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Detective Story

By Philip Yordan

- Come on.

- No.

I'm not gonna hurt you.

Hurry it up,

and don't keep the wagon waiting.

- Right.

- Hey, hold it for this. I got to get home.

I got a home too.

Book her with my relief.

That's the last wagon.

I'm on my own time.

I don't want to get stuck here

till night court.

Tough.

I really don't want to inconvenience you.

I'll come back tomorrow.

Come on.

21st Squad Detectives, Gallagher.

- Will they shave my head?

- You won't even have to take a bath.

Stand over there, against that chart.

- It smells like what?

- What were you doing in that crowd?

- All right. Give me the address.

- Looking for a fat wallet?

No, just standing.

We'll look into it.

Sorry to keep you waiting.

Does he play it loud?

Well, then, what's your complaint?

But you can't kill a man

for playing the same song.

- Even day and night.

- Five foot three.

I'm sorry, we can't help.

What was the price of this purse

you lifted?

\$6.

Times I've spent twice as much

for a pocketbook.

- I don't know why. It was crazy.

- Well, you took it.

I didn't need it. I didn't even like it.

Crazy.

Take it easy, girlie.
I'm not going to hurt you.
Let me do the work.
Just supply the finger.
Officer. Officer.
Mrs. Farragut.
Are those people still bothering you?
Worse than ever, Officer.
Why haven't you given me protection?
But I have 12 men guarding you,
one of them my own brother.
I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to offend you.
Atom bombs, that's what they're
making, those foreigners next door.
And they blow this atomic vapor
right through the wall at me.
And they have a man watching me, from
the top of the Empire State Building...
with radar.
- Well, that man we have covered.
- Does the President know about this?
I talked to him just an hour ago.
I'll tell you what. I'm going to double
the guard around you.
Thank you.
You couldn't come yourself, could you?
Well, no, I've got to keep in touch
with the President.
Well, of course. Goodbye.
Thank you so very much, thank you.
- It's all right.
- Thank you.
And every year, she sends me
tickets to the flower show.
Okay, girlie, wash your hands. In there.
Right over there.
- A story in that?
- No, it's just a slob.
Murder, they got me down for Sunday
again. What am I, a Sunday detective?
My kids will grow up
and won't even know me.
There isn't any lock on the door.
Just wash your hands, girlie.

We're due, boys,
it's too quiet around here.
We're overdue for a nice,
juicy homicide.
Not till I'm off duty.
Can't you keep your big mouth shut?
21st Squad Detectives, Gallagher.
What can I do for you, sir?
My name is Sims. Endicott Sims.
I'm an attorney.
- I want to see the Lieutenant.
- What about?
I represent Karl Schneider.
Your office has a warrant out for him.
Schneider, that's McLeod's case.
You'll have to see him about it.
- I asked to see the Lieutenant.
- Just a minute.
Water's coming through the ceiling?
That's a civil action, lady. Call a lawyer.
There's a mouthpiece
by the name of Sims outside.
- Karl Schneider is his client.
- Schneider? Tell him to see McLeod.
- He asked to see you.
- All right, send him in.
Come in, please.
He's in back.
I'm sorry, Lieutenant,
I'll wait here in your office.
It's okay. What about Schneider,
Counselor? Where is he?
He's ready to surrender himself
to your personal custody.
My custody? He's McLeod's squeal.
Each man handles his own case
around here.
I don't want my client to have
any contact with Detective McLeod.
Why?
Because I don't want any rubber hose
used on him.
Counselor, how long have you been
practicing law?

We don't assault our prisoners.
My client is not frightened of McLeod
for nothing.

What frightens your client
is McLeod's record for convictions.

He never gives up on a case.

That's what frightens your client.

When can I see McLeod?

He's due any time now.

You can wait in my office.

Thank you.

- So?

- So what?

So, what happens to me now?

You wait here till night court opens.

9:

- My brother-in-law's a lawyer.

- You're allowed three calls. Call him.

Gee, I hate to, because he's a kind of
a new brother-in-law...

and if my sister finds out, she'll die...

She's in the fourth month, too.

Suit yourself.

The court will appoint you one.

- Gee, I don't know what to do.

- Sit down.

When McLeod gets here,

tell him I want to see him.

Yes, sir.

A booster.

- Hi, Phil.

- Hello, Jim.

- Jim!

- Mary.

Phil, hang onto buster for a minute,
will you?

- What?

- What are you doing here?

Well, I came to file

a missing-husband report.

- How long has he been missing?

- Two days.

Well, young lady,

let's see what we can do for you.

Hey, Sam.

- Where to, Jim?

- Follow that car.

Why, that's Dakis' car. He's inside.

He ain't going nowhere.

Don't let him out of your sight.

Okay.

You look tired, Jim.

I've been up all night in a cheap
hotel room, waiting to catch a thief.

I might as well have stayed up with you.

I can't sleep when you're not home.

I hate to leave you alone, baby.

Did you see the doctor?

Yes.

- What'd he say?

- Same as last time.

Look, baby,

we're going to have a boy and a girl...

if we have to upset

the whole medical profession.

- All right, if you say so.

- I say so.

And tonight,

I'm going to take you out to dinner.

- It's a date.

- We'll celebrate.

- Celebrate what?

- Us. You and me.

I love you, Mary.

Look, I've got to go now. You go on
home, I'll meet you there in an hour.

Sam, got a fare for you. One hour, baby.

Come on, buster.

Hi, McLeod. Got something for me?

Here's your story. He stole \$480.

Tell the man, Arthur.

A regular Jesse James.

Who'd he steal it from, his mother?

- Don't belittle Arthur.

- Is the story worth a picture?

He's not ripe yet.

Wait for his second offence.

Don't try running for it, buster.
You'd just about reach that railing...
and suddenly you'd put on weight.
Bullets are supersonic.

- Don't worry.
- I won't, either way. Empty your pockets.

What did you do with the money,
Arthur?

- Spent it.
- All of it?
- Yes.
- Turn them inside out.
- When were you at the Stork Club?
- Wednesday night.

You really make the rounds.

The hot-spot kid.

- Where'd you spend last night?
- In my room.

I was there.

Where were you, under the bed?

- I sat in the park.
- All night?
- Yes.
- It rained.
- So it rained. I didn't notice.
- Sit down. Roll up your sleeves.

Any identifying marks? Any scars?

J-O-Y. Who's Joy?

- A girl.
- Your girl?
- No.
- Whose girl?

What difference does it make?

I stole the money, I admit it.

Here's Joy again. Joy Carmichael.

Plaza Five...

Why drag her into this?

She doesn't know anything about it.

You wouldn't lie to me,

would you, Arthur?

- Why should I lie?
- I don't know. Why should you steal?

Is this Joy Carmichael? Her sister?

Well, you ask Joy to come down to the

21st Precinct Police Station, right away.
Her boyfriend, Arthur Kindred,
has been arrested.
Just have her ask for Detective McLeod.
McLeod?

- Yes, sir.

- Come in here.

Hey, Red...

This is Detective McLeod, Mr. Sims.

- How do you do?

- How do you do?

- He's an attorney.

- And very clever. I've seen him in court.

He represents Karl Schneider.

I had the pleasure

of arresting your client a year ago.

So I'm informed.

He's changed his lawyer since,

if not his business.

Mr. Schneider is a retired doctor.

He has a farm in New Jersey.

With a little sideline in New York.

A very profitable one.

Where's your boy?

He's ready to surrender himself

on the warrant you had issued.

Fine. Bring him in.

Before I do,

I have here some photographs.

Now, these were taken

only an hour ago.

Nudes? Ugly, isn't he?

- Well, he's no Mr. America.

- No, that he's not.

Now, you'll observe, there are
no bruises or lacerations of any kind.

This is the way

I'm delivering my client to you...

and this the way I want him back.

I should think that any change
whatsoever would be an improvement.

And I want you to know,

I'm not going to allow you...

to violate his constitutional rights.

You're not to abuse him physically...
nor degrade his dignity
as a human being. Do you understand?
I saw one of your client's patients last
year, in the morgue, on a marble slab.
Wasn't much human left of her,
and very little dignity.
My client was innocent of that charge.
The court acquitted him.
Insufficient evidence. But he was guilty.
What are you going to do,
try the case here? Save it for the judge.
For over a year, McLeod, you,
personally, have been making...
my client's life a living nightmare. Why?
Because I'm annoyed by criminals that
get away with murder. They upset me.
- That's your story.
- Yeah.
I've investigated
and discovered otherwise.
- What are you driving at, Sims?
- What?
Nothing, yet.
I vouch for every man on my squad,
and that goes for McLeod.
If you've got something to say, say it.
When it serves my purpose, not before.
Meanwhile, Lieutenant, I'm warning you:
Not a hand on my client.
What's he driving at?
- A fishing expedition.
- Not without bait.
He hinted you're after Schneider
for personal reasons.
The Anderson girl
is lying in the hospital.
Last year, a girl who trusted him died
when her baby was born.
What happened to her baby,
and lots of others, nobody knows.
That's why I take a personal interest
in Schneider.
This is an impersonal business,

McLeod.

- How many times...

- He's a butcher and a murderer.

You ought to visit his farm.

Especially the kitchen.

It looks like a place

where they slaughter chickens.

Your moral indignation is beginning
to give me a quick pain in the neck.

I don't like lawyers

coming in here with photos.

It marks my squad lousy. I don't like it,
and I won't have it. You understand?

Yes, sir.

Can't you say, "Yes, sir"

without making it sound like an insult?

Yes, sir.

You're getting too superior, McLeod.

A one-man army against crime.

What's eating you?

I hate criminals.

I don't believe in coddling them.

- Who tells you to?

- You do, the whole system does.

What do you want to do,
put Schneider on a rack?

No. I want to put him
in the electric chair...

where he belongs,

and pull the switch myself.

Sometimes, McLeod,

you talk like a maniac.

You want to be judge and jury, too?

Well, you can't do it!

All right. Look, suppose you look after
Schneider yourself...

when he surrenders, huh?

Make sure he's comfortable,

that he gets everything he wants.

I'm taking my wife out to dinner tonight,
and I'm going to sleep late tomorrow.

That's fine. Wrap up your squeals
for today and get out of here.

- I don't want to see you for 24 hours.

- You won't. Mind if I shave?

You got to have the last word,
don't you?

A man after me own heart.

- Hi, Lou.

- Hi, Joe.

Here you are, girlie.

- How much do I owe you?

- It's on the house.

That's very decent of you.

I mean it, very decent.

Well, you didn't kill anybody.

Embezzlement. Chicken feed.

- Here you are, kid.

- I don't want it.

Look, son, the city don't care
if you go hungry here.

We chip in for this stuff ourselves.

What branch of the service were you in?

Navy.

- Where'd you serve?

- The Marshals, Marianas, Iwo Jima.

My kid was in the Navy, too.

Juneau. You know her?

- She was a cruiser.

- Yeah.

- Didn't she go down with all hands?

- There were 10 survivors.

Rough deal.

He'd have been just about your age.

- How'd you get into this mess?

- Are you going to give me a sermon?

Don't get funny with me, son,
I'll knock you right through the floor.

Now, how'd you get into this mess?

- Hi, Lou.

- Hi, Jim.

Here comes trouble.

- What have you got there?

- Burglars. Caught them red-handed.

I went into my apartment,
and there they were all inside.

I tried to run away, but he grabbed me
by the neck and tried to choke me.

It's a lie. It's a pack of lies.
I heard her scream. They come running
down the stairs and I collared them.
This one gave me a struggle.
I'm walking down the stairs.
I'm minding my own business.
The cop jumps on top of me,
and starts beating my brains in.
All right. We'll come to you.
- Think I'm crazy? Do a thing like this?
- Sit down.
On this one, we found this.
And this jimmy.
-.22?
- Loaded.
- What's your name. Stand up.
- Gennini. Charles Gennini.
And I don't know nothing.
I don't even know this guy.
Ask him. Hey, do I know you? No.
Take easy, Charley. Sit down.
What's your name?
- Lewis Abbott.
- Were you carrying these, Lewis?
Yeah.
He grabbed me by the throat. How can
a thing like this happen in New York?
- You're all right, now, madam.
- Now, you.
I got nothing to do with this.
What do you think?
I got rocks in my head?
Look at this.
Quite a bundle.
How much is here, Charley?
\$1,400.
Eleven. Why is it, every time
we drag in one of you bums...
you've got \$1,400 in your kick,
I got \$11 in mine?
You don't live right.
How did you get this, Charley?
- I saved it. I worked.
- Where?

I was a bricklayer.
Count it. This goes to property clerk.
We don't want Charley suing us.
He was a bricklayer.
Let's see your hands.
The only thing you ever laid
was a \$2 bet.
When were you in stir last, Charley?
Me? Jail? Never.
I swear on a stack of Bibles.
What's your 'B' number?
On my mother's grave,
I ain't got no 'B' card.
How do you know what a 'B' card is,
if you never had one?
- I heard. I been around.
- I'll bet you have.
You've been working this precinct
all summer.
- No, I swear.
- Who do you think you're kidding?
I know that face. This is a good man.
- He's been in jail before.
- Never, so help...
What are you trying to do, hang me?
I want to call a lawyer.
- Sit down.
- You've got a sheet as long as your arm.
I don't know what you're talking about.
I swear. I get down on my knees.
- What do you want?
- Get up. I can smell you.
You're a cat burglar. A real killer.
Callahan? Watch the roscoe.
Barnes, keep your eye on that bum.
Print him.
- Isn't anyone going to take care of me?
- "Anyone going to take care of me?"
Now, now, madam, you're all upset.
Why don't you go home and rest up?
Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
I am so scared.
I'll tell you what I'll do.
I'll send a nice, handsome Irish cop

along with you, huh? How's that?

Kelly, see that this lady
gets home safely.

- All right.

- All right.

Dakis.

Lewis, you're in trouble. Real trouble.

How many burglaries you committed
in New York?

Come on, you got dropped.

Be a man, face it.

Don't you know a good thief
doesn't carry a loaded pistol?

It means five years added
to your sentence.

You know,

you're lucky we picked you up.

Probably saved you from a murder rap.

I'd never use it.

That's what you think,

but it would happen.

Just once, you'd walk in, a woman,
she'd scream, resist, you get scared...

Boom. Boom.

You like the smell of burning flesh?

Your own?

No.

Well, then, talk!

What did you do with the stuff?

Now, wait a minute, fellows.

Lewis is okay. It's Charley.

Listen, Lewis,

Charley let you carry the gun. Why?

He knew if you two got caught,

you'd be the one that gets the bad rap.

See how he crossed you?

Now, we'd like to go easy on you, Lewis.

A little cooperation,

we'll ask the D.A. to give you a break.

- What will I get?

- Were you in jail before?

Yeah.

- Where?

- Elmira. I got out in March.

- How long were you in?
- Three and a half years.
- What for?
- Burglary.

Well, I'd say you would get seven and a half years to 10.

- Less than that.
- Well, if he cooperates. If not, 15 to 20.

Well, what do you want to know?

How many burglaries you committed in New York.

- Nine or ten.
- That's better.

What did you do with the stuff?

He gave it to Charley.

Didn't you, Lewis?

Yeah.

- Did he sell it?
- Yeah.
- Where?
- In Boston, I think.
- You think? Didn't he tell you?
- No.

You're a bit of a cluck, aren't you, Lewis?

No, no, Lewis is regular.

He's cooperating.

- How much did he give you altogether?
- Half. \$400.
- What?
- This stuff was worth 30 to \$40,000.

It was?

- Charley said it was mostly fake.
- Here's the list. Look for yourself.
- Lewis, you've been robbed.
- Yeah.

Where does Charley live, Lewis?

129th Street, West. I know the house.

I don't know the number.

I can show it to you.

O'Brien, Lewis is going to show you where the loot is.

- Be nice to Lewis. He's a good man.
- Sure thing. Come on, Ed.

- I think I better call my brother-in-law.

- What's the number?

Jerome 5... 5122.

- All right, go wash your hands.

- Over there.

Here you are.

Listen, what should I tell her?

I don't know what to tell her.

You can start with "Hello."

Hello. Milly? Yeah.

Nothing. I just didn't have any change.

How are you?

Yeah, fine. How was the party?

You went to Brooklyn?

In your delicate condition, Milly?

Listen, Milly,

is Jack there by any chance?

Could I talk to him?

Oh, nothing, some friend of mine
wants some advice about something...

I don't know what.

He's there.

What should I tell him?

I don't know what to tell him.

Tell him to meet you at night court.

100 Center Street.

Hello, Jack? Listen, can Milly hear me?

I don't want her to know,

but I'm in a jam.

I need your help, so don't let on.

Make out like it's nothing.

I'm at a police station.

I took a bag...

from a counter, in a department store.

I had to admit it, Jack.

It was on my arm.

Thanks, Jack. One...

- 100 Center Street?

- 100 Center Street.

Listen, Jack, if Milly asks,

tell her it's for a friend.

Thanks, Jack, you're a peach.

Thanks a million.

Boy, am I relieved.

Just look at this floor, will you?
You filthy slobs.
Nobody would know I cleaned up here,
just an hour ago.
Boy, I'd like to see the homes
you bums live in. Piggens, I'll bet.
- Over here, Charley.
- Over here.
- Yes, Miss?
- May I speak to Detective McLeod?
- What's your name, please?
- Susan Carmichael.
Come in, please. I'm Detective McLeod.
Where's your sister?
I couldn't reach Joy. Where's Arthur?
What happened to him?
How long have you known
Arthur Kindred?
All my life. We lived next door
to each other in Ann Arbor.
Kind of a wild boy, wasn't he?
Arthur? Not at all.
He was always very serious.
Will you please tell me
what this is about?
Let me ask the questions. Please,
sit down. Arthur was in the Navy?
Five years.
He got a dishonorable discharge,
didn't he?
Arthur was cited four times.
He carried a sailor up three decks
of a burning ship. He got the Silver Star.
- What's his relationship to your sister?
- I told you, we all grew up together.
Is he in love with her?
My sister is one of the most
beautiful girls in New York.
A lot of men are in love with her.
May I talk to Arthur now, please?
Did he give her any money?
She's a very successful model
and makes \$400 a week.
- Did he give it to you?

- Are you kidding?

I'm afraid not, miss.

Your sister's boyfriend's in trouble.

- What trouble?

- He's a thief.

- Who says so?

- He does.

I don't believe you.

Arthur. In here.

Artie?

- Do you have to drag children into this?

- Now, Artie...

What happened?

I took some money

from the man I work for.

- Why, Artie? Why?

- None of your business.

Susan, go home, quick. Get out of here.

Go home.

- Have you got a lawyer?

- No.

- I'll phone Joy and tell her.

- Don't get her involved in this.

There's a newspaperman here.

Do you want to ruin her career?

- But, Artie...

- Get out of here, will you?

Well, young lady, satisfied?

- How much did he take?

- \$480.

What's the difference? Tell her
to go home, Officer. She's only a kid.

- I'm not. I wish you would...

- She's got nothing to do with this.

Have your sister call this precinct
as soon as you hear from her.

What for? Don't do it, Suzy.

You don't have...

You shut up.

Okay, miss.

That's all, miss.

Everything's under control, Lou.

Kindred's in there.

The complainant will be

on his way soon.

- What's this?

- That's his squeal.

Got a date, huh? Mary?

- You betcha. See you tomorrow, Lou.

- So long, partner.

- So long, slave.

- Hey. Tell her hello.

Well, look who's here. Dr. Schneider.

This is an unexpected pleasure.

Come on in. Make yourself at home.

Counselor, the Lieutenant

wants to see you alone.

Wait here, Karl.

Remember, answer no questions...

only your name and address.

Sit down, Karl. Be comfortable.

Hey, you're looking pretty well, Karl.

How's the farm?

All right.

Say, what do you raise?

Cabbage, lettuce, kale.

That's the life.

Picturesque country, New Jersey.

Well, how's things going with you?

This is one business

never has a depression.

When I retire I'm going to buy myself
a little farm like yours, settle down.

Does it really pay for itself?

If you work it.

Say, how much can a man

average a year?

- Varies. \$2,000, good year.

- Clear?

Boy, that'd take care of me fine.

- How long you had that farm?

- Five years.

Then how did you manage to
accumulate \$56,000 in the bank, Karl?

How?

My name is Karl Schneider,

I live in Oakdale, New Jersey.

Look, I checked.

\$56,000, that's a lot of lettuce.
You've got it in four banks.
Oakdale, Newark, two in Passaic.
Here are the figures.
How'd you get that money, Karl?
My name is Karl Schneider.
I live in Oakdale, New Jersey.
You treated Miss Anderson, didn't you?
She identified your picture.
Come on, Karl,
make it easy for yourself.
You're still operating
the old baby farm grist mill, aren't you?
When a doctor gets his license revoked,
he can't let all that talent go to waste.
And what was your specialty, Karl?
Obstetrics.
A girl's best friend when she's
going to have a baby nobody wants.
Takes care of both mother
and child for a fee. A fat fee.
No questions asked,
all very hush-hush, eh, Karl?
- My name is Karl Schneider...
- My name is Karl Schneider.
I live in Oakdale, New Jersey.
Lieutenant, I want you to meet
Karl Schneider.
- He lives in Oakdale, New Jersey.
- You still here?
Dr. Schneider fascinates me.
Lieutenant, I'm leaving my client
in your hands. Is that understood?
You've made it clear.
Remember, Karl,
just your name and address.
Come on in, Karl. Over there.
Jim.
Your identifying witness.
What's her name?
- Hatch?
- She's on her way over.
Good. Say, Lou, get some boys
for a line-up, will you?

- Right, Jim.
- How good a witness is she?
Will she stand up?
Schneider didn't cut her in
on his last job. She's plenty burned.
Besides, we got the Anderson girl
in the hospital.
- She's critical. No visitors.
- But she already identified Karl's photo.
Between the two of them,
it's a set-up for a signed confession.
- Good.
- I'll get it.
- How?
- Persuasion.
You keep your big mitts off.
- Jim? The Hatch dame's downstairs.
- Thanks.
- I'll bring her up, Lou.
- Right.
All right, Karl, pick your spot.
End, middle, any place you like.
No alibis later.
- Well, how are you, Miss Hatch?
- Just fine, thanks.
- What's the matter?
- Rushing the season, aren't you?
Mink?
Dyed squirrel.
Looks real, though, doesn't it?
You know, it was nice of you
to come down as a witness.
We appreciate that.
Don't mention it. Well, let's get it
over with, huh? I got an engagement.
All right, Miss Hatch,
you just come with me.
You, too, Charley.
I don't want you to get lonesome.
Just stand in line here. Get your hat on.
All right, well, play it fair
in the car, huh? Okay.
All right, Miss Hatch.
Now, you know what to do.

Yes. I look them all over
and touch the shoulder of the right man.
That's the idea. Now, you just
take your time, Miss Hatch.
Go ahead, Miss Hatch.
Hats off, boys. Now, look at each one.
I never saw one of them
before in my life.
You identified a photo
of one of these men.
Say, what are you trying to do?
Make me give a wrong identification?
Well, I ain't going to do it.
The smell of this changed your mind,
didn't it?
You cops are all alike.
Give you a badge
and you try to push the world around.
Look, you identified one of these men
from a photo.
Now, point him out
or I'll throw you in the clink.
- You'll do what?
- That's enough.
All right, Miss Hatch, you earned
your fur-piece. I hope you enjoy it.
You can't talk to me like that.
I'm no tramp.
- You never saw this face before?
- No! Never.
All right, get lost.
Take a couple of drop-dead pills.
Big cheese.
I'll see my lawyer about you.
Get out of here.
All right. Thanks, fellows.
Hey, Lou, I thought she was going
to put the finger on you.
- This way, Charley.
- What a performance. Sarah Heartburn.
- May I go now?
- No. Sit down.
- There goes your case.
- A year's work.

Take it easy, Jim.

Thought you had a date.

- Yeah. A killer like that going free.

- Relax, Jim. Tomorrow's another day.

The thieves and murderers could have written the penal code themselves.

Proof, Jim, proof, that's what counts.

Bunk. Look, evil's got a smell of its own.

A child can spot it. I know, Joe. I know.

- How?

- I lived with it.

I learned it early and deep.

My own father was one of them.

Every day of my childhood...

I saw that father of mine,

with that criminal mind of his...

abuse and torment my mother and

drive her straight into a lunatic asylum.

She died there.

Yeah, I know it when I smell it.

Every time I look at one of those babies,

I see my old man's face.

Lieutenant, what about

the Anderson girl, in the hospital?

- She can identify him.

- I told you, she's critical. No visitors.

This is an emergency. She doesn't

have to talk. Just look at him and nod.

Let me use the wagon

and take him down.

- All right. Go ahead.

- Thanks.

But take easy.

Remember, you're going to a hospital.

Yes, sir.

Lieutenant Monaghan speaking.

Okay McLeod for the wagon to Bellevue.

- Karl, come with me.

- Where?

- We're going for a ride.

- Where are we going?

My name is James McLeod.

I live on West 85th Street.

Hey, Phil, do me a favor, will you?

Call my wife
and tell her I'll be a little late.
Okay, Jim.
- Thanks.
- You're welcome.
- Where are you taking me?
- You've been lucky, Karl.
You got away with it once,
but the postman rings twice.
This time we've got you.
We're going to visit one of your patients.
Miss Anderson, in the hospital.
She's going to put the finger on you,
Karl.
- What are you laughing at?
- Nothing.
That's right, that's just what
you've got to laugh about. Nothing.
- You're on the bottom of this joke.
- Maybe I am, maybe I am not.
- Maybe somebody else is.
- What's that mean, Karl?
Hey, Fay. Bellevue Hospital.
Where are you going?
We just got a call from the dispatcher.
The Lieutenant wants us to return
to the precinct. Your witness died.
- When?
- A couple of hours ago.
Congratulations, Karl.
You're still a lucky man.
You must have been kissed
in your cradle by a vulture.
- The girl died.
- That's too bad.
You knew she was dead all the time.
Then you bought off Miss Fur Piece,
and turned yourself in.
What have you got
in place of a conscience?
Don't answer, I know. A lawyer.
I ought to fall on you
like the sword of God.
That sword has two edges.

You could cut your own throat.
I'm going to give you
a piece of advice, Karl.
When they let you free again,
get out of New York.
You butcher one more patient
and law or no law, I'll find you.
I'll put a bullet in the back of your head
and I'll drop your body in the East River.
And I'll go home and I'll sleep sweetly.
You don't frighten me.
Now, I'll give you some advice.
I have plenty on you, too.
I know why you're so vindictive.
- Why?
- Just watch your step.
Because I happen to have friends,
downtown, with pull.
- Have you?
- Lots of pull.
Well, what do you know?
Aren't you the big shot? Pull.
Have you got any friends with push,
like that?
No, everybody else
is going to let you go.
The courts, the judges, the juries.
Everybody except me.
Why didn't you listen to your lawyer
and keep your mouth shut?
Get up. Come on, get up,
you're all right. Now, get up.
I can't.
Better call the Lieutenant.
- What's going on?
- Inside. Broke.
- Fay, get an ambulance.
- He hit me.
- You'll be all right. Did he resist you?
- No.
No? You lunatic. Didn't I just
get through warning you to lay off?
- What happened?
- He tried to kill me.

Why should he do that?
Tami Giacoppetti, same thing.
She got him after me, too.
What? Tami Giacoppetti? Who's he?
What about him? Who's the woman?
Talk a little louder.
Just try and talk a little louder, lad.
- Who's Giacoppetti?
- Never heard of him.
Giacoppetti, I know him,
he runs a horse room in the Village.
What's the pitch here, McLeod?
He needled me, he begged for it
and I let him have it, that's all.
Don't con me, that ain't all.
Come on, let's have it.
What about this Tami Giacoppetti?
And who's the woman?
I don't know what he's talking about.
He's putting on an act, can't you see?
If he's hurt, the big brass
will be down here...
throwing questions at me,
and I'm gonna have the answers.
What plays between you two guys?
What's he got on you? What's...
Nothing!
What's his lawyer
yelling and screaming about?
Red herring.
That I'm going to find out for myself.
There's something kinky about this.
- Find Giacoppetti. Bring him in.
- Okay.
McLeod, if you're concealing something
from me, I'll have your head on a plate.
- You stand by.
- Yes, sir.
- Phil, get my wife for me, will you?
- Sure.
Yeah.
- Any idea who did it?
- Give me a cigarette, will you?
I hope you got a list of what's missing.

Yes, it would help.
Well, you get it down here right away
so we can get started on it. Yes, ma'am.
Yes, sir? What can I do for you?
Somebody picked my pocket.
Stole my wallet.
- Yeah?
- Look, they cut it right out.
I know, with a razor blade.
Did you see the man?
No. First thing I knew,
I was in a restaurant.
I ate a big meal, reached in my pocket
to pay the check...
boy, I almost dropped dead.
My best pants, too.
What's your name, please?
Gallantz, D. David.
Here, I'll give you my card.
The Lieutenant's expecting you,
Counselor, go right in.
I'm from Des Moines,
just visiting in New York.
- You ever been to Des Moines?
- No. Where are you staying here?
How dare you take the law
in your own hands?
McLeod, I'm going to press
a felonious assault here.
- So help me, I'll see you in jail.
- On which side of the bars, Counselor?
Cut it out.
Don't think you're entirely free
of blame in this.
Me?
You should have taken steps
to prevent it.
I warned you, personal motives
were involved in this case.
- What motives?
- Yes, let's get it out in the open.
- What are these motives?
- Shut up. I got the hospital.
Yes, I see.

Well, keep in touch with me.
Let me know right away.
How is he?
They don't know yet.
They're making x-rays.
I intend to carry this
to the Commissioner.
Go ahead, bring your felony charge.
It'll give me a chance
to get Schneider on the stand...
and really tear his clothes off.
And yours, too, Counselor.
- McLeod. Outside. And stick around.
- Yes, sir.
What kind of an officer is that?
Detectives are like fingerprints,
no two alike. He's got his quirks.
Quirks?
We all got them. He's a good man,
though. He ain't on the take.
I'll stand up for him on that.
Got no tin boxes.
I wasn't saying that he had.
Then what was you saying?
Maybe I fumbled it.
You'll find out
when it serves my client's interests.
Four years ago, I threw my radio
out the window. You know why?
'Cause I hate mysteries!
Lieutenant,
I'm not free to discuss it with you.
I'd love to discuss it with someone.
Who do you suggest?
- McLeod.
- Counselor...
- Or his wife.
- His wife? What do you mean by that?
- Never mind.
- Wait a minute.
You mentioned his wife.
What about her?
When it serves my client's interests,
not before.

- Well?
- I'm waiting.
For what? My badge?
- When I want it, I'll ask for it.
- You can have it now, with instructions.
Put that back.
I want to know what's with you
and Schneider. And I want the truth.
Look, Lieutenant,
I give you my word of honor, I...
That's all.
Blackburn Apartments?
I'd like to talk to Mrs. McLeod, please.
Hey, look what we found.
And by a strange coincidence,
in Charley's apartment.
Where did you get this, Charley?
- I bought it.
- Where?
Outside the Jewelry Exchange.
On the street.
- Who from?
- Some guy.
- What's his name?
- I don't know. I never saw him again.
- Or before.
- Yes.
Or at all.
The little man who wasn't there.
Hey, that looks like
some of the Gordon stuff.
What?
Sure. Lou,
take a look at this monogram. J.G.
Where did you get this, Charley?
- I ain't talking.
- Where'd you get it?
Know what this is? A persuader.
Go ahead, beat me.
Beat me unconscious. Go ahead.
You're too eager, Charley.
Some of them creeps like it, you know.
Gives them a kick.
Look at that kisser.

I'm a son of a gun, if I ain't right.
Where did you get all this, Charley?
Charley, what are you hanging
your head for?
What have you got to be ashamed of?
You wanted to be a burglar,
so be a good one.
Be proud of your chosen profession.
Hold up your head.
That's better.
You're a good thief, Charley.
You're no bum. They wear sweaters.
Now you, you got a \$100 suit on you...
Wait a minute.
Take it off, you bum.
Stolen. The name is still in it,
Jerome Armstrong.
- Where did you get this, Charley?
- You mean it's stolen?
Okay, I'll tell you the whole story,
may I drop dead on this spot.
On this one? Be careful, Charley.
Honest, the truth, but don't tell Lewis,
will you? He'll kill me.
He makes out like he's a dummy.
He ain't. He's smart.
He's as smart as they come.
I've been in New York two weeks.
I came up here from Pittsburgh
two weeks ago. So help me.
I lose my valise in the station.
I meet this guy Lewis in a poolroom.
Where? What poolroom?
14th Street, corner of 7th Avenue.
Look it up, check it.
I'm telling you the truth, so help me.
So we're shooting a game of pool.
We get talking.
He says, "You got a place to stay?"
I says, "No." He says, "Share my flat."
I says, "Okay."
My suit's all dirty.
I got no clothes, he lends me this one.
Says it belongs to his brother,

who's in Florida. So help me.
Charley, I could tell you stories
would bring tears to your eyes.
Go in there and take off those pants.
What do you want me to do, go naked?
Hey, Willy, you got an old pair of pants
we can borrow for a while?
Yes, but I want them back.
You guys never give nothing back.
Bunch of crooks.
- Callahan?
- Yes, sir.
McLeod's wife's on her way down.
Keep her on tap downstairs,
till I call you.
- Right, Chief.
- And, Pat?
Yes, sir.
Hey, Charley, how long does it take you
to change your pants?
Look at this, never been used.
You wonder where they buy the stuff,
in the first place.
You robbed that Zaza dame's flat, too,
didn't you, Charley?
- I don't know nothing.
- He don't know nothing.
- Here comes your boyfriend, Charley.
- How did you make out?
We got the addresses
and most of the names.
Good. Red, here's yours.
Lewis, you've been very cooperative.
- Print him.
- Come on.
Hello, Mrs. Lundstrom?
Detective Brody, 21st Squad.
We got that property
was burglarized from your apartment.
- Mrs. Donatello, please.
- Will you come down and identify it?
21st Squad Detectives,
Gallagher speaking.
Yes. We got them. Right.

We got that stuff here
that was taken from your apartment.
I'm still roaring. How are you, toots?
Well, when can you come down,
to identify it?

- What's your husband doing tonight?
- Any time that's convenient for you.
- Well, I'm off duty at midnight.
- That'll be fine.

Okay, doll.

Just a minute, you know that stuff
was burglarized out of your apartment?

We got it down here.

You want to come down and identify it?

Okay, you barracuda.

A man-eater.

Boy, the things I do
for the good of the service.

I should be getting first-grade money.

You got one those two-way radio
wristwatches like Dick Tracy?

- See, there?
- No.
- You're behind the times, aren't you?
- Yeah.

I'm getting a reaction.

Yeah. See, I got diabetes.

I'm not supposed to get emotions.

See, feel.

Look, I got ulcers.

I'm not supposed to eat sandwiches.

Do me a favor? Next time,
get yourself arrested before 4:00.

Let a guy eat a home-cooked meal.

- I'm sorry...
- You realize this is all on my own time?

Look at all these forms I had to type up.

And when I get to court,
the judge will probably let you off.

I won't even get a conviction.

Yeah, you caused me all this work
for nothing.

I'm sorry.

- All right, go wash your hands.

- That's a big help.

In there.

Yes. She doesn't answer? You sure?

No, I'll call back later.

Yes, sir?

My name is Pritchett. Albert R. Pritchett.

Come in, Mr. Pritchett.

We've been expecting you.

- Did you get my money back?

- I'm afraid not.

- What did he do with it?

- Women, plush saloons...

Cabarets? I wouldn't have thought it.

He seemed such an honest boy.

- You'll prefer charges?

- Oh, yes.

- We can count on you?

- When I make my mind up, I'm like iron.

- Fine. Thank you, Mr. Pritchett.

- Like iron.

- Arthur. On your feet. Is this the boy?

- Yes, I'm afraid it is.

Excuse me.

Arthur, why did you steal from me?

- Did I treat you badly?

- No, Mr. Pritchett.

- Did I pay you a decent salary?

- Yes.

Then why did you do this to me?

I built up my business

from a hole in the wall.

I worked darn hard for it,

and I want my money back.

- And you'll get it. I promise you.

- Susan.

The bank was closed. All I could scrape together tonight was \$120.

- I'll have the rest tomorrow.

- Take that back.

- Let me alone. Don't interfere...

- Who are you, miss?

I'm Susan Carmichael.

I'm an old friend of Arthur's family.

I'd like to straighten this out

with you, Mister...

- Pritchett. Albert R. Pritchett.

- How do you do, Mr. Pritchett?

How do you do?

You say you're prepared to return
the rest of my money?

Yes, I'll sign a promissory note,
or whatever you say.

Say, where'd you get that cash,
Miss Carmichael?

I had some, and I pawned
some jewelry. Here are the tickets.

- Do you want to see them?

- If you don't mind.

- Anything of your sister's here?

- No.

- Is this the young lady...

- No. She doesn't know anything about it.

I know all there is to know.

Shall I make out a note for the rest?

Wait a minute.

We don't run a collection agency here.

This man's a thief. We're here to
prosecute criminals, not collect money.

He's not a criminal.

Miss Carmichael, you seem like
a very nice young lady...

I'm going to give you some advice.

I've seen a thousand like him.

You take your money and run.

- McLeod.

- Yes, sir.

Get me the files

on the Cottsworth squeal.

- Cottsworth? 1941?

- Yeah.

That'll be buried under a pile upstairs.

I'll have to dig them up.

Dig them up. Do it now.

Yes, sir.

He spells one thing for you:

Misery the rest of your life.

- He's no good. Believe me, I know.

- That isn't true!

Mr. Pritchett, he never did anything dishonest before in his life.

Then why did he do it?

- He had a good job. He wasn't hungry.

- I was.

What?

You can be hungry for other things besides food.

You were very decent to me,

Mr. Pritchett.

You trusted me and I let you down.

I'm sorry.

Why did you do it, Arthur?

It's hard to explain, even to myself.

I'd been separated from my girl for five years...

and she'd moved into a new world, way out of my reach.

To take her out for the evening cost two weeks of my salary.

Late collections had come in,

your money was in my pocket.

I didn't care about anything except holding on to her.

It was my last chance. I lost anyway.

- You admit you did wrong?

- Of course I do.

- You're willing to make restitution?

- Tomorrow morning, I promise.

Mr. Pritchett,

this kid took a lot of chances for us.

Don't you think

we ought to take one for him?

You know,

it's funny you should say that.

I was talking to my brother-in-law

just the other night, about my nephew.

I made exactly that point.

I was saying that the...

Yes, and you were right, Mr. Pritchett.

Arthur, wait outside.

Sit down, Mr. Pritchett.

Now, I can see you're a man

who knows his own mind, Mr. Pritchett.

This way, please.

- How do you do, Mrs. McLeod?

- What's this about, Lieutenant?

Have a seat.

- Where's my husband?

- He'll be here in a few minutes.

- He hasn't been hurt?

- No.

- I had a terrible feeling that he...

- Nothing like that. He's all right.

You're sure?

You're not trying to break it easy?

You'll see him in a few minutes,

I give you my word. Please, sit down.

Then, what is it? What's wrong?

A prisoner here was assaulted

by your husband.

- Jim wouldn't do that.

- He did.

This could be very serious,

Mrs. McLeod.

This could cost your husband his job.

He could even wind up in jail.

Well, is there anything I can do to help?

Yes, by answering some questions,

by telling me the truth.

- Willing to go along?

- Yes, of course I am.

Did you ever run into a man named

Karl Schneider?

No.

- My cigar bothering you?

- No.

Did you ever hear your husband

mention that name?

Jim made it a rule

never to discuss his work with me.

It took me 10 years to train my wife.

It's a tough life, being married to a cop.

I don't think so. I'm happy.

- You love your husband?

- Very much.

When'd you leave Highland Falls?

The spring of 1941.

I got a job in a defense plant.

- Where?

- In Newark.

This doctor was practicing in Newark about that time.

- Doctor?

- Schneider.

- Oh, he's a doctor?

- Yeah.

You never ran into him around Newark, maybe?

- No, I don't know him.

- He knows you.

- What makes you think that?

- He said so.

I'm afraid he's mistaken.

He was positive. Karl Schneider.

Ring any bells?

No... I'm afraid not.

You looked away then. Why?

Did I? I wasn't conscious of it.

Are you sure a Dr. Schneider never treated you?

Certainly not. I just told you no.

Why are you so indignant?

I didn't say what he treated you for.

Come in.

Mrs. McLeod, I'm going to have to ask you a very personal question.

Did you ever have a child?

You know Jim and I have no children.

I mean, before you were married to Jim.

I was never married to anyone but Jim.

I know that.

Then how can you ask?

Mrs. McLeod, my job is to find out the truth.

Please answer that question.

You have no right to ask that.

I have a right to get at the truth.

Did you ever have a baby?

No, Lieutenant Monaghan, I did not.

Does this name mean anything to you?

Tami Giacoppetti?

No.
Hello, Mary.
What is this, Lieutenant?
I'm sorry, Mrs. McLeod.
Come, rest a while.
Lying on the sidewalk, huh?
Man or woman? Where, please?
353? 353,
isn't that on the north side of the street?
Well, that's the 16th Precinct.
Call them.
Any report on Schneider yet?
No, not yet.
Say, Jim...
I just had a long talk with Mr. Pritchett,
and he's willing to drop the charges.
He is? What's this about, Mr. Pritchett?
- I'd like to give the boy another chance.
- To steal from someone else?
Well, I wouldn't want this
on my conscience.
Suppose he commits a worse crime?
What about your conscience then,
Mr. Pritchett?
I'll gamble. I'm a gambler.
I bet on horses.
This once I'll bet on a human being.
You stick to horses.
The percentage is better.
Now, just a minute, Jim.
I advised Mr. Pritchett to do this.
You had no right to do that, Lou.
This is my case. You know better.
I didn't think you'd mind.
- Well, I do.
- Well, I'm sorry.
But you said
that everything would be all right.
I made a mistake. It's his case.
The disposition of it is up to him.
Well, everybody concerned is...
I'm sorry, girlie,
you've got to leave me out of this.
It's his case, take it up with him.

Mr. McLeod, I'm going to
return the money, and if Mr. Pritchett...
Young lady, this isn't a civil case,
this a criminal action.
Jim, take a look at this sheet
on Charley.
One second, Mr. Pritchett.
- So you didn't done it, Charley?
- No.
- No, on my mother's grave.
- And you've never been in jail?
May I drop dead.
What do you guys want from me?
Heart-breaking, isn't it?
These are your fingerprints, Charley.
They never lie.
Burglary, eight arrests, two assaults,
three muggings, one rape...
two homicides, five extortions,
one prison break.
Nice little sheet, Charley.
He's a four-time loser.
If he makes one false move,
hit him over the head.
Book him and bring him back here
for the inspector.
And book that bum, too.
You got a cigarette?
What do you want, room service?
It's the green-light hotel, ain't it?
Take him away.
Sure, they laugh, they cry.
But don't think it's your laughter
or your tears. It isn't.
They're a different breed.
Believe me, I know.
Who are you? God?
Didn't you ever make a mistake?
Yes.
When I was new on this job, we brought
in two boys caught stealing from a car.
They looked like babies. They cried.
I let them go.
Two nights later, two nights, one

of them held up a butcher in Harlem.
Shot him through the head
and killed him.

Yes, I made a mistake,
and I'm not going to make it again.

But, Officer, you...

Young lady, I don't want
to discuss this with you.

- Don't talk to her like that.

- Shut up. Sit down.

When you're dealing
with the criminal mind, Mr. Pritchett...
softness is dangerous.

But if it's a first offence...

It's never a first offence,
it's just the first time they get caught.

Why are you so vicious?

I'm not vicious, young lady.

I didn't steal this man's money. He did.

Look, this is a war, Mr. Pritchett.

We're your army.

We're here to protect you.

But you civilians are too lazy,
or selfish or scared...

or just too indifferent
to even want to appear in court...

and see the charges through
that you, yourselves, bring.

But if I get paid...

I don't care about that.

This is a criminal action.

Are you or aren't you going through
with it?

Because I'm not going to let him go.

If I don't bring charges?

Then I'll book him, anyway,
and subpoena you into court.

It's my duty to protect you,
in spite of yourself.

I guess I've got to leave it up to you,
Officer. Whatever you say.

I say prosecute.

All right, you know best.

I'm sorry, miss, but he had no right

to rob me in the first place.
That was a terrible thing to do.
All right, Mr. Pritchett,
we won't take up any more of your time.
Now, here's the address, we'll see you
in court tomorrow morning at 10:00.
There goes John Q. Public.
A man of iron.
Mr. Pritchett.
Jim, the Lieutenant's busy.
He doesn't want to be disturbed.
All right, Arthur. In there.
Jim...
why must you make everything
so black and white?
Don't be so intolerant.
- I'm just trying to warn you, Jim.
- What about?
You're digging your own grave.
It's right there in front of you.
One more step and you're in it.
You're very psychic today.
What's on your mind?
- Come on, champ, what's this about?
- Sit down, Tami.
\$20 hat. You must be rolling.
\$40. I'm comfortable.
What's on your mind, champ?
The woman you said hello to.
That girl's 100%.
I won't say a thing against her.
You don't have to.
This is all off the record.
When I talk, it's for the record, champ.
Look, Giacoppetti, I'm Lieutenant
Monaghan, I'm in charge here.
Keep your tongue in your mouth
and we'll get along.
- You mind if I call my lawyer?
- It ain't necessary.
My lawyer gets mad, too.
Nothing you say here
will be held against you, understand?
I give you my word.

I won't hurt that girl.

I don't want you to.

She's only a witness.

Sit down, Tami.

Okay.

- Shoot.

- When did you know her?

- Seven years ago.

- Like her?

I was crazy about her.

- She was my girl.

- What broke it up?

- She gave me the air.

- Why?

Why'd she give you the air, Tami?

I think maybe I better call my lawyer.

Look, Giacoppetti,

we got a sheet on you.

All I got to do is lift that phone

and you're out of action. Capisce?

- Capisce.

- Well?

Well, one day she comes to me.

She's in trouble.

Now, I got to break it to her I'm married.

She's crying her eyes out.

I'd have married her

if I could have got a divorce.

I tell her I want that kid.

I'd go away with her...

give her anything she wants...

the moon out of the sky,

I'd get it for her.

Dames, who can understand them?

Go on, Tami.

That's the last I see of her.

Then I hear she went to some doctor.

I find the place. She wouldn't see me.

The baby was born dead.

I had a little talk with that doctor.

I beat the daylights out of him.

What was his name?

Some Dutchman, some...

- Schneider?

- Yeah...

Karl Schneider?

- Yeah, that's it.

- Thanks, Tami.

Now, will you tell me
what this is all about?

- Wait.

- Wait for what?

Wait.

Come in.

I'll have one of my men drive you home,
Mrs. McLeod.

- He told you, didn't he?

- Yes.

I'm sorry I had to upset you...
but Jim has been persecuting Schneider
for over a year and I had to find out why.
But Jim never knew.

Schneider's attorney says so.

I don't care what he says.

Jim never knew.

I never told him.

Mrs. McLeod, I wish I could believe you.

You've got to believe me.

This was my mistake.

You can't punish Jim for it.

If Schneider's badly hurt...

the Commissioner will be here,
the District Attorney.

If that happens,

I got to have all the facts.

Lieutenant, I swear Jim doesn't know.

That's what I have to be sure of.

Now.

Well?

- McLeod.

- Yes, sir.

Mary.

I've been trying to call you.

What are you doing here?

I sent for her.

Well, why?

That's Tami Giacoppetti.

Hi, champ.

- Say, what's this about, Lieutenant?

- Schneider.

Why'd you lie to me?

I didn't lie to you.

May I, please?

Go ahead.

Oh, Jim...

Sit down, Mary.

What's wrong, baby?

Jim, the Lieutenant won't believe that you knew nothing about this.

About what, honey?

About Dr. Schneider.

What's he got to do with you?

Tell me, Mary.

I had occasion to see him once.

I went to him when I needed help.

What?

It was a long time ago.

I was going to have a baby.

Long before I met you, Jim.

I told you he didn't know.

I see.

Okay, diagrams aren't necessary.

- I get the picture.

- She's a good girl...

- Cut that out.

- I don't have to take that from you.

You touch me again

and I'll tear your arm out of the socket.

Jim.

Do you mind if I talk to my wife alone?

Okay, Tami.

Jim.

Jim, please forgive me.

Jim, I'm terribly sorry.

Please forgive me.

My immaculate wife.

I never said I was.

You never said you weren't.

Why didn't you tell me?

I wanted to, but I was so afraid of losing you.

How long did you go with him?

- A few months.

- How many?

- About six or seven.

- Seven isn't a few.

No, I suppose not.

Did he give you money?

No.

Give you presents?

Yes, he gave me some presents.

- Expensive ones?

- I don't know.

What do you mean, you don't know?

I don't know.

What difference does it make?

This difference.

I'd just as soon Schneider died.

I'd rather go to jail for 20 years
than find out my wife was a tramp.

Don't say that, Jim.

That's the word, I didn't invent it.

That's what they call it.

I don't care about "they."

I only care about you, Jim,
and it isn't true. You know it isn't true.

I thought I knew you.

I thought you were everything good
and pure.

Don't judge me, Jim. Try to understand.

I was on my own for the first time
in a large city.

The war was on.

I'd only been out with kids my own age
until I met this man.

He paid me a lot of attention.

I was flattered.

I thought he was romantic
and glamorous.

I thought I was in love with him.

What happened to the child?

It died at birth.

Is that why you can't have any children?

Oh, Jim, I can't take much more of this.

Please try and understand.

What's there to understand?

You went with him, a pig like that.

You had a child by him.

Then you went

to that butcher, Schneider.

Everything I hate.

What's left to understand?

Just got word from the hospital.

Schneider's okay.

Thanks.

I'm sorry, Jim.

You don't look like a detective.

No? What's a detective look like?

They wear derbies.

- You're a nice-looking fellow.

- Thanks.

Are you married?

Yeah.

Yeah.

Don't work so hard.

- Height?

- Five-eleven.

- Weight?

- A hundred and sixty pounds.

- Eyes?

- I don't know, greenish.

- They look brown.

- Hazel.

You might as well go home now,
young lady.

As soon as we print him, I'm through.

All right, Arthur, over there.

It don't hurt.

It don't hurt. You roll it, like that.

It gets your hands a little dirty.

You wash it right off. It's nothing.

What's the matter?

Did I say something?

You married?

Me neither.

Everybody tells you, "Why don't you
get married? You should be married."

My mother, my father, my sisters:

"Come on, get married."

As if I didn't want to get married.

Where do you find a man?
You get me a man and I'll marry him.
Anything, as long as it's got pants.
"Get married."
It's easy to talk.
All right, Arthur, wash your hands.
Charley, did you burglarize
this apartment?
Why don't you give us a break?
You do us a favor, we might help you.
How you gonna help me?
I'm a four-time loser.
I'm going to jail the rest of my life.
How you gonna help me, huh?
You lived a louse,
you want to die a louse?
Yeah.
Remember, the sign says "Courtesy."
Courtesy, for you? You want courtesy?
Hey...
21st Squad,
Detective Callahan speaking.
Yeah.
Okay, Barnes. Get them out here.
All right, Charley, rise and shine.
You, too, Lewis. Over here.
- What's your first name, Barnes?
- Steve.
- How long you been on the job, Steve?
- Six years.
You married?
You louse, I ought to kill you.
Me? The thanks I get.
- \$30,000, huh?
- Thirty, bull.
I saw the list.
Who do you believe, me or them?
No talking.
Them.
Quiet. You want to spoil the picture?
Okay, you two, over there.
What about that \$1,400?
I had it on me for your protection.
This flatfoot had any sense,

he's supposed to take it and let us go.
Dumb cop. Can I help it?
Now, look. I want my share.
Lewis, if it's gonna make you happy...
you can have the whole \$1,400.
Satisfied?
Yeah.
All right, Arthur. Sign this.
- Shouldn't he see a lawyer first?
- It's routine.
On the floor. Step on it.
Here.
Now, this one.
Jim. You want to be in this?
- Got an aspirin, Joe?
- No.
Hey, you.
You're not going to put that
in the papers, are you?
It's all right, Suzy. I don't care.
Over there, Arthur.
You might as well go home now,
young lady. It's all over.
May I talk to Arthur for two minutes,
alone, please?
- What for?
- You wouldn't understand.
No, I guess not. All right.
Two minutes.

Okay, 8:

Night court will be open
by the time we get there.
- What do I do?
- They'll tell you what to do.
Your brother-in-law's gonna be there,
ain't he?
Yeah.
All I can do is thank goodness
my sister's sexy.
So long, everybody.
Very nice meeting you,
I mean it, very nice.
I'm sorry if I caused you any trouble.

Goodbye.

Arthur, do you want to see Joy?

Would that help?

- Would you like to talk to her?

- No.

- I'll go and get her and bring her here.

- I don't want her, Suzy.

For five years I've been in love
with a girl that doesn't exist.

That's finished. Washed up.

Artie, why couldn't you have
fallen in love with me?

I'd have been so much better for you.

I've always loved you, Suzy.

You were always my baby.

I've got news for you.

I voted for the President
in the last election.

I'm years past the age of consent.

Just an old bag.

- I'm not as beautiful as Joy is...

- But you are.

Joy's prettier than you,
but you're more beautiful.

- Oh, Artie.

- Come on, be my sensible Susan.

I can't be sensible about you. I love you.

You see that, Lewis?

He's facing five to ten.

Wait till the boys start wising him up.

Hey, what makes you think

he'll want you then?

Shut up.

He'll keep coming back

for a second rap, for a third rap.

Then he'll be a four-time loser like me.

- Shut up, I tell you.

- Look at Lewis, here.

That's you five years from now.

Ain't it, Lewis?

- Shut up. I'll crack your skull!

- That's enough!

Stay over there, Arthur.

Why don't you shut up?

Oh, Officer...
Now, now, take it easy.
He's not convicted yet.
The judge might put him on probation.
A lot of things might happen.
Yeah, yeah.
One more peep out of you, one!
Have you got a lawyer?
I know a good one.
I'm not supposed to do this,
but I'll call him myself.
Here's your picture.
Hide it from your kids.
We've been partners
about eight years now, Jim.
Did I ever ask you for a favor?
What is it, Lou?
That kid downstairs.
I want you to give him a break.
I can't do it, Lou.
He reminds me of my boy.
- Mike? Mike was a hero.
- Why, because he was killed?
If Mike were alive today, he'd have
the same problems this kid has.
What do you say?
Don't ask me, will you, Lou?
But I am asking you.
No, Lou. No dice.
Louder, please.
I can't seem to hear you so good.
I can't drop the charge.
Jim, this is me, Lou Brody.
Remember me?
What do you mean,
you can't drop the charge?
- Mr. Pritchett left it up to you.
- I can't start compromising now.
Compromise.
Heart, Jim, heart.
The world is crying for a little heart.
You shouldn't drink so much.
It melts the lining of your brain.
Maybe that's what you need.

Maybe it would melt that rock
you've got for a heart.
Lay off, will you?
My partner. Arrest his own mother.
Lay off. I'm warning you.
What's the matter, Jim?
I'm drowning, Lou.
Drowning in my own juice.
I wish I could understand you.
I don't expect you to.
I know I'm different from the others.
I'm here out of principle.
All my life
I've lived according to principle...
and I couldn't change,
even if I wanted to.
Jim, you've got to bend with the wind,
or break.
Don't be such a monument.
How?
How do you compromise?
I hate softness. My mother was soft.
It killed her.
I don't believe in turning
the other cheek.
You ask me to compromise on this kid.
Who's he?
Now, right now, I'm faced
with a problem of my own, Lou...
that's ripping my guts out,
and I can't compromise on that.
So what do I do?
Here's your aspirin.
- Listening at keyholes, Joe?
- I don't have to.
I've had that story for a long time.
She's one in a million, your Mary.
She loves you.
You don't know how lucky you are.
She brought warmth and tenderness
into your life.
I know.
- I know better than you do.
- Then go to her.

Get down on your knees, crawl.

She's downstairs, Jim.

Mary...

I'm leaving now, Jim. Here are the keys.

- Come inside.

- My taxi's waiting.

- We'll send it away.

- No, my things are in it.

- What things?

- My bags and my trunk.

Please come inside.

I can't talk to you here.

- The meter's running.

- Let it run.

Look, Mary, this isn't the time
or place to discuss our lives.

Let's go home, we'll work this out there.

You think we can?

We'll have to.

I don't. I don't think it's possible.

Wait a minute. I don't get this.

What are you so bitter about?

Who's to blame

for what happened tonight?

You put me through a cement mixer
and now you're acting as if I were the...

The tramp?

- Don't say that.

- I didn't invent the word either, Jim.

- I wasn't myself.

- You were never more yourself.

I've thought everything over
and over again...

and I don't see any other way out.

- We couldn't go on from here.

- Stop that kind of talk, will you, Mary?

I'm trying. I'm trying.

- To what?

- To put all this behind me.

- And you can't do it.

- If you'll let me.

No, the rest of our lives
we'll be living with this.

If you won't be saying it,

you'll be thinking it.
And I couldn't take it.
I'd just dry up and die.
Please, I'm so tired, let me go now.
To what?
- Please, Jim.
- Where will you go?
You, who turn on every light
in the house when I'm not there.
You can't fall asleep
unless my arms are around you.
Stop it.
No. I'm not going to let you go.
Jim, you're hurting me.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry, Mary, but you just don't stop
loving someone.
I need you. Don't leave me.
I love you.
Then help me. Help me, Jim.
It's no use, baby.
I couldn't go home
if you weren't waiting for me.
I'd blow my brains out.
I would, Mary.
If I went home to an empty flat,
I wouldn't dare take my gun with me.
Yeah.
Well, his lawyer is here now,
waiting to find out. All right, I'll hang on.
Where's McLeod now?
Well, he...
What? Yeah, okay.
They're bringing Schneider in

at 10:

You can see him at the hospital

after 9:

All right, I'll go over there.
Just a minute, McLeod.
- Some other time, Counselor.
- No, now.
They're bringing Schneider

back here tomorrow.

Then advise him again
to keep his mouth shut.

- And see that he does.

- I'm going to break you from the force.

If it's the last thing I do,
you're gonna pay for this.

How much was Miss Hatch paid?

Why don't you clean up your own house,
before you start to throw stones?

What do you mean by that?

You know what I mean.

No, I don't know what you mean.

Don't you?

- What's the matter, dear?

- Nothing.

- This has been a horrible day.

- Yes.

I'm sorry, darling.

Yet I'm glad it's out in the open.

I've had such a terrible feeling
of guilt all the time.

All right.

I needed help and there was no one.

I couldn't even go to my parents.

- You didn't tell them?

- No, I didn't want to hurt them.

You know how sweet
and simple they are.

You didn't go home then, after?

No.

- Where'd you go?

- I came to New York.

- How long was that before I met you?

- Two years.

Who'd you go with then?

No one.

How many others were there, Mary?

- Others?

- How many other men?

None. What's the matter with you, Jim?

Oh, wait a minute. Wait a minute.

No. What's the matter with you?

At an autopsy the other day...

I watched the medical examiner
saw off the top of a man's skull...
take out the brain
and hold it in his hand.
Like that.
Why are you telling me this?
Because I'd give my soul
to take out my brain...
hold it under the faucet
and wash away...
the dirty pictures you put there today.
- Dirty pictures?
- Yes.
Oh, I see.
I see.
Yes, that would be fine...
if we could.
But when you wash away
what I may have put there...
you'll find you've a rotten spot
in your brain, Jim...
and it's growing. I know, I've watched it.
- Mary, that's enough.
- No, let's have the truth.
I could never find it in me
to see tiny flaws in you...
because I loved you. Oh, I still do.
But let's have the truth for once.
You think you're on the side
of the angels? Well, you're not.
You haven't even a drop
of ordinary human forgiveness...
in your whole nature.
You're a cruel and vengeful man.
You're everything you always said
you hated in your own father.
I'm not going to listen anymore.
I'm taking you home now.
What for? So you can drive me
to a lunatic asylum?
Where are you going?
Goodbye, Jim.
- When will I see you?
- Never.

There's nothing doing here.
I'll go down to night court
and see if I can pick up anything there.

- How'd you make out?
- Fine.
- I mean Mary.
- Fine. Dandy.

All right, young lady,
your two minutes are up.

- What's the matter with you?
- Nothing.
- Don't you feel well?
- Yes, sir. I feel all right.
- You better go home.
- I've got a squeal to finish off.
- Brody, finish it off.
- I'd rather do it myself.

You go home. That's an order.
What happened, Jim? What's wrong?
Mary left me.
She'll come back.
No. We're finished.
You drove her away, didn't you? Why?
I tried to warn you, you fool. Why?
I don't know. Why do we do
these things, Joe? Who knows?
I built my whole life
on hating my father...
and all the time he was inside of me,
laughing.
Maybe he was crying.
Poor devil,
maybe he couldn't help himself, either.
Officer, somebody just stole my purse.

- Did you see who did it?
- No, I was walking down the street...
and someone grabbed it
right out of my hand.
It was so crowded I couldn't see him.

- Did you have much money in it?
- About \$10.

Let's have a description.
Well, it was about so...
Drop that club. Drop it!

Drop it, Barnes. He's a four-time loser.
He'll kill you.
Rot in jail the rest of my life, I take five
or six of you coppers with me first.
Take it easy.
He can't get by the downstairs desk.
Shut up!
One word, one move, anybody.
I was wondering when
you'd get around to it, Charley.
None of your guff.
Give me that gun.
In the gut you'll get it.
One step, I'm warning you. One!
Easy, Jim. He can't get by the desk.
Jim, don't be a fool.
You dirty, sneaking, evil...
- Come on, baby, I'll get you to bed.
- No, wait a minute.
- Now, Jim.
- Don't pull at me, I...
You got to lie down, Jim.
No. Once I lie down, I'm not getting up.
Get an ambulance, quick.
Never mind a doctor.
Get a priest.
You feel that bad, Jim?
St. Vincent's Rectory.
Get me a drink.
- With a belly wound?
- What difference does it make?
Let him have it.
Don't whisper, Lou. I can hear you.
Sure you can, Jim.
You're gonna be okay,
they can't hurt you.
Give me your hand. Squeeze.
Send a priest over to the 21st.
Harder.
To administer the last rites.
Give me buster's prints.
I don't know, maybe you're right, Lou.
I don't know anymore.
Get me his prints.

Here, Jim.
Joe...
find her.
Ask her to forgive me. And help her.
She needs help.
Sure. Now, take it easy.
Here you are, Jim.
Tear them up, Lou.
Unchain him.
The keys are in my pocket.
There's no case here, Lieutenant.
The complainant withdrew...
Oh, Mary. Mary.
"In the name of the Father and
of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.
"Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry
for having offended Thee...
"and I detest all my sins
because I dread the loss of Heaven...
"and the pains of Hell."
"But most all, for having offended Thee,
my Lord...
"who art all good and
deserving of all my love.
"But I firmly resolve with the help of
Thy Grace, to confess my sins...
"to do penance and to amend my life.
"Amen."
All right, son, go on home.
Don't make a monkey out of me.
If I see you up here again,
I'll kick the guts out of you.
Don't make a monkey out of me.
Don't worry, I won't.
He won't.
All right, go on, get out of here.
Get me the Telegraph Bureau.
- Get this, Harv.
- Notify the Commissioner.
"Detective First Grade, James McLeod,
21st Squad."
District Attorney...
"Shot and killed in the line of duty..."