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Lady in Cement

By Marvin H. Albert

RUBIN:

How many cards, pal?

ROME:

Give me two.

How many are you taking?

Two for you,

and the dealer takes one.

I bet five lovely rubies.

I see your five,

and I raise you three.

- You're bluffing.

- Try me.

I'm in. What have you got?

Flush!

What do I owe you now?

To keep it simple,

500,000 Spanish doubloons...

...and \$2.50 cash for your share
of the map.

For this? Where'd you get this?

Three-Finger Jack.

ROME:

I think he's hustling us.

I don't think so. There's the rocks.

Okay, who goes over first?

- How many times?

- Once.

[COUNTING IN ITALIAN]

Your dance.

- Always look good in basic black.

- So long.

Problems, problems, problems.

- Black eight on the red nine.

- Oh, thanks.

- Find anything?

- Yeah, a couple of nosy sharks.

RUBIN:

At least you had company.

[ROME LAUGHS]

- Any sign of the 11 galleons?

- No.

You must have seen
something down there.

- Yeah, a dead blond.

- A dead blond?

Was she pretty?

She's one blond I know
didn't have more fun.

Coast Guard. This is Straight Pass
calling Coast Guard. Over.

MAN:

- This is Straight Pass.

Like to report a body floating
off Fowey Rocks.

Is it a hazard to navigation?

Is it a hazard to navigation?

No, just a dead, wet blond
hanging around in a block of cement.

- Over and out.

- Roger, Straight Pass.

"Hazard to navigation."

These postmortems give me gas.

To think I had a brilliant future
in pediatrics.

Okay, Jerome. Okay.

She was dead before she went in.

Hardly any water in her lungs.

- What killed her?

- A knife with a long, narrow blade.

Driven under the breastbone
into her heart, then pulled out.

ROME:

Anything else from the autopsy?

No, except she never had any babies.

Though she definitely
had relations with men.

She would have made
a natural mother.

- Is that all?

- Uh-huh. What a pelvis.

What a pelvis.

Dumping people in cement.

That went out with violin cases.
Whoever did it didn't expect
she'd ever be found.
Whoever did it
doesn't know much.
He dropped her where 11 Spanish
galleons sank in a hurricane in 1591...
...loaded with silver and gold.
Why don't you just hand him the maps?
Buy him a scuba suit?
Things slow on the vice squad, Rubin?
You can go off and play games?
I had a busy week. Closed two plays,
put six belly dancers out of business...
...and personally attended
several love-ins. I need a rest.
- Yeah, vice runs you down, you know.
- You ought to know.
- And what's the matter? No clients?
- Are you worried about me?
You're the only guy I know who owns
a yacht and eats leftover TV dinners.
Cold yet.

MAN:

SANTINI:

- Picture files from Missing Persons.
- Thanks.

ROME:

- You're not through yet, Tony.
We found her. She's yours now.

SANTINI:

- Fingerprints?
There aren't any.
See if she's one of these.
[PHONE RINGING]
Yeah.
- It's Manny.
- Who?
- Your bookie.
- Oh, that Manny.

I'm out of town. Little short.

SANTINI:

The pictures. The pictures.

He's out of town.

How the hell do I know

where Rome is? And listen, Manny:

You book one more bet off this line,

I'll run you in for impersonating a female!

I keep telling him

he looks lousy in a miniskirt.

- She ain't here, Dave.

SANTINI:

The story's already on radio and TV.

Don't call me here every 15 minutes...

...because some blond

runs out on her husband.

- You got something better to do?

- Yes, I have.

- Come on, let's hoist the martini flag.

RUBIN:

[BANGING]

I'm all through, John dear.

Is it okay, honey?

- Yeah, go clean the paint buckets.

BIRDIE:

MCCOMB:

- Okay.

MCCOMB:

Got a good thing in the fourth.

ROME:

wore snowshoes.

- But this is a sure thing.

- Then you bet it.

I, play horses?

- Any messages?

MCCOMB:

Oh, yes, John dear.

MCCOMB:

Are you gonna keep it a secret?
You wrote it down, honey.
That's right, it's your answering service.
I think you got a new client.

ROME:

- They said it's very urgent.
All they gave me was an address.
- No name? Just an address?
- No name.
Which one are you, Sandra or Maria?
Hey, that's funny. I like a guy
with a sense of humor.
- Hm.
- You got anything else funny to say?
Yeah, what sells best,
the frozen peas or the corn?
You gotta be kidding.
Toss it over on the chair. Easy.
That was a very gutsy thing
you just tried.
I like gutsy guys.
- You're pretty fast for a big man.
- Yeah.
It surprises folks.
It surprises some of them
right to death.
- Now, who are you?
- I'm a private detective.
Somebody called me up,
told me to meet them here.
Give me your wallet.
Yeah, you're the one.
I sent for you, Rome.
Well, you can put that cannon away.
I'm a little insecure.

GRONSKY:

Just being careful. You know how it is.

ROME:

- Have a seat.

- Comfy?

- Yeah.

Now...

...that blond dame you picked up
in the drink.

What'd she look like?

Dead.

Yeah, did she have a birthmark
right here?

I don't know.

I didn't get that close to her.

Yeah. Yeah, it wouldn't have been
Sandra anyway.

When she goes, it'll be in bed,
and she'll take the guy too.

- You're hired.

- I don't wanna appear nosy...

...but hired to do what?

- I gotta find Sandra.

She's supposed to live here with
a Spanish broad, but she ain't showed.

- Why not check with the Spanish dame?

- I got my reasons.

You're gonna find her for me.

Okay. But it'll cost you about
a hundred bucks a day plus expenses.

I'm a little low on cash
at the moment.

[CHUCKLES]

That puts us in the same bracket.

But I don't think my bookmaker would
understand my taking a charity case.

GRONSKY:

All right.

Here. You can get 300 bucks
for that in any hock shop.

Hang on to the ticket. I'll buy it back
when I lay my hands on some dough.

Yeah. Okay, just one more thing.

Why are you trying to find this girl?

All you need to know is

I told you to find her.

When I tell a guy to do something,
it ain't healthy not to do it. Believe me.
Oh, I believe you.
You got a very sincere manner.
Good. I like cooperative guys.
Listen, how do I find you?
You don't. I'll find you.
And don't tail me, pal.
I like guys who don't tail me.
Furthest thing from my mind.

ROME:

Gronsky. Waldo Gronsky.
Waldo?
Waldo.
Waldo.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
Hey, buy a girl a drink?
I bet we could relate real good.
I'm broke. You'll have to try me
another time.
You still in love?
I'm looking for Maria Baretto.
Mmm... She's the one with the mirrors.
If you're broke, forget it.
There is always
the nice warm sunshine.
But who's gonna rub your back
when you burn, baby?
That's a point.
I gotta go express myself. Um...
Why don't you grab some loot
and come back, lover.
- I could turn you on.
- I think you already did.

MARIA:

- Hello there.
Looking for a little excitement?
Maybe. What brand
did you have in mind?
I got all kinds of notions,
once I'm in the mood.
Couple of drinks

put you in a better mood?

You're hip.

So how's about a bottle
of champagne?

Why not?

- Waiter.

WAITER:

- Bring a magnum.

- I wanted champagne.

- Give her anything she wants.

- Yes, sir.

What's your name, honey?

Tony Rome.

I'm looking for Sandra Lomax.

- You a friend of hers?

- Sort of.

- Sandra never told me about you.

- She never told me about you either.

- It's a small world.

- Ain't it?

[CHUCKLES]

Who wants to talk about Sandra?

- You don't get along?

- We do, we don't.

She has this habit of getting lost
every time the rent's due.

When'd you see her last?

Uh... Last night when she went
to Kit Forrest's party.

You know, that society dish.

Yeah. I've read her name
in the garbage columns.

- You know something.

- What?

I like you. You got a cigarette?

- Still interested in Sandra?

- No, no.

You're way out in front now.

You got any pictures of Sandra?

MARIA:

- What?

- You mind much if I give you a little tip?

- No.

Why don't you stay away from her.

The kid's got a boyfriend.

I asked you if you got
any pictures of Sandra.

No. She never took any pictures.

Just guys.

Maria, darling. I hear oodles
and oodles of repartee...

...but I don't see any drinking.

Uh... Hi, Danny.

He was just asking me about Sandra.

Danny Yale, Tony Rome.

- How do you do?

- How are you?

How about you getting up and moving
that fatty tissue like we choreographed?

- It's not my turn again.

- Forget it.

- They're screaming for you.

- We just ordered some champagne.

Forget it.

It's all right, baby. We'll drink it later
at your house.

- Promise?

- That's a contract.

Okay.

See you later.

Spotted her in a choir.

But then, she brings them in
around here.

- She's lousy.

- And you're a critic.

Like you're a dance director.

Tell me about that other great
piece of talent, Sandra Lomax.

What's it to you, sweet?

Well, I got this here off-white
block piece of cement...

...I'm trying to match up
with a blond.

That girl they fished out
of the ocean this morning?

The very same.

Oh... Well, that couldn't have been
Sandra, dreamboat.

Now, just why couldn't
that have been Sandra?

Because she got in touch with me
this afternoon.

She told me she was quitting.

Well, that leads me
to two conclusions.

- You're lying.

- Oh...

Seymour.

Sugar, please.

Thank you.

Now, listen, sweetie.

I don't have to tell you anything.

True.

But I could get persuasive,
and you might even get to like it.

[YALE CHUCKLING]

But Seymour wouldn't.

And he played tailback
for the Green Bay Packers.

I know, I know. I saw him play.

He had the league record for illegal
use of hands. In the huddle yet.

[CHUCKLING]

Well, shall I scream "rape" now
or wait and phone in a complaint?

If you're asking me,

I'd rather you press charges.

You're not a holdover
from yesterday's bash?

ROME:

No, you left me off your list.

KIT:

Whew!

I can't think why.

Everyone else was here.

Tony Rome,

I'm a private detective.

How disappointing. And I thought

you were someone dangerous.

- I'm Kit Forrest.

- Yes, I know.

- Any trouble?

- No, no trouble.

I'm trying to locate somebody.

I thought you could help me.

Say, can't we discuss this

over a bull shot?

Over a bull what?

- Try one.

- No, I never drink on an empty stomach.

Ah! I always seem to need another.

About that party you gave last night...

Isn't this bar ghastly?

It's one of Father's collection

of early-American pornography.

He was such a lecher.

Was Sandra Lomax

at your party last night?

- Sandra?

- Yeah.

Well, I'm not sure.

What do you mean,

you're not sure?

Well, to tell you the truth, I got kind

of smashed early in the evening.

I have what you might call

a drinking problem.

I wouldn't have noticed.

"Oral compensation."

That's what I call it.

- What's your shrink call it?

- Just being a drunk.

You're a member of a large club.

I wonder how I would have turned out

if I hadn't inherited a fortune.

Well, I can think of a couple

of occupations.

- See, money does have its restrictions.

- Yeah.

You're broadening me, but I'm still

in the dark about Sandra Lomax.

If she was here last night,

who was she with?

You don't really expect me
to know the people I invite.

I don't expect you to tell me
anything you don't want to.

- And that robe is making me nervous.

- You don't like it?

You'd look good in a paper napkin,
but that wouldn't get me any answers.

I'm sorry. What do you say

I slip out of this bath mat.

It could all come back to me.

Mmm...

I'll only be a minute.

Oh, and if you need anything...

...there's a butler.

- It'd be more fun with a maid.

- I have one of those too.

[RINGING]

AUDREY:

One, two, one, two, one, two.

One, two, one, two, one, two.

MUNGAR:

Do you have to count?

- What's that make it, Paul?

- Dad, we don't have to play for money.

How can I be good

if I don't bet on myself?

Got to keep your eye on the ball.

AUDREY:

on the ball?

All his life, he's been looking back
to see who's chasing him.

Hello?

Oh, hello, my dear.

You did right, sweetheart. Just don't
say nothing. We'll be right over.

Come on, Paul.

We got an appointment.

One, two, one, two, one, two, one, two.

One, two, one, two, one, two.

KIT:

Like it?

I like the real thing better.

- Anything come back to you?

- Hmm?

Last night.

Haven't I seen you around the track?

Yeah, I bounce in and out

of there once in a while.

- You a hunch player, like me?

- No, I lose my money scientifically.

[KNOCKING]

Excuse me. About last night, you were asking me to refresh my memory.

There's someone who might help me.

MUNGAR:

KIT:

- You look beautiful.

- Thank you.

MUNGAR:

Doesn't she look nice?

- Well, say it.

- She's beautiful.

It was well-advised to call,
my dear. Well-advised.

Is this the bum's been bothering you?

Well, Mr. Al Mungar,
pillar of the community.

This is my day for meeting
the upper crust.

First the shark, now the barracuda.

I'd be careful with that mouth of yours.

I could put my foot in it.

- You know Mr. Mungar?

- Like I know Bonnie and Clyde.

Well, this is his son, Paul.

Tony Rome.

- My son and business consultant.

- Which department? Blood banks?

You...

You and me are going for a little walk.

Paul, you stay here with Kit.

- Al, listen...

- Please, relax.

I'm not allowed to get mad these days.

Doctor's orders.

I'd feel a lot calmer if I could get another medical opinion.

Ain't gonna be no problem.

Don't worry, Miss Forrest.

Whatever he doesn't break I get to keep.

Hey, you could have gotten rid of me with one small scream.

- Come on, Mr. Rome. We walk.

ROME:

You know, Paul and Kit would make a beautiful couple.

You never know, they could wind up married.

Yeah, the gang in cellblock 8 would love that.

For your information, wise guy, my boy made all-American at Amherst.

You're not ashamed? With all those guys burning their draft cards...

...your kid becomes an all-American.

AUDREY:

One, two, one, two, one...

Get it out of your mind.

Well...

- Ooh, company.

- This is business.

Ain't you gonna introduce me?

- Go lose yourself for an hour.

- What am I supposed to do?

- Read a book.

- For a whole hour?

Look at the pictures.

Reminds me, I gotta get

Santini's kid a catcher's mitt.

I told you, get it out of your mind.

I wonder what part of her I paid for.

I lost a few thousand bucks
in your gambling joints.
That's the old Mungar.
Everything I run now is legit.
- Like Jilly's?
- That's a respectable business.
Oh, yeah.
I met the queen who runs it.
Tell me, what's your noble concern
about this little girl over here?
She's my neighbor.
You go over once in a while
and borrow a cup of bullets?
Just because I'm wearing a white hat
now don't mean I can't hire some pro...
...to put you in traction,
for openers!
You make me blow up.
I like to be nice to people.
Now, get out of here...
...and stay away from that girl.
And this broad too.
MAN [OVER RADIO]:
Car 77, proceed to 85 Meridian.
Resident claims there's a drunk
molesting her.
Car 46, go to St. Agnes Convent.
Mother Superior charges nuns ' habits
stolen from laundry.

CORONER:

She was knifed, nice and clean.

SANTINI:

What are you doing here?

ROME:

I'll think of something.
Did you know her?
Yeah, we talked.
I got two murders on my hands.
If you got something, give it to me.
I could throw you a few hints, Dave.
You might start at Jilly's...

...where there's a fun couple
named Danny Yale...
...and a butch girlfriend named Seymour.
Or you could find Al Mungar
and lean on him a little bit.
And last but not least...
...there's a good-looking broad with
a crazy breaststroke named Kit Forrest.
- What ties them all together?
- Could be cement.

BIRDIE:

My mother's coming to dinner.
- That's good news.
- How the nags treating you?
Who knows the nags? I don't bet horses.
What's with the nags?
- Mr. Rome up?
- I think so.

SANTINI:

ROME:

- What are you looking for?
- My shoe.
- Why don't you try the icebox.
- That's where I keep my ties.
A few more blonds
from Missing Persons.
I talked to Kit Forrest.
She said you'd been around,
asked her about Sandra Lomax.
- That's right.
- She said she told you all she knew.
- You try to squeeze her a little bit?
- You got any idea who she is?
Yeah. Thirty million dollars'
worth of influence.
And I also gather that you dropped
over to see Mr. Mungar.
Yeah. You paid a call,
asked him some questions.
- He didn't have the answers.
- Uh-huh.

- You didn't squeeze him either, did you?
- A lot of important people like him.
Yeah, he gives a lot of money to
little-league ball clubs and funeral parlors.
What about Danny Yale?
He never left Jilly's.
- I got a lead on the Maria Baretto killing.
- No.
The woman across the street saw
a man run out of Maria's houseboat.
A big man in a suit
too small for him.
- What color suit? Brown?
- Yeah.
Yeah, you know who he is?
The hell you don't.
I figured you weren't following Maria
Baretto's lead just out of curiosity.
- Now, what are you up to?
- Nothing.
Dave, listen to me. I got a lady
coming over here in a little while...
...and I promised that I'd give her
a diving lesson.
- It wouldn't be good for your morale.
- Now, look, Tony, don't hold out on me.
[MUSIC PLAYING]
- Hello, Ruby. Can I see you a minute?

BLOND:

MAN:

- We're old friends. Don't worry.
Listen, enjoy the show.
It won't take me long.
Ain't it murder? They never have
any towels in these joints.
Pardon me, lady.
- Which one you wanna bet on?
- Me.
- You look beautiful.
- Glad that you think so.
Three hookers have been
robbed in this area.

I got the job.

- You wanna make 35 cents?

- Don't laugh. I had three offers today.

I wanna know about

a guy named Waldo Gronsky.

The mad Russian?

I haven't seen him...

...since I picked him up for a gas-station
heist a few years back.

What else you know about him?

He's strictly a loner.

He's been heisting cathouses, banks,
ever since he was a kid.

- Sounds like a tough customer.

- Tough?

He's crazy, considering some
of the things he's done.

- Like what?

- Like heisting the big boys...

...in the floating poker games.

That could be

a dangerous occupation.

Dangerous? I think we did Gronsky
a favor when we picked him up.

How come?

The word was out that he heisted
a bundle from one of the big boys.

Which big boy?

I don't know, but I know
somebody was after him.

How did you find out?

- Anonymous phone tip from a guy.

- Where does he hang his hat, this guy?

I don't know. I can make a phone call.

The parole officer would know.

- Okay, make the call.

- Okay.

Wait a minute, dearie.

You forgot your purse.

I always forget.

- Let's go.

- Thanks.

I told you that wouldn't take long.

She's all yours.

Thanks.

Unwind me.

All you broads are all alike.

Get lost.

Men.

Well, what do you know?

- Just you?

- Uh-huh.

Just like last time.

Only different.

This time I got the gun and the questions,
and you got the answers.

Now, just lift that cannon out
of your belt and throw it over here.

Why don't you come take it off me?

If you're trying to scare me,
you're doing a hell of a job.

You'll also scare my trigger finger.

Now, get that thing out of there
and throw it over here.

GRONSKY:

I'm a client, remember?

That's why I want to give you
a chance to tell your side of it.

You were seen running out
of the Baretto houseboat.

Then she was found stabbed.

She was that way when I got there.

Hey, wait a minute.

If the fuzz is after me,
how's come they ain't here?

All they got's a description of you.

They ain't tied it to you yet.

Pal, I didn't puncture the Baretto dame.

I mean, why should I?

It's Sandra I want to get my hands on.

Why?

I just wrapped up two years in the joint
on account of that bitch ratted on me.

- You sure it was her?

- Couldn't have been nobody else.

She was the only one

who knew where I was holed up.

Wait a minute.

You didn't hire me to take care
of one of your personal beefs.

- Now, why do you want this chick?

- My business.

- No, I'm dealing.

- Says which?

This 38 says which.

That? Oh, pal.

A little 38 slug ain't gonna stop me.

Now, hold it.

Don't let me plug you now.

No, I wouldn't.

It might make me sore.

[GLASS SHATTERING]

Put the heater on the table.

Don't be dumb, Gronsky.

This ain't no 38.

A.45 will blow

your head off at this range.

Okay, Shev.

Who are you?

ROME:

a good time, I'll go.

Remain.

What do we do with him?

We can't leave him here.

- No, we can leave him. Dead.

- Hey, why bother with me?

No trouble.

Right between the eyes.

Outside, where the water's

nice and deep.

FRENCHY:

Uh, uh, uh, uh.

You wouldn't want to leave
without my garment.

All right, let's move.

Maybe we could kick this around

Meet the Press, huh?

FRENCHY:

Come on, come on. Move.

- Beautiful day, huh?

ROME:

- Stay loose.

- What?

I said, stay loose.

GRONSKY:

What's with that guy?

- He won't order any more drinks.

- Other bastard nearly tore my leg off.

Get me out of here. I know a place
where I can hole up.

- Where?

- Mabel's Parlor over on 123rd Street.

- Didn't you ever hear of diet foods?

- Stop with the jokes. Get me to Mabel's.

ROME:

Yeah.

[CAR APPROACHING]

GRONSKY:

COP 1:

All right, get in the car.

Give me the gun.

And the other one.

- Greedy.

- Let's go.

- Stay loose, pal.

- Again?

You know he could have your badge
for police brutality?

COP 2:

Huh?

- Any trouble with him?

- No, sir.

If he starts something,
don't hesitate to use your weapon.

I think I can keep him subdued
without resorting to the use...

One day you'll have to decide between
going to a civil-liberties benefit...

...or a policeman's ball.

- Yes, sir.

How's your head?

I never have any trouble with my head.

How are you doing, pal?

Better than you are, Waldo.

You're charged with

number one, Gronsky.

Not to mention roughing up two
policemen and damaging a patrol car.

You're a menace to urban renewal.

That old lady just signed a statement...

...that you were the one she saw
run out of Maria's houseboat.

Yeah. Did you get out clean?

Yeah. Those two bums had a record
as long as a phone book.

Well, nobody regrets their loss.

Nobody, except maybe Al Mungar.

And he says he doesn't know them.

Or you.

- Is that a fact?

- Is it?

What's Mungar got against you?

I don't know. Maybe he's jealous

I give more to Boys Town.

I got another job for you, pal.

They're pinning a bum rap on me.

Lieutenant, my orange juice, please.

If it's a bum rap, open up and
be honest with us for a change.

Why? So you can use every word
to sew me up tighter?

Rome isn't likely to turn up
something we can't.

Lieutenant, the law works
for the law.

Rome works for money.

- That makes him easy to trust.

- Oh, no. No, no.

You've been throwing me
like a knuckle ball.

- Too many people die around you.

- For \$5000?

- I'm in, I'm in.

- Here.

You can get 5 grand for that any place.

Check it out. It ain't hot.

Now, you get it if you can prove
that I didn't kill that Baretto girl.

If you can't, you give it back. Then I use
it to hire myself a smart lawyer...

...who will tell you that I got a right
to talk to my eye alone.

Right now you're lucky
to have bedpan privileges.

I want some answers.

[GROANS]

I am very nauseous
and in no condition to be grilled.

- I'm warning you, Gronsky.

- Lieutenant...

...can't you see my client has had
a very grueling day?

Okay, you got five minutes.

You think this place is bugged?

If it is, Waldo,
they're in a lot of trouble.

Now, tell me something.

While you were watching
that houseboat...

...who else went in or out
beside the girl?

A guy.

A guy went in
while the Baretto gal was out.

He had a key. Hung around a few
minutes, came out with some suitcases.

What'd he look like?

Well, he had on some
motorcycle glasses...

...a lot of hair around the ears.

Was he by chance
wearing tight pants?

Yeah. Yeah, he had on pants
so tight you could roll him.

I'll get this cleaned.

Hey, Rome, you know him?

We're not too crazy about each other.

- What have you got?

- A complaint.

There's a night nurse who's been making improper advances toward my client.

[ROME CHUCKLES]

[MUSIC PLAYING]

ROME:

- In the back.

Ain't this the shamus who came in the other day, Danny?

Arnie Sherwin's pretty good.

He caught the real you, didn't he?

If you got the hots, dreamboat, you are in the wrong room.

No, no. You're the one who turns me on, lover-boy.

[CHUCKLING]

Don't say that.

Seymour has a jealous streak.

What the hell do you want?

ROME:

I'm just curious why Sandra...

...didn't pick up her things when she left the bungalow.

I told you,

I do not have to talk to you.

That's true. But I could make a pain in the ass of myself.

How do you know she didn't?

Because you did. You were seen coming out of there with her baggage.

YALE:

What's that mean?

She asked me to drop them off at the airline baggage terminal.

- Said she had a lot to do.

- You're a tender one, Danny.

A dame quits, and you

go through all this trouble?
No trouble. She was a good kid.
She was a good kid?
She ain't here now.
That's all I know.
Neither is Maria Baretto.
- Poor kid.
- Yeah.
You keep losing girls like this, you may
have to turn a few tricks yourself.
Look, I hope the bastard that killed
Maria gets the chair.
He will.
And if it turns out that Sandra got dead
before you picked up her things...
...you could be in a lot of trouble.
Accessory to murder.
Trouble. Oh, big trouble.
On your way, sweetheart.
Conversation is over.
You could spill everything
you know now...
...before the cops make you
do it the hard way.
He told you, butt out.
What's the matter?
Am I making him nervous?
Seymour, if he does not walk
out of here now...
...I wanna hear him bounce!
Move, or I'm gonna throw a block
into you, baby, for keeps.

YALE:

Seymour!
Seymour.
- Seymour!
- Would you like to try that again...
...for instant replay?
Sweetheart.

MAN:

One ticket on number five.

ROME:

Three tickets on number six.

[BUGLE PLAYING]

MAN [ON SPEAKER]:

The horses are on the track...

...for the final race of the day.

The Gulf Stream Park Handicap.

KIT:

Hi.

Your answering service finally
gave you the message.

Yeah, they got me.

I waited for you at home
as long as I could.

Remember me? I was told to keep out
of your neighborhood.

Al Mungar?

He likes to keep an eye on me.

- What does he do with his other eye?

- The horses are at the gate.

It's not what you think.

He's really very sweet.

Oh, he's a lovely man.

Lovely man.

What did you want from me,

Miss Forrest?

Look, it's a lovely day.

Can't we enjoy the races together?

Smart move.

They're all in the gate.

The flag is up.

- What's yours on this one?

- Fancy That.

Oh, that's my pick too. Sorry.

And they're off and running.

Wild Page a close second...

Coming past the stands

for the first time...

Wild Page second on the rail.

Dan Thomas third.

Come on, Fancy. Move!

Come on, come on, come on.

- Hey, hey.

- Come on, Fancy!

Hey!

When you want to yell in a winner,
you gotta play it cool.

Oh.

- That's the secret, Mr. Rome?

- Right.

You've got no chance with me.

I'm a loser.

Not with me you won't be.

- And Aces Up in the middle
of the track.

Into the stretch, it's Bud in front,

The Spoiler second, Aces Up third...

...and Fancy That is flying along the rail.

KIT:

Fancy That! Fancy That! Come on!

It's Fancy That coming off the rail
and challenging. Fancy That in front.

- Who won?

- We did.

You know, we just may be good
for each other.

That's a nice thought.

Hang on to it.

Get your bag. Let's go.

MAN 1:

The lady's point is five. Shooting for five.

MAN 2:

MAN 1:

- Shooting for a five.

MAN 2:

KIT:

SIDNEY:

- What are you betting, lady?

KIT:

SIDNEY:

IRVIN:

MAN 3:

- Two hundred.

Careful Charlie's taking 200.

One hundred and fifty's open.

- Hey, Tony, you want some?

- No, I'm empty.

A hundred and fifty's still open.

One hundred and fifty's open.

A hundred and fifty open.

A hundred and fifty open.

Hey, Tony, she's had the dice
for over an hour.

- She likes to hold on to things.

- Where'd you find her?

- The yellow pages.

- Congratulations.

- Call me anytime.

SIDNEY:

HARRY:

- Don't plunge.

KIT:

- One forty-five's now open.

PLAYER:

- All right, lady, shoot.

- You're scratching the casket!

SIDNEY:

KIT:

Be there, baby.

- The point is four.

- Fifty says she makes it.

HARRY:

- Gentlemen!

It's getting late, and this lovely casket is scheduled for delivery.

Quiet, Melvin.

The lady's point is still four.

KIT:

Hey, Little Joe.

- Mr. Rome?

- Yes.

You're reclining on our custom casket. You'll scratch it.

The fellow you eventually put in here...

...won't know the difference.

Don't worry about it.

- Oh. Thank you, sir.

- All right, dear.

SIDNEY:

- Gentlemen, please...

Quiet, Melvin.

The lady's point is still four.

KIT:

Be there. Little Joe, the hard way.

SIDNEY:

Well, I guess that about does it, lady.

- Mr. Rome.

ROME:

Henceforth on any future crap game that I arrange...

...I wish to inform you, as of this date...

...that this broad is to be personally excluded.

- Understood?

- Understood.

- Agreed?

- Agreed.

- I thank you.

- It's all right.

I suspect you would not break down

if I gambled in a different morgue.
Lady, please,
don't come back soon, huh?
- You're cute. Here.
- I'm cute.
Hey, you talk funny.
Very quiet on the way out, please.
As quiet as if we were
going out horizontally.
Thank you. That would be lovely.
- Good night.
- Ta-ta.

PACO:

Senorita Forrest, I owe you my life.
You bring me here to this country.
You help me all these years.
But this... This bugs me!

KIT:

Tony, want an onion on this one?
No, thanks.
I have tried to call this Arnie Sherwin
bum on the phone six time already.
He never answer. To find out what
take off this stuff. It stick like glue.
- When did it happen?
- The night he told me...
...he come from your party.
Yeah, your party.
And he walk in here stinky drunk,
and he say to me:
"I want that wall."
And I say to him, " Listen, my friend.
That wall belong to Paco Gonzalez."
And he say to me,
"That wall belong to...
...to...
...prosperity."
What a lousy thing to say to a Cuban.
But anyway, when I try to stop him,
he was like a crazy man.
I think it looks pretty nice, Paco.
It's beautiful. Beautiful maybe

for a men's room...
...but not for a family pool hall.
Can you imagine a father come here
with his kids to shoot pool, okay?
And he line up a shot,
take one look at the wall...
...look at the "gagas."
Finished, the whole thing.
I think you got a problem.
Paco, what's the matter with you?
People pay Arnie Sherwin a lot of money
for a mural like this.
They pay him a lot of money for this?
What a crazy country!
[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]
- No, but I wouldn't do that, Paco.
- Maybe you're right.
- Some for the road, huh?
- Are we going steady now?
Since four o'clock this afternoon.
What time is it now?
Some time before 3:00.
I think it's about time.
- You got some chili on your pretty dress.
- Yeah.
- Your place or mine?
- I got a crazy spot-remover.
[ROME SPEAKING IN SPANISH]
Bourbon a good spot-remover?
Depends upon
what you're trying to forget.
I'll have mine on the rocks.
- You drink too much.
- You smoke too much.
Maybe we ought to go
our separate ways.
You called me today.
What did you want?
You want that out of the way first?
You said it was urgent.
Well, I have an insatiable longing
for affection. Is that urgent enough?
Not quite.
We've been playing a lot of funny games.

Now what the hell do you want?

I wanna hire you.

For what?

Well, when Sandra came
to my party the other night...

...she showed me a picture
someone had taken of me.

It was a nasty picture
with a married man.

She said if I wanted the negative,
I'd better come up with \$5000.

And a man would be around
to pick it up the next day.

So when I showed up,
you thought I was the man.

- And that's how Mungar got into it.

- I didn't know who else to call.

And Al said to turn to him
when the blackmailer came.

- Did this guy ever show up?

- No.

But then late last night
I got a phone call from Sandra.

She said to send the \$5000
to Jane Smith...

...care of General Delivery, Las Vegas.

You wanna hire me to go to Vegas
to try to pick up that negative...

...and then hang around there
until I find Sandra?

I'll pay you the usual fee.

Plus a bonus.

What's the bonus?

You tell me.

How about \$30 million?

That shouldn't be too steep...

...to get that body from the morgue
and ship it to Vegas.

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

I told you, I talked to Sandra last night.

- What don't you believe?

- All of it.

Why?

Because you're moving toward me

a little bit too fast.

I figure you got a deal, and you wanna bargain for something I want.

- And you don't want it?

- I didn't say that.

When I want it,

I don't wanna trade for it.

Just what do you figure

I want to trade?

I'm not too sure, but I know it's not that phony picture you're talking about.

You think I can afford

to let that be passed around.

You can afford anything, Miss Forrest.

Maybe even Al Mungar.

Maybe you're the kind of dame collects hoods.

I used to know a broad collected bullfighters.

- You are a bastard, Mr. Rome!

- My mother wouldn't like that.

- Yeah?

- Arnie Sherwin in?

- He know you?

- Not yet.

I'm Tony Rome,

a friend of Kit Forrest.

Oh. Come in.

I'm his receptionist, you know.

Everyone wants Arnie to do them, so I got to screen them, you know.

That's me.

He sure gets down to the gut level, don't he?

ROME:

of weight, baby.

MODEL:

- No! Don't move a muscle.

- Arnie.

- Yeah?

He's a friend of Kit Forrest's.

Oh, yeah, sure.

I've seen you around.

- Oh, where?

- Her parties, right?

I didn't make the last one.

Were you there?

Listen, when she puts in the call, I run.

See all this? She set it up.

All those social contacts. How do you think I made it, on talent?

- I wouldn't know. I'm a detective.

- A cop?

Oh, come on, I kicked the habit months ago.

ROME:

- I'm straight, honest.

Take it easy. All I want is some answers.

You don't mind if they stay, do you?

They kind of relax me.

ROME:

Yeah, me too.

- Arnie, can I go to the john?

SHERWIN:

About the party at Kit's house the other night...

...did you ever meet Sandra Lomax?

- No, she split before we got there.

- Do you know her?

Sure.

How'd the party get started?

There was the four of them:

Yale, Sandra, Kit and Paul Mungar.

- They went over to Kit's house...

- Paul Mungar?

Well, sure. Kit's been hot for him for at least a month.

- Was Kit alone when you got there?

- Everybody was drinking a lot.

You know Kit.

But it wasn't big enough...

...so Yale and Paul went out to try to dig up a mob.

Yale picked me up, and then
Paul came in with his crowd later.
- Arnie, please, can I go to the john?
- No!
Tell me, was Kit alone
when you got there?
Stoned. She never saw us.
Paul put her to bed,
and the party went on.
What about the Lomax kid?
She ever come back?
Uh-uh. Way I got it, she and Kit
had a fight before we got there.
- About what?
- Who knows with broads.
Think it might be something
important like peace?
- You ever do a sketch of Sandra Lomax?
- No.
- Think you could do one from memory?
- Easy, except I don't draw on spec.
I know, I can see
you have a large family.
- How's 20?
- I should smudge my fingers for that?
Hey, I don't want the whole body.
Just the face.
- Arnie, please!

ROME:

MODEL:

Thank you!
Homicide, Santini.
- Dave there?

MAN:

Okay.
- Hey, Tighe.

TIGHE:

- Hiya, son. How do you feel?
- Great.
- Where is everybody?

- Hey, Rose, look what showed up.
- Tony.

ROME:

ROSE:

- Rose.

ROSE:

ROME:

- What happened to his chin?
 - Fell off my skateboard.
- The way Dave rushed home,
you thought he had a concussion.
- You'll stay for lunch, won't you?
 - Please.
- Okay, you talked me into it.

TIGHE:

- What'd you bring me this time?
It's a big surprise. Close your eyes.
Open.
Boy, a catcher's mitt! Just what
I wanted. How'd you know?
- I get those hot flashes once in a while.
 - Thanks, Tony.

ROME:

- Come on, Tighe, need you in the kitchen.
- Say, Dave.

SANTINI:

- That dame in the morgue is Sandra.
- How do you know?
 - Here's an artist's drawing of her.
- [RINGING]

ROME:

Hey, Rose, that's pretty good lasagna.

ROSE:

It was quiche Lorraine.

SANTINI:

I'll get it.

TIGHE:

go to school to be a detective?

- All the way, son.

TIGHE:

Exactly. And that's just long enough
to learn to read...

...lipstick prints on a paper cup.

TIGHE:

ROME:

- It's not legal.

You're a wise guy.

Here's a slider.

Time. I think I threw my arm out.

SANTINI:

ROSE:

- Isn't it time for that kid's bath?

ROSE:

- Now!

- But, Dave, it's...

SANTINI:

Rose, please.

TIGHE:

I know Dad's feeling bad.

Tomorrow I'll take you

fishing or something...

...but you don't have to go,

unless you want to.

I want to.

- So long, pal.

- So long, Dad.

ROSE:

Come on, Tighe.

ROME:

So long, Tighe.

TIGHE:

ROME:

What the hell's the matter with you?

What's eating you?

Danny Yale was found

in his club, dead...

...with a knife off your boat

in his belly.

- With my fingerprints all over it, right?

- They check out.

And a witness who was there

who says he saw it all.

Mr. Mungar's got it taped, doesn't he?

Sure I had a beef with Yale.

It's a frame, Dave.

Yeah. Yeah, I know.

But it's a tight one.

I gotta take you in, Tony.

But you'll get all the help I can give you.

Against Mungar? Don't kid yourself.

You couldn't drag him in to question him

after you pulled that broad from the bay.

You gonna be my character witness?

Say we were cops together?

- That I have dinner here once in a while?

- I'm sorry.

Me too.

You know better, Tony.

I gotta take you in.

Dave, this frame's too tight. I've gotta

stay loose so I can pin Mungar.

- That's my job.

- You're not big enough.

Hold it.

I'm still taking you in.

You gonna shoot me, Dave?

- Car 45 to Central.

MAN:

Reporting hit and run,
personal injury.
Sixty-one blue Ford convertible.
Last seen traveling south
on 36th Street Causeway.
License number 1 W17395.
Forty-five out.
[SIREN WAILING]

OFFICER:

Out of the car.

SANTINI:

Miami Homicide.

OFFICER:

SANTINI:

Here, read this, dope.
Tell us about that woman
you ran down.
What woman?
- Hey, this guy is a cop.
- Thanks.
Radio headquarters. Tell them
I spotted Rome at the Fontainebleau.
You come with me.

[MUSIC PLAYING]

MAN [ON SPEAKER]:

Attention. Your attention, please.
Two canasta players
are needed immediately.
Please report to the front desk
and ask for Mr. Mucci.

[MUSIC PLAYING ON TV]

MCCOMB:

- It's Tony.
Tony! Lucky you called. I got a sure
thing for you in the 10th. Lord George.
Malicious on the outside
wouldn't help me.
Look, by the way, there's a bunch
of cops down here looking for you.

It's nice of you to sandwich that
in between tips. Can you bust loose?

I'm boxed in.

There's a patrol boat here
waiting for me to lead them to you.

And at the end of the dock there's
a bunch of cops with plainclothesmen.

And at the other end of the dock,
also plainclothesmen with cops.

None of them interested in me.

So we don't waste a dime,
who won at Gulf Stream?

- Moishe the Second.

- Pox on that horse.

- Yeah. Sad, ain't it?

- All around it's a bad day for losers.

[MAN WHISTLING]

Pardon me, sir. I didn't know
they reassigned this cabana.

- You new in Miami?

- Uh-huh.

I could see that.

- I can do you a lot of good, pal.

- That a fact?

Say you rent a car while you're here.

You gotta pay by the mile, right?

So why pay it all?

Just bring the car around to me.

I know how to fix a speedometer.

That way you ride it around all you want,
and when you take it back in...

...shows maybe 10, 15 miles.

- That sounds exciting.

I figure what the hell. I'll save a nice guy
like you some dough that way.

You'll probably pay me
for my trouble, right?

Seems logical.

You need a date...

...I'm your boy on that line too.

Just tell me what you got in mind.

If you like the amateurs, there's plenty
of free stuff I can put you next to.

[MAN ON TV]:

to bring you a special news bulletin.
Daniel Yale, manager of Jilly's,
a well-known Miami Beach go-go club...
...was found dead in his office
after an allegedly violent quarrel...
...with Anthony Rome,
a Miami Beach private detective.
Police are now combing Miami for Rome,
reported last seen on Collins Avenue...
...in a stolen police car.

We now return you to Daniel Boone.
Now, if you want more excitement...
...I know some broads
that'll give you a hot time for the...
What's that for?

You're an encyclopedia of information,
and I don't wanna lose you.
You're that guy they're looking for.

- The one we just saw on TV.
- That's me.

Jeez, mister, you're not gonna...
Not unless you become
emotionally involved, I won't.

Please, mister,
don't shoot me with that.

I only got six more payments
left on my Ford.

I'll tell the loan company
where to send the flowers.

- I'll do anything.
- Just sit there and shut up.
Me? I never was a big talker.

Hold it right there, buddy.
It gets better.

[POOL BO Y GRUNTING]

[MUSIC PLAYING]

How much?

- I didn't put the flag down yet.
- Here. Put the flag down.

[SPEAKING IN SPANISH]

- Doesn't Lionel throw groovy parties?

ROME:

- You looking for somebody, lieutenant?
- Yeah, but I think we got him now.
I'm glad to hear that.
Could you explain to me how the hell
he got away in a police car?
You wanna go over that again?
MAN [OVER RADIO]: In connection
with alarm submitted for Rome...
...wanted for a homicide. Knife.
He's believed to be near
the Fontainebleau Hotel.
Cars 954, 652, 125, respond.
Cover from all sides.

POLICEMAN:

- Yes.
Not to alarm you,
but there's a killer on the loose.
- Well, if I see a killer, I'll call.
- Thank you.
We're okay. They're gone.
You got any idea what the penalty
is for harboring a killer?
Hadn't really given it much thought.
Hey, you still
don't trust me, do you?
You just got funny neighbors.

KIT:

Here.
You look like you need it.
Thank you.
You could still turn me in, you know.
Yeah. Is that why you came here?
No. I'm tired of running.
- Why'd you lie to the cops?
- It's an old family tradition.
Anyone who is tired
and helpless, give.
- It's a nice service.
- Hmm.
And I've got a strong charity drive.
And right now I'm just
a kid who needs a little charity.

Question.

Yeah.

Why is Mungar protecting you?

- I told you.

- I don't buy it.

Tony.

- You gotta get out of Miami.

- Now? While I'm this busy?

No, you've got to.

You didn't kill Danny Yale.

- What makes you so sure?

- I know.

- Maybe I did it to cover up for you.

- Cover up for me? What?

Murder.

- Oh, you can't mean that.

- Try me.

And I'm stupid enough to think
that this means something to you!

Maybe it does.

Before we ride on to any higher thrills,
I wanna hear your side.

- I can't remember.

- Maybe I can help you.

This is how nice and pretty
Sandra Lomax looked...

...before they took her
out of the water.

Come on, talk to me, Kit.

Paul and Yale left that girl with you...
...and when they returned, she was gone
because she was dead.

And you dragged Mungar in
to cover up for you.

I can't remember.

Whoever you're protecting's
not helping you, Kit!

- I'm used to it.

- Maria Baretto isn't.

Who's Maria Baretto?

She was Sandra's roommate.

Mungar forgot to mention her, huh?

She was found knifed.

It was done to keep me off your tail.

And Danny Yale was killed
for the same reason.

- I didn't know anything about it.

- Does it matter?

- Yes, it does.

- Why? Tell me.

Sandra and I were quarrelling
over Paul...

...and he thought it was a big joke.

He kept egging us on and on
and getting me so drunk...

...and I just don't remember it all.

I guess that when Sandra and I...

...were alone together,
we got more violent.

I'm not sure.

I must have blacked out.

When I woke up,
she was lying on the floor...
...dead.

And I found this in my hand...

...with her blood all over it.

And I must have stabbed her.

And you don't remember doing it?

No.

I was drunk. I blacked out.

That happens, doesn't it?

It's possible.

Do you keep this thing around
to remind yourself of it?

LEVINE:

WOMAN:

LEVINE:

I kept telling him I deplored violence.

NURSE:

minutes. You're gonna be all right.

SANTINI:

Sterling, you wanna tell me about it?

It was horrible. Horrible!

When I got here, Levine was hanging
from that pulley in there.
Unconscious.
Then Gronsky came after me.

SANTINI:

- That's all I remember.
- Nurse, were you on duty?
- Yeah.
- And?
- It was like the hurricane of '54.
What about you, doc?
We'll have to wait for Officer Levine
to come out of surgery.
- How long will that be?
- Difficult to say.
[MUSIC PLAYING]

WOMAN:

Now, tell me...
...just what is the nature
of your malady, Mr. Norman?

NORMAN:

Huh?
What I mean is, are you interested
in improving muscle tone...
...reducing or...?
- Oh, I'm nervous.
I'm sure one of our trained experts
can relieve your tension.

NORMAN:

Thank you.
- Miss Fjord?

FJORD:

- Will you take care of Mr. Norman?

FJORD:

NORMAN:

- Now, why don't you call me Bunny.
I will, Bunny.

PEGG Y:

- Bye.

PEGG Y:

- I hope.

PEGG Y:

DOUGLAS:

Before I make out your chart,
may I ask who recommended you to us?

Relax, I don't want a rubdown.

I want to see the Moose.

- I'm afraid I don't understand.

- Gronskey.

- Don't tell me he's not here.

- Are you with the cops?

If I was, I'd have come in a tank.

- What makes you think he's here?

- We have an arrangement.

- What do you want with him?

- Don't stall, Mabel.

You're liable to get him very mad.

Well, you can understand.

I don't want to see him get hurt.

Waldo get hurt?

[BONANZA THEME MUSIC PLAYING]

Hey, I don't like a guy which turns
off the TV set while I'm watching.

- I have come here to entertain you.

- Did I send for you?

- He said you had an arrangement.

- All right, butt out.

- I wanna talk to my associate.

MABEL:

Why'd you kill her, Waldo?

I told you...

Hey, I hired you to spring me,
not ask questions.

I'm not talking about the Spanish broad.

I'm talking about Sandra.

Now, if I'd killed her,

I'd know where she was.

- So why am I still looking for her?

- You knew she had the hots for Paul.

You knew it all the time.

Yeah. Yeah, I knew it.

I even caught them together once.

- Or was it twice?

ROME:

GRONSKY:

I got my reasons.

He pulled a knife on me.

And I don't like guys

which pull knives on me.

So I took it away from him and

carved my initials on his ass. "W.G."

- Kind of groovy.

- I didn't know the kid was a shiv man.

The best.

ROME:

on Mungar's son?

You're the smart shamus.

You figure it out.

All right. How's this for a start?

He tipped you off to all of Mungar's

big games, and you heisted them.

- Well, you might say we was partners.

- Uh-huh.

Until the big haul, and then he told

the fuzz where to pick you up.

It was the broad.

She blew the whistle on me.

Why would Paul screw up a good thing?

I heisted over 170 grand.

You mean Paul did.

And you split the take,

gave your end of it to Sandra...

...and then he conned her out of it.

Yeah.

And then dumped her in the drink,

the rotten bastard.

- Come on, let's go.

- Where we going?
- Make a deal.
- I ain't got time. I'm going after Paul.
You'll get him. And maybe this time
you can carve your full name.

GRONSKY:

- On his ass, where else?
You're not using your knight
effectively, Dad.
- I should keep him out in the center?
- Right.

KIT:

MUNGAR:

Sit down.
I'm going to the police.
Oh? Kit.
You have to forget about it.
You gotta act like it didn't happen.
But it did. Sandra's dead.

MUNGAR:

It was an accident.
You didn't mean to hurt her,
did you? Honey.
I know something
about this business.
If you don't plan to knock them off,
it never happened.
You get enough pain thinking
about things you did on purpose.
Al, I just can't keep it in anymore.

MUNGAR:

You can keep everything inside.
Sometimes...
...you need help to keep the lid on.
Now, don't worry, honey.
It'll all be all right.

MUNGAR:

She'll be all right.

She'll be all right?
She's going to talk.
We've got to knock her off.
Knock her off? Who the hell do you
think you are, Bugs Moran?
No, just the son of an ex-folk hero.
You pulled some colorful
capers in your time.
- That's over. Buried.
- Is it?
You tell me who I am
besides the son of a hood.
What I was, "was,"
you had nothing to do with.
Thanks for nothing.
But just remember: If she talks,
it's your neck.
She ain't gonna talk.
You're right, she won't talk.
I'll make sure of that.
You're not gonna touch her.
I'm not?
You wanna ask them?
You're retired, Al.
Or did you forget that?
I try to go clean,
and you drag me down to this?
You were gonna make up for every
lousy thing I was ashamed of.
Maybe I never was ashamed.
I've been a student, Dad.
And you had style.
Real style.
Hey, take Pop upstairs
and turn on the late show.
Maybe there's a gangster picture on.
Pop. Come on, move.
Move.

PAUL:

The Mungars and the Forrests.
Too bad you got
that tinge of conscience.

ROME:

Ain't it, though.

You must be on some kind of trip, Rome.

You figure on taking me

before the police get to you?

[HOOD 1 GROANING]

- Cool it, Waldo. Hold it.

- You're pretty stupid, Rome.

Not nearly as stupid as you

if you knife that girl.

Now, the cops think I killed Yale,

but you and I know different.

PAUL:

- Uh-huh.

- Now, I'm ready to trade.

- What have you got that I want?

- Him.

- Me?

- You.

- What do I want with him?

Yeah.

You need an out

for the Lomax murder.

- He's a perfect patsy.

- I'm a what?

HOOD 2:

not watch the gangster picture...

...so I let him watch the cowboys

and Indians.

- Hiya.

HOOD 2:

As I was saying,

you need a patsy.

I've got one. Her.

The letter-opener she thinks she killed

Lomax with wouldn't bruise a grape.

- It had to be done by a pro.

- Like him?

Like him.

So, I give you Gronskey for Lomax,

and I get a patsy for Danny Yale.

PAUL:

Hey, that's not a bad idea.
One of these bums for Yale...
...and Gronsky for Sandra.
- You got a deal.
- That tears it.
Hey, Waldo. Can I talk to you?

GRONSKY:

Now?
- Right now.

GRONSKY:

Will you take a coffee break?

GRONSKY:

Excuse me a moment.
Hey, I want to talk to you
before you talk to me.
Talk.
Did you really mean that about
trading me off to that bum?
The way you're hitting this season?
No way.
Hey. You're a nice kid.
Homicide, Santini.
What do you got?
- Two of a kind.
- Not enough. Three kings.
- Odds or evens?
- Evens.

ROME:

- Two.
- You lose.
- I always lose.
Now, get your gear on
and go over the side.

KIT:

why we have to hunt treasure...
...when I've got \$30 million.

ROME:

Kit.

KIT:

Yeah?

ROME:

Never mind about the treasure hunt.

Okay. What do you wanna do?

ROME:

I'll think of something.