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Death Wish II

By David Engelbach

(Woman) This is KABC Radio.

I'm Geri Nichols.

Latest crime statistics, released today, show an alarming rise in violence.

In the last five years, gun fights in Los Angeles County are up 79 percent.

Robberies are up 68 percent.

Aggravated assault, another violent crime, shows an increase of 59 percent.

Rapes have increased 61 percent and lesser crimes are up, too.

Today I spoke to Los Angeles Police Commissioner, Herman Baldwin.

(Baldwin) The fear of crime has brought a deterioration of our community.

It's almost as if

We've been struck by enemy bombs.

The number of citizens killed and maimed by criminal violence

has produced in me

a great and personal resolve.

The only way we'll win,

and this is a war,

is by assuming the offensive.

Positive policing is the answer.

We must deploy all our resources or criminal violence will destroy our community.

(Geri) But what resources are needed to diminish the alarming rise in crimes?

Some say heavier prison sentences and an increased police facility are enough.

I'm one of them.

(Geri) Others believe that prison never cured anyone.

Judging by the rise in violence, nor does it deter.

Here comes the commercial.

I know it's your station, and I like Miss Nichols, but I can't take this.

It's not my station, I'm the architect for the new one. Miss Nichols is late.

- She's still on the radio.

- They recorded that earlier.

- There she is now.
- Don't be late for dinner.
- Your daughter ate well last time.
- You're a great cook.
- For her, nothing is too much.
- We won't be late.
- We have to be there at 10:30.
- We'll make it.

The senator's aide

would not get off the phone.

Los Angeles magazine likes my idea
of a series of articles
on criminal rehabilitation.

That's great.

Hello, baby. You look really good.

(Geri) Hi, Carol.

We're not late, are we?

Has there been any progress this week,
Doctor?

Nurse says she asked for dinner
on Thursday.

That's the fifth week running
she's spoken.

That's not much after two years.

Will she ever come back to me?

Will she ever be normal again?

You're her father, Mr. Kersey.

You can only give her your love.

And your prayers, too.

(children laughing)

I remember you liked kites as a kid.

Do you still like'em?

(Mexican music)

We haven't bought you an ice cream yet.

You mean we haven't bought you one.

A man has to have some pleasures.

I'll tell you what.

You choose whatever you want here.

I'll go off and buy the ice cream.

(rock music from ghetto blaster)

(gang member) Look at him.

So, what he look like?

Let's do it.

- Out the way.

- Get out the way!.

- Watch out, asshole!.

- (jeering laughter)

Go get your ice cream, man.

Asshole.

- Hey!.

- (woman) They got his wallet!

It's nice.

- Where's my wallet?

- I ain't got it.

(Mexican music)

Guess what?

I got there and I'd forgotten my wallet.

This time you two come with me.

- I'm gonna have to borrow some money.

- I think we can manage that.

(man) Carol! Where have you been?

I haven't seen you for two weeks.

I thought you'd deserted me.

- What happened, Paul?

- Nothing.

You didn't forget your wallet.

You never forget anything.

I'll tell you about it later.

I could stay.

I could do the interview another time.

The senator's only here for a day.

You shouldn't miss the opportunity.

- See you at dinner, OK?

- Hey, Paul. You coming aboard?

This is the place.

Super fine.

Easy, my man. We got business.

(Woman on TV) Mike,

I thought you weren't coming.

- (Mike) You know I wouldn't...

- (Woman) You are going to...

(doorbell chimes)

- (Woman) Have you told Jenny?

- (Mike) I will.

- Who is it?

- Delivery for Mr. Kersey.

Who from?

Who is this delivery from?

(man on TV) I can't rub out
ten years of a marriage.
I've got to think of the children.
(gasps)
(she screams)
(man) Come on!
Just her. No one else here.
We wanted to give
Mr. Kersey his wallet back.
- Personally.
- Hey, man. Look at that.
Isn't that pretty?
No! No! No!
Lady, disturb the neighbors
and I'll cut you into pieces
and eat you for dinner.
(she sobs)
(whooping)
Jiver, save some for me, man!
(whooping)
My turn now, man.
Nirvana, take her in the bedroom.
Jiver, check out the window for the man.
- We can't hang in here for ever.
- Hey, I want him.
Just be cool, man. He'll come.
You wait in here. Watch for the man.
All right now, lady.
Quietly. Do it nice.
Are you hungry?
Let's see what Rosario has for dinner.
Rosario. Rosario! We're home!
Man, you s...
Get her, man!
- Let's get the fuck outta here!
- Use the back!
Take her. She's seen us.
She can finger us all.
Come on!
Keep moving. Get in there, girl!
(man) There is only one truth
about the use of the death penalty.
Why do we kill people who kill people?
- To show that killing is wrong.

- Thank you, Senator.

That was Senator Robert McLean.

This has been Newsdesk, brought to you
by KABC Los Angeles. I'm Geri Nichols.

- Nirvana, how long we gonna stay here?

- Ah, it's nice here.

Yeah, and we got a nice little lady.

What are we gonna do? Waste her?

- She's seen us. She can finger us all.

- The man saw me twice, up close.

Aw, man.

We look all the same to Whitey, anyway.

He'll never pick you out.

(doorbell chimes)

Paul!

Paul!

Paul, is that you?

(voices on police radio)

Mr. Kersey, I'm Inspector Mankiewicz.

I know it's a terrible time.

- Any news of my daughter?

- Not yet.

As soon as we hear anything,
we'll let you know.

The descriptions you gave the officers
about your attackers are very unclear.

Is there anything you can add?

I came in this door. There were two men
there, at least two back there.

One hits me on the head
and I'm unconscious.

Surely you saw one of them
before you were attacked?

I told your men everything I know.

(police radios, sirens)

We understand that the same sort of
thing happened in New York City.

Yeah, that's right.

Muggers followed my wife and daughter
home from the market.

The police there got a good description
of the muggers, too.

- But it didn't do any good.

- We do what we can.

Oh. One of my men
found this on the floor.
Honey, if they don't need us,
let's go to my place. They'll be all night.
Mr. Kersey.
We got news of your daughter.
How is she?
Is this your daughter, Mr. Kersey?
Mr. Kersey? Is that Carol?
- Get some sleep, darling.
- You go back to bed.
I want to stay here a while.
I'll be along in a moment.
(priest) Unto Almighty God, we commend
the soul of our sister, Carol,
and we commit her body to the ground.
Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,
dust to dust.
In sure and certain hope
of the resurrection
unto eternal life through our Lord,
Jesus Christ.
Don't worry about the new building, Paul.
It can wait.
Oh, I'll be back soon.
It's not necessary.
It is for me.
Thanks for the use of your cabin.
(howling)
This is the new model. The Department
of Building and Safety approved it.
Has Elliott chosen a building type yet?
We've drawn it with three different
renderings, to compare how they'd look.
Call him up and make an appointment.
I'll run it over.
His wife'll probably choose
but he can go through the motions.
Get me Mr. Cass, please.
Our market is local news.
Fires, traffic jams, droughts.
I'm not so sure, Elliott. We've got our
awards for international reporting.
I don't care about awards.

KBEX's local news
has kept us out of first place too long.
You're the boss.
If you want, we'll take them on.
Oh! See you later. Why didn't
somebody say you were here?
- Your building's been approved.
- What's it gonna cost me?
Well, with a steel frame
and reflective glass,
it'll cost 250 dollars
a square foot,
wooden frame,
100 dollars a square foot...
...concrete, 150 dollars a square foot.
All the figures are right here.
I can't believe these prices.
- Welcome back.
- (phone rings)
- I see you made a noisy comeback.
- Hello? Yeah, go ahead.
I heard you were in the building.
- I was just coming to see you.
- See you tonight?
Oh, Geri, I don't feel like
I'm fit company for socializing.
Not yet, anyway.
(Elliott) Paul? Are you out there?
Come on back!
Mr. Kersey.
Your office told me you'd be here.
We wanted you to look at some mugshots,
see if you can find those people.
It happened so fast.
- No, I don't think so.
- The pictures might jog your memory.
There really isn't any use. Excuse me.
(woman) Let me tell you one thing.
The greatest preaching in this Bible is:
"Blessed are the pure in heart."
(hymn singing)
(woman) "Brethren, my heart's desire
and prayer to God for Israel
is that they might be saved."

We will find in Romans 10:9 and 10
that "if thou shalt confess
with thy mouth the Lord Jesus
and shall believe
that God hath raised him from the dead,
thou shall be saved. For with the heart..."

- What are you looking for?

- A room.

No trouble here, you hear?

50 dollars a month.

No TV, no music after 11.

- And no police, Mr...?

- Kimble.

- No police, you hear?

- I hear.

(singing to guitar)

(sirens)

Shall I join you?

- Oh, it's you.

- Who were you expecting?

Raquel Welch?

What brings you here?

I thought I'd come and see you.

It doesn't happen often these days.

Half my wardrobe's here. I'm getting
bored with wearing the other half.

- (shower is turned on)

- Geri? I'm gonna be a while.

Why don't you go on with what you're
gonna do? I'll see you back at the office.

(door closes)

(Woman on phone) Thank you for calling
General Lock Company.

Hello. Yes.

I have some locks that need changing.

Could you do it today, please?

(dance music)

(rings)

(music and chanting)

(jeering laughter)

That's them.

There they are. Let's go.

(rats squeaking)

You and you, out. Not you.

- Do you believe in Jesus?

- Yes, I do.

Well, you're gonna meet him.

(gospel music)

(party music)

Mr. Kersey,

do you wanna join the party?

No, thanks.

(TV)...area of San Francisco

killed three people

and wounded over one

thousand...

- Hello.

- You're in.

I've been in all night.

- I called.

- I haven't been answering the phone.

Those newspaper people

keep calling ever since...

I just haven't

been answering.

Can I cook dinner

for you tomorrow night?

- Friday night's better.

- Friday night, then.

OK. Night.

(TV)...tonight shot dead

in the now vacant Hollywood Hotel.

Police believe the two deaths are

drug-related.

Names are withheld

till the families are notified.

(radio) Six, yes, six

free films for your camera...

(operatic singing)

(radio) It's 9 o'clock.

The temperature is 72 degrees.

Now to Jane Saunders for the traffic.

(Jane) There's a hold-up

on Hollywood Boulevard at western

Where an accident

has tailbacks for half a mile.

Drivers, be sure to avoid

Hollywood at western.

That's it, kiddo.

Give'em the local news.

(radio) My car's such a mess,
a few more bangs wouldn't matter.

Here's Geri Nichols
with news of an experiment
that's taking young people
away from crime.

(Geri) In Illinois state prison...

Over the hill and everywhere

Go tell it on the mountain

That Jesus Christ is born

Thou would not be a sinner

I'll tell you the reason why

Praise the Lord...

(man and woman arguing)

(woman screams)

(woman screams)

(shouting)

(woman screams)

- No!

- Come on.

(man) Stop! Stop!

Stop, please, no!

- I will be good.

- Mary!

(thug) We're just borrowin'
your mama, motherfucker.

(man) Don't hurt Mary.

Keep back!

No! Please, please.

(sirens)

(breaking glass)

Hey, watch out, asshole.

Goodbye.

(sirens)

Come with me.

(sirens)

Hey, over here!

Hold it a minute.

Let me get this straight.

Some guy pops up out of nowhere,

he starts shooting, and you and your

wife can't describe him.

That guy saved our lives, damn it.
Where were you guys?
Giving out parking tickets?
Hold him.
All right, lady. What did he look like?
He was... uh... He was...
He was a good citizen.
That's what he was.
He was a killer.
You want to stay here for ever, play it
that way. You're vital witnesses.
Don't play games.
You both saw him. I want a description.
He's 21. Blond. With a club foot.
Funny. I saw a large black man with a
red beard.
Let them get me to the hospital or I'll give
the press interviews you won't believe.
Take him.
(man) Close it off upstairs.
Close it off.
You know what we've got here,
don't you? A goddamn vigilante.
My wife goes to mace class,
would you believe that?
The police commissioner's wife
learning to spray attackers.
Now you say there's a vigilante out there.
My God. The lid's just kept down now.
I can see panicked citizens on the streets
if this gets out.
They'll knock off anyone with long hair
or tacky clothes.
I can find him.
If we start an investigation,
the press will hear.
I learn about my
own force in the newspapers.
Tell me...
...wasn't there a vigilante
in Boston about five years ago?
- New York.
- New York. Right.
Get on to them.

See how they handled it. It stopped.

- What about this report? You've...

- I know.

The Los Angeles police has asked for advice on the vigilante situation.

There's something else you should know, sir.

- Paul Kersey now lives in Los Angeles.

- Are you suggesting he's killing again?

Paul Kersey was an interesting man, so I kept a loose tab on him.

He worked in Chicago for a while,

where he met an old friend

with a radio station in LA.

He transferred his business out there.

That doesn't mean

that he's the Los Angeles vigilante.

- No, sir.

- But, Christ, what if he is?

Yes, sir.

If he is, and he's caught,

the trail leads straight back to us.

- We had him and didn't prosecute.

- For damn good reason.

Street crime was down 50 percent.

Muggers were afraid

to go out on the streets.

Never mind that.

We know he'd be a martyr if he went on

trial, but the fact is we let him go.

If he's caught, he'll tell the world that.

I'd be disbarred.

Your career would be over.

And you, Inspector,

would not collect your pension.

And I retire this year.

It's simple.

We have to get him before they do.

- We?

- You.

I could go to Los Angeles

in answer to their request.

I'll try to find out if

Kersey's up to his old tricks.

If he is, I'll try to stop him.

- Quietly.

- Kill him?

(burps)

- Hi, Frank. Over here.

- Mike. Good to see you.

- Frank, welcome to LA.

- Thank you. (sneezes)

- Gesundheit.

- Thank you. Is this the file?

Newspaper clippings and police
photographs on Paul Kersey.

Most are about how his daughter and
housekeeper were killed by muggers.

We checked out everyone who lost
someone through muggers
in the last six months.

- How many people was it?

- Deaths, 96.

Seriously injured, 1,500.

Rapes, 579. I can go on.

You tie down a lot of men that way.

- What did you do?

- We tried that route. But we gave up.

I'm going back to the hotel to lie down.

I think I caught a cold on the plane.

Hey, babe.

You're not holding out on me are you?

Hey, one cop to another.

Would I do a thing like that?

(snoring)

It's all right, Miss Nichols.

I'm a policeman.

- How did you get in?

- It comes with the job.

- You'd be amazed what they teach us.

- Why's a New York cop in my apartment?

It's about your friend,

Mr. Paul Kersey.

How do you know him?

- It comes...

- With the job.

He killed nine people

in New York City four years ago.

- You're not serious?
- I'm very serious.
- What station are you from?
- West 75th Street. Ah, ah, ah.
- It won't help calling.
- They sent you, didn't they?
Well, not exactly.
Was he charged
with killing nine people?
He was not.
See, the people he killed were muggers.
Even though the public never knew who
he was, he became a hero.
There were those that felt
we should encourage him
to stop and leave it at that.
But now, you see, he's doing it again.
Here, in Los Angeles.
- There's no one I can call to verify this?
- My chief thinks I'm on vacation.
You break in
and tell me you think Paul's a murderer.
- What else are you going to tell me?
- We think he should stop.
I asked him once. It didn't seem to work.
- Maybe he'll listen to you.
- I hardly see him outside the station.
Doesn't it make you wonder
what he may be doing at night?
(prostitute) Hey, mister,
got a half hour to spare?
What's wrong? Haven't you got one?
Fuck you.
- Paul, where have you been?
- Just out.
- Out where?
- I was with a friend. A man.
- What man?
- Calm down.
- Where do you think I've been?
- Killing muggers.
You're crazy.
A New York cop
broke into my place tonight.

Not that... what the hell's his name...

Frank Ochoa?

- He said he talked to you once.
- He asked me not to kill muggers.
- He told me that.
- Yes, that's true.
- That you killed muggers?
- No, that he asked me not to.

Why would he ask you not to
if you weren't doing it?

Listen, when a policeman finds a killer,
what does he do?

They arrest him.

He did seem a bit odd.

Not only odd, the guy is crazy.

It's that simple.

He had a moment when he was a
somebody.

He was in charge of
the vigilante killings in New York.

He was all over the newspapers,
the television, asked a lot of questions.

The most important question they asked
him was, "who is the vigilante?"

"Have you found the vigilante?"

Of course, he hadn't.

Me, I was one on a long list of people
with family killed by the muggers.

For all I know,
he might have accused them all.

He became such a pest
that I left New York.

But I'll be damned if I leave Los Angeles.

I won't let him
come between you and me.

- I thought things had.
- What?
- Come between us.
- Hell, no.
- Stay the night?
- I thought you'd never ask.
- (Geri) Do I get a key again?
- Oh, yeah.

Here, have it copied. Don't lose it.

We won't get back in tonight.

- Oh, I can't see you tonight.

- Why not?

It's Judy's birthday.

I'm staying over with her after the party.

Now who's keeping us apart?

(phone rings)

Hello. Frank. Hi.

Mike. I hate to ask you this
after you've been so helpful
but could you

do something for me tonight?

Yeah, what is it?

Park my car

outside Paul Kersey's house.

Police!

Follow the bus.

(preacher)...proclaimed by God himself.

He's the Prince of the Kings of the earth.

One of these days

he'll be called King of Kings.

Yes, Prince of Kings

is just the beginning of his glory.

We must confess in God

that if thou shall confess the Lord Jesus
with thy mouth...

(woman preacher)

...the church as a filling station.

You run in there with your automobile.

You run outta gas

and go to the filling station.

You go in there on Sunday morning

and fill your car up.

Taxi. Come on, will you?

Follow that bus.

It isn't moving.

When it moves, follow it.

- What do we do now?

- We wait.

(rock music)

(sneezes)

- Can I see something there?

- Stop it!

- Stop it!

- Just let me check the color.
(thug) One second. Damn!
I really am a nice guy
but they act like fools around me.
- Now, that bus there.
- I hope you got the bread for this.
- This is police business.
- I ain't known for my community spirit.
- Show me some money.
- Here.
Start with this. Go ahead, will you?
Stop it!
Come on, leave me alone.
Give me a break, you guys.
- What's down there?
- Point Fermin.
- What's that?
- One of those historical monuments.
- There's nothing there this time of night.
- Wait here.
You get the other half when I get back.
Whatever happens, wait here.
If you hear shooting, don't worry.
It's just target practice.
What's happening, old man?
Where you been hiding out?
Whoo!
- All right.
- This is the shit.
Let's see the stuff.
This is the best.
This is sweet like sugar.
Watch out!
- (thug) What the fuck is going on?
- He's over there, man!
(thug) What the fuck's this?
Fuck it, man.
Aagh!
(horn blaring)
I'll be damned! You?
You stuck your neck out for me?
It was you or them.
- Did you get them all?
- One of them got away.

Get the motherfucker for me.
- Our Father who art in Heaven...
- (sirens)
...hallowed be Thy...
- He's dead.
- Poor bastard.
- I knew he was holding out on me.
- Lieutenant. Over here.
(policeman) Listen,
I'm at Point Fermin...
- Who blew away the cop?
- I'm bleeding, man.
Who did it?
No sign of the cab.
Cab service said he didn't see anything.
They just want to stay out of trouble.
(screams)
Listen, you're gonna die right here
if I don't hear who killed that cop.
- Nirvana. He got away.
- How's that?
Nirva... Aagh!
Nirvana. Charles Wilson.
Oh, fuck!
Put out a tracer on Nirvana, also known
as Charles Wilson, for murder.
No hurry.
How can an entrance door
cost 500,000 dollars?
Your wife is a very expensive designer.
She wants Italian marble,
Mexican mosaic,
sculpted angels blowing horns
on either side of the doorway.
It costs a lot of money.
But here we've drawn it up in concrete.
Even has the angels on either side
of the door. It costs a lot less.
- Why don't you ask your wife?
- She'll hate it.
Ask her anyhow. Let me know one way
or the other, will you?
Do you know what time
they're gonna make their move? Ah-ha.

Thanks, Sergeant. Please keep those calls coming in. All right.

- Hi Fred. What's happening?

- There was a big shoot-out last night. Five people killed including a New York cop.

The tac squad's been called in. I want you glued to those police monitors.

A man called Wilson got away from the shoot-out.

The word is they may take him this afternoon.

If they do, I want someone there.

We need an exclusive.

Where do you get these monitors?

We adapt them ourselves.

Lots of people do.

Happen to have a spare one lying around?

There was one we were gonna get rid of.

We've got better ones now but this one still works pretty well.

A gift from KABC radio.

The tac squad operate on this band and they identify with 3A-90.

The truth is, their programs are more interesting than ours.

Thanks, Fred.

(gospel singing)

(radio) Yankee Charlie available and will handle.

(indistinct radio communication)

(radio) 3A-68. Subject's residence located as 914 Philmore.

Units moving into position.

5H-13, this is 3A-90.

We could use a definite 10-20.

Affirmative, 914 Philmore. Stay clear.

No units to move until I give the word.

Squad three moving into position. Over.

5H-13, this is 3A-90.

We have eyeballed your 10-30. Over.

- Has he spotted you?

- Negative.

We're across the street from the 10-20.

Can take him now.

- Hold it. He's mine.

- Standing by.

3A-90. This is 5C-61. Sir,
they just entered 10-20 with two exits.

3A-46. Subject lighting object. Appears
to be narcotics. Permission to move in.

Negative. I don't want those women
involved. Wait till he comes out.

George, you got a cigarette?

(radio) Section 804, await instructions.

This is 3A-90.

Someone jumped onto the roof of 914.

Confirm it was one of us. Over.

How the hell do I know?

Hold your positions.

(old man coughing)

(Nirvana) Don't give me that shit,
you bitch.

(girl) Fuck off, asshole.

I'm getting out.

(Nirvana) Give me that stuff!

Watch out. He's got a knife.

Cool it. The streets are too crowded.

Hold your fire.

- OK, fellas. Let's get him.

- Hold him down.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- How was the birthday party?

- We're getting a bit old for birthdays.

- Have you seen this?

- Oh, yeah. I saw it.

- Do you know anything about it?

- No more than you do.

I hear KABC

got an exclusive this afternoon

when they caught

the guy who killed him.

- I heard it in the car.

- Have you eaten?

- No, I drove straight here when I heard.

- Let's go somewhere nice.
- OK, I'll freshen up first.
- How long will it take, an hour?
- About that.
- I'll pick you up in an hour.
- You know, I rather liked him.
- He was nutty, like I said.

At least they caught his killer.

See you later.

(man) Prosecution has presented only circumstantial evidence that Charles Wilson was the person that shot and killed Detective Frank Ochoa on the night of May 14. It is proven that the defendant attacked several police officers on May 15 but psychiatric testimony indicates that he was under the influence of PCP, a mind-altering drug.

Charles I. Wilson was remanded to the McLarren state hospital until such time as the medical examining board finds him fit to resume his place in society. I suppose this is the Dr. Clark that's gonna turn him into a little angel? Would a normal prison do any better? It would keep him from killing somebody else for a while.

Is this the stuff for your article? When's it come out?

I've got a couple more sessions at the hospital.

It's due to go in the July issue.

Do you really believe all this?

Yes, I do.

You might, too, if you heard Clark.

You think he could swing me over?

If you met him,

you might learn something.

Maybe you're right.

Maybe you're right.

- I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting.

- Dr. Clark, this is Mr. Kersey.
I'm so glad you came along. The more people who see our work, the better. I appreciate your letting me come. Say, Doctor. Where is the men's room? Let me show you. Go down the hall, round the corner, and second on your left. Thank you.
The right.
(Tannoy) Would Dr. Ferguson report to the Intensive Care Unit?
- You're late.
- Look. They gave me the cover. How about that?
"Next month, Geri Nichols on crime and punishment in Los Angeles."
- That's terrific.
- Do you think Elliott will give me a raise? Or a reduction because of all the hours you've spent at the hospital. You've spent time there. You must know the place as well as I do. Yeah, but I'm still not converted. All those theories are just that, theories. Mm. Dom Perignon?
- Enjoy your lunch.
- Can't be my birthday. It was last month. You forgot. But that's all right. Will you marry me?
- Are you serious?
- Yes, I'm serious. You're not sick? Maybe after I see the check, but I feel fine now. Easy, easy. This stuff costs three dollars a drop. That was a nine-dollar kiss. I accept. That'll teach you. Next Wednesday, we'll catch the midnight flight to Acapulco and get married in Mexico. I thought you weren't a romantic. After the program you drive to my

place, then off we go.

Let's get smashed.

Then I want it in writing.

(gospel singing)

(indistinct conversation)

Excuse me.

I'm looking for a patient, Charles Wilson?

I believe he's in C block. Is that right?

Yeah, C block, section 6, room 30.

- It's that way.

- Thank you.

I'm Dr. Carter, court-appointed
therapist for Charles Wilson.

Your name isn't here.

- My appointment's for nine o'clock.

- They usually give me a list of doctors.

I was told Mr. Kay would be on duty.

That's me but

I can't let you through unless...

I'm already late.

I'd like to finish and get home to dinner.

Now would you

please show me to room 30?

Hi, Eileen.

Cook it all by yourself, did you?

That's right.

If you don't want to stay,

punch 3600 to get out.

I've got to

take the doctor down here.

(nurse) Enjoy the food, then.

(sports commentary)

(Tannoy) Will Dr. Dick Middlemass

please go to ward 16?

(commentator) The score will remain

as the call is offside.

Do you want to

see him here or in the cell?

Here.

- What's that back there?

- The electro-shock room.

Since you fellas took over,

they don't use it much.

It's all done with kindness now.

Isn't that right, Doctor?

- Therapy.

- Call it what you like.

OK, Wilson. You got a visitor.

Let's go. You know the routine.

- Do you want me to stay?

- It's not necessary.

If you need me, just pull this.

I'll get my dinner.

My wife wanted to go

somewhere she'd never been before.

I said, "Try the kitchen."

(Wilson screams)

He raped and killed my daughter.

I read about it.

I'll give you three minutes

till I ring the alarm.

You're wasting time.

- To open the door you punch out...

- 3600?

That's right.

(alarm sounds)

Man, what's wrong with you?

You got a problem?

- What's your fucking problem, man?

- Hey, man, watch this car, will you?

Paul.

(indistinct radio communication)

(man on radio) That ends our

presentation of music on the sweet side.

I'll be back at midnight with

some relaxing,

restful sounds for your

late-night listening.

KABC news time at 10:30.

The murder of Charles Wilson

at McLarren Hospital

has just been revealed.

The murder took place

of the man accused of murdering

New York cop Frank Ochoa

Charles Wilson was undergoing

psychiatric treatment at the hospital.

It is not clear whether the killing

was by other prisoners
but there is evidence that a man entered
Wilson's cell disguised as a doctor.
Gang warfare downtown tonight
turned into looting
and violence against the police.
KABC radio news for
Tuesday, October 10.
This morning Inspector Mankiewicz
denied that two murders
were the work of a vigilante.
Rumors persist that the spate of street
killings, by a person unknown,
may be by a citizen turned vigilante.
My wife wants it, we'l I have it.
Don't put up a building every day.
Hey, Paul,
we've been pals for a long time.
Yeah.
I know Geri's going must have hit you.
Have you been drinking?
You know better than that.
Where've you been at night?
I've called dozens of times.
Well, I don't often answer the phone.
It rings, sometimes I answer,
sometimes I don't, but I'm fine.
Betty's giving a "new building" party
next Thursday.
- We'd like you to join us.
- I'll be there.
- Are you sure you're free?
- What else would I be doing?
(gunshots)