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# Cruising

By William Friedkin

Captain.

Something off the port bow.

See if you can match it to that torso  
that came in last month.

Otherwise, you know, doc,

'circumstances undetermined...

...pending a police investigation.'

- Wait a minute.

We got a hand here.

If we can get a fingerprint,  
we can make this a homicide.

All right, you give me a cause of death.

I can't give you  
a cause from this.

It's obvious it's not a suicide,  
and it's not a natural.

Doc, you know I can't prosecute a homicide  
without a cause of death.

That means I'd have to go out  
and find the rest of the body.

No good, doc.

I got too much on my plate now.

Just a numbers game, huh?

Body count? That's all it is to you guys.

The only way you'll prosecute a murder...

...is if you've got a guy downtown  
signing a confession.

She ain't gonna make  
a fool out of me.

Takes the kids and goes to Florida  
to see her sister, leaves me a note.

Ten years.

- They're all scumbags.

- What?

They're all scumbags.

- Who?

- All of them.

You're better off.

Just drive the car, huh?

You'll be driving this car the rest  
of your life. You don't know nothing.

I'll get that bitch.

She ain't gonna jerk me around.

I'll get her.

- You'll get her.  
- Damn straight I will.  
One day this whole city  
is gonna explode.  
Used to be able to play stickball  
on these streets.  
Now look at these guys.  
Christ, what's happening?  
Hey, girls, you working?  
- You buying?  
- No, honey, I ain't buying.  
Hey, what is that?  
You'll break your ass you fall down  
in those high heels.  
- Yeah, so will your sister.  
- My what?  
Come here, I'll break your face.  
Come here.  
Hey, man, give us a break, okay?  
I said, come here.  
Come on, you already hauled  
my ass in last week, hard-on.  
A lot of good it did me.  
Come on, baby, I cannot handle  
another bust this month.  
Hey, look, you're on my corner again,  
shithead. You know what that means?  
Get in the car.  
In the car.  
Pussy.  
You remind me of a fella  
I used to know.  
He used to be a coke sucker.  
Before that he was a cork soaker.  
- You guys are hilarious.  
- Yeah?  
Come up here.  
I wanna show you my nightstick.  
Move your ass.  
Get up here.  
Do I qualify?  
- I hate cigarettes.  
- Oh, really?  
- I think they're disgusting.

- Well, I enjoy them.  
All it is is anal regression.  
If you wanna quit, I suggest you try  
another form of childhood stroke.  
I don't wanna quit.  
I suggest you try  
an ostrich feather...  
...along the small of your back,  
up your spine to the nape of your neck.  
Sounds addictive.

- Why do you come here?  
- Why do you?  
Because I'm having ego problems,  
I need to be worshiped and adored.

- Where you from?  
- Mars.  
Terrific. I never made it  
with a Martian before.  
What are you doing?  
Just looking for a pack of cigarettes.  
Why, are you afraid?  
Should I be?  
Have you ever been ripped off?  
I don't have anything to take.  
I can't believe you're not afraid.  
Who's here?  
I'm here  
You're here  
Now I'm afraid.  
Yeah.  
Lie down.  
Go on.  
Lie down.  
Yeah.  
Turn over.  
- What?  
- I said, turn over.  
- What are you gonna do?  
- I know what I have to do.  
Please.  
I don't wanna make this  
too tight for you.  
Please. Please.  
Please. Please. Plea...

You made me do that.  
Anus was dilated  
at the time of death...  
...slight rupture above the anus  
indicating intercourse.  
We found semen...  
...but I can't identify it.  
- What do you mean?  
- Aspermia.  
In English.  
No sperm. Your killer's shooting blanks.  
His semen tested positively,  
but it doesn't have any sperm in it.  
Why not?  
Well, maybe he has some  
physical aberration or a malfunction.  
Could be his testes are infected,  
maybe he had a vasectomy.  
What else?  
Well, this first wound here,  
that's clean...  
...which means  
he never knew it was coming.  
But this one and these, they're defensive,  
which means he tried to resist.  
So we have a top-to-bottom grouping...  
...and from the angle of entry,  
I'd say your killer was right-handed.  
- This knife is leaving its own fingerprints.  
- That's right.  
And from the serrations,  
the width of the cut, the depth...  
...approximately 3 inches  
into the flesh...  
...I'd say it matches the other killing  
pretty close. Close enough.  
I know him. Yeah, I know this guy.  
He don't come around no more.  
He beat some guys  
out of some bread.  
I know this dude too.  
I seen him on the deuce.  
He gives the best beatings  
like six ways from Sunday.

Didn't you work uptown with him?  
Work uptown with him, man? No.  
I don't work with nobody.  
A john just comes to me  
and tells me what he wants.  
Have fantasy will travel.  
Well, that fellow was seen with  
the Columbia professor who got whacked.  
And he says that you introduced him.  
That's possible. See?  
But this guy ain't no killer.  
I mean he's a pull-together hustler.  
All right.  
I gotta talk to you, alone.  
Okay.  
I need a favor, man.  
These two cops  
working out of 6th Precinct...  
...they been leaning on me.  
Who are they?  
I think one guy's name is Simone  
or something like that.  
The other guy is Jerry something  
or whatever.  
They're partners.  
A couple of real fucking hard-ons.  
And dig, they run me  
the other night...  
...and this guy Simone, he made me  
give him head right in his radio car.  
Take your foot off the table.  
You're full of shit.  
- I swear to Christ.  
- How do you know they're cops?  
Because they're wearing shields  
and riding around in a radio car.  
- What are their shield numbers?  
- They work out of the 6th Precinct.  
Do you know how many guys  
are arrested for impersonating a cop?  
There's more guys out there impersonating  
cops than there are actual cops.  
- I need this favor, man.  
- Do you wanna put on a wire?

I'll take you down to Internal Affairs,  
we'll draw up a complaint.  
Listen to what I'm saying.  
These guys are bad dudes.  
You get me names or numbers,  
otherwise don't come around with stories.  
Listen, man, you need me  
just as much as I need you.  
Take a hike.  
Son of a bitch.  
- Captain Edelstein?  
- It's Edelson.  
I'm sorry. I'm Steve Burns.  
Close the door. Sit down.  
Burns.  
Why do you think  
you were called down here?  
I don't know.  
They told me that there was some...  
...special assignment...  
...and that I was right for it.  
Let me ask you something.  
Have you ever had  
your cock sucked by a man?  
A man? No.  
- Well, I...  
- Ever been porked?  
Or had a man smoke your pole?  
You gotta be kidding.  
Yeah, you're kidding, I knew it.  
No.  
No? Well, they got the wrong guy,  
I guess, that's all.  
Take a look at the board over there.  
Paul Vincent was a professor  
at Columbia University.  
Loren Lukas was an actor.  
Oh, the St. James Hotel stabbing.  
I read about that.  
How'd you like to disappear?  
- Disappear?  
- Go undercover.  
These killings have a similar m. O...  
...but we've also been finding parts

of bodies floating in the river.  
We don't know a thing  
about these torso victims.  
We don't even know  
who the hell they are yet.  
It's my hunch that they were done by the  
same guy who did these killings up here.  
So why me?  
Well, frankly, all of the victims  
appear to be the same physical type.  
Which is to say,  
they all look like you.  
Late 20s, 140, 150 pounds.  
Dark hair, dark eyes.  
I see.  
I wanna send you out there  
to see if you can attract this guy.  
Out where?  
Lukas and Vincent were not  
in the mainstream of gay life.  
They were into heavy leather. S & M.  
It's a world unto itself.  
I don't know how much you know  
about that sort of thing.  
If you take this assignment...  
...you'll come out with more experience  
than any of my detectives.  
Do I carry a gun?  
No gun, no shield.  
You get paid once a month.  
You get a call telling you where to pick up  
the money. You report only to me.  
And nobody can know anything  
about what you're doing.  
Up the creek without a paddle, huh?  
What do you say?  
Yeah, I love it.  
What's this new thing you're doing?  
I can't talk about it, Nance, I told you.  
Why not?  
Because I just can't...  
...so please don't ask me, okay?  
Don't ask me.  
How long are you gonna be gone?



Oh, I don't know.

Is it dangerous?

I don't know.

I think it is, yeah.

Why do it, then?

Skip patrol, gold shield right away.

Can we talk about something else, yeah?

Your father called today.

Yeah?

Gold shield?

I didn't realize you were so ambitious.

There's a lot about me

you don't know.

Such as?

Hi.

- Hi.

- When'd you move in?

Yesterday. Yesterday afternoon.

I must have been asleep

with the air conditioner on.

I've been sleeping days

and working nights.

Like Fidel Castro,

only he's running a whole country.

Right.

I'm Ted Bailey.

I'm John Forbes.

- Hi.

- Hi.

Doing a little house cleaning?

Oh, these, yeah.

Somebody left them in my closet.

Yeah, that was Bobby.

He had exotic tastes.

Don't put them in the trash bin.

Mrs. McGuire likes it

if we stack our magazines.

She sells them.

- You're putting me on.

- No.

She hasn't figured out how to sell ordinary  
garbage, so that she lets us throw out.

And don't hang any pictures.

I know, she told me.

Hey, you got time for a cup of coffee?

Really primo, right down the street.

Dinnertime I only eat seafood.

I gotta watch myself

or I balloon up like Shelley Winters.

It's worse when I'm working

on something.

I hope my typing didn't bother you.

What are you working on?

I'm trying to finish a play.

Oh, yeah? What kind of play?

Boy meets boy, boy loses boy,

boy ends up with analyst.

It's a light romantic comedy.

It's old-fashioned and sophisticated.

The kind nobody's interested in anymore.

- Hey, come here.

- Well, I hope that doesn't bother you.

Hell, no. Listen, it'd be hard to be

ignored if I was Paddy Chayefsky...

...but I'm just trying to make a buck. Hey.

Things are tough right now,

but I feel it's my destiny to be recognized.

My roommate works steadily,

so we get by.

What's your roommate do?

He's a dancer. Gregory Milanese.

He's out of town right now

working on a musical.

He's trying out in Westport or someplace.

So I'm at loose ends, so to speak.

How about yourself?

Oh, I just quit school. Art school.

Looking for a job, commercial artist.

- Good luck.

- Yeah.

So where you been living?

Well, I was living

in the Bronx with my folks.

The first Braille waitress.

Hey, did you read about the killings?

- Homo killer on the prowl?

- Yeah, I was reading about that.

Talk of every gay bar in town.

- Scared to death of cruising myself.
- They're gonna get that guy.
- The cops are gonna get him.
- The cops?

Listen, if they get their hands on him, they'll make him a member of the Vice Squad.

Let me tell you. We had another killing like this one about five or six months ago.

I don't even think it made the papers.

But we heard about it around here.

The victim was a teacher at Columbia.

They found him in his apartment in about 10 pieces.

Detectives came around asking questions for a couple of days, nothing came of it.

I guess you can't be too careful, huh?

Excuse me.

Could I ask you about these?

What about them?

What are they for?

A light-blue hanky in your left back pocket means you want a blow job...

...right pocket means you give one.

The green one, left side says you're a hustler, right side you're a buyer.

The yellow one, left side means you give golden shower...

...right side you receive. The red one is...

- Right, thank you.

See anything you want?

I'm gonna go home and think about it.

I'm sure you'll make the right choice.

You into water sports?

No, I just... I like to watch.

- Later.

- Yeah.

If you like to watch, take that hanky out of your pocket, asshole.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

Yes.

- How you doing?

- Good.

Bartenders are starting  
to give me some information.  
You know, like who the regulars are.

Who's been there before,  
who ain't, that stuff.

Good. What else?

Oh, yeah, there's this name  
keeps popping up all the time.

Tommy Mancusi.

He owns the Cock Pit,  
four, five other places.

Tommy the Joker they call him.

- Are you serious?

- Yeah.

Are you trying to tell me you don't know  
who Tommy the Joker is?

I don't know who he is.

Well, I do. I can't move on him.

Why not?

I ask the questions.

You dropped your chalk.

- See you later.

- Watch yourself.

You bet.

I think he's cruising.

- Great night.

- Yeah, it is.

- Wanna get a beer?

- Oh, I don't know. It's kind of late.

I'd invite you up to my apartment,  
but I don't have air conditioning yet.

Oh, that's too bad.

- How about the park?

- Fine.

Who's here?

I'm here

You're here

Where are you, man?

Come on.

Where are you?

Don't play games with me, man.

Where are you?

I'm waiting for you

- Everything's ready.

- Good.

Nance...

Why don't you lie down

for a little while?

Don't let me lose you.

Okay?

- Don't let me lose you.

- I love you.

You're not gonna lose me.

I love you so much.

Gregory called me last night.

Remember roommate Gregory?

Seems the star of the show has hepatitis  
and the tour is canceled till he recovers.

Show closes in Bucks County tonight,  
he'll be home tomorrow.

- That should make you happy.

- Overjoyed.

Listen, I never told you

about Gregory and me.

You know what he said

when he called me up?

He said I should forget about my writing  
and find a job until his show reopens.

He says it's my turn to work now.

He intends to flop on the beach  
and turn nut brown.

His very words. Damn.

I was counting on having

the rest of the summer.

I could've finished by Labor Day.

- So tell him.

- I did.

At which point, dear Gregory said...

...that the world could wait

for any play I might turn out...

...but the summer sun

waits for no man.

Who knows?

He might be right about this play.

He was right, God knows,

about the others I've written.

Nobody else cared much  
about them either.  
So I guess I'll work my bricks off.  
We need the money.  
Gregory's tired.  
It's fair enough, I suppose.  
You really feel like that?  
No.  
I'm seething.  
I'm not exactly mad enough to kill,  
but I am mad enough for something.  
Bobby, the guy that  
used to have your room...  
...he used to get this way, only worse.  
He'd slam out the door,  
go stomping off down the stairs.  
I never knew what set him off,  
but later he'd tell me where he went.  
Usually the baths.  
He'd check in,  
blow a dozen guys in an hour.  
You ready for that?  
No.  
I'm not ready for that.  
But I understand...  
...what made him feel that way.  
I hate Mondays.  
Oh, Ted, I wish I could help you.  
Do something for you.  
You do?  
You do.  
Where you going, friend?  
- What do you mean?  
- Got a knife, gun, anything at all?  
- Why? What's wrong?  
- You a police officer?  
- What?  
- This is Precinct Night.  
You got the wrong attitude. I'm afraid  
I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.  
Right.  
You looking for something?  
That bulge in your pants ain't a knife.  
Why don't we take a walk?

Yeah.

Not tonight.

Joey, you'll come before 7  
on Sunday night, won't you?

Cross my heart. I'll be on the island  
if you need to reach me.

I don't have that number.

It's on the wall in your kitchen  
under ''reminders.''

All right. You know

how paranoid Bess gets...

...if dinner starts after 8  
the night before she's shooting.

Not to worry.

Not to worry? I have Margo's dress to finish.

She opens in Vegas in two weeks.

- Have fun.

- I'll try.

You made me do that.

As if it's your place.

- It's mine as much as yours.

- As if it... The hell it is.

- When did you pay rent?

- I paid rent...

...which I know you get out your candy ass.

- Mary, you just listen to me.

- In Westport, is it?

- Yeah.

- When you gonna work on Broadway?

- When am I gonna work on Broadway?

As soon as you get a play

that gets on Broadway.

- How did he get hepatitis?

- That's none of your goddamn business.

- None of my business?

- No.

- You're asking me about my life.

- I'm not asking you about your life.

I see what it is.

I don't have to ask a thing.

- What is it?

- What is it? I told you.

- It's a ridiculous, idiotic...

- You can see what I wanna do.

- That's what it is, a flop play.
- You can see it.
- Your life is a flop play.
- Let's see yours.
- Your life is just beating my ass, man.
- That's life.

Get someone else. I don't think  
you'll find anything as big as this.

Bullshit, man. I can find anybody I want.

- Oh, you're so good-looking and so fine.
- Yeah. Yeah.
- Answer just one question.
- Yeah.

One simple question.

When you gonna get  
into that stupid head of yours?

You don't know what the fuck  
you're talking about.

I'm making \$650 a week dancing  
my ass off, while you're just playing...

You're making nothing. Right now,  
what do you make? I gotta pay the rent.

P.C.'s on the phone,  
the mayor's on the phone.

Every gay group in the city.

They're stomping around my office all day.

Now, what in Christ more  
do you need, Dave?

I just have to do more  
with the information I already have.

Dave, you got 23 years on the job.

I'd like to see you go out  
on a high note...

...but both our reputations  
are at stake on this one.

I went to the P.C.,

I recommended you for the squad...

...and I am not going to have this thing  
explode on me.

I understand that.

So wrap it up.

I don't care how you do it.

You clean this thing up before

the Democratic convention comes in...



...or I will put somebody  
in your office who can.

Skipper, we found this quarter  
in the coin box at the peep show.  
The blood matches the victim's,  
but not this print we lifted from it.

- Hey, asshole.

- Come on.

- Take a walk.

- Take it easy.

Take a walk?

I'll tear your goddamn head off.

The guy by the pinball machine.

The guy with the...

The eagle on his jacket.

Oh, yeah, his name's Skip Lee.

He's a bad dude.

The other night he got stoned out.

Came on to a guy at the Eagle's Nest.

The guy gave him the swerve.

Skip went for his throat.

Leave him alone. He's a scumbag.

Hey, baby, what's happening?

I'm with someone.

Aren't we all? Wanna dance?

There he is.

- The one with the red scarf?

- No, the one with the hat.

- The one on the outside.

- Yeah.

He calls himself Skip.

I don't know his last name.

He's been in a lot of hassles here.

- Is that the one that followed you?

- Yeah.

Why didn't you go with him?

I don't know.

I kind of choked...

...but I think you should check him.

The red card you win,

the black card you lose.

I said watch my red card not my black.

That's a black and that's a black.

- I won't say that. Anybody else?

- Can I bid 10?

Put it up.

Ten to hold. Ten dollar to win.

I got a winner, I gotta pay.

I don't get mad when I lose.

Now watch my red number

and my black number.

- Anybody else? Anybody else? Put it here.

- Yeah, right here.

I need some information

on a guy called Skip.

Twenty-six, maybe 27 years old.

He's a regular at the Cock Pit

and the Anvil.

Yeah, Skip Lee?

He works at a steak house

in Penn Station.

The Iron Horse.

- Got it.

- Hey.

Edelson take care

of those two cops for me?

He's working on it.

- Well, I got something else.

- What?

You know that guy

that was killed up at the Ramble?

Couple of my friends were up there

that night and they said they heard singing.

- Singing?

- Yeah, nursery rhyme, like:

Who's here?

We're here

Something like that.

- Good evening.

- Good evening.

- Table for two?

- Yeah.

This way, please.

There you go.

- Okay.

- Thank you.

Enjoy your dinner.

There's our boy.

Yes, would you like a drink  
before dinner?

- Yeah, Heineken.

- Okay.

And what about you, sir?

Something to drink?

- I'll have... I'll have a steak.

- Okay.

- Make it two.

- Right.

- How would you like those cooked?

- Rare.

Medium.

The pattern of lacerations  
match the serrations.

The depth and the width  
of the stab wounds...

...could all have been made  
with this type blade.

Could you take off an arm  
or a leg with that thing?

You'd have to be very strong.

But yes, it could get the job done.

This is what you're looking for.

Your man's carrying this.

Come on, guys, let's get it going.

Another half hour, I'm on overtime.

Yeah.

Let's go to work.

Here we go.

- What's that?

- Well, there's two of us here, man.

Are you kidding?

That's not my scene.

Okay then, then you tie me up.

That's too weird, man.

Are you saying you won't do it?

- Well, I just don't get into that.

- Yeah, but I do.

What do you want?

You want me to tie you up...

- ... and then what do you want me to do?

- Whatever you want.

Let's get out of here.

Who's here?

- Okay.
- And do what?
- What the hell is this?
- Get your ass in.
- Against the wall.
- What's going on?
- Your hand.
- What's your name?
- I said give me your hand.
- What are you doing here?
- Did he try anything?
- No.
- Did he show you his knife?
- No.

Now, what were you faggots  
doing up there?

What is this shit, huh?

You were gonna stick him, weren't you?

What are you talking about?

- Whose room was it?
- His.

Is that right?

I told you, what we were doing  
is none of your business.

- So you had no right to come in there.
- I wanna know what you were doing.

Nothing.

Nothing?

He's tied up lying face down.

Nothing?

Is this what you had in mind for him?

Listen, we got enough to stick you away  
for three years right now.

- It's as tight as a chicken's ass.
- Now, you wanna do yourself a favor?

Hey, listen.

This guy cruised me.

I didn't even know him.

I didn't even know his name.

He got me to go up to his room.

- That's bullshit.
- Is that right?

I told you it was my room.

That's all I'm gonna tell you.

I wanna see a lawyer.

- What the hell was that?

- Did he show you his knife?

- What'd he hit me for?

- Who paid for the room?

- What was that?

- Who paid for the room?

- What'd he hit me for?

- Who paid for the room?

- I told you I did!

- He did, man.

Fuck.

All right, let's separate these two girls.

- Come on, get up.

- Let's go.

Come on, get up.

Come on, get in there.

You came in too soon, Sonny.

You were too soon.

Hey, you really hit me, man.

You know this man?

No.

What about him, Skip? Recognize him?

Have you ever seen him before?

- Him?

- What do you want from me, huh?

I never killed nobody.

You better let me see a lawyer, man.

Tremendous.

Oh, Nolan Ryan.

You know he did that

off the two-hitter too?

Oh, come on!

- Who is that guy?

- Ever see a knife like this, Skip?

I see them every day.

They give them out where I work.

Do you have one like it?

What do you want from me, huh?

You're a lying son of a bitch.

Skip...

...the day Martino Perry was killed...

...you were seen coming out of his store.

I bought him an ounce of grass.

Get up.

Get on your feet.

Get your pants down.

- What?

- Watch my lips.

- Get your pants down.

- Get them off!

You're gonna jerk off, mister.

We're gonna get a sample of your sperm.

Then you're gonna take  
the floating-ball test.

What's that?

We're gonna fill that sink with water...

...then we're gonna dip your balls in it,  
and if they don't float...

...you're our main man.

Do you understand that?

The prints don't match.

The print on the quarter's  
different than the kid's print.

Listen, boss, let me have this guy.

I'm telling you,

I can make him give it up.

He's only been working in that steak joint  
a little over two months.

You got nothing.

He's the wrong guy.

- Hi.

- Hello.

Why didn't you use your key?

Can I come in?

I'm on my way out.

Okay.

What's going on?

Nothing.

Why can't you trust me?

I don't wanna talk about it, Nance.

Is it me?

- Are you turned off to me?

- No.

Why don't you want me anymore?

I'm tired, that's all.

I'm not an idiot.

Nance, what I'm doing is affecting me.  
I'm on your side, you know?  
I don't know, l...  
I don't understand  
what's happening to you.  
Neither do I.  
Maybe we should cut loose for a while.  
Yeah.  
Yeah. Okay.  
Steve.  
Forget it.  
I don't understand how you let  
those guys work me over like that.  
Welcome to the Detective Division.  
We're gonna have to find another way.  
I'm not getting paid enough  
to go through this.  
You think I enjoy it? We're looking  
for a killer. We gotta make it convincing.  
Look, the guy was innocent.  
You worked him over  
like he shot the president or something.  
You destroyed that kid.  
You didn't even have a case against him.  
You fingered him.  
I didn't think anybody  
was gonna go that far with him.  
Sometimes you only get that one chance.  
He didn't have a knife.  
I didn't come on this job to shitcan  
some guy just because he's gay, captain.  
You're gonna come into days where  
you have to collar a dozen guys like that.  
Scared, weird little guys who don't know  
why they have to do what they do.  
It isn't their fault,  
it isn't your fault, it's the job.  
I can't do the job.  
I don't think I can do the job, captain.  
I don't think I can handle it, that's all.  
I don't know.  
It's just... It's ju...  
Things happening to me, you know.  
I don't know that I can handle it.

I want you to know that it's not  
because I'm afraid or anything.

It's just stuff going down,

I don't think I can...

I can deal with that.

I need you.

You're my partner

and you can't let me down.

We're up to our ass in this...

...and I'm counting on you.

Steve.

This is from

the Columbia University yearbook.

These pictures go back two years.

There's a check mark

next to every student...

...who ever took a class from that

Columbia professor who got killed.

I'd like you to take this

and see if you can recognize anybody.

Registrar's office. Good morning.

Yes, I'm trying to locate a student,

Stuart Richards.

He was... He's in the department

of Music and Speech.

Is he enrolled in the summer session?

Yes, I believe he is.

- Would you wait just a moment, please?

- Yes.

- Hold on.

- Yes.

Well, the last address

I have on Stuart Richards...

Hold on just a second, please. Yes?

- It's 140...

- One-forty.

- ... Claremont Avenue, Morningside Heights.

- Thank you.

- I got it.

- There you go.

God, what is this? Sheep shit?

What do you expect

for 50 cents a pack?

I didn't realize things



were getting that rough.

I think my old man's about to draw the line again. He turned me down on the car.

Oh, yeah?

He doesn't understand why I would want a car to do research in a library...

...that's right across the street from where I live.

So, what are you gonna do?

Live within my meager means...

...and continue my thesis on the roots of the American musical theater.

All in the way of buying two more years before I have to go out in the world.

I didn't mean your plans for life, Stuie.

What about tonight?

Don't call me Stuie, okay?

Sorry.

I got a lot of stuff to do tonight, Paul.

I have to go out.

I should do more work.

Well, if you get tired of studying...

...figure I can get my old man to adopt you.

You're too kind.

You noticed.

Father, I need to talk to you.

I wish just once you'd say something positive to me.

I tried to do everything you wanted but it's never good enough.

I've taken it for granted that you understood, Stuie.

You know what you have to do.

You know what you have to do.

- Yes?

- I'm looking for Ted.

- I live... I got the room next door.

- You must be the famous John Forbes.

- You must be Greg.

- Yeah, it looks as if I got back just in time.

What do you mean?

Do you usually come barging in

on Ted at dinnertime?  
I don't know whether  
that's any of your business.  
Wrong. It's exactly my business.  
Anyway, you struck out tonight.  
Ted isn't here.  
Where is he?  
If you must know, he's out working  
an IBM machine in a primo brokerage house.  
Pays well because normal folk  
don't like working at night.  
It's good for him.  
When he's out working he's not out  
getting involved, if you know what I mean.  
No, I don't know what you mean.  
- No?  
- No.  
Ted is too sensitive  
to have many involvements.  
We found that out with the last  
piece of trash that moved in.  
It must be something about that room,  
the people it attracts, do you suppose?  
You bastard.  
Pussy.  
Come on, you cocksucker!  
Just do it again  
and I'll call the police, asshole.  
Fuck.  
Oh, shit.  
Motherfucker.  
You ain't normal.  
You are shit. Dog shit.  
You're crazy, mister.  
You ought to be committed.  
You wanna play, I'll play with you.  
Get out.  
Got a light?  
Thanks.  
Who's here?  
I'm here  
You're here  
You're very funny.  
You got a place?

Yeah, I have a place.  
But it's not available right now.  
- We could go to my place.  
- Yeah, where is that?  
- West Village.  
- Too far. How about...  
...right down there in the tunnel?  
I'm not too crazy about public places.  
Don't worry, Dorothy,  
there's nobody around.  
- How big are you?  
- Party size.  
What are you into?  
I go anywhere.  
I don't do anything.  
That's cool.  
Hips or lips?  
Bashful?  
No.  
Then get them down.  
I wanna see the world.  
Go for it.  
Stuart, the man you attacked  
the other night was a police officer.  
He attacked me.  
We know you killed Martino Perry.  
Your fingerprint was on the quarter.  
We're going to indict on that.  
The upside for you is 20 to life.  
That's all you're gonna get  
is an indictment.  
If you confess to the murder  
of Martino Perry...  
...and Loren Lukas and Eric Rossman...  
...and four or five others  
we think you're involved in...  
...we'll reduce your sentence.  
You'll do eight years, no more.  
I've talked to the DA,  
and he's willing to go along.  
I never killed anyone.  
You'll have to run it down  
for the grand jury.  
- Grand jury?

- Just a formality.  
Once you've been cleared,  
you can never be sued or face any charges.  
We'll present the evidence,  
tell them what your assignment was...  
...they'll go for necessary force,  
and you'll walk away.  
You know, captain...  
...I appreciate the chance you gave me.  
You were there for me. L... l...  
I appreciate it.  
Your orders should come down  
after the grand jury.  
Meanwhile, take the rest  
of the week off.  
Burns...  
...welcome to the Detective Division.  
Thanks...  
...Captain Edelman.  
- Edelstein.  
Hey, down here.  
Do you know  
any of these people, Mr. Gaines?  
They look like pictures of Stuart  
when he was a kid.  
I got a box of old letters here.  
All addressed to...  
...the same guy.  
John L. Richards, St. Louis.  
- That was his father.  
- I wonder why he never sent these.  
He's been dead for 10 years.  
Oh, yeah?  
I guess he never got over it.  
He used to talk about him like he was alive.  
Are you Miss Ella?  
Right in there, captain.  
- What time did you hear voices?

- **About 2:**

Did you hear anything they were saying?  
Captain.  
The landlady discovered the body

**about 2:**

The guy downstairs  
heard some screaming.  
He's giving the details  
to Patrolman Desher outside.  
Who is he?  
Name is Ted Bailey. Works in a brokerage  
house downtown part-time, nights.  
Went to the beach today  
with three friends.  
Got back about 6, went to work.  
He must have got hit  
just after he came home.  
There's no sign of a struggle,  
nothing seems to be stolen.  
Must have been someone he knew.  
I think we got the murder weapon in there.  
It's a kitchen knife.  
He had a roommate by the name  
of Gregory Milanese.  
He's a dancer.  
We got an alarm out for him.  
Looks like a lover's quarrel to me.  
- DiSimone.  
- Sir?  
Sixth Precinct.  
Yes, sir.  
Who lives in that apartment  
down the hall?  
A guy called Casey,  
but he's away for the summer.  
The one next door is registered  
in the name of John Forbes.  
The landlady thinks it's phony.  
She ain't seen him in a couple days.  
What's that name?  
John Forbes.  
Jesus Christ.  
Sir?  
When'd you get in?  
A little while ago.  
I'm back.  
Can I stay?  
Sure.

I'm glad.

I need to talk to you.

I wanna tell you everything.

Okay? Let me just get this off.

Okay.