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Out of the Past

By Daniel Mainwaring

(JOE WHISTLES)

(HONKS)

JOE:

Deaf and dumb, eh?

Can you read lips?

Where is Bailey?

Coming back today?

Come on.

- Hello, Marny.

- Well, look who is back.

- Did you dye your hair?

- Why?

I keep thinking of you as a blond.

For all the thinking you do about me, I could be bald-headed.

Ham on rye. Did you miss me, honey?

If I didn't, I can't think of anybody else who did.

- One thing's sure, Bailey don't miss nothing.

- Neither do you.

She's your girl, and he ain't my man.

So it's no skin off my nose.

I just see what I see.

You sure you don't see what you hear?

Nothing can happen in this town that I don't hear about it.

I'm just saying what I see. Every day they go fishing together.

Look, the sandwich.

Two things I can smell inside 100 feet: burning hamburger and a romance.

You got a customer.

- What'll you have?

- Coffee.

- Nothing else?

- Cream.

- Where you been this time?

- L.A.

- Coffee?

- No, thanks.

First she's got you, now

she's got you and Bailey.
And the only thing I
seem to get is older.
Thanks a lot, Marny.
I'll see you later.
Hmm. I guess I must
have said something.
You talked enough.
Everything people ought to know
they just don't want to hear.
That's the trouble with the world.
Either that or you're on the
wrong side of the counter.
- Tell me something.
- You don't look as though I could.
That, uh, Bailey who burns you
up, he run the gas station?
- Do you know him?
- I might have once.
If he keeps mooning around
Jim's girl, nobody'll know him...
and that'd be too bad.
You, uh, see much of this Bailey?
Yeah, every day from here.
I often wondered what
happened to him...
then one day I'm breezing through here,
and there's his name up on a sign.
- It's a small world.
- Yeah, or a big sign.
- They're just not feeding today.
- They will later. It's clouding up.
They say the day you die,
your name is written on a cloud.
- Who says?
- They.
Never heard of them.
Nothing in that one but rain.
Think we ought to go home?
Yes.
- Do you want to?
- No.
Every time I look at the sky, I think
of all the places I've never been.

Yes, and every time you look up, they're all the same.

- You've been a lot of places, haven't you?

- One too many.

- Which did you like best?

- This one right here.

- I bet you say that to all the places.

- You see that cove over there?

I'd like to build a house right there...

marry you, live in it and never go anywhere else.

I wish you would.

You were never married before, were you?

Not that I can remember.

That's good.

You'd be amazed the way people talk about you.

The mysterious Jeff Bailey.

My mother tells me that I've only known you for such a short time.

And where'd you come from?

And what did you do?

My father was...

- We'd better go.

- Is something the matter?

Maybe not.

Here.

You sure are a secret man.

Thanks.

Oh, a man just wants to see me.

Oh.

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

- **JOE:**

- Hello, Joe. I wish it was nicer to see you.

Everyone sure missed you, Jeff, but not as much as I have.

- How's that?

- Whit used to look at me...

shake his head, and wish

I had brains like you.

- What's the other reason?

- I had to find you.
- I owe you something?
- Not me.

Who?

- How far can that kid read lips?
- I don't know. I'll ask him some time.

This far?

- You don't like to make mistakes, do you?
- They don't let me have many.

All right, come on inside.

- Funny racket to find you in, Jeff.
- Yeah, me and the kid laugh all the time.

Heh. I guess that's
because it's respectable.

That hash slinger across the
street says you are too.

- How did you happen to find me, Joe?
- I was driving down the road one day...
and who do I see pumping gasoline
but my old chum from the old times.

Of course, there's a
different name on the sign.

- So you just dropped in?
- Why not?

Okay, then I'm glad to
see an old pal too.

So I take you to dinner, buy you
drinks, it gets late chewing the fat...
you hop in your car and
you're gone. Right?

- Almost.

- What else?

I'm still working
for that guy, Jeff.

- Whit?
- He'd like to see you.
- As much as you did?
- Heh.
- Worse.
- I see.

No one ever thought
more of you than Whit.

Or more about me.

Well, that could be too.

- All right, what's he want, Joe?
- Maybe he's got something nice for you.
- Try once more.
- Heh.

Look, Whit never steered you into anything bad, did he? Why, he never even squawked when you blew the best thing he ever gave you.

- Go on.
- The guy just wants to see you.

Well, you put it that way, what can I do?

You know of any other way to put it?

- Say tomorrow morning?
- Where?

Lake Tahoe. Turn right at Emerald Bay. Big house on a hill. You won't miss it. You can't.

(CAR HORN HONKING)

WOMAN:

letting her out like this? Are you gonna stand for it, with a man who won't even come to the door? Don't worry about them.

- Darling.
- It's no good, is it?
- It doesn't matter. It's just that they...
- Oh, honey, I know how they feel.
- Don't worry about it.
- I'm not.
- Then don't look so grim.
- No, it's something else.
- What?
- That guy that showed up today...

Yes?

You want to ride with me up to Lake Tahoe?

- Now?
- Yes, now.

I want to tell you something.

All right, Jeff.

You told me once I'd have

to tell you sometime.

Well, this is it.

Now, the first thing I wanna get off my

chest:

- Markham. Jeff Markham?

- I should have told you before.

I meant to, but I kept
putting it off...

because I didn't

like any part of it.

- Please tell me, Jeff.

- Some of it's gonna hurt you.

It doesn't matter.

Well, our friend Markham

lived in New York.

He worked with a sort of stupid,
oily gent by the name of Jack Fisher.

We called ourselves detectives.

That was about three
years ago, maybe more.

Wintertime. One of the coldest
days I remember in the town.

And we got a call to
come and see a big op.

- A what?

- An operator, gambler.

He didn't come to see us because he
was too high-powered a character.

Also, because some dame had taken
four shots at him with his own .38.

Made one of them good.

He was taking it in stride, but he
had a friend who was a ball of fire.

Newspaper guys, wise guys, who
do they think they're kidding?

So he shot himself
cleaning a cap pistol.

So I shot the ace of spades out
of a sleeve during a gin game.

A guy can't even get
shot by a dame...

without the whole town

starting to buzz like a...

Like you? Smoke a cigarette, Joe.
You just sit and stay inside yourself.
You wait for me to talk. I like that.
I never found out much
listening to myself.

(WHIT CHUCKLES)

Hmm.

- It amazes me how she missed so often.

- **FISHER:**

A dame with a rod is like a
guy with a knitting needle.

- What's he doing here? I called you.

- My partner.

- Should I ask why you didn't call the law?

- Should you?

Heh. I guess not.

- Anything happen to her?

- She ran out on me.

- With 40,000 bucks.

- I want her back.

Or the money?

(WHIT CHUCKLING)

You know, I once bet \$40,000 on a horse
that ran dead last, so I bought the horse.

Yeah, that's what I mean.

Oh, you're wrong. I put that
horse in a nice green pasture...
so he'd never get his foot
caught in a mutuel machine.

You should go out and
visit it sometime.

No, I just want her back. When you
see her, you'll understand better.
Maybe she's just an impulsive girl.

- Shall we let it go at that?

- I can let it all go.

An even 5000 now and 5
when you bring her back.

And expenses.

Now, that should have been
the first thing you said.

- Find her, Jeff. Bring her back.

- JEFF:

Well, I know a lot of smart guys and
a few honest ones, and you're both.

What happens to her?

I won't touch her.

Okay.

Get me the stuff on her family,
pictures, anything interesting.

- You'll get it.

- I'll see you.

You bring it over, Joe.

Come on, let's go.

Oh, by the way, you mind
telling me her name?

- Kathie Moffat.

- Thanks.

She must be quite a dame.

A wild goose with 40 G's.

You know, for a smart guy, that
Sterling sure trusts you, don't he?

JEFF:

- Am I going along?

- No.

Oh, he doesn't like my personality, huh?

Well, I'm still in, Jeff, fifty-fifty.

- Did I say anything different?

- All right. It's a good soft touch.

Don't get hot at me. And
don't get any cute ideas.

(TRUMPETING)

(BAND PLAYING JAZZ MUSIC)

These are on me.

This is an old friend of mine, Jeff Markham.

He wants to ask you something.

- Which one of you is Eunice Leonard?

- Me.

May I ask you a few questions?

Come on, honey, let's dance.

JEFF:

You work for Katherine Moffat?

Not anymore, she's gone.

She got pushed around.

I wouldn't have stayed myself,
only she got sick being vaccinated.

- How come you're asking?
- I want to find her.
- You want to find her for that man?
- No, for myself. Where'd she go?
- Maybe I oughtn't to tell nothing.
- More harm might come to her if you didn't.
- Is she in harm now?
- I don't know, she disappeared.
- Maybe you better say, honey.
- Well, I can't say much.

It wasn't no cold place though.

That girl hated snow.

Them clothes she took, she was
looking for sun. Florida.

- You sure about that?
- Now I seem to remember, and I'm sure.
- No trunk?
- She only took suitcases.
- You're sure again?
- I know, I weighed them for her.
- How much did they weigh?
- 131 pounds.
- Exactly?
- Exactly.
- On account of that's what I weigh myself.
- Thanks.

Bring them another round.

JEFF:

Florida, but you do for Mexico.

So I just followed that 90 pounds
of excess baggage to Mexico City.

She had been at the

Reforma and then gone.

I took the bus south like she did.

It was hot in Taxco. You say to
yourself, "How hot can it get?"

And then in Acapulco, you find out.

She had to wind up here...

because if you wanna go south,
here's where you get the boat.

All I had to do was wait.

Near the plaza was a little caf called
La Mar Azul next to a movie house.

I sat there in the
afternoons and drank beer.
I used to sit there half-asleep
with a beer and the darkness...
only that music from the movie
next door kept jarring me awake.

And then I saw her
coming out of the sun...
and I knew why Whit didn't
care about that 40 grand.

Cuba Libre, please.

(WAITER SPEAKS IN SPANISH)

(COIN CLINKING)

Seorita, seor, may

I speak some words?

- You will be seated, seor, huh? Yes?

- With pleasure, seor.

I am Jos Rodriguez, a guide,
a most excellent guide.

- Indeed?

- You ask them.

They can tell you that Jos Rodriguez
knows Acapulco as no one else.

- Each little street...

- I don't want a guide.

- **JEFF:**

- **MAN:**

- Perhaps a lottery ticket?

- No.

I have here, wrought by
skilled hands, a ring...
and earrings of jade
and pure silver.

These.

(MAN SPEAKING IN SPANISH)

- I never wear them.

- **JEFF:**

No, thank you.

My name is Jeff Markham, and I

haven't talked to anybody...
who hasn't tried to sell
me something for 10 days.
If I don't talk, I think. It's too late
in life for me to start thinking.
I could go down to the cliff and
look at the sea like a good tourist.
But it's no good if there isn't somebody
you can turn to and say, "Nice view, huh?"
It's the same with the churches, the
relics, the moonlight or a Cuba Libre.
Nothing in the world is any
good unless you can share it.
Maybe you ought to go home.
- Maybe that's why I'm here.
- Is it?

Well, there's always
Jos Rodriguez.
If it gets too lonely, there's a cantina
down the street called Pablo's.
It's nice and quiet. The man there
plays American music for a dollar.
Sip bourbon and shut your eyes.
It's like a little place on 56th Street.
I'll wear my earrings.
I sometimes go there.

JEFF:

to Whit that I'd found her...
but the telegraph office
was closed for the siesta.
I was glad it was, and
I suddenly knew why.
I went to Pablo's that night.
I knew I'd go every night
until she showed up...
and I knew she knew it.
(MAN PLAYING ROMANTIC
MUSIC ON VIOLIN)
I sat there and drank bourbon,
and I shut my eyes...
but I didn't think of a
joint on 56th Street.
I knew where I was and what I was doing.

I just thought what a sucker I was.

I even knew she wouldn't

come the first night...

but I sat there, grinding it out.

But the next night

I knew she'd show.

She waited until it was late...

and then she walked in out

of the moonlight, smiling.

(ROMANTIC MUSIC PLAYING

ON VIOLIN AND PIANO)

- Well, this is a coincidence.

- Yes, it is.

- American music.

- You know, I've been here for two nights.

- Thinking?

- No, just waiting.

I haven't been lonely.

- Bourbon?

- As you suggested.

Thank you, sir.

I've been sitting

here for three hours.

I thought the guy was gonna break

out with "Melancholy Baby."

You know, you're a curious man.

You're gonna make every guy you

meet a little bit curious.

That's not what I mean.

You don't ask questions.

You don't even ask

me what my name is.

All right, what's your name?

Kathie.

- I like it.

- Or where I come from.

I'm thinking about

where we're going.

- Don't you like it in here?

- I'm just not ready to settle down.

Shall I take you somewhere else?

You're gonna find it very

easy to take me anywhere.

You know, I'm a much better guide

than Jos Rodriguez. Wanna try me?

(BALL RATTLING AND MAN

SPEAKING IN FRENCH)

- That isn't the way to play.

- Why not?

- Because it isn't the way to win.

- Is there a way?

There's a way to lose more slowly.

(BALL RATTLES THEN MAN

SPEAKING IN FRENCH)

- I prefer it like that.

- Chunk it in.

- Don't you like to gamble?

- Not against a wheel.

- Tell me why you're so hard to please.

- Take me where I can tell you.

All right, come on.

(MAN SPEAKING IN FRENCH)

Wait a minute.

When are you taking me back?

- Is that why you kissed me?

- No.

Whit didn't die.

- He didn't?

- No.

- Then why...

- He just wants you back.

I hate him.

- I'm sorry he didn't die.

- Give him time.

- You are taking me back.

- There's no hurry.

I could have run away last night.

- I'd find you.

- Yes, I believe you would.

Are you glad you did?

I don't know.

I am.

- There was a little business about \$40,000.

- I didn't take it.

How'd you know it was taken?

It's what you meant.

I don't want anything of

his or any part of him.

- Except his life.
- I didn't know what I was doing.
I didn't know anything,
except how much I hated him.
But I didn't take anything.
I didn't, Jeff.
Won't you believe me?
Baby, I don't care.

JEFF:

We seemed to live by night.
What was left of the day went away
like a pack of cigarettes you smoked.
I didn't know where she lived.
I never followed her.
All I ever had to go on was a
place and time to see her again.
I don't know what we were waiting for.
Maybe we thought the world would end.
Maybe we thought it was a dream...
and we'd wake up with a
hangover in Niagara Falls.
I wired Whit, but
I didn't tell him.
"I'm in Acapulco, " I said,
"I wish you were here."
And every night I went to meet her.
How did I know she'd
ever show up? I didn't.
What stopped her from taking a boat
to Chile or Guatemala? Nothing.
How big a chump can you
get to be? I was finding out.
And then she'd come along
like school was out...
and everything else was just a
stone you sailed at the sea.
- I didn't know you were so little.
- I'm taller than Napoleon.
You're prettier too.
- Did you miss me?
- No more than I would my eyes.
- Where should we go tonight?
- Let's go to my place.

JEFF:

mentioned her place or going there.
Maybe she'd decided something, or it was
because the sky looked full of rain.

(BOTH LAUGHING)

JEFF:

bamboo furniture and Mexican gimcracks.
One little lamp burned.

It was all right.

And the rain hammering like that on the
window made it good to be in there.

Here.

Hey, hey, not so hard.

(MUSIC PLAYING OVER GRAMOPHONE)

- Now yours.
 - No, Joe, it's all right.
 - Oh, come on.
 - No, not so hard, Jeff. My earring.
- Hush! I'm trying to dry your hair.

- **JEFF:**

- Where?
- Wherever it takes us.
- Why?

To make a life for ourselves, to get
away from Whit. He knows I'm here.

- When?
- Tomorrow.

Pack in the morning, meet me at
the hotel if you can make it.

- I can make it. Can we get away with it?
- Let's find out.
- You don't know Whit. He won't forget.
- Everybody forgets.

Not Whit.

So we'll send him a
postcard every Christmas.

Jeff, I'm glad you're
not afraid of him.

I've been afraid of half
the things I ever did.

- And this time?

- I'm only afraid you might not go.

Don't be.

I'll be there tomorrow.

- Love me?

- Mm-hm.

- Poco?

- What's that?

- A little.

- Mucho.

(WHISTLING)

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

(WHISTLING)

- Well, the last guy in the world.

- I hate surprises myself.

- You wanna just shut the door and forget it?

- No, no. Come on in.

I like surprises. When I was

a kid, we were so busted...

that if we got anything at all for

Christmas it was a big surprise.

- Sit down, have a chair.

- Thanks.

- Been here long?

- Oh...

- **WHIT:**

- **JOE:**

JEFF:

might be following whom.

What makes you think that?

Look, I know how you trust people. About

as far as you can throw Stephanos here.

And that's all right with me, only

let's not get so cute about it.

I'm on my way to Mexico City,

see a man about a horse.

On the level. A racehorse

from South America.

- Checking out?

- **JEFF:**

- Did you find her?

- No, only her trail.

Not quite as hot as a prairie fire, but there. Sometimes a little too obvious. She's a clever little girl.

- Is she?

- Wouldn't you say so?

You should have told me, I would have played it differently.

Maybe she wouldn't have heard my shoes squeaking.

Always a hop, skip and a jump ahead of me. Mexico City to Taxco to here.

- And here, Jeff, did you see her?

- No. I wish I had.

I don't like playing games when I'm the fall guy.

You might remember that, Whit.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

Thank you.

(SPEAKS IN SPANISH)

- Nice shoes. Sporty for you, aren't they?

- **JEFF:**

As I said before, I thought maybe the others squeaked.

Let's go down to the bar. You can cool off while we try to impress each other. Fine.

Nice place. I'd like to stay here a while myself.

You did, by proxy.

Something tall and cool, I don't care what.

- **JOE:**

- **JEFF:**

Certainly, sir.

- So you blew it.

- Anybody can have bad luck.

- And squeaky shoes.

- Think of a number, Joe.

- Where were you off to?

- The telegraph office to wire you.

I told you, I don't like
to spend your money.

- I can stand it.

- Well, it's your business.

Whit, my friend, there's a million dames
in this world, and they all look like her.

No, they don't.

So she was here.

Well, according to all
available evidence, she was.

Maybe I should've sent Stephanos.

- Could you find one dame in a million, Joe?

- A one with 40 grand.

(WHIT CHUCKLES)

Sorry.

You picked up some nerves.

I don't need a crack like that
any more than I need your dough.

That's what I've been telling you. I missed
her. The dame caught a boat south.

- Where?

- Look, I got along before this job.

I ate good, and I grew as big as you did.

If there's something you don't like, say so.

- I just asked where.

- Chile. Guatemala.

You wanna go see the guy in the steamship
company? You wanna talk to him right now?

Why not?

- Taxi, sir?

- Yeah.

I'm sorry. You missed
her and you feel bad.

I shouldn't have joked about it.

All right, then I won't either.

You get your 5 grand back and
Stephanos can take over from here.

WHIT:

I fire people, but nobody quits me.

You started this and you'll end it.

Besides, Joe couldn't find
a prayer in the Bible.

You'll find her. Take it easy.

Take your time. Well, better
get back to the airport.
Good luck, Jeff.
See you someday.

JEFF:

because she did take a steamer.
It was just that it went
north instead of south.
And I was on it too.
I opened an office
in San Francisco.
A cheap little rat hole
that suited the work I did.
Shabby jobs for who'd ever hire me.
It was the bottom of the barrel,
and I scraped it, but I didn't care.
I had her.

JEFF:

We kept pretty much to ourselves.
We found a little movie
house in North Beach.
We were on the run. We went to places
we never would've seen in our lives.
And after a while, we grew a
little more sure of ourselves.
We drifted back to more familiar
places, ballparks and the racetracks.
Why not? After all, there wasn't one chance
in a million we'd bump into our past.
One chance in a million.
One chance in a million was all that chump
ever had in his life, and he made it good.
He stood there with our lives in his
pocket, because I knew if he saw her...
he'd sell us both for \$1.95.
So we had to separate.
I went alone to L.A., and I made
it easy for him to follow me.
He was a good gumshoe. It was the
one thing he could really do.
So I went everywhere like a
guy enjoying the country.

I didn't write to her
or phone or telegraph.
I just waited and moved.
When it seemed right, I blew out
of town to go and meet her.
I wasn't bad at the game myself. I was sure
I had shaken him loose, and I felt good.
Fisher was back there somewhere,
and I could see her again.
We'd arranged to meet at a little cabin
off the highway on Pyramid Creek.
It was dark when I
was getting there.
And then I saw her walking up
the road in the headlights.

- **JEFF:**

- Well, I really hadn't ought.

JEFF:

to be out walking alone at night.
You're kind of cute yourself
to be walking alone any night.
That does it.

JEFF:

somewhere, like in the first times.
There was still that something
about her that got me.
A kind of magic or whatever it was.
Well, I held her, and we could laugh
because we were together again.
We'd played it smart
and forgotten nothing.
Forgotten nothing except one thing.
(CAR DOOR CLOSES)

JEFF:

Hello, Jeff.
Don't I get introduced?
I don't blame you, Jeff.
Maybe I'd have lied my head
off just like you did.
Your picture don't do

you justice, baby.

- Why don't you break his head, Jeff?

- Cute.

Whit should've got her back. As I understand, they deserve each other.

- You working for him now?

- Who else would he get to find my partner?

All right, Fisher, what's the pitch?

You and I had a little deal, Jeff.

Ten grand and expenses, fifty-fifty.

Remember? You used to have a good memory. Whatever happened to it?

- I didn't collect.

- Not the 10 grand.

I can give you a tip. You tell Whit where we are, he might slip you a sawbuck.

KATHIE:

He isn't going to tell Whit anything.

Sure not. You just come up with that 40 grand, and we're all pals again.

- I might even cut you in for a piece of it.

- There isn't any 40 grand.

Of course Whit's broad-minded.

He don't care about a few slugs in the stomach...

or the 40 grand the dame went off with...

or even Jeff pretending he fell down on the job.

But you and Jeff ganging up together, he might not like that.

Tell him, Kathie.

Sure, I shot him.

I'm not sorry about that.

But I didn't take his money.

- Beat it.

- FISHER:

You know Whit and you know how far he can reach.

So just pay me off and
I'm quiet, but use cash.
Don't try to pay me off with pitch handed
to you by this cheap piece of baggage.
I was hoping you'd do this.
(GUNSHOT)

- JEFF:

- Yes, I did.
You wouldn't have killed him. You would've
beaten him up and thrown him out.
- You didn't have to do it.
- You wouldn't have killed him.
He'd have been against
us, gone to Whit.
(CAR ENGINE STARTS)
I buried him up there.
I wasn't sorry for
him or sore at her.
I wasn't anything.
- Did you ever see her again?
- No.
Did you want to?
No.

JEFF:

it wasn't a nice story.
And I said once that whatever
had happened was done.
Yeah, but you should've
known about it long ago.
It's all right. I understand.
And it's all past.
Maybe it isn't.
- What'll happen?
- I don't know.
It's been a long time. I don't
know how much he knows.
Don't go, Jeff.
I've got to. I'm tired of running.
I gotta clean this up some way.
Just one thing, Ann.
Do you want me to come back?
Of course.

Put that in your pocket.

JOE:

Hello, Markham. Glad
to see you again.

JEFF:

I always wondered if you missed me.
Ah. Same guy. Time-proof,
weatherproof.

- Cigarette?
- Smoking.
- Thanks. Had breakfast?
- No.

Joe, tell the boy we have a guest.
Say, I understand you're operating
a little gasoline station.

- You say it like it's hard to understand.
- Well, it is.

It's very simple. I sell gasoline.
I make a small profit.

With that I buy groceries,
the grocer makes a profit.

They call it earning a living.

You may have heard of it somewhere.

I may have, but it wasn't from you.

- I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Whit.
- My feelings?

Ten years ago, I hid them somewhere
and I haven't been able to find them.

JOE:

WHIT:

Nice, isn't it?

Yeah, it must have set
you back a few shells.

Always worrying about my expenses.

It's a nice view.

Am I here to admire it?

Not exactly.

I need your help.

Like old times.

I always liked you.

You liked me because you could use me.
You could use me because I was smart.
I'm not smart anymore.
I run a gas station.
I like the view.
Can you still listen?
I can hear.
Well, you told me
about your business.
Well, mine is a little more precarious,
and I earn considerably more.
So I've heard.
So has the government.
Well, this may sound ridiculous,
but you could pay them.
- That would be against my nature.
- All right, forget I said it.
So I collaborated with a certain
man who understands these things.
He saved me quite a bit
of money, \$1 million.
I didn't particularly trust him, so
I paid him well, but he's unhappy.
- He wants more money.
- Well, he saved you a lot.
Oh, I appreciate it. I always
remember what any man did for me.
Or didn't.
Perhaps. The point is that
now he wants 200,000.
Or he could get 10 percent of the million
from the government, if he turns you in.
You're up on these things.
- Has he got anything to trade?
- Well, he has the income tax records.
But I don't see why I should buy them
when I might persuade you to get them.
- Then I'd have them.
- I know.
But I can trust you.
You know, I don't think
you can trust anybody.
You better go in there
and get them yourself.

- I'd rather you did it.

- I pass.

You don't like it?

No, I just can't get
away from my business.

Well, it's a nice view.

Let's have some breakfast.

WHIT:

You remember Kathie, don't you?

Yeah, I remember Kathie.

Sit down.

Kathie's back in the fold now.

- You're back in the fold too, Jeff.

- I see what you mean.

You see, Jeff, you
owe me something.

You'll never be happy until
you square yourself.

Did you bare your
heart to him, Kathie?

I couldn't help it, Jeff.

- Well, that settles things.

- Does it?

You're working for me.

This man I told you about,
his name is Leonard Eels...

but, uh, you won't
go to him directly.

He has a secretary that
he's rather fond of.

Her name is Meta Carson.

You'll find her charming.

She may even find you charming.

I understand that women have.

She'll tell you how it's lined up.

You, uh, know San

Francisco, don't you?

Yeah, I was there once at a party.

- WHIT:

- Like the monkey and the weasel.

We'll put you on a
train this afternoon.

- Right now, I'd like to get some sleep.

- **WHIT:**

And don't start worrying.

Why should I?

(DOORKNOB CLICKING)

Jeff, I had to come back.

What else could I do?

You can never help

anything, can you?

You're like a leaf that the wind

blows from one gutter to another.

You can't help anything

you do, even murder.

- You can't say it was that.

- I can say one thing. I buried him.

- What did you tell him? About us?

- Uh...

- But you couldn't help it, could you?

- He looked right into me and he knew it.

- How much?

- What, Jeff?

About Fisher. Did he look

into you for that too?

No, I didn't tell that.

- Don't lie to me.

- I didn't.

I wouldn't tell him that.

I wouldn't tell anyone that.

I swear it, Jeff. Believe me.

Sure. Sure, I believe you.

I didn't know what to do.

I was always afraid of him
and afraid of what I'd done.

I couldn't live that way
anymore. I couldn't stand it.

Oh, Jeff, I've missed you.

I've wondered about you and
prayed you'd understand.

Can you understand?

You prayed, Kathie?

Can't you even feel sorry for me?

- I'm not going to try.

- Jeff...

Look, just get out, will you?

I have to sleep in this room.

Let's just leave it where

it all is. Get out.

(DOOR CLOSSES)

- Meta Carson?

- Yes.

- My name is Bailey.

- Come in.

- I was expecting you.

- Well, I wasn't expecting you.

- Should I take that as a compliment?

- Whit told me you'd be charming.

Really? Would you

like a gin and tonic?

- That'd be nice.

- You may have whiskey, if you like.

That'd be even nicer.

Miserable weather

we're having, isn't it?

- Are you acquainted with San Francisco?

- We were quite intimate.

- Indeed?

- We lived together.

It's a nice apartment

you have here.

Yes, these old houses can be amusing

when they're remodeled, can't they?

I used to live in one in

New York that was old.

It wasn't very amusing.

- I've never been to New York.

- You take a trip there sometime.

You'll see one reason why

I'm in San Francisco.

Whit said you'd tell me the other.

You know, you're rather charming yourself,

but I'm afraid I don't quite understand you.

If you'll drop this

Junior League patter...

we may get the conversation

down where it belongs.

- You worried about something?

- I don't know. Should I be?

- Not if you do what you're told.
- That's why I'm here. I do what I'm told.
People trust me. Whit even
trusts me twice. Do you?
Just as far as I have to.
Can you find your way
to 114 Fulton Street?
- When?
- Tonight.
I'll be there in the apartment of
an attorney named Leonard Eels.
You can call for me
at 8 and look around.
I can depend on that.
We'll leave together.
In a day or so, he'll
take some papers home.
I'll let you know.
Then you get them.
He won't be there.
Where will he be?
With me. I'm his secretary.
- Well, it sounds simple enough.
- It is.
- Like two and two make four.
- That's right.
Just remember, I'm coming out of
this in one piece, Miss Carson.
Do you always go around leaving your
fingerprints on a girl's shoulder?
Not that I mind particularly.
You've got nice strong hands.
- Jeff.
- Petey, how are you?
Where you been? You
marry an honest dame?
- I went in the gasoline business.
- But you're looking for me now, ain't you?
I went out of business. Come on,
let's take a ride in your hack.
Buddy, you look like
you're in trouble.
- Why?
- Because you don't act like it.

I think I'm in a frame.

Don't sound like you.

I don't know. All I
can see is the frame.

I'm going in there now
to look at the picture.

- I don't have to tell you to wait.

- You don't have to tell me nothing.

(BUZZES)

My name is Jeff Bailey.

Oh, yes, Miss Carson said you'd
pick her up. I'm Leonard Eels.

- How do you do?

- **META:**

JEFF:

META:

I always wanted my favorite
cousin to meet my favorite boss.

- **LEONARD:**

- Thanks.

Meta talked about you like you're
the ninth wonder of the world.

- She skipped one.

- Meta must be the eighth.

All women are wonders because they
reduce all men to the obvious.

META:

So nice here, I hate to go.

Don't then. Why don't you
both stay and have dinner?

Yes, why don't we?

We can't, Jeffrey. We promised
the Bigelows, remember?

JEFF:

We can see them anytime.

We can't, Jeffrey.

I'm sorry, Leonard.

Some other time. How long will

you be in town, Mr. Bailey?

- I don't really know.

- **LEONARD:**

- You might call it that.

- Where are you from? The South?

- No. Tahoe.

- We must go, Jeff.

JEFF:

Your, uh, cousin is a
very charming young lady.

No, he isn't. His name is Norman and
he's a bookmaker in Cleveland, Ohio.

- Where did you say you were from?

- Tahoe...

where we worry as much about
the income tax as anybody.

Frankly, you don't make sense.

Neither does my being her cousin...

or my being brought up here...

to, uh, leave my
fingerprints around.

On the other hand, maybe it does.

You know, it could be that I'm the
patsy, and you're on the spot.

- **META:**

- Right away.

Keep the martinis
dry, I'll be back.

I'm glad you could
come, both of you.

- Mr. Eels, you make a great martini.

- Thank you.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Good night, Leonard.

- Good night.

For a man who appears to be
clever, you can act like an idiot.

That's one way to be

clever:

He looked like an underweight ghost. What did you say to him?
I told him he made a great martini.
- You are an idiot.
- So is he.
- You think so?
- Why not? He's in love with you.

Mason Building.

Doesn't your conscience bother you, crossing a nice guy like that?
Maybe he isn't such a nice guy.
Maybe he crosses people too.

- Do I go alone?
- No, you go back to your hotel and wait.

Yes, ma'am.

- Nice.
- Awfully cold around the heart. Let's go.

Hold it.

Drive around the block and stop right here.

Follow her, Petey, then wait for me at Eels' apartment house.

(BUZZES)

- I lost her.
- She's worth losing.

I jumped a signal and I got stopped by a gabby cop.

Here. You finish it.

- Shall I pick up her hack?
- No.
- Where to?
- Telegraph Hill.

Did you have some bad luck?

Yeah. My timing was a few minutes off.

(PEOPLE CHATTERING AND LAUGHING)

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING ON PIANO)

(PHONE RINGING)

(DOORKNOB CLICKING)

- TILLOTSON (OVER PHONE): Hello?
- Mr. Tillotson.

- **TILLOTSON:**

- This is Mr. Eels' secretary.

I'm worried about Mr. Eels.

I know he's home, but he
doesn't answer his phone.

- Would you see if he's all right?

- **TILLOTSON:**

No, he was to wait for my call.

I don't want to be a nuisance, but
I'm sure he's there and I'm worried.

- Would you call me right back?

- **TILLOTSON:**

Fillmore 0710.

- Yes, Miss Carson. Right away.

- KATHIE (OVER PHONE): Thank you.

(PHONE RINGING)

- Yes?

- TILLOTSON (OVER PHONE): He isn't there.

He isn't?

- Did you go in the apartment?

- **TILLOTSON:**

But he must be there.

Thank you.

(PHONE DIALING)

- MAN (OVER PHONE): Hello?

- Joe Stephanos, please.

MAN:

Then leave word for him to call
Miss Carson's apartment right away.

Was there a slip-up, baby?

Did you send your friend up
there to find Eels dead?

- No, Jeff.

- Tell me.

- Tell me.

- Don't, Jeff.

- Don't what?

- I don't want to die.

Neither do I, baby. But if I
have to, I'm gonna die last.

Something slipped up, didn't it?

They told you they'd knock him off,

and haven't done it, have they?

They haven't because I
tipped him off. He blew.

- He's all right?

- Didn't you want him to be?

Yes. Yes, because if he
dies, they'll say you did it.

Oh, you're wonderful, Kathie.

You're magnificent.

- You can change sides so smoothly.

- Don't, Jeff. You're hurting me.

I'm almost getting it.

Very pretty.

Whit wants Eels out of the picture
and to square an account with me.

Two birds together. So I come
to town with an address.

A redhead takes me up to visit
the chump who has to go.

I have a drink, leave
my prints around.

I leave and somebody gets him.

Eels dies and the tax papers...

they were in the briefcase
that Meta took, weren't they?

The papers go back to

Whit. I'm the fall guy.

There's only one thing missing:

The plant.

What was there to give me a motive? I
wouldn't kill a guy for a martini.

- Tell me, Kathie.

- They made me sign it.

- Sign what?

- An affidavit.

- Go on.

- I couldn't help it, Jeff.

They made me sign it.

I swear I couldn't help it.

They said they'd find the body
and tell the police I killed him.

Fisher. Then you did

tell them about Fisher.

Only you told them I did it.

Perfect.

Foolproof and beautiful.

That Whit can really

hate, can't he?

You said it once, he can remember.

I never stopped hating him, Jeff.

I couldn't help myself.

I was caught too.

We don't have to be

against each other now.

- Aren't we?

- No. We can break out of it.

All we need is the briefcase.

Then we've got them, Jeff. We can

get anything we want from them.

I'd like that affidavit you signed.

We can get it. It's

in Eels' office safe.

We can make Meta get it.

We can make them do anything.

Sure.

Oh, Jeff...

You ought to have killed

me for what I did.

- There's time.

- No. You won't.

I've never stopped loving you.

I was afraid and no good,

but I never stopped...

even if you hated me.

Did you?

- Yes.

- But you don't now.

No.

We can be together again.

In a way we never were.

We can go back to Acapulco...

and start all over as though

nothing had happened.

Yes.

How do we get the briefcase?

Whit owns a club.

The Sterling Club on North Beach.

Meta took it there to

a man named Baylord.

I might get by with it.

You will, darling.

(DOORBELL BUZZING)

Hurry.

(KNOCK ON DOOR)

What happened to you?

I went to a bar and bought a double. I must be slipping.

I guess you must be.

He just stood there shaking so hard he couldn't even pray.

I never saw anyone so afraid to die.

- I didn't like it.

- You killed him?

Certainly.

But I called. A man went up and looked in the apartment and he wasn't there.

- Eels?

- Yes, Eels. He wasn't there.

I was there. And the way I left him, he didn't walk away.

- What's going on?

- I don't know.

I do. Where's Bailey?

(BAND PLAYING UPBEAT MUSIC)

What do you want?

(PHONE RINGS)

- Yeah?

- **MAN:**

- heading toward your office.

- Forget it.

- You wanted to see somebody?

- **JEFF:**

- You know that hack driver?

- Yeah, I think so.

- Rafferty.

- Yeah?

Get Joe. Bring back that guy any way you have to.

- Just so that briefcase comes with him.

- Right.
- All arranged, sir.
- Twenty for you, the rest for transportation.
Have the boy meet me at
the airport with the ticket.
- Thank you, sir.
- You know, a bad memory is like an ill wind.
- It can blow somebody luck.
- I always say everybody's right.

After you.

- You won't need this.
- I couldn't do nothing.
You can now. Start moving.
- I sure get into a lot of trouble, don't I?
- You shouldn't steal so much.

Well, we meet in all
kinds of places.

That evens this. Fold your
hands, or I'll do it for you.

You talk big, mister.

- All right, wise guy.
- I wouldn't.

I told you. I'm tired of
getting pushed around.

You'll only get yourself out
of breath. Won't he, Joe?

Cut it, Lou.

Your move now is to do a little
thinking. A little talking.

See, I've got the files that
were in your briefcase.

I also know the address of
the Treasury Department.

That's the theory, isn't it? Keep the
files away from the treasury boys.

Save Whit from doing 10
years in a federal pen.

- Now, you correct me if I make a mistake.
- We may do that.

Sure. Of course, the government may
just pat Whit on the back and say:

"Go on home. We got all the dough we need.
We'll never miss your million dollars."

You wanna lay a price on that?

How did you know I
had the briefcase?

JEFF:

You sure about that?

Look, I don't have to be sure
about anything except the files.

Now, do you wanna talk business,
or do you wanna play house?

What's your idea?

You get the files, and you
also get Eels' body...

in case you wanna keep
it from the cops.

What do you want?

I want the affidavit that Meta put in
Eels' safe when she took the files out.

A lie that somebody put on paper that
I killed a guy named Jack Fisher.

Because, you see,

I only buried him.

And you don't get the gas
for being the undertaker.

Four of us knew about that
affidavit outside of Whit.

Somebody talked.

- Did Meta tell you?

- No.

Sorry.

- Put in a call for Whit Sterling...

- No, sit down.

- We better keep Whit out of this.

- He's right, Kathie.

Oh, you've hurt her feelings, Lou.

I can tell you, she's a sensitive girl.

- I'm kind of sensitive myself.

- And you won't need Whit.

All you'll need is Meta to unlock
that safe in Eels' office.

- I hope Meta's still around.

- She's around.

Good. Then you can start right now.

I'll call you in about an hour. That'll
give you time to find her and get there.

Give you a little extra time to
figure out how you're gonna cross me.
But you won't.
(SIREN WAILING)

JOE:

Will you bust this for me, Jackson?

Sure.

That's right. Whit Sterling
at the Blue Sky Club in Reno.

- Shut the door.
- Don't forget, those dames listen in.

(PHONE RINGS)

- Hello?

- **WOMAN:**

- Speaking.

- **WOMAN:**

- Thank you.

- **WOMAN:**

- Whit, darling, this is Kathie.

- **WHIT:**

- No.

- **WHIT:**

I think you'd better stay
where you are for a while.

- Well, could you tell me why?

- **KATHIE:**

Things are mixed up.

Bailey mix them?

KATHIE:

We're trying to get a plane.

But you're bringing me something?

KATHIE:

darling. I just wanted to tell you.

I don't want anything

to happen to you.

- Like what, honey?

- **KATHIE:**

Be careful and wait in
Reno for me. Goodbye.

- You look like I might be in trouble.

- You will be if we don't find Bailey.

I might be if I do.

MAN:

sought in San Francisco slaying.
Five-year-old murder
motive, the police say.
Leonard Eels, attorney, was found
murdered in his apartment house...
114 Fulton Street, early
this morning." Well.

"Jeff Bailey, at one time private
detective and more recently...

operator of a small gas
station in Bridgeport...

- is hunted for two murders."

- I knew he was no good.

I said all along, "There's a man
who should be run out of town."

Look at that. Police are
hunting him for two murders.

- I told you, Ann.

- **MAN:**

Oh, leave me alone.

MAN (OVER RADIO): Cooper reporting. Road
is now blocked 20 miles south of Bridgeport.
Checking all cars. That is all.

- Hi, Jim.

- Hello, Ed. You talked to the kid yet?

He's gone. The station's
locked up tight.

- Gone where?

- Maybe with Bailey.

Well, that doesn't make sense.

If you had the law on your tail...

would you let a guy working for
you come up to chew the fat?

I'd want a partner,
if I could get him.

- Ed?

- **ED:**

Our attention.

Says, "Bailey took a plane to L.A.
last night. No trace since."

Says, "May be headed this way."

Okay.

Would you consider it too dumb
for him to try to hole up here?

He'll come here. And when
he does, I'll know it.

See you.

- What's he mean, he'll know it?

- What do you suppose? Ann Miller.

Me? I'll take the kid.

You all right, Ann?

I know what you're going to say,
and I don't wanna hear it.

Jeff didn't kill anybody.

He told me everything.

Has he got you mixed up in this?

- Has he?

- Whatever he's mixed up in, I am too.

Well, I'm not going to stand
by and see him hurt you.

- If he comes back here...

- What'll you do?

- You won't go to the police.

- I don't know what I'll do.

No, Jimmy.

Do you expect me to
help him get away?

Jim.

JOE:

Mr. Sterling is fishing.

No. In the high mountains.

Tell Jeff we're sending for him.

Where can we reach you?

Joe will find you at the
station when we have word.

I'm not so sure this
is a bright idea.
You think of a brighter one on
the way, come back with it.
(GUNSHOT)
He follow you from Tahoe?
Who'd you see? Sterling?
Kathie?
Cute kids, aren't they?
What are you scared about?
Joe isn't coming back. He got
careless and fell in the river.
Didn't you hear what I said?
Joe's dead, Kathie.
Can't you find some tears for him?

- Come on.
- What are you gonna do?
Talk to Whit. Don't
you think I should?
Yes, of course you should. He wants
to see you. He's waiting for you.
With his fishing rod? You
told the kid he was fishing.
He, uh, came back
late this afternoon.
I'll bet he's pacing up and
down, worrying about Joe.
- You think I sent Joe?
- Oh, you're wonderful, Kathie.
- All right. Where is the gentleman?
- Downstairs. In the library, I think.
Jeff, don't let him trick you.
He'll pay anything you ask.
He'll do anything you ask.
Sure he will. Anything.
If only there was some
way about Fisher.

There is.
(FOOTSTEPS)
Well, you getting things in
shape for the treasury boys?
Hello, Jeff. I've been
sort of expecting you.
Well, let's get down to business.

Start all over again, right?

- You have some papers of mine.

- All right, you take the frame off me.

You pin the Eels murder on Joe.

Sure. Sure.

I get a modest settlement. Say...

Oh, say 50,000.

That should be enough for me to spend my waning years in Mazatlan.

Not Acapulco because I'd keep thinking about you, Kathie.

Up there in the women's prison in Tehachapi.

It won't be too bad. Hills all around you, plenty of sun.

You make me nervous.

You'll be happier if you let the cops have her. That's what you'll have to do.

Somebody's gotta take the rap for Fisher's murder. It's not gonna be me.

Wait a minute.

- I'm not framing any woman.

- JEFF:

I wouldn't try it, Whit.

You're out of shape.

- Besides, it's not a frame. She shot him.

- He was gonna kill you.

See, Whit? Self-defense. A cinch to beat.

She might not even have to do time.

- I'll say you killed him. They'll believe me.

- Do you believe her?

Go on, Kathie, tell him about Joe.

What about Joe? Where is he?

Last time I saw him, he was in the East Walker River.

I didn't send him after Jeff.

It was his own idea.

- Did you kill him?

- He slipped and fell.

When I got there, it was too late. That's a mean river.

WHIT:

Well, you don't go fishing
with a .45 in your hand.
But stop worrying about it.
It makes everything simple.
A dead man? Fish him out. Stick
a note in his pocket. Suicide.
He couldn't stand living
with what he had done.
Don't look so stricken, Whit.
You'll get over it. I did.
But you talk it out if you want
to. I'll be waiting in there.
Oh, one thing, Kathie:
Did it take much persuasion to
make you say I killed Fisher?
Come on. Feed my ego.
Tell me he beat you.
Tell me he had to drag
every word out of you.
- Well, that's the way it is.
- You said you were going.
Get out.
You dirty little phony.
Go on, lie some more.
Tell me how you handled things
for me in San Francisco.
Tell me it was all Joe's
idea. Go on, Kathie.
Show me how you're gonna
squirm your way out this time.
- Listen...
- What a sucker you must think I am.
I took you back when you came
whimpering and crawling.
I should have kicked your teeth in.
No, I'm not going to.
Not now, Kathie. We'll let
the law push you around.
- You can't.
- You're wrong.
You're gonna take the
rap and play along.
You're gonna make every
exact move I tell you.

If you don't, I'll kill you.
And I'll promise you one

thing:

I'll break you first.
You won't be able to answer a phone or
open a door without thinking, "This is it."
And when it comes,
it still won't be quick.
And it won't be pretty.
You can take your choice.

KATHIE:

I have to go to Reno for
your money. Where's the file?

JEFF:

I crossed you once. I know better
than to try it a second time.
I've got a reason for
wanting to be let alone.
You'll get the file,
after I'm out of reach.
Well, if that's the
way it has to be.
While you're in Reno, find a pilot
who can keep his mouth shut.
Tell him to set his plane down in
the desert where he won't be seen.
Make it about dawn.
And cheer up, Kathie.
You'll get out of it all right.
You always have.
- They say you killed a man.
- Do you believe them?
- Not until you tell me.
- You believe everything I say, don't you?
Everything you say
to me, I believe.
I don't know why I do this.
I don't know why I let you come
back into my life. Why I don't...
slap your face and send
you home. I don't know.

- Because you said you'd come back.
- But not like this.
- You didn't kill him, did you?
- No.

You know, I had to come back.

- Take me with you, Jeff.
- I have to play this alone.
- You've seen her again?
- Yeah, I saw her.
- Was it the same?
- I saw her, and it was nothing.

She can't be all bad. No one is.

Well, she comes the closest.

- Are you going to see her again?
- Tonight, for the last time.

Then look at her.

And look at yourself.

And be very sure that there isn't even a little bit of love left for her.

Then when you find out and you know it once and forever...

send for me.

I don't have to find out.

I know it now.

- That's all I wanted to hear.
- You know, maybe I was wrong... and luck is like love. You have to go all the way to find it.

You do to keep it.

You better go. Did the kid do what I told him?

They're following him south, the state police and all of them.

Good.

I can't go.

- You can put that away.

- JEFF:

- I just want to tell you something.
- Tell it.

I was going to kill you.

- Who isn't?
 - Or tell the cops where you were.
- I followed Ann tonight.

- What stopped you?
- Some things you said to her.
- You said were gonna tell me something.
- I grew up with her.
I've loved her ever since
I fixed her roller skates.
I don't know whether I'm good enough
for her, but I know you aren't.
That's one difference. The
other is that she loves me.
You told her you didn't know why you
let her back into your dirty life.
I don't know what got you where you
are or where it's gonna take you.
She's not going with it.
Why don't you say it to the law.
Then all the rest of your life
you can tell her how you did it.

KATHIE:

with a dead man, Jeff.
No, you can't.
- Let's get out of here.
- There's someplace left to go?
- I think so.
- You're running the show now?
Do you mind, Jeff?
Remember the mountains? Higher than
these and always snow on them.
- We should have stayed there.
- I'm trying to remember something else.
I never told you I was
anything but what I am.
You just wanted to imagine I was.
That's why I left you.
Now we're back to stay.
- And I have nothing to say about it?
- Well, have you?
Whit's dead. A bundle of
papers isn't any good.
If Joe was around, you could
use him, but Joe's dead too.
So, what are you gonna do
about Eels and Fisher?

For that matter, what are
you gonna do about this?

Someone has to take the blame.

You have nothing on me, but I'd make
a fine witness for the prosecution.

Don't you see? You've only
me to make deals with now.

- Well, build my gallows high, baby.

- No.

No, we're starting all over.

I wanna go back to Mexico.

I wanna walk out of the sun
again and find you waiting.

I wanna sit in the same moonlight and tell
you all the things I never told you...

until you don't hate me.

Until sometime you love again.

They'll always be looking for us.

They won't stop till we die.

I don't care. Just so
they find us together.

If you're thinking of anyone
else, don't. It wouldn't work.

You're no good for anyone but me.

You're no good and neither am I.

That's why we deserve each other.

Did he get the plane?

- Where is it?

- I'm running the show, don't forget.

I doubt you'll ever let me.

Where's the money?

- Upstairs.

- Better pack a couple of bags and get it.

- Put a few things in for me.

- I have.

Thanks.

(SPEAKS IN SPANISH)

Do you remember La Mar Azul?

If I remember, you were a very
clumsy flirt, but I liked that.

We owe it all to Jos Rodriguez.

I wonder if he'll ever know
what a bad guide he really was.

Jeff, we've been wrong a

lot and unlucky a long time.
I think we deserve a break.
We deserve each other.
(GLASS BREAKS)

KATHIE:

(ENGINE STALLING)

(ENGINE STARTS)

Dirty, double-crossing rat!

(GUNSHOT)

Sorry.

Too many people. Too much talk.

Maybe that's why I like this town.

Here, three people
are really a crowd.

Let's get in the car and
get away from them.

I won't talk to you, Ann.

I just wanna be with you.

Thanks, Jim, but I can't.

You can tell me. You knew
him better than I did.

Was he going away with her?

I have to know.

Was he going away with her?

(English - US - SDH)