

911 Indianapolis Police Department Dispatcher Transcript

(Taken from IPD Tapes on 2-17-77)

February 8, 1977

Dispatchers: Officer David Miller, retired Officer Frank Bennett

Dispatcher: Just a minute, please.

Kiritsis: Hello.

Dispatcher: Yes.

Kiritsis: Yes, sir, you'll have to speak up. Is this the police?

Dispatcher: Yes, it is.

Kiritsis: Sir, this is a dire emergency, a real serious thing. I've just taken a prisoner. It's not a crank call. Is Lt. Joe Collins there?

Dispatcher: No, sir, he's on the late shift. What problem you got?

Kiritsis: Where is he?

Dispatcher: He's working the late shift, sir. He's off.

Kiritsis: Is Billy Cotton there?

Dispatcher: No.

Kiritsis: Well, then give me the highest ranking officer you've got. Dick, stand up slowly. Move that chair over about three feet.

Dispatcher: Ok, we don't have any in here, sir. What's your problem? I can help...

Kiritsis: Hey, goddamnit! I've got a .12 gauge shotgun wrapped around a man's neck. I've got a dead man's line on the trigger.

Dispatcher: Where are you at, sir? I'll send you some help.

Kiritsis: Don't. Listen, please. I don't really disrespect police officers. I'm a man that these people tried to bankrupt. They have fucked me around for four years.

Dispatcher: Where are you at, sir? I don't understand what you're telling me.

Kiritsis: I'm at the Hall Hottel... What's the address here?

Dispatcher: What is it?

Kiritsis: The thing about it, officer, is I want this done my way. You understand that?

Dispatcher: What is your address now? Where are you?

Kiritsis: I'm trying to find that out, sir, and I can't hear very well in my left ear, and I'm holding the gun. Hang on a minute. Please, will you just hang on?

Dispatcher: Ok. Gary, get on 01 with me.

Kiritsis: Officer, sir?

Dispatcher: Yes, go ahead.

Kiritsis: Yes, sir, now I'll tell you what I'd like for you to do. I'd like for you to send at least two police officers. I'll tell you where we are in just a minute as soon as I figure it out. Just hang on a minute. I'm a little upset.

Dispatcher: Ok, just take it easy.

Kiritsis: You bet your fucking life on it. This is a bad thing. What's your name?

Dispatcher: This is Officer Miller.

Kiritsis: Mr. Miller?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Kiritsis: I'm not a bad fellow myself.

Dispatcher: I know you are not. I just want to find out where you are at, sir, so we can help you.

Kiritsis: I'll tell you, I'm a mean motherfucker, and I'm mad. Now I want you to send two police officers to this address, and I'll tell you what you can tell them. I've got a .12 gauge sawed-off automatic shotgun. I've got a dead man's line on the trigger. There's three shells in the fucking gun. There's one in the chamber and a man with the gun on his neck, wrapped around it with a cable, that's holding the fucking safety in his hand, and if anybody yanks on me, yanks that gun, makes a false fucking move, he will die right here! Now I know they'll do anything to save this man's life, because everybody thinks I'm... They are going to think that I'm a big man, me a deranged motherfucker. Well, I ain't. I'm mad at these motherfuckers trying to take everything that I've got.

Dispatcher: I believe you. Where are you at?

Kiritsis: They've done every motherfucking thing that there is, and I'm going to tell you something. I have no intentions of killing this guy until I have to, but if you doubt that I'll kill him, you are reading me wrong. That's why I ask you to get Lt. Collins, and you get Billy Cotton, and my name is Tony Kiritsis. K-I-R-I-T-S-I-S.

Dispatcher: Kiritsis?

Kiritsis: K-I-R-I-T-S-I-S.

Dispatcher: Ok, where are you at, Mr. Kiritsis?

Kiritsis: Now, what's this address, Dick? Let me tell you something else, Officer Miller. I'm very concerned about this man's family, not particularly

about his father who I treated like a goddamn father on many occasions, and he treats me like a fucking dog, and this cocksucker here did the same thing, and I'm concerned about his mother and his wife and especially his children. I know that if anybody dies or has a heart attack from this fucking deal that I'm a doomed man. So if anybody dies in this fucking situation, I'm going to take mine with me. I'm going to have my fucking revenge.

Dispatcher: Well, we are going to try to keep that from happening.

Kiritsis: And don't you doubt that. Let me tell you something, sir. When you talk to Joe Collins and you talk to Billy Cotton, they'll tell you who the meanest motherfucker they know is.

Dispatcher: Well, I believe you. I just want to find out where you're at so we can help you.

Kiritsis: Yes, sir, these cocksuckers just bought a Trojan horse. I flat put it over on them. They fucked me around for four years, a deliberate setup, millions of fucking dollars involved and they know it.

Dispatcher: Ok.

Kiritsis: If I could prove in court, if the fucking case wouldn't be wired, I wouldn't have had to have done this.

Dispatcher: Ok, well, if you want Joe to come out there, we have to know where you are at.

Kiritsis: I want somebody up here in ten minutes! Don't turn on no red lights, no sirens. I want them to clear the front office. We are on the fourth floor in Dick Hall's office. Dick Hall is holding the safety of this fucking shotgun in his

hand. I've got my finger on the trigger. I've got a cable tied to my fingers, and I've got a dead man's line on his neck.

Dispatcher: Ok, you said Dick Hall's office?

Kiritsis: Dick Hall. He's one of the big shots here.

Dispatcher: Where is it at? I don't know who he is.

Kiritsis: Hey, baby, I thought of that. Hey, Mr. Miller, let's just keep this line open. Now you send a couple of guys. I don't give a fuck if they are armed or not. I didn't come here to kill a policeman.

Dispatcher: How do I know where you are at? I can't send anybody...

Kiritsis: Goddamnit, I'm trying to tell you. The fourth floor of this address.

Dispatcher: Fourth floor of what address?

Kiritsis: 129 East Market. I'm on the fourth floor in Dick Hall's office.

Dispatcher: 129 East Market?

Kiritsis: East Market. Let me tell you something, sir. You tell those guys to play it cool 'cause this is the real fucking McCoy.

Dispatcher: Well, I believe you.

Kiritsis: You better believe me. I'll tell you something. I signed the fucking papers December the 19th, 1972... that I never saw in my fucking life, and they were so fucking stringent. They had me cornered. I said I'll sign the motherfuckers, and if they fuck me around, I'll kill 'em. I tried for four years to get away from these motherfuckers! Four!

Dispatcher: Is Mr. Hall there with you?

Kiritsis: He's right here at the end of this fucking barrel.

Dispatcher: Can I talk to him?

Kiritsis: You can say a... Dick... Now you can't say very much to him, but you... he's going to be alright. He knows I've got fucking nerves of steel. You know what? They were lucky they were fucking with me. I planned to kill four of them. Right out on the fucking street when they were going to lunch, with a Browning automatic.

Dispatcher: Ok. Let me talk to Mr. Hall.

Kiritsis: You don't have to talk to him. What do you want to say to him? I'll tell it to him.

Dispatcher: I just want to make sure he is alright.

Kiritsis: He's ok. Say hi, Dick. Say you are ok. Do you want to say you are ok? Or do you want to forget about it? Say you are ok.

Hall: Yeah, I'm alright, officer.

Kiritsis: Hey, let me tell you something, Mr. Miller. Listen to me a second. He's in goddamned good hands if nobody fucks with me. If this gun is dropped, pulled out of my hands, or whatever, it's too fucking late. Now let me tell you something. I don't want to die. There's no fucking suicidal nerves in my fucking body, but I'm a mad mean motherfucker, and if you... if I had time, I'd tell you, and you'd be mad too. I'll put it to you this way. If somebody set you up to take everything you've got, every fucking thing you've got, like the fucking mafia or worse...

Dispatcher: Were they a loan company or something?

Kiritsis: You're goddamned right.

Dispatcher: That is what I thought.

Kiritsis: Now you get me two officers up here. I don't want no hostile... I want them to clear the front office. I want a car. I've made arrangements to protect this man's life, which is what you're trying to do, and you guys will kill me to protect his... I'm trying to save me.

Dispatcher: Right. Is this Dick Hall... What is he? Runs a loan company?

Kiritsis: It doesn't make a fucking bit of difference. Just come to 129 East Market, to the fourth floor to his office, and get me two guys up here, please.

Dispatcher: Ok, we've got two cars on the way. You hang on, ok?

Kiritsis: Ok, baby.

Dispatcher: Oh, do you have an office number there, Mr. Kiritsis?

Kiritsis: -----

Dispatcher: Hello?

Kiritsis: I lied like you cocksuckers lied, 'cause I had... you're goddamned right... (inaudible) Who did it? Who did it? Is your brother here?

Hall: I don't know.

Kiritsis: I didn't come up here to die, you know, but I'm ready. Are you there, Miller?

Dispatcher: Yeah, I sure am.

Kiritsis: You were overhearing some of this, and I'm sorry. I can't hold the phone 'cause I'm in a cramp.

Dispatcher: That's alright. I can hear your voice. You're alright.

Kiritsis: Yes, sir, you cocksuckers... (inaudible)

Dispatcher: He's on Channel 1, Collins. 129 East Market. The guy at a loan company. He's got a setup. He's got the shotgun to his neck, cable tied

around his arm, and if anyone pulls him, it will pull the shotgun, blowing the man's head off. The guy is really... I can hear him in the background. He's dead serious.

Kiritsis: Have you got somebody coming, baby?

Dispatcher: Yes, sir, I have.

Kiritsis: We need 'em. We need 'em.

Dispatcher: We are trying to get a hold of Joe Collins at home.

Kiritsis: You get Joe, and you get Billy Cotton 'cause I love them both.

[Kiritsis unintentionally hangs up the phone.]

Dispatcher: Hello.

Kiritsis: You there?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Kiritsis: Is this Miller?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Kiritsis: Yeah, baby. I've... I hit the phone.

Dispatcher: Yeah, you hung up on me. I got you though.

Kiritsis: Did you get Joe?

Dispatcher: Yeah, we are getting a hold of him now. See, he's on late shift, and he's probably home asleep, or he's working out at Lafayette Square.

Kiritsis: Well, listen. He's just a guy I've known for about 20 years, and Billy I've known him for about 5. They are both pretty good.

Dispatcher: Yeah, I've trained Billy. He rode with me.

Kiritsis: He's a hell of a cop.

Dispatcher: He's a good kid. This Mr. Hall... You say he runs a loan company?

Kiritsis: Hey, this is Hall Hottel Company. Meridian Mortgage.

Dispatcher: Meridian Mortgage?

Kiritsis: Yeah.

Dispatcher: Ok, did they give you a hard time on the mortgage?

Kiritsis: They tried. It's a fucking misunderstanding, but let me tell you something. You ask Billy Cotton how fucking dumb I am. You ask him.

Dispatcher: You don't sound dumb to me.

Kiritsis: I'm... You know, it sounds egotistical, but I can't help it. I'm just telling the way it is. I told these guys. I know this man and his father for four fucking years. I've told stories, and I'd get all excited, see, 'cause I was frustrated 'cause I knew what was going to have to happen, and I'd cry a bit, and I'd drank about ten glasses of water the day I was up here, perspired, fucking perspiration run off my fucking arm pits, and I told them what I'd do. I'll never forget when they blew up that apartment up north, that Jewish fellow. I come up here. I had an appointment with his dad. Dick was sitting here, I think, that day. His dad said I wonder what happened up there, and I made up a big lie because it's the way I felt. I said I heard that guy set somebody up, fucked him out of a bunch of money, and they threatened to kill him, yeah. I'll tell you, pal. This is bad shit. How old are you, Mr. Miller?

Dispatcher: I'm sorry?

Kiritsis: How old are you?

Dispatcher: I'm 37.

Kiritsis: Sound like a nice guy.

Dispatcher: Well, I'm trying to be. You sound like a nice guy too. I don't under--

Kiritsis: The thing I hate about the whole thing is these cocksuckers made me do this.

Dispatcher: Well, sometimes they put you in a hole and...

Kiritsis: Nothing but fucking greed. Nothing but fucking greed.

Dispatcher: Sometimes they put you in a hole, and you don't know how to get out of it.

Kiritsis: No, they didn't put me in a fucking hole. They set me up. There's a fucking difference. A man climbs down a fucking hole himself, and anybody can be lied to, and I was selling cars, and I didn't lie to anybody. We had cocksuckers before the fucking interest law came in that lied about payments, told the guys fucking payments would be \$66 and the payments would be \$98, and I used to scold them for it, go to the company and raise hell and tell them to straighten it out. These cocksuckers done the same thing except there is millions of dollars involved.

Dispatcher: Yeah, I know what you mean.

Kiritsis: I'd better straighten up. Hang on, baby.

Dispatcher: Ok.

Kiritsis: Are you there, babe?

Dispatcher: Yeah, I sure am.

Kiritsis: Ok. Are they on their way?

Dispatcher: Yeah, it takes a little while to get these computers working up here.

Kiritsis: Got to tell you, I hope you're recording all of that. Are you?

Dispatcher: Oh, yes.

Kiritsis: I ain't ashamed of a fucking thing I'm doing. I forgot to tell you how fucking badly I feel about fucking with you guys like this.

Dispatcher: We are used to--

Kiritsis: It's kind of... It's kind of hard for the average fucking guy to be able to understand this, but it ain't hard for my fucking friends to understand it 'cause they've seen me die for four fucking years.

Dispatcher: Ok. We'll just want you to kind of keep calm as you can 'cause you don't want to--

Kiritsis: Maybe I'm tired. I'm ready. Every fucking nerve in my body. You bet your fucking life on that because I'll tell you, these cocksuckers are lucky they were dealing with me. I'd... If I'd been somebody else, I'd have killed them a long time ago. I ain't shitting nobody. I was going to cut them down with a Browning automatic, when his dad came in from Florida, get as many as I could and say fuck it, and I guess I decided that I really did not want to die anyway, so I'd try this one time. Hey, let me tell you, I know I'm going to fuck it... dead-end fucking street, but I'll tell you one fucking thing. I didn't come up here to back down, and I'll tell you I don't want to die. I'm afraid to die, baby, and I ain't trying to prove that I ain't afraid to die. This is my only fucking choice, Miller. I'll flat ass tell you, and they know it's my only fucking choice. You wait. You'll get wind of what these cocksuckers have done. Yes, sir. This poor man's father sit right behind this fucking desk one day and said I feel sorry for you. When you die, you're going to go to hell, and I said don't

you worry about it. I said 'cause I've been in hell for 40 years. When I go, I'll be ready, and imagine a religious man talking to me like that, and all the time he's trying to... He sit right behind that fucking desk one day and said why should I lend you more money. I'm going to own that place for \$110,000. Did you know that? [*Hall moves.*] Don't you jerk, goddamn you! You better tell this man not to jerk, because if he jerks, this motherfucking gun is going to go off, and there won't be no fucking trial.

Dispatcher: Tony, how many people do you have there with you?

Kiritsis: I just have one. That's all I wanted.

Dispatcher: Just Mr. Hall?

Kiritsis: Yeah, just Mr. Hall.

Dispatcher: And he's a head man?

Kiritsis: Yeah, I sold him a fucking Trojan horse like you wouldn't believe. I thought it was plastic. Don't you, Dick? I mean this fucking act. How many people told you I was going to kill you? I've been telling them for four fucking years, big people, told lawyers, told real estate people. That's right. I told them, told 'em, told you guys. You ought to arrest this guy and his dad for accessories. I ain't shitting you. I sat right here and told 'em.

Dispatcher: Is that right?

Kiritsis: I said, didn't you ever once tell your dad, dad, is he trying to threaten us? When I left here? Did you ever say that? You guys aren't very fucking smart.

Dispatcher: Didn't believe you, did they?

Kiritsis: Hey, I sat right here and told 'em, time and time again, told 'em a fucking story, told them this, cried. You wouldn't believe, man. Yes, sir. I'm sorry. What's your first name, Miller?

Dispatcher: Dave.

Kiritsis: David?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Kiritsis: Do I know you?

Dispatcher: I don't know. Where do you normally--.

Kiritsis: You better quit moving, baby. Now hold it. Hold it... Dave?

Dispatcher: Yeah. Where is your business at? Where were you employed at?

Kiritsis: Oh, I've just got some ground at Lynnhurst and Rockville. I've been a poor motherfucker all my life. Never bothered me. Never bothered me a fucking day. I had this when I was working.

Dispatcher: Where was your business at when--

Kiritsis: I've just got some ground at Lynnhurst and Rockville Road.

Dispatcher: Yeah, I was just trying to figure out if I ever worked in your district or not.

Kiritsis: There is only one fucking way (inaudible) you know (inaudible) and those other motherfuckers had better (inaudible).

Dispatcher: Now you say you've got the shotgun on Dick?

Kiritsis: Hey, Dick? Dick?

Hall: Yes.

Kiritsis: I'm sorry. What did you say?

Dispatcher: Didn't you say you had the shotgun on his neck?

Kiritsis: Hey, let me tell you something. I didn't come up here to get fucked around. Now you guys think you are going to get me out of here. If you've got the Swat Team across the street, I'll open the fucking drapes, because if they blow my fucking brains out, this fucking shotgun goes off because I've got a dead man's line on the trigger, and it's got three contact points. Now listen. Let me tell you something. I didn't come up here to start a fight with the fucking police department, but I'll tell you one fucking thing. I didn't plan this thing to look like a fucking idiot. I was a fucking demolition expert in the fucking army. I trained cadets at West Point, and I was a fucking booby trap expert. Now if you think you can get this son of a bitch off of him without me getting what I want, you guys try it, although that's not why I came here, David. I told you. That's why I told you to call Joe Collins and Cotton, and listen to me, you talk to those guys. If you think I'm a fucking bluffer, you'd better find out...

Dispatcher: This is what I want to find out, Tony. I want to see what these officers--

Kiritsis: Well, goddamn, you don't have to. You talk to the man. You talk to me. I'm telling you, baby, I'm not hard on a guy. I never gave anybody any shit in my life.

Dispatcher: Ok, but you got to remember. See, I'm thinking about these other officers. I just want to find out what they got to contend with.

Kiritsis: Well, I'll tell you. I wouldn't shoot an officer. I don't have to shoot an officer. I don't want to kill an officer. There is no way. I've got a pistol in my belt. They are going to touch it, and they ain't going to touch this fucking gun

'cause they can't get to it. If they move for that fucking gun, I'm going to tell you, this man dies. Then they kill me. If they kill me, they kill me first, and then he dies. Just as simple as that. Now hang on a minute... Dick, do you doubt that? ...You see this dead man's line? Now turn.

Hall: Yeah.

Kiritsis: ...Around here. See that ring on my finger? You see that? You see there ain't no safety in that gun? You've got it in your hand. Have you got that safety in your hand?

Hall: Yes.

Kiritsis: You see this dead man's line around my (inaudible)?

Hall: I'm scared, and he's scared. The situation is just like he says, officer, it...

Dispatcher: Ok. We believe him. We are going to get you out.

Kiritsis: I'm not trying to give you a bunch of shit, Dave. I'm just trying to tell you the way it is.

Dispatcher: Well, that's why I wanted to find out. See? 'Cause I can't see you.

Kiritsis: Like I told you, I was going to kill all of them. Gun 'em down on the fucking sidewalk with a Browning automatic and then hope to live long enough to tell my fucking story.

Dispatcher: Ok. Now what do you want us to do when we get there?

Kiritsis: I want to talk to 'em first. I want them to see the situation, and then I want a way out of here. I've got a place to go. I don't want... If any fucking security is breached, we got nothing to worry about... that I'm fucked with. If you guys fuck with me, then I punish him. It's as simple as that. Now I'm not going to kill no officer. If they come here with a fucking gun in their hand, tell

them not to put their gun in their hand. Put 'em out there. I don't care. Tell them to come in.

Dispatcher: Ok, I'll--.

Kiritsis: Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to cut you off for a minute, and then I'll...

Dispatcher: I'll tell you we got you on this 911. All you have to do is pick the phone up, and you'll have communications.

Kiritsis: Ok, but I have to cut the line, see?

Dispatcher: No, it won't cut the line.

Kiritsis: Ok. All I'm trying to do is get another man up here. No. It won't make any difference. You have your officers come. You've got that address, haven't you?

Dispatcher: Yeah.

Kiritsis: Just tell them to clear out of the office, 'cause I don't want the ladies shocked. I don't want anybody upset. I've been upset for 44 fucking years, and I know what it's like.

Dispatcher: It's 129 East Market?

Kiritsis: Like I started to tell you... Listen to me. I'm very, very concerned about this man's wife and his mother and his four children. I don't want them kids to be terrorized. I really am concerned about them. I'll tell you, I'm such a fucking patsy. I found a fucking poodle one day that belongs to a city policeman, and that fucking dog... I cried over the fucking dog... Hang on a minute. Hang on.

Dispatcher: I'm right here.

Kiritsis: And when they come and picked up that dog... His name was Buffy. A little French poodle. I was, of course... I've been so upset for so long, but I cried because I always cry over animals, and that poor old cop couldn't hardly believe it. He said, "Man, you're really emotional, aren't you?" And I said, "Yeah." You know, he lived out at Port-O-Call. You there?

Dispatcher: Yeah, I'm still here.

Kiritsis: Gosh, damnit. They don't have to worry. If they are scared, tell them to come in here with their fucking guns out.

Dispatcher: Well, you know, we are all scared. I mean...

Kiritsis: Well, hey, you don't have to be scared. I'm telling you, I'm a hell of a man, baby. I'm a hell of a man.

Dispatcher: Ok. Well, I'm having trouble trying to listen to you and then...

Kiritsis: Well, I'm sorry. They don't have to be scared. If you want me to, I'll walk him down. What I'd like to do is try to walk him out of here, but see, some fucking hero is going to grab for me, and if they do, when they grab for me, it's all over, 'cause I've got number 5 shot in this fucking gun, and he ain't got a fucking chance. I'm going to give them the same fucking chance they gave me. None. Absolutely none.

Dispatcher: Now this is what I'm telling the police officers...

Kiritsis: Now this is the fucking truth. I'm telling it the way it is. I don't give a fuck who knows it. I'm going to tell you something. It took me a long time to decide to do it this way, because I know it's a fucking one-way street, and I know how fucking... but I ain't going to prison for no motherfucker, not after they've tortured me for four fucking years, for no fucking reason other than

greed. I can see no reason. I can see no reason. I sat down and talked to this man's father like I did my customers, and I said... I'm telling you... I said, "Hey, baby, if you had trouble with that car, you bring it to me. I'll take care of you," and that's what I did. You check with Billy Cotton. He'll tell you...

Dispatcher: Ok. Well, this is what we are telling the officers, that you are not mad at the policemen, that you are mad at them there.

Kiritsis: Hey! There ain't no fucking way! There ain't no fucking way! You get Billy and Joe. They'd come up here in a second.

Dispatcher: Ok. I've got...

Kiritsis: I'll tell you, I'm upset, but shit, man, I'm in good shape. This is the shape I've been in for four fucking years. I've fought it every fucking way, fought this fucking deal. The man called me yesterday and said he had a buyer for that fucking place, and I said I'm going to close the mortgage tomorrow. I said if I remortgage it, there ain't no fucking deal.

Dispatcher: What place is that?

Kiritsis: Oh, that's... I've got 18 acres there at Lynnhurst and Rockville. That's what the fucking squabble is over. Anyway, I'm still concerned about this man. We are not getting any publicity, yet I'm worried about his family. Goddamnit, what are we going to do about that?

Dispatcher: I don't know.

Kiritsis: Is it on the radio?

Dispatcher: No, not that we know of.

Kiritsis: Oh my God, listen. I'm expecting you guys to protect those people. If you don't, it's your fucking fault. His dad is elderly, and so is his mother.

Dispatcher: Well, we are keeping it as cold as you know... as quiet as we can..

Kiritsis: You understand, if someone has a stroke or fucking heart attack, I'm going to have to kill him, 'cause I ain't going to jail. There ain't no fucking way I'm going. For no motherfucker! I'm going to hang up. I'm going to lay it down for a minute. I've got to do some thinking.

Dispatcher: Ok. I'll be right here.

[Music is playing in the background.]

Kiritsis: Kidnap... Are you there, Miller?

Dispatcher: Yes, sir, I am.

Kiritsis: I'm trying to keep Mr. Hall here calmed down. I think he's going to be alright.

Dispatcher: Ok. Is...?

Kiritsis: I'll flat ass tell you, Dick.

Dispatcher: Were you playing music just now?

Kiritsis: No. Was I?

Dispatcher: Yeah, I heard music coming through.

Kiritsis: Oh. They've got it on the intercom here.

Dispatcher: Oh. On the intercom. Ok.

Kiritsis: I've got... I called one of the guys out in the front office that I know that's been a pretty good gentleman and told him that I had Dick under the gun, that I've been talking to you people, and there'd be a couple of officers up.

Dispatcher: What they... they got? The whole floor?

Kiritsis: Oh, fuck. They got the whole building. These guys are big shots.

Dispatcher: Big shots?

Kiritsis: Yeah, they don't need guns. Just us poor people. Hang on a minute. I want to talk to Dick... get nervous, get fucked up, we are in trouble. You there, babe?

Dispatcher: Sure am.

Kiritsis: Ok.

Dispatcher: Have you seen any officers up there yet? Or do you know if--

Kiritsis: No, I haven't seen a soul. I imagine Art's got them out there. Maybe he had them out there when I called. I don't know.

Dispatcher: I'm not sure if they are there or not, 'cause I can't get off of this line to find out.

Kiritsis: Well, you can if you want and you can come back.

Dispatcher: Well, I'd just as soon talk to you.

Kiritsis: Hell, I'm alright.

Dispatcher: I've got enough other guys up here doing the work.

Kiritsis: Hey, I'll flat ass tell you. You are in good fucking hands, the most sane fucking man you've ever seen. Maybe they will try to prove I'm insane. Maybe I'll get out of it. You reckon, I'm going to get out of it, 'cause there ain't no fucking way I'm going to do time, David. There ain't no fucking way. I ain't going to nobody's fucking jail.

Dispatcher: I don't blame you there.

Kiritsis: I'll flat ass tell you. Have you talked to Joe?

Dispatcher: Yeah, we're getting him on the phone now. I've got the other--.

Kiritsis: Have you talked to Billy Cotton?

Dispatcher: Not yet.

Kiritsis: Call Billy, goddamnit!

Dispatcher: Ok.

Kiritsis: He's my buddy.

Dispatcher: He's working part-time. This is the thing. We are trying to catch him at home.

Kiritsis: Ok. I'm going to put the phone down.

Dispatcher: Ok.

Kiritsis: Dave?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Kiritsis: I've got that property, and I've got that garage up there with a bunch of stuff, and I've got it locked. I don't want it fucked with.

Dispatcher: What property is that, Tony?

Kiritsis: Well, it's at Lynnhurst Drive and Rockville Road. There ain't nothing up there for you guys to fuck with. I just don't want you fucking with my property. I'll tell you what to do when the time comes, but if you guys breach this fucking security thing I've got set up, it's just going to fuck up the whole ball game, baby. That's all I'm trying to tell you.

Dispatcher: Ok. Well, we've got--

Kiritsis: And I'm not trying to be horny about it. I'm not trying to be a big man. I'm just telling you the way it is. I've been honest all my fucking life. Too fucking honest.

Dispatcher: Ok. I'm passing on your messages to the officers that are there.

Kiritsis: Well, I hope they can hear.

Dispatcher: Yeah, we've got communications with them.

Kiritsis: That's the way it's going to be. You there again?

Dispatcher: Yeah.

Kiritsis: I'm still concerned about this man's family, bad concerned.

Dispatcher: Ok. Well, nobody knows about it but us.

Kiritsis: Ok, better tell them fucking people in the front office when they get up here. I mean these people out here in front of us.

Dispatcher: Yeah, they know.

Kiritsis: I'm really worried. His wife's recovering from an operation, I understand, and he's got four nice... How old is your oldest child? *[Hall answers]* Oldest is ten. See, I remember when my dad used to get in tight spots, and I'd... I'd worry about it.

Dispatcher: Really, at least, it shows you are concerned.

Kiritsis: David?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Kiritsis: You guys better start moving. I've got things planned. I've got things to do, and my fucking arm is cramping, and I'm wired to a live mine.

Dispatcher: Ok, we've got the officers over there.

Kiritsis: I mean move. I mean now.

Dispatcher: Ok. We've got Joe on the phone. There is another officer talking to him now. Do you want him to call you?

Kiritsis: Here they come with their fucking sirens. I asked them not to... You there?

Dispatcher: Yeah, I think that's an ambulance.

Kiritsis: He ain't going to need no fucking ambulance. I'll tell you that.

Dispatcher: I mean not to you. It's going past you.

Kiritsis: It just stopped out in front. They ain't going to need no fucking ambulance. You can tell them that right now. If they get cute, they are going to need a fucking hearse. I ain't going to tell you no more.

Dispatcher: You want to tell those cars not to go 1039 over there at 129 East Market. Tell them to go 1040. The man is upset. Now the ambulance is going by to another run. He's just passing you up.

Kiritsis: Ok. Ok. Are the police here, you suppose, Dave?

Dispatcher: Yeah. They should be there.

Kiritsis: They ought to come on in this fucking office and listen to what I've got to say 'cause my arm is hurting like a son of a bitch. I'm trying to do... Believe it or not, half way. What's right?

Dispatcher: Ok, he wants to talk to somebody over there when they get there.

Kiritsis: Hope they ain't got no fucking plans about trying to get us out of here. I'm trying to get him out of here, but if...

Dispatcher: No. They want to see what... you know, what you've got to say first. They will listen to you.

Kiritsis: They are going to do a lot of fucking listening. This man's got to do every fucking thing I tell him. I guarantee you that. I hope they don't think I'm bluffing. David, do they think I'm bluffing? Hey?

Dispatcher: Yeah. I'm with you. I'm listening.

Kiritsis: Do they think I'm bluffing?

Dispatcher: No, they don't.

Kiritsis: Damn, I hope not, baby. There's a fucking shell in the chamber, and he's got the fucking safety in his hand, and I've got my finger on the trigger, and it's wired to a dead man.

Dispatcher: [to someone in the office] Ok. Should be a lieutenant over there too... What channel is he? ...What channel is Captain Mills on? And what is his number? ...Dispatcher to 3031 Captain Mills. Yes, sir. I have the man on the phone. Are you 1023 yet, sir?

Don Mills: Yes, sir. I was just getting ready to call him.

Dispatcher: Ok. He wants to talk to someone about...

Kiritsis: Dave?

Dispatcher: Yeah. I've got the captain on the phone now.

Kiritsis: Who, baby? One of the guys in from the office. There ain't any police out there. They are either lying to me or fucking with me.

Dispatcher: No, I just talked to... you know, Capt. Mills. Don Mills?

Kiritsis: I probably know him, baby. I know a lot of you fellows.

Dispatcher: Well, he is there now, and he wants to call you on the phone. How many lines have you got?

Kiritsis: They don't have to. I'll walk out there.

Dispatcher: Ok, hang on a second. Dispatcher to 3031. Dispatcher to 3031. He states he will talk to you personally, sir, rather than on the phone. He can come out to the outer office.

Hall: Dave? Hello, officer?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Hall: Yes. My name is Hall. I think our offices are cleared now.

Dispatcher: Have they got the man?

Hall: No. I'm... Wait a minute. What's that...

[**Kiritsis in background:** Tell him how serious it is.]

Hall: It's serious, officer. I have a gun at my neck.

Dispatcher: Ok, now Capt. Mills...

Kiritsis: Where's [inaudible] at, baby?

Dispatcher: Capt. Mills should be out there now.

Kiritsis: He's not here.

Dispatcher: He just told me on the air that he was there.

Kiritsis: Dave?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Kiritsis: I'm real concerned because I think you guys are trying to figure out a way of fucking up this program, and there ain't no way, baby.

Dispatcher: No, just trying to get up there to you so they can talk to you.

Kiritsis: I've told you in a nice way, ain't warning you, just telling you, there ain't no fucking way. You bet your fucking life. I've tested this fucking thing, and I've tested. I've dropped it two hundred fucking times. It fired every fucking time.

Dispatcher: Ok. I believe you, and Capt. Mills says he is there to talk to you.

Kiritsis: Well, I hollered out in the office, and he didn't come.

Dispatcher: Ok, well, I'll have to hit him again. See, I can't tell 'cause I'm not there.

Kiritsis: You had better get him.

Dispatcher: I have to take his word for it.

Kiritsis: Hey, David? Dave?

Dispatcher: Yes, wait a minute.

Kiritsis: Hey, listen to me. I don't want to hurt him. I ain't going to hurt no policeman.

Dispatcher: We believe you.

Kiritsis: You better believe it. I ain't going to hurt no policeman.

Dispatcher: Ok. Can you hang on a second, Tony? He's on the radio for me.

Kiritsis: Yeah.

Dispatcher: [To police (Capt. Mills?) on radio] Dispatcher to 3031.

Kiritsis: [Talking to Hall in the background] Does your mother and father live here in town?

Dispatcher: [To police on radio] Are you on the fourth floor now?

Kiritsis: [To Hall] Your wife, father, and mother live here.

Dispatcher: [To police on radio] Correction. The second floor.

Kiritsis: [To Hall] You know their number. Are you good living with a guy?

Dispatcher: [To police on radio] Ok. The man is getting nervous. He wants you up on the second floor, and keep him calmed down. Ok, Tony?

Kiritsis: Yeah, Dave.

Dispatcher: Ok, he's down on the main floor, and I told him you want him up there right now.

Kiritsis: I'm not going to hurt him. Tell him that, Dave. You can get him by radio, can't you?

Dispatcher: Yeah, I'm talking to him on the radio now.

Kiritsis: Hey, I'm not going to hurt him, man. Tell him to come on up.

Dispatcher: Tell him to come on up to the second floor.

Kiritsis: Fourth floor.

Dispatcher: Fourth floor. Ok. I'm sorry. [To another officer in the office/on radio] Yeah, fourth floor, ma'am. I've told them. I got the man on the phone back here. It's easier for me to talk to him than transfer... I'll go up there and kick his ass... Yeah, I've got him on 02... I can imagine. Who is on 28-11?... Dave... Ask if he has a brother Steve that sells cars, but don't tell him... 3031. Secure the building.

Kiritsis: Dave?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Kiritsis: You guys are fucking with me, baby.

Dispatcher: No, we are not fucking [with] you. We are trying to get you some help up there to talk to you.

Kiritsis: Hey, they ain't going. I'm going to tell you something, David. Ain't nobody going to talk me into anything. They ain't going to talk me out of anything. I'll flat ass guarantee you that. You can start right there. I'm not the average fucking man off the street. I don't think I'm any better or any smarter than anybody else, but I know where I've been, and I know how long it took to get there. There ain't nobody going to talk me into turning nobody loose or doing anything I don't want to do 'til this fucking thing is decided, and it ain't going to be decided in a short time, but I'm going to tell [you] what's going to happen. You are going to fuck around until this man gets in trouble.

Dispatcher: Ok, well, we want to find out--

Kiritsis: 'Cause I'm taking it as well as I hope...

Dispatcher: Ok, well, we want to know what exactly... what you want us to do.

Kiritsis: If he hadn't've talked to me many, many times in two, three or four years, he would have already fainted, but he knows...

Dispatcher: What is it that you want us to do when they get there?

Kiritsis: I want out of here. I want a fucking car. I got some place to go, where me and this man can be secure. Now if you don't want to do that, you guys tell me when you are drawing the fucking line. I need a four-door hard top so he can get in the front seat, and I can get in the back seat, and I'd like a police car in front of us. I want the fucking people kept away from me so some fucking hero doesn't grab the gun, and I don't want to be fucked with... I've got a place to go.

Dispatcher: Ok, now hang on a second.

Kiritsis: Ok, he'll be ok as long as that happens. Now let me tell you something, Officer Miller. If that's not forthcoming, then I'm going to get out of here and start walking, and I'll flat ass tell you that if somebody fucks with us, it's too fucking late. Now the reason I wanted Mr. Mills to come up was to look at the fucking rig, because I don't think that I've got you guys convinced yet, and I want Dick to hand him the safety.

Dispatcher: You've got me convinced. I'll tell you that. Ok, I'll--

Kiritsis: Joe Collins. What did Joe Collins tell you?

Dispatcher: He said to believe every word you said.

Kiritsis: That's real smart. I love old Joe. [Talking to Hall] What he said was Joe said to believe every word I said. Dick, that's the kind of reputation I have, even when I'm mad.

Dispatcher: And he doesn't want you to get hurt.

Kiritsis: No, and I don't want to get hurt either.

Dispatcher: Ok, now.

Kiritsis: But these motherfuckers done it to me, baby.

Dispatcher: Can you hang on a second while I tell them on the radio?

Kiritsis: I want Mr. Mills. See, I'm not going to hurt those guys. If they want me to come down on the elevator, I'll come down. Do they want me to come down?

Dispatcher: Well, I don't know. I haven't got them on the radio. I'm trying to get hold of them on the radio if you'll hold on.

Kiritsis: Hey, I'm tired of fucking around, baby.

Dispatcher: Ok. Hang on a second for me.

Hall: Officer?

Dispatcher: Yes.

Hall: This is Mr. Hall.

Dispatcher: Yes, Mr. Hall.

Hall: Mr. Kiritsis said I should have everything done. [**Kiritsis in the**

background: Tell them what you want done.] I'm in fear for my life, officer.

I'd like for you to do everything that Mr. Kiritsis says, if you will, please.

Dispatcher: Well, we are trying to do everything exactly as he says.

Hall: I'm sorry. Say again?

Dispatcher: I said we are trying to do everything exactly as he says. We are not trying to upset him in any manner.

Kiritsis: Who is this?

Dispatcher: [At some point, a new officer takes over the 911 phone.] This is retired officer Frank Bennett.

Kiritsis: Mr. Bennett, let me tell you something. I'm a pretty nice fellow. I didn't get here very fucking easy. This is a long fucking trip for me. You better get Lt. Collins on the phone and Billy Cotton, and they will tell you about me. I'm a hell of a nice guy, but I'm a mean, mad motherfucker. There ain't no way you can get this cocksucker out of here by killing me, 'cause when you kill me, he dies. Now if you think I'm shitting you, I'm going to open these fucking drapes, and you send the boys with the high-power rifles across the street to Mr. Ruckelshaus' office 'cause he's my attorney, and his window is right across from this one, and I'll stand there, and if you've got the fucking nerve, you pull the fucking trigger, and I'll show you something. Now I'm tired of fucking around. I'm a nice guy. I'm not going to kill no policeman. I don't want to kill any policeman. I don't want to kill anybody, don't want to die myself, but I'm man enough to die for what's mine. These cocksuckers are trying to take everything I've got, unjustifiably, just like the fucking mafia... just like in the movies. Now I'm tired of fucking around, and if you fuck around with my plan, you are just cutting the time short, sir. That's all I've got to say. Now I want a cop up here, a police officer to look at this fucking rig, and I want to get out of here now. I'm not going to hurt anybody. Come in with the fucking guns drawn and cocked... Now listen.

Dispatcher: We are trying to get someone up there to you now.

Kiritsis: Now listen. If you want me to, I just offered to come down the fucking elevator.

Dispatcher: Have you got a brother named Steve?

Kiritsis: Not anymore. That motherfucker threw me. I almost killed him nine years ago. He's the motherfucker that helped get me here.

Dispatcher: Oh, I see.

Kiritsis: You remember that?

Dispatcher: No, I don't remember that. What did that have to do with--

Kiritsis: I fed the motherfuckers for 20 years just like these cocksuckers. There ain't no limit to what they'll do for a dollar. Now listen. I'm a pretty nice fellow, and there ain't a fucking nerve in my body. You are lucky there, but I want to do what I want to do. My arm's cramped. I've got a dead man's line on this guy. I can't get it off. I've tried to take it off, and I can't. You think I'm shitting?

Dispatcher: No, I don't think you are shitting. No.

Kiritsis: Did they tell you that this man is holding the safety of this shotgun in his fucking hand?

Dispatcher: I know that.

Kiritsis: Now listen, I want a fucking elevator, and if they've got those fucking things jammed, I want one now, or we are going to try and come down the steps and starting in about three or four fucking minutes, and that's it. I ain't talking to nobody no more. I'm tired of fucking around.

Dispatcher: Ok.

[END of TRANSCRIPT]