It never touched me.
And then it did.
And when it touches you, you know...
...that it's been there all along...
...waiting beneath the surfaces
of everything you loved.
And your skin crawls...
...and your heart sickens...
...and you look at the person you once were
walking down that street...
...and you wonder, will you...?
Will you ever be her again?
Talk to me.
Look at this motherfucker right here.
Hey, what sounds
you got up in there, dog?
This motherfucker
think I'm playing, man.
Don't nobody talk in New York no more?
I asked you a motherfucking question!
I said, what are you listening to,
you fucking faggot?!
- Radiohead, man.
- Radiohead?
Leave him alone, man!
Man, shut the fuck up!
Little man, you ain't know
your pop sucked dick?
He's good at it too. Now, you wanna
grow up to be like that punk ass?
That's a nice watch.
How old are you?
- Get your ass out of here.
- Tell your mom I said "What's up?"
Yo, little man, holler at me,
I'll show you how to be a G.
Hey, yo, thanks for the iPod, man.
This shit is nice, man.
This is all me right here.
- I'm keeping this joint.
- You kidding me, right?
This is cool.
Oh, shit.
Yo, yo, yo, I got this, I got this.
Bitch, is you crazy?
This is too easy, man.
So...
...you gonna give me some Radiohead
too?
You ever been fucked by a knife?
I should have walked out of that train.
I could've just shown them the gun,
and they wouldn't have hurt me.
Why don't my hands shake?
Why doesn't somebody stop me?
I swear they like Oreos.
Homicide, this is Vitale.
There you go,
you're doing the tricks again.
Upside down. No, come on up.
Gotta come to the top. There you go, baby.
Okay, thank you.
We've got two confirmed shot
on a subway from Brooklyn.
Church Street, lower Manhattan.
Everyone's arguing whose jurisdiction.
That makes it ours.
All right, fellas, let's go.
We got two dead bodies inside
the subway car, and no eyewitnesses.
Of course not.
Did you check with BCI?
Yeah, I got this printout.
They here yet?
Yes, sir.
And I'll get them to you.
Morning, fellas.
Christ on a cracker.
Well, I hope this is their stop.
Got Radiohead, U2, Dixie Chicks.
No Wu-Tang?
I don't think this is his.
Money in his pocket.
Looks like a 9 mm automatic.
Like from the other night?
Yeah.
Check it against Brass Catchers,
see if it matches.
Hey, you.
- just go inside. I came out here for
a smoke. I just wanna go back in.
You're giving me a hard time.
You let my friends in.
They both had cash, so neither one of them
was robbed. And they had priors.
A shitload of them.
The guy at Sandy's, he had priors.
I know, but that was domestic.
No, but he wasn't robbed.
Or something.
- I mean, what are we missing?
- I wish I knew.
Now, look. You got a small guy sitting.
These two punks come at him with a knife
and, you know...
...he shoots the first one without
getting out of his seat.
Right. Go on, I'm with you.
It's like maybe Mr. Average Joe just
decided, "I'm not gonna take it anymore.
And I'm gonna take matters
into my own hands."
The kind of guy
you wouldn't even notice.
Well, if that's true, he's getting better.
Yeah. Every bullet hit home.
- Detective!
- Hey, detective!
- Detective!
- Any leads, detective? Please.
- Come on, step back!
- What about the bodies, detective?
It's a new... It's a new investigation.
We haven't talked to anybody yet, no.
It's a brand-new investigation.
- Any suspects?
- No, we're not... I'm sorry, but we're not...
Any leads? How many?
Detective!
Hey.
Excuse me, don't I know you?
- No, I don't think we've met.
- Wait a minute. I know you.
- No. You haven't. I...
- What's your name?
My name's Erica Bain.
I do a radio show.
I don't know if you'd be interested in doing an interview. I'd love to...
I'm sorry.
We're not talking to the media now.
I'm not that kind of media.
It would be about you.
My life's not that interesting.
- Yeah, but the work you do is.
- No, thank you.
So...
... you gonna give me some Radiohead too?
You ever been fucked by a knife?
How the hell did this get out so quick?
Who knows? Coroner hates you, people fucking technicians. Who knows?
"Bloodbath."
You ever listen to NKW?
- What is that, like hip-hop?
- No.
Remember a couple of months ago...
...this girl and her boyfriend, they got jacked in Central Park?
- No. Which ones?
- Well, anyway, she has this radio show.
- Right.
- She shows up at the subway last night...
...and guess who she wants to interview?
- Me?
What, you? You should totally do it.
Remember that Bernie Goetz thing?
Hey, is Carter in?
Reporters calling in the night.
Reporters eat that shit up.
No, well, she's not that kind of reporter.
Yeah, well, have him call me.
What is she?
Like a DJ or something?
- No, she's just interesting, you know.
- Interesting?
Have him call me at my desk.
It's Mercer.
What's she want with you?
Give her my number.
What's her precise street address?
You know what I want?
I want everyone in the market
that night...
...everyone on the subway, outside.
Everybody, I need them all brought in.
Somebody has to have seen this guy.
I need you to get the registration
off of this iPod.
- See who it belongs to.
- I'm on it.
You've been avoiding me.
- No, I haven't.
- Yeah.
You've been avoiding
the full glare of my disapproval.
Yeah, well, it was... The show sucked
and everybody hated it. I'm sorry.
Well, we don't normally do silence
on WNKW.
You almost managed a full minute.
Well, I think I did
an okay recovery, so...
You got 11 more steps, do you?
Are they all gonna be on the air?
I thought we were better than
some AM confessional...
...but people are responding.
I was wrong.
I'm big enough to admit it, so keep it up.
Erica Bain?
Erica Bain.
I'm Detective Mercer. You...
You remember me from last night?
- Yeah.
- Yeah, well...
...I saw you in the hospital after...
After what had happened
to you and to your friend.

My friend?

Yeah. I stopped by your room, you know,
because I recognized your name.

My wife, she used to listen to your show
all the time and...

...that was why I stopped you
in the subway.

I just wanted you to know that.

Thank you.

You know, it was disturbing.

It really was. I mean, you were gone.

And to see somebody...

...that can't see you, it...

But you're back now.

Yeah, I'm back now.

A lot of people don't make it back.

I know that.

I know you do. You see...

...I checked into your case.

- You checked into my case?

- Yeah.

We got two of the best detectives
in this city that's working on this...

...and we will find them.

We always do.

Are policemen always so confident?

Are you interviewing me now?

- Yeah, I guess I am.

- Right.

Okay.

How long is this gonna take?

Five minutes, tops.

We can do it over here.

Yeah.

When you first go to a crime scene...

...what do you look for?

- Evidence.

Okay, such as?

Murder weapon, entry wound...

...DNA samples, prints,

carbon fragments...

...position of the corpse.

It's amazing what a dead body
can tell you.
So the dead do talk?
Oh, yeah. Everybody talks.
Now, most everybody lies.
But the dead can't.
And then again, the lies
tell you things too, because...
...people tell them for a reason.
And those bodies at the subway,
what are they telling you?
You read the paper.
Should I believe what I read?
You ever read about him?
Why do I know him?
That's Mr. Murrow. He owns the parking
out on Roosevelt Island.
But that's not all he does.
What else does he do?
- You really wanna know?
- Yeah.
Then this is off the record.
Okay.
He imports drugs, guns, people.
Whatever's in demand.
Found three guys that had crossed him...
...with their hands Superglued to a table
and expanding cement in their throats.
Had his wife ready
to testify against him...
...and then she's found with her brains
blown out, gun in her hand.
Nothing adds up except his lawyers.
Now he's got custody
of his stepdaughter...
...and not for sentimental reasons.
But he knows she knows something...
...and I hate to think what's
gonna happen to her. But...
...maybe you know a nicer side.
And why can't you nail him?
Because I follow the law.
Well, there's nothing you can do?
Nothing that's legal.
I didn't say that.
I didn't hear it.
Thank you.
Nothing that's legal.
So...
...there's nothing you can do?
No. No matter how bad I feel about it.
I petitioned that she be made
a ward of the court...
...but his lawyers killed that one
stone dead, so...
Ever shot anyone?
Yeah.
Did your hands shake?
No.
But that's one of the benefits
of being on the right side.
A benefit that that asshole and
the subway shooter don't have.
And you think they're the same?
They both walked away from a murder,
didn't they?
Let me ask you a question.
Just us.
How did you...
...pull it back together
after what happened to you?
You don't.
I'm sorry.
- No, no.
- Jacked-up question, man.
It's a fair question. You...
You become someone else.
A stranger.
You must have loved him very much.
Yeah.
Sometimes that just makes it harder,
you know. You just wish you didn't.
So, come on, some more cop stuff.
- Or are we done?
- No, l... We're good.
Thanks.
And... here.
That's my card. You...
You wanna talk about your case,
you can call me. Any time.
I warn you...
...I don't sleep.
Neither do I.
I walk the streets at night now.
I find places and things
I never knew existed.
But am I finding them
or are they finding me?
Ever shot anyone?
Yes.
Did your hands shake?
No, that's one of the benefits
of being on the right side.
That from a police detective covering
last night's subway shooting.
And like all good cops,
he believes in the law...
... in right and wrong,
and the thin, fragile line between them.
And he's probably wondering,
as I speak...
... why is somebody
doing his job for him?
Hey, baby.
- Hello.
- What's up, honey?
Not much.
So, what would 50 dollars do for you?
- Shouldn't she be at home?
- She got no home.
Have you, honey?
- Where to?
- Come on in.
- You're looking for a show in the back seat?
- Oh, yeah.
What's your name, honey?
Chloe.
What's he got in mind, Chloe?
The little whore needs a mommy.
Are you a mommy?
You're a whore, right?
I'm collecting whores.
You know them suicide bombers
over in Iraq?
When they die they want 72 virgins.
Me, I want whores.
I want them while I'm alive.
You know, Chloe and I
are gonna take a little walk.
- You ain't going nowhere.
- Never get in the car.
How long have you been in it?
Four...
...five, six days.
Since...
Since Vegas.
But you wanna go now, don't you?
Yes.
Are you giving me grief again?
Oh, my, got us a supercunt here.
Open the doors.
And if I don't?
Then I'll be the last supercunt
you'll ever see.
Get out of the car, Chloe. Go on.
Not until he pays me.
All right, pay the girl.
Come on! Easy.
All of it.
All of it!
Come on, walk.
Don't turn around. Just keep going.
You got a family back there, Chloe, in Vegas?
No. I went there from Albuquerque.
Well, you got enough money
to get you home now.
Ain't you a sad whore?
Get out of the way!
Hey. Hey!
You're okay. You're okay, come on.
Let me turn you over.
All right. I'm so sorry. Here.
Is this...
...still America?
Yeah. Your leg is broken.
Who the hell are you?
I'm nobody. 
There is no going back... 
... to that other. 
She is gone. 
This thing, this stranger... 
... it's all you are now. 
You walking out the heat? 
Yeah. 
Are you all right? 
Your hands are cold as ice. 
Your lipstick is smudged. 
Erica. Erica! 
You never said my name before. 
I heard your show. 
Right and wrong? 
Ballistic tests have linked 
last night's shooting... 
... with the shooting from the market 
and the shooting from the subway, so... 
Are you saying...? Are you saying the 
same gun was used in all three shootings? 
Well, that seems to be the case. 
Detective. 
Sources are saying the witness 
can provide a description... 
... but has refused to talk. 
- I'm sorry, can you repeat that? 
Has the witness refused 
to provide a description? 
No, the witness is awake... 
... and she is coherent, and we will be 
interviewing her shortly. 
Now, thank you, that's everything. 
Chief. 
Please, everybody, please. 
That's all the information 
we're prepared to release. 
Thank you very much. 
Hey. 
- You handled yourself really well back there. 
- I tried. 
So, what, is this guy 
becoming an obsession with you? 
No, my interest is in you.
Why me?
Well, because you seem like a good man, you know? Like a good cop.
Yeah, well, ain't nobody doing my job for me.
You heard my show.
Yeah.
You gotta think every one of those reporters in that room...
...is gonna sensationalize this.
But not you.
You're better than that.
How can you tell?
Your show.
- My show?
- Yeah.
You see, my wife...
...she didn't listen to it.
- No?
I did.
Well, you don't fit our audience profile.
- Yeah, and you don't fit your voice either.
- I don't?
No, you're a whole lot cuter and about 100 pounds lighter.
How's the girl doing?
She's pretty banged up.
Yeah, but we'll know more tomorrow.
Well...
I hope she's all right.
Yeah.
- Hi.
- Hey.
You see those pictures of the subway thing?
- Gross.
- They shot another one last night.
- Some pervert.
- Who will they go for next, Donald Trump?
- No, that's incitement.
- And justified.
- Wish he'd take care of my ex.
- You think that's funny?
I suppose you think
lethal injection's funny too.
- Funny like strange, or funny "ha, ha"?
- You're sick, you know that?
You're all sick.
I'm thinking about opening up your show.
I want you to take phone-ins.
- On what?
- You heard them.
You mean the shootings?
The vigilante thing?
- You really think that that's appropriate?
- Why not?
Well, I thought you said
you didn't like that kind of thing.
I don't. But you're good at it.
- How am I good at it?
- You're a survivor.
- I'm not asking you to personalize it.
- Oh, you're not?
No more than you already have.
" The essential American soul is hard...
...isolate, stoic, and a killer.
It has never yet melted."
I quote that from D.H. Lawrence...
...because someone
is playing God out there...
...killing in the name of justice,
in this...
...the safest big city in the world.
And because I've been asked today to do something that we've never done before:
Take calls from our listeners
on the subject.
This is a new departure for us but
we wanna hear from you...
...so call 212-165-9990.
First caller. Hi, you're on the air.
As far as I'm concerned,
he's doing us a favor.
And why is that?
Because no matter what
the media tells us...
...crimes are being committed,
and he's cleaning it up.
And you think he has the right to do that.
- Well, yeah.
- Next caller. You're on the air.
You're talking about murder.
The death penalty without a trial.
The vigilante is just like the people he's killing. He should be in jail.
Well, maybe he will. Next caller.
You're on the air.
It's less about what he's doing than how it makes us feel.
There's not a person I know...
... doesn't get a jolt of pleasure when they hear...
- Pleasure?
- Yeah, revenge makes us feel good.
That's why we have war, why we got the death...
- Next caller, you're on the air.
- I think it's good for New York.
I mean, this city was turning into Disneyland.
- We're getting our street cred back.
- Next caller. You're on the air.
What is wrong with our society, that this kind of thing can even get on radio?
Revenge, murder, vigilante killings?
Hasn't the whole Iraqi debacle taught us anything?
"Waste the bad guys, bring them on."
I've been a fan of yours.
I can't even believe you're...
Neither can I. You're on the air.
I wonder if the vigilante has a girlfriend because there's something sexy about...
- Sexy?
- Yeah, completely.
And if he's listening, my number is 2...
- You're on the line.
- This is the vigilante calling.
I'm the man that takes care of business.
That chick can have...
- I need to talk to someone.
Ma'am, can I help you?
Yeah.
I need to talk to someone
about a homicide.
Names?
Erica Bain.
She was the victim?
No. She wasn't the victim.
She was the...
- She's...
- No "Erica Bain" under homicide.
- Well, maybe there should be. You know?
- Pardon me?
Nothing.
You gonna give me
some Radiohead too?
Fucking woman!
Are you a mommy?
You're a whore, right?
Erica?
Is that you?
- Because I could not stop for Death...
- Erica?
... he kindly stopped for me.
Erica?
The carriage held but just ourselves.
And Immortality.
Erica?
Mercer.
Hey, it's me, Erica.
I know.
- Is everything okay?
- Yeah, I...
I just wanted to talk and l...
For some reason, I thought of you.
Okay.
What's going on?
What do you do when you can't sleep?
- Nothing.
- Isn't that hard?
To do nothing?
Well, you sort of get used to it.
Erica?
Well, come on, what's happening?
Talk to me.
Did you sleep better
when your wife was beside you?
I know I did.
I couldn't feel my body unless his arms
were wrapped around me.
Yeah, well, my wife, she used to...
... flip through the night.
So I called her a mackerel.
I guess that's not the worst thing
in the world to wake up to.
Hey, you want me to stay on the phone
with you until you go to sleep?
No.
You've been good to me.
Sleep tight.
Yeah.
How late?
Look, I'm not busting your balls. You
told me it'd be there and it better be.
Why do you think you can hurt people?
- What?
- Just do damage and walk away.
Don't you know what you leave behind?
- Do I know you?
- Do you think about it?
Does it keep you up at night?
- Does it haunt you?
- Excuse me?
Because it haunts me.
Are you one of them
press paparazzo freaks?
You got a fucking camera there?
You can't take my fucking picture.
You're gonna come to my fucking place
and take my fucking picture?
You fuck!
- You a fucking cop?
- You wish.
Well, it looks like he fell from up there.
Cause of death could be the fall.
It could be the crowbar stuck in his skull.
I'd say 50-50 either way.
Shit.
Maybe 70-30.
I mean, come on, man. How many people wanted this prick dead? Besides us?
Too many.
The problem is he knew all of them.
He wouldn't let anybody get this close to him.
You think someone did us a favor?
Maybe we should put him on the payroll.
What, like someone think they're doing our job for us?
Saying, "Hey, New York's finest,
I'm gonna send you a little message.
This is how it's done."
- Get a shot right there.
- Officer!
Here we go. All right, I'll be back.
Erica, are you okay? Oh, my God.
- Get out.
- My God!
- Get away!
- No, I won't get away.
Don't touch me. I'm sick!
I can see that.
- We have to get you to a hospital.
- No.
No.
- Why not?
- I can't because...
Oh, God. I can't.
What kind of trouble are you in?
You don't wanna know.
Were you a nurse?
When I had to be.
This is going to leave a scar.
I killed a man tonight.
Because he did this to you?
No.
I would've killed him anyway.
Back home...
...they gave young boys guns.
Made them kill their parents.
Just to show us...
...anyone...
...can cross that line.
Anyone can be a killer.
Each death leaves a hole...
...waiting to be filled.
Did the ME come back
with his liver temperature yet?
Yeah, he's about... Dead about two hours
from when we got there.
- So that puts us at what time?

- About 1:
  Damn.
Okay, I want everyone from the subway
and from that market killing...
...I want them all brought in again.
- We've done all of that.
We need to do it again.
We need to think outside the box.
But he hit him with a crowbar,
hefted him over the rail.
We're talking about a different guy
here, man. Think about it.
Maybe.
What about the iPod?
You said it traced back to a kid.
I thought I told you.
The kid's father is an attorney.
- He wants a subpoena, but I'm on it.
- Get him.
- Whatever you gotta do...
- All right. I'll call right now.
Hey, Erica.
No, I just wanna know how you slept.
Hey, you wanna see what I do?
Well, meet me over at Wynnward Hospital
in Washington Heights.
You'll get an idea.
East 14 and Broadway, East 14 and
Broadway. None confirmed at the time.
Why doesn't he march here?
- March down the street.
- Ethan Grant, my man.
Now sit your hippie ass down.
You smoking pot?
I need to talk to you.
My dad said not to get involved.
Oh, yeah? Does your dad know
you smoke grass, huh?
That's a lot more than
a misdemeanor these days.
Listen, I didn't see anything.
I think you did.
Look at me. Hey, you selling this shit?
No.
Well, I believe you.
Maybe a judge won't. Come on, Skippy.
Get your shit. Let's go. Come on.
Hey. Thanks for coming.
Hey.
Sure.
Nice jacket.
Thanks.
So, what time
you got to sleep last night?
I don't know, pretty soon
after we hung up, I guess.

About 1, 1:
Yeah. Something like that.
Yeah. I ended up working all night.
You know you're not gonna be able
to reference this on your show?
Sure, if I knew what this was.
We're gonna interview
a witness to a shooting.
Isn't that against procedure?
Yeah.
But I've tried to talk to her twice...
...and she seemed real nervous
to talk to me.
I figure maybe if you were there,
she'll talk.
Why me?
Because you got me to talk.
Hi, Chloe.
How are we feeling today?
All right.
I brought a friend.
Hi, Chloe.
Hi.
So you feel like telling me what happened to you that night now?
That's a pretty necklace.
You should tell them what you saw.
Whatever it was, tell them the truth.
It's okay.
I saw...
I saw nobody.
Come on, Chloe.
Tell me the truth now, all right?
And nobody saw me.
Okay.
Sorry if that upset you.
Well, I'm sorry that
I couldn't be more help back there.
Well, you definitely seemed to help her.
She sure liked your...
...necklace.
It meant a lot to me.
Erica?
- Yeah.
- Why'd you call me last night?
I told you, I couldn't sleep.
And you were in bed?
No. I couldn't sleep.
You wanna tell us again
why you didn't wanna come in?
- For what? To get back my iPod?
- Hey, watch your ass.
I don't know. I had mixed feelings.
I mean, I was kind of glad
those guys got killed.
- You were glad?
- Yeah. I know I shouldn't be, but I was.
- While we're young, give us a statement.
- Look, I didn't see any vigilante.
Those guys smacked me around
and took my iPod.
Then they hassled some black dude
sitting next to his kid...
...so we all got off,
except for some woman at the back.
A woman.
Yeah, just a woman.
She was staying out of it.
Maybe the vigi guy got on
at the next stop.
Can you describe this woman well enough
for an artist to make a sketch?
I can try.
Where are you going
with this woman thing?
I'm not sure yet.
Women kill their kids, their husbands,
boyfriends, shit they love.
They don't do this.
- How you doing?
- They don't?
- Good.
- You need some more water?
- Nope.
- Okay.
Just think about the first moment
that you met her. All right?
Where you were, where she was.
Tell me anything that comes to mind.
She had light hair, I think.
And okay lips. And she was skinny.
But she had some ass.
You know, you could tell because...
- But you're not doing the ass, right?
- No.
Okay.
She had good skin.
It was smooth.
And nice breasts.
Yeah. Like, they were little,
like Kate Moss titties.
- But they looked good with...
- Try to focus on the face.
Oh, I'm sorry.
- Hey, you know what I do remember?
- What?
She was, like, on lockdown.
I mean, shut off. Kind of scary.
"It's not cream."
It's vanilla."
You left a hole in me.
But I'm done now.
You hear me?
I'm done now.
Great. It's Jennifer Aniston.
I knew he was bullshitting us.
No, not really. This is a phenomenon
that happens quite often.
The mind gets so saturated
with popular images...
...it's often difficult, especially for people
under 20, to recall something unique.
That's Mr. Murrow.
He owns the parking out on
Roosevelt Island. That's not all he does.
What else does he do?
- You really wanna know?
- Yeah.
- Then this is off the record.
- Erica!
Who is it?
It's Detective Mercer.
Could I have a minute with you?
Yeah. Yeah, just a second.
- Hey.
- Hey.
I tried to call, but there was no answer.
The ringer must be off.
- Can I come in?
- Yeah, sure. Come on in.
- It's pretty dark in here.
- I like it like that.
Got something...
Is this yours?
- Where'd you find it?
- Spanish Harlem.
A uniform pinched the suspect's girlfriend
trying to pawn it.
He fit the description that you gave.
Oh, my God.
I need a favor from you.
I'd like for you to come downtown
and ID him in a lineup.
No. I can't.
I understand you're nervous,
but you won't be alone in there.
I promise.
I'll get my stuff.
Thanks.
Okay, let's go.
You're going to view five subjects,
and then I'm gonna ask you three questions:
Do you recognize anyone? Where do you
know them from? And what did they do?
Lights and blinds.
Number one, approach the mirror.
No.
Sit down.
Number two, approach the mirror.
No.
Sit down.
Number three, approach the mirror.
No.
Sit down.
Number four, approach the mirror.
I can see them all. It's none of them.
Sit down. You're sure?
Yeah. I'm sorry.
I really am.
I'm so sorry.
Damn, I thought we had him.
You think she just froze up?
Doesn't really seem like the type,
you know?
I don't know.
- You okay?
- Yeah.
That looked like
it was pretty tough on you.
It was. I was kind of hoping
I was finally done.
Yeah, well, I'm off now.
Let's go get some food.
- No, I'm not hungry. That's okay.
- No, you need to eat.
I can barely remember his hands.
Perhaps you need to forget.
I can't.
I miss who I was with him.
You know that feeling?
You know...
...this is Mughal. It was a gift
from David's grandmother.
Speaking of gifts...
You know, someone gave me
a gift the other night.
Yeah?
You recall that guy we saw on TV
at the coffee shop?
The one I've been trying to put away
for three years.
Apparently somebody else
must've had something against him...
...because we're not talking
about a 9 mm here.
It got real personal.
Yeah, I read about it.
We got some more information
on that subway shooting.
Turns out there was a woman on the car.
Now, all this time, we've been looking
for a man with a gun.
It was a woman with a grudge.
Well, I guess there's a lot of us
out there.
You know, Erica, when I was a rookie...
...I used to give myself this test.
I would ask myself, if there was someone
that I knew that had committed a crime...
...would I have the fortitude
to put them away?
What kind of someone?
Someone close to me.
Like the best friend I could ever...
I could ever hope to have.
And...?
I always hoped that I would have
the courage and the dedication to say yes.
And do you?
I do.
And it's important that you know that.
I know that.
It's what I admire about you.
One more piece of evidence,
and she goes down.
And I'm sure you'll find it.
You're a good detective.
You miss nothing.
I have to go.
- I got it.
- Okay.
Hang on.
Hey.
- I wonder what David would think of...
- Think of what?
This woman with a grudge.
I don't know.
The dead don't talk.
At least not to me.
All right, thanks.
Hey, can I get Joey Mortell?
Crackheads.
I got you stuck in traffic,
88th and 3rd Avenue.
Pull over at the corner, Roma's Pizza.
Get yourself a slice.
- No, I'm not gonna be here that long.
- You are gonna be there that long...
...because I got traffic backed up on 3rd
all the way to 96th Street.
- Make yourself comfortable.
- Well, I need you to do me a favor, okay?
Can you run a trace on a call?
And I don't have a subpoena.
But you'll get one, right?
Yeah, if I have to.
All right.
Give me the date and the time.
Two days ago, July 20th...
...between 12 and 1:30 a.m.
All right. Okay, I need the number.
Hold on.
- It's 917...
- Yeah.
- ... 157-1431.
- All right, give me the name.
Look, it's private, like I said.
Okay, it's that kind of private. I see.
All right. Okay, yeah, I got you covered.
- Okay, just call me, all right?
- You got it.
You seen this ring before?
It looks familiar.
I got a name. Shauna Nelson.
An address, a cell phone.
What'd she look like?
She had two eyes, a mouth and a nose,
right in the middle of her face.
Please get the fuck out of here.
Yeah.
Shut up. Shut up. That is...
It's true.
Hello?
Hello?
- Do you know this number?
- No.
Are you sure? 917.
Hey, you guys, are 917... Fuck you guys.
I'll see you later, okay?
- Bye.
- Later.
Hey!
- Are you Shauna?
- Did you just call me?
Yeah, l... I got your number from
the pawn shop. You had my ring.
Yeah. Motherfucker fucks some slut...
...gives me the ring
as a fucking make-up gift.
- Turns out he stole the shit.
- I wanna know where he is.
Can you tell me where he is?
- l...
- No. No.
- I need an address. Phone number, anything.
- No.
- Tell me where he is!
- No!
I saw what they did to you.
That shit can't happen to me.
The call lasted
three minutes and 46 seconds.

From 12:
...from 917-157-1431 to your cell phone.
Vicinity of Roosevelt Island.
Did she tell you she was someplace else?
- Yes, she did.
- I'm sorry, man.
But fuck her, right?
- Fuck her.
- Yup.
Fuck her.
Hey, do me a favor.
Keep this to yourself until...
...I can get that subpoena.
- Didn't even go on the hard drive.
Action!
Think you're fucking with me?!
Popped your motherfucking cherry!
Over there. Let's even shit out.
Heads up!
Hollywood!
How cute. Lovebirds.
Action!
Think you're fucking with me?!
- You guys wanna make money or not?
- Hell, yeah.
You know what to do. Stand on that corner
and keep an eye out.
Show me you can do this.
Show me you're ready.
Stand next to the four guys,
keep your mouth shut and your eyes open.
Cops come, what do you do?
- Run!
- Run, right?
Good. Listen, motherfuckers,
stand on that sidewalk, keep an eye open.
- How hard can that shit be? Right?
- Yeah.
Good. So get going. Get on
that fucking sidewalk. Come on.
You want something?
I want my dog back.
The fuck?
Hi. Hi, boy. It's me.
Hey. Hey, buddy. Hey.
Do you remember me? Huh, boy?
Come on, man.
Go, go!
No, you got me fucking waiting, and I need an address!
For Reed Bryant. He came in yesterday.
Get away, bitch!
Who's the bitch now?
- 90 Clayton Avenue.
- Thank you.
Get the fuck out of the road!
- Hey, puppy.
- Don't you know there's a leash law?
For a bitch like you!
It's just you and me and the fucking dog again, bitch!
I made your boyfriend smile.
I'm gonna make you smile too, bitch!
- You think you can come after me, huh?
- Get on the ground!
Get on the fucking ground! Police!
On the ground! Lay flat on the ground!
- Drop the gun, Erica!
- Stay out of this!
- No.
- This is between him and me!
- You do not have the right.
- Yes, I do!
No. I have the right to hunt him down and to shoot him.
Then shoot him, then!
I don't do that shit, I investigate it.
Now give me the gun.
- And what are you gonna do, Mercer?
- Come on.
- You gonna arrest him?
- Give me the gun.
- Arrest me, officer!
- Shut up!
- Give me the gun!
- Come on, cuff me!
- Shut up!
- Give me the gun, I said.
Come on. Good girl.
That's it. Good girl.
No.
Now, if you're gonna use a gun,
you make sure it's legal.
What the fuck are you doing, man?
- Ain't nobody talking to you.
- Come on...
- I saw that shit you did!
- You're a fucking cop!
- Not tonight.
- Come on!
- Put me in cuffs! Get me out of here!
- Shut the fuck up!
You can take me now.
Problem is, if you go down,
I go down.
No. I can't let you do that for me.
So you've got one person left to shoot.
What?
You see, there was never any vigilante.
It was just three punks
out on a killing spree.
They got a taste for it up in Central Park.
And they bought themselves a gun.
And they turned on each other,
the way they do.
And somehow...
...I got winged and...
...I did what I had to do.
Right here.
- I can't.
- You only shoot bad guys?
I've joined that club. Now you nick me,
graze me, but you wound me.
From about 3 feet.
- My hands are shaking.
- You just make sure you miss my heart.
Damn! Motherfuck, that shit hurts!
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
So am I.
Now you get out of here
before I lose my temper.
Baby, look at you.
She left you too, huh?
That's okay. I got you now.
You're gonna be fine. Come here.
Come here. Wait, wait, wait!
10-13, 10-13. Officer hit.
Three perps down at 90 Clayton.
Send a bus.
There is no going back
to that other person...
... that other place.
This thing, this stranger...
... she is all you are now.