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Night Moves

By Alan Sharp

It's Nick, babe. I got one for you, Har.
and not one of our computers.
It's a lady called Arlene Iverson.
Looking to get her daughter home.
in the movies. Maybe you remember.
I'll give you what stuff we have on Arlene.
Bye-bye, poops.
Where's my old lady?
Your old lady's in the office.
Be careful, that's ivory.
Good hands.
It's too late now, Mr. Ibez. | It has been too late since Monday.
Look, let's just forget the whole thing. | Past, present and future.
I'm sorry.
Goodbye.
What brings you across the tracks?
Oh, I just have to go visit | one of the beautiful people.
How'd you get to meet | one of the beautiful people?
It's one of Nick's handouts.
Have you had any second thoughts | about joining his agency?
Yeah. That's not an agency. | That's a information factory.
I'd go bananas there in one week.
- Can I get some cash? | - Yeah, it's right there.
You gonna be late tonight?
Oh, I don't know. Why?
My Night at Maud's.
- Wanna come? | - I don't think so.
I saw a Rohmer film once. | It was kind of like watching paint dry.
- Shall I come back? | - No.
- Is she taking it? | - She wants to see it in place.
Charles.
When are we going bowling again?
You get some weird satisfaction | from this sort of thing, don't you?
Are you the kind of detective | who, once you get on a case...
...nothing can get you off it? | Bribes, beatings.
- The allure of a woman... | - That was true in the old days.
Before we had a union.
My daughter Delly... | Or would you believe Delilah?
My husband was a film producer | who wanted to produce biblical epics.
- Well, she's gone. | - How long gone?
Two weeks. I'm used to her staying | out nights. At first I didn't worry.
How old is she?
Sixteen.
You got any idea what she does | with her spare time or...?

Oh, yeah. She...|She hangs out with freaks.

She smokes marijuana.

Gets laid, I daresay.

Do you have a name for any of these|freaks that she hangs out with?

Yeah. A creep called Quentin.

I called him, and he told me|Delly had left town.

Told me not to bother him and hung up.

Well.

Do you have an address for Quentin?

- Yeah.|- And I'll need a picture of Delly.

Preferably one taken in natural light.

This is my second husband,|Tom Iverson. The bum.

The only thing I got|out of him was a new name.

That's after I quit acting.

Did you ever see me in anything?

I was never big, not really big.

There were a lot like me.

You know, studio premieres,|studio romances, not much talent.

I got lucky. I grabbed off|one of the big guns, Irving Grastner.

Oh, I had lovely tits.|Even if I do say so myself.

They're sitting|on a little bit of silicone now...

...but when they were up for grabs,|they were really something special.

Delly didn't do so bad, either.

All right. Go find her.

Well, let's say 125 a day|and legitimate expenses.

You can get cheaper.

Can I get better?

You're hired.

For them that don't have football,|there's always religion. You ever miss it?

No, not a bit.

You ought to get money into those.|They're appreciating faster than real estate.

Now that the Mexicans got their backs|up about their art being ripped off.

Excuse me. I hate to tell you|what this little piece of crap is worth.

Don't you like them, Har?

If they didn't all remind me|of Alex Karras.

Yeah, here it is.

- The tape on Arlene. She likes big guys...|- That ever buy you anything?

Hey, Arlene and me go way back.

Arlene Iverson.

Maiden name, Carson. Age, 45.

October 3rd, 1927.

Discharge bankrupted in '33.

Died '35, self-inflicted gunshot.
did not complete curriculum.
Enrolled Lee Spellman's acting studio.
to Universal Studios, '46.
'46 and '49, all minor roles.
Married Irving Grastner in '49.
for husband's production company.
Daughter Delilah, born '57.
Grounds, mental cruelty.
on grounds of adultery...
Thomas Iverson.
Custody of child awarded to subject.
Grastner set up trust fund for daughter.
securities and property...
... yielding approximately 30,000 per year.
so long as she retains custody of daughter.
Grastner died in '64.
Arlene Iverson.
All assets to daughter on 25th birthday.
silicone, Myerson clinic, '61.
following removal of ovarian cyst.
May '70, after auto accident.
admission result of bodily assault...
from second husband, Iverson.
Hi. Anybody home?
Yeah. Up here.
Why don't you watch it downstairs?|That thing will kill your eyes.
- Who's winning?|- Nobody.
One side's just losing|slower than the other.
What's wrong? You have a hard day?
How was the movie?
Pretty arty.
Did Charles like it?
He thought it was yummy.|We had a bite to eat afterwards.
Can you come downstairs|and watch the game?
Yeah, I'll be down in a minute.
Harry?
I'm gonna make some cocoa.|You want a cup?
No, thanks. I'm fine.
Hey, Quentin?
- Are you Quentin?|- Who's looking for him?
Moseby Confidential.
What kind of bullshit name is that?
It's not so hot. At least it doesn't|have an eye printed on the card.

I'm looking for Delly Grastner.

Delly isn't around here anymore.

You got any idea where she could be?

Is she visiting friends? Is she meditating?|Did she join a commune?

Delly's idea of a commune|is her and the guy on top of her.

- When's the last time you saw her?|- Screw off, mister.

- Hey! What is this?|- What happened to your face?

- I won second prize in a fight.|- Where's the last place you saw Delly?

- In New Mexico.|- Easy.

I went down there on a job. |A movie location.

For Warner Bros. |Delly went with me.

There was a guy. One of the stuntmen. |Delly hit on him.

- When I left, she stayed on. |- What was the stuntman's name?

Marv Ellman.

Is he the one you had the fight with?

- Any message if I run into Delly?|- Just be driving a truck.

They really get to you, don't they?

Can I help you with that?

I can manage.

I'm going your way.

What is this?

I'm Ellen's husband.

I'm not surprised.

I thought Ellen|would tell you, sooner or later.

Why?

That's the way she is.

She didn't tell me.

I saw you coming out of a movie.

- How'd she take it?|- I haven't spoken to her.

You haven't spoken to her?|What's this about?

- I wanna know what I walked into.|- Ask your wife.

Hey.

Let's pretend I'm asking you.

How serious is it?

You and Ellen, huh?

For me, it's not too serious.

For Ellen, ask her. I'd be guessing.

It seems to me|you're the one it's serious for.

I'm beginning|to get you in focus, Moseby.

You know, Ellen talks a lot about you.

About the kind of guy you are.

- I didn't come to talk about me.|- A great athlete. But you're different.

- You're sensitive.|- Let's stick with you and Ellen.

How you were left by your parents|and brought up by relatives...

Knock off the goddamn crap.

- I don't wanna know what she told you.|- It's a clue.

Isn't that what you do, look for clues?|Didn't you track down your parents?

- Mr. Tracer-of-Lost-Persons?|- Don't swing on it.

You weren't trailing Ellen|when you saw us?

Take a swing at me|the way Sam Spade would.

Why didn't you come to me?

I wanted to see what he looked like.

- Are we gonna talk?|- It's your ball. Run with it.

Oh, don't start with the sporting|metaphors. I couldn't stand that.

This isn't something we can|pretend doesn't involve you.

What is this "we" bullshit?

I didn't get caught fucking Marty Heller.

- Why did you go to him before me?|- Because I didn't wanna be lied to.

How do you know I would've lied?

Been doing a pretty good job of it so far.

Why didn't you come up to me outside|the movies when you saw me with Marty?

That would have really been terrific.

I stand there while you introduce him|as some client or some friend of Charles.

- Beautiful.|- But then when I came home...

...then you wanted to trap me,|make me incriminate myself.

Then you could get the evidence,|like I was one of your divorce cases.

A wonder you didn't|photograph the bed.

You're really prime, Ellen.|You know that?

- I catch you, and you attack my lifestyle?|- Your lifestyle has nothing to do with it!

What is it, for God's sake?|A private eye? It's a joke.

- At least the job Nick offered you had...|- I don't want Nick's fucking job!

Any more than I want your job.

- I like doing what I'm doing.|- Doing what?

People ask you to do boring,|trivial things, and you do them...

...as if that were...|Oh, turn that thing off.

I can't hear myself think.

Lucky you.

Harry...

If you'd asked me, I would've told you.

Yeah?

Yeah. Well...

...we won't know now, will we?

Keep it coming, Marv.

Leave the cars.

Get the bag up good and high.|Keep firing in the police car.

- Get away from the smoke!|- Hit your smoke.
Crazy son of a bitch, fly that plane.
Beautiful, Marv.
- That's pretty good.|- Okay. Very good, boys.
Okay. We got it. |How was that? Okay for you?
How's that for you, Alan?
- Hey, he flies good.|- He does everything like that.
Guys like Marv make me feel old. |Well, I am old.
I'd say we saw the same movie.
Hey, aren't you the Harry Moseby |who played ball for Oakland?
Yeah. I saw you in the Pro Bowl. |What year was it, now, '64?
Sixty-three. Yeah, we lost 17-21.
Yeah, yeah. You made the interception |against that big running back.
- What was his name again?|- Willie Hazel.
- Big, big mother. It was a great move.|- Yeah, it stuck pretty good.
One of these days, Ellman. Up yours!
She hung around for about a week. |Wouldn't you say, Joey?
- It just seemed longer.|- He didn't approve.
Delly has had it rough enough. |She needs you like she needs a third leg.
- Same again?|- Joey's okay.
Except he likes |to play Delly's daddy.
See, the thing is...
...me and Arlene, we got it on |together a couple of times.
There's nothing like having |a mother and a daughter.
Gives you sort of a kind of perspective.
Know what I mean?
- What about the guy? Quentin?|- Oh, that weirdo.
He's a magic mechanic, |all right, but he's a freak.
He got pissed because Delly was turning |on to me. Tells me to stay away.
Next thing I know, he throws a punch.
I knocked him down a couple of times. |Joey came in and rescued him.
I was telling Harry about the fight.
Kid should've had |a wrench to even things up.
- She say where she was going?|- Nope. Just lit out.
Didn't even thank me.
Well, if that's it...
...there's a little lady over at the bar |needs a fella like me to buy her a
drink.
See you, Har.
He'd fuck a woodpile |on a chance there was a snake in it.
Hell, it ain't easy, Harry.
I know Arlene from way back |when she was married to Tom.
And I watched that Delly grow up |from squirming around on guys' laps to...
...well, studs like that Marv, there.

And it ain't the most|cheerful thing I ever saw.
You think Delly knew that Marv|and her mother were making it?
A blind man on a galloping horse|would've known.
Arlene ain't Lillian Gish.
- Oh, hey.|- I'm sorry.
You don't mind having your drink spilled|by a sweet little ass like that.
Hey, listen, what were you drinking?|Here, let me buy you one.
You tell me.
Is that rye?
- It's water. The same for my friend here.|- Yes, sir.
Shit! Would you believe me,|letting a kid like that get through to me?
Some days, you know.
Hey, kid. It's okay. Okay.
I've been doing this thing|most of my life...
...and all I got to show for it|is the muscle in my arm, my camper...
...and two ex-wives who wait|for the postman every month...
...like it was the Second Coming.
The world is getting smaller,|the kids are getting younger...
...and I am getting drunk.
- You can sleep in my camper. I got room.|- Thanks. I'll take you up on that.
- I'll see you, Joey. Thanks a lot.|- On your way, huh?
What's Quentin doing here?
We ran into some trouble|on the stunt plane.
What is it with Ellman?
He drives this thing|like it was a truck.
The brakes are gone,|I had to change one of the tires.
- It has chips on the prop.|- Hi, Quentin.
- Well?|- How long will it take you to get it flying?
- For Marv? Right now.|- Shit.
Gotta keep him and Marv apart...
...and still finish the gags on this picture...|- You think you got troubles?
I gotta go back|and see the black widow.
- Keep your legs crossed.|- You ever see Tom Iverson?
It's been about a year, year and a half.
Last I heard, he was taking tourists|down the Colorado River on rafts.
He's another guy that can only do|one thing, and that has gotta be crazy.
- We ought to have reunions.|- See you back in the smog.
Let's take in a ball game|when you get back to the city.
- Caught me in my bath.|- I'm sorry.
Oh, that's all right.
You could've joined me. |It's a big bath.
Maybe some other time|when I'm feeling really dirty.

I ran into a friend of yours|down in New Mexico.

- Oh, really? Who's that?|- Marv Ellman.

Oh, how's Marv?

- Where do you know him from?|- Around the house.

In the bath.

One of the stunt guys. Used to hang|around when I was married to Tom.

Was Delly around then?

- She was just a kid.|- How much of a kid?

Oh, I don't know, 11, 12.

And she was jealous|of every one of them.

All right, what's it all about?

Delly had one of your scenes|with Marv in New Mexico.

- That dirty son of a bitch.|- Where's Tom Iverson?

Tom? What's...?|What's Tom got to do with it?

I think maybe she's trying|to even up the score.

I don't know. The last I heard...

...he was running some dumb|charter boat down in the Florida Keys.

How long ago?

Six months.

Would Delly have any way|of knowing that?

I might've mentioned it. l...

My guess is that I should go down there.

You're gonna go all the way|to Florida on a guess.

No. I'm gonna fly all the way to Florida|on your money, Mrs. Iverson.

That's up to you.

Go ahead.

- You said you'd wait.|- Had to stop by the office.

- Straight to the airport?|- Plane leaves at 11.

- You just got back this morning.|- The girl I'm looking for may be down there.

Couldn't that wait a day|so we could talk?

I can't work up|much enthusiasm for talking...

...after hearing it all|played back through Marty.

Why'd you have to talk to...?|About my father? All that?

I was trying to describe you|to myself, not to him.

I was trying to remember what I admired...

Sure picked a funny place for it.

The hell with it. Let's not make|such a big deal out of it, Ellen.

You were screwing around,|got caught.

- Happens all the time.|- Not to us.

- Go tomorrow. One day can't...|- Ellen, either way, I have to go.

Why? So you can pretend|you're solving something?

and prevailing clear weather.

will be falling over south Florida.

Hello.

- Yes?|- This is Tom Iverson's place, isn't it?

That's right. He's not here now. |We're closed for the day.

- You got any idea where I can locate him?|- He may be here tomorrow.

- What's it about?|- Wanted to ask him some questions.

You sound like you might be the police.

My name is Harry Moseby. |I'm a private investigator.

Tom's stepdaughter Delly is missing.

Ran away from home. I'm looking for her.

- You got something to verify that?|- Yeah.

- What do you got them for?|- Well, there's a big demand for dolphins.

Lots of people want them. |You'd be surprised.

People buy them |for their swimming pools.

They think it's chic |to have a dolphin for a pet.

Like that craze for baby alligators |in New York years back.

When they got bored, they flushed them.

Now they got a sewage system swarming |with blind, albino, shit-eating alligators.

I'm not too sure I believe that.

You one of those |"intent on the truth" types?

Well, I'm not religious about it, but I...

- Delly's here. |- What, now?

- This very minute. |- Where are we going?

Over there. If you wanna swim, it's a mile. |If you wanna follow me, it's six.

I'm burning oil, so I'd stay back.

Okay.

You gonna tell her who you are?

- I don't know. Is she liable to take off?|- Not before she's tried to leave.

She's pretty liberated?

Well, we all get liberated like Delly, |there'll be fighting in the streets.

- Hi. |- Hi.

You been down here before? |Pretty funky.

There's been some great storms.

Feels like everything's gonna blow away.

I really like that feeling, you know?

- How old are you?|- I'm 40.

- You like things to stay the way they are. |- That depends on how they are.

I like things to change no matter what.

Is that Tom?

- It ain't Lindbergh. |- Hey, Delly.

- Here to pick you up. |- Did you tell her?

- I'm here to pick you up. |- No, I...

I thought I'd wait and talk to Tom first.

Hey, we got a visitor.

- Who is it?|- Thanks.

I don't know. Paula brought him.

- Are you gonna take me swimming tonight?|- I don't know.

I wanna go. You said we'd go out.

You thought I was bald, right?

How long you been on the Keys?

- Long enough.|- And you don't like it?

I like the sun.

I'm convalescing.

- What from?|- A terrible childhood.

My father used to blow his nose|with his fingers.

That'll do it every time.

Down here, I'm a good-looking chick.|You don't think so at the moment...

...but stick around.|- Okay. Start them burning.

You mind if I ask what the setup is?

Are you with Tom?

Is Delly hanging it out for Tom?

What are you with all these questions?|You some kind of detective?

You are kind of edgy, aren't you?

It's the heat and the low wages.

- Come on, Delly.|- Give me a ride.

The sailor home from the sea.

Got yourself a drink, Harry.|Good boy.

How about you eat my cheeseburger,|and I'll eat your steak.

Harry, this has gotta be the greatest part|of the world. Damn right.

If I go up on the mainland now,|I get nervous.

I gotta come back down here...

...and put my tank on, go out|and sit for a half an hour.

Just to get my head straight.

- Is there still much smuggling going on?|- Do dogs have fleas?

Cuba's only 90 miles away, and it's getting|closer. There's always a buck to be made.

How are you...

...figured on getting her|to go back?

Oh, it's simple enough.

- There's just one complication.|- What's that?

- You.|- Me? Why?

- You're her stepfather. The cops...|- You're not going to the cops, are you?

- That would be my next move, yeah.|- You don't have to go that far.

- I've come to take her back to Arlene.|- But the cops. My God, she's just a kid.

- She give you any trouble?|- What kind of trouble?
Well, I mean trouble you wouldn't|want the cops to know about.
Well, she...
Harry...
...you're a pretty straight guy.
And I'm gonna tell you...
...I want that kid the hell out of here.
You see, I...
...I get pretty foolish with her, and I...
Well, you've seen her.|God, there ought to be a law.
There is.
Hi.
Hi.
I'm getting you settled in.
Thanks.
Where do you want this?
I borrowed your shirt.
My clothes were wet.
You know, I read in a book once...
...that when a man sits in a chair like that,|he's afraid of women.
That sounds reasonable enough to me.
Is chess hard to learn?
It isn't easy, believe me.
- I brought you some ice.|- Thanks.
- Want a drink?|- Sure.
Mind if I use your shower?|Mine doesn't work so good.
Be my guest.
Pour another.
Did she offer you the key to the city?
Well, no. It was...
...more like a sightseeing tour.
How do you resist?
Oh, I just think good, clean thoughts,|like Thanksgiving...
...George Washington's teeth.
- You beating yourself?|- That's from a game played in 1922.
- Do you play?|- I know the moves.
Black had a mate, didn't see it.
Queen sacrifice.
And three little knight moves.
Check.
Check.
Check.
Oh, that's nice.
I'll bring your shirt back|in the morning, okay?

Okay.

Show me that again.

- It's a beauty.|- Yeah.

But he didn't see it.

He played something else, and he lost.

Must have regretted it every day|of his life. I know I would have.

I do regret it, and I wasn't even born yet.

That's no excuse.

You guys have to get down. |See you tomorrow.

- Did you come to get your shirt back?|- No, no.

No, I came to tell you that I'm a|private detective hired by your mother.

To take you back to L.A.

Are you kidding?

No, I'm not.

Well, you can forget it.

I am not going back to that bitch!

- You don't have much choice.|- Go screw yourself.

Delly, you're either gonna go back to L.A. |with me or I'll turn you over to the cops...

- Hey, Delly, what's wrong?|- This old pervert keeps flashing on me.

Go away, you fucking bounty hunter. |You're not gonna earn anything off of me.

Kill that son of a bitch, John.

She doesn't want me.

It's the money.

I know Arlene...

...and so does Tom.

He hates her as much as I do!

He's my stepfather, and unless he says so, |I'm not going back.

- Where's Tom?|- Gone out on a charter.

- When will he be back? You know?|- He gassed up for the whole day. Why?

I wanna get Delly...

...on a flight to L.A. today.|- Not unless Tom says I have to.

Delly, I know what he's gonna...

Paula, did you know that |son of a bitch was a detective?

Oh, well, what the hell?

Who's in such a hurry anyway, right?

Right.

Tom! You're not gonna make me |go back to Arlene, are you?

Why didn't anybody tell me?

There ain't nothing |I can do about it.

- Screw Arlene.|- You gotta go back with him.

Bullshit.

Hi, Moseby.

Good. Do I need that.

- Take Delly out swimming tonight, will you?|- Yeah, sure.

Did you come out to make sure|I didn't swim away?

No.

I just came out for the ride.

What happens if we...

...just keep on going?

You'd end up in the Yucatn.

- You been there?|- Not yet.

What'd you do before this?

This and that.

I taught school, I kept house...

...I waited tables...

...I did a little stripping,|I did a little hooking...

...and I trod a lot of water.

Sounds kind of bleak.

Or is it just the way you tell it?

Do you ask because|you wanna know the answer...

...or is it just something you think|a detective should do?

I just want you to know I'm here.

Did you know that...

...sharks can never stop swimming|because they don't have any flotation sacs?

I didn't know that.

Stick with me, kid. It ain't much fun,|but it's educational.

- Harry Moseby, isn't it?|- Right. First time.

Okay, folks, I guess this is as good|a place as any.

- Tropical fish.|- It's the Alaskan finger fish. It's very rare.

- And that's the dorsal view of the Alaskan...|- What about all those sharks swimming?

You're worried about sharks,|with Delly in the water?

- Well I guess I have to tough it out.|- That's right.

Come on in!

- Your little girl's waiting for you, Harry.|- Do I really have to?

- Paula! Paula, come quickly!|- What is it?

- Quick, Paula!|- Delly, stay there!

- Do you see her?|- No!

- Slow down the boat! Stop the boat!|- God, what is it?

- Do you see her?|- No.

- Jesus God, look at that.|- What?

What is that?

- Who is it?|- Oh, my God.

Delly! Delly!

That's it. Come on.|Stop struggling.

Okay. Come on.

Got it.

Get the water out of her.

- Just hold on. Hold on.|- The fish. The fishes!

- Drink this.|- All right.

Come on.

Take it easy.

That's right. Take it easy.

- Good girl.|- You're okay.

She'll be fine. She panicked|and took in water.

- What was that?|- Marker for the Coast Guard.

Poor bastard.

- Can you manage her?|- Yeah.

That's right. Just one...

...the pilot of a plane.

Yeah, I left a float for a marker.

That's right.

Sure.

Listen, you took my phone number,|so you can call anytime.

Okay.

Nothing they can do tonight.|- They'll go out in the morning.

Boy.

You know, this is a bad area|for accidents.

Just like that stretch up|the other side of Miami.

Devil's Triangle. Did you ever hear of it?

They got more missing planes and boats|there than you can count.

And I don't mean little planes, either.|- Navy planes, military...

...big ships, tankers, you name it.

Foul up the whole coast.

I wonder how long he's been down there.

Won't know that till they bring him up.

Where are you going?

- To my room.|- Why don't you sleep in here.

- I wanna go.|- It's comfortable.

Tom, let her go.

No.

Attagirl, Paula.

Sleep well.

Party over?

Tom couldn't last the pace.

You got a very funny reaction to...

Out there.

I guess it was seeing the dead guy.

Where were you when Kennedy got shot?

Which Kennedy?

Any Kennedy.

When the president got shot, | I was on my way to San Diego.

Football game.

When Bobby got shot, | I was sitting in a car...

...waiting for a guy to come out of a house | with his girlfriend.

Working on a divorce case.

One of those times I wish | I was in another business.

Why do you ask?

It's one of those questions | everybody knows the answer to.

No.

It was that poor bastard in the plane.

I remember Bobby, when he got shot.

The newsreels made it look like | everything was happening underwater.

First time anybody touched my breast, | was a boy called Billy Danruther.

The nipple stayed hard for nearly | half an hour afterward.

Don't you think that's sad?

No.

I think it's kind of nice.

I don't. I think it's so fucking sad.

I come from a small town.

I grew up in a small town in upper | New York state, Malone.

Do you know it?

You should, it's part of your heritage.

Benjamin Franklin slept there.

You remember Ben Franklin, | he's the one on the hundred dollar bills.

Please.

Harry Moseby, isn't it?

Right.

Right.

It's all right.

It's all right.

What's the matter?

What's the matter? | Hey, hey.

What's the matter?

- His face. | - It's all right. Hey, come on, now.

- He was holding me by the wrist... | - You're just having a nightmare.

I wanna go back to L.A. tomorrow. | Can we? Promise?

- I promise. | - Promise?

I promise.

Now, go to sleep.

I like being patted like that.

It's supposed to remind you...

...before you were born, your | mother's heart beating on your back.

Do you think you can remember|back that far?

Listen, Delly, I know it doesn't make|much sense when you're 16...

...but don't worry...

...when you get to be 40...

...it isn't any better.

Did you ever run away from home?

No.

Me and my parents...

...we had a different arrangement.

I think people are shitty.

You're okay.

Yeah.

Yeah, I'm an ace.

Paula?

Hi.

Are you gonna be all right now?

Hey.

- You won't need us for the Coast Guard?|- No.

Paula ought to be able|to tell them all they need to know.

Well, we'll be seeing you.

- Thank you.|- Oh, that's all right. You deserve it.

I'm very pleased to have Delly home.

Tell me, did you have trouble|persuading her to come back?

No, not a lot.|It was easier than I thought.

How'd you know she was home?

- Delly called me.|- Get up.

You don't care, do you?

Somebody says, "Find my daughter,"|you find her. Someone says, "Spy," you do.

- Quentin!|- That's what you're all about.

- You're worse than the fuzz.|- Quentin!

Come on, let's go.

- Stay the hell away from here! Get out!|- Are you satisfied? You see?

You brought another happy family together.

- Those the new Advent speakers?|- What is this, Moseby?

They really fill the room nicely.

What game is this?

It's no game, I just...

- Just wanted to see you.|- Did you have to break in?

I thought I did, yeah.

- Well, I think Harry would like me to leave.|- I don't think that's necessary.

Harry thinks it is.

Harry thinks if you call him Harry again,|he's gonna make you eat that cat.

I'll wait on the deck.

I'm back.

I'm gonna give up the agency.

- You don't have to do that for me.|- It's not for you.

I'm doing it for me.

Why'd you change your mind?

I don't know. I don't know. I don't.

Do...

...whatever you want.

- Last year, you got us great tickets.|- Harry.

Every year you're out,|they move you back.

You're still serious about wanting|some stunt work?

- I don't know.|- What the hell is that?

That job I offered you is still open.

- I just got an extra's card for Delly.|- For Delly? How come?

Arlene asked me to try to fix it up.

- Where do you know Arlene from?|- From way back.

What's your name again? Ziegler?|Joey Ziegler?

- I don't think you're one of the names.|- What names?

One of those she cheated on|Grastner with.

I'm one of a small, select group. |We hold meetings in a telephone booth.

It's your last case speaking.

little runaway girls?

you about something.

interested to know who...

- How are you, Harry?|- I'm fine.

Lousy.

You know.

Yeah, I know.

- You're really giving up the business?|- Well, it looks like it.

How you been?

More lousy than fine.

Yeah.

You're different.

Am I?

How?

You seem very remote.

No, I was just thinking about...

...things.

Anybody I know?

No.

Not even anybody I know.

My old man.

Was he really so unlike you?

- When you met him?|- I never met him.
But I thought you stayed with him.|You told me. For a week.
Well, you know, I was really|pretty proud of myself.
The way I tracked him down.
I followed all the clues.
Followed him from job to job, city to city.
I finally found him in Baltimore.
Some rooming house on Hibiscus Avenue.
Went up to the door.|There was a little card there.
Had his name on it.
Somebody pointed him out to me.
He was in a park on a bench,|sitting there. Just a little old guy...
...reading the funny pages|out of the paper.
Mouthing the words with his lips.
I just sat there for a while and watched|and then went away.
Why did you never tell me this?
I don't know. It was something|I wasn't very proud of.
Hey.
Standing 6 feet away from my father|and then just walking away.
Trouble is, after the first 6 feet...
...it's hard to tell whether or not|you're jumping or you're falling.
We've taken a long time to get this far.
I don't wanna pour it all away.
Please.
Please.
Harry!
- Darling.|- What is it?
That girl you brought from Florida,|what was her name?
Delly Grastner. Why?
I just heard on the radio. She's dead.
I'm sorry.
Oh, God.
Okay, roll it, please.
You know, this wasn't even a stunt.
It was some silly-ass Keystone Kop gag.
The green car.
That's Delly and me.
Stunt.
We didn't kill a goddamn chicken.
That's the B camera.|Another angle, same stuff.
- Is that Quentin?|- Sure. We had trouble under the car.
Muffler or something,|and he went and fixed it.
What is that camera there?
Oh, that's some cockamamie student|16 mm documentary or something.

That's Delly and me again.

It was around that corner that it...

It was so simple.

Is there any other film on the accident?

Yeah. Yeah, the kid's got some part of it.

I'll have them roll it for you. | I don't wanna see it.

Will you roll the 16, please?

Yeah, I can understand why | you didn't wanna see it.

Well, it just reruns itself | in here anyway, so...

Look, Joey...

...could Quentin have...? | Forget why he'd want to.

Could he have futzed that car?

- You mean when he was underneath? | - Any time.

No, I don't see it.

Look, Harry, I did it.

I was the driver.

Some fucking driver.

Harry, the thing is...

...the kid seemed so much better | when she came back.

Like she...

Like she got it all together more.

- Did you notice that? | - No.

No, I...

I never saw her after I brought her back. | I had a call from her...

...but I wasn't in.

Hey.

Hey, Joey.

Look.

Take it easy, huh?

You're lucky you didn't get | wiped out with her.

That's not the way it happens.

You heard.

That's right, Mrs. Iverson.

I heard.

That why you're in mourning?

Get out of here, you son of a...

- You get it all here, don't you? | - What?

You get it all.

What's that mean?

That's supposed to mean | I don't like you, Mrs. Iverson.

Delly never had a chance | with you as her mother.

She was on a downhill slide | right from the start.

So I'm not grief-stricken.

What does that make me?

You know, Delly isn't the only kid|who ever had it rough.
When I was her age...

...I was down on my knees|to half the men in this town.

I'm sorry the poor little bitch is dead.

And when the time comes,|I'll cry for her...

...but you won't be around to see it,|Mr. Smart-Ass-Moseby.

So...

Out.

Out!

- What?|- What happened to her, Quentin?

It was an accident. I was there.

- Damn right.|- What do you want, Moseby?

Somebody murdered her.

Who?

I don't know. The only one that gets|anything out of Delly dying is Arlene.

- How? Who helped her?|- You're crazy. I don't know.

Why were you there|when Delly got home?

I told you. Delly called from the airport...

- What was so important?|- That was about Ellman.

- The stuntman?|- Didn't she tell you?

What about him?

She didn't tell me anything.

It was Ellman in the plane|on the bottom.

Wait a minute.

- That was Marv Ellman?|- Yes.

Well, why didn't she tell me?|I was right there.

She figured you did it.|You futzed the plane!

She thought I had it in for him. I didn't.

I saw you underneath the car.

- What would I wanna kill Delly for?|- She figured out you killed Ellman.

- Marv Ellman dead...?|- I called Florida.

Goddamn it. They never reported the plane|to the Coast Guard. Why?

I still can't get over it.

He was crazy, but he was a hell of a guy.

Does Tom Iverson know Quentin?

Yeah, yeah, sure. They both been into stunt|gags for years now. Sure, Tom knows him.

There's no other explanation.|Quentin is in with Iverson.

They didn't report the plane in the water.|Ellman's plane, your car, two dead:

- Quentin.|- I still don't see the connection.

- My bet is he's in Florida with Tom.|- Let me know, huh, Harry?

I hate airports.

I'll be back no later than Friday.

There's something wrong,|and I can figure it out.

- Then tell the police what you know.|- Oh, God.

Decided not to.

- I don't think this is gonna solve everything.|- But if you didn't go...

Now, look, I know you've been alone a lot,|even when I was around.

And I know when you get...

When we get like that,|we reach out for other people.

Marty was a distress signal.

- You were passing by at the time.|- I didn't mean just you.

I know what you didn't mean.

You're gonna miss your plane.

If you don't go now, you can't come back.

the winds continue south by southwest...

... changing to southerly by morning.

and rising.

The correct temperature is 79 degrees.

in the low 80s.

Service reports developing...

Okay, Paula, let's go.

Hello, Harry.

You killed Quentin, didn't you, Tom?

Pain in the ass. Pushing around, threatened|to go to the Coast Guard about Ellman.

He wouldn't believe it was an accident. |Talking about Delly, the cops.

Watch the propeller!

Goddamn fools!

Tom! No!

Jesus!

You're ridiculous!

Cut it out. That's enough.

Oh, my God! Tom!

He's still breathing.

If you want him dead so much,|why don't you come on and kill him?

Fucking fools. Hit! Hit! Hit!

What the hell is going on?|I wanna know.

- Don't we all, Harry!|- Cut that out.

I've been listening|to your Ping-Pong talk long enough.

What was in Marv Ellman's plane? Drugs?

- Was it drugs?|- No! No drugs.

Something from the Yucatn...

...some piece of junk worth half a million,|according to Tom.

They'd been flying it in, piece by piece. The|crazy bastards had been at it for months.

It's crazy. The whole thing. Crazy.

- Where is this half a million dollars' worth?|- It's out there!
Over the shells,|out past where we found the plane.
All right, come on. Let's go.
You mean you're gonna solve the case|and find the booty?
That's right.
Can you dive 80 feet?
No.
Then you're lucky to have me with you,|aren't you?
Get on.
Come on, Harry.|We're gonna catch the sunrise.
- What were you getting out of it?|- Me?
Oh, some change.
A little more fuel for the flight.
Bus ticket for the next stop|after Key West.
I got into it because|I got involved with Tom.
I got involved with Tom because...
...he was the only man around|who got nicer as he got drunk.
It may not sound like much to you, but|believe me, in these parts, it's a
good deal.
That night after we found the plane,|Tom went back out, didn't he?
That marker you left, that was for him...
...so he could move your piece of junk|away from the plane.
And you kept me out of the way.
Something like that.
You told me fairy tales.
About Malone...
...Billy Danruther...
...the president getting shot.
Your erect nipples.
- What does it matter?|- I want to know!
- I told you what it's all about.|- You.
- What the hell are you all about?|- You're asking the wrong questions.
Why don't you just be content?|You've solved the case.
I didn't solve anything.
Just...
...fell in on top of me.
Why don't we just keep on sailing, Harry?
Why not?
There's the marker.
Only take a couple of minutes to go down.|Take me a bit longer to get your
boodle up.
Why don't we let the Coast Guard do it.
Scared I'll try to make it|to the Yucatn underwater?
Paula!

Get out of the way!

Paula! Go down!

Go under!

Paula!

Move away!

Get out of the way!|Get out of the way!

You bastard!|Bastard! Bastard!