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Following

By Christopher Nolan

[Man]

The following is my explanation--
well, more of an account...
of what happened.
I'd been on my own
for a while...
and getting kind of lonely...
and bored.

Nothing, still, all day.

And that's when

I started shadowing.

[Man #2]

"Shadowing?"

[Man #1] Shadowing. Following.

I started to follow people.

- Who?

-Anyone at first.

[Sniffing]

I mean, that was the whole point--
somebody at random,
somebody who didn't know who I was.
And then?

-And then nothing.

- "Nothing?"

Nothing. I'd just see where
they went, what they did...
and go home afterwards.

Why'd you do it?

Um, to see where they went.

Anyone-- I mean--

How can I explain?

You ever, um,

been to a football match
just to let your eyes rise...
and go over--

drift across a crowd of people,
and then slowly start
to fix on one person?

And all of a sudden that person
isn't part of the crowd anymore.

- They've become an individual,
just like that.

-[Snaps Fingers]

This became irresistible.

- So you followed women?
- No, I didn't follow women.
It wasn't a sex thing.
I followed anybody.
I just wanted to see
where they went, what they did.
You were playing
secret agent?
No, I'm a writer.
Well, I want to be a writer anyway.
I was, um, gathering material
for my characters.
Well, to begin with.
After a while I, um, spotted
the dangers. I'd become hooked.
I had to start making up rules to,
um, just try and keep it under control.
Um, never follow people
for too long.
Don't follow women
down dark alleys after dark.
You know, stuff like that.
It was supposed to just be
completely random.
And when it stopped
being random,
that's when it started
to go wrong.
When I started... to follow people--
specific people,
when I selected
a person to follow,
that's when the trouble started.
Other people are interesting to me.
Have you never...
listened to other people's conversations
on the bus or on the tube?
Seen somebody on the street that
looks interesting or is behaving...
slightly-- oddly
or something like that?
Wondered what their lives
involved, what they do,
where they come from,

where they go to?

[Coughing]

[Typewriter Keys Clacking]

You watch somebody's behavior, and
it raises a hundred thousand questions,
and... I wanted
to ask those questions,
and I wanted to know
what the answers were,
and so I'd follow people
to try and find out.

Most important rule was...
that even if I found out where
somebody worked or where they lived,
then you'd never follow
the same person twice.

That was the most
important rule.

That was the one
that I broke first.

- [Woman] Yes?

- Uh, coffee, please.

- Come on. It's lunch.

- Toasted cheese sandwich is fine.

Mind if I join you?

No.

Who am I?

- Uh, yeah, I'll have
a black coffee, please, and...

- Nothing.

[Sniffs]

another coffee, black.

You're obviously not
a policeman, so who are you,
and why are you following me?

I'm sorry. I don't know
what you're talking about.

Don't piss me about.

Who the fuck are you?

Thank you very much.

Sugar?

[Stirring Continues]

No, I wasn't--

I wasn't following you. 1-- 1--

I saw you with your bag. I just thought you looked interesting.

- What are you, a faggot?

- No, no. [Scoffs]

No, l-- To tell you the truth, I thought you were this guy that I was at school with.

I saw you walk in here, so I followed you in just to see if it was him.

-But it wasn't.

-Why didn't you ask me when you saw me?

'Cause I'd have been embarrassed if it wasn't the person.

- Not as embarrassed as you are now.

- No, I suppose not.

- What's your name?

- Bill.

Well, Bill, what do you do?

- Actually, I'm kind of--

- Between jobs right now,yeah.

- Yeah, that's right.

- What would you do?

- Don't know.

- Oh, come on, Bill, don't be coy.

There's some burning ambition inside you, isn't there?

- Something of a starving artist in you, no? No?

- No.

- No. No.

- You're a painter.

- Photos? Writer?

- No. No.

- Writer, eh?

- No.

- But you write?

- Not much.

- But sometimes?

- Sometimes. Who doesn't?

Me.

So you're a writer.

I didn't say that.

What makes you think

I'm a writer anyway?

An unemployed twenty-something
fancies himself a writer.

- A real leap into the unknown.
- Well, I'm not a writer.
- But you're interested in people.
- Yeah.
- This person?
- Perhaps.

You haven't even asked me
my name yet.

- What's your name?
- Or what's in my bag.
- What bag?
- My bag.

The one you've been
looking at all morning.

What's your name,
and what's in your bag?

My name's Cobb.

Take a look for yourself.

What were you expecting, drugs?

Why'd you nick their old CDs?

Easy to grab a load, easy to sell,
totally untraceable.

The other stuff's
a bit more tricky.

You don't look like
a burglar.

Sounds like a compliment.

Are you interested now?

[Doorbell Rings]

Gloves?

[Whispering]

People don't really do that, do they?

You'd be surprised.

Does that really work?

Wait and see.

Beginner's luck.

See, nobody home.

Okay, first things first.

- We need a bag.
- [Whispering Continues] "A bag?"

To carry the stuff in.

Why are you whispering?

- Do you have one of your own?

- Yeah.

It's a big bag with "swag"
written right across it.

Ah. Bingo!

Okay. What do you fancy?

Nothing here of any value.

- You don't seem that concerned.

Why do you do it?

- I don't do it for the money.

For the adrenalin, and because,
like you, I'm interested in people.

Yeah, you can tell a lot
about people from their stuff.

- How old would you say
these people are?

- Don't know.

You can tell a lot from the futon
for a start. Young people have futons.

These people wouldn't be
anywhere near 40 with a futon.

And they've got one laundry bag,
which means they're probably
very used to each other.

Probably about 25 or over.

They could be 20, and they've
been living together for years.

Nah. Look at the books.

They're college educated.

Probably graduated
when they were 21 or 22.

Moved in together
in the last year.

You can tell more
from their music.

And here is the box.

- What box?

- Everyone has a box.

- But mainly it's just a shoe box.

- Is there valuables in it?

No, more interesting.

More personal things like snapshots,
letters, little trinkets
from Christmas.

See?

Envelope, photo,
calling cards, notes.

Sort of an unconscious
collection, a display.

- What do you mean, "display?"

- Well, display.

Each thing tells something
very intimate about the people.
We're very privileged to see it.

It's very rare.

Hey, hey, hey, hey!

What--

What the hell
did you do that for?

It's like a diary.

They hide it.

But actually they want someone
to see it. That's what I do.

See their display.

Flip sides of the same coin.

This way they know
that someone's seen it.

That's what it's all about--
interrupting someone's life,
making them see all the things
they took for granted.

Like when they go back and buy
all this stuff from the shelves
with the insurance money,
they'll have to think
for the first time in a long time...

why they wanted all this stuff,
what it's for.

You take it away,
and you show them what they had.

Saucy, eh?

Found these in the last flat.

I think I'll just give them
something to, uh, chat about.

Why would you want
to do that?

She'll find them in his trousers
and ask him what he's been doing.

Yeah, but why would you
want to fuck up their relationship?
Don't you listen?
You take it away...
and show them what they had.
- Fancy a drink?
- You've gotta be joking.
Don't be fooled
by the supermarket label.
I seem to remember I've had this before,
and it was actually quite good.
You'd have had a bit of difficulty
doing this with your gloves on.
- So are we actually
gonna take anything?
- Anything your heart desires.
But that's not really the point,
is it? I mean, this is work.
I thought the whole point
of burglary was taking things.
No, this is the point-- breaking in,
entering someone's life,
- finding out who they really are.
-[Pouring Wine]
I mean, don't you just feel it?
Standing here, drinking their wine.
- People we'll never even meet.
- [Door Opens]
[Footsteps]
[Woman] Would you like a drink?
I've got some wine.
- What the f--
- Shh!
Oh, you startled us.
Are you from the agency,
- or are you viewing like us?
- What are you doing in my flat?
- Didn't the agent tell you
we'd be here?
- But we're not moving.
You must be the man
of the house. Congratulations.
You have a very nice home.
But we're not moving.

Really? Then I should
check with the agent, love.

- Sorry.

-[Footsteps]

Shit. We shouldn't have
come up here. We're gonna have
to wait ages to get down again.
Maybe there's a way off here.
Jesus Christ!

Do you think they believed you?

[Chuckling] Of course
they didn't fucking believe me.

- What do you think you were doing?

- I caught them on the hop.

- We surprised them.

- How do you mean?

That bloke wasn't her boyfriend. Why
do you think he didn't say anything?
She was up to no good, and she was
pretty glad we weren't her boyfriend.

- You reckon?

- Why else would she be home in
the middle of the afternoon?

No, you just can't plan
for that kind of fucking shit.

We're unlucky. Don't worry
about it. It won't happen again.

- Well, I'm not so sure.

- Oh, yeah?

Next time you can do
the fucking prep work.

- No, I didn't mean it like that.

- No, I mean it.

Take your mark, check it out for days,
months, years, whatever.

- It'll be the next place we hit.

- Yeah, all right.

- Tell you what.

- What?

I feel bad about pulling
the panty routine on that bloke.
She's gonna give him loads of shit,
and she's the one fooling around.

[Indistinct Chattering]

Beer, please.

Thanks.

- Buy you a drink?

- Yeah.

But you can't
sleep with me.

- Why's that?

- 'Cause I'm with the guy over there.

- That bald one?

- He'd let you buy me a drink,
but sex is completely
out of the question.

[Chuckles]

- Still want to buy me that drink?

- No.

[Chuckles]

- So what's a nice girl like you...

- Doing in a place like this?

- doing with a cunt like that?

- It's a long story.

Keep your voice down.

- He does own this place.

- I was trying to get your attention.

My name's Daniel Lloyd.

My friends call me Danny.

So?

So you've obviously
had a bad day.

Kind of day that makes you feel
like everybody's out
for their pound of flesh.

Yeah.

I've been having quite a lot
of days like that.

- Say something to me.

- Like what?

See you outside
in ten minutes.

- Oh, I'm sorry. It just--

- It just came apart in your hands.

- It did, actually.

- Yeah, I know. It was broken already.

Somebody dropped it.

I've been meaning to...

fix it, but, um,
I'll probably never
get around to it.
It's a ticker tape
mix of, um--

- So, what about you and this bald guy?

- What about him?

- Going out with him?

- Not exactly.

You and him have got
something going?

No. We used to go out with each other,
but that's been over for a long time.

- So why'd you tell me
you were with him?

- To get rid of you.

[Chuckles] So why wouldn't you agree
to have a drink with me?

Did we have to
come here?

He still gets jealous, and I didn't
feel like going back to my place.

- Why not?

- I got burgled yesterday.

What's it feel like,
being, uh, broken into?

Most people ask,

"What did they take?"

I'm curious about
the way people feel.

I'm a writer.

Gosh.

-So?

- So?

- So how'd it feel?

- [Scoffs] Great.

Sorry.

- This bald guy's dangerous, is he?

- You are a nosy bastard.

- Dangerous, like how?

- Dangerous, like
criminal-type dangerous.

Dangerous like "involved
in bad things" type dangerous.

- What sort of bad things?
- The usual-- girls, drugs, magazines.
- "Magazines?"
- And films. Pornography.
- And he owns a couple of clubs.
- Wealthy type.

Yes. And refined.

Took me a long time to realize the kind of things that he was capable of.

What sort of things are they?

Perhaps another time.

I really think

I should be going.

[Line Ringing]

- [Cobb] Yeah?

- It's me, Bill.

What the fuck

do you want?

- Advice.

- On what?

- On a job.

- What fucking job?

- The job that I told you about.

- Not interested.

Yeah, I know that.

I'm gonna do it myself.

- I wanna know something about protection.

- "Protection?"

Yeah, you know, self-defense, weapons, stuff like that.

Surprisingly enough, I thought you might be able to give me some advice.

[Chuckling]

Steel whip. Nunchakus, they're all right.

Tools are good. A sharpened screwdriver, a hammer, a chisel.

- "Hammer?"

- Yeah. Medium-sized, good rubber grip.

It's very nasty. You get a claw hammer, you can pry doors with it.

Slip it into the back

of your waistband, you're set.

- You still there?

- [Beeps Off]

[Doorbell Buzzes]

[Chuckles] You might want to get some of these, for Christ's sake.

- Where did you get them?

- I stole them from Middlessex Hospital. You can't buy them.

Bin-fucking-go.

[Lock Clicks]

Okay, you get the bag.

I'll check out the stuff.

[Door Closes]

- I got one.

- Ah, that's good.

-May not need it. There's fuck-all here.

-Really?

- What about the telly?

- It's fucking useless.

[Dismayed Grunt]

What are we, burglars or vandals?

If you're a burglar, why don't you start burgling?

Uh, what about the tapes?

- Not much of a collection, but it's a bit personal.

- What do you mean?

It's not the kind of stuff you'd play to your dinner party guests to fill in gaps of conversation.

- What sort of music's that?

- Simply Red, Fleetwood Mac, that kind of shit.

- He's got taste?

- Each to his own,

- but he's a sad fucker with no social life.

-[CDs Clattering]

- Ooh, nice machine.

- Maybe he's a writer.

Nah. If he's a writer, he'd have a word processor.

This guy wants to be a writer.

Those are two totally separate things.

- You checked this out?

- Uh-huh.

- You watched him go to work,
saw his routine?

- Yeah.

- What's his job?

- He works in a bank.

This guy's unemployed.

- No, he's not.

- Look at the desk. He's unemployed.

People who have jobs don't have
this kind of shit in their homes.

He's either unemployed
or he's a student.

Which means he could
be back any fucking second.

What the fuck is that?

You should recognize it, dole boy.

His fucking U.B. 40, you ass. You didn't
check this out. We're going now.

- We're not gonna take anything?

- No, we're not gonna take anything.

I don't feel like scrounging off some
poor dole head. Fuck it. No offense.

None taken.

-[Key Clicks]

- Let's go to someplace I've checked.

[Doorbell Buzzing]

Hi. Make yourself at home.

I'll be done in just a minute.

[Footsteps]

- Nice place.

- Thanks.

Feel a bit funny about it, since
someone's been going through my stuff.

- Sort of creepy.

- What'd they take?

Books, my camera, CDs.

[Chuckles]

They even took a bag from my
cupboard to take it away in.

Apparently that's standard.

It must be terrible,

losing all that stuff.
Insurance'll cover most of it.
It's personal stuff that's worse.
- "Personal stuff?" Like what?
- They, um, rifled through my underwear.
Shit. Why would
they do that?
Come on. You know the kind of kinky,
voyeuristic shit men get into.
[Chuckles] I'm sorry.
I'm not into any of that.
One other thing they did was
they took one of my earrings.
They didn't take the pair. They took one
just to really fuck me off.
You probably misplaced
the other one.
I know.
I had them on my dresser,
and I came back
and there was just one.
- So you just wear one now.
- It gives me something to talk about.
I'll, uh-- I'll go
and get some clothes on.
[Door Closes]
[One Note]
[Cobb]
Bill?
- Saucy, eh?
- [Chuckles]
Haven't found a bag yet?
- This is her flat.
- Yeah, she's a fox.
- She's got pictures
of herself everywhere.
- Yeah, she looks good.
Look at this stuff.
Mmm. Mmm, you should take
some of this stuff.
- No way.
- Suit yourself.
I'm gonna take something.
Look at her.

She's a babe.

Bingo.

[Piano:

Why does she have

so many pictures of herself?

I think she's a model.

She's certainly vain.

Is that about it?

Yeah, I guess that covers

the useful stuff.

Not much else. Stereo's too big.

Piano-- definitely too big.

I think... I'll just

misplace this for her.

- What is this place?

- Used to be offices.

- How'd you get the keys?

- Broke in, changed the locks.

It's owned by one of

those management places.

They never come around, and if

they do, they'll just think

they've mixed up their keys.

Or eventually, they'll break in

and change the locks,

but I'll be long gone by then.

London's full of

these dead spaces.

Above restaurants or shops,

whole buildings.

- Do we leave the stuff here?

- No, that's your job.

- You hang on to it until I

let you know we're ready to fence it.

- Okay.

Unless...you want to try

to sell it yourself and give me

half of what you get for it.

I wouldn't know

what to do with it.

Look, I was hard on you

at that last place,

but you've got to understand,

I won't let anybody put me at risk.

- It's dangerous enough already.

- Sure.

- An early supper, I think.

- No, I really can't afford it.

- It's covered.

- Yeah?

Okay.

Authentic? I don't know,

but I like it.

You keep on coming in here.

- I know. I like it.

- Why? I don't know.

Well, no, I do know why.

- Why?

- Because there's no windows,

and because it's dark,

and nobody can see you

in the alcoves.

And so, perhaps the bald guy

wouldn't come past.

- Maybe.

- Maybe. Maybe this is where...

you bring all the guys

you go out with,

because you know

that he's, uh,

not just gonna be

walking by, popping in.

-[Clears Throat]

- Maybe.

Maybe. Yeah.

[Chuckles]

I thought it was over between you two.

It is.

So how come you still go

to basement bars then...

so that you can't

be seen by him?

- Because, as I've told you before--

- You're afraid of him,

-because he's... dangerous.

- Because he's dangerous.

Dangerous how? How dangerous?

You keep saying he's dangerous.

You never explain to me

why you're so afraid of him.

Okay.

He came around to my flat

with a couple of his...

associates, and...

I didn't really know what all this was
about until this other guy arrived...

- Mm-hmm.

- who apparently owed them some money.

- They didn't like this very much,
so they got a hammer,

- [Grunting]

they held him down and smashed
every single one of his fingers.

[Man Screaming]

[Screaming Continues]

And then they

smashed his skull.

[Screaming Stops]

Someone get me

a tea towel or something.

[Chuckles]

You're joking with me.

No.

- You're not joking with me.

- Uh-uh.

This is why you don't

go out with him anymore.

- Isn't it?

- No. No, no.

That's because he made

a mess on my carpet.

- That's not funny. [Chuckling]

- Yeah.

I know.

How on earth did you get to fall in

with somebody like this?

- [Scoffs]

- That's not the sort of fella...

- Change the subject.

- I would've thought you'd

normally associate with.

What were you doing?
Were you, um, [Clears Throat]
working for him at the time?
That is none of your business.
I think you better find someone else
to start telling you little stories.
Oh, come on.
I was just joking.
[Door Opens]
[Chuckling]
[Whispering]
Bingo.
[Door Closes]
[Sighs]
Bag, bag, bag, bag, bag, bag.
Fuck!
Oh, Jesus fucking Christ.
Think, think, think, think,
think, think, think, think, think.
You're developing
a taste for it.
The violating, the voyeurism--
it's definitely you.
- I think not.
- I think so.
I think before long you'll have
developed a taste for the things
that go with the proceeds.
-Such as?
- Well, all this.
Do you make all your money
through burglary?
No, not all of it. In fact,
you're gonna pay for this.
I told you, I can't afford
to pay for this.
It won't really be you.
It'll be D. Lloyd that pays for this.
I thought I'd give you the pleasure
of pretending to pay.
- What am I supposed to do with this?
- Sign it.
- "Sign it?"
- Sign it.

In your own handwriting. Then you can do anything you want with it.

D. Lloyd.

[Chuckles]

[Chuckling] Are you ever worried about being caught?

Why else would I do it?

Besides, I'm not gonna get caught.

- What, you've thought it all through?

- I've thought it all through.

This is only the tip of the iceberg.

I would do things that you don't even believe.

- Such as?

- Example.

Sometimes when I'm watching a flat I'll see that the owners are about to go on holiday.

I'll wait till they're gone, then move in for a week or two.

- You've gotta be joking.

- No. It happens a lot more than you believe.

How do you know when they're gonna be back?

- It's almost always marked on the kitchen calendar.

- Crafty. [Chuckling]

- [No Audible Dialogue]

-Jesus fucking Christ.

- What's wrong?

- The woman from the first flat we broke into just walked in.

- Are you sure?

- Yes, I am fucking sure!

- Is she with the same bloke?

It's all right then.

- No.

- What if she sees us?

- She's with her partner.

She can't do anything.

I think that's one hell of a chance to take.

What's she gonna say to us?

That we stole half a bottle
of red wine? Calm down.

- You mind if we skip dessert?

- Yes, I fucking mind!

- She's coming this way.

- She's going to the loo.

- She saw me. She saw me.

- Oh, yeah?

- She recognizes us.

I think we should leave.

- Okay. We'll leave.

Not that we've got anything
to worry about...

except for you making
a fucking twat out of yourself.

I really hate it when I don't get to
finish a good meal with a cup of coffee.

- Yeah, but--

- Don't fucking say it!

She got a second look at me.

She recognized me. That sort
of thing makes me nervous.

If you're so worried about
your appearance, change it.

A new haircut, set of clothes,
your mother won't even recognize you.

Just because you broke into
people's homes doesn't mean
you need to look like a burglar.

[Typewriter Keys Clacking]

[Typing Resumes]

Everybody has a box.

[Line Ringing]

[Ringing Continues]

- Yep?

- Hello. It's Bill.

Hello, Bill.

What can I do for you?

Not much.

It's about the stuff.

What about the stuff?

I've, uh, met this guy,
said he'd fence most of it.

I thought I'd have a go myself,
like you said.

I don't reckon I'll
get as much as you could.

But, uh, half of
whatever I get.

- How does that sound?

- Well, that sounds fine.

- Anything else?

- Yeah, I took your advice.

- What advice?

- About changing my appearance.

- I got my haircut. I'm all dressed up.

- With no place to go.

God, Bill, I wasn't being
entirely serious about that.

Yeah. I just feel better
this way.

- Safer, huh?

- Safer. I'll give you a ring
when I get the money.

Right.

[Chuckles]

[Woman]

What was all that about?

You. Your stuff, anyway.

He's gonna

deal with it himself.

Meaning?

Meaning he took the bait
and he's hooked.

He's gonna hang on to the stuff but
pretend to sell it, give me some money.

- You may even get most of it
back if you're lucky.

- [Chuckles]

God, it's perfect.

The photos worked.

I even got him to cut his hair
and change his clothes.

So, does that mean you'll tell me
where you hid my earring?

No. And I wouldn't wait
for your panties, either.

He's too embarrassed
to give those back too.
Shit. And did you have to
break my window?
Couldn't you have found
a key or something?
No, that would've been
three spare keys in a row.
Even Bill's not gonna
fall for that.
God, it was so embarrassing
when we went to his place.
Right under the mat just like
I told him. That's totally pathetic.
It was a new mat as well.
I think he bought this mat...
just so he could put
the key under it.
[Whispering]
Fuck it.
[Both Grunting]
[Doorbell Buzzing]
[Woman Over Intercom]
Fuck off.
How do you know it was me?
Could have been your mother
you just told to fuck off.
- I meant it.
- Oh, come on. Let me in.
I've come to apologize.
- So, apologize.
- I haven't been
entirely honest with you.
- I'm doing a piece about burglaries.
- What?
I'm writing about burglaries--
about a friend of mine who
breaks into people's houses.
That's why I asked you
so many questions about your break-in.
I didn't tell you at the time 'cause
I didn't wanna upset you too much.
He's been breaking in and--
I haven't stolen anything.

l-- I just go along

Is that it?

Yes.

What's that got to do
with anything?

Now I've been honest with you.

I want you to return the favor.

- I have been honest with you.

- You're still seeing the bald guy.

I was early the other day.

I saw him leave.

- You said it was over.

- It is.

Then why are you still
seeing him?

- He's blackmailing me.

- He's rich.

- Why would he want money?

- I didn't say anything about money.

- What's he blackmailing you with?

- Photos.

- Of?

- Of me. Don't ask me anything else.

- I'm not feeding

your seedy little fantasies.

- You've got me all wrong.

- Have I?

- Yes.

Where are these... pictures?

- In his office. Why?

- I could take them.

- How?

- I could break in.

Me and this guy could do it.

There's gotta be some valuable stuff
in his office, you know.

- Sometimes keeps money in the safe.

- We can't get into his safe.

- That's where the photos are.

- What?

They're in an envelope. There
are negatives and some of the prints.

- We can't do that.

- I know the combination.

- How?
- I've seen him open it loads of times.
I thought I might be able
to lift them myself.
Well, that's what
we'll do then.
No one in their right minds
would steal from him.
If we don't get caught, it's not
gonna matter who it was we stole from.
And we're not
going to get caught.
If you get them, you won't
look at the photos and you
won't even look in the envelope.
- Of course not.
- I've got your word on that?
You have my word.
- You're late.
- Sorry.
I thought you said you were
gonna fence it yourself.
I got rid of most of it.
- It'll take me a couple of days
to get rid of all of this.
- That's what I thought.
- Is there something else
on your mind?
- Yeah. I wanna hit a place.
Well, I've been scouting out
a couple of places.
- A particular place. Some photos.
- Photos?
Yeah, for a friend.
- What's the place?
- Photos are in a safe,
but I've got the combination.
- Well, if it's for a friend,
where's the money at?
- Money's in the safe.
Probably.
Probably.
Whose office?
A club owner--

pornographer type.

- Heavy?

- Yeah, it looks like it.

What the fuck's
going on?

- I'm seeing someone.

- Who?

- The owner of that bag.

- What?

The woman whose house we hit,
the one with the pictures of herself.

Now tell me
you're fucking joking.

No.

I thought she looked interesting.

I followed her.

We had a drink,
and... now we're involved.

- Have you slept with her?

- Yeah.

We're gettin' on
really well.

I wanted to give some of her stuff back
to her, but I thought that would mean--
You thought that would mean
telling her you robbed her.

How prudent not to tell her that!

That's a nice haircut though.

Nice suit as well.

- Pity to have bloodstains on it.

- What blood?

You're on your own now.

Here. Here's
a present for you...

to get you started
on your new solo career.

[Gaggling]

[Typewriter Keys Clacking]

- Did you have to beat him?

- Did you have to sleep with him?

- You told me to.

- I said you should if you had to,
but it's not really
the same as telling you to.

- Did you enjoy it?
- Did you enjoy beating him up?
Of course.
Look, I'm in deep shit.
This has gotta work.
They really think you're involved?
They've already had me in
for questioning, haven't they?
It's not gonna be long
before they find the guy that
saw me leave and pull me in.
- Did he get a good look at you?
- No. Which is why I think
this is gonna work.
What we need is someone
of roughly the same appearance,
roughly the same way
of working, we should be fine.
Just tell him what really happened.
You found her like that.
No, you wouldn't say that
if you saw what I saw.
No, I mean, this is horrible.
There's blood everywhere.
Her head has been beaten.
She doesn't even look human anymore.
I'd been there a while. I may have
left traces, prints, forensic shit.
I don't know. Look,
the point is the body's fresh.
It hasn't been dead long.
Any witness might put me close
enough to the time of death.
- You just said that the witness
didn't get a good look at you.
- That's not the point, is it?
A crime that brutal--
an old lady beaten to death--
if they even think it's me
they're gonna try and pin
it on me, aren't they?
- We've got to have someone else.
I told them there's someone.
- And if he's got an alibi?

Well, he's a loner.
He's perfect.
Even strangers that have seen him
before aren't gonna recognize him...
because he's had
his hair cut.
No, he's our man.
[Coughing]
Got it. I took
the fuckin' money first.
Money-- bundles
of fuckin' money.
Ow!
Nothing. Nothing.
I'm okay.
Okay!
- Oh, I'll be 'round soon.
-[Hangs Up Phone]
[Doorbell Buzzes]
You promised me you
wouldn't open the envelope.
It wasn't sealed.
They fell out.
- They fell out?
- So, are you gonna explain?
I mean, what was it? Was it all
just bullshit to get hold of the money?
- There isn't usually any in there.
- Well, what then?
It was for a friend.
The police think he did
something and he didn't.
So he needs a decoy--
another likely suspect.
Someone caught robbing a place using
the same way he does it-- his methods.
His methods.
Who was the friend?
Cobb.
Broke into a place
a couple of weeks ago.
He found an old lady
bashed to death.
He ran off.

Someone saw him.

Couple of days later the police called him in for questioning.

They think he killed her.

- He probably did.

- He's a thief. He's not a murderer.

So, he told them that, uh,

they've got him confused

with another burglar he knew.

- One who used the same M.O.

- Why me?

You set yourself up

for it.

Cobb noticed you following him days

before he actually approached you.

Initially, he thought you were police.

And then he followed you.

He followed me?

He followed you and realized

you were just this sad, little

fucker waiting to be used.

So you and Cobb

just went for it.

How could you

do this to me?

To anybody?

It's not that serious.

You've got the money,

you didn't kill the old lady.

You're just there to throw

doubt into the minds of the police.

They'll never charge you.

You were supposed to get

caught tonight breaking in.

They'd pull you in, ask you about the

old lady and you wouldn't know anything.

They still could have

charged me for breaking and entering.

You did break and enter.

And for whatever reason,

you didn't get caught red-handed.

He came in.

He went down.

I didn't hang around long enough

to find out whether he could get up.
It's his blood
on my hammer.
How could you
do this to me?
It's nothing personal.
When I began this,
I didn't even know you.
[Drops Hammer]
- I'll go to the police in the morning.
- You can't.
I'm going and I'm gonna
tell them everything.
You can't, 'cause
they won't believe you.
I'm gonna tell them everything. They'll
believe me because it's the truth.
- Not if you haven't got someone
to back up your story.
- You could.
I won't.
They'll make you because
your lies won't stand up to the truth.
- I wouldn't do this if I were you.
-[Door Closes]
That's it.
I mean, if you got
any, uh, questions, then--
One or two.
You see, we don't actually
have any unsolved murders
of old ladies at the present.
- You must have.
- There's no such ongoing investigation.
And we don't know
this Mr. Cobb of yours.
I warned you
he'd look in the envelope.
He gave me his word.
I believed him.
It's nothing personal.
He couldn't help it.
I mean, he's a born peeper.
Anyway, down to business.

[Scoffs]

Business?

[Policeman]

Perhaps there's...

something else

you'd like to tell me, hmm?

Anything?

- Where's the hammer?

- It's in that bag.

What are you gonna

do with it?

The old man was very specific

about how I should do things.

Wh-- What's the old man

got to say about it?

Oh, well, he is letting me

keep all the money from his safe.

Anything at all?

Your side of things?

He says your demands

have become too unreasonable.

You've become too greedy

in your blackmail.

He said something about

you being a witness...

to an incident that happened

in this very room.

He was very precise about exactly how

and where I should take care of things.

Something about a bloodstained

carpet that you've got stashed

away to back up your story,

should it ever be told.

- Did you talk to her?

- We found her this morning.

[Screaming]

- What do you mean, "found her?"

- Her body.

We also found a hammer

with two types of blood on it.

One type, I assume, will match

the bloke you put in hospital.

All her fingers were smashed.

You must have tortured her

to get the combination.
I didn't touch her!
We also found some
interesting items in your flat
in this shoe box under your bed.
Among various items reported missing
by the deceased last week, we found...
these pairs
of ladies' underwear.
Were they hers? I assume
so since we found them stashed...
with these passport-style
photographs of the deceased.
We also found
this pearl earring...
which exactly matched the one worn by
the deceased at the time of her death.
- A little trophy?
- No!
It was Cobb who planted it
when we turned over her place.
Go and collar him.
I gave you his address.
We checked the address you gave us.
There's no Cobb there.
The flat belongs to
a Mister...
D. Lloyd.
He's just returned
from holiday.
And he told us that while
he was away, his flat had been burgled.
Not much was missing.
But his new credit card
hasn't yet arrived.
Well, that was Cobb! We used it
to pay for a meal in a restaurant.
We found this
at your flat.
It was Cobb...
who stole it.
Is that your handwriting?
Yes.