Eyes of Laura Mars

By John Carpenter
-Good luck tonight, Miss Mars.
-Thank you, Tommy.
You are perfect.
-How is it in there?
-Too early to tell.
-We're about to be clotheslined.
-By whom?
Sheila Weissman.
Miss Mars, I'm Sheila Weissman.
I remember you. How are you?
We agreed that interviews
would be done inside the gallery.
I want to ask her if she knows
how offensive her work is to women.
-Cute.
-Let's go.
Photography is becoming
a high-priced commodity.
And there is suspicion
in some circles in the art world...
...a feeling that we're running
out of salable paintings...
...and photography
is being pumped up.
That an artificial market
is being created...
...and photography is just a hype.
These are not easy
questions to answer...
...but here in this gallery...
...there is a fabulous exhibit
of violent and sexy photographs.
Aren't you doing
a fashion hustle?
Recycled photographs, really.
Does anyone have
anything positive to ask?
Do you consider yourself
a serious artist?
-I'm very serious about my work.
-Serious by what standards?
-By my own standards.
-Isn't that an elitist position?
Honestly, I think
I'd better take the Fifth.
You can do better than that,
Ms. Mars. Really.
Fellas, come on.
Give us a break here, huh?
She'll see you later, I promise.
I loved your questions.
We have to mix
with the real people now.
-Is there a back door?
-You are a sensation.
You're the right
number of minutes late.
Traffic was terrible.
We are going to sell
pictures like crazy.
Now, who shall we work on first?
The art world is
being asked to consider...
...these provocative pictures
as salable art.
We'll be examining
these questions tonight...
...and meeting people on all sides...
...of what is rapidly
becoming a major controversy.
I don't know when I've seen
more hostile reporters.
If they don't stop drinking,
I'm gonna throw their asses out.
- Have you seen Doris Spenser yet?
- No.
What I think Laura is saying
with her work...
...is "Okay, America.
Okay, world. You are violent.
You are pushing all this murder on us.
So here it comes right back at you.
And we'll use murder
to sell deodorant...
...so that you'll just get bored
with murder." Right?
Oh, my God, I don't believe this.
Just a minute. Let me think.
Do you have to do it now?
-We want to question certain people.
-I understand.
This will spread like wildfire.
It'll wreck the opening.
-Can't you give us an hour?
-A half-hour.
Really, that's so gross.
I hear you did some work in Negev.
I didn't have a chance
to take enough pictures...
...so I'm going back in two weeks
to shoot the border war.
-And if she goes, I'm going with her.
-She will too.
Like hell you will.
-Whatever happened to beautiful?
-Well, it certainly isn't here.
That is tragic. Absolutely tragic.
You really think so?
Yes, I think it's really tragic
that this is the kind of junk...
...that's passing for art these days.
That's a completely
different conversation.
-Don't you think it's a hype?
-I don't understand...
Hype, hustle, rip-off.
Are you a critic?
Do you know the artist?
What's her name?
Laura Mars.
I know her fairly well.
Well, if you see her,
will you point her out to me?
I'd be interested to find out...
...what kind of frustrated
voyeur type this chick is.
She's nothing like that at all.
She's very old-fashioned.
Sort of like Grandma Moses.
Laura.
Ex cuse me. Could I
steal you away for a moment?
Are you her?
Her stuff is really disgraceful, don't you think?
Doris Spenser's been horribly murdered.
There's a detective here, and he's asking people questions.
Oh, shit!
Everything happens to me.
Murdered.
Something about her eyes.
What did you say about her eyes?
Something sharp.
Let's get you a drink.
Laura?
Come on, darling.
It's all right, Billy.
Tonight at the Elaine Cassell Gallery in Soho...
...fans awaited the famous and wealthy...
...for the opening of Laura Mars' Photo Exhibit.
But the glamour was disrupted...
...by news of the brutal murder of Doris Spenser...
...editor of the soon-to-be-published book The Eyes of Mars.
Miss Mars left the gathering immediately.
But as word of the murder circulated...
...it had the effect of increasing sales of the photographs.
More after this message.
Elaine.
I'm all right. Are you?
We're all over the goddamn news.
The gallery, the murder, you, me.
I don't think I'll be able to shoot.
Of course you're going to shoot.
Life has to go on.
Elaine...
...do you believe in...
...psychic...
...psychic experience?
I believe in a good night's sleep.
I'm gonna take something
that'll knock me out for hours.
I suggest you do the same.
All right.
The opening was beautiful.
That's very sweet of you.
Sleep tight.
She's still beautiful, isn't she?
That's the problem.
-Come on.
-Let go of me!
Let go of me, you pig!
Don't push me!
Morning, Wendy.
You like?
Good. Michele.
For Lulu.
I think she'd like it, right?
Good morning.
Robert, the fan
will be on the left...
...so let's get the hair on the right.
Fine, there's plenty of volume here.
It's very nice hair.
-Mighty tired eyes.
-I'll be all right.
Everything under control?
Who wants coffee?
-Tea, tea!
-Forget it. Fifteen minutes.
Joey, the same colour on the nails.
Joey.
I'd like her mouth more fuchsia,
her eyes more intense.
I'd like them to pop.
I want to see the mouth
and the eyes from a mile away.
-Bert, how's this look?
-It's good. They're all good.
-Which one are we gonna use?
-So choose.
Now this one.
This one is really beautiful.
- It's beautiful. We'll just...
- Crop it there.
That's right. I'm very pleased.
These are really wonderful.
What are we gonna start with?
Coats and lingerie.
Okay, but on this one
I gotta see lace, right?
Don't worry.
You can do anything you want to do,
just show me the lace.
- Here, check the layout.
- I don't need to, Bert.
Every photographer's
got to look at layouts.
She doesn't have to look at layouts.
Nickey.
- Move the main light lower.
- This is your idea, Laura.
Don't forget why
we're shooting it this way.
You want lace?
Today is lace day here.
We'll have lace on Columbus.
We'll have lace on the cherub.
Bert, enjoy yourself. Relax.
You hired this woman,
let her do her work.
She's beautiful. Watch.
God, Lulu!
You don't have to pull that hard.
Girls, I love it!
Michele, Lulu, look more this way.
Broader action.
Michele, see the lens.
Ready?
Check that.
- Hey, we gonna work or what?
- What's going on?
She was out late last night.
You all right?
Yeah. I'm just a little dizzy.
I'll be fine.
All right, kill the fire.
Turn off the fans.
Girls, don't mess yourselves up.
Hold it together.
And just stand by, please.
-What's the problem?
-I'm just trying to help!
Did you have breakfast?
I'm fine.

Here we go. Start the fire.
Everybody get in your places now.
Here we go.
I have an appointment.
I'll get out here.
I got nothing to do, right?
I just sit here.
-Hey, come on! I ain't got all day.
-Yeah, stuff it.
Let me through.
-Please, let me through.
-Hey, lady, you can't go...
Come on, let's go.
You gotta keep this area clear.
No! I saw it! I saw it!
Sal, I think we got a witness here.
I'm Detective Sergeant Volpe.
You saw this happen?
Yes.
Did you see the perpetrator?
What'd he look like?
His size, his colour?
Can you describe him?
No, no. I didn't see who.
What the hell did you see?
I saw it happen. But I...
Where were you standing?
-Where were you when it happened?
-I was a few blocks away.
You were a few blocks away?
What did you see it with,
a telescope?
Go get her.
Hey, lady!
Hey, lady.
Hey, hold it a minute!
Okay, who's next?
-I feel like a hooker.
-Really.
I'm bored.
Tommy Ludlow?
That's me.
How long do we have to sit around
this pigsty before we talk to someone?
Ex cuse me.
I represent Laura Mars.
She called me an hour ago.
-Who are you?
-Donald Phelps. I'd...
Okay, Donald Phelps, sit down
and behave yourself.
Pigsty.
You're a pretty
important guy around here.
Is this an accurate statement
of your experience?
Why were you at my opening?
Just getting to know you.
Why am I here?
I've given you a statement.
You certainly have.
Look, what's on those pages
is what I saw.
You can see that we might be having
difficulty absorbing it...
...even though
it is what you saw.
I'm going to call my lawyer.
I think it's the time to do that.
Or do you have
to read my rights first?
Hell, no.
I didn't even f risk you yet.
What about this?
That's legal.
Yeah, I know it's legal.
Why do you carry it?
Cut rope and shit.
Yeah, I know.
You probably just carry it...
...to protect Miss Mars'
fancy, expensive camera equipment.
And maybe protect her
from some creeps, right?
You're the man.
This whole city's full of creeps.
Right?
Guess which creep's arrest record
I have here.
What I'm trying to do is give...
...an account of the times
in which I'm living.
I've seen all kinds of murder.
Physical, yes. But moral,
spiritual, emotional murder!
I can't stop it, but I can show it.
I can make people look at it.
That's a very moral point of view.
Thank you.
I've got something
I want to show you.
Where did you get that?
This is you on the front
here, isn't it?
Have you ever seen...
...this particular copy
of this book before?
Yes. I saw it happen.
With your own eyes?
In a nightmare.
Were you friends with Doris Spenser?
I knew her.
Business acquaintances.
And Miss Elaine Cassell?
I knew her...
...well.
I am sick and tired
of waiting back there!
Now I want to know
where my girlfriend is!
~My father is a very...
~My father can whip your father's ass!
Get him out of here.
If you want real suspects,
take a look at that number...
...you just dragged out.
That's right.
You can tell me anything you want.
Why don't you give me
a bit of that Rona Barrett?
Frankly, I don't do Rona Barrett.
How'd you like to see
my Barbara Walters?
Hey, I do a terrific Lloyd Bridges.
These are classified police
photographs of unsolved murders.
They've never been
published anywhere at all.
Now, what I would like you to do
is compare your photograph to ours...
...in this case...
...and in this case.
~My question is simple...
~Why are my photos so much like yours?
That's right.
When were these taken?
About two years ago.
This one, about 14 months.
~It's disturbing.
~Extremely.
~No, the timing is disturbing.
~In what way?
You go through definite periods
in your work.
About two years ago,
I began to see...
...images of murder, violence.
And it started to become
a part of my work.
By "see, " do you mean...
..."see" as you see
in your statement?
No, I would just be in
the middle of doing something...
...and suddenly,
images would come to me...
...well, like those.
You think I was in
those actual situations...
...committed the murders and
then re-created them in photographs?
I don't buy it.
Keep it moving, please.
-Get rid of him.
-I already told you once.
Let's go.
-How you doing, lieutenant?
-How you doing, Murph?
Just send it up. Elaine Cassell
apartment. That's right. Third floor.
I'd like to know if you recognize
any of these clothes.
I think...
...they're my husband's.
Husband?
Ex-husband.
We've been divorced over a year.
The last I heard, he was
living in San Francisco.
Well, he's back.
Obviously.
Was this going on
when you were married?
-What's his name?
-Michael.
Michael Reisler.
Is this him?
Is this a picture of your ex-husband?
Those are very nice clothes.
What does he do?
Did you buy those clothes?
Michael couldn't kill anyone.
Do you have any idea where he is?
No idea.
Are you still in love with him?
-May I go home now?
-Of course.
Thank you.
Good evening.
Good night.
Good night.
In case you need me, this is my number.
Call me anytime, day or night.
John Neville.
Thank you.
Lt. Neville...
Should I hire a bodyguard?
You already have one.
Quiet! Quiet now!
Michael!
What are you doing here?
How did you get in?
I still have a set of keys.
Don't look at me like that.
I did not kill Elaine.
Why would I? She was the best
meal ticket I ever had.
Second best. I was the best.
I was in San Francisco,
working on my novel...
...and I ran into her.
She convinced me to come back,
said she'd be good for me...
...make it easier for me to write.
I've missed you.
Oh, come on.
You know I only came back
to be near you.
I would have called you sooner or later.
I still love you, Laura!
Michael, stop it!
Oh, poor Elaine.
What good, good friends.
I was your husband.
I was never your friend.
But Elaine was.
Why Elaine?
Do you have to destroy
everything you touch?
This whole thing
is pointing towards me...
...and I did not do it!
Everything I have is in Elaine's
apartment. I have no money, no clothes.
The police are after me, 
and now you provoke me! 
You deliberately provoke me! 
You may have these other 
people fooled... 
...but I know what a killer you can

be at 3:

-A killer at 3:
-Where were you? Where?
When I needed some comfort, 
where were you?
In your darkroom.
Where else could I find peace?
-You were drunk!
-You made it impossible for me to write!
That's not true!
You've been drunk 
for the last six years!
But you!
Instant star of the world of chic!
Will $50 be enough?
I don't give a damn if everybody else 
in Manhattan talks to the reporters.
I don't want you talking.
That guy's bullshit just won't quit.
I'd like to see him hit the streets.
-I don't think he could hack it.
-I know.
Hey, John, how come in that meeting... 
...you didn't mention anything 
about that Mars chick... 
...seeing those things 
and having dreams?
You don't believe her, Sal?
No.
You're playing with the big boys now!
Big boys!
Jesus!
-Hi, darling.
-Morning.
Sleep well?
What'd you find out?
There's a very interesting case of a woman...
...in France who had something similar.
What happened?
She died in an insane asylum.
~Good morning, Miss Mars.
~Good morning, Tommy.
Maybe you shouldn't talk to anybody about this. It might just go away.
Big boys!
Look at that.
Is that fabulous?
That's the fourth I've seen today.
They're all over the city.
They'll be so famous we won't be able to afford them anymore.
You'll find a way.
Miss Mars, I don't know if the cops told you any of this...
Let's talk about this some other time.
Mr. Phelps here has things he'd like to tell you about me...
...but I'd rather tell you them myself.
~What things?
~This isn't the time.
I'm trying very hard to keep my cards on the table...
~...and myself on the street.
~Bad timing.
I did a bit.
I mean I've been in prison.
What did you do?
I was in for armed robbery and assault with a deadly weapon.
~And I have some prior arrests.
~Jesus! Spare us the soap opera.
You knew that when you hired me for Miss Mars.
But what kind of deadly...
You did? You knew that?
Why is that so amazing? You can't just talk about rehabilitation.
I believe in giving people a chance.
You believe in spit.
And I'm not putting up with...
- I'm not putting up with this...
- Wait!
Five minutes ago, you sat in
this car and tried to railroad me!
- Are you going to let him...
- Wait a minute!
I don't want to hear anymore.
- I'm sorry.
- I'm sorry.
That's it.
Both of you leave me alone!
" Both of you"?
" Both of you."
Me and your driver.
I'll do some straightening up down here.
Be up in a minute.
Don't forget the flowers.
They're at the regular place.
- The Greek's?
- Yes.
- I'm sorry if I caused you problems...
- No, Tommy, I'm sorry.
It's a difficult time
for all of us...
... so could we just keep
working together?
- You can count on me for that.
- I can always count on you.
You don't need that.
Thanks, Tommy.
Donald!
Laura!
What is it?
- He's up there.
- What?
- He's up there.
- Who?
I saw him looking at me.
Darling, I know what you're
going through. I feel for you.
But there's a lot of money involved.
I don't care about the money.
And there is the ad agency.
They've got print dates to meet.
Bert is depending on you.
Forget about the clients!
Okay, you're right.
What are we, monsters?
Let's wrap this thing, go home
and wait for the killer to strike again.
Really, you're right.
I'm sorry.
I thought if you kept busy...
You really know how to
manipulate me, don't you?
Manipulate.
"Manipulate" is just
a little bit paranoid.
And to be f rank, I'm beginning
to get the message...
...that you don't really
trust me anymore.
Look, get them ready.
Let's shoot.
Put them in the sink
and wet them down.
Don't disappear.
-Rita?
-Good morning.
The eyes are perfect.
Keep them soft. Don't change.
-Morning.
-Good morning.
Anna.
Cover her shoulder.
Cover it completely.
John...
...will I get enough height
on Anna's tail?
Sure, definitely. Once I brush it,
it'll be completely full.
Michele's eye. Cover it.
Okay, I saw that. I'll do it.
Perfect. Much better.
I don't like the pink.
Lulu, it likes you.
-It's perfect.
-Really?
Really.
I got this for you, man.
A stolen flower.
How nice.
Here I am, girls.
-Hi, Laura.
-Hi, Jim.
You're in the pool, dead.
For a hundred bucks an hour...
There.
You want the eyes opened or closed?
Your head over.
Eyes open. Wide.
-Where do you want the blood?
-There.
That's enough.
That's enough!
Here's your gun.
Give it to Lulu.
Here you go. Be careful.
All right, kill the shoot.
Wrap it up. That's it.
Try and pick it up tomorrow.
Do you ever have any warning
when this happens to you?
It terrifies me.
It could happen at any time.
I find myself waiting
for it to happen.
Maybe that's what does it.
People who are afraid of
having an anxiety attack...
...can bring one on just
by being afraid of it.
It's not an anx...
-You don't believe me.
-I'm trying to believe you.
I've been talking to your associates.
They say you're overworked.
-Overworked?
-Yeah.
Overworked?
Am I hallucinating all of this?
Tell me it's all a dream.
Tell me that Doris is still alive.
Tell me Elaine is still happily involved with Michael.
Overworked!
I'm leaving now with Bert.
Lock up, will you?
-Tommy'll wait for you.
-That's not necessary.
I'll take a taxi.
I'm sorry.
I'll call you.
I think I can show you what I mean.
About what?
About what I'm seeing.
Look through that.
Now if you...
...think of that camera...
...as the eyes of the killer...
...what you're seeing through that lens is what the killer sees.
It's on the monitor there.
When it happens to me...
...I can't see...
...what's in front of me.
What I see...
...is that.
Do you understand?
Let me try.
It looks like fun.
What?
Is that how I look?
Like that?
I think that's how you look.
I look like a damn cop,
is what I look like.
No, it's...
May I ask you a few questions about what's been happening?
It makes me nervous.
Why is he killing my friends?
Why is he after me? Why me?
A variety of things might attract him to you and to your associates. It could be a person who's jealous of your success. It could be a person who, in his own loony way... ...feels your work is promoting porno and decadence... ...and he has a mission to clean up the world. It could be a person who is outraged about being seen in your book. Whoever it was... ...was here this afternoon... ...and he was looking for me. You know, I find all of this... ...very interesting... I'm gonna double the security around you. I'd advise you to stay indoors as much as possible. Goodbye.

Hey, John, you need a little help with anything? No thank you, Officer Feeney. I can handle these subjects alone. Thank you. Feeney, get the hell out of here! What a creep.

Did either of you ever receive a threatening or obscene phone call... ...in relation to your work with Miss Mars? I got a few letters. Did you get more than one from anyone? I don't think so. Do you remember things they said? The tone? Oh, yeah. Or anything specific? Any specific quotations? " Even though I'm so ugly and I have pimples..."
I'm so ugly that you would spit at me if I ever talked to you..."
-Do I have to go on?
-I get the picture.
-I kept mine.
-What?
Can you bring them so I can read them?
And I can read them too?
Sure. Yeah.
All right.
-Any more questions, officer?
-No, ma'am. This is very fine.
Either one of you need a ride home?
Hey, Feeney, get back in here.
Taxi.
-Anything doing?
-She's still up there working.
-Hey, thanks.
-See you.
Lulu!
-This is Lulu...
-And Michele.
We're not home, so go to hell!
But if you're not a horny creep, leave a message at the beep!
That was so dumb!
Senseless violence, unrelenting, inexcusable...
...hateful violence, is once more unleashed.
Each one of us has some purpose on this earth...
...some role to play...
...and in the case of Michele and Lulu...
...the role that they had chosen to play was the role of model.
Now, not having met either of these lovely young women...
...but knowing that I did want to say something...
...meaningful about them today...
...I went to my Webster's Dictionary
and I looked up the word "model."

" **Model:**

as an artist's pattern...
...specifically a person
who poses for an artist."
But beyond that, it says...
..."An example for imitation."
The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures.
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul.
He leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for His namesake.
Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death...
...I will fear no evil,
for Thou art with me.
Thy rod and Thy staff,
they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies.
Thou anointest mine head with oil.
My cup runneth over.
Surely, goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life...
...and I will dwell in
the house of the Lord...
...forever.

Do you intend to go on with
the violence theme in your work?
I blame you.
No matter who did the killing,
you're to blame.
Don't walk away from me!
You're the murderer!
Because of you, she's dead.
You're gonna pay for this!
You're gonna pay for this!
~Where would you like to go?
~Home.
Clear out of here, fellas.
Tommy, come over here.
I'm gonna take the lady home.
I'm dismissing the car, okay?
Do we have to go
right back to the city?
There he is. Look.
It's a finch.
Do you think Robert is right?
Should I take this all on myself?
-But I am guilty.
-No, you're not.
Please listen to me very carefully.
I want you to understand
something very important.
I feel that everything
I thought about you...
...before I really knew you...
...is not what I feel anymore.
This is incredible.
In the midst of all this,
I can't stop thinking of you.
-I know.
-What is going on?
I don't know.
It's unprofessional of me
to be walking with you...
-...in the woods.
-I don't have time for this!
I'm supposed to catch a killer.
-I'm completely out of control!
-I know. Me too.
But I can't stand being so...
I can't understand
how it's possible...
...to live your whole life...
...without someone...
...and be doing more or less okay.
And then, suddenly, you find them.
You recognize them.
You recognize them...
...and you know without them...
It's terrifying.
It's beautiful.
Thank you, ma'am.
There's something I want you to have.
-No, I don't want that.
-Please.
You've got me so well protected
that I'm a prisoner in my own house.
I don't need it.
Michele and Lulu
had police protection.
-I don't know how to use it.
-I'll show you.
Just put your hand on the...
That's right.
Put your finger through there and
use the left hand to support the right.
Push it as far away
from your face as you can.
Look right down the barrel.
And when he comes at you,
squeeze that trigger.
He'll go away.
I'll keep it.
If you have to, use it.
Promise me that.
You'll be doing
the son of a bitch a favour.
What's going on up there?
-Her agent. It's his birthday.
-Her agent?
Party time.
It'll be a long night.
Refill!
There she is.
-I didn't know if you'd come.
-I know. Same here.
Happy birthday.
Come on in. Take this off.
Tonight, we forget everything.
Everything, all right?
-All right.
-This is great.
-For you.
-Can I open it?
Aunt Caroline!
What's going on with you,
apart from this horrible business?
I think I'm in love.
Oh, I can't wait!
Wait a minute. What is this?
- Look at this! When was this taken?
- When you weren't looking.
I hate it! I love it.
I'm sorry. Tommy, would you
come back in an hour for me?
Yeah. It's just hard to figure out
what to do in just an hour.
Could you work it out?
- We'll save you a piece of cake.
- You're a piece of cake.
For he's a jolly good fellow
For he's a jolly good fellow
Which nobody can deny
Which nobody can deny
It looks like the burning of Atlanta.
Don't catch that wig on fire!
Happy birthday, Donald.
A man.
Michael?
Michael, where are you?
Birthday boy!
You take over.
This is for the musician.
Now you have 15 seconds
to gallop this up...
"Gallop this up"?
Then we all play bridge.
For I'm a jolly good fellow
For I'm a jolly good fellow
Don't take your fingers off the keys.
You gotta play too, Laura.
Now who's been murdered?
It's Michael.
He's...
I have to go to him.
What do you mean,
you have to go to him?
He's in a laundromat in Brooklyn.
He's drunk.
He just woke up there.
He may kill himself.
What if he kills you?
He won't.
Michael will only kill Michael.
I don't agree.
The night Elaine was murdered,
he came to me, terrified.
He came to you,
he took money and he left.
Yes, he took money, but he was
terrified and he needed help.
I could have been kinder.
Get the men downstairs
to drive you.
I won't lead the police to him.
It's time for bridge.
-Just a second, just go back...
-You keep saying that.
Donald, I don't know
how to get past them. Please.
Who is?
The lieutenant.
Now he's getting into her?
-That's what I hear.
-You make me laugh.
Hey, it's her.
Why is she going away from her car?
Come on, let's go.
Miss Mars, wait up.
Where you going?
Let us take you where you're going.
What are you...?
Listen. Come on.
You're not Miss Mars!
So? You're not Kojak.
What does that prove?
Hey, it's him!
-Why are you all dressed up like this?
-It's my birthday.
Wait a minute, you son of a bitch.
Where is she?
What are you, nuts?
I'm sick of this name-calling crap!
The doctor asked you
to stay in the hospital.
You could have at least
stayed overnight.
- I'm sorry.
- You could be hurt and not even know.
Please, don't.
I'm fine! I'm fine.
All right, I'm sorry.
I just don't think
I could stand to lose you now.
I can't stand to lose you.
Time for one of these bombs.
It's doctor's orders.
It'll make you feel
better than worse.
- I'll take one with you.
- You will not.
We'll get high.
- Where's your kitchen?
- There.
Now take your medicine for me
like a good girl, please.
Come on.
Thank you.
I can't cry.
I haven't been able
to cry for Donald.
I can't cry anymore.
I want to get you away from here.
Not without you.
I'll get it.
I hate bothering you, John...
... but I think we finally
got a break. We found...
That's good.
Be right with you, Sal.
- I think we have some evidence.
- What? What is it?
- Still have that gun?
- In the bedroom.
Good.
Why?
Hang on, Laura.
I think we got the son of a bitch.
- Be careful.
- All right.
Junk, junk, more junk.
Oh, God.
- Look at this!
- Sorry, I'm late. Traffic.
It smells like a gorilla cage in here.
It started from the front door.
What's in these boxes?
I see nothing but pictures
and pictures and crap.
- What's under the mattress?
- I looked there.
Bunch of pictures.
No letters, no weapons.
You haven't seen anything
that looks like an ice pick?
Who is this?
It's for you.
I wanna talk to you, man.
It doesn't matter where the fuck I am.
I just wanna talk to you.
You're in a lot of trouble.
You gonna come in?
I know that.
I just want to talk first.
Right where you are,
but I don't want any cops there.
They're on their way out.
You come and see me.
Okay, get everybody off the street.
Find something to do for a while.
Take a hike.
The man's going to come in.
Okay, boss.
Let's go.
What, you gonna arrest me now?
Let's talk for a while.
All right.
Look, man, I mean, I was just
killing time in the basement.
And it came time for me
to get Miss Mars...
Wait. Start at the beginning.
Tell me what happened last night.
I was down in the basement
killing time, right?
And when it came time for me
to go get Miss Mars upstairs...
...I went to the elevator.
And then I saw...
And then I remembered
that I was sneaking out...
...the back door of the bar.
So I said to myself...
..."What the f uck are you doing?
Sneaking out the back door,
running away, f rom what?
I mean, you didn't do nothing.
Nobody can prove that you did nothing
because you did not do nothing."
We have a problem.
We found something that
we think belongs to you.
It's a playing card.
It's f rom your deck, I believe.
And it was in the elevator
with Donald's body.
It was underneath him.
Do you know how it got there?
Do you think whoever killed Donald
cought him in the elevator...
...after you had already
gotten off in the basement?
It must have been that way, man.
I don't know.
All right, you're in the basement,
the elevator door opens...
...there was the body.
So you took off.
The next thing you know you're
sneaking out the back of a bar.
What bar?
Do you know what you had to drink?
Do you drink a lot?
Are you drunk now?
-Do you know the bartender's name?
-Wait a minute!
If there's any kind of lapse in your memory...
...or if there's any period of time in your life...
...that you just can't remember...
If there's anything you can't remember...
...it's very important that we discover together...
...what it is.
You're trying to put me in f ucking Bellevue.
What's going on here?
Did you arrest him yet?
No, I didn't arrest him.
Take him down for observation, please.
Come on, let's go.
I'd rather go to the f ucking tombs than a f ucking psych ward.
Get out of here!
Stop!
He pulled a knife on me.
Tommy, don't run!
Come on, let's go.
Stop!
There he is!
Down 49th!
Pull up ahead of him.
Stop!
Hey, nice work!
-He didn't know what he was doing.
-I saved the state 200, 000.
Call a supervisor.
He was sick, Sally.
Sick!
We got him. It's all over.
Pack your bags.
It's over. Pack your bags.
I'm taking you away.
All right, all right.
I love you.
I love you.
We're being sent home now.
Anything you need before we go?
No.
-Thank you.
-My pleasure.
Ex cuse me.
Go away! Go away!
He's in here? Who's here?
He's in the elevator.
I saw him kill someone.
-I saw him in the elevator.
-There's nobody in the elevator.
No, I saw it.
-I just got out of the elevator.
-I saw it.
It's over. Tommy's dead.
He's dead. Tommy's dead.
Tommy's dead?
I don't understand.
-Why'd he kill those people?
-He hated you.
He hated you.
-He had the idea...
-He didn't...
He had an idea that your work
was glorifying violence.
He had the idea that
death shouldn't be used...
...to sell things.
Death...
...is a sacred thing.
What are you talking about?
His mother.
I don't understand.
Tommy's mother.
Hysterical woman.
She was a hooker, you know.
Leave him sitting three, four days
at a time in a little one-room...
...in the same pair of diapers...
...while she sold her ass on the
streets of the nation's capital.
It wasn't very pretty.
No. That's not Tommy's story.
One day, the father comes home.
I think it was the father.
It might have been a john, you know, a trick.
Outraged about the condition of the child, he slashes her throat...
...right there on the spot.
I watched the blood dry on her face...
...until it was just about the colour of your hair.
You said "I."
I don't know what you see in that son of a bitch.
Can't even pay his bills.
They turned off his electricity.
He cannot finish his dissertation.
He's been working on it for three years.
I'm the one that keeps him in shape.
See this body?
That's my work. If it was up to him, I'd weigh 98 pounds.
I'm the one that feeds him.
I pay the bills.
I answer the Christmas cards.
I'm the one you want.
I love you! I love you.
If you love me...
...kill him.
Now.
Please.
If you love me, you'll kill him.
I love you.
Please, kill him.
Police operator 834.
Where is the emergency, please?
I want to report a death.
Ma'am, please give me your name and address.
Give me your address, please.
He came here to kill me.
Be calm. I'll have someone there to help you in a moment.
He couldn't do it.
Ma'am?
Because he...
In order to help you, I have to have your name and your address.
He really did love me.
Just give me your name.
What?
Your name.
I'm Laura Mars.