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Dirty Harry 4: Sudden Impact

By Unknown

All rise, please.
The Court of California is now in session.
The Honorable Judge Lundstrom presiding.
Please be seated.
Mr. D'Ambrosia, this case is a travesty.
You have no evidence whatsoever
linking the accused to the murder.
The gun found in his car was obtained
as the result of an illegal search.
In the eyes of the court it does not exist.
The search was illegal...
...because Inspector Callahan...
...and this is an old story...
...did not have sufficient probable cause...
...for detaining Mr. Hawkins.
The gun is inadmissible
and the charges against the defendant...
...are dismissed!
Mr. D'Ambrosia...
...be assured that I will discuss
your case preparation techniques...
...with the District Attorney.
Bailiff, next!
How many times, Callahan?
Sixth sense doesn't count anymore.
You can't bust them
because you think they're dirty.
Psychic don't cut it.
Hey, Callahan.
Don't look so puked-out.
Better luck next time, fool.
Listen, punk.
To me, you're nothing but dog shit,
you understand?
A lot of things can happen to dog shit.
It can be scraped up
with a shovel off the ground.
It can dry up and blow away in the wind,
or it can be stepped on and squashed.
So, take my advice:
Be careful where the dog shits you.
You're a class act, Callahan.
A real class act.
Loretta.

All right, folks!
You did real good with that cop!
Now, I want everything.
Money, watches, rings, everything.
Quick! Move!
You're coming with me.
We'll have a little party!
What are you doing, you pig-head sucker?
Every day for the last 10 years, Loretta
has been giving me a large black coffee.
Today she gives me a large black coffee,
but it has sugar in it.
A lot of sugar.
I just came back to complain.
Now, you boys, put those guns down.
What?
We're not just going to let you
walk out of here.
Who is "we," sucker?
Smith and Wesson...
...and me.
Go ahead.
Make my day.
Call D'Ambrosia in the DA's office.
Ask him if coffee is psychic.
-Ernie.
-What?
Look at that,
going up the steps into the hotel.
Is that who I think it is?
Shit!
Why me?
A nothing detail!
A lousy goddamn peeper tour!
So, what do we do now?
We call Captain Briggs and let him decide.
May I have your invitation, sir?
I don't understand, Inspector Callahan.
Do you know the emergency number
for San Francisco General?
Yes, I do.
Why don't you call them right now
and have them send down an ambulance?
Tell them there are two

sorry-looking assholes here...
...with multiple contusions,
various abrasions and broken bones.
Inspector Callahan.
I want to talk to Threlkis.
At his granddaughter's wedding?
On what business?
-I want to help him catch the bouquet.
-They have harassment laws, Inspector.
Sit down.
Champagne? It's imported.
You know, men, like wine,
should grow finer, more civilized.
They should mellow, become more worldly.
But not Callahan.
Callahan is the one constant
in an ever-changing universe.
Linda Doker?
She was fished out of the bay a month ago.
Her breasts were slashed.
Her feet burned.
Her face smashed to a pulp.
I read about it. A hooker, wasn't she?
A very expensive one.
In fact, her specialty was making
old scumbags mellow and worldly.
I think she had a special customer
who told her a lot of things.
You are a fool, Callahan.
She might have been clever enough
to write these things down.
Maybe she made a copy of it.
Maybe she didn't tell about it
when she was being tortured and beaten.
I wonder what that old scumbag's bosses
will say when they find out about it.
Or maybe his family.
Maybe his ass is in a ringer.
You fucker....
Would someone help us?
Something's wrong here.
Call an ambulance.
Sorry, Inspector, but Captain Briggs....
What happened?

Someone grabbed their chest.
They must have seen the bill.
Oh, my God.
Stand back, please.
Harry, wait till you see what we got here.
Some stiff's got himself
a .38-caliber vasectomy.
Harry, you don't look so hot.
Bad night? All nookied-out?
What do you think? Gang hit?
Screwed-up drug score? Unlucky John?
Or an unhappy love affair?
Don't tell me this shit's getting to you.
Not Harry Callahan.
Say it ain't so.
No, this stuff isn't getting to me.
The shootings, the knifings, the beatings.
Old ladies being bashed in the head
for their Social Security checks.
Teachers thrown from fourth floor windows
because they don't give A's.
That doesn't bother me a bit.
Come on, Harry, take it easy.
Or this job either, having to wade through
the scum of this city.
Being swept away
by bigger and bigger waves of...
...corruption, apathy and red tape.
No, that doesn't bother me.
But do you know what does bother me?
You know what makes me
really sick to my stomach?
What?
Watching you stuff your face
with those hot dogs.
Nobody, I mean,
nobody puts ketchup on a hot dog.
What the hell are you talking about?
About having our fingers in the holes
while the entire dike crumbles around us.
Inspector Callahan?
Lieutenant Donnelly says to get your...
...self to the Commissioner's office.
Now, on the double.

Swell.

Leah, can I speak with you?

Jennifer, what marvelous timing.

I'm giving your work the favored positions.

That's very nice of you, but you may be
wasting some good selling spots.

Nonsense, child.

They're the jewels of the exhibit.

Don't be discouraged

if they don't sell immediately.

They are so intense.

It takes people time to get used to them.

To tell the truth,

I'm just getting used to them myself.

How can such a howl of anguish

come from such a sweet girl as you?

I'm leaving town.

-When?

-Today.

But you'll miss the exhibit,
you'll miss the opening.

I'm much better at the painting
than I am the receptions.

Can I give you an address
where you can send the paintings?

Of course, but think positive.

It's money we'll be sending.

From the sales.

Where will you go?

North, to visit someone.

Look at the blonde baby!

Check it out!

How you doing?

She wants to play.

Need a lift?

Sure, baby.

Then shove a jack up your ass.

Put a!

In more than 30 years of police work,
this is the single most outrageous...

...transgression of authority

I've ever heard of.

What the hell did you think

you were doing?

My job.

Is it your job to harass and incite
an old man into a heart attack?

My job is to investigate homicide.

That old man happens to be one of
the biggest crime lords on the West Coast.

How was I supposed to know
he was going to vapor lock?

But you hoped he would.

The Doker case is mine.

It was at a standstill.

I tried to break it loose.

-Sure, with threats and intimidation.

-Any way possible.

Are you aware...

...that you have destroyed months
of surveillance and intelligence work?

We're talking thousands of dollars.

Hundreds of man-hours.

Special Investigations has been busting
its ass preparing a case against Threlkis.

He would've just snaked his way out of it.

Maybe we saved the taxpayers money.

I ought to bust your ass down to Traffic.

Or better yet, kick it off the force.

You're a dinosaur, Callahan,

your ideas don't fit today.

Just what ideas are these?

That murder's a crime?

That it shouldn't be punished?

Don't you lecture me, you son of a bitch.

Do you know who you're talking to?

You know my record?

Yes, you're a legend in your own mind.

Goddamn you, Callahan.

Gentlemen, that's enough.

Inspector, your methods

are unconventional, to say the least.

You get results.

But often your successes are more costly
to the city and this department...

...in terms of publicity and destruction
than most other men's failures.

The press will have a field day

with this latest escapade.
There may be further civil
and legal repercussions.
There may be attempts at retaliation.
I think it would be wise
if the Inspector took some time off.
Are you suspending me, sir?
No, I'm suggesting you take a vacation
until this cools off.
I'm not up for vacation.
Callahan, I'm not going to fence with you.
Take a few days off.
Harry, a couple of days.
Think things over, Callahan.
Get with it.
It's a whole new ball game these days.
Funny, I never thought of it as a game.
I examined your sister Elizabeth...
...and I tested her again yesterday.
There haven't been any changes.
The computerized tomogram
doesn't show any evidence...
...of a chronic subdural hematoma.
Physically, she's in good condition.
But she remains in this vegetative state
that we've been unable to penetrate.
We can't even get
a primitive startle response out of her.
Now, we're going to keep trying,
we're always hopeful.
You should be, too.
Hi, baby.
It's me.
Jen.
I missed you.
Beth?
I saw one of them.
He just appeared on the street
in front of me.
At first I thought I was having
some horrible vision.
But, no, he was there.
Older, uglier.
I followed him.

For days I watched him.
Then I bought a gun.
I followed him to a bar.
I let him pick me up.
Let him drive me to a deserted spot.
Let him think....
It was like I was...
...outside myself.
Above me, looking down.
Then he touched me.
And I killed him.
Beth?
I love you.
-Hell of a way to spend the night off, Harry.
-Are you joining in the act, too?
No, for Christ's sake. Back off a little.
I'm worried about your ass.
You'll get it shot off or kicked out of here.
So, what else is new?
These bastards are not a bunch of junkies.
In their minds, you killed Threlkis,
same as if you pulled the trigger.
They won't stop.
They'll keep coming after you.
Good, that way we'll know where they are.
You're incredible, Callahan.
You're also on vacation as of right now.
I'm not up for vacation.
You are, damn it. I just put you up.
Now go grab yourself some R and R,
and stay out of trouble.
You hear me, Callahan?
Peace and quiet!
Good morning, Horace.
Sweet Sister Sadie,
where the hell did you get that?
I've had it a while.
I just thought I'd get used to it.
I heard about the car.
Fabulous, coming after you in tanks.
Yeah, they're making those these days.
For sheiks and business executives, hoods.
Impregnable to about anything
but artillery.

Well, you got that covered.
Not bad.
Not bad, my ass!
You've got to strain the remains
for the fingerprints.
Well, this is the .44 Magnum Auto-Mag.
It holds a 300-grain cartridge.
And, if properly used,
it can remove the fingerprints.
I heard you got a vacation.
I know just the place for you to go.
-You've got that wrong.
-You don't have a choice.
I think maybe I do.
Are you thinking about quitting?
I might just do that.
Look at your feel.
Look at what you did up there.
Well, it's not quite good enough.
You can't quit,
that's where we're at, okay, jamf?
What's the brass going to do?
What'll they do about their ulcers?
Who are they going to complain to?
And the PR men kissing ass,
ass that you kicked.
You ain't nothing but a cop.
That's all you've been
and all you'll ever be...
...jamf.
Thank you, Doctor.
Listen, when you get cut...
...you'll bleed P.D. blue, jamf.
What the hell's a "jamf"?
-That means you're a jive-ass mother--
-Forget I asked.
Almost there.
I hope the house is suitable.
It's a bit deserted out there in West Cliff.
I thought you'd appreciate the solitude,
as you seek inspiration and all that.
The house is lovely.
I've left the fridge
and the cupboard stocked for you.

And there's firewood for a fire.
Let's see, here are the keys...
...for the carousel house.
Everything you need should be right here.
But if you have any additional wants,
we have an account in Dunstan's.
Thank you.
I can't tell you how really happy we are...
...that you're taking over this work
for the Historical Society.
Because your work is so impressive...
...and so impeccably authentic.
I do my research.
It must give you
a great feeling of satisfaction...
...to make old ugly things right again.
Yes, sometimes it does.
Do you like what I brought you, baby?
Show them that you like it.
Don't forget,
I get my shot at the other one.
Come on, Alby.
What are you, queer?
There he is.
-We'll show you what dog shit is, Callahan!
-Come on. Let's go kick some ass.
There he is! We've got him!
So that's your idea of rest and recreation?
What is wrong with you?
Briggs has gone berserk
and the Commissioner's climbing my ass.
I'm sorry to hear about that.
Can't you do anything the easy way?
-Am I on the job or not?
-Yes, you are.
Good. Then I'll get to it.
It's not what you're thinking.
You remember that cock-shot stiff
out by the cliff house?
He's been in the city a few years,
mostly clean, but definitely shady.
He looks small-time, but who knows?
Maybe he just never got caught.
He came from San Paulo, born and raised.

I want you to go there and find out
what you can about his background.
What is this crap?
It's a murder case, Harry.
And you're shipping me out.
Damn it, Callahan, I'm doing you a favor.
You are a walking frigging combat zone.
People have a nasty habit
of getting dead around you.
I don't want any civilians taking the fall.
You want to work? Fine. Work.
You've got your assignment.
Get the hell out of here and get on with it.
Take all the time you need.
You don't have to hurry back.
Maybe the salt air will agree with you.
Any comments?
Swell.
Freeze!
Around the corner!
What's the matter with you?
You trying to kill someone?
Police officer in pursuit
of a robbery suspect.
Hang on.
-Shag his ass, son!
-Get that sucker!
I guess I'd better read you your rights.
Best damn day trip I've had
since they dropped me in that damn home.
So...
...you're the famous Harry Callahan.
I'm going to make this short and sweet.
I'm only going to say it once.
We don't need any big city hotshot
to come here...
...and show us dumb yokels
how to do our business.
We know how to do our business,
so you keep your nose out of it.
You read me, Harry?
Aye, aye, sir.
Easy, boy.
Horace, you son of a bitch.

Swell.
Damn, Meathead.
What did you call me?
I was talking to the dog.
-Is that your dog?
-Yes.
Why? Do you want him?
If you can't control him, get a leash.
There are laws.
Quiet!
You seem to be all right.
I'm fine, but you better get it together.
Quiet!
This way, Inspector.
This is it, Inspector.
The coffee room's down the hall,
the john's on the other side of it.
And if that's all,
I think I'll get back to work.
Nice work yesterday, Inspector.
It was me.
You saved my life.
Thanks.
Right.
If there's anything....
-Can I help you?
-Draft.
My game! My game! You son of a bitch.
Come on, dickhead.
Fork over the bucks
before I kick your nuts up in your nose!
I don't have any bucks, Ray.
I've just pissed them away.
What about you?
Pull something out of your pants
besides your wet string!
I don't have nothing, Ray.
We've been here all day...
...and they won't run us no more tab.
Give me what you got, twat-lips,
before I give your face its first period.
You want to go a couple of chugalugs
for some scratch?
What about us?

Suck my ass with a straw!
-How about it, Kruger, what do you say?
-I'm out of here.
Shit, Kruger!
You're good for shit anymore.
I don't know what's happened to you.
Hey.
Hi, cutie.
Want to buy me a drink?
Not today.
Come on, sailor.
I know there's some question
you want to ask me.
Go ahead. You might get lucky.
Only with humans.
Looking for trouble, pal?
I'm looking for friends of George Wilburn's.
-Are you a cop?
-What did he do?
He lost his balls. He got killed.
-Turn it off.
-What?
You don't remember, do you?
Remember what?
My sister and I will never forget.
One night...
...long ago...
...under the boardwalk.
Remember?
Looks like I owe you one, Meathead.
-Inspector, what are you--
-Where's Jannings?
He's out at Buckman Cove.
Some fishermen discovered a body there.
Jannings personally checks
on every corpse that turns up?
No, sir. But this was clearly a murder.
Off the record, sir.
The victim was shot twice.
Once in the head, once in the genitals.
Maybe we should go in the outer office.
Do you know anyone in this picture?
Not really.
I think they're just friends

of the Chief's son.
What about this girl?
The dyke? Yeah.
Everybody knows Ray Parkins.
She's nothing, she's just a local. Why?
She looked familiar. I thought
I'd brushed across her somewhere.
Well, it's pretty hard
not to brush across her in San Paulo.
Why didn't you call me?
Just who are you, that I should call you?
What went on at your hotel this morning?
What do you make of this?
You tell me, Mr. Big-City-Inspector.
Everywhere you go, something
gets smashed, or someone gets killed.
And I don't like it. And I don't like you.
So, you just finish your research
and get out of my town.
It's more than research now.
Either you're too stupid
or too pigheaded to realize that.
Get out of here.
The M.O.'s the same.
Ballistics will l.D. the bullet
as coming from the same gun.
You're not going to do anything
but get your ass out of here!
I mean, right this damn minute...
...or I'll swear to Jesus I'll lock you up!
I thought I told you
I don't want you in my store.
I've got to talk to you,
you stuck-up asshole.
We've got nothing to say to each other.
You hear the radio?
Leave my store.
Kruger's dead.
They found him this morning.
He had his balls splattered
all over the front of his pants.
I don't care, Ray.
Same thing happened to Wilburn
up in San Francisco.

Wilburn?
Remember him?
He's dead.
That's twice I don't care.
Well, you better care, prick!
-I think she's come back.
-Who?
Don't try to pretend with me,
you hypocritical shit!
You dipped your wick
just like the rest of them.
Will you shut your mouth?
You evil witch!
What's the matter,
afraid somebody's going to hear?
Afraid you'll lose some of your customers
if they find out?
There's nothing to find out.
You make me want to puke!
I'm going to call Mick.
You do what you want.
But you keep that psycho bastard
away from me.
I'll tell him you said that.
Watch them real good!
And be prepared...
...boy scout.
Now, see.
Just like I told you.
You hurt me this time,
and it will be your last, you bastard.
Hurt you, babe? What do you take me for?
Let me up.
Sure, babe, sure.
In a minute.
Say it first.
Say it!
-Mickey.
-Yes.
Baby.
You're so beautiful.
-I want you, Mickey.
-I want you more, my baby.
I want you bad.

You're so strong.
You're everything a man should be.
Baby, that's right.
Keep talking, baby. Come on.
-Don't stop now, bitch!
-I can't! The phone!
Who the fuck is this?
Well...
...how do?
Getting near my time to call you.
I like it like this.
Maybe we'll just keep it this way,
since you know how to find me.
That so?
We'll just have to do something about that,
won't we?
Yes?
Horace, I'd like you to do me a favor.
Could you get me the ballistics
on the Wilburn killing?
The what?
I got him. Almost as ugly as you are.
He does have his good points, though.
Could you wire that report
first thing in the morning?
Listen, you just keep your ass covered
until I can get this arranged, okay?
Thanks.
Kruger.
Okay.
-But, Jesus, if Chief Jannings finds out....
-He won't.
Just get me the information
any way you can.
The names, where they are,
where they work.
It won't be easy, Inspector.
I don't dare risk taking that photo
off his wall.
One other thing,
could you get me Kruger's sheet?
Anything else?
Just the address.
Mrs. Kruger?

-Can I have a word with you?

-You from the insurance company, pal?

No.

Then, if you don't want to buy some fish,
get your ass out of here.

Mrs. Kruger, my name is Callahan.

You got shit in your ears, buddy?

I'd like to ask you a few questions
about your late husband.

That lousy son of a bitch?

He leaves me nothing.

I'm up to my ass in bills.

He let the insurance run out.

Then he gets killed

looking at dirty pictures...

...when he ain't even touched me
in months, the bastard.

Can't you see our sister's in mourning?

Why don't you get the hell out of here?

Why don't you boys

go suck some fish heads?

Don't even think about it.

Well, I'll come back...

...when you're less bereaved.

You've come a long way.

Somebody told us to get it together.

I have a feeling you've heard that before.

Sorry if I was a little gruff the other day...

...but you and your friend
did take me by surprise.

Well, buy me a beer, and we'll call it even.

Stay, Meathead.

Waiter, a beer for Mister....

Callahan.

-And another for me, please.

-I'll have that right here for you.

I'm Jennifer Spencer.

So, how's police business?

What makes you think I'm a cop?

I saw the commotion here the other day.

You're either a cop

or a public enemy number one.

Some people might say both.

Really? Who?

Bozos with big brass nameplates
on their desks...
...and asses the shape
of the seat of their chairs.
Why?
It's a question of methods.
Everybody wants results...
...but nobody wants to do
what they have to do to get them done.
And you do?
I do what I have to do.
I'm glad, Callahan.
But, you know,
you're an endangered species.
This is the age of lapsed responsibilities
and defeated justice.
Today, "An eye for an eye" means:
"Only if you're caught."
Even then,
it's an indefinite postponement...
...and, "Let's settle out of court."
Does that sound profound or just boring?
Sorry, I'm sure you get that sort of thing
all the time.
No, I don't hear it enough.
Well, I promise to adjourn Philosophy 101.
What do you do for a living?
I paint.
Paint?
Houses, cars, what?
Horses.
Horses?
Hobby horses.
I'm restoring the carousel here.
Somehow you don't seem like
the typical San Paulo policeman.
I'm not.
-Typical?
-San Paulo.
San Francisco P.D., Homicide.
Don't tell me this is your idea
of a vacation.
No, I'm down here on a case.
Just gathering information in general.

Anything interesting?
It's coming around.
Got any theories?
Somebody's doing some killing
and I have a hunch it's going to go on.
-A psycho?
-Probably.
Of course, it could be somebody
just collecting on a debt.
Revenge?
The oldest motivation known to mankind.
You don't approve?
Till it breaks the law.
You gonna want another one of these?
No, I work early.
-I'll get that.
-No, no.
A deal's a deal.
-Good night.
-Good night.
Hey, mister, is that your dog?
Why, you want him?
Swell.
The witch was right.
It is you.
Put down the gun.
Now, look.
You have to understand something.
It was a long time ago.
It was 10 years ago.
I was just a kid.
I didn't mean anything by it.
I know it was wrong.
But I was drunk.
I didn't even know what I was doing!
I'm a businessman now.
I'm making money.
I can give you some of it.
You need money, right?
Please.
It wasn't my fault.
The others made me do it.
Don't make me beg.
It wasn't that bad, was it?

Not bad enough to kill me for.
People assault every day.
They give it away!
Christ, don't.
Please.
Don't shoot me.
Come in.
Close the door.
Sit down.
It's for you.
Harry, what's going on down there?
Jannings is bending
the Commissioner's ear.
He's a good guy.
Go easy with him, will you?
Harry, you don't have
a hell of a lot of friends upstairs.
Don't screw yourself, okay?
Understand?
No, I don't understand...
...at all.
Here's the ballistic reports
for the Kruger and the Wilburn killing.
I think you'll find they match up perfectly.
So, that's the story, kid.
So, our little college honey
is collecting dues?
You got it.
-So, what are we going to do?
-We snuff her.
This town's got thousands of people.
Maybe she's not even staying here.
How do we find her?
We don't.
-What do you mean?
-We wait.
She's coming after you, too,
sometime, right?
I suppose.
Well, we'll be here.
Make her feel real welcome.
Well, what about Tyrone and Alby?
I don't give a fuck about Tyrone.
And Alby's covered.

How?

The guy's a zombie.

He doesn't even know
if he's pissing himself.

He's covered.

Okay.

You never give up, do you?

It's my job, remember?

What do you want from me, Callahan?

I want to know why you're dragging
your ass on this investigation.

Every available man is on the street.

We're logging more overtime
than the township can afford to pay.

We'll get that maniac.

Do you believe these killings are random?

I reject no theory at this time.

But if you haven't noticed,
there's been no truth...

...declared on the muggings...

...the shoplifting, the burglaries,
the drunken driving.

All these less-headline-grabbing crimes
that we face here every day.

Now, we're doing the best we can.

Maybe that's not good enough.

Callahan, this is not, repeat,
not your jurisdiction, so you stay out of it.

I'm warning you.

Aren't you curious as to why I was here?

Remember the party I told you about?

I can't. My sister's visiting.

She a college girl, too?

No, she's a junior in high school.

Bring her.

The more, the merrier.

I don't think so.

What's the matter?

Us locals not good enough for you?

It's not that! You don't understand!

All right, we'll come,
but we have to leave early.

Leave whenever you like.

Who knows?

You may have a nice time.
This is Callahan. Can I talk to Bennett?
I'll patch you through.
Bennett here.
Bennett, would you run a plate for me?
-All right, Inspector.
-Thanks.
What the fuck are you doing?
-You fucking pig!
-Just give me a little!
Get your hands off of me!
All I wanted was....
What the hell is this?
Police officer.
I'd like to ask you a few questions.
My ass!
Son of a bitch!
You bastard!
Stop it!
Now, boy, you'll come downtown
and answer some questions.
Answer nothing, Mick!
You son of a bitch, I'll get a lawyer!
He'll be out tomorrow,
you fucking bastard!
The bitch is here.
So, tell me.
How's your slut sister?
Book him!
A little late for wave watching, isn't it?
I couldn't sleep.
-A beer?
-Thanks.
It's not safe to be out alone after dark.
Life's full of risks, isn't it?
I better go home.
Thanks for the beer.
Did you bicycle down here?
No, I walked. It relaxes me.
I'll give you a ride home.
No, that's all right.
It's okay, it relaxes me.
This is it.
Well, thanks for the lift.

Would you like something stronger
to drink than beer?
Come on in.
Don't mind if I do.
I'll get some brandy.
Unusual.
I have a rule. Never drink with a critic.
Do you want to be alone tonight, Callahan?
Neither do I.
Okay, Harry. Wake up, sucker.
The heat's off and we're going to celebrate.
Well, well.
Kiss your ass good-bye, Sambo.
Bennett.
Bennett, you better send someone out
to Ray Parkins' place.
She's getting ripe.
And have that punk brought
to the interrogation room.
I've got to ask him some questions.
Sorry, Inspector, but he's been released.
Who sprung him?
Kruger's brother-in-law picked him up
less than an hour ago.
Swell.
Inspector, I'll get
that license plate number you wanted.
No, forget about that.
That turned out to be nothing.
Thanks.
I don't know where they are.
I won't answer questions.
Just leave me alone.
Hotshot cop!
Your ass is mud!
Mick, the gun!
Cock sucker!
Drop the gun.
He couldn't live with it.
The other vermin didn't care.
But the guilt ate at his gut...
...like an acid.
He actually wanted you to come back.
He used to sit at nights, waiting,

praying that you'd come back.
One night he couldn't wait any longer.
He just got in his car, drove off,
and smashed himself into a retaining wall.
Now you're here, and...
...he doesn't even know it.
It's my fault.
I should have let him be punished then...
...along with the other filth.
But he's my only child.
His mother died giving birth to him.
We're all each other have.
I was afraid for him. I was afraid for me.
You see, I was a public figure.
So...
...I did things. I fixed it.
And now...
...I want you to just go.
Let it end.
There is one left.
And I've got him...
...in my jail.
You just leave him to me.
He's preyed on Alby and me ever since.
That, too, is going to end.
Is that so, Lester boy?
Put down the piece, Lester.
Or I'll splatter what's left
of the retard's brains...
...all over the floor.
Hi, babe.
Is this what you had in mind for me?
You almost fucked up here, Lester!
But don't worry,
I'm going to take care of everything.
And you won't have to do a damn thing
but sit on your fat ass.
But first, me and the little babe
are going to relive us some old times.
Damn, Mick!
You didn't say nothing
about doing the Chief.
Don't sweat it. It's a freebie.
We just signed

our little honey's name to it.
Horace?
Shit, man.
Hey, you remember this place, babe?
Sure. You remember.
I wonder if it's any better
after all these years.
If there's anything left,
you boys can have a piece.
Okay, you prickless scum!
You want to try it again?
You think you can get it up this time?
Think you can make it work this time?
You want me, you filthy maggot?
You take me!
Because this time
you'll have to rape my dead body!
No!
The bitch is mine!
You lousy cunt!
-You all right, Mick?
-Get her!
Get the bitch!
Where is she?
There she is.
That way, Eddie.
You ain't getting out of here, babe.
The door! Get her!
Holy shit!
Come on, cop!
Come up and enjoy the party!
We've got a kind of reunion
happening up here!
Let the girl go, punk!
Let my baby go?
I can't do that!
This is my baby.
This is my prize.
Come on, cop! You know I can't do that!
Just let her go.
Then it would be just you and me!
Come on. Make my day.
That's not a bad idea, is it?
What happens now?

I guess now I've got to--
Read me my rights?
What exactly are my rights?
Where was all this concern for my rights
when I was being beaten and mauled?
And what about my sister's rights
when she was being brutalized?
There is a thing called justice.
And was it justice
that they should all just walk away?
You'd never understand, Callahan.
Inspector, we found a .38 snub in his belt.
Run it through ballistics.
I think you'll find his gun there
was used in all the killings.
Then it's over?
Yes, it's over.