Dirty Harry

By Harry Julian Fink
Jesus!
"To the city of San Francisco.
"I will enjoy killing
one person every day...
"...until you pay me
one hundred thousand dollars.
"If you agree,
say so tomorrow morning...
"...at personal column,
San Francisco Chronicle...
"...and I will set up meeting.
"If I do not hear from you...
"...it'll be my next pleasure
to kill a Catholic priest or a....
"...Scorpio."
What goes on in their minds?
Kooks.
Where the hell does he expect me to
find a hundred thousand dollars?
You're not thinking of paying him, are you, Mr. Mayor?
The City of San Francisco does not
pay criminals not to commit crimes.
Instead, we pay a police department.
Chief, who's in charge of this case?
Inspector Callahan. He's outside.
Send Inspector Callahan in.
Callahan?
Mr. Mayor, Inspector Callahan.
All right.
Let's have it.
-What?
-Your report. What have you done?
For the past 3/4 hour...
...I've been sitting in your
outer office waiting on you.
Damn it, Harry.
It's the mayor you're talking to.
Won't you sit down, Inspector Callahan?
There's a madman loose.
I've asked you what's being done.
Fair enough?
We've got a dozen men
checking identification files.
Checking on all known extortionists, rooftop prowlers...
...rifle nuts, peepers--
Mr. Mayor?
We've arranged for rooftop surveillance and helicopters...
...especially around the Catholic churches and schools...
...and in the black area.
Ballistics is checking on the slug.
We're sure it's a 30-06.
Seven lands and grooves, right-hand twist--
We're running a computer check...
...on everybody in the files whose birthday falls between...
...October 23 and November 21.
Why?
Natives of Scorpio.
Thank you, Inspector.
Mention this note to anyone?
How about you?
Nobody.
Your wife, sweetheart? Press?
Nobody.
All right. Give the message to the Chronicle.
We'll pay. But we need time to get the money together.
Wait a minute. Do I get this right? You'll play this creep's game? It'll give us breathing space.
It might get somebody killed.
Let me meet with the son of a bitch!
Nope, none of that.
It would end up with a real bloodbath.
I agree with the chief.
We'll do it this way.
Thank you, Mr. Mayor.
Come on, Callahan, let's go.
I don't want trouble, like you had last year in the Fillmore district.
That's my policy.
When an adult male
is chasing a female...
...with intent to commit rape,
I shoot the bastard. That's my policy. Intent?
How did you establish that?
When a naked man chases a woman in
an alley with a knife and a hard-on...
...I figure he isn't out
collecting for the Red Cross.
I think he's got a point.
-Inspector Callahan.
-Jaffee.
Usual.
Usual lunch, or usual dinner?
What difference does it make?
Not much.
Hey, Jaffee...
...is that tan Ford still
in front of the bank?
Tan Ford?
Yeah, tan Ford.
Engine running?
I don't know. How can I tell?
-Exhaust fumes out of the tailpipe.
-That's awful!
Look at that pollution.
Do me a favor, will you?
Call this telephone number.
Police Department?
Tell them Inspector Callahan
thinks there's a...
...two-eleven in progress
at the bank. Got it?
Got it.
Be sure and tell them
it's in progress, right?
In progress.
Yes, sir.
Now, if they'll just wait
till the cavalry arrives.
Shit!
Halt!
I know what you're thinking.
Did he fire six shots or only five?
To tell the truth, in all the excitement
I've kind of lost track myself.
But since this is a .44 Magnum,
the most powerful handgun...
...and would blow
your head clean off...
...you've got to ask yourself

**one question:**
Well, do you, punk?
I got to know.
Son of a bitch!
It looks like we can save that leg.
I've got a couple under my knee.
Ever consider
another line of work?
I really appreciate this, Steve.
We Potrero Hill boys
have to stick together.
Nothing fancy, now.
Just a little tweezers
and Mercurochrome.
Do I tell you how to beat a confession
out of a prisoner?
- I haven't got all night.
- You might experience discomfort.
But if you do,
just have your wife fix a...
Sorry, Harry.
What will you do with those?
Cut your pants off.
- No. We'll pull them off.
- It'll hurt.
For $29.50, let it hurt.
You can turn your back
if you're embarrassed.
- Good morning, Inspector.
- Maria.
You wanted to see me, Lieutenant?
When the hell
you going to get a haircut?
Whenever you do.
Who's got time? I was up till 3 a.m.
checking the search patterns.
Put in for overtime.
That'll be the day.
You made a good pinch.
Chief was pleased.
He was?
He wanted me to tell you: "Well done!"
I can't tell you how moved I am.
I pass along a compliment...
...you could be a little polite.
It might not kill you to say thanks.
I'd rather say thanks to a raise.
Harry, check communications.
Something from Chicago. A gun nut.
-I'll get right on it.
-Now wait a minute!
I'll put somebody with you.
What are you saying?
You need a partner.
-What's wrong with the one I've got?
-He's in the hospital!
-He'll be out in a few weeks.
-Say hello to Chico Gonzales.
-He'll be working with you.
-You must be kidding.
I have no time to break in newcomers.
-Why don't you do this boy a favor?
-What do you mean?
You know what happens to guys I worked with. Deitzick's in the hospital...
...and Fanduchi's dead.
So?
If I need a partner, I'll get me one
who knows what he's doing.
What about DiGeorgio?
No way!
You work with Gonzales
or you don't work.
Straight from the fifth floor.
Got it?
I got it.
If you see DiGeorgio, send him in here!
You from around here?
Yeah, but I went to San Jose State.
-Play ball?
—No, I boxed. Light heavyweight. Just what I need is a college boy. —Found anything you like about me yet? —It's early yet. —Get your degree? —Sociology. —Sociology! You'll go far, if you live. —I intend to. Inspector Callahan. Don't let your degree get you killed. I'm liable to get killed with you. I'll remember that. —Hero! Nice work yesterday. —Fatso! Bressler wants to see you. You're a sweet man, Harry. There is one question, Inspector Callahan. Why do they call you Dirty Harry? That's one thing about our Harry. Doesn't play favorites. Harry hates everybody: limeys, micks, hebes, dagos, niggers, honkies, chinks. You name it. —How does he feel about Mexicans? —Ask him! Especially spics. Hey! There's a guy on the roof over there! On Stockton Street by Washington Square. You, on the roof! You, there! Yes, you. Stop what you're doing. Turn around and put your hands in the air. I don't know how the helicopter boys lost him! How could they let him get out without seeing him? They were probably talking instead of looking, like they were supposed to. That's possible. —Attention, all units.
-Turn that thing up louder.
Prowler last seen
in the vicinity of Washington Square.
He is an adult male.
Caucasian. Repeat,
adult male Caucasian.
When last seen,
he was wearing tan chinos...
...pale blue shirt, brown coat
or sweater, dark gloves.
He had a tan suitcase...
...which probably contains a
Those loonies! They ought to throw
a net over the whole bunch!
I know what you mean.
There!
What?
Tan suitcase.
Where?
I lost him.
There he goes, over there.
Does that bag look tan?
I don't know,
I haven't even seen him yet.
Go to Filber and hang a left.
Look out for these people!
Fruitcake!
Get out of the way, hammerhead!
It was a tan suitcase. I know it was.
I saw him.
-There he is.
-I see him.
Car 2, the license number...
...at 10-32 on that Chevrolet,
Colorado plates.
-How do you want to work this?
-Find another way in. I'll go in here.
Car 2, what's the model
of that Chevrolet?
Car 2. It's an Impala convertible.
You can cancel that 1 0-25.
Three cars here.
Anybody home?
Did you bring me a present?
Let me see it.
It's beautiful!
Why don't you go get
a nice container of egg rolls?
You getting an eyeful?
You goddamn pie hawker!
-We should call the police.
-I am a police--
Up against the wall.
Right now! Move.
Let them go.
You heard me.
They assaulted a police officer.
A police officer!
He was standing on a can peeking in...
...on Hot Mary and her boyfriend!
Beat it. Get out of here.
-How about the man with the suitcase?
-Wrong number.
I just had another thought.
Yeah? About what?
About why
they call you Dirty Harry.
Inspector 71.
Inspector 71.
Please respond to your call.
Inspector 71.
Do you read me?
-This is Inspector 71.
-I've got an 8-0-4 in progress.
California Hall
at Polk and Turk streets.
It's some idiot.
Where? I don't see him.
-There he is.
-Yeah. Now I see him.
I have a 1 0-29 and a 10-28.
In 600 block of Baker.
On a Chevrolet.
California license.
D-dog, C-Charlie, V-Victor 4-7-2.
We thought it was your sniper, but
it turned out to be a suicide attempt.
-Anybody try to talk him down?
-Yeah, no luck. But now you're here....
-You mean, I go up.
-We'd sure appreciate it.
Look at him go, will you?
He's going to get hurt!
Don't you try to get me!
Not me. You're the one who
wants to get yourself killed. Not me.
Always happens with you guys.
The last minute you want to...
...grab onto somebody, take somebody
with you. Down you go. Not me!
Won't you try to grab me?
A friend of mine was up about 20 floors
with a jumper a few years ago.
The jumper grabbed him
and they went off.
Mashed all over.
Couldn't tell which legs was
with which, which arms with which....
It was a terrible mess.
I tell you, I almost threw up myself.
-I'd just like your name and address.
-Why?
It's such a mess down there afterwards!
It makes identification impossible.
Even if they find your driver's license!
All that blood!
I think I'm going to puke!
Don't do that, son.
All those people down there looking up.
The fire chief looking up.
With his face....
You rotten bastard!
Get the stretcher out here.
Now you know why I'm called Dirty Harry.
Every dirty job that comes along.
Inspector 71.
This is Inspector 71.
Got something for you. Corner of
Sierra and Texas. A young boy, Negro.
What about him?
Shot in the face.
Blew part of it away.
Anybody know who the boy is?  
His name was Charlie Russell.  
I'm his mother.  
He's only 10 years old.  
Inspector, this officer—  
Oh, Jesus Christ!  
You'd better go check on the mother.  
What do you have?  
That 30-06 shell casing.  
He was up here all right.  
Welcome to Homicide.  
The man who designed blue serge  
uniforms for police departments...  
...has to sell these for a living!  
.458 Magnum?  
—This thing will stop an elephant.  
—Yeah.  
—Apparently you like a little edge.  
—All I can get, sir.  
He's no elephant, Harry.  
He's no animal of any kind.  
What have you got, Lieutenant?  
The blue flags represent the units that  
are going to be on duty by dark tonight.  
—Double shifts and overtime.  
—At nighttime.  
Daylight, the helicopters  
will keep him off the roofs.  
We're going for high visibility. Units  
will make themselves very noticeable.  
—Except here.  
—Right. The North Beach area.  
We're saving that for him.  
—Have you found a good stakeout?  
—I think so.  
It's a building that overlooks the roof  
where they spotted him yesterday.  
Something bothering you?  
Nothing.  
Speak up.  
You're among friends here.  
It seems a long shot  
that he'd come back to the same roof.  
There are a lot of rooftops
in San Francisco.
Most of them are locked.
This particular one'll be open for him.
These sick guys have behavior patterns.
We know they'll rob the very
same store 3, 4 times in a row.
Must appeal to their
superego or something.
Scorpio strikes again.
They like that feeling.
There's one other reason
why he might pick the same rooftop.
He's got a clear view
of the St. Peter and Paul's church.
And they're having a novena tonight.
Go on.
The note. He threatened
to kill a priest or a Negro.
The Russell boy was black.
He may just figure
he owes himself a padre.
Inspector 71.
We're in position
to start our surveillance.
How about the priest?
—he knows he's being set up for bait?
—Yeah, he wanted to.
We told him we had a volunteer
willing to take his place.
Who?
Never guess.
Yeah, I know.
Welcome to Homicide.
You owe it to yourself
to live a little, Harry.
Son-of-a-bitch took the bait!
When I say "now,"
hit him with the light.
Now!
—You all right?
—I think so.
Call an ambulance.
Collins never knew what hit him.
Let's go. Clear the alley.
There's nothing to see.
Call headquarters.
He's loose in North Beach.
It's a whole new ball game, fellows.
He grabbed a 14-year-old girl.
Ann-Mary Deacon.
The bomb squad got a call.
Suspicious object in Golden Gate Park.
It was addressed to the mayor. The lab sent it to us, with this letter inside.
"Ann-Mary Deacon, buried alive."
The poor kid went to the movies last night and never came home.
"Double-crossing San Francisco police made me do this.
"New ransom $200,000, in used tens and twenties.
"One man with yellow bag.
"South side Marina.
Green East Harbor.
"9 p. m.
"She has oxygen		
till 3 a.m. tomorrow.
"Red panties and bra. Nice tits.
"Mole on left thigh. Anything cute and you'll force me to let girl die...
"...of slow suffocation.
Signed, Scorpio."
Anything else?
The mother identified the bra, the hank of hair.
And that.
The dentist identified that.
Said it was pulled out with a pair of pliers.
You know she's dead.
All I know is the letter says she'll be alive until 3 a.m.
The mayor's out trying to put the money together now.
He's using up a lot of favors.
He wants to pay.
No tricks.
We need a bag man.
You want the job?
You got it.
-Be in the chief's office at 6 p.m.
-All right.
-Wait a minute. What about me?
-You're out.
No cover?
Not even one man?
Sure that's how to do it?
I'm not sure!
But those are my orders. All right?
No wonder they call him Dirty Harry.
He gets the shit end of the stick.
One more word and you're chopped off at the ankles.
Al, let's split the difference.
Give him the night off.
Get the hell out of here, both of you.
Testing 1, 2, 3--
-What are you yelling for?
-All you have to do is whisper.
"Mary had a little lamb,
its fleece as white as snow."
Okay, that's better.
It's good for 2 or 3 blocks.
But in a tunnel...
...forget it.
All right, Sid. What do I owe you?
Bring it back in one piece.
$200,000.
Count it and sign for it.
Did you count it out?
Did you count it, chief?
It's not my responsibility.
Always knew I'd get rich on the police force.
Just make sure
nobody takes it away from you.
God knows how he'll contact you.
He'll probably run you all over town.
Go where you're told.
Do what you're told.
Play it straight down the line. Okay?
Nothing cute. Nothing fancy. Just pay the ransom money and report back here. Would you mind if I borrowed a little Scotch tape? It's disgusting that a police officer should know how to use that weapon.

-You got a yellow suitcase?
-Yeah, I got it right with me.
-What's your name?
-Callahan.
-What are you?
-Police officer.
Hello?
All right, police officer... this is how we play. I bounce you all over town to make sure you're alone. If I even think you're being followed, the girl dies. If you talk to anyone, even if it's a Pekinese pissing on a lamppost...
...the girl dies. 
-Is the girl okay?
-Just shut up and listen.
No car. I give you some time to go from phone booth to phone booth. I ring 4 times. You don't answer by the fourth ring... ...that's the end of the game. The girl dies.
What time you got?

-9:
-You listen. I'm watching you.
Not all the time, but you'll never know when or where. Now get to Forest Hills Station as fast as you can. Understand?
-Yeah.
-I hope you're not stupid. Downstairs.
Take the "K" car.
Get off at Church and 20th.
Hurry up, or you'll blow it.
You sound like you had a good rest.
You'll need it. I'm going to give you
a nice little run this time.
You better make it,
because if you don't, dead girl!
Public phone,
hamburger stand, Aquatic Park.
Hubba-hubba-hubba, pig bastard.
What's in the bag, man?
-You dudes get lost now, you hear?
-Screw the bag!
Just give us the wallet.
You don't listen, asshole!
Don't answer that!
-Who picked it up?
-Some old guy. Never saw him before.
Chico, he hung up.
-You know Mt. Davidson Park?
-Yeah.
Go to the cross.
I'm at the entrance
on Lansdale Street.
I'm going up.
I see a couple of people.
Just a couple of kids necking.
Boys or girls?
I'm Callahan.
My friends call me Alice.
And I will take a dare.
When was the last time
you were busted?
If you're a vice, I'll kill myself.
Well, do it at home.
Freeze!
Just like a statue.
That's right.
One wrong move,
anything, I don't care.
I'll kill you and the girl both.
Understand?
Yeah.
Drop the bag.
Left hand.
Let's see the gun.
My!
That's a big one.
Left hand. Throw it.
Easy.
Raise your hands.
Come on, get them up.
Now turn.
Face the cross.
Come on.
Put your nose right up
against the cement.
You lift that hand once more and
I won't let you know where the girl is!
Do we understand each other?
Do we understand each other?
Don't pass out on me yet!
No, no.
No, no. Not yet. Not yet!
Don't pass out on me yet,
you rotten oinker!
Do we understand each other?
If you care what happens to the girl,
you'd better answer me! All right?
Listen to me carefully.
I've changed my mind.
I'm going to let her die.
I just wanted you to know that.
You understand? I just wanted to make
sure you knew that before I killed you.
Goodbye, Callahan!
Chico, don't kill him!
The hospital report on Gonzales
looks okay, Chief.
Yeah. Well, he's a pretty tough kid.
He's right here.
He's got two cracked ribs.
They want to do some more tests
on him in the morning.
The son of a bitch really
kicked him a couple of beauts.
I'm sending him home.
Right, Chief.
He says beat it! That's an order.
The chief wants to know
if I misunderstood his orders.
Meaning, am I just plain stupid
or did I deliberately disobey him?
He wants to know
what Gonzales was doing there.
He wants to know
why we screwed everything up.
What am I going to tell him?
Why don't you start
by telling him the truth?
Tell him Gonzales was obeying orders
from a superior. Me.
Tell him you didn't know
anything about it.
When this is over, if he wants
my badge, he can have that too.
You wouldn't have a belt of booze
around here, would you?
Lieutenant Bressler's office.
-Put him on.
-What is it?
It's Park Emergency. They just treated
a guy who had a knife wound in the leg.
Yeah, doctor?
What'd this guy look like?
Long blond hair...
...medium build, about 150 pounds.
Pale complexion.
-He didn't give you his name, doc?
-Nope.
They usually give a phony name.
But I've seen him someplace.
It's important you remember. There's
a 14-year-old girl who's suffocating.
I'm trying to think!
It was....
I believe he works around here.
Doctor, could you give
him something? He's in pain!
Yes, just a moment.
She'll be dead in an hour!
I'm trying to remember!
I've got who he is.
When they had football,
he used to sell programs at the stadium.
I think the groundskeeper
lets him live there.
-Live where?
-There.
Kezar Stadium.
Illegal entry. No warrant.
Looks like we climb.
Too much linguine.
I'll find another way.
Stop!
Don't do anything more!
You tried to kill me!
You need any help?
-Go on and get some air, fatso.
-Please! No more!
Can't you see I'm hurt?
You shot me! Please, don't!
Let me have a doctor!
Please, get me the doctor!
Don't kill me!
The girl, where is she?
You tried to kill me!
If I did, your head would be splattered
all over this field. Where's the girl?
I want a lawyer.
I said, where's the girl?
I have the right for one.
Where's the girl?
I have the right for a lawyer!
Don't! Please!
I have rights. I want a lawyer!
Harry Callahan.
He said it was urgent.
Yes, the district attorney has
been wanting to talk to you.
-It's Inspector Callahan.
-Have him come in, please.
Won't you come this way?
-May I bring you in a cup of coffee?
-No, thanks.
I'll be done in a minute.
Have a seat.
I've just been looking over
your arrest report.
A very unusual piece of police work.
Really amazing.
I had some luck.
You're lucky I'm not indicting you for
assault with intent to commit murder!
Where does it say you've got a right
to kick down doors, torture suspects?
Deny medical attention and legal
counsel? Where have you been?
Does Escobedo ring a bell?
Miranda?
You must have heard
of the 4th Amendment!
What I'm saying is,
that man had rights.
I'm all broken up
about that man's rights.
You should be.
I've got news for you.
When he's well enough
to leave the hospital, he walks.
What are you talking about?
He's free!
You're letting him go?
We have to.
We can't try him.
And why is that?
Because I'm not wasting
...on a trial we can't possibly win.
The problem is,
we don't have any evidence.
What do you call that?
I call it nothing.
Zero.
You're saying that Ballistics can't
match the bullet up to this rifle?
It does not matter
what Ballistics can do!
This rifle might make a nice souvenir.
-But it's inadmissible as evidence!
-Who says?
It's the law.
Then the law is crazy!
This is Judge Bannerman
of the appellate court.
He also holds classes in constitutional
law. I've asked him for an opinion.
Your Honor?
In my opinion, the search
of the suspect's quarters was illegal.
Evidence obtained thereby, such as
that hunting rifle for instance...
...is inadmissible in court.
You should have gotten
a search warrant. I'm sorry.
-It's that simple.
-Search warrant? A girl was dying!
She was, in fact, dead
according to the medical report!
But I didn't know that!
The court would recognize the officer's
legitimate concern for the girl...
...but there is no way they can
possibly condone police torture.
All evidence concerning the girl,
the suspect's confession...
...physical evidence...
...would have to be excluded.
You can get him on something!
Without the evidence
of the gun and the girl?
I couldn't convict him
of spitting on the sidewalk!
Now, the suspect's rights...
...were violated...
...under the 4th and 5th...
...and probably the 6th
and 14th Amendments.
And Ann-Mary Deacon,
what about her rights?
She's raped and left in a hole to die!
Who speaks for her?
The district attorney's office!
If you'll let us.
I have a wife and kids. I don't want him on the streets any more than you do.
He won't be out there long.
What is that supposed to mean?
Sooner or later he will stub his toe and I'll be there.
This office won't stand for any harassment!
You're crazy if you think you've heard the last of him. He will kill again.
How do you know?
Because he likes it.
You sure you weren't tailed?
Yeah.
You really want $200 worth.
Every penny of it.
Might as well be comfortable.
Go on, sit.
Relax.
Take it easy.
It's going to be all right.
You sure you want the rest of it?
Every penny's worth!
You black son of a bitch!
This one's on the house.
That's got to be him.
Are you claiming that the San Francisco Police did this to you?
I swear it. As God is my judge.
Why are they harassing you?
They tried to frame me with the murder.
And now they're trying to murder me.
And look at me!
I'm supposed to be innocent until proven guilty and look at what they did to me.
Everywhere I go cops follow me.
And just look at me!
Just a minute, nurse.
Let me ask him one more question.
-Did you see who did this to you?
-Yes.
Can you identify him?
His name is Callahan. He's a big cop.
Works Homicide. Callahan.
Now, that's the reruns
from the 4 o'clock news.
Since then he's given
a statement to The Chronicle.
He claims you've been following him.
And beat him up.
What about it, Harry?
-You want my star?
-I want an answer.
Have you been following him?
Yeah, I've been following him
on my own time.
-Anybody can tell I didn't do that.
-How?
Because he looks
too damn good, that's how!
Before I let you go,
let's get one thing straight.
I don't want any more surveillance!
Neither does he.
What does that mean?
Good night, sir.
Go ahead. Try them.
-Guy makes them where I always eat.
-Thank you.
I talked to Bressler
about being on with me.
So you know you got a spot
when you get out.
I don't know
if I am coming back, Harry.
Doing a lot of thinking about it and....
I have a teaching credential.
And I figure...
...what for? You know?
-Time for therapy.
-You hang in there now.
See you tomorrow. Same time?
-It's my fault, you know.
-What?
His leaving.
I thought I could take it.
No class.
-Don't ever say that.
Don't ever low-rate yourself.
What I meant was, whatever it takes
to be a cop's wife...
...I'm just not sure I'm making it.
He really tries,
and all these bastards...
..."pig" this and "pig" that.
But maybe it's when I watch him
walk out that door at night.
And I think...
...what if it's the last time I see him?
Am I the only one?
Doesn't it drive your wife crazy?
No.
You mean she got used to it?
No, she never did, really.
What then?
She's dead.
Please, forgive me.
She was driving home
and a drunk crossed the center line.
No reason for it, really.
-I'm so sorry.
-That's okay.
I want you to tell Chico...
...that I understand him quitting.
I think he's right.
This is no life for you two.
-Why do you stay in it, then?
-I don't know.
I really don't.
Let me have a 5th of Seagram's.
Please.
What the hell happened to you?
My wife's brother.
I hit her...
...so he hit me.
Several times.
$5.69.
You're the guy
that's been robbed all these times.
Last 2 times, they sent them
out here on platters.
I'm getting to be a pretty good shot.
And I always keep it right here.
Right where it's handy.
Please, I scare easy.
Dirty son of a bitch! You pilferer!
Goodbye.
See you tomorrow.
Everybody out who gets out here?
School bus inspector.
One minute.
I'm not allowed to have anybody--
I'm authorizing it, so go.
What are you doing?
I don't know you.
Hear me, old hag. Drive or I'll
decorate this bus with your brains.
-Where?
-Just get started. I'll tell you where.
Let's have some fun now.
Who knows a song?
Everybody knows a song. You?
You must know a beautiful one.
Come on, sing for us.
Old McDonald had a farm
E-l-E-l-O
And on his farm, he had some ducks.
-Millie, this is Inspector Callahan.
-The Mayor is waiting for you.
-What's up?
-Another note from our boy.
-Who's he grabbed now?
-That's the trouble, we don't know yet.
The jet must be fueled and
ready to go in 1/2 an hour.
Skeleton crew.
They must be volunteers.
Tell them the man is dangerous.
I'll read you this note which
was delivered at 8:00 this morning.
"To the City of San Francisco...
"You double-crossed me
for the last time.
"I'm warning you to have my $200,000
in a jet airplane ready and waiting.
"I'll call the Mayor's office at 1:00 and tell you about the hostages... who I will be happy to kill if you don't do... exactly what I say. Scorpio."
Better have somebody standing by! I don't think it's a false alarm. There's a call for you on line 2. I think it's the one you've been waiting for.
-It's the Mayor.
-I got 7 kids from Park Street School. I got the bus and.... Come on, honey, now back in the bus. That's a good girl. I got the bus driver. Here she is. Just tell him.
Not my fault, he had a gun-- Just your name! This is Marcella Platt. You can check if you want. But I don't see any point. I'm not bullshitting. It's simple. I got the kids. You start screwing around... the kids start dying. -The plane ready? -It's being fueled, and ready to go. The money will be there by the time you get there. Listen carefully. I will drive along nice and easy. Just me and a busload of kids. I'll turn off at Sir Drake Blvd., on my way to Santa Rosa Airport. I don't want any police cars... helicopters, whatever. If you play this game by the rules, the kids will have a nice plane ride. Where are you going? I'll tell the pilot when I get on. No alerts. I guarantee you, you will not
be molested in any way.
I give you my word of honor.
Marcella Platt. It checks.
Willing to take the money to him?
When will you stop messing around with
this guy? He has to be stopped now!
He's got a busload of kids
and I can't take that chance.
I gave my word of honor
and he will not be molested!
And that's a direct order!
You can just get yourself
another delivery boy.
Row, row, row your boat
Gently down the stream
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Life is but a dream
Where are we going?
-This isn't the right way!
-We're going to the ice cream factory.
Anyone doesn't want to, can get off.
I want to go home to my mother.
Go home to your what?
Now, sing! Sing again!
Row, row, row your boat
What's the matter?
Don't you sing?
Are you sick? What is it?
Sing or your mothers will die!
I'll kill your mothers!
And the rest of you!
Get in the right-hand lane.
Not right to treat children that way.
-You'll hurt them.
-Just drive the goddamn bus!
And get in the right-hand lane!
I want my mother.
The sign, Sir Drake Blvd.
Make a right there.
Not this one.
I want my mother.
Shut up!
Just get to the right!
Jesus!
What the hell is he doing up there?
What the hell are you doing?
Pass the V.W., will you?
Drop the gun, creep!
I'll blow his brains out.
Drop the fucking gun!
I know what your thinking, punk.

**You're thinking:**

"Did he fire 6 shots, or only 5?"
To tell you the truth, I forgot myself, in all this excitement.
But being this is a .44 Magnum,
the most powerful handgun...
...and will blow your head clean off...
...you've got to ask yourself...
..."Do I feel lucky?"
Well, do you, punk?