End Game

By McCartney James
Why don't you take me to a nice hotel for once, Alex?

(Alex) It's cheap.

And when they find your body, they'll wonder what's a beautiful girl like you doing in a place like this?

Don't joke around. You know I don't like it when you talk like that. Watch it, honey. You're starting to sound like a wife.

God, Bea, you have such a beautiful ass. I love it when you call me beautiful. Why don't you come back to bed? I want to take a few pictures first.

Pervert.

So, tell me-- who's this disgusting old man that I saw you with tonight?

What?

Remember what we said, "Tell me no lies."

He's only my sponsor.

A sponsor?

Yes.

He pays for my dance lessons. And? What else?

Sometimes he helps me with the rent when I'm short.

Mm-hm. And what's this sponsor's name?

Why do you want to know?

Well, [dry chuckle]

I wanna know if he gets you off the way I do.

For Chrissake, don't be disgusting! All you have to do is tell me his name.

[sigh]

Bergman.

Richard Bergman.

Now was that so hard? Now that we got that little piece of business out of the way,
I got something special for you tonight.
You ever been handcuffed before?
No.
Mm.
It can be quite fun.
Does it hurt?
Yes, it hurts. I don't
think I like this.
Oh, relax.
[moan] How about this, you like that?
Uh-huh.
Does it hurt?
Yeah, it hurts.
Like that, baby?
Hm?
[groaning] Yeah.
Baby, you wanna come?
Yeah.
Oh, tell me you want to come.
I wanna come!
Tell me you want to come!
I want to come!
Come on baby, tell me you want to come!
I want to come!
[moans and groans]
Oh, yeah!
One last thing for me, baby!
Yeah?
[groans and whimpering]
Oh, yeah!! Ah!!
Oh, ohhhh.
Ahh, ahh.
Ahh. Mmm.
Mmm, that's it.
Oh, that's it.
[kiss and heavy breathing]
Was it good for you?
[deep sigh] It was good for me.
Mmm.
(male voice) Morning, Lieutenant.
For God's sake, cover her up!
Go get some coffee, guys.
What have we got, Thomas?
Name is Bea Fraser. 26
year-old from Oakland.
Died after midnight from
a severe lack of oxygen.
Okay. Burk's in charge.
It's his crime scene.
See you downstairs, Danny.
Say, Danny.
So what do you think?
It's the best-looking stiff
I've seen in a long time.
Can you explain to me
why somebody would want
to snuff a piece like that?
You might want to talk
to the manager outside.
He's in the hall. He's a good witness.
You the hotel manager?
I'm not the cleaning lady.
Detective Burke. I understand
you discovered the body.
You find all kinds of
bodies in this joint.
Old geezers, junkies,
players. Hookers. You name it.
A kid like this?
She was a good pick to take care of.
What makes you think
she was a working girl?
Think she comes here for the atmosphere?
You ever seen her around here before?
Nah. Nah, not this one.
So you didn't hear anything
last night, no loud noises?
Nothing suspicious?
That's every night.
You have my card. If
hear anything at all,
please get in touch with us.
Hey! Let's get this cleaned out!
I gotta rent the room!
Damn!
I got it.
I can do that. I'll be there. Thanks.
So what have you got?
The office contacted
the victim's employer,
we got a break.
She has a roommate.
Good thing somebody's
doing their job around here.
The hotel manager, he wasn't much help.
(Mayfield) Hello, Miss Peterlake?
Do you have any idea what time it is?
I'm sorry. Detective Bishop.
Homicide Division.
May I come in, please?
Homicide?
Yes, may I come in?
Uh, yeah. Yeah, come in.
Thank you.
Thank you.
You might want to sit down.
I'm afraid I have some bad news for you.
Your roommate, Beatrice, was murdered.
We found her earlier this morning.
She was found in a
fleabag hotel downtown.
I'm sorry.
Uh, Miss Peterlake, I'm
a little pressed for time.
I'm looking for evidence for the case.
Do you know if Beatrice had any diaries,
any phone books, anything like that?
Um, she has some stuff
in the top drawer.
This is her room? May I look?
Yes.
Thank you.
Did Beatrice mention any boyfriends?
Uh, she had a boyfriend but she
never really talked about him.
Any phone numbers
lying around the house?
No, no.
Well, this will do for now.
We'll keep in touch, okay?
By the way, I was wondering,
maybe I could take
you to dinner sometime.
Do you like Chinese food?
[horrified] No!
I'm sorry. It doesn't hurt to try.
You have a good day, ma'am.
So what are you thinking?
That girl was about my daughter's age.
I've been doing this mess for 30 years
and I will never figure it out.
I was thinking about that
girl back in February.
The one from Larox.
What was her name?
Orenstein, I think. You remember.
Refresh my memory.
Well, they found her
body on the North side.
Strangled, wasn't she?
She drowned, actually.
Killer got her to put her head
in a buck of water during sex.
They told the family
it was strangulation
to save them the embarrassment.
Media woulda had a field day with it.
Kind of sends them out with
a bang, so to speak, huh?
Let's see if anybody's in.
Could you hold that for me?
[knocking]
Who is it?
(Burk) Police, ma'am.
Do you mind if we come in?
Sure.
That was fast.
What do you mean by "fast?"
The other cop, he just left.
You must have passed him on your way in.
She must be talkin' about that fat guy
we just passed in the lobby.
Yeah, the fat guy. He
said his name was Bishop,
he told me that Bea was murdered.
Son of a bitch. He's gone.
He came for her stuff.
What stuff?
Um, phone book, scrap book,
diaries, stuff like that.
Did I screw up or something?
Her body wasn't discovered
till about two hours ago.
I don't understand.
The fat guy, impersonating
a police officer,
could be the killer.
Is there someplace you
could stay for a few days?
Oh, no, please, I'd rather stay here.
We'll be doing a
pretty thorough search--
it might be inconvenient for you.
Oh, I would rather stay.
Certainly, if that's what you'd like.
We'll leave a policeman here on guard.
Outside, of course.
Here's our card. If you
need anything at all,
please contact us.
We'll see ourselves out.
Thank you for your time.
Can you believe the balls on this guy?
He sure is methodical.
I'll get a guy downstairs on the door.
Yeah.
[sigh]
[deep sigh]
[deep sigh]
Oh--
you're a handsome devil.
[light thud]
What time is?
It's only a little after one.
Have you eaten?
Yeah, I ate.
Why so late?
Found a young ballet dancer, dead
at the Lafayette Hotel this morning.
Seems she's gonna fit the profile.
Hmm. Congratulations.
You must have gone out celebrating.
You reek like a brewery.
Stopped to have a few beers with Mackle.
You know he's trying to get me in
down at the medical examiner's office.
You know what that's like.
It's like pulling teeth getting
anything done around there.
Medical examiner's office.
Oh, that's no nine to five.
I don't see why you don't just
work the system like everyone else.
Get your degree and move on.
[sigh]
I'm happy where I am right now.
Yeah, you're happy.
I didn't marry you for better or worse,
just for better.
Is something wrong, Mr. Bergman?
Bea Fraser was murdered last night.
Sweet Jesus!
I hope I can count on your
complete loyalty in this.
Yes, sir. Of course.
Terrible thing to happen.
I must not be implicated
in this in any way.
It would destroy my marriage,
ruin my reputation.
You had nothing to do with
this, I'll vouch for you.
We dropped her off at The
Balcony around 11 o'clock,
and then I drove you home to Westport.
The point is, I can't be
connected to this woman in any way.
It must be as if I never knew her!
Never had anything to do with her.
I see what
you mean, but--
how is that possible?
By searching her apartment
and finding anything
that might connect us.
Mr. Bergman, you're a successful businessman.
Me, I'm just a driver, but I think you should go to the Police.
I mean, look what happened to Nixon when he tried to cover up Watergate.
I have no choice, J.J.
Yeah, I know somebody that might help us.
He worked for the CIA.
How about making contact with your friend?
Excuse me, can you tell me where I can find a Mr. Ackerman?
Oh, yeah. I just left him.
[piano playing]
Mr. Ackerman, there's someone here to see you.
Thank you.
Mr. Ackerman?
Detective Dan Burk, Pittsburgh Police.
I'm here investigating Bea Fraser's murder.
Girls, take five, please.
I'm not really sure what you expect me to tell you.
I was hoping to gather as much information on Beatrice Fraser as I possibly can, so any information you can give me anything at all.
Well, she was with me since she was about 11 years old, she had a natural ability that I haven't seen in quite a long time. She was without a doubt a rising star in the dance world.
So there's no one that recently came into her life, anyone suspicious, a boyfriend, anyone that would draw your attention?
No, I don't think so.
She rarely socialized outside of the company. Well, after interviewing her roommate, she seems to think there was definitely a boyfriend. Carol? That's correct.

Carol was a bad influence on Beatrice, ever since they moved in together. What makes you say that? How can I put this politely? Carol is a very materialistic girl. She was only ever interested in making money and not art. Now I tried to tell her, the only people who do things for money are whores. In order to be a great dancer, you have to dedicate your life to the dance. And what would you say happens to the girls that don't dedicate themselves? I wouldn't know. I have no time for them. Where were you the night Beatrice was killed? I was at home. Is there anybody that can verify that? No. Am I a suspect? It's a good possibility. Until you have anything more pressing to ask me, I really have a class to teach. Thank you for your time. Good day, Detective. So, Gino, this is a piece of cake. You sure no one is home? The girl's a stripper. She works till 3 o'clock in the morning every night. Nobody's gonna be there. What I need you to do is go in, get bank statements, phone books.
Anything that pertains to Mr. Bergman, I need you to get it.
I got something for you here.
It's 500 dollars.
When you finish the job, there's another five.
Come on. Have I ever steered you wrong?
No, J.J. I appreciate the work, you know that. Thanks, but just get the job done for me, it's important. I'll take care of it.
Hey, Gus.
Well, Officer Mullan. You're early tonight.
The usual?
Eggs over easy.
You got it.
[door bangs]
[door slams]
[clacks]
[loud door bang]
[police radio wallah]
Do we know who he is? [sigh] No I D.
Just five 100 dollar bills in his pocket.
Strange, huh?
So where was our on-duty officer while this was going on? Up at the corner doughnut shop. Don't worry, he's been suspended.
Thanks.
[knocks] Carol.
Are you all right? Can you please tell me what's going on? As soon as we get an ID on this guy, I'll let you know.
I thought you said there was going to be a guard. There was.
Oh, really? You call this protection? Like, I was trying to say,
there was an officer stationed downstairs, he left his post and he's been suspended. Don't worry. It won't happen again. Was he after me? I don't know, it's hard to say. He could've been after something in the apartment, but more than likely it had to do with Beatrice. Like what? We're questioning the suspect as we speak. If you need anything at all, please contact the officer downstairs. Oh, is he gonna be there this time? What do we know about last night? It has to be related to the murders. Question is, was he the killer? Mackle says he'll know for sure sometime later today. Good. Keep me posted. [soft weeping] So how are you? I'm okay, how are you, sir? As good as I can be, I guess. So how well did you know Beatrice? I'm a--good friend of the family. Do you mind if I ask you for some identification? Excuse me, sir, I'm a little offended. We're in a funeral home. I said some identification, please. [groan] [approaching siren] This is the guy we're looking for. We're working on a search warrant. Working on a warrant, huh? I'm working on my fourth coffee. Yeah, I know. Some things got messed up downtown, Paperwork got put in the wrong place.
You guys know as well as I do, nobody in or out of this apartment. As soon as I get that warrant, I'll be back. Gotcha.

(male voice) Hi, can I help you? Yeah, I need a room. Okay. Sure, if you'll fill this out please. How much is it a night? Know how long you're staying? A few days maybe, I don't know. Will this do? That'll cover for it, sure. Thank you very much. Enjoy your stay. You have a good day. Hey, okay. Need anything, just holler. [tinkling] [sigh] Mr. Bergman. Detective Bishop, Homicide. Thank you for meeting me. What this all about? Well, it's about the murder of Bea Fraser. What'd you think? Overdue parking tickets? I swear to you, I had nothing to do with her death. We just had some dinner together. Oh, dinner. Well, Mr. Bergman, we know that you did not kill that woman. What? Isn't that a relief? We know you had dinner with her that night, we also know that you were having sex with her. Weren't you? What are you getting at? Well, Mr. Bergman, we don't want your wife to find out that you were fucking
some bimbo, now do we?
I think you're out of line, Detective.
Well, Mr. Bergman, I apologize.
I didn't mean to upset you, I'm sorry.
How can yo be so sure
that I didn't kill her?
Well, that's simple.
Because I did.
That's it.
That's it, Mr. Bergman.
Nice and easy.
[groan]
Mr. Julian, what else can you tell me
about this evening's events?
Well, we were up at a
coffee shop up on 6th Avenue,
he said his name was Detective Bishop.
I mean, he had a badge.
He said he was investigating
Bea Fraser's death.
I told my boss don't say
anything without a lawyer,
he didn't listen.
I got out of the car and I
went into the coffee shop.
When I come back, Mr. Bergman was dead.
Did Bergman ever mention
a name Carol Peterlake?
Not that I can recall.
Is this a good number we
can get in touch with you?
As soon as you say it's
okay, I'm leaving town.
It's just a little bit too
dangerous around here for me.
Why do you think you're in danger?
People are dying all around me,
and it's not from old age.
So whenever you tell
me it's okay, I'm gone.
Write down anything else
you might remember about Det. Bishop.
[phone rings]
Hello.
Hello, Mrs. Burk.
How's your daughter?
Huh?
Who is this?
It's Brad Mayfield, who'd you think?
Calling to give yourself up?
What made you think it was me? At the funeral home?
Call it a talent, or just luck.
You are one second away from sudden death.
You won't get away next time.
If you take me on, you'd best be careful.
A man like you has a lot to lose.
I have to go now.
By the way, no need to get a search warrant.
If you come right now, I'll let you in, personally.
What's going on?
Mayfield's at his apartment.
How can you be so sure of that?
He told me.
How did he get this number?
I don't know.
I told you he was dangerous.
[firemen radio wallah]
Hey, chief. Pretty good, and you?
Mayfield said I wouldn't need a warrant.
Huh! Not now. I could let you in.
He didn't leave much.
I think we lost him.
I bet he leaves town.
It won't be long.
We're building up a pretty good profile on this guy.
Yeah. So it can sit in the file cabinet in your office.
Any headway in what we talked about?
Yeah, the people downtown.
They got plenty of DNA on this Orenstein girl.
The labs owe me favors.
They're gonna check in, I'll tell ya.
We'll have something solid real soon.
Good. Good.
From the look of things, Nick,
you're gonna be here all night.
Probably till to morning.
When you find something, give me a call.
You bet, buddy.
[knocks]
Who is it?
(Burk) Detective Burk.
It's open.
Come on back here.
Did you happen to get
my message last night?
No, I'm sorry. I haven't had
a chance to check my messages.
I've been really busy with work.
Did you hear about the
fire down the street?
I did hear some sirens but I
didn't think much of it, why?
That's why I called you last night.
There's a good possibility
the killer lived in the
apartment that was burned
and that he also torched it
himself to cover his tracks.
Wait. So you're telling me
that you think that the
killer lived on this street?
Yeah. And possibly that's
how he found Beatrice.
Oh. Now that you bring up Beatrice,
I hope it doesn't sound weird but
I've been wanting to
know how Beatrice died.
She was suffocated during sex.
Oh. God.
Why would anyone do something like that?
Personally--
I think the killer gets off on it.
You know what?
I don't wanna talk about it anymore.
I'm sorry, but it's--I can't, so--
But I didn't mean to upset you. I know, it's not your fault, I asked, but I just-- I don't want to talk about it anymore.
I have to go anyway, so--
Well, can I give you a ride?
No, I don't need a ride, but you can walk me out.
David.
Carol.
How are you doing?
One day at a time.
Been more worried about how you've been holding up after-- what happened with Beatrice.
It's been really difficult, I'm not gonna lie, but-- I'm okay. I'm just okay.
The reason I asked you here was-- I want you back.
I'm offering you top billing in the company.
What do you say?
Oh, gosh. You put me in such a bad position.
You know how I love to dance, but your rules, you're so strict.
I feel like a nun.
And with everything that's happened, I feel like I should just live my life and have fun.
I just don't know.
I understand.
And I agree I was-- unreasonable with you before.
You were. You really were.
Yes. There's just one condition, though. That you give up your other dancing job.
Oh. This again.
Are you gonna pay me? Pay my bills?
You know that job pays my bills. I don't understand. We'll work something out. I really need you now, Carol. Think about it, all right? All right, I'll think about it. I'll think about it. Good. Okay, I'm gonna go. I promise you I'll think about it though. All right. I'll talk to you soon? Okay. Hi, guys. Hey, John. Brad, I understand this is your last day with us. Yeah, sorry it was such short notice, but I got a pretty good offer. Good. Well, it's understandable. Good working with you. Oh, you too, John. Thank you. Hey, we were gonna go get some drinks, you wanna come with us? Appreciate the offer but a little too much going on right now. Okay. You have a good night. Hey, Brad-- If that job doesn't work out, how about giving us a call back, all right? I sure will. Thanks. Okay. Good luck. [distant dancing music] So, Bonnie, how'd you do last night? I did absolutely fantastic. Did you see that big spender, that big, big, guy? Oo-gee. Hi, Carol. Hello, miss. Ugh. What? Ackerman--
Oh, shit.
Wait. He wants me to come back,
he said he's gonna take care of me,
I think it's different this time.
You can't trust him.
You can't trust any man.
Men that aren't even born
you can't even trust them,
all they wanna do is get
some money off your ass.
I don't think David's like that.
I think he's really a nice guy.
Carol, are you stupid or something?
You know, without stripping,
you can't even pay your rent, can you?
No, I can't, you're right. You're right.
You're right.
Get a big ass contract off his ass,
and then we'll see.
But you can't trust
him, I promise you that.
Oh, shit. There's my song, I have to go.
Trust me, okay? Carol, please.
I do, I
trust you--
Carol!
I trust you. I promise.
Think, girl. catch you later.
Okay.
How about a nightcap?
Sure. Why not?
Okay.
Nice place.
I could hang here for a while.
(Helen Conover) What was that?
Oh, nothing. Nothing.
[heavy breathing]
Mr. Mayfield, are you sure
we should be doing this?
It's okay. We don't
work together anymore.
(Conover) My husband was sent to Iraq
one month after our wedding.
He was hit by an RPG on
his very first mission.
He was such a klutz!
He had no business going off to war.
I still miss him every day.
Brad?
Are you listening to me?
Brad?
What's wrong?
(Conover) Are you okay?
Brad!
Brad, talk to me.
Helen.
Can you do me a favor?
Call me Alex.
[shout]
[groans]
[crunch]
[Latino music]
[soft music]
[male voice sings]
Hang on there, tough guy.
It's 10 bucks to get in.
Doughnut shop's down the road, dude.
Cops gotta pay too.
Ah! Here you go, tough guy.
What're you having?
(Burk) I'll have a water.
Water?
What time does she get off?
Huh?
What time does her shift end?
Depends.
So--
you caught my act last night?
I was there. It was strictly business.
Oh, yeah. Was it?
How would you feel if it
was your wife up there?
I don't know.
I never really thought of her that way.
You don't think about her much, do you?
Not as much as I've been
thinking about you lately.
Oh. Now we're getting somewhere.
Is this dirty?
It's not my perfume.
Yeah, well, Pat had some
trouble with a junkie
last night down at the station.
I had to give her a hand.
So does Pat wear the
Chanel or is it the junkie?
Mm, designer junkie?
Mm, cute. Real cute.
Wash your own damn shirt.
Okay, so the cop, he's married.
I know.
Well, at least he has a job.
He's not a loser.
Oh, really? Is that what you call it?
Why is it so hard to find
a guy who's not married?
Because they're either
married or they're gay.
Aren't you a ray of
sunshine in the dating world?
Thanks for that. So depressing.
Like my empty glass. I'm
gonna get another drink.
Want one?
No, thanks. I need to work tomorrow.
Very responsible of you. I'll be back.
Okay.
Thanks.
Hey. Don't I know you from somewhere?
Do you live around here?
I used to. Before my
wife and I split up.
Now I'm on the South Side.
You come here often?
Not really.
Alex Minert.
Nice to meet you.
Nice to meet you. Listen, I'm starving.
How'd you like to go to dinner?
I can't, I'm actually with someone.
Well, bring her with
us, we'll have a party.
I don't think so, Casanova.  
I don't even know you.  
How about dinner with  
me some other time?  
Do you like Chinese food?  
What?  
What's your number?  
Carol Peterlake. I'm in the book.  
Here's the information on Conover.  
Thanks, Sarge.  
Mr. O'Connor, where did  
you last see Miss Conover?  
Leaving her office building.  
And when was that?  
About three days ago,  
Did anybody else see her leave,  
or did she leave with anybody else?  
She left with a coworker.  
Fella's name is Brad Mayfield.  
Do you have any  
information on Mr. Mayfield?  
As a matter of fact, I do.  
Burk!  
Burk, rise and shine!  
Burning the midnight oil again.  
Nah,  
Ann and I had a fight,  
I couldn't sleep.  
So I thought I'd come in and  
try to get something done.  
I've got some good news  
and I've got some bad news.  
First the bad news.  
Someone in this department has leaked  
information to the Post-Gazette.  

**Your good news:**  
your boy Mayfield  
he's just turned up on a  
missing person's report.  
Wait till you get this, Danny.  
A one Brad Mayfield has turned up  
on a missing person's report.  
A Helen Conover.
He was the last one to see her.
She's vanished.
I've issued a search warrant
and sent a Swat team
over to her address.
Maybe you ought to
meet up with them there.

[dogs barking]
We roll on three.

One,
two,
three.

(officer) Freeze, Mayfield!
Get down on the ground!
All right, copper.
Shut up, and down on the ground!
Let me ask you something
you ever shoot a man before?
I said shut up and down on the ground!
I don't think you have.
I said shut up!
Back up!
Shoot me!

[shout and thud]
Pussy.
Oh, sweet Jesus!
Burk! You need to see this!

[approaching steps on stairs]
Oh, shit.
You wanted to see me?

(Latimore) Come on
in and close the door.
Look, Danny, you know
how the Department feels
about stampeding the public
with these serial killer stories.
What do I care if the public
knows about 'em or not?
I need to know if
Mayfield killed Orenstein
and all those other girls.
Once it starts, there's no stopping it.
And that's my fault?
They've instructed me to pull
surveillance on the Peterlake girl.
And for you to move
on to something else.
Is it all right if I
pursue this on my own?
It's over, Danny. Now if we get lucky,
and Mayfield shows up,
that's another story.
[sigh] Frankly, I
think he's out of town.
What about Helen Conover?
Police officer never saw his face.
You're not even sure it was Mayfield.
I'm sure.
When you said boat, I
didn't know you meant, like,
big boat." Thank you.
This is really nice. I
haven't been out of the city
in a really long time.
Yeah, it's gorgeous out here.
[inhales and exhales deeply]
The summers are beautiful.
The winters can get quite brutal.
I'm thinking I could
stay out here forever
and maybe never come back.
We could become river-rats,
explore the islands
and run around naked,
weather permitting.
And they'll never find us here.
Who?
The other guys in my life.
Tell you what.
Why don't you forget about
those guys for the time being?
You got me. And plus,
you may never go back.
Cheers.
[phone rings]
[gasp]
[groan and beep]
This is Burk.
Bad dream?
I'm your nightmare, Burk.
You should've ran when
you had the chance.
Well then, come and get me.
Why don't you tell me about Sara?
Sara Orenstein.
Tell you what.
You
find me--
I'll give you an exclusive interview.
Is Carol there?
[sigh]
You know, I'd a-made made
a wonderful detective.
A little late for that, I guess.
Hi.
What's wrong?
Go away. I'm not in the mood.
Go away.
It's Mayfield?
Yeah.
He sounds, actually,
like a pretty decent guy.
Very intelligent.
You talked to him?
Yeah, I mean, he called.
Ann. I don't want you talking to him.
If he calls this house, and
I'm not here, hang up the phone.
Believe me,
you don't want this guy
going inside your head.
Say, Danny.
Hey, Mac.
Where've you been?
Over at Gilleptie's drinking
with the boys, as usual.
Where've you been? You
staying out of trouble
or you out screwing around,
that's the real question.
You know where I've been.
Right here doing my job:
bringing criminals to justice.
[dry chuckle] Save that bullshit for the mayor, will you, Danny? Take a look at this. So you did find something then?
Yeah, well, we found a photo, salvaged it from the Mayfield apartment. A lady with her two kids, a boy and a girl, I turned it over, the name Minert was on the back. I think the boy might be him. Maybe his name is not Mayfield, get it? Now those numbers, I got off the wall by the telephone, scorched but I managed to retrieve a few. But the big news, the DNA on the Orenstein girl, matches the DNA we found in the Mayfield apartment. No shit!
Hello, I'm Father Clayton. Detective Burk?
Yes.
How can I help you?
First off, thank you for seeing me.
Glad to.
I have some questions pertaining to an ongoing investigation in the city. And it has to do with a former family, church members. They used to go here. I want to know if these names ring a bell. Have you ever heard of a Mayfield? How about a Minert? Minert. Now that rings a bell. A mom, two small children. A little girl named Shirley. A little boy named Alex. Yes, I remember. The mom and the sister were fine. But
Alex--
Alex was a sick boy.
What do you mean "sick?"
Well, for instance,
He killed a cat.
And they found that the
cat had been suffocated.
The strangest thing about it was
he had dolls lined up all the way
around the cat.
It seemed like this boy
had an affinity for dolls.
Every time I saw this kid,
he had a doll with him.
He loved dolls, and I
thought that was very strange.
It is strange.
Do you know when this
happened? How long ago?
It's been a long time.
Maybe 25 years.
Is there anything else you recall?
I remember they took the boy away.
And soon after that,
the family moved out of the parish.
Took him away?
Yes, they took him away.
Would the church have any records
on possibly where they took the boy?
No, we wouldn't have
any records on that.
Well, Father, thank you for your time.
I appreciate your help.
Glad to help.
(male voice) Who is it?
[gruff] Police!
Yeah? What do you want?
You the apartment manager?
Yeah. I'm the "apartment manager."
We're looking for a woman who
lived here about six years ago.
Nah. I wouldn't know, I
haven't been here that long.
Besides, what's in it for me?
Some friends downtown
would be really interested
in that smell of cannabis
coming out of your apartment.
Uh, you can try up in 2B, Mrs. Flannery.
I heard she's been here forever.
Thanks.
Sure.
(female voice) Yes, who is it?
It's Detective Burk, ma'am,
with the Pittsburgh Police.
Just a minute, please.
[much metallic clacking]
I'll have to see some identification.
All right. What can I do
to help you, Detective?
Are you Mrs. Flannery?
Yes, I am.
I understand you owned an apartment
building on 5th Avenue one time.
Yes, my husband and
I did many years ago.
You wouldn't happen to
rent to a Minert family
at any time, did you?
Minert, Minert.
Yes, yes, I do remember that name.
I didn't deal with the tenants,
my husband took care of that.
But I do remember that name.
Why's that name stick out?
Well, they had a boy that, um,
let's say he was very troubled.
What would make you
think he was troubled?
I didn't see this for myself,
but my husband told me
that he used to find dead
animals in the basement,
and he always thought that that
boy had something to do with it.
You wouldn't happen to
have a forwarding address
or any information
regarding the Minert family.
No, I don't.
When we sold the apartment building,
all the records were destroyed.
I seem to be at a dead end here.
If you do come up with any information,
please contact me.
I'm sorry I couldn't
have been more help.
Good luck.
What?
You don't like my company?
[thud]
Hello?
Yes, this is Detective Burk of
the Pittsburgh Police Department.
May I ask who I'm speaking with?
Mr. Miller, your phone number was found
in a Brad Mayfield's apartment.
Yes, this has to do with an
ongoing murder investigation.
I was curious, how would
you know Brad Mayfield?
You wouldn't.
He also went by the name Alex Minert.
Okay. Thank you for your time.
If you do come up with anything,
please feel free to contact me
at the Pittsburgh Police Department.
They'll know how to get ahold of me.
All right. Thank you.
[cell phone rings]
Hello?
Buffo?
I'm sorry.
He's a little tied up right now.
You have a nice day too.
Mommy didn't order a clown.
Hello, Mrs. Burk.
How do you know my name?
Oh, these balloons,
they're from Mr. Burk.
Chrissy's dad.
Oh. What a nice surprise.
It sure is.
It's a beautiful day
in the neighborhood.
Chrissy, I want you to sit here.
I want yo to be a really
good girl for Buffo the Clown.
   [whimpering]
Who's the strongest clown now, Buffo?
Up we go.
Sit over there.
   (male voice) Hey, buddy.
You gotta get a life jacket on that kid.
What's that?
You gotta get a life
jacket on that little girl.
Ah. I've been meaning to get one.
I can't let you go out without one.
Come on, man, what's it to you?
First off, I'm an officer in
the local coast guard here,
also an off-duty police officer.
Come to think of it, I
haven't seen you around here.
Let me see some ID.
Come on, man, You can't cut me a break?
Can't do it. Besides,
it's for her safety.
You wanna see some ID?
Yeah.
Here's your ID.
People ought to mind their own business.
Hi, honey. I'm home.
You look beautiful.
It's been such a long day.
I think it's time to play.
Ann.
Ann. What happened?
It was a clown.
A clown?!
He took Chrissy.
He took Chrissy?
I think it was Mayfield.
I'm so sorry I brought this home.
Just find her.
Now that lowlife is
messing with my family.
She's a special need child,
that dirty son of a bitch.
[phone rings]
Homicide.
He's away from his desk right now.
One second.
Pat, have you seen Burk?
Yeah, I know where he is.
This is Detective Burk.
[indistinct male voice]
Mr. Miller.
So you do remember something.
You sold him a boat.
Who?
Alex Minert.
So that's a 45-foot Gibson.
Mr. Miller, thank you for calling back.
I really appreciate your help.
Bye.
[buttons clicking]
Come on, pick up.
Bob! Bob! It's me, Dan.
I need to borrow your boat.
Burk.
Where is he?
I don't know.
What are you doing here, Burk?
Put the gun down.
Put the gun down!
Put these on.
Right here.
Right here, Burk.
[grunt]
I told you, Burk,
when you started this
game, you had a lot to lose.
The only loser I see here is you.
How can l be the loser
when you're the one that
has the gun to your head?

So, you kill me:
Then what?
Then I take Carol and your little girl.
And I slit their throats.
Then I take your wife
out of the hospital
and I give her the lovemaking
sex she's been dying for!
Then I kill her too!
Enough of this bullshit.
It's time to die.
[police radio wallah]
Get him to the county morgue.
I'm going back to the office.
Whoa, you can't come in here.
It's a crime scene, a restricted area.
We understand that you apprehended
the stranglehold killer.
That's classified information, ma'am.
Then who's in the bag?
We will release a
statement in the morning.
Let's just say the city can
sleep a lot safer tonight.
Now, I'm afraid I'm gonna
have to ask you to leave.
Get them out of here.
So, what are you going to do now?
I think it's time for a career change.