PHONE BOOTH

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Colin Farrell

Forest Whitaker

**Directed By**

**Joel Schumacher**

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USA

# Intro

[GOSPEL SINGERS]

♪ Operator, give me information ♪

♪ Information ♪

♪ Give me long ...distance ♪

♪ Long distance ♪

♪ Give me Heav... Heaven ♪

♪ Operator (Operator) ♪

♪ Information (Information) ♪

♪ Give me Jesus (Give me Jesus) ♪

♪ On the line ♪

♪ Operator (Operator) ♪

♪ Information (Information) ♪

♪ I'd like to talk to a friend of mine ♪

♪ Prayer is the number ♪

♪ Faith is the exchange ♪

♪ Heaven is the street ♪

♪ And Jesus is the name ♪

♪ Operator (Operator) ♪

♪ Information (Information) ♪

♪ Give me Jesus on the line ♪

♪ Operator (Operator) ♪

♪ Information (Information) ♪

♪ Give me Jesus... ♪

[RINGS]

“Give me operator!”

[DIAL TONE]

“What?”

“Yeah, that's right.”

[SPEAKER]

There are an estimated 8 million people in the 5 boroughs of New York. 12 million in the greater metropolitan area. There are almost 10 million telephone exchange lines. Over 50 phone services. 3 million New Yorkers are cell phone users. It used to be a mark of insanity to see people talk to themselves. Now it's a mark of status. And speed dial is quickly replacing the drop of a coin. Despite increased usage of cellular devices, an estimated 4 1/2 million residents and 2 million visitors still utilize pay phones on a regular basis.

[SPEAKER]

This is the telephone booth at 53rd and 8th, perhaps the last vestige of privacy on Manhattan's West Side. It is the last booth of its type still in regular operation. Up to 300 calls daily originate here. This location has been burglarized 41 times in the last 6 months. Verizon has scheduled this structure to be torn down and replaced with a kiosk as of 8 A.M. tomorrow. Hardly 2 blocks away, meet the man who is to be the final occupant of that booth.

[STU]

Donny. Donny, Donny, listen to me. I said I'd get you magazine coverage, and I'm getting you in a magazine. Look, you gotta trust me. “No” means “Yes” to these people.

[STU TO ADAM]

Get “What's Up? Magazine” on the line.

[STU]

Yeah, I heard you. Yeah, Donny, I got “What's Up? Magazine” on the other line. They want to know about you, so I'm hanging up.

[ADAM]

This is Erica or Lars. I can't tell the difference.

[STU TO WHAT'S UP MAGAZINE]

You got Stu.

[ERICA]

We said no.

[STUART]

And I didn't hear you, so I'm giving you a second chance.

[LARS]

We don't do magicians.

[STUART]

Magicians? Donny G is an artist who happens to look like a supermodel. The “New Guys” is offering him the cover.

[ERICA & LARS]

“New Guys” wants him?

[STUART]

And I haven't told my client --my favorite client-- that I am making this call, all right? He wants “New Guys.” I want you, guys. And I can make him come around, but you're gonna lose us if I don't hear from you by end of business.

[STUART TO ADAM]

Get Ricky at “New Guys.” Tell him “What's Up?” is offering a cover.

[ADAM]

Ok. Big Q.

**[PHONE DROPS]**

[STUART TO ADAM]

Adam. Adam. I know 3 people looking for dog walkers. That could be you. “Sit. Stay. Don't worry, Fluffy. I'll clean up your shit and wipe your ass.”

[STUART TO BIG Q]

You got Stu.

[BIG Q]

Yeah, what's up with my party, Stu?

[STUART]

Yo, Q, I was just telling my assistant to get my favorite client on the phone and here you are. Nice. But, uh... But listen. Seriously, Q, we gotta look at a new night for your release party. Yeah, there's 2 premieres, a fund raiser. All the happening places are booked. If we move the date by 2 nights...

[BIG Q]

Voodoo on you-do, motherfucker, from Big Q to Big Stu!

[STUART]

All right, Big Q, be reasonable.

[BIG Q]

Motherfucker, I'm a gangsta! I don't gotta be reasonable! I don't gotta be reasonable!

[STUART]

You're cutting out. Hello? Big Q?

[BIG Q]

I'll kill your ass you keep talking about me like that! Right?

[ADAM]

N.Y.P.D. Blue, 11 o'clock.

[POLICE]

Stuey, the hardest working PR[[1]](#footnote-1) guy. How's business?

[STUART]

How many times I have to tell you, Wyatt? I'm a publicist.

[STUART TO ADAM]

Tickets.

[ADAM]

Tickets.

[STUART TO POLICE]

4 for Britney Spears, right?

[POLICE]

You know, you put the “ho” in show business, Stuey?

[STUART]

It's Stu. What you got for me?

[POLICE]

Uh, they just checked Mrs... Uh... Mrs. Sharp into Bellevue again.

[STUART TO ADAM]

Page Six[[2]](#footnote-2).

[STUART TO POLICE]

Tell Britney I send my love. Enjoy the show.

Hold on a second.

[LANA]

Page Six. This is Lana. Ah-choo!

[STUART]

Bless you. Lana, it's Stu Shepard.

[LANA]

Ah-choo!

[STUART]

Bless you.

[LANA]

Is it you or your boss calling?

[STUART]

It's me. Listen, I'm looking for some mutual back scratching. You get my privileged NYPD Blue info, and I get you to save my ass.

[LANA]

Not now, Stu. I'm a sick woman.

[STUART]

Well, this is gonna make you feel better. Tony award-winning producer, Jeffrey Sharp, tossed his wife back into drug rehab today.

[LANA]

How nice. What do you want for that little tidbit[[3]](#footnote-3)?

[STUART]

Well, you better be nice to me while I'm still on the way up and taking your calls.

[LANA]

You know what they say: the higher the monkey climbs, the more you see of his ass.

[STUART]

Oh, have a heart, Lana. Listen, earlier today, my half-wit assistant faxed you regarding my favorite client. Great singer about to turn great actress.

[LANA]

Oh, another little Miss Tits and Ass?

[STUART]

Look, I'm on cell. No names. That was strictly in-office information. You didn't print it, did you?

[LANA]

I got it.

[STUART]

All right, well, tell me Richard didn't see it and he didn't put it in the column.

[LANA TO RICHARD]

Stu something's on the phone, scared he's gonna lose his job. His office sent you something by mistake. He wants it back.

[RICHARD]

You tell him TFB[[4]](#footnote-4). Put that at the top of the column.

[LANA]

Yeah.

[LANA TO STUART]

Stu, it ran. Sorry. It ran, I'm sorry.

[STUART]

Oh, God. No, no.

**[PHONE DROPS]**

Yes!

[ADAM]

Erica from “What's Up? Magazine.” They offered Donny G a photo in “What's Hot and Happening.”

[STUART]

Fuck 'em. Make 'em sweat.

[ADAM TO ERICA]

He's on a conference call. He could take a while. Uh, yeah. Can he call you back? Ok. All right. Bye.

[STUART]

Pretty smooth, Adam.

[ADAM]

Thank you.

[STUART]

Now if you can absorb everything I'm trying to teach you, focus, and get a new wardrobe, you can make it big in public relations. I got a sense.

[ADAM]

Cool, cool, cool, cool.

[STUART TO STRANGER]

What's up, T?

[STRANGER]

How ya doin'?

[ADAM]

Mario's.

[MARIO]

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey! Not so fast, Stu. How come you run every time you go past my place, huh?

[STUART]

Because I'm busy, Mario.

[MARIO]

Yeah? Yeah? Well, no more drinks or free meals, OK? One lousy mention in the post, you expect to eat for 6 months? No!

[STUART]

Maybe--Mario! Just maybe I could throw the hippest party this month your way--

[ADAM]

Stu.

[STUART]

No, I couldn't. My clients would kill me.

[MARIO]

What? What? What hip party?

[STUART]

It's just Big Q, the hottest new rap star. There'll be local TV coverage--

[ADAM]

9 and 11.

[STUART]

9 and 11. MTV, BET, VH1. But I promised other clients, Mario. People who actually pay me money.

[MARIO]

Look, you owe me, Stu.

[STUART]

It's gotta be the night of the 18th. You toss in the buffet for 80 people, the record company will pick up the booze, and I will deliver you a truckload of celebrities.

[MARIO]

Anything you want, OK?

[STUART]

Expand the menu, wallpaper those bathrooms for God's sake. And lose the chain. You only get one shot with celebrities.

[MARIO]

Thank you. Thank you, Stu.

[ADAM]

Brilliant. That was fucking brilliant.

[STUART]

Call Big Q. Tell him we got him into the hippest place in town on his date.

[ADAM]

All right.

[STUART]

Call “What's Up? Magazine.” We'll take their offer. And messenger a bottle of Jameson's over to Lana at Page Six with a note saying--write this down.

[ADAM]

Got it.

[STUART]

“Irish chicken soup. Love, Stu.”

[ADAM]

“Irish chicken soup. Love, Stu.”

[STUART]

All right. No harm being gracious.[[5]](#footnote-5)

[ADAM]

Yeah. OK.

[STUART]

Actually, better off, deliver it over yourself. Get to know the players.

[ADAM]

Yeah, yeah. No. I'll do that. Definitely. Thank you so much for teaching me.

[STUART]

And, Adam, don't you have a suit?

[ADAM]

Uh, actually, no.

[STUART]

Here. Get yourself one. I'm gonna have to start paying you pretty soon.

[ADAM]

Yeah, I hope so. Stu, listen, you got a bunch of messages.

[STUART]

Listen, I'm already late for a meeting. Hold 'em.

[ADAM]

All right. See you, Stu!

[STUART]

See you, Adam!

# [INSIDE THE PHONE BOOTH]

[DELIVERY GUY]

Excuse me.

[STUART]

I'm trying to make a call here.

[DELIVERY GUY]

This is for you. Half pepperoni, half mushroom, extra crisp.

[STUART]

You ever heard of delivering a pizza to a fucking phone booth? I don't think so.

[DELIVERY GUY]

“Gentleman occupying phone booth, 53rd between Broadway and 8th.”

[STUART]

It's a mistake.

[DELIVERY GUY]

What am I supposed to do with the pie? It's all paid for.

[STUART]

Look, there's a homeless guy just around the block. Give him the pizza and say, “you can turn away from it, but you can't make it go away.” How's that?

[DELIVERY GUY]

He'll think I'm trying to poison him. They always get that idea--

[STUART]

Get off the fucking pizza, all right?!

[DELIVERY GUY]

That language is uncalled for.

[STUART]

Holy shit! I'm sorry. Please return to sender and fuck off. There you go. $5. Eat the pizza yourself. You look like you could use a good meal.

**[TELEPHONE RINGING]**

[PAM]

Hello?

[STUART]

Pam. Could you believe some nutcase just tried to deliver me a pizza to a phone booth?

[PAM]

Why are you always in the same phone booth, same time, every day?

[STUART]

Well, it's quitting time, right?

[PAM]

Thank God. We were mobbed[[6]](#footnote-6) for lunch today. So how's your day?

[STUART]

It's getting better by the minute, sweetheart.

[PAM]

Who's the most famous person you've publicized today?

[STUART]

You.

[PAM]

Oh, really?

[STUART]

I told a few gossip columnists that Mel Gibson was looking for actresses for his latest film. And I said the possibilities were Cameron Diaz, Julia Roberts, and my favorite client, you.

[PAM]

You didn't really do that.

[STUART]

First step towards being noticed is being mentioned, Pam. Look, I just got out of a press conference at the city hotel and I was thinking maybe you could come down here, you know? There are a couple of people and a few Martinis I'd like to introduce you to.

[PAM]

Stu, I--

[STUART]

Listen, Pam, Pam, Pam. It's about time we really talked about your career. Come on.

[PAM]

Look, I feel awful always saying no, but I promised my scene partner

that I'd rehearse for class[[7]](#footnote-7). We're doing a scene from Jerry Maguire,

and I'm playing Renee Zellweger's part.

[STUART]

That's great. Well, look, I rescheduled a meeting to see you, but I guess--I guess I could reschedule it back.

[PAM]

Are you mad?

[STUART]

Don't worry about it. No, I'm not mad.

[PAM]

Maybe tomorrow.

[STUART]

Yeah. Later.

[PAM]

Look, Stu?

[STUART]

What?

[PAM]

Big kiss.

[STUART]

You, too.

**[PHONE DROPS]**

# The Call

**[TELEPHONE RINGS]**

[STUART]

Ahem. Yeah.

[CALLER]

Isn't it funny? You hear a phone ring, and it could be anybody, but a ringing phone has to be answered, doesn't it?

[STUART]

What?

[CALLER]

I hope you realize how you've hurt my feelings.

[STUART]

Who the fuck is this?

[CALLER]

Don't even think about leaving that phone booth.

[STUART]

Wrong number, pal.

[CALLER]

It was a perfectly delicious pizza, and you're certainly going to wish you had accepted it.

[STUART]

I imagine this is part of the same gag-- the pizza bit. That was some funny shit.

[CALLER]

Yeah, well, it's purpose was to keep your strength up for what's coming next.

[STUART]

What's coming next is I'm hanging up.

[CALLER]

Oh, no, you won't. You're going to learn to obey me.

[STUART]

Obey you? Who is this?

[CALLER]

Someone who enjoys watching you.

[STUART]

Watching me?

[CALLER]

Yes, I love the suit[[8]](#footnote-8) you're wearing today. The black on raspberry sorbet. Very Italian.

Where, uh--

where are you?

There are hundreds

of windows out there.

Why don't you

check them out?

Yeah?

So what am I doing now?

You're scratching your head.

Now you're brushing

your hair back.

CALLER: That's

not very nice, Stu.

Did you call me Stu?

Who's Stu?

I don't know any Stu.

Why, do you prefer

Stuart?

Look, a lot of people

in this neighborhood

know who I am.

Stuart Shepard,

1326 West 51st street,

third floor front.

Go mind fuck

some other guy, pal.

I know

Pamela McFadden, too.

It's not

in your best interest

to disconnect me.

Someone could get hurt.

Oh, what's

the matter, Stu?

Listen, if you're some

fucked-up failed actor

I wouldn't handle or

some prick intern I fired,

I will hunt you down

and I will crush you.

You will never work

in this town.

All right, trust me.

I can turn people

into gods,

and I can turn you

into a total fucking loser

if you weren't one

already.

Do you hear me?

Am I upsetting you?

Hello?

You think I'm gonna what,

pay you off or something?

Tell me what you want.

CALLER: Oh, now you want

to talk to me.

Look, did Adam at my office

put you up to this?

No. I thought this up

all by myself.

All right, well,

keep thinking.

I'm hanging up.

I'll say hi

to your wife Kelly for you.

Talk to you later.

[DIAL TONE]

[PHONE RINGING]

RECORDING: The callback

feature cannot--

motherfucker.

[RING]

[RING]

[RING]

Tell me what you want.

CALLER: I want

your complete attention.

Are you an actor?

Yes, one of

your pathetic failed ones.

Yeah, well, it's tough

when you're not known.

Tell me about it.

You don't have

to hunt me down

and crush me.

I can't get work

in this town

as it is.

I've done

some off-Broadway,

some off-Manhattan plays,

but that dried up.

Now I wait tables,

clean toilets.

Anything I can

to make the rent.

I'm a walking cliche.

Yeah, well, listen,

I--I can help you.

I can get you

auditions.

How can you

get me auditions?

You're not an agent.

You're a publicist.

Of course I'm a publicist,

but I have contacts.

I know agents.

I can get you an audition.

Really?

Yeah.

Wow. There is someone

I'd like you to call.

Name it.

Try the number

you dialed

when you first got

into the booth.

I don't know what you're

talking about, pal.

No? Lucky you, then,

because I wrote it down.

I can see every number

you pressed.

Let's see if Pam

is still at work.

No!

Then I guess

I'll have to do it.

Look, don't!

Too late.

It's already ringing.

I'll put her on speaker

so you can hear.

You're fucking kidding me.

[RING]

Stu, I never kid.

[RING]

[RING RING]

[RING RING]

Hello?

CALLER:

Well, hello, Pam.

Hi, who's this?

It's a good friend

of Stu's,

and he hasn't got many.

You know Stu?

I know he lies.

Who is this?

Don't worry about that.

Stu's listening in.

He can hear what

we're saying about him.

Stu, is that true?

Are you there?

Look, Pam, just hang up

the goddamn phone.

CALLER:

She can't hear you, Stu.

Pam, I'm afraid Stu

hasn't been totally

honest with you.

What do you mean?

Don't fucking

do this.

Stu has been

lying to you.

Pam, hang up.

Now, why would a man

who has a cell phone

call you every day

from a phone booth?

Because

he said it's quiet.

Pam, that's just stupid.

It's because his wife

checks his cell phone bills.

No record of

his calls to you.

Jesus Christ.

He said

he wasn't married.

Oh, he's married.

Her name is Kelly.

I've never seen her,

but she sounds lovely.

Why do you think

he invites you

to the city hotel?

Cheap rooms

for cheap girls.

He's a

fucking asshole.

He's telling you

all this

so you'll sleep with him.

Look, he's lying, Pam.

Don't listen.

I know that, OK?

I may

be from Montana,

but we have men

there also.

And I--I wasn't planning

on sleeping with him.

I just don't know

a lot of people

right here right now,

and he's cute,

and he said that

he would help me.

CALLER: Pamela, he's

never made anyone a star.

Good-bye now. Big kiss.

[CLICK, DIAL TONE]

Hello?

You done in there,

daddy?

Back to you again, Stu.

Gotta hit

this trick back

'fore the next bitch

take my score.

Go away.

Go away?

Hang up the fucking

phone, nigga.

This motherfucker.

You don't

eyeball me, bitch.

Why are you

doing this?

Huh? Did I ever harm you?

Did I ever--

CALLER: Now,

let's call Kelly.

She's not home.

Oh, but I'm sure she's

at the shop on Columbus.

How the fuck do you know

all this shit about us?

Speed-dial her.

Press auto one.

That's her button.

And what am I

supposed to say?

Why don't you try

telling her the truth--

you're cheating?

I'm not cheating on Kelly.

I never have.

Then what do you

call it?

Look, you're a guy.

Sometimes you just

want to know

it's a possibility,

all right?

You know, it's like

having a beautiful home,

but you still dream of that

quick vacation now and then.

You know, some nice

hotel room with a great view.

You know, maybe a pool.

But it's just a fantasy

because you'll never

really leave home.

Do you hear

what I'm saying?

[CALLER LAUGHS]

Kelly is a home

and Pam is a motel.

I'm sure they'll both

appreciate that.

Oh, fuck you!

Hey, that kind of

language is uncalled for.

Come on, man!

You can't take up

the whole fucking booth!

This here's

about business.

Look, this is not

the only phone in New York.

This ain't no--

it's the only one

on eighth Avenue

that's working now.

Bullshit! Go in a restaurant

or someplace, but get lost!

Motherfucker,

this is my phone!

Get--goddamn it,

man!

You done made me

hurt my dick hand.

Oh, I'm sure

you're just as good

with the other hand.

Yeah, go away.

[CALLER LAUGHING]

I will be back, motherfucker.

I will be back, bitch!

Get out of my way!

CALLER: I was worried

there for you, Stu.

I thought she was

gonna put an eye out

with that--that hand.

STU: Look,

whoever you are,

you're obviously

a very intelligent man.

And I know what stress

does to you.

It's all I can do from

going crazy myself sometimes.

You're calling me crazy?

No. What I'm saying is

you're going through

a difficult time.

Please don't call my wife.

Look, let me give you

my office number.

Come in, we'll talk.

I know a reasonable

photographer

who'll do some

head shots.

Stu, do you really think

that I'm an actor?

I'm not an actor.

I have no use

for you, Stu, none.

I would just like you

to tell Kelly

the truth

about yourself.

So, are you going

to call Kelly

and tell her about Pam,

or do I have to?

No! Jesus, no.

I'm doing it.

Feeling kind of

nervous, Stu?

[CELL PHONE RINGS]

Hello?

CALLER: Hold it close

to the receiver

so I can hear.

Stu?

Yeah.

Where are you?

I'm in a phone booth.

[CALLER CHUCKLES]

Baby, I just got

this call from this guy

who said you'd be

calling me from a booth

to tell me

something important.

There's a lot of

prank calling

going on today, baby.

CALLER: Tell her you call women

from your little phone booth...

Shut up!

And invite them to drinks

at discreet hotels.

Look, I'm not talking

to you, baby.

Come on!

CALLER:

Someone's got company.

Get the fuck off

our phone!

Honey, who is

that woman?

Oh, the bitch

got a cell phone.

Just some hookers

trying to use the phone.

He just called me

a hooker.

Hookers?

Hookers?

Uh-uh, uh-uh!

Stu,

are you sure

there's

nothing wrong?

We are escorts.

Escorts.

CALLER: Tell her you want

to sleep with other women.

STU: Look, Kelly,

there is this person

and he's saying things

about me, all right,

things that might not

be true.

And if he calls you...

Look, get the fuck

out of here--

CALLER:

Repeat after me--

honey, I want to sleep

with other women.

Look, Kelly,

whatever he says,

don't believe him.

I haven't done anything,

all right?

I haven't done anything.

Only because Pam

had to rehearse

with her scene partner.

Shut the fuck up!

Stu, I don't know what

you're talking about.

But you're scaring me.

Look, I'm sorry, baby.

Can you come over

to the store

so we can talk

in person?

I--I feel

kinda weird.

Yeah. Look, I'll try,

don't worry.

Come on!

FIRST HOOKER:

Yeah, bitch!

I love you.

Yeah, love you, too.

CALLER: I love you.

Get the fuck out of here

before I call Hillary

and have you deported

to Jersey, OK?

You know what?

You're a fucking asshole!

Yeah, and you're

a dirty skank.

What are you gonna

do about it?

Ooh, you motherfucker!

Fuck you!

Your mama is

the skank, bitch!

CALLER: You didn't tell

your wife the truth,

did you, Stu?

And you can tell

she really loves you.

Must be nice to have

a pretty girl care for you.

Look, why screw up

her life?

She never did you

any harm.

Everybody does harm.

Look, that's it.

This mindfuck is over.

Stu, if you hang up,

I will kill you.

What are you gonna do

about it

up in your fucking

high window

with your goddamn

binoculars?

I never said

I had binoculars.

I have a highly-magnified

telescopic image of you.

Now what kind of device

has a telescopic sight

mounted on it?

What, you mean...

Like a rifle?

A .30 caliber

bolt-action 700

with a carbon-one

modification

and a state-of-the-art

Hensoldt Tactical Scope.

And it's staring

straight at you.

Yeah? How's

my fucking hair?

[CHUCKLING]

At this range,

the exit wound

ought to be about the size

of a small tangerine.

Nice try, pal.

Go to hell.

[CALLER COCKS RIFLE]

Now...

Doesn't that just

torque your jaws?

I love that.

You know,

like in the movies,

just as the good guy is

about to kill the bad guy,

he cocks his gun.

Now why didn't he

have it cocked?

Because that sound

is scary.

It's cool, isn't it?

Look, you shoot a gun here

and there'll be

pandemonium.

All right, do you hear me?

There'll be cops swarming

all over this block.

You think so?

Let's see.

1...2...

That won't help you.

3.

Oh, Stu,

look at everybody.

Look at all of the people

screaming, Stu.

Here come the cops.

Sniper on the roof.

Gunfire. Hit the deck.

Stu, you still with me?

[BREATHING HEAVILY]

Stand up and be a man.

So, what are you--

you mean you'd whack me

for no particular reason?

Oh, I have

plenty of reasons,

and you keep

giving me more.

Shall I take care

of him?

No! Shit no.

It would be so easy.

[SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE]

Stu, you just gave

that gentleman

$10 to walk away.

You saved his life.

You do have

a sensitive side.

How much to let me go?

Let's see how sensitive

you really are.

I'm aiming at you

right now.

Can you feel it...

The heat of it?

Come now, Stu,

you can feel it.

Concentrate.

Concentrate.

Take a look at

where I'm going.

You're doing so much better

than the others.

You read about

the German porn-king

shot 10 days ago,

didn't you,

at 38th and eighth?

He thought he was an artist

and wouldn't admit that

he was just a pedophile.

Believe me, he had plenty

of chances to come clean.

And of course

you must have read about

the corporate executive

shot in the head

at 47th and tenth.

What you probably

didn't read

was that he cashed in

all of his stocks

just before the bottom

fell out

while all the little guys

lost everything.

[GUNSHOT]

Now, if he had been

willing to make amends,

share the money, things

might have been different.

Please, tell me,

where am I aiming now?

Below the shoulder.

Which one?

The right shoulder.

Love to love you,

too, baby!

That's phenomenal, Stu.

You're doing so much better

than the others.

What do you remember

about those killings, Stu?

I--I don't know.

Well, you think of yourself

as a smart guy, Stu. Try.

Look, they got shot.

I don't fucking

know, all right?

Ok, I'll give you a hint.

Wallets, watches--

everything was left

on their bodies.

'Cause they weren't robberies.

They were executions.

They didn't have to be.

What did I do

to deserve this?

Huh? Why me?

If you have to ask,

then you're not ready

to know yet.

Never let us

use the phone.

FIRST HOOKER:

Right here. Shit.

Jesus.

Yo, in the booth.

Now what?

You got any idea

how much a pain in the ass

you're making my life?

Hey, look at me.

Look, I hear you!

Look me in the eye.

Hang up the phone

and walk away.

CALLER: Don't do it.

I--I got my own problems.

I'm your

fucking problem.

You know why I'm

your fucking problem?

My girls keep running

'cross the street,

yapping at me, “Leon, he

won't share the phone.

“Leon, he's

tying up the phone.

“Leon, he told us

to fuck off.

“Leon, we're gonna

make you nuts

“unless you get

over there,

make him get off

the fucking phone.”

All right? I'm trying to run

a fucking business here.

I absolutely sympathize,

but I can't get off the call.

You don't understand me,

all right?

I got the g-string union

over here.

They're breaking

my fucking balls.

I gotta live

with their shit,

but I ain't gonna

put up with yours.

So I'm saying this

once nice, all right?

Hang up the phone.

Walk away.

CALLER: He did say it

nicely.

Got cell phone up in there,

too, precious daddy.

Yeah, like he even

need a phone!

Look, I can't get off

the call, all right?

Hey, shut the fuck up.

You hear that shit?

It's like nails

on a chalkboard,

and they ain't gonna

fucking stop

till I get

their fucking way.

I'm--I'm getting

a fucking headache, pal.

All right, look--

look, all right!

I'll pay you to go away.

How's that?

I don't want

your fucking money.

I want you to

hang up the phone

and get the fuck

out of here.

$120. It's all yours.

CALLER: Everybody has

their price, right, Stu?

You're gonna

give me $120

to rent the phone booth

the bums piss in

every fucking night?

I'm--I'm a nice guy.

Something ain't

right with him.

Look at all that

sweat pourin' off

that son of a bitch.

Just one sick mother

we have started with

right here.

SECOND HOOKER: It's

probably catchin', too.

LEON: Yo, yo, yo.

He got the aids.

How long you want

to rent the booth?

Indefinitely.

[CALLER CHUCKLING]

Indefinitely?

What do I look like,

a fucking asshole?

Let me tell you something.

Hey! $500 gets you

indefinitely.

Wait up!

Hold the fuck up!

How come he

defyin' you, huh?

What, you got him

bitch in you now?

Let me know!

I said shut the fuck up!

Yeah, now talk to him

like that!

Come on,

get the fuck out!

Jesus Christ--

are you enjoying this?

CALLER: Do you need help?

Look, I'm handling it.

Come on!

I can help you, Stu.

I wasn't gonna

kill you before,

but you just changed

my fucking mind.

I'd take off

if I was you.

He gonna

kick your ass.

Uh-huh.

[LAUGHS]

♪ He gonna kick your ass ♪

♪ He gonna kick your ass ♪

will you get the fuck

out of here?

Will you go away,

please?

CALLER:

He looks very angry.

Aw, come on--

hey, look.

Get rid of him.

Hang up

the fucking phone.

Look, we can work this out.

CALLER: [ANNOYED]

Get rid of him!

Hang up

the fucking phone.

I got a watch.

It's a Solaris.

$2,000 retail.

Yeah? I got a fucking

gold rolex, motherfucker.

You got 5 seconds to

get off the fucking phone.

[BULLET COCKED INTO RIFLE CHAMBER]

CALLER: Batter up.

[DISTORTED] 4...

I can stop him.

3...

Just say the word, Stu.

2...1...

No, don't--don't!

Oh, fuck.

[HOOKERS LAUGHING]

CALLER: This will count

as a hang up.

I can make him stop.

Just say the word.

Can you hear me?

STU: [MUFFLED] Yes.

849

What?

Yes!

[SILENCED SNIPER FIRE]

Who runnin' this?

Whose street is this?

Oh, my God.

Baby, you bleedin'.

You must've cut yourself--

SECOND HOOKER:

What's wrong? What's wrong?

Baby? Leon?

[GRUNTS]

Leon?

Unh.

He was fucking shot!

Oh, my God!

Motherfucker!

[ANGUISHED CHATTERING]

Somebody call

an ambulance!

Call 411!

911, dumb bitch!

FIRST HOOKER: Yo,

he ain't breathing.

Call the meat wagon!

SECOND HOOKER:

Shut the fuck up!

You shot him.

Why'd you fucking

shoot him?

CALLER: You said yes.

I--

that was “yes,

I can hear you”

not “yes, kill him,”

motherfucker.

You ought to be more careful

with what you say.

Oh, my God.

Motherfucker, why?

It wasn't me!

Where's the gun?

Do you see a gun?

Fuck you!

You pumped one

into him!

Hey, I saw it!

He's got a glock!

Get down!

Get the fuck down!

Daddy got a glock!

What glock?!

I don't have a fucking glock!

It's a telephone!

You shot my man,

daddy!

Yo, come on, he'll

fucking shoot your ass!

You shot

my baby-daddy!

Mr. motherfucker.

Mr. motherfucker!

Bitch, come on!

Get in here, bitch!

FIRST HOOKER:

Better run, motherfucker!

The cops is comin',

and I hope they gun

your ass down!

I'm not going

anywhere, am I?

CALLER: If only you had

dealt with the man decently,

this might not have

been necessary.

Look, I offered him money.

I offered him my watch.

But not your respect,

which is what he

really wanted.

You were dismissive

like you dismissed

the nice pizza guy.

Fuck.

You are guilty

of inhumanity

to your fellow man.

Look, I'm not guilty

of a goddamn thing--

oh, take responsibility

for what you've done, Stu.

Be a man.

Oh, I love this

fucking spin.

You shoot the guy and

I'm fucking responsible?

Well, looked that way

from up here.

I don't know what

I ever did to you,

but whatever it was,

I'm glad.

All right? I wish

it'd have been worse.

I wish you'd

fucking died!

Yes! Finally some honesty.

Just tell me

who you are.

No one you'd ever notice.

I don't run in your circles.

Yeah, and what is it

you do?

I watch.

You watch?

Yes, well, what else

is there to do

when life turns on you

and you've retreated

into some small room?

You look out your window.

You see people

come in and out

of this phone booth,

the same ones every day.

You make up names for them.

You imagine their stories.

But eventually

you get tired of imagining

and one day you follow

one of them.

And you hear

all of his lies,

and you decide that his sin

should be punished.

Some guy shouting

into his cell phone

full of self-importance

isn't gonna notice me,

but I noticed

that German porn-king,

and I noticed that

corrupt executive.

And I noticed you, Stu.

I'm flattered.

Police operator 553,

what is your emergency?

Will you please respond?

Look, what was

so interesting

about a guy

in a phone booth

on 53rd and eighth?

CALLER: The Stu show.

Better than TV.

Look, how'd I get

so lucky to be picked up

by a killer

with a rifle?

Are you in need...

CALLER: You had it made.

Kelly at home.

Pam on the side.

I saw Pam once.

I followed her

to a restaurant.

Lovely.

Life has given you

more than your

fair share, Stu,

but it appears

you don't appreciate it.

Look, look, look,

listen.

Appearances can be

deceiving.

I mean, I may

look confident,

but I'm really

actually

just crying out

for help!

Help! You know?

[DIAL TONE ON CELL PHONE]

I'm trying to help you, Stu,

but you won't help yourself.

[GLASS BREAKS]

Ah! Fuck!

What's the matter, Stu?

You shot me.

It's time you learn, Stu.

Deception can't go

unrewarded.

Deception?

What fucking deception?

“Are you in need

of immediate

police or medical

response?”

Shit. You bugged

the fucking booth.

That's how you knew.

That's how you knew

about Pam and me.

You picked the wrong

person to lie to.

Look, I didn't pick you.

Right. It must have been

your flashy suit

that attracted me.

I get fucked on account

of my clothes?

Huh? That why you

killed Leon?

I didn't kill Leon because

of the way he was dressed.

Yeah, and those other

2 guys as well, huh?

Did they dress too nice?

You must feel

really expensive

when you

walk out the door.

Look,

here come the cops.

What are you gonna do--

go out

in a blaze of glory,

or are you gonna run?

No, I'm not a coward

like some people I know.

Look, you can get away

if you run now.

I suppose you'll

blame me for Leon.

No, no, no, I'll

confess I shot him

with my fucking phone.

Well, then I urge you

to keep one thing

in mind, Stu.

Take a look

at your chest.

You saw how accurate

I can be, how lethal.

You kill me now, and you

give yourself away.

Not with a silencer.

It would take these guys

the rest of the day

to figure out it wasn't

one of their own men

that did it.

You know you can be

shot 41 times

for just pulling out

your wallet.

You in the booth,

throw down your weapon

and come out

with your hands raised.

Ignore him.

W-what if

they open fire?

They won't.

Look around you, Stu.

Do you see the tourists

with the video cameras?

The ones just hoping

the cops will blow you away

so they can sell the tape

to the most gory

police shootouts?

Don't worry,

they'll keep the police

on their best behavior.

So long as you don't take

what would be interpreted

as a hostile action,

you should be safe.

Safe?

You call this safe?

I got a whole fucking

precinct here

with guns

pointed my way.

[SIREN WAILS]

SERGEANT:

With both hands raised,

moving slowly,

step out of the booth.

If we see

any signs of a weapon,

we will respond.

You won't because

there isn't any!

Put down the phone

and raise your hand!

Look, I can't.

I'm on

an important call.

Verify this

information for me.

The guy in the booth

shot that guy over there

and Stuck around

to make a phone call--

is that correct?

Yeah, yeah, that's what

the hookers are saying.

All right,

give me the horn.

Sir!

I'm ordering you

to fully comply.

Look, I'm busy.

All right?

Come back later.

CALLER: [LAUGHING]

Very good, Stu.

Step out

of the booth

and raise your hands.

I am giving you

an order.

CALLER: I give the orders

here, Stu, don't I?

This guy's

looking for us

to kill him,

Captain.

Suicide by a cop?

That's not gonna happen.

Get that body

out of here fast.

Yo, somebody

get the body.

Tell the ambulance

to get the body.

CALLER: Thousands of people

die every day,

but you put one dead body

in the middle

of a busy street,

and it makes people crazy.

Look at these guys.

You can smell the fear.

Fuck. 10 cops.

This reminds me of 'nam.

Vietnam?

Yes, Vietnam.

I was too young

to go,

but I've seen

pictures.

Well, pictures

can't do it, Stu.

You can't imagine

the fear, the stench,

pigs eating

napalm-charred bodies,

children leaving grenades

in your boots.

And you got blamed

for the war.

I came home,

and people spit on me.

This country

owes you an apology.

Look, I just had this

vision of you, of a kid,

coming back

from the war, you know?

Inured to the killing,

not able to get work,

isolated.

I think that

could be made into

a pretty affecting story

and, you know, one that

everyone understands.

And I think cops--

I think they're on

the side of vets.

[LAUGHING]

You are pathetic, Stu.

Why don't you wake up?

Napalm-charred bodies?

I'd have to be 50

to be in that war!

Look, stop fucking

with my head, please.

Cover me. I'm going

to go talk to him.

Shouldn't we wait on

the E.S.U. Negotiator?

They could take

20 minutes.

I'm not gonna take

a chance on this one.

I'm not.

I'm gonna handle this.

Sir! I'm taking out

my weapon.

Putting my weapon

down on the car.

The Captain's

going in.

I'm not armed.

Yeah, neither am I.

My name is Ramey.

Captain Ed Ramey.

What's yours?

Look, I don't want

to be friends.

I don't know,

it looks like you could

use a friend right now.

CALLER: Tell him you've

already got a friend.

I already

got a friend, OK?

Is that who you're

talking to on the phone?

Look, I just want to hear

your side of it.

That's all.

I ain't got

no side of it.

And I didn't

shoot anybody.

You see a fucking

gun anywhere? Look.

FELICIA: It's in

your back pocket!

I see it!

He been feeling it!

Sir, do you have

the weapon in your pocket?

No. I got a cell phone,

and I got cigarettes.

I got no fucking weapon.

OK. Then what

are you doing

in a phone booth

making calls?

Look, you want

to see it? Here--

hey! Don't reach

for that!

Hold your fire!

Jesus.

I don't need

to see it.

I already know

it's there.

I got plenty

of witnesses over here

who saw you use it.

Look, they didn't see it

because it didn't happen!

Shut them up!

He's dead,

but it didn't happen.

Then who did it?

CALLER:

Mustn't tell him, Stu.

I don't know.

Hey, you were

the closest one to him.

You must've saw it happen.

Come on,

help me out here.

CALLER: This guy is

getting on my nerves.

Look, stay the fuck

out of this.

Who do you keep

talking to on the phone?

Nobody.

Your friend, your parent,

your lover--who?

CALLER: Careful, Stuart,

careful.

My psychiatrist.

[LAUGHING] Excellent.

I should have

thought of that.

I see. What's this

doctor's name?

It would be really helpful

to us if we knew that.

He says

not to tell you.

It's privileged

information.

Very good, Stuart.

See, now you're having fun.

Yeah, whatever

you fucking say.

I respect your

right to privacy.

I've been through

therapy myself.

The department--

they provided it for me.

I know it's not good form

for a cop to be saying that,

but you know, sometimes,

hey, the circumstances--

stress--I had issues.

I lost my marriage

over it.

CALLER: Tell him not to come

any closer.

Look, don't come

any closer.

Stop right there.

Go back a few steps.

Go back

to where you were.

OK, OK.

Hey, no problem.

So you got some

intimacy issues.

I got those, too.

All I want to know is,

what happened, man?

CALLER: Tell him to read you

your rights.

I want you to

read me my rights.

And stop asking

questions.

You have the right

to remain silent.

You have the right

to an attorney.

If you cannot afford one,

an attorney will be

provided for you.

All right?

So now, can you at least

give me your first name?

Just your first name.

CALLER: Don't tell him.

It's my right not to

have any first name.

[CALLER LAUGHING]

RAMEY: No gun, no name.

STU: That's right.

You're a highly

underprivileged person, sir.

CALLER: Demand your lawyer.

And go get

my lawyer, too.

I want an attorney

brought down here

to negotiate

my surrender.

CALLER:

Just brilliant, Stu.

I understand that,

but, uh,

it's gonna be

very difficult

to get a lawyer

to come down here

and risk his life,

but once you

hand over the gun--

how can I hand over

the fucking weapon when

you won't let me put

my hand in my pocket?

Oh, no, we'll

take it out for you.

All you have to do is just

step out of the booth

with your hands raised--

nothing will happen to you.

It's not gonna work.

CALLER: Stu, Stu, please.

What?

Ask him a question for me.

Ask him if his wife got

tired of sleeping with him?

I, uh--fuck.

I can't do that.

Oh, sure you can, Stu.

Ask him if

he couldn't get it up,

if he couldn't

satisfy her.

Sir, are you going

to step out of the booth?

I can't--no.

Is that a “no”?

You're not stepping out

of the booth?

CALLER: Ask him.

Is that a “no”?

CALLER: Ask him!

Both your lives

depend on it.

Sir?

Captain, you, uh,

you couldn't satisfy

your wife sexually?

[CALLER LAUGHING]

Excuse me?

CALLER: Ask him if he abuses

himself now that she's gone.

Does he masturbate

on those lonely nights?

For God's sake!

CALLER: Say it!

Say it or I will

blow him away!

[GUN COCKING]

So do you

wack off now?

Hey!

[CALLER LAUGHING]

I'm going to see about

that lawyer for you, OK?

Yes.

Just relax.

Stu, I think

you hurt his feelings.

I want to know who he's

on that phone with.

I want a techie here.

I need to talk to somebody

about that phone.

Do you think we went

too far, Stuart?

Should we

give ourselves up?

You know,

maybe I'd like someone

to negotiate

my surrender, too.

Look, I'm sure we

can work that out.

Well, I don't want to just

spill my guts to anyone.

Could you get me

national news?

I mean, you've got

connections, right?

Sure.

Larry King? Could you get

Larry King down here?

Larry--why the fuck

would Larry King

come down here?

Because you're friends.

Who else

could you get, huh?

Could you get

Tom Brokaw?

How 'bout Dan Rather?

Diane Sawyer?

Look, I--I don't know.

They're busy.

“I--I--I--busy.”

How 'bout Mike Wallace,

Ted Koppel?

Peter Jennings,

Katie Couric,

Al Roker, anybody?

Nah! Nobody.

Face it, Stu,

you're small-time,

and you've got

a credibility problem.

Listen,

don't fucking worry

about my credibility,

all right?

What about yours?

[LAUGHING]

Look, it's our friends

from channels 2 and 5.

You're local news,

Stuart.

You could never do this

for any of your clients,

not if your life

depended on it,

but me,

I've made you famous.

Stick your head out

a little

so they can get

a better angle on you.

They're here

for coverage of me

dying in the gutter.

How ungrateful.

Those cameras

will make the police

very careful, Stuart,

so come on,

smile a little for them.

Can you tap into

that phone call?

Should be no problem.

Except we'll need

a warrant

if he's on the line

with his shrink.

Fuck that, I'm not

gonna jeopardize this

on a technicality.

Look, tracing--

that's not

a violation, right?

As long as we

don't listen in.

Ok, this is what

I want you to do.

I want you to find out

who he's talking to

and their current

location.

All right.

We get that,

I want somebody

to get over there

and find out what

the hell is going on.

Look across the street

and see what everybody

in New York is looking at.

You're the man, Stuart.

You're the center

of attention.

Wait till this

goes national.

ABC, CBS, CNN, UPN--

you're gonna hit

the whole alphabet, Stu.

Listen, I'll be

forgotten about

in a week.

No one ever remembers

the name of the victims.

It's the killers

that get the cover

of Time magazine.

All right?

Think about it.

You'd be famous.

Ted Bundy,

John Wayne Gacy,

fucking Jeffrey Dahmer.

Name a victim.

You can't.

And anyway,

I don't deserve to be

the center of attention.

It ought to be you

they're covering.

No, all that attention

would embarrass me.

I know exactly the spin

to put on this.

How your terror inspires

your creativity?

This could be

a media frenzy.

All right, you'd get

Barbara Walters,

Larry King--if you

still wanted him.

See, that approach

seems predicated

upon me surrendering myself

without killing you.

No.

Listen, we can

make you sympathetic.

Sit down with a writer,

bang out a book.

You know,

movie of the week.

Get America

on your side.

Right, you killed Leon

because he was gonna

kill me.

You killed Leon

to protect me.

All right? Now,

in a city where nobody

looks out for anybody,

you took a stand.

I'm your best witness

to that.

So you want me to trust you

to get me out of this?

Y-yes, I do.

I want you to trust me.

Trust me.

Stu, you must think

I'm crazy.

Oh, shit.

Here comes Braman.

I'll take care

of him.

Hey, you should've

waited for me

to initiate contact

with the suspect.

I already established

some rapport with him.

I'll let you know

if I need any help, OK?

What, are you grandstanding

for these TV cameras?

You want to leave this

to a professional.

Until a professional

gets here,

I'll handle it.

You're a funny guy.

All right.

You get

somebody else killed,

it's on your head.

Got it?

Hey, look, this is what

I want to do, OK?

This is the city hotel

right here.

I want to put 3 guys

in the lobby over here.

And give me

5 sharpshooters up here.

Ok? See if you can get me

2 over here in the subway.

[CELL PHONE RINGING]

What the fuck?

CALLER: Not going

to answer it?

I can't.

I reach for the phone,

the cops will think

it's a gun.

Hmm, I'll bet

it's Kelly.

She's probably

heard what you did,

she's sick with worry.

And I'm not gonna make her

feel any better, am I?

Well, you could ask her

to forgive you, Stuart.

You could confess your sins

and beg for absolution.

Come clean.

[CELL PHONE RINGING]

Stuart, you're

in this position

because you're not

telling the truth.

I'm in this fucking position

because you've got a gun.

No. Stuart, that is

the sin of spin.

Avoidance and deception.

You are being

given a chance here

to make things right.

Now, talk to her.

Look, I can't.

Please.

I am telling you

to answer that phone.

Excuse me!

Excuse me!

Ma'am, you can't cross

in front of here!

CALLER: Answer it!

STU: Look, I can't.

Please.

Don't make me hurt you!

Talk to your wife!

It's not her

calling.

How can you be so sure?

It's you.

It's you,

you miserable fuck!

[LAUGHING]

Damn, you got me.

You continue to impress.

Yeah,

you could shoot me,

but you want them

to do it.

Yes, well,

that's an option.

Captain, this lady says

the perp's her husband.

Here's her I.D.

I couldn't believe

it when I saw this.

Who do you think he's talking to

on the phone right there?

I--I don't know.

I spoke to him

earlier today,

and, um, I told him

that there was a man

who called me.

A man?

Did this upset him,

that you were

talking to other men?

Yes, he did seem

a little upset,

but, no,

it's not like that.

I didn't even know

who this guy was.

Who's his psychiatrist?

He doesn't have one.

That you know of.

I've been with him

for 3 years,

married for one.

I think I'd know if

he was in therapy.

I wish to God

he had been.

I saw somebody

after my divorce.

It kept me from

picking up a gun,

doing something I probably

would've regretted.

Look, Stu didn't

kill anyone.

Ma'am,

under the circumstances,

you need to consider

whether your husband

is exactly who

you thought he was,

because according

to these witnesses

right over here,

he has a gun,

he has used that gun,

and let's pray to God

that he doesn't use it again.

Captain.

If you can think

of any disputes

he's having currently,

please tell me.

We're clearing the first floor

of the City hotel.

I can stage an assault unit

within 10 feet of the booth.

We've also got sharpshooters

securing rooftop positions.

Ok, let me know when

you're in position.

Absolutely.

What about that wire tap?

We got something on that?

No. We're working on it

right now.

Just gotta hold tight

a while, all right?

Yeah, no problem.

No problem.

Mrs. Shepard.

Mrs. Shepard.

Everyth--

does he like being

called Stuart or Stu?

No, Stu.

Call him Stu.

Stu, OK.

Come with me, please.

Stu!

I have your wife here

with me.

CALLER: So that's how you knew

she wasn't calling.

You deceived me.

KELLY: Stu!

She's not my wife.

Are you OK?!

Can you

just talk to me?

CALLER: Yes,

talk to her, Stu.

Look, she's not

my wife.

All right? She's some

fucked-up failed actress

I wouldn't handle.

She's stalking me!

You're not making this up.

You are his wife, right?

Yes, here's a photograph

of us together.

I don't know what

he's talking about.

Stu, listen

to your wife.

She only wants

what's best for you.

Look,

she's not my wife!

Stu, nobody

wants to hurt you.

We just--we just want

to know what happened.

Yeah, very good.

Go home,

you fuckin' lunatic.

[CALLER LAUGHS]

You hear me?! Go!

Please don't

make things worse.

Just come out.

Do what they

tell you to do!

CALLER: So your wife is

a crazy actress stalker

and you don't know her.

That's an interesting marriage.

Look, get her

out of here, all right?!

That's it.

That's enough.

I don't want to

agitate this.

Are you guys having

some marital problems?

Come on! Get the woman

out of here.

No! I don't know

what's going on.

He's--he's bleeding.

We--we--we're fine.

This morning

everything was fine.

You just stay

right here, all right?

Stay here, OK?

Ok.

I think

she did some good.

You got a number where

that lawyer could be found at?

No, we don't have

a lawyer.

He specifically asked

for his lawyer

to come down here to

negotiate his surrender.

Well,

we never needed one.

Well, you need

a good one now.

Look, you'll do me best

by staying near here, OK?

Ok.

I'm gonna get your husband

out alive, all right?

I'm not gonna let you

fuck this up

with this amateur-hour

bullshit!

Get Mrs. Shepard

out of here.

You know, get her some coffee

or something like that.

You're gonna lose

this guy, too.

You need

some kind of redemption,

do it on the couch.

What are you seeing a

shrink for anyway, huh?!

Get the fuck out of here!

Don't fuckin' touch me!

I'm not steppin' down

for you.

You OK?

Yeah, I'm fine.

You'd think she didn't know

she was being watched.

What?!

But beautiful women

always know.

You talking about Kelly?

That false, indifferent,

superior air,

it's just a tease.

They want eyes on them.

Why does she

put on her makeup,

do her hair,

dress so nicely?

Not for her husband

that she hardly ever sees.

No, it's for somebody else

to notice.

1509

I noticed.

What the fuck

are you doing?

You stay away from her.

Leave her alone!

I'm giving her

what she wants.

I'll bet you've never

looked at Kelly

the way I am right now.

[RIFLE COCKS]

[CALLER CHUCKLING]

Don't you dare

fuckin' hurt her.

Don't I dare?!

I'm not the one who has

hurt her, Stuart.

What they can't know

is what we do to them

in our minds, right?

You sick fuck.

Perfect violation.

Look, leave her

out of this.

How many times have you

had sex with Pam

in that hotel bedroom...

In your head?

Would you really miss Kelly

if she was gone?

That's it.

Not another word.

I'm not

talkin' to you.

Your choices put other people

in jeopardy, Stuart.

When are you

gonna learn that?

[CHUCKLING]

This is funny.

Stuart, look uptown.

These geniuses are still

at the juncture box

trying to tap in.

Only I have installed

an encryption device

at both ends of the line.

There's no chance

of a trap trace,

so now they've got to try

some fancy lojack instrument.

It's really sad.

I hope you weren't pinning

your hopes on those morons.

Truth is, I'm on a wireless

A.D.S. With a cloned number.

It'll take them at least

a half an hour to find out

that I've call-forwarded it

through Philadelphia.

And let me tell you,

this will all be over

before they can get

a dial tone.

We can't get a trace

or break

into the line.

It's like a ball

of rubber bands.

I knew there was

somethin' weird about this.

You guys keep

workin' on it.

Stu?

Stuart, come on.

You're behaving

like a child.

Still gonna give me

the silent treatment? Hello.

Stuart, don't do this,

please.

Come on. My sainted mother

used to do this.

[EMOTIONALLY]

She used to dish this out.

Stuart,

please don't do this.

[BREATHES TEARFULLY]

Stuart, you're bringing back

my unhappy childhood!

Stuart,

talk to me, please!

Talk to me!

I can't take it, Stu!

Please! Aah--

ha ha ha!

I'm kiddin'.

I had a very happy

childhood.

Hey...

[GUN COCKS]

There's our girl again.

I wasn't planning

on killing her,

but plans change.

Just tell me what

the fuck you want from me.

Anything you want.

Oh. Hello.

There you are.

I thought I was talkin'

to myself again.

Anything you want,

I'll do it. Just tell me.

Tell Kelly

about the real Stu,

about your little motel.

And then

you'll let us go?

Why not?

Kelly?!

That's a start.

Baby?

Hold her back!

Hey!

I want you

to talk to me!

Keep her back!

Yes?

Keep her back!

Grab her!

I'm listening!

Kelly, I called

some woman.

CALLER: Every...Day.

Every day. I--I was attracted

to this other woman.

I called her, and...

CALLER: I wanted

to fuck her.

And I wanted

to sleep with her.

No...

I wanted...

To fuck...Her.

Say it.

Say it!

And I wanted

to fuck her.

I'm sorry.

Whatever you did...

I don't care.

Please...Just...

Come out

of the booth. Ok?

That's all I did.

That's all I did.

I'm sorry.

All right, look, I--I've

done what you asked.

That's it. I've had

enough of this game.

I haven't.

You said

you'd let us go.

I changed my mind.

You miserable fuck.

You can't do this!

You can't do this to me!

Look, I took

all your shit!

I did everything

you fuckin' asked!

Ha ha ha ha ha!

You lied to me. Now

I'm done with this game.

I've fuckin' had enough.

You go fuck yourself.

Later.

Ha ha ha--

he hung up.

Maybe they already

got a trace.

E.S.U.

E.S.U.

[RING]

I'm givin'

myself up!

First the gun!

Heads up!

I want to see you

toss away your weapon!

Throw the weapon

outside the booth!

You stay

where you are!

Hey! First--

don't hurt him!

Please don't hurt him!

There is

no fucking gun!

1632

You stay right

where you are!

I want you to turn

around, interlock

your fingers

behind your head.

[RING]

Ok?

[RING]

Please! Give them

the gun!

Kelly, no!

Get back!

Kelly!

Hey!

Back her up!

Freeze!

Get back!

Get back!

Baby!

RAMEY: Freeze!

[RING]

I gotta answer it.

Freeze!

Don't move.

[RING]

Hold your fire!

RAMEY:

Hold your fire!

[RING]

Hold your fire.

[RING]

Hold. Hold.

[RING]

Go ahead.

Answer it.

Whoa, whoa! What

the fuck are you doin'?!

He's comin' out!

[RING]

Answer the phone.

[RING]

You fuckin' coward.

Hi, Stu.

Now...You've had

your little tantrum.

And you said

some things in anger

that I am willing

to forget.

Get her back

in the car!

You're acting like he's

not the fuckin' perp.

If he's not the shooter,

who the fuck is, huh?!

Captain, what

the fuck is up

with the phone

calls, man?

CALLER:

So, can we start over?

You lied.

Well, you can't know

the pain of betrayal

until you've been

betrayed.

Sniper up in one

of these buildings,

so I want you to

talk to E.S.U.

I want you to get one of

these guys over here--

this building.

Start looking up here from

window to window to window

until you find

the perp, OK?

I want you

to do it quickly.

I want you to do it

quietly. All right?

All right.

Yo, where's

the E.S.U. Sergeant?

You said we could go.

You said

you'd let us go.

CALLER: Relax, Stuart.

Nobody gets it right

the first time.

You've done much better

than the others,

and you will get

another chance to end this.

I'm just not finished yet.

Yeah, well, I am.

There's nothing

keeping me here.

You mean

besides the fear of death?

Look, I dive out now,

you got one shot,

and I'm gonna be

fuckin' dancing.

You think

you can get me?

Well, I could go

for some target practice.

One shot, they'll be

looking for you.

A second shot, you'd

give yourself away.

1702

Go on, Stuart.

Hang up.

Trust your fate to

the friendly men in flak jackets

with automatic weapons.

I'm sure you can patch up

that little misunderstanding

about the dead body.

The cops can't prove

I killed anyone.

You had motive.

No weapon.

Plenty of

loud-mouth witnesses.

No gun,

and I walk.

Are you sure?

Yes!

Yeah.

You murder a guy,

and you forget where

you stashed your gun.

Why don't you lift

the plastic ceiling panel

and feel around?

[GASPS]

Peekaboo.

What's up next to

the florescent bulb?

Check it out, Stu.

Cops see me reach

for something,

and they'll

blow me away.

There's only

one way to find out.

Look, the slugs

from that dead guy,

they came from

your rifle.

They're not gonna

match any handgun.

I've seen enough cop

shows to know that.

Hollow points

fragment on impact, Stuart.

There's nothing to match.

Only there's no gun

up there.

Don't take my word for it.

See for yourself.

There are rounds left

in it.

I totally couldn't

give a shit.

Come on, Stuart.

Don't disappoint me!

Use your imagination.

You'd shoot me

if you got the chance,

wouldn't you?

[LAUGHS]

With a big fuckin' smile

on my face.

[CALLER LAUGHS]

There's the spirit.

Now, what if I told you

I was just above the theater,

4 floors up?

See the pink curtains?

There you go, Stuart.

Yes.

Yoo-hoo.

Yoo-hoo.

[CALLER CHUCKLES]

Why would you do that?

Because it's fun.

The odds are even now,

Stuart.

Isn't that what you wanted?

You know where I am,

and you have a gun.

If you have it in you,

you can take me down.

Fuck.

They'd kill me

before I got off

a shot, you--

aw, you're probably right.

1758

I'm not really there anyway.

You would've just spoiled

some nice lady's curtains.

Looks like someone

watches the news.

[CALLER CHUCKLES]

Who?

The motel.

Oh, God.

I think she could use

a new head shot.

Don't!

Then take down the gun!

But this has nothing

to do with her.

She has everything

to do with this, Stuart.

You're here

because you called her.

She's here

because you called her.

Now, take it down!

Don't make me

hurt Pam, Stuart.

Take down the gun.

SGT. COLE:

Everybody get ready.

Hold on. Let's just see

what he does, all right?

Let's just see what

he's doing. Hold on.

There's nothing there.

CALLER: Nothing

but your fingerprints

on the finest cop-killer

money can buy.

Come on, Stu.

Let's see it.

Fuck, no.

It's staying there.

Fine, then someone will

have to take your place.

Come on, Stu! You're in

a perfect position!

How do you

figure?

You get to choose

between them--

Pamela or Kelly,

or should I choose for you?

One of them

can take your place.

Don't do this!

Stuart,

you've got to be

more in touch

with your feelings.

I thought

you only loved Kelly.

It's true.

But you lie to her.

It--it's complicated.

Then I'll uncomplicate it,

Stuart,

by removing temptation!

I say Pam.

No! Look,

this isn't Pam's fault.

This is all my fault.

She's--she's innocent.

Oh. Tick-tock, tick-tock.

Time's running out.

Ok, Kelly, then.

You decide.

No! Please!

Come on, Stu!

Don't you get the game yet?

You're a selfish guy.

Pick one and save yourself.

Blonde or brunette?

Time's running out.

You or them?

Kelly or Pam?

Kelly or Pam?

Kelly or Pam?

Come on, Stu.

Stop this.

I can't take this

anymore.

What are you doing?

Get up.

I was looking

for my ring.

Get up, Stuart!

I--I--

stand up and be a man!

You're embarrassing

yourself!

Captain, yeah,

I got it.

The rifleman on

the east side of the street

reports the subject pulled

a small, dark object

out of his pants pocket.

All right. You're

lookin' at a suicide

now on national

fuckin' TV.

You gonna let me take

this over, Captain?

Tell everybody

to hold on, all right?

Tell everybody to

hold their fire.

Everybody hold.

Stay ready, but hold.

CALLER: Stuart, you're

beginning to annoy me.

Y-y-you can't do this.

Stu, no more spinning,

no more excuses.

Oh, what are you doing?

Look, listen.

Listen,

please listen to me.

No more delays, Stuart.

I--I--I'm on my knees

begging you not to kill me.

Well, I will if you keep up

this pathetic spectacle.

Hey, look, from up

in your high window,

you could kill anyone

on the street.

Yes, I know that, Stu.

And, uh...

Y-you can pick off

any of the cops like Ramey

with your rifle.

Shut up and stand up!

Look,

why threaten Kelly?

You said you liked

how she sounded

on the phone

at the store.

Please don't hurt her.

Please don't fuckin' hurt

my wife.

This doesn't have to end

with me shooting you,

but you're leaving me

no choice.

Now get up!

Ok, how does this end?

Tell me how this ends.

The stage is almost set.

1857

People are gonna be

eating dinner

watching you die.

We got a sniper

situation here.

What about that

phone call earlier

to your store?

I got a phone call

this afternoon from somebody.

I think

it was a prank call.

He told me Stu would be

calling me from a phone booth.

How long will it take to

bring up a record

of Mrs. Shepard's

incoming calls?

If he's using

that secure line,

we won't know anything

more than we know now.

Say he didn't.

Let's just assume

that he's human,

makes mistakes

just like all of us.

I need to

get that number.

I've been waiting

for that number.

It was a guy.

He--he sounded like

mid-thirties.

Mrs. Shepard, you know

it would be safer

if you got back

in the car, OK?

Please get back

in the car.

I want you to divert

the incoming

E.S.U. Units

to Broadway and just

hold them there.

You want me to start

clearing the streets?

Yeah, that sounds like

a good idea.

No, no, no.

I don't want the sniper

to be aware

of any of our movements.

He's already

got position on us.

Let's not let him know

we know too much, OK?

I got you.

Jonah!

Yeah?

Don't look up.

Give me sharpshooters

looking at those windows.

You got it, Captain.

I'm gonna buy us

some time here.

All right.

Stu, is it OK

if I come out

and talk to you

for a second?

I don't know.

CALLER: This guy

is so lonely.

All he wants to do

is talk.

You're walking through

a bad dream,

and you can't wake up.

Ok, now he's really

testing my patience.

You want to wake up,

Stu?

I want to,

but...

I--I--

I got issues

I can't

talk about.

That your psychiatrist

on the phone, Stu?

Yeah. I, uh, I'm

paying him overtime.

That was pretty brave,

what you did.

Admitting all that Stuff

to your wife.

It was liberating, right?

Should've been.

Maybe if I could be

more honest with my wife,

you know, then...

Then I don't know,

maybe something would've

turned out different.

CALLER: Oh, please.

Trust is the key.

You trust me, Stu?

CALLER: Get this man

a seat on Oprah.

I want to, but

I got, I got...

Issues I can't

talk about.

CALLER: Yes. Lethal issues.

Tell him to stay back.

Look, don't come

any closer.

Hey, I don't

want to cause

or make anything

harder for you.

CALLER: Pam, Ramey, Kelly,

people on the street.

You've got a lot of lives

in your hands, Stu.

Look, I already

told you

this is a private

conversation.

Now, what the fuck

do you want?

I want to let you know

that it's safe

outside the booth.

CALLER: No, it's not.

Always get out of the

booth. You can't stay--

I like it

in the fuckin' booth!

All right?

It's my whole world.

Now, this is my booth,

and I'm not coming out

ever, all right? Never!

We're not gonna try

to force you to come out

because then there could be

some kind of miscalculation,

and then I would never

find out why this happened.

Stu...

I'm afraid.

I'm afraid that I'm

gonna be standing by

and my men are gonna

shoot some guy,

and when we find out

what he has in his hand

once we turn over

his dead body

and we see the thing

that he was

threatening people with,

we realize that it was just

a little black Bible.

Or a cell phone.

CALLER: Don't push me, Stu.

I'm not gonna

let that happen here.

All I wanted to make

was a phone call.

One lousy

phone call.

CALLER: That's enough, Stu.

You got some bad news

on that call, right?

The worst.

It made you want to

jump off the edge.

I've been falling

ever since.

CALLER: I'm gonna

push him over the edge.

Just say the word.

[COCKS RIFLE]

It's time to land, man.

When you hit bottom,

you die.

I'm your safety net.

CALLER: Oh,

please say the word.

If I tell you what

you want to know,

you'll die, too.

CALLER: Exactly.

I'm going.

Good.

Look, Stu.

Um, we put a call out

to your lawyer.

Your wife,

she gave us the number.

And I got my best men

working on

bringing him down.

Ok?

CALLER: That's it.

The Captain gets a bullet.

Go on, get out of here!

D-d-did you hear

what I said, asshole?

Get out of here!

Go on, now! Go!

CALLER: Enough of

this sideshow, Stu.

No problem.

CALLER: Your sins have

finally caught up to you.

Oh, so this is all some

religious thing, huh?

Ah, that would explain it.

Bible-crazed killer picks on

fashion-obsessed P.R. Guy.

Tell me

what you want, then.

What everyone wants--

for the bad guy

to get what he deserves.

Go for the gun.

Kill myself?

Yes. It would be a rare,

unselfish act.

Uhh.

We got hostile action.

Hey, hey. Nothing is hostile

until I say it is.

I--I can't find it.

Kelly, Pam--

bam, bam!

All right, all right. Look.

I found it. I got it.

Then let's see it.

Let everyone see it.

The cops will kill me.

Yes. You're talking

prime-time material now.

All this shit just

to watch me die, huh?

No. To get you to do

what's right.

If you want

to save yourself, confess.

I already told Kelly

everything.

Everything?

No. No more excuses

and half-truths, Stuart.

You look out into those cameras

and you bare your soul.

TV seems to help bring out

the worst in people.

You should be fine.

How those techs doing?

We got anything?

No, not yet.

Not yet.

We haven't found

your lawyer yet, Stu,

but we're

getting close. Ok?

CALLER: Stuart,

I'm offering you a chance

to redeem yourself.

Come on, Stu.

Humble yourself

in front of your loved ones

and millions of strangers

and me.

It's do-or-die time.

What, you couldn't find

anyone worse than me?

I'm not, not a murderer

or a child molester

but a publicist

who has fantasies

about pretty

little actresses,

who spends all his money

on Italian suits

and dry-cleaning so people

will think he's important,

who doesn't waste his time

being nice to people

who aren't any use to him.

These are my crimes?

Stuart,

I know your crimes.

Tell them.

I've never done

anything for anybody

who--who couldn't do

something for me!

I string along an eager kid

with promises

that I'll pay him money.

I only keep him around

because he looks up to me.

Adam, if you're watching,

don't be a publicist.

You're too good for it.

I, uh, I lie in person

and on the phone.

I lie to my friends.

I lie to newspapers

and magazines

who, who sell my lies

to more and more people.

I-I-I'm just a part

of a big cycle of lies.

I should be

fuckin' president.

I wear all this Italian shit

because underneath,

I still feel

like the Bronx.

I think I need these clothes

and this watch.

My $2,000 watch is a fake,

and so am I.

I neglected the things

I should've valued most.

I valued this shit.

I take off my wedding ring

to call Pam.

Kelly, that's Pam.

Somebody got a 20

on this Pam?

Don't blame her.

I never told her I was married.

And if I did, she,

she would've told me to go home.

Kelly,

looking at you now,

I'm ashamed of myself.

All right?

I mean, I--I work so hard

on this image,

on Stu Shepard,

the asshole who refers

to himself in the third person,

that I only proved

I should be alone.

I've been dressing up

as something I'm not

for so long...

I'm so afraid you won't like

what's underneath.

But here I am.

I'm just flesh and blood

and weakness.

I, uh...

I love you

so fucking much.

[SOBBING]

I, um,

I take off this ring

because it only reminds me

of how I failed you.

And, uh...

And I--I don't want

to give you up.

I want to make

things better,

but it may not be

my choice anymore.

You--you deserve better.

You're not gonna

let me go.

CALLER: No.

You never were.

I know a thing about lies,

and I know a thing or two

about liars as well.

Then why the confession?

I didn't do it for you.

Captain, Captain.

The call to his wife

originated 2:17

at a hard line from

the Old Barkley hotel.

You got a room?

604.

Second window

from the corner.

All E.S.U. Units

still holding.

Bring 'em in from

the 52nd street side.

Cover the windows,

the doors,

the fire escape,

every goddamn point of exit.

Right.

Stu!

52nd street side...

Your lawyer's

coming down now!

Now.

CALLER: At least you'll die

with a clean conscience.

No. You're the one

that's gonna fuckin' die.

Listen. Listen.

You can hear them right now.

They're coming up the stairs.

They're coming to get you.

And you know why?

Because I sent them.

Stuart, you can't

stop lying, can you?

What, I can't stop lying?

They're coming up

the fucking stairs.

They're coming to get you.

Look around you.

Look around you.

That room's getting fuckin'

smaller every second,

isn't it? Inch by inch.

You know what?

Until it's not gonna be

any bigger

than this fuckin'

goddamn booth.

They're in position.

They're in position.

Move!

Move! Move!

No, Stuart.

There's nobody out there.

There's nobody there?

Listen,

they're coming through

that fuckin' door

to put you

out of your misery.

You only got

a couple of seconds left.

What are you gonna do?

Are you gonna run?

If this is true, Stuart,

then I have to take

someone with me,

don't I?

And since Kelly is

the most important thing

to you in your life,

I'll take her.

Take me! Take me!

This is about me!

I'm the fuckin' one

you want. Take me!

This is about me!

Come on!

Take me!

It's me you want!

[ECHOING] Me you want!

This is about me!

I'm the fuckin' one

you want!

Come on! Take me!

[GUNSHOT]

[KELLY SCREAMING]

This is Captain Ramey.

Somebody talk to me.

We're too late, Captain.

Son of a bitch psycho

heard us coming

and slashed his throat

with

a carpenter's knife.

What's his condition?

Critical. He's lost

a lot of blood.

Get him down here now.

I don't want nobody

dying on me.

All right.

Kelly, where's Kelly?

COLE: Your wife's fine,

all right?

Now try not to sit up.

What hit me?

Rubber bullet.

Figured if someone

was gonna shoot you,

might as well be us.

Heh heh. Thanks.

Uhh, did you get him?

You did.

I didn't do anything.

Gotta give yourself

some credit.

You got yourself

out alive.

Doesn't always

happen that way.

KELLY: Stu!

STU: Kelly!

Stu!

Are you OK?

It's OK.

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I'm OK.

Oh, God.

I was so afraid.

I thought I wasn't ever

gonna see you again.

Me, too.

A lot of things

we got to talk about.

I only want to talk about

what you want to tell me.

I want to tell you

everything.

Everything.

Get that gurney

over here, please.

Get over here.

We lost him.

Hey.

STU: I want

to stand up.

I got him.

Yeah, I got

to see him.

You don't wanna see

this, Mrs. Shepard.

Yes, I do.

Ok, take it easy.

Yes, I do.

Allow me.

Allow me.

Go ahead.

RAMEY: You

recognize him?

Yeah. He--he

was down there

trying to deliver me

a pizza

10 minutes before

I got the call.

I, uh, told him

to fuck off.

That's enough

these days.

Just give it

a minute.

We'll be driving,

and you'll be flyin',

my friend.

Whatever you say.

[ECHOING] Nice shoes.

Italian.

You hung up, Stu.

I didn't get a chance

to say good-bye.

I feel bad

about the pizza guy.

But I couldn't miss seeing

you and Kelly reunited.

You don't have to thank me.

Nobody ever does.

I just hope your

newfound honesty lasts.

Because if it doesn't...

You'll be

hearing from me.

STU: [ECHOING] Help.

[SOFTLY] Help.

[GASPS] Help.

CALLER: [VOICE-OVER]

Isn't it funny?

You hear a phone ring,

and it could be anybody.

But a ringing phone

has to be answered, doesn't it?

[WHISPERING] Doesn't it?

[RINGS]

[COMPUTER BEEPS]

[RINGS]

[RINGS]

[RINGS]

[RINGS]

MAN: Hello?

1. Public Relations: Public relations (PR) is the practice of deliberately managing the release and spread of information between an individual or an organization (such as a business, government agency, or a nonprofit organization) and the public. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. A celebrity gossip site operated by the New York Post. It's a popular gossip column for the NY Post. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. A small piece of interesting information. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Too fucking bad. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. Jameson's is a brand of Irish whiskey. He is making a joke that the whiskey is food, the same as chicken soup. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Atestados. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
7. “...que ensayaría para la clase”. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
8. Traje. [↑](#footnote-ref-8)