



SCRIPTS

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A Walk Among the Tombstones

By Lawrence Block

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- You need some help, man.

- Oh, God.

I don't care.

You want to mess up your own shit.

But you're going to mess up mine, too.

I need to know you got my back.

Not that you're going to come falling
through the door behind me...

Don't worry your pretty
little spic head off.

Anyway. That was all I wanted to say.

Is that it?

Fuck you.

Scudder.

Remember us?

Okay, get out. Both of you.

I told you last night that we...

Oh, my God!

Is everybody okay?

Get down!

Get behind me! Get down!

Move it!

- Stay low!

- Duck inside!

Hey, Matt.

It's me, Peter.

You know, Peter Kristo...

Oh, Peter. Hi.

Do I know you, Peter?

Yeah, I led a meeting a few weeks ago.

You know, I'm a painter,
got hooked on smack in art school...

Oh, yeah.

You're the guy did the
Jackson Pollock number
on the wall of the john
with the blood from your...

- Syringe.

- Yeah.

- Yeah, that was me.

- I enjoyed your story.

Oh! Thanks. Appreciate it.

Do you mind?

Sure, sit down.

Can't smoke in here, honey.

- Yeah.

- Something wrong, Peter?

It's my brother, you know?

He needs your help.

What kind of help?

I think it would be better if
you came out to Clinton Hill,
talked about it there with him.
Clinton Hill.

Yeah, he'll pay for your cab out
there and back, and your time.

Whether you take it or not.

Please, just hear what he got
to say, that's all I'm asking.

When does your brother
want to have this chat?

Well, you know. Right now.

That's what I was afraid
you were gonna say.

- Here you go, Matt.

- Thanks, Jenny.

Yeah, I'm sorry.

You're eating.

I'll come back.

Yeah, if you're...

Jenny, would you keep this warm
for me, please? I'll be back.

Half an hour, right there on the right.

That's it. Yeah,
it's a nice place, right?

All right, Mr. Matt. Go on up.

Kenny don't like me smoking
in the house, so...

Hey, Kenny.

Mr. Scudder. Come in.

Can I get you something to drink?

Not a "drink" drink, I know
you know Peter from AA,
but there's coffee made,
or I can offer you a soda.

I'm fine.

So you're a private detective,

is that right?

- Unlicensed.

- What's that mean?

It means that sometimes
I do favors for people,
and sometimes, in return,
they give me gifts.

Gifts. But you used
to be a cop, right?

Yeah, I was with the 6th Precinct
in the Village for a while.

And before that, I was
over here with the 75th.

So why'd you quit?

I didn't like the hours, Mr. Kristo.

Nah, the corruption got to you, huh?

Not really.

It would have been hard to
support my family without it.

So, what can I do for you?

Well, this was really my brother's idea,
you know, bringing you out here.

You want, I can leave.

Someone's kidnapped my wife.

That's a federal matter.

They said not to call the cops.

Naturally they would.

When did this happen?

Yesterday.

You should be talking to the FBI.

- I'm talking to you.

- Look, Mr. Kristo...

- Kenny.

- Kenny.

If you're asking me to run
a bag, deliver money,
that is not something I do.

I already paid them.

When?

Last night.

How much?

\$400,000.

And your wife? Where is she?

She's dead.

I paid them, but they killed her anyway.

I see.

- I'm sorry.

- I don't want you to be sorry.

I want you to find the men who did this and bring them to me.

You say you paid them the 400 the same day?

That's right.

You mind if I ask what kind of business you're in, Kenny?

Construction.

What exactly do you construct?

Houses.

Oh.

Then I guess Peter's standing outside right now because he what? Doesn't like your building methods?

Peter's not supposed to associate with people like me.

People in my profession.

Since when is drug dealing a profession?

I mean, that's the reason, isn't it?

I'm sitting here and not the cops?

You're a dealer.

Properly speaking, I'm more of a trafficker than a dealer.

You understand the distinction.

I really don't give a shit one way or the other.

But whoever it was took your wife didn't just pick your name out of a hat.

They must have had some idea you had that kind of cash on hand.

That's exactly what I want you to find out.

Who did this?

Now there's \$20,000.

Consider it my gift to you.

There's 20 more, you find the two fucks who killed her.

So that you can kill them.

I'm sorry, but I can't help you.

Woulda been nice, you told

me what your brother was.
Yeah, you wouldn'ta come.
That's right. I wouldn't have.
I stopped drinking that day.
Just wasn't as much fun after that.
Well, I guess I'm just a...
Anyway, I'm eight years sober.
And I... Well...
That's all. Thanks.
Howie.
Hurt yourself?
Found it out back by the dumpster.
Mrs. Dolgren in 202
left it there when Mr. D
stroked out last week.
Any messages?
I never told you her name.
I don't want you to think that I'm cruel
or don't care.
I just can't say it.
What happened?
Hey
Hello?
Carrie Anne, what's your game now?
Hello?
She never came home, right?
Excuse me?
We've got your wife, fucko.
Carrie?
Carrie?
Baby, you up there?
What is it you want?
We want to help you get your wife back.
If you want her back, that is.
Of course I want her back.
Good. Then stay by the phone,
don't call the police,
and we'll be in touch. Very soon.
It was maybe 10 minutes
before they called again.
How much does your
wife weigh, Mr. Kristo?
110, 120?
Somewhere in that neighborhood?

Something like 50 kilograms,
you might say?
Now 50 keys, at 20 a key,
run the numbers for me.
Comes out to a million, doesn't it?
What's your point?
My point?
My point is that you'd pay a million
for her if she were product.
If she was powder, Mr. Kristo.
Isn't she worth as much
to you in flesh and blood?
I can't pay what I don't have.
How much do you have?
Four hundred.
Five.
I'm not haggling. I gave you
the top figure right away.
It's 400.
Oh, well.
That's the best you can do.
Okay. Four hundred it is.
Before I give you anything, I want
to make sure my wife is all right.
Well, that's impossible.
I'm at a pay phone.
How do I even know you've
got her in the first place?
Are you familiar with her tits?
Excuse me?
They're quite nice. Would
you recognize one of them?
That would be the easiest way.
I could cut one off.
The one with the cute little mole on it.
And I'll leave it on your doorstep.
- Would that put your mind at rest?
- Jesus, don't say that.
All right, then let's not talk
any more about proof, okay?
Put the money in two hefty bags.
Go to the corner of
Columbia and Commerce
to the pay phone and wait for my call.

Hello.

Where's the money?

In the back seat.

Two bags, like you said.

Good. Now leave it.

Walk up Columbia to Richards Street.

And then what?

Wait on the corner for five minutes,
then walk back,

get in your car and go home.

Well, what about my wife?

She'll be in the car waiting for you.

Carrie?

Fuck.

And they run me around, then finally
they tell me she's at home, waiting for me.

I go home and she's not there either.

Carrie!

The phone rings again.

Fuck!

Where is she?

They send me over to Red Hook.

Tell me she's in the trunk
of this abandoned car.

They taped this to the
inside of the trunk

with a note that said
"for your listening pleasure."

That's my number.

It's okay.

Look at these. Look at these.

I touch them and the nipples get hard.

You get hot even when
you're scared, don't you?

And kiss me.

Yeah. Come on,
let's take the tape off of her.

Hey, Carrie Anne

Can anybody...

Yes?

Where in Red Hook?

She tipped me \$2, which is twice
what anybody else tips,
if they even tip at all.

You mentioned a van.
Yeah. It was parked right there.
Two guys got out of it.
I remember they checked
her out pretty good.
They were both dressed the same,
some kind of uniform.
They pulled out after Mrs. Kristo,
cut off a Caddy.
- You remember what the van looked like?
- Yeah.
It was light blue.
It was definitely light blue.
I could tell she was a good cook.
Nothing frozen in her cart.
She said she was making kunafa, so I sent
her to the Lebanese place down the block.
Yeah, the van was
parked across the street.
I thought they were making a delivery.
I don't remember a van.
I do remember the pita maker,
Mrs. Youness, came in
and was all like, "Oh, what happened?
Are we okay?"
She saw two men and a woman
run across the street away from
the store and leap into a van.
She thought they had
just robbed the store.
Two men?
Yeah.
I think it had the name of a
TV repair place on the side.
Two initials, like B & R TV.
For sure. J & M Heating.
R & L Stereo.
B & A Appliance.
TJ, I'd like a word with you.
Now, please.
I know you've been sleeping here.
Shit.
I know because Mr. Keyser
says you left a god-awful

mess in the men's room.
Not to mention the
mess you've left here.
TJ, you've got to...
He'll clean it up later, okay?
Right now he's helping
me with something.
You get back issues of all the
New York papers on there?
For what?
Naw, I'm good.
Can see from right here.
Not the first old
white dude, come in here,
try to put a hand on me.
Okay.
Child of God.
What?
The name. Gotteskind.
It means "child of God."
It's German.
Except, clearly, God never
looked out for Marie.
TJ? That short for something?
Yeah, it's short for "TJ."
You 5-0?
Nope.
'Cause you've got that look.
I work private.
Yeah? Like Sam Spade?
Yeah, just like him.
What I'm saying is, I read about him.
And Marlowe, too.
All of those guys.
You spend that much time in here?
Some. Mostly when it rains.
Just like the sound it makes, you know?
Matt.
Short for Matthew.
So why you looking at
dead bitches, Matthew?
So these guys we're
looking for, they be like
real 730, or just, like, thugs?

Like real what?

730. It's the time they give
out the meds in a mental ward.

Right. 730.

Can that program go back another year?

Listen to you. "That program."

Take you maybe a minute to figure out
how to work Yahoo all by yourself.

Why bother?

From what I hear, it's all
going to shit in six months.

Please, please, man.

I got way more important things to do
than worry about all that Y2K bullshit.

How ironical.

What's that?

Dumping an already dead
body at a cemetery.

Tuesday. The body of Leila Andresen
a 25-year-old Interior Design
major at Brooklyn College
was found at Green-Wood Cemetery.

Andresen had been missing two
days when Eduardo Solomon,
florist across the street
from the cemetery,
found what was later identified
as a portion of the victim's leg
in the dumpster behind his shop.

That same day,
more human remains were found
scattered about the cemetery
by a groundskeeper.

Witnesses say Andresen was last seen
getting into a blue van with three men.

Andresen's fianc, Reuben Quintana,
told police that he and Leila were
supposed to meet up for lunch.

But she never showed.

Good guess.

Thanks for your help.

- What's this?

- What's what?

My time is valuable, man.

How valuable?

Ten bucks.

Here's \$20. Take it easy.

I'm going to go get something to eat.

Want a hamburger or something?

I don't eat meat.

Oh.

Okay. Nice meeting you, TJ.

What I'm saying is,

I don't care nothing about cows.

I just care about what

I put inside my body.

No meat, no soda, no Pringles,

none of that shit.

But I was thinking about getting

a little eat on myself.

All right. So we can both

get our eat ons together.

Come on.

Come on, Watson.

Where do you sleep?

Those nights you can't

hide in the library?

There's places to stay.

What happened to your parents?

You don't gotta feel sorry for me.

I don't.

Good.

You could hire me, though.

Make me your partner.

I don't think so.

Why? You don't think I got what

it takes to be a good detective?

I'm sure you do.

I'm just not the partner type.

What does it take to be a

good detective anyway?

A strong bladder.

Seriously.

I don't know what it takes.

I don't know. Patience. Instincts.

Blind luck, mostly.

And a good name.

A good name is very important.

One with real flavor like Sam
Spade or Philip Marlowe.
What's wrong with the name you got?
I don't know, man.
Thinking something more like
Daunte Culpepper.
Quarterback for Minnesota?
It's a good name for a detective,
but a lame-ass name for
a guy who plays football.
Daunte Culpepper.
Yeah. Daunte Culpepper. Private eye.
Now I like that name a lot.
Sure you don't want a
soda or something, honey?
I know you just love to give a
young black man like myself
one of your sperm-killer sodas.
But no thank you, ma'am.
I'll just stick with the water.
What? They only give sodas
to low-income people.
With a bunch of chemicals
in them to sterilize you.
That's why I only drink water.
A gallon a day and stay hydrated.
You don't eat meat?
Yeah. So what.
You got a problem with that?
Not at all. My ex-wife,
she was vegetarian.
So what happened? Why'd you split?
What was she? A clucker?
A what?
A clucker. Chickenhead.
You know, those females
that only like you
if you give them nice things.
If you ain't bling-blinging,
you ain't seeing shit.
Can't you speak English?
Hit a nerve. Sorry.
Wait a minute. What time is it?

- **Almost 10:**

- Shit.

I gotta get back to the shelter.

It closes at 10:

Thanks for the pancakes.

Jonas Loogan?

Yes?

You're the gardener here?

I'm the groundskeeper. Can I help you?

- I'm Matthew Scudder.

- Whoa!

That was fast.

Public affairs lady at the 77th
said it would be at least a week
before anyone got back to me.

Excuse me?

I just really want the book to
have an authentic feel, you know?

Book?

That's why this ride along is
so important to me, you know?

Spend some real time with real cops?

What do you want?

I was hoping I could talk to
you about Leila Andresen.

Who?

The woman they found over here.

Yeah, I don't know anything about that.

Your boss tells me you
were here that day.

- You spoke to Larry?

- Yeah.

Great. 'Cause my boss is Gretchen, okay?

Oh, boy. I messed up.

You're too smart for me, Jonas. Damn.

Think you can help me anyway?

Already told everything

I know to the police.

Eduardo. Guy who owns

the shop across the street,

says there were about 20

garbage bags that were here.

That true?

Eduardo was wrong.
There were only about 10.
And most of those were
on the Fifth Avenue side.
And there were four more
floating in the pond down there.
So you saw them?
I saw the pigeon first.
Keep a coop on my roof.
This was a Helmet.
It was alone.
Which, if you know anything
at all about Helmets,
is quite unusual for that breed.
It was sitting on one of the bags
trying to get at whatever was in there.
I just fished them both
out after I was done
with the mowing and threw them away.
You didn't open them?
No. I figured it was all
just some waterlogged trash
that kids had thrown in
there the night before.
They do that, you know?
Throw their rubbers and their
empties into the pond.
You see the cops across the street?
Yeah, but I didn't make that connection
until Vince came running over
from the Fifth Avenue entrance.
Vince.
Yeah, he's the other groundskeeper.
He's the one that found
the bags over there.
Is Vince around?
I'd like to talk to him.
He quit.
He opened one of the bags.
You know, I was just starting
to forget about her.
Thank you so much for
bringing that all back.
What's your book about?

Don't patronize me.

Yo, Matt, what's the dealie, man?

Hello, TJ.

You know I been shadowing you.

No kidding.

Aiight. So, "I followed subject back

"from dinner to a meeting

at some church."

Used to drink some, huh?

"I then followed subject back to

some shitty-assed building on 45th

"where subject remained until..."

I know where I was, TJ.

You made me at that

flower shop, didn't you?

I made you back at the subway.

Damn.

This book I'm reading

says a foot tail is hard

to do on account of

they're so easy to spot.

That it is.

It says it's good to use three guys.

Two alternating behind and another

guy on the other side of the street.

Sure. If you have three guys.

You know you spend a lot of time

at churches and you use

a lot of payphones.

So?

So you don't got no cell phone?

I don't like them.

You don't like computers and

you don't like cell phones.

Fucking Amish got more flavor

than you do, Matthew.

You know, I watched

you follow some dude,

you didn't even try to hide or nothing.

He wasn't looking for me.

Funny. Me following you while

you following some other guy.

It's real ironical.

- TJ?

- Yeah?
Stop following me.
Okay. No. No.
Reuben Quintana?
I help you with something?
My name is Matt Scudder.
I was wondering if I could talk
to you about your fiance?
- Fiance?
- Leila Andresen?
Oh. Leila.
You know, I kind of have this
other place I have to be...
I'll just be a minute.
Yeah, okay.
Yeah, come on in.
I get you something to drink?
No, thank you.
It must be nice, have the time to
work out in the middle of the day.
I'd rather be working.
Period. I'm an actor.
Yeah, I thought you looked familiar.
Have I seen something you've been in?
Maybe. I did a Stetson commercial.
Few years back.
Stetson, the hat?
No, the cologne.
- Oh.
- Ran during the Stanley Cup Finals.
Missed that one.
Leila went to Brooklyn College,
is that right?
Studied decorating?
Interior design.
Right.
You told the police that
it was three men took her.
Yeah, that's right.
You're sure about that?
Yeah. I saw them.
I was at this coffee
place on Prospect...
She used to meet me there sometimes.

...when I see two guys jump
out of the van and grab her.
What'd they look like?
I couldn't really see their faces.
But I could see a third
guy behind the wheel.
Move!
Hey! What the fuck are you doing?
That's the last time I saw her.
This is a nice place.
Lots of nice stuff.
Leila do the design?
Yeah. You should see
the bedroom, it's...
Wait, I... That didn't sound right.
You don't deal, do you, Reuben?
- What?
- You heard me.
You asking, am I a drug dealer?
Unless you prefer trafficker.
Or maybe you wanna tell me you made
your money peddling cologne on ESPN.
I got a trust fund.
- From your rich family up in the Bronx?
- Yeah.
My mom won a lawsuit a few years back.
Hey, come on, Reuben, not even the
dog's dumb enough to buy that one.
Look, I don't care how
you earn your living.
But the guys who grabbed Leila?
They might have.
How do you mean?
How do you mean?
Thanks for your time.
Thank you.
Jonas? Did you forget your key again?
What the hell is going on?
Cops showing up
to my house asking about Leila.
Who the hell is this guy?
"He carried her through the field,
"the dandelions and cattails
still wet with morning dew,

"and set her down by a stream,
"whispering through the strands
of her fine yellow hair,
" 'You're safe now. You're safe.' "

Fuck.

Jonas.

You caught me.

You gave the cops a
different address, didn't you?

That's why they never put you
across the street from Leila.

This is my mother's building.

I live in Sunset Park, but I'm not
allowed to keep my birds there.

Even though there's room on the roof.

Your mom home right now? Maybe we could
go down and talk, have a cup of coffee.

I can't let you leave here.

They'll kill me if I do.

Who's "they," Jonas?

The other two.

So what, you gonna stab me
now with that big fucking knife?

It's gonna bother me, too.

For a long time, I know it will.

How much is it gonna bother you

I take that knife away

and stick it in your neck?

Could you really do that?

Yeah, I really could.

But I'd rather not.

How about instead we trade?

Okay.

Set it down.

What was it I said that gave me away?

Everything. You're a weirdo, Jonas.

I never laid a hand on Leila.

But the other two, they're the
ones you better worry about.

What other two?

Jonas.

What other two?

They're not human.

How'd you meet them?

There's this video store near my house.
They've got this basement where they
keep some of the more specialized stuff.
Always came in together.
You wouldn't really notice
them unless they spoke to you.
One of them had a beard, or a goatee.
The other one smiled a lot.
He did all the talking.
What about names?
You don't exchange names
in a place like that.
Not real ones anyway.
They loved that I worked in a cemetery.
Thought it was funny.
Wanted to buy me drinks.
So we went to this bar
in the middle of the day.
Drank rum and Coke.
Talked about the different
videos we liked.
It was all one big laugh to them,
watching all the drug
addicts fuck each other.
They were, like,
obsessed with that whole world.
Dealers, addicts,
different kinds of drugs.
They told me they worked with the DEA.
They were cops?
They wouldn't say for sure.
They said what they did was secret.
But they had one of those
police radios, you know?
One of those handheld units.
And they had all these files on drug
dealers with DEA stamps on them.
Told me they worked on
special assignments.
You told them about Reuben.
I told them about Leila.
About how I wanted to
save her from Reuben.
So we came up here.

We watched them for a while.
They said they wanted to help her, too.
So you followed her?
You picked her up off the street.
Then what?
We drove around with her.
We finally parked somewhere.
Near the water in Brooklyn.
Said they wanted to
make their own video.
She was really scared.
They loved that.
You dirty little girl.
They kept talking to her.
Pick one. Which one's your favorite?
Eeny, meeny, miney, moe.
You pick the one that you want
to keep, and I'll take the other.
One for you, one for me.
That's fair, isn't it?
Well, you better pick one,
or I'm going to take them both.
Come on, what are you waiting for?
You trying to stall?
You trying to make me mad?
Touch the one that you want to keep.
This one?
Okay, good.
I think that's an excellent choice.
Okay, that's ones yours,
and this one is mine.
A deal's a deal. No take backsies.
But then two days later, I think
they thought it would be funny,
I show up for work and there's
garbage bags everywhere.
They knew I'd never say anything.
Where was this video
place you met these two?
It moves around a lot.
Might still be there. Who knows?
How do I get in?
It helps if they know you.
What if you come with me?

Can I feed my birds first?

Ray.

What was that?

That was his name.

Which one? The quiet one, or the...

Jesus.

I was off-duty one day in this bar in Washington Heights where cops didn't have to pay for their drinks.

And a couple of guys came in to rob the place.

I chased them into the street, shot two dead,

got a third one in the leg.

He'll never walk right again.

Yeah. I quit drinking that day.

It just wasn't as much fun after that.

People are afraid of all the wrong things.

I'll be right back.

I wonder if he'd pay as much for the nurse?

We made a mistake. Come on, let's go.

Wait, wait.

They work for the fucking DEA?

Probably not for very long and almost certainly not as agents.

Then what were they?

I don't know.

Maybe they were used as confidential informants or maybe they were office staff.

Whatever they were, they couldn't have gone very far or lasted very long.

- Why not?

- Because they're insane.

They managed to get their hands on some files.

One of which had my name on it.

And if my name's on a DEA file, that means I'm being looked at, right?

Or you were at one time.

You know a lot of people,

do what you do?
It's not like we have a union or anything,
but I know a few. Why?
I want you to call them and tell
them what happened to Carrie.
- Tell them you've hired a...
- Are you fucking kidding me?
Word gets out about Carrie,
cops are gonna be...
They've done this before.
And they're gonna do it again.
This time I wanna hear about it.
What do I say?
You'll think of something.
I could have paid them.
I had the whole million.
It was our nest egg.
You know, the money I
was gonna use to get out.
And this guy I know, he was gonna
put me into some Internet startup,
sell shoes online or some bullshit.
It was our future and I didn't
want to give it to them.
Now how fucking stupid is that?
She was already dead.
If she wasn't, they would
have killed her anyway.
Call your friends.
Gotteskind?
I just knew her as Marie.
Jacinto. My man.
You know where it is.
She lived around here?
She worked around here.
Where?
On the corner.
No, no, your mama likes the
one percent, not the two.
She was a dealer?
She worked out of a crib
not too far from here,
if you know what I mean.
See that old building down the block

with the vacuum repair on the ground?

Hola.

All right, tell me, cocksucker,

what do you want with Marie G?

You on the job, fucker?

Retired.

Who you working for, the family?

Shit. When are you guys

gonna leave it alone, huh?

We didn't do it, okay?

Okay.

You think we'd just chop up a cop and
leave her on our own fucking doorstep?

My son's a fucking moron

but he's not an idiot.

Wait. Marie was a cop?

Who are you?

I'm not after you. Or your son.

I want...

I want the guys that killed Marie.

Not if I kill 'em first.

You dealing outta the store?

Not anymore.

But she was working you?

Working him?

Fucking moron wanted to marry her.

That's how good she was.

Hello, my name's Peter.

I'm an alcoholic and

still a drug addict,

and I got one day back.

Hi, Peter.

It's good to see all the
friendly faces again.

Still haven't managed to

turn your back on me.

So I slipped, you know?

It happens.

The funny thing is I didn't

start using until I was 28.

Yeah?

Up until then,

I never even smoked a joint.

Even when I was overseas, you know,

half my unit was on
one thing or another.
You were in the army?
Yeah, I was in Germany,
then Desert Storm.
I come home, go back to school,
and me and Kenny, we start dealing.
Just enough to get by.
It was more Kenny's thing.
He was dealing in college.
I do it to pay for art school.
Wind up getting hooked on the product.
Drop out.
Meanwhile, Kenny,
he stays in the business,
starts making some real money
while I'm eating garbage and
sleeping in abandoned buildings.
Till one night I nearly blew my fucking
heart out of my mouth up in Harlem.
What are you gonna do now?
I got this job as a breadmaker.
Figure stay busy at night,
sleep during the day.
Get in less trouble.
All right. See you around.
Take it easy.
The number you have reached is
not in service. Please check...
Directory assistance.
I'd like the number for the
East Village Plumbing, please.
What borough?
I assume it's the East Village.
One moment.
- No listing in Manhattan.
- Try Brooklyn.
Nothing in Brooklyn either.
Try all the boroughs.
I'm sorry, we have no listing.
Thanks.
What happened to you?
I bumped into something. You okay?
I'm fine.

- What you got there in your backpack?

- Nothing.

Just my notebook. Some Twizzlers.

Unless you're talking
about my pencil case.

No. I'm talking about the black
Beretta with the taped grip
you got tucked beside your water bottle.

Oh.

You mean this.

My new jammie.

It's a nice one.

What are you planning on doing with it?

I don't know, man.

Right now it's just for protection.

Figure, I'm gonna be a detective,

I need a piece.

Where'd you get it?

I was just taking a nap in some alley.

Heard some footsteps.

I seen some dude who works
as a lookout for some ballers.

He just threw the bag
in a dumpster and split.

You stole someone's stash?

I didn't steal it. I left the
money and the rock where it was.

They're going to come back
for the piece, you know that.

Naw. They're in the wind,

Matthew. Trust me.

Cops clipped their ass.

You know how to use that?

Shit.

Point it at me.

Like you're gonna shoot me.

Go ahead.

Come on.

That the way you hold a gun?

That's the way I hold it, yeah.

You know how to jack the clip?

Empty it? Clean it?

But the gun's still not empty.

You know that, right?

You know there's still a round
left in the chamber here?

Now. Put it back together.

Caress it.

Rub it, like it's part of you.

Feels good, doesn't it?

Word.

It's all oily and whatnot.

Turn off the safety.

Now cock it.

Now put it to your temple and
pull the fucking trigger.

- What?

- You heard me.

Shoot yourself in the head.

Might as well get it over with now.

Because you walk around with a gun,
sooner or later,

it's gonna happen anyway.

No rewind. No going out for popcorn
and coming back to the show.

It's just you with that gun in
your hand, stupid look on your face,
and your hash all over the wall.

Take it easy now, TJ.

Fuck!

Scudder, I'm assuming you're not
dumb enough to shoot a federal agent.

Show me your badge. Right now.

Okay.

I'm reaching for my folder.

Stover. Drug Enforcement.

Put it down.

Great. It's broken.

Next time identify yourself.

Hey, maybe we should pull over,
try again this time without the
sucker punch, see how well you do.

Why wait?

Hey, that's enough.

Who you working for? Kenny Kristo?

- I can't say.

- Cut it out, Scudder.

You're not licensed so

you don't have privilege.
And you're retired, so this gives you about
as much legal authority as a fucking mailman.
So the sooner you tell me what you're
doing hanging with known drug dealers,
the sooner you can get to an AA
meeting and not talk about it.
I'm trying to find Ray and
his buddy what's-his-name.
You know, the two guys that
killed Marie Gotteskind?
I don't know who you mean.
Really? They go around saying
they're on the DEA payroll.
Usually right before they chop
someone into little pieces.
Was Gotteskind looking at Kenny Kristo?
I can't answer that.
Maybe Mrs. Kristo can.
Although we haven't seen her
around for a while, have we, guys?
I know, maybe you should
talk to the brother, Peter.
Seeing as he used to spend
a lot of time over there.
Know what?
I was wrong.
This guy doesn't know a
fucking thing. Uncuff him.
We're done here.
In the program, they have this saying.
"Don't give up five minutes
before the miracle happens."
Scudder.
Of course the flip side of that one is,
if you do give up, you'll never know.
What are you doing here?
- I'm admiring your wallpaper.
- Oh.
Those are the studies I was
doing for the painting.
You do them all here?
Yeah. We had to.
Wanted it to be a surprise for Kenny.

Was he? Surprised?

What do you want, man?

You and Carrie put the DEA
onto your brother, didn't you?

Hey.

I wouldn't blame you for
hating the guy. I mean,
it's not just that he
has a beautiful wife,
it's not just that he's
got all that money,
while you work some
get-well job making donuts.

What would really get me
is how he can be around all that junk
and never use.

Carrie had nothing to do with it.
About nine months ago, they go
to Bermuda for their anniversary.
Carrie asked me to watch the house.

I'm there maybe a day.

Found some cash Kenny hadn't locked up.

I don't even think about it.

I go to Queens,
to this guy I know to score.

And you get busted?

Yeah. I get put in a room
with this woman DEA agent.

She's so nice to me, you know.

I give Kenny up like that.

Of course, it didn't help that
you were in love with his wife.

Sometimes I think Kenny left
that money out on purpose.

Yeah. I'm sure that's what he did.

I'm sure this is all exactly
what he wanted to happen.

What are you talking about?

That agent that busted you,
the nice one,

her name was Marie Gotteskind.

She was killed by the same
two men who got Carrie.

How did they know about that...

They stole her files.
And one of them, thanks to you,
had Kenny's name in it.
Tell your brother I'm done.
I'll return his money tomorrow.
Does Kenny know about me?
Not unless you tell him.
Yo.
There goes his bitch-ass right there.
Roll up next to him, man.
Yo, TJ! Feeling those new
Timbs you're rocking, man.
I know you hear me
talking to you, right?
Let's go fuck this boy up.
- Yo, slow your ass down!
- Whoa, whoa! What's up? What's up?
Yo, you got something
that belongs to me, man.
What you all talking about, man?
Where my Gat at, man?
That's my favorite piece!
Man, I threw it in the
fucking river, man. I...
What?
Serious, man? The fuck you
mean you threw it in the river?
Where you going?
We just want to talk to you.
Get back here, bitch.
- Yo, run his fucking bag.
- Give me that!
Yo, what's this cartoon shit?
No, no, no!
- No, man, that's my...
- Shut up!
Yo, where you get this money from?
- It's my allowance!
- You sell my Gat?
- No!
- Yo, take his fucking Timbs off, man.
No, man.
What the fuck? Yo, motherfucker!
- Fuck, I'm going to kill his bitch ass!

- Fucking A!
- What's wrong with you?
- You crazy? You outta your mind?
Any messages?
Yeah. JR called.
TJ?
Yeah, whatever.
Did he leave a message?
Let me think. No.
Well, yeah.
He's at Bellevue.
He got worked over pretty good.
But he was also out in the rain.
Either one could have
triggered the crisis.
- Crisis?
- He's a sickler.
He's got sickle cell anemia.
- You didn't know that?
- No.
Well, a sickler gets a cold or a chill.
Anything that makes a normal
person's blood cell count go up,
any time the body gets
ready to fight something,
the red blood cells panic,
and they take on a sickle shape.
Actually create a kind of a
traffic jam in the arteries.
The blood gets very thick.
Suddenly, you're not getting any oxygen.
What are you doing for him?
Well, we're hydrating him,
giving him Demerol for the pain.
But he knew the drill.
He got in here early enough,
so I don't think it'll
go on for too long.
- I'll be right out there if you need me.
- Thanks, doctor.
Don't feel sorry for me.
I don't.
How long I gotta be here for, man?
Depends how well you behave.

You know, my mom told me
once that I got special blood.
That I can never catch malaria.
That's how sickle cell got started.
In Africa. As a defense against malaria.
Where is your mother, TJ?
Why aren't you a cop no more?
You first.
I had a crisis one time.
I was about 11.
My mom took me to the hospital,
but never came back to check me out.
I guess she thought that
if she left me there
they'd put me with a really nice family.
Little did she know.
I saw her in the street a few times
after that, but that was a while ago.
She had some issues then.
Your turn.
I was off duty one day.
I was in a bar in
Washington Heights where
cops didn't have to
pay for their drinks.
Wait a minute.
Three kids held up the place.
On their way out, they shot
the bartender in the heart.
I chased them out into the street,
and I shot two dead,
caught the other one in the thigh.
- I heard this already.
- No.
You didn't.
You see,
one shot...
Well, the bullet took a bad hop.
It hit a 7-year-old girl in the eye.
Killed her instantly.
An inch higher and it would
have grazed her head.
Left a nasty scar. That's all.
So wait, they quit your ass

after you took on three
bangers by yourself?
They gave me a commendation.
I quit my own ass.
I never met anybody that tight before.
Tight?
Brave.
I wasn't brave.
I was just drunk.
Don't feel sorry for me.
I don't.
Now, please.
Watson?
Watson?
You don't know how lucky you are.
Scudder.
Hello?
Kenny?
Anybody home?
And where've you been?
- Been trying to call you.
- Where's Kenny?
Whitestone.
With a friend who says he's having
the same kind of problem as Kenny had.
The wife?
Worse.
I don't got that kind of money.
You're the detective?
Matt Scudder.
Hello. Dani, why don't you go
outside and keep an eye out.
That's a good boy.
Now I post guards.
The horse is stolen,
so I lock the barn. For what?
What can they take from me now?
She's 14 years old.
Fourteen.
This is Anna, the nurse.
They took her last night
and call us in the morning
and tell us not to call the police.
I remember Kenny calling the other day,

so I put two and two together.
Mr. Landau, listen,
you have to know that...
I'm sorry, what's your daughter's name?
Ludmilla. But she calls herself Lucia.
You have to know that
the men who took Lucia
have already killed at least two
women, including Kenny's wife.
As things stand, they haven't
got the slightest intention
of releasing your daughter alive.
In fact, there's a strong possibility
that she's already dead.
- No...
- The police know about these two.
They know who they are,
they know what they're doing.
No, no, no police.
You have to help me.
Kenny said you would. I'll pay.
I'll do whatever you ask.
Please.
Hello?
Okay, you know what happens next?
Yes, I'm trying. I'm working on it.
Well, work harder, Yuri.
We want our money.
I just need some time, please.
I'll give you whatever you want,
but please, the one thing I want
- is to talk to my daughter. I just...
- She can't talk right now.
You gotta let me talk to her.
Just let me...
If she's dead, you get nothing.
And who the fuck are you?
I'm the best chance you've got
if you wanna get your money.
But the girl's gotta be
alive and all in one piece
for any kind of deal to happen.
Are you listening, motherfucker?
Fuck this shit.

I can't believe you
talked to him like that.
He knows what he's doing.
The important thing right
now is to keep Lucia alive.
That means these guys have to know
that they can't get a nickel out of you
until we first know that she's okay.
- But if you make them mad...
- They're already mad.
But you'll give them
an excuse to kill her.
They don't need an excuse.
They're gonna kill her anyway.
What they need is a
reason to keep her alive.
How much cash have you got?
I got damn little right now, but...
Do these bastards want cocaine?
Because I got 15 kilos
10 minutes from here.
I don't know.
Maybe I could get my hands on a
few hundred in counterfeit, but...
I can't guarantee the quality,
and I'd have to return it.
I got at least five hundred in cash.
Time comes, I'll go get it.
Is there another line I can use?
There's a phone in my daughter's room.
Culpepper Investigations.
Daunte speaking.
Where the hell are you?
I'm in my office, man. What's up?
Why'd you leave the hospital?
I didn't want some
Social Services person
to come haul my ass
away to a foster home.
I need you to do me a favor and get
me something out of my apartment.
What's going on?
There's a box up in my closet.
I want you to get it for me.

The kid at the front
desk will let you up.
Apartment 11G. Key's above the door.
A guy named Peter will meet
you out front. Give it to him.
And then go back to whatever
it is you're doing.
Hello?
I understand we have a
new player in the game.
I don't believe we've been introduced.
I'm a friend of Mr. Landau's.
My name is not important.
I'm assuming that Mr. Landau's not
dumb enough to speak to the police.
He hasn't.
Then who are you?
One likes to know who's
on the other side.
We're on the same side.
We both want this to happen.
Good. Then all you got to
do is follow instructions.
No. It's not that simple.
Of course it is. We tell you
what to do and you do it.
If you ever want to see the girl again.
You have to convince me
she's alive in the first place.
You have my word on that.
That's funny.
What, it's not good enough?
Let's just say you lost
a lot of credibility
when you returned Mrs. Kristo
in poor condition.
There were special circumstances
regarding Mrs. Kristo.
Her husband tried to haggle.
He sliced the price, and we in turn...
Well, you can finish that thought
for yourself, can't you?
We're not going to argue the price.
You'll pay the million?

For the girl alive and well.
I assure you she's both.
Your assurance means shit to me.
Put her on the phone,
let her father talk to her.
I'm afraid I won't be able to
put her on the phone right now.
Please deposit 25 cents...
Out of quarters? Give me
your number, I'll call you back.
Yeah?
I'm afraid the girl cannot come to
the phone. That's out of the question.
How else can we reassure
you of her wellbeing?
Wait.
Tell me something your
daughter would know.
The dog's name.
They could know that.
They've been following her.
They know your schedule.
They've probably seen her walking the dog.
Heard her call him by name.
Think of something else.
Yes. We had a dog before this one.
A little black-and-white one.
He got hit by a car.
The dog's name. And the name
of the dog before this one.
Have her describe both of them.
Then call me back.
The 16 years we were married,
I don't remember her even having a cold.
Then one day she wakes up and
says she can't smell anything.
You were a policeman?
Yeah, I was.
You dealt with situations like this?
No, not like this.
Still, your gut must be
telling you something?
What is it telling you now?
Is she alive?

Yeah?

I'd still like to know how
you figure in all this.

Tell me the dog's name.

Oh, well, let's see,

what are the old standbys?

Fido? Towser? King?

Rover, that's always a popular choice.

Hey, I know what it is. How about Bingo?

What about Spot?

"Run, Spot, run!" It's not a
bad name for a Rottweiler.

The dog's name is Watson.

Watson.

And the other dog? The one before?

She couldn't tell me what
breed the other dog was.

She was young when it died.

They had it put to sleep, she said.

It's a silly term for it,
don't you think?

I mean, you're gonna kill something
you ought to have the courage
to say that's what you're doing.

- You're not talking. You still there?

- I'm here.

I gather it was a mongrel.

So many of us are.

Now the name's a bit of a problem.

I may not have it right.

It's a Russian word.

How's your Russian, my friend?

Tell me.

I may be saying this wrong. Balalaika.

Balalaika.

The name of a musical instrument,
or so she tells me.

What do you say, pal?

Does it strike a chord?

You got two hours to get
the money together.

TJ?

TJ? What are you doing here?

Handing you this.

I told you to give it to Peter.
Not to come down here.
Matthew, that dude's all spun.
There's no way I was
gonna give it to him.
Later.
How much have we got?
Hang on a sec.
Keep it separate.
Holy fucking shit.
This is TJ, my associate.
Paper's good. Ink looks right.
Nice used bills. This looks real enough.
We'll repackage them slightly.
We'll use the back wrappers,
but we'll take six bills out of each stack
and replace them with real ones.
Three on top, three on the bottom.
What's this make the count?
I got at least 210 in fake stuff
and Kenny brought another six.
Puts us right about eight.
That's good enough.
We have to meet face-to-face.
You get an opportunity
to inspect the money,
and we get to see that
the girl is all right.
And then you people come down on us.
You'll have the girl covered.
A knife at her throat.
If you want.
The edge of the blade tucked
up under her windpipe.
Whatever.
Yeah, I don't like this
face-to-face business.
We'll set up 50 yards apart.
You'll be in place first.
You'll see us arrive.
You show the girl, then I
come over with the money.
- By yourself?
- Yes.

Unarmed?

I'll have a suitcase full
of money in each hand,
a gun won't do me much good.

Keep talking.

You check the money.

When you're satisfied, you let the girl go.

Your man takes off with the cash.

You and I wait until you feel good.

Then we go home.

You could grab me.

You'll have that knife you keep
talking about, a gun, too, if you want one.

You'll see my face.

Wear a mask.

Cuts the visibility.

I already know what you look like, Ray.

What do you know?

I know you're a genetic fuck-up,
who, if I'd met on the
street 10 years ago,
I'd have thrown you out
of a fucking window.

Careful.

It's been a busy year for
you and your boyfriend.

You know, I could cut
the little cunt's throat
and send her back to
Daddy a chunk at a time.

- Then you're dead.

- Oh?

Yeah, "oh."

You want your money or you
wanna be looking behind you
for the rest of your
worthless fucking life?

Do this deal and I'll sit
on what I know about you.

You can take your little
Bert and Ernie act

to the other side of the country.

There's plenty of dope dealers in LA.

Where do you want to do it?

How about Green-Wood Cemetery?
Yeah, I think I know that place.
You should. That's where
you dumped Leila Andresen.
There are two entrances
on the Fifth Avenue side.
Take the 35th Street entrance
and head south about 20
yards inside the fence.
We'll enter at 25th and
approach you from there.

Say, 10:

That gives you over an hour
to get there and set up.
Leila. Was that her name?
I would think you'd remember.
No, once they're in the van,
they're just body parts.

10:

Oh, God, she was so scared...
Have you got a rifle?
Dani.
Is he a good shot?
During the day maybe.
Dani's a little nearsighted.
Peter was in the army.
Yeah, it was a while ago. Yeah.
Give him the rifle. Keep Dani and
the other one here with your wife.
I don't want to spook our friends.
Who would like to read the 12 steps?
Hi, I'm Sarah and I'm an alcoholic.
Hi, Sarah.
Step one.
We admitted we were
powerless over alcohol.
That our lives had become unmanageable.
What's the drill?
Stay in the car. Lock the doors.
Call 911 if anything goes down.
This is such bull...
Step two.

Came to believe that a power greater
than ourselves could
restore us to sanity.
That's far enough.
Come out where I can see you.
Show the girl.
I have a knife to her throat.
If my hand slips...
Let's hope it doesn't.
Is that our money?
Step three.
Made a decision to turn
our will and our lives
over to the care of God
as we understood him.
Now, let her go.
We ought to just shoot this cocksucker.
Don't change the rules now, Ray.
Let her go.
Sweet Lucy.
I hate to see you go.
Lucia, walk toward me.
Your father's just over here, Lucia.
Step four.
What's the matter with her hand?
Nothing. She's right as rain.
Made a searching and fearless
moral inventory of ourselves.
It was before you set the terms.
Go to your dad.
Go to your dad, baby. Atta girl.
Go on, get out of here.
I liked her. She was nice.
What the fuck is the
matter with you, man?
Why aren't you afraid?
I don't know.
Maybe I don't care if
you shoot me or not.
Or maybe there's a high-powered
rifle pointed at your head.
I could still kill you.
I'm right here.
In some ways, you'll be

doing me a big favor.
No. I think I'll just
fade into the shadows.
They fucked us.
Shoot him.
Step five.
Admitted to God, to ourselves,
and to another human being
the exact nature of our wrongs.
Step six.
We are entirely ready to have God
remove all these defects of character.
Peter!
Step seven.
Humbly ask Him to remove
our shortcomings.
Step eight.
Made a list of all persons we had harmed
and became willing to
make amends to them all.
Don't move.
Kenny, I got to tell you...
It's okay.
You gotta know.
I loved...
Step nine.
Make direct amends to such people.
I loved...
I love you, too, man.
...except when to do so
would injure them or others.
Which way did they go?
He shot me!
TJ?
Oh, Christ.
He must have panicked when
he heard the shooting.
He can't be out in this rain.
We have to find him.
Well, he's got a phone, right?
Help!
Albert!
Shit!
Hello?

Oh, fuck.

TJ.

Scudder. I got in the van.

They don't know I'm here.

Listen to me. Get out of there. Now.

It's cool. I'm in the garage
and they in the house.

Which is where?

Sit down.

I've never been shot before.

There's a first aid kit in the bathroom.

Hey, I don't see any numbers.

Try next door.

697. Wait, no. 692.

Okay, now walk away from the house.

Go to the corner.

- Is any of it real?

- Some.

51 st Street and Church Avenue.

Borough Park.

That's not even a mile from here.

Stay put. You hear me?

Pigs.

Hey, who's...

Shit, shit, shit.

You can have your money back.

It's downstairs.

Don't even think about it.

You're the husband.

So?

I was just wondering.

Were you just going to
leave Ray down there?

No.

I was going to get something to eat.

I was going to clean up before I left.

What were you going to do with him?

Chop him up.

Wrap him. There are plenty
of bags in the cupboard.

And then what? Deliver him to
somebody in the trunk of a car?

No.

That was just for you.

You have a choice to make, Kenny.
There's a lot of hard evidence
against this asshole.
He's got his dead buddy in the basement.
Not to mention the van in the garage.
It's gonna be full of fibers and blood
traces and God knows what else.
He ought to be looking
at three life sentences,
plus an extra 20 or 30 years
tacked on as a bonus.
What about the other choice?
You with me?
No.
I could turn him in and sleep just fine.
I don't think I could.
That's why it has to be your decision.
Well, I guess I just made it.
Take it easy, Matt.
Come on.
You know I could help
you with that hand.
Could you?
Shelter's gonna be closed.
Wait for me back at my place.
Where are you going?
Just do as I say.
Step 10. Continue to
take personal inventory.
And when we were wrong,
promptly admitted it.
Step 11.
Sought through prayer and meditation
to improve our conscious contact
with God as we understand him.
Praying only for the
knowledge of his will
for us and the power to carry that out.
Step 12. Having had a spiritual
awakening as the result of these steps,
we try to carry this
message to alcoholics
and to practice these
principles in all our affairs.

Kenny?

You know,

I just wanted to...