



Scripts.com

The Nice Guys

By Shane Black

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

(SIREN WAILING)

(BOBBY WHISTLES)

(SNORING)

(ENGINE REVVING)

(SHUDDERING)

(COUGHS)

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

How do you like my car,
Big Boy?

(SIRENS WAILING)

(CHEERFUL MUSIC PLAYS)

NARRATOR:

are spending their leisure day
at the city pool.
Aren't they lucky?
Let's see what they have
brought with them to the pool today.
Bart has a plain towel.
Sarah has a bright towel.
Jonathan has a gay towel.
(AUDIENCE LAUGHING)

JACKSON:

wrong with kids today.
They know too much.
Take this little gem.
She's 13.
Already she's got herself a winner.
(GIGGLING)
Sure, he's three times her age,
but he's got money for pot
and he drives a nice car.
Who's the man, baby?
Who's the man?
-You are. You're the man.
-Yeah. That's right.
-That's right. I'm the man.
-Oh, yes. You're my foxy-fox.

JACKSON:

I wasn't a little bastard.
I mean, I grew up Irish.

The Bronx. Riverdale.
I don't have a job title,
I'm not in the Yellow Pages,
but if you got trouble with someone,
someone's messing around
with your underage daughter,
you might ask around for me,
Jackson Healy.

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

-Are you the man?

-What?

(GROANS)

Stay away from little girls.
Love. Grand, isn't it? I was in love once.
Marriage is buying a house
for someone you hate.
Remember that.

I'm here with a representative
of the Detroit Auto Manufacturers,
Mr Bergen Paulsen.

And, Mr Paulsen,
glad to have you here.

I understand that you're in town
for the big show.

Tell us a little bit about it.

Take a look at this outstanding line-up
we have here for you.

These cars are so incredible,
they practically drive themselves.

REPORTER:

about the allegations about collusion
-in regards to...

-(TELEPHONE RINGING)

...a smog control device,
the recent lawsuit against the Big Three.

BERGEN:

HOLLAND:

March Investigations.
This machine records messages.
Wait for the tone and speak clearly.
(ANSWERING MACHINE BEEPS)

HOLLY:

Thursday, as you may remember,
is my birthday.
Please give accordingly.
Also I hope you didn't forget that
you're supposed to be working today.
(DIAL TONE)
(SIGHING)

HOLLAND:

-(SIGHS)
-(THUDS)
(BELL DINGS)
My folks, they told me
to reach for the stars,
and then my pals in the force
said reach for the brass ring,
and then my wife died
and I reached for whatever came
in a gallon and cost a buck fifty.
She used to say I got no follow-through.
I hit nails in halfway and stop.
-She's not wrong.
-(RAZOR BUZZING)

MAN:

-(CARS HONKING)
-Hey, what are you doing?
(BOTH GRUNTING)
They implemented a no-fault divorce here
a couple of years back
that really screwed things up.
A lot of private cops folded.
(GROANS)
Not me. I got this guy
in a local retirement park.
He kicks a few cases my way.

WOMAN:

Fred's his name.
Fred.
-He's gone missing.
-Missing?

WOMAN:

It's just Fred's never been gone this long before.
How long has he been missing?
Since the funeral.
-Well, I can start right away.
-(CAR DOOR SHUTS)
-Amelia?
-Mr Healy.
Um, I think there's two of them, but I only have the name and description for the one.
-You can take care of them?
-Consider it done.
Thank you.
-I feel better already.
-It's my job.
(AMELIA SIGHING)
They've been following me around and asking my friends where I live. I've just been really scared, but, um, you make me feel safe.
You're short.
I'm what?
You're \$7 short.
(SNIFFLES) Right, um...
Sorry. Um...

JACKSON:

I feel okay about things.
Not often.
Could try for an investigator's licence.
Become a P.I.
Those guys help people.
Maybe then I'd feel good in the morning.
She's got dark hair,
about yea high.
Name's Amelia.
She might be from the neighbourhood.
-No, can't help you, buddy.
-No?
Sorry.

HOLLAND:

Sex. More sex.

My wife, she used to say

I make a living off rumpy-pumpy.

Whatever. She was English.

I don't know what the fuck it means either.

The point is I don't care if Colonel Mustard

did it in the study with a candlestick,

I just wanna know who he did it with

and get the pictures.

BARTENDER:

Amelia, right?

Was in here three or four nights ago.

Drank bourbon martinis.

Well, that's disgusting.

Any chance she, uh,

paid with a credit card?

As in, am I gonna pull

the receipts for you?

Fat fucking chance.

(SNORTS)

Is that a shirt?

-Yeah.

-It's very pretty.

I made it myself.

Yeah?

I made this.

HOLLAND:

I'm not saying you don't

gotta think on your feet,

bend a few rules maybe,

but it's worth it,

as long as you get the results.

(DOG BARKS)

-(GAGS)

-(BLOOD GUSHING)

Okay, that's it. That's a lot of blood.

That is a lot...

That's a lot of blood.

(SIREN WAILING)

We're losing him. Go! Hurry up!

Now, don't go anywhere. Don't...

Stay with me. Stay with me! Sir.
Now, tell me,
are you willing to find God?
Look, I'm trying to find Amelia.

NEWSCASTER:

Today, yet another stage-two smog alert.
The A.Q.M.D. has cautioned
residents not to stay outside
or engage in unnecessary
exercise before 6:00 p.m.
In other news, a police spokesman
says he has not ruled out foul play
in the death of adult
film star Misty Mountains,
whose car went off-road
in the early hours of last Tuesday.
And now back to America's
favourite family, The Waltons.

(TICKING)

(MAN SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY ON TV)

"Equanimity.

"The quality of being calm
and even-tempered."

He accepted her betrayal
with equanimity.

Jack, I'm fucking your dad.

(SPITS)

What?

(MAN CONTINUES SPEAKING ON TV)

John Boy...

(TV FIZZLES)

Six, seven, eight...

One...

Fuck. (SIGHS)

(DOORBELL RINGS)

-HOLLAND:

-Messenger service.

Holland March home?

(GROANS)

What the fuck?

Mr March, we're gonna play a game.

I think you have the wrong house.

It's called, "Shut up unless you're me."

(GROANING)

I love that game.

You're a private investigator?

Look, there's 20 bucks in there,
all right? Just take it.

No, I'm not here for that.

I told you, I'm a messenger.

You can afford

to live like this as a P.I.?

-What's the message?

-Oh, right, right.

(CLEARS THROAT)

Stop looking for Amelia, all right?

I'm not even looking for Amelia.

She's a person of interest, man.

Fine. I'm done. Put a fork in me.

Don't really put a fork in me.

Amelia's gonna be very happy
that you got the message so quickly.

It's gonna make her smile.

That's good.

Now, (CLEARS THROAT)

I got one more thing I need
to ask you before we're done here.

-You wanna know who hired me.

-Bingo. Yeah.

Now, we can do this the easy way
or we can do it the hard way.

-Glenn.

-What?

Lily Glenn. Two N's.

Old lady hired me

to find her niece on Tuesday.

You just gave up your client.

I made a discretionary revelation.

No. No, you just gave her up.

I asked you one

simple question. (EXCLAIMS)

You gave me all the information.

I thought that's what you wanted.

What?

(GROANING)

Now, I'm very sorry that

you didn't get the message.
Me, too. (SNIFFS) But I get it now.
(CLEARS THROAT) I get it. I dig it.
Shit! (GRUNTING)
What about now?
You get the message now?
-Yep.
-Are you sure?
Yeah, I'm cool.
All right. Give me your left arm.
Huh?
Your left arm.
Give me your left arm. This one.
-No!
-Yeah, come on.
No!
Get... No!
-Did you cut yourself?
-I'm dealing with an injury.
Right, look, when you're
talking to your doctor,
just tell him you have
a spiral fracture of the left radius.
No! No.
-Deep breath.
-No!
-(BONE CRACKS)
-(SHRIEKING)
Do you mind if I have an apple?
(GROANS)
All right, Mr March.
You have a good day, okay?
(GRUNTING)
-Hi.
-Hey.
-Want a Yoo-hoo?
-A Yoo-hoo? Are you kidding?
Oh, yeah.
You know, I haven't had one
of these in about 30 years.
Are you a friend of my dad's?
Yeah, yeah. We're business associates.
He's inside resting.
Didn't I see you crawling round

a vacant lot a couple of blocks over?
Um, maybe. I read there sometimes.
Right.
"It's me-he for Yoo-hoo!" Thanks again.
Bye.
(INDISTINCT TALKING)

STAND-UP COMIC:

are up 16 cents a gallon,
uh, the US now
is looking into alternative fuels.
There's a process where you can
put corn in and gas comes out.
I'm no scientist,
but that's been my process
with corn for years.
(LAUGHTER)

MAN:

JACKSON:

MAN:

You got like an apartment up here?
If you're looking for the restroom,
back down the stairs.
(GUN COCKS)
We're looking for Amelia.
(GRUNTS)

MRS GLENN:

I saw her, Mr March.
I didn't imagine it.
I saw my Misty alive.
Mrs Glenn, be reasonable.
This is a high-profile case.
Your niece is a very famous...
Actress,
and the head medical examiner
ID'd her himself.
I saw her through the front window.
You didn't.
Clear as day. She was wearing...
The pinstriped suit. I know.

Very specific.

She was writing something and then she came out and she drove away and this was two days after the accident.

And I thought that you said you found her.

Now, what was that bonus payment?

I never said I found her.

I said I was tracking the girl that you saw and that was probably this young lady, Amelia.

-Why don't you believe me?

-Mrs Glenn, Misty's dead.

She died in that accident.

I never should have taken your money in the first place.

I'm very sorry about that.

Even... No, even if this Amelia girl isn't my niece, she might know something.

Please, please, will you keep looking?

No.

Mr March...

(MRS GLENN CLEARS THROAT)

(CAR DOOR CREAKS)

Can I ask you a question?

Tell me the truth.

And don't take it easy on me just 'cause I'm your father.

You just tell it to me straight.

-Am I a bad person?

-Yes.

(SCOFFS)

Just drive.

(ENGINE STARTS)

MAN:

Where is Amelia?

I would like to help you, but I just don't know anybody called Amelia.

Oh. Okay. (GRUNTS)

You don't talk,
I'm gonna have to start
breaking your fingers. (LAUGHING)
You understand?
Yes, I understand.
Hey, hotshot, come on in here.
I found something hidden in the cabinet.
Really?
(MAN SCOFFS)
Watch him.
Oh, no. (GROANS)
Hey, don't open that
because that's not mine.
It belongs to a friend.
I just, uh... I look after it for him.
But it's one of those bags.
-If you try to open it...
-(EXPLODES)

MAN:

JACKSON:

(GROANING) Motherfucker!
Motherfucker!
-I can't see nothing.
-Yeah.
Oh, God. What the fuck?
Okay. Oh, yeah.
(CLEARS THROAT) You know
that colour doesn't come off, right?
(SPITS)
I tried to tell you.
You tried to tell me? (CHUCKLES)
-Fuck you!
-Hey, hey. Oh, no! Hey!
Not the fish. Come on.
Hey, can you ask this guy
to behave like a professional?
You know, kid,
when I get that gun off you,
it's gonna be your dinner.
Dinner? (LAUGHING)
It's fucking...
You're funny. You're funny.

Don't... Don't...
Come on, fish.
You want some fucking dinner?
Do you want some dinner?
Why are you doing this?
This is not gonna help you.
-There you go.
-Now, come on.
You're gonna eat that thing,
you fucking fuck!
Look, you gotta stop
and think about this,
all right?
When you came here tonight,
was this what you wanted to happen?
What, you came here
to make me eat fish?
To shoot me?
Look, if you come in here,
you beat up on me,
you trash the place,
I understand, I get it,
it's part of the job.
I accept it, all right?
But what did you do?
You did something different
from that, didn't you? Right?
You pissed me off.
You made an enemy.
Now, even if I knew something,
I wouldn't tell you, kid.
And you know why I wouldn't tell you?
And this is...
It's not my only reason,
but it is a principle reason.
You know, I wouldn't tell you
'cause you're a fucking moron.
-(TV PLAYING)
-What the...
(WOMAN SCREAMS)
You stupid son of a bitch.
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

GIRL 1:

GIRL 2:

-Six.

-Seven!

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Jesus Christ! One at a time!

You took the Lord's name in vain.

No, I didn't, Janet.

I found it very useful, actually.

Okay, Janet?

(GIRLS GIGGLING)

GIRL 3:

(ALL SCREAMING)

(DOOR OPENS)

(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

March. Jack Healy.

Don't get upset.

I'm not here to hurt you.

I just wanna ask you a question.

-Hey, no.

-How stupid do you think I am?

I got a licence to carry, motherfucker.

Ever since your little visit the other day,
this little baby's gonna stay right here.

Fuck, fuck.

Look away.

Look...

You know there's a mirror here, right?

Close your eyes.

Fucking damn it. Forget it.

You know what? Turn around.

-Can I open my eyes?

-Yeah, open your eyes.

What do you want?

I want you to find Amelia.

-(BOWLING PINS CLATTER)

-(INDISTINCT CONVERSATION)

So you think these guys
are gonna hurt Amelia?

Sure, after they're done killing her.

You know, I asked around about you.

There's a couple of people I trust
say you're pretty good at this.

Well, that's surprising.

I would have thought
your job ended with breaking
my fucking arm.

(CHUCKLES) Well, you know,
technically it did.

I'm off the clock.

-This is a separate situation.

-(CLICKS TONGUE)

I'm not buying this nice guy act, pal.

She owes you money, doesn't she?

-You're coming to collect?

-(SIGHING)

You want me to finger her
so you can throw acid
in her face? Well, no.

No, she paid me up front,
actually, you know.

What it is, for me,
is I like where I live
and I don't wanna move.

So, two days in advance.

\$400.

(BREATHES DEEPLY)

Plus whatever the old lady's giving you.

Old lady? Fuck you, old lady.

You broke my arm. I quit, remember?

So call her up, get back on the case.

Get paid twice.

Wow, that is very telling.

I'm a detective, and we have a code.

We don't do that.

But interesting. Good to know.

-Okay.

-Good to know.

You were looking for Amelia, right?

Yes and no.

Excuse me?

My profession is very complicated, okay?

It's nuanced.

What does that mean?

Fuck it.

Last week, this old broad comes to me
and she asks me to find her niece,

-Misty Mountains.

-Misty Mountains?

The porno actress?

The one that died?

The young lady.

The porno young lady.

But, yeah, she died in a crash

and then two days later

her aunt goes to her house

to clean out the place,

and lo and behold,

alive and well, Misty Mountains.

She sees her through the window.

She sees her get in her car.

-She sees her drive away.

-Bullshit.

Bullshit's right. She's dead

and then she's alive.

That's what I'm talking about.

It's very fucking complicated.

But I persevere, you know.

I run the tape through and I think,

"Okay, maybe there was a girl there."

Amelia? The old lady saw Amelia?

Well, look who decided

to show up for class. Yeah.

There's a gate guard,

he keeps track of all the cars

that go in and out.

So I checked with him,

I ran the plate, I got the name.

And?

Three. Three what?

Three days in advance

if you want the rest of the story.

Fuck you. Come on, \$600?

That's fucking robbery.

I've only got \$400.

Well, it's early.

You can go rob a bank if you hurry.

-(EXCLAIMS)

-Jesus!

-What are you doing here?

-Giving you a rim job.

What? Rim shot.

-Rim shot.

-HOLLY:

Hey, can we go one more game before...

You're the guy who beat up my dad.

-Hey.

-No. Sucker-punched your dad.

Big difference. But don't worry.

He just did it for money.

(CHUCKLES) You beat people up
and charge money?

Yeah. Sad, isn't it?

-That's really your job?

-Yeah.

-No way.

-Yeah.

So, um, how much would you charge
to beat up my friend Janet?

-What?

-How much you got?

-30 bucks.

-Look, apple pie.

-JACKSON:

-She's tall. Super annoying.

-HOLLAND:

-She's always mean to me.

This conversation is over.

-We're just talking.

-And it's over.

JACKSON:

\$400, two days.

We find her earlier, I still get to keep it.

-Done.

-HOLLAND:

'Cause I already know where she is.

JACKSON:

shown here at last month's

Detroit auto show.

High-profile case for you, right?
Made the newspapers.
You know, the thing about
keeping your mouth closed is
it prevents you from speaking.
Sure.
Unless, of course, you're a ventriloquist.
Fuck those guys.
You can always see their mouths moving.
You can what?
Ventriloquism, it doesn't work.
(CHUCKLES) Sometimes.
Never.
-Look at these idiots.

-MAN:

All right. Well...
-Goodbye.
-Hey, hey, hey, hey. Hold on.
What do you mean, goodbye?
This is Amelia's protest group.
She's in there somewhere, so have at it.
Wait. How do you know she's in there?
'Cause it's her protest group.
She started it.
That's the hot tip I got yesterday
before you broke my arm.
Yeah, but she's holed up
somewhere hiding.
What makes you think
she's gonna be here?
-That's her protest group.
-Stop saying that.
-I'd like to stop saying...
-You said that.
I hear it. It's her protest group.
I don't hear you hearing it.
Hey, Amelia?
-Amelia?
-Amelia?
-She's not here.
-She's here.
-Amelia.

-WOMAN:

Who said that?

We can't talk to you. We're dead.

No, I...

Yeah, I get it, you know.

Like it's very clever. I'm hip.

But this is actually a really serious matter.

So is this. We've all been killed.

-No, you haven't.

-Fuck you, man. We're dead.

They can't talk to you, man.

They're dead.

What's the protest about?

Do you know?

Any of you know why you're protesting?

-The air.

-Air.

-You're protesting the air?

-The pollution.

The birds can't breathe.

So all of you died because of the pollution?

Right.

What about the gas masks?

They didn't save you?

This is fucking... All right.

(SCREAMS)

-Fucker.

-HOLLAND:

I thought you were dead.

Look, Amelia, we know you're here,
so this is very...

Hey, dickhead. She's not here.

WOMAN:

because of her boyfriend.

Her boyfriend died,

like really died, like three days ago.

-HOLLAND:

-Yeah.

So where is she?

Sorry, can't help you. We're dead.

God damn it.

All right, which one of you cock and balls
wants to make 20 bucks, huh?

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

-Up here, Chet?

-Yeah, make a left here.

It's here.

Just... Just pull over.

It's right here. On the left.

Right... Look. Left.

Right here.

This is Dean's house.

Amelia's boyfriend, Dean.

You gotta be fucking kidding me.

I know, it's crazy.

What the fuck is this, Chet?

(DOG BARKS)

This place looks so much bigger now.

Do you even really know Amelia, Chet?

Uh, yeah, well, like kind of
like mainly through Dean.

Dean was a film-maker. Um...

Kind of like experimental
kinds of films. Um...

That's actually like kind of how we met,
'cause I'm kind of
in the business myself.

-Huh? What do you do?

-(SNIFFS) Projectionalist.

Yeah, anyway, um, Dean had
this whole room like filled with film stock.
One day it just went up,
you know... (EXHALES)

And, uh, yeah, it cost the guy
his life and his life's work.

So, kind of, I don't know,
kind of makes you think, right?

Not really, Chet.

Hey, kid. Kid.

(SIGHS) What?

You know the guy who lived here?

Maybe. What's it to you?

Hey, he'll give you \$20 if you answer.

I didn't say that.

20 bucks, man, or you can blow.

Wow.
Thank you.
Yeah, I knew the dude.
Film-maker dude.
Saw him making a film last month.
Experimental films, right?
I guess. More like a nudie film.
Did you see a girl about 5'8",
dark hair, named Amelia?
Nope.
-Saw that famous chick.
-What famous chick?
Dead one. Porn star. Misty something.
-You saw Misty Mountains here?
-Yeah.
Talked to the producer. (MUTTERS)
No, his name was Sid...
Sid Hatrack. Yeah.
-Nobody's name is Hatrack.
-Whatever. Tried to get a job.
I offered to show my dick
'cause I got a big dick.
-Oh, right.
-Yeah.
(CHET CHUCKLES)
-Well, that's very nice.
-Yeah.
You sure you didn't see another girl?
(SIGHS) Nope.
You guys wanna see my dick?
Nobody wants to see your dick, dude.
-20 bucks?
-We already paid you 20...
-What am I saying?
-Oh, all right.
Fags!
Hey, kid.
What?
What was the name of that film?
(SIGHS)
I don't know. Uh...
How Do You Like My Car, Big Boy?
There it is.
"Do you wanna see my dick?"

Unbelievable.
This is what I'm talking about.
It's over.
The days of ladies and gentlemen are over.
This is what Holly's
looking down the barrel of.
This is what she's dealing with,
the fucking Chets and that idiot.

JACKSON:

we know for sure,
something funny's going on.
No, it's not. No.
A guy burned up. It happens.
It happened three days ago,
the exact same day
Amelia fell off my radar.
(SCOFFING) Your radar?
(LAUGHING)
Let me tell you what two days
of detective work looks like, okay?
You drive around like an asshole.
You're gonna spend half the time
interviewing the fucking Chets
of the world.
You spend the other half trying
to translate fuckwit to English.
And when it's over,
the only thing that's changed
is that the sun went down twice.
And nothing ever works out,
is that what you're trying to say?
-Never.
-But you get paid.
Sometimes.
Hey.
Son of a bitch.
Hatrack.
-What?
-Hatrack. Look at that.
-(CAR HONKING)
-What?
Sid Shattuck. Who's that?

HOLLAND:

Well, he didn't burn up,
so let's go talk to him.
I said I'd like to speak to Sid personally.
I'm asking after a friend of ours, Amelia.
I'm an old friend.
Why don't we invite him in?
No animals in the house, sweetheart.
Yeah, I'm here.
Say that again.
Okay. Thank you very much.
Is that the number you got
for Sid Shattuck?
Yeah. Can you hang this up?
They're getting ready for a party
and I asked about Amelia
and they said she'd be right back.
Back? Like she's been staying there?
Yeah.
-So you found her?
-Maybe.
Can you stay at one of your friends'?
I can stay with Jessica, but...
-You're going to a party?
-No.
I'm going to a big party. Jacket.
Sweetheart, it's a job. I gotta take it.
If I don't, we won't get to live
in such a nice house.
I hate this house.
We're not even supposed to be here.
-Go to Janet's.
-Jessica's.
-Which one's she?
-The one with the brown hair.
-Glass eye?
-The one that you like.
And like the Hitler-stache?
(SIGHS)
I'm friends with a cop, you know.
-Is that so?
-He likes my dad a lot, too.
Maybe they should get married.
(HUFFS)

JACKSON:

-Did you believe her?

-What about?

When she said she saw

Misty alive that night,

did you believe her?

God, no. She's blind as a bat.

JACKSON:

She has actual coke bottles for glasses.

You paint a moustache

on a Volkswagen, she says,

"Boy, that Omar Sharif sure runs fast."

(UPBEAT DISCO MUSIC PLAYING)

(PEOPLE CHEERING IN THE DISTANCE)

(NEIGHS)

Jesus tap-dancing Christ!

All I told him was that

if you want me to do that,

then don't eat the asparagus.

GIRL:

(KNOCKING)

I know what you're gonna say,

but since I'm already here,

you might as well

take me in with you, right?

(KNOCKING CONTINUES)

Um, I can't take your car like that.

-Stop it.

-What?

Stop it. Stop it. Dad.

Dad, there's like whores here and stuff.

Sweetheart, how many times have I told you?

Don't say "and stuff."

Just say, "Dad, there are whores here."

Well, there's like a ton.

Wait. No. I can help you.

Seriously? I came all this way.

I love you.

-(UPBEAT POP MUSIC PLAYING)

-(PEOPLE CHEERING)

(SINGING POP FUNK SONG)

(LAUGHING)

It's not my nose that grows.

(TREE MAN GROANS)

Whoa. Well, we know Mary Jane turned up.

-Who's that?

-Mary Jane. Marijuana. Pot.

Place reeks of it. They're smoking it.

-Oh, yeah. I can't smell.

-What?

I got hit in the head a while back.

I lost my sense of smell.

You can't smell?

-Yeah.

-Wow.

You're a detective who can't smell?

Yeah.

Oh, this just keeps getting
better and better.

Wow, that's really insensitive.

(VOCALISING)

HOLLAND:

Look, if Amelia doesn't show,
we still got Shattuck, right?

But if things get rough, I'm injured.

-So you're gonna have to handle it.

-JACKSON:

Well, you know, blind his son,
or, you know, whatever it is.

You work your magic. Where you going?

I think this is gonna work better,
faster, if we split up.

-Okay?

-What?

You see a guy with a blue face,
you come and find me.

(SONG CONTINUES)

WOMAN:

Drink?

No, I... (STUTTERS)

(SNIFFS)

Hey, uh... Sorry.

(SLOW ROCK SONG PLAYING)

It's the killer bees.
That's what you gotta worry about.
You know why they call them
killer bees, don't you?
-'Cause they'll kill you.

-HOLLAND:

-Excuse me.
-Hello, handsome.
You, uh, seem to have a very
good vantage point up there.
-I lost my sister.

-GIRL:

She's got dark hair, your height.
She's wearing clothes, but...

MAN:

HOLLAND:

Hey. You want another drink?
Just leave the girl alone.
-Hi, everyone.

-WOMAN:

I'm Amelia. She's about dark hair.
Answers to the call of the wild. (SIGHS)
-I'm just kidding.

-WOMAN:

I forgot her name,
but, you know, if you see you,
just if you see, let me know
and tell me my name.

(POP SONG PLAYING)

-Sorry.
-Thank you.
-You want a drink?
-No, thanks.
(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)

WOMAN:

-(WOMAN MOANING ON TV)

-Holly. Hey, hey.
I don't think you should be watching this.
What's it to you, idiot?
Move. You're in my way.
-(GROANS)
-(GASPS)
Listen, dickweed,
that little girl's a minor.
Where do you get off showing
her stuff like this anyway?
He's not showing it to me.
She put it on.
Well, she shouldn't be
watching stuff like this either.
Watching it?
(SCOFFS) Man, I'm in it.
(WOMAN MOANING LOUDLY)
Oh, right. Look, go home, right?
Your dad told you to go home. Go home.
By the way, I'm supposed to
meet someone here.
Do you by any chance
know a girl named Amelia?
I think she did a film with Sid Shattuck.
Don't know her, but Sid's gross.
He told me this one chick
was his sister, right,
and then a few days later
I walk in on them
and they're all doing anal and stuff.
(SIGHS)
Don't say, "and stuff."
Just say, "They're doing anal."
(FUNK SONG PLAYING)

WOMAN:

-Hey.
-I'm a cowboy.
-And you?
-Pocahontas.
-What do you do?
-I do a little bit of acting.
-Me, too. Hey, shoot me.
-What?

Shoot me, shoot me, shoot me.

Fucking shoot me.

Bang!

That's pretty good.

-Bang!

-Oh.

Bang!

(GROANING)

Son of a...

(LAUGHS)

-(CLAPPING)

-Whoo! That was great!

Shit.

Shit!

My fucking gun.

-(LEAVES RUSTLING)

-Jesus.

You scared me.

Do I know you?

I'm not gonna hurt you.

No, I'm just looking for my gun.

So...

(PANTING)

I got it!

So...

There you go, March.

March, March, he's our man.

If he can't do it, no one can.

March.

(JAZZ MUSIC PLAYING)

March.

March.

(SNORTING)

(WHEEZING)

(LAUGHS NERVOUSLY)

Healy. Healy!

Healy!

Healy!

Healy!

Come on. Come down here.

What the fuck are you doing down there?

Get down here!

-Healy!

-It's all right, man.

What?

-Oh, fuck.

-I'm gonna be sick, throw up.

Oh.

Who the fuck is that?

(JACKSON GRUNTS)

It's Sid Shattuck.

-That's Sid Shattuck.

-Don't tell me that.

Oh, no. Shit!

-What's going on?

-Shit!

Everybody worked

on this Amelia flick, right?

The boyfriend, then Misty,

-now Sid. They're all dead.

-(GROANING)

Before we go solving

the crime of the century,

let's deal with

the fucking rotting corpse.

What the fuck

are we gonna do with this guy?

-We gotta get rid of him.

-Why?

I lost my gun.

There was a girl. She can place me.

All right, we got a plan.

We'll throw up,

we'll get rid of the body.

-Right.

-(RETCHING)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

-Hey.

-Hi.

Are you the one who's been
asking about Amelia?

Uh, I may have said something.

What do you want with her?

Um, she's my sister, see.

Yeah, um, I need to warn her.

Two freaky guys were coming around.

They were all like,

"Where is she? Where is she?"

It scared me kinda.
Well, you seem like a decent kid.
I'll take you to her.
-Come on.
-Okay.
What I can't figure out is
how you saw him
from all the way up there.
You didn't fall down
the fucking hill, did you?
Did you fall down the hill?
I had like two, three drinks, tops.
Yeah, that's why
you can't walk straight.
Oh, excuse me.
I'm carrying a dead body
and I have his schwantz in my face.
So, I'm sorry I'm not Bakishnarov.
You can't even say Baryshnikov.
You did, didn't you?
You fell down that fucking hill.
You get drunk, you lose your gun,
you take a header off the balcony
and now you're gonna tell me
it's like a hallowed,
time-honoured detective ploy, right?
It was very slippery up there, okay?
I was... I was in the pool.
-You were in the pool?
-Yeah.
Why?
I had to question the mermaids.
What were you doing while I was working?
-Thank you.
-Let's get rid of this guy.

HOLLAND:

(GRUNTING)
-(ALL SCREAMING)
-Oh, God! My leg! My leg!

-WOMAN:

-(SHRIEKING)

JACKSON:

Hop in back, sweetie.
This one says she's Amelia's sister.
Is that a fact?
(LAUGHS) Good times.
I... There's someone out looking for me.

BLUEFACE:

HOLLY:

Hey, hey, hey.
No. Don't touch that.
Hey. Why didn't you watch my movie?

-JACKSON:

-Come and watch with me.
-Have a great night.
-Come on. It's still playing.
Have a great night. Bye.
-(GRUNTS)
-(PEOPLE SCREAMING)
-(GUN FIRES)
-(SCREAMING)
(GROANS)
(GROANS)
(GRUNTING)

HOLLAND:

-I need to go right now.

-BLUEFACE:

HOLLY:

AMELIA:

I need my car.
Hurry.
Don't fucking move.

AMELIA:

(SHUSHING)
Hello? Please! Hurry, hurry.
Now!
(SCREAMING)

Fuck! Motherfucker, my fucking hand!

Amelia! Run!

(PEOPLE GROANING)

Drive the fucking car.

(TYRES SCREECHING)

Hey, man.

The girl in your trunk,
she was in that car.

(GROANS)

MAN:

JOHNNY:

doing with my car?

(TYRES SCREECHING)

(GRUNTING)

(JACKSON YELLS)

(GRUNTS)

Motherfucker!

-(GUN FIRES)

-(GROANS)

MAN:

(GRUNTING)

I swear to God, you get up,
I'll shoot you in the cock.

(SLURRING) I can pay you.

Trying to negotiate with me?

You'll never see me again.

Where are you gonna be?

-Michigan.

-Michigan works.

(TYRES SCREECHING)

(TYRES SCREECHING)

(GROANS)

You okay? Does the car still go?

Well, stop fucking around. Come on.

(ENGINE STARTING)

(ENGINE REVVING)

Fuck!

Freeze!

You guys are fast.

Whoo! (LAUGHS)

-There's a...

-(CAR HONKING)

DRIVER:

(AMELIA GROANS)

-Come on.

-Wait. Wait.

AMELIA:

HOLLY:

We need to help him.

Are you crazy?

Stay away from him.

Just... Just hang on.

We need to help him.

(SIGHS)

(MOANS)

-It's okay.

-(BLUEFACE COUGHS)

You're gonna be all right.

I'll... I'll get help.

It's all right.

A car hit him.

We need an ambulance.

Holly, go and see

if you can flag somebody down.

-He's in a bad way.

-(BLUEFACE GROANS)

You.

Yeah, me.

You ever hear of John Boy?

By now he's heard of you.

They're flying him in. (CHUCKLES)

Now he's gonna kill that private cop
and his whole fucking family.

And then he's gonna come for you.

You ain't got long to live.

Well, buddy,

none of us do.

(CHOKING)

-Healy, there's no one here.

-He didn't make it.

(CAR APPROACHING)

(HOLLAND BREATHES DEEPLY)

-Are you okay?

-Yeah.

(SIRENS WAILING)

(SIGHS)

And that'll be the cops.

MAN:

OFFICER:

to do with them?

Look, pal, you already

got our statements.

Can I go see my daughter now?

Sir, I was told to keep you here,

so I'm keeping you here.

Just following orders.

You know who else was

just following orders? Hitler.

Officer.

You're Mr March, I think.

And you are... Wait, I know you.

(STAMMERS) You're the guy.

The diner guy, right?

From last year, right?

-Yeah.

-Yeah. My name is Tally.

If you'll follow me,

my boss would like a word. Please.

I'm sorry. The diner guy?

I'll tell you later. Don't worry about it.

How do you do?

About this good most of the time.

My name is Judith Kuttner.

I work for the Department of Justice.

Okay. Well, that explains basically nothing.

I... I'm Amelia's mother.

TALLY:

(GASPS) What's in my hand?

What? (GASPS)

(LAUGHS)

HOLLY:

Hello.

Sit.
First of all, I wanna say thank you.
We've been watching interviews,
and it sounds like
you might have saved my daughter's life.
That was mostly Holly.
-His daughter.
-It's genetics.
Would you like a mint?
Uh, yeah.

JUDITH:

But I wanna know if I can trust you.
I'm kinda getting the idea that, you know,
you might not have much choice.
Well, my situation is very delicate.
Hey, that's where I know
you from, right? The TV.
You're prosecuting that car company thing.
The lawsuit for the catalytic converter.
Yes. That's half my day.
The other half I spend on pornography.
-Hmm.
-What kind? Like which films?
What's your favourite?
No, no. Uh, anti. Anti-porn.
-Right.
-Like a crusader.
Should I be writing this down?

JACKSON:

The Vegas mob is trying to
spread its porn operation
to Hollywood Boulevard.
-(SCOFFS)
-And I'm doing everything I can to stop it.
Thank you.
Porn is bad.
Something I don't understand.
Your daughter,
she did a film with Sid Shattuck.
Now, why would she do that
when she knows that's just gonna be
extremely professionally

embarrassing for you?

'Cause she wanted to. She lashes out.

We have a difficult relationship.

Mothers and daughters, it's tough.

But there's no film, not any more.

There was a fire.

Um...

-A friend of Amelia's, he...

-Dean.

Yeah, we went to his house.

Well, what's left of his house.

Mrs Kuttner, why do you think
everyone involved with this film is dying?

I have no idea, Mr March. I wish I did.

I only know that Amelia's in danger.

Why don't you put her in protective custody?

I mean, after tonight,
she's probably very scared.

She... She might wanna be at home.

She doesn't trust me.

She thinks I am the government.

She thinks I'm behind all of this.

Somewhere she's out there

and she won't call home

because she thinks

her mother's going to have her killed.

(JUDITH SNIFFLING)

Here. You wanna use that?

-No, thank you.

-No?

I wanna hire you both.

Please, find her, protect her.

Okay, you can hire us,

but we're not cheap.

This is very intensive work

and something like this,

I'd say couldn't do it for less than \$5,000.

JUDITH:

(TALLY LAUGHS)

-Yes, I got it.

-Okay, I gotta get mine now.

-Can I take this?

-Fine.

Does Tally have one of...
Shall we have hers as well?
Just in case you're not...
You know, we need
to get in touch with somebody.
So what's this? World's biggest ashtray?
(SIGHS) Fuck it, it's... It's a rental.
We're only here until
we rebuild the old place anyway.
-Rebuild?
-Yeah.
It burned down.
Hey, you know, something's
actually bugging me.
I found this in Shattuck's office.
What is that, a pig? (CHUCKLES)
-No, it's a pink cow.
-Oh, it's a cow.
When Amelia gave me your address,
she gave it to me
on a piece of paper like this,
handwriting like that.
I think you're onto something.
-Mmm-hmm.
-Can we talk about it
tomorrow afternoon?
Yeah, we can do that.
Thanks.
(JACKSON CLEARS THROAT)
Hey, aren't you that diner guy?
Come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on.
I gotta know.
I don't wanna get into it right now.
You gotta get into it.
I gotta know. You're the diner guy.
(SIGHS)
-All right.
-Yes.
-All right, about a year ago...
-Yes.
...I was at a diner in Hollywood
and this asshole with a shotgun
started threatening people.

HOLLAND:

It's the best story I've ever heard.

JACKSON:

I acted.

I didn't plan to, I didn't,
you know.

I just did it.

I took that guy out.

I didn't even get paid for it.

So I ended up
with a bullet in the bicep
and 500 bucks of hospital bills.

It was stupid, really.

When I think about it,
it was the best day of my life.

(SNORING)

Just for a moment, I felt useful.

All right.

"Had Mademoiselle Blanche
been in England before?"

"What part of France did she come from?"

"Mademoiselle Blanche
"replied politely but with reserve."

Hey.

Hey.

You've got your foot in the toilet.

I have?

(SIGHS)

Now you're getting the carpet all wet.

-Was this your room?

-No, it was Mom and Dad's.

Your dad tells me you're rebuilding.

Does it look rebuilt to you?

Not especially.

Dad barely ever comes here.

He feels guilty, I guess.

Because?

Hmm?

Oh, the fire.

Mom kept on complaining
about a leak in the furnace,
but Dad, you know,

he's got his nose thing,
so he couldn't smell the gas.

Anyways, I should probably
get back to my book.

All right.

Mr Healy?

Are you a bad person?

What did you do to that man tonight?

Did you kill him?

Of course not.

That's good.

I knew you couldn't do something like that.

Don't stay up too late, all right?

-(RADIO PLAYING)

-(VOCALISING)

(RADIO CONTINUES PLAYING)

Shit.

I didn't know what time you'd get here.

You said afternoon.

Well, uh, we were at the bank
getting your money.

There it is, half,
minus a few hundred, you know,
for, uh, that car that we crashed.

I thought you'd wanna chip in for that.

Sure.

What do you think?

-It's purple.

-It's maroon.

(SIGHS)

We stopped at a bar.

That's why we're late.

JACKSON:

Burbank Airport. Western flight D.

I figure she's trying to skip town.

How do you wanna do this?

(EXHALES)

I don't know. I say we wait
a couple of days, call Kuttner
and see if we can squeeze
a second instalment out of her.

A second instalment?

HOLLY:

Gotta act like you're onto something,
like you've been working hard.
Then, day three, ask for more money.
Well, she's putting a negative spin on it,
but, yeah, that's the idea.
Kuttner paid us. Me.
She paid me to do a job, right?
-I'm not gonna lie to her.
-And I respect that.
That's why I'll lie to her.
Hey, I shelled out 400 bucks
for a detective.
Someone who finds clues, huh?
I found Sid Shattuck's corpse, didn't I?
Found it? You fell on it.
I guess I don't understand
why we're not celebrating.
I mean, we just got paid.
We're all having a drink in the afternoon.
-What?
-Forget about it, all right?
(SIGHS)

HOLLAND:

Would you hold on
for a goddamn second?
You're the world's worst detective.
-I'm the worst?
-Yeah.
The world's worst?
Didn't you hear me the first time?
Got a cool ad, though.
-So...
-(SCOFFS)
Why do you have to be
such a fuck-up, huh?
You go around and you drink
and you lie and stuff
and people hate you.
Sweetheart, don't say,
"and stuff." Just say...
I hate you!
-(SIGHING)

-That works.

I'll find the girl myself.

You're gonna find her yourself. Okay.

Well, say hi to her when you do.

I will.

Course, you're not gonna
find her at the airport,
seeing as how it's not a flight.

-Did he stop?

-Yeah.

Your note, look at it. It's not a flight.

Every airport has
an overflight curfew from 10:00 to 6:00,
Burbank included.

And that top number is today's date
but reversed like the European way,
which makes sense

when you look at FL and you think it's not "flight,"
it's probably "flat," like apartment.

And Burbank APT West?

Burbank Apartments West.

It's a dump. Fuck it, I'll show you.

Holly, go to Janet's this time.

-But for real.

-Jessica's.

Jessica's. We've gotta go to work.

-Do you want your keys?

-I'm driving.

(DOOR SHUTS)

JACKSON:

We're looking for the Burbank Apartments.

Oh, they're gone.

Tore them babies down, um,
going on about two years now.

To the airport, then? (CLEARS THROAT)

Well, they used to have an overflight curfew.

It's all right. It's all right. It's okay.

-They did.

-Yeah.

And they still should if they changed them.

They should, they should change them back.

(AIRCRAFT ENGINE ROARING)

-Pull over.

-What?
-Pull over.
-Hey, what the fuck?

HOLLAND:

The Burbank Airport Western Hotel.
She's meeting somebody.
Okay.
Evening. What can I get you?

HOLLAND:

Have you seen this girl?
She probably came in in the last half hour.
(SCOFFS) Hey, I just work here.
Yeah, no shit, Sherlock.
That's why I'm asking you.
Hmm. Memory gets
a little foggy, you know.
What's in it for me?
-He'll stop doing it.
-(CHUCKLES) Doing what?
Ow!

-HOLLAND:

-Fuck!
Now, we can do this
the easy way or we can...
We're currently doing it the easy way.
Okay. Jesus.
The penthouse.
She's in the penthouse, top floor.
(SIGHS)
-Are you happy?

-HOLLAND:

Guys, listen.
You... You don't wanna go up there,
all right? Trust me.
These New York guys are up there.
Uh, business guys.
They got fucking bodyguards.
Kind that had their balls removed.
What's that called? Huh?
Marriage?

Yeah.

Uh...

Just chill here, you know.

She's gotta come back down.

Have a couple of cold ones on me?

Oh, not for me.

HOLLAND:

a strong argument, though.

You see? Reasonable. Very reasonable.

Now, your buddy,

that was the problem, he wasn't reasonable.

-Our buddy?

-Yeah, we don't have friends.

The other guy looking for Amelia,

he wasn't with you?

Where'd he go?

Got in the elevator

right before you guys came in.

-Did you get a name?

-John something.

Did you actually witness him

getting into the elevator?

No, it was told to me

by a wise old Indian.

Of course I fucking witnessed it.

-Right.

-What the hell's going on?

Oh, it just makes sense.

-It connects up.

-What makes sense?

John Boy. Oh, just something

that Blueface mentioned, yeah.

What do you mean, he mentioned?

Mentioned how?

Oh, you know, he...

"There's a guy coming to kill you."

That kind of crap. Yeah.

We should probably just stay here.

Smart move.

Unless, of course, he's up

there killing her right now.

Nobody's getting killed

at the Burbank Airport Hotel.

Because?

-That would be national news.

-Yeah, so?

Oh, so when's the last time
you were on national news?

-February.

-Really?

-Yeah.

-For what?

-I got shot, in a diner.

-Where?

In my arm. I told you this last night.

-We should call the cops.

-No. It'll take too long.

I mean, she could die.

You just said it was the right
move to stay down here.

No, I said smart move. Different.

(ELEVATOR DINGS)

-(BREATHING DEEPLY)

-(MUZAK PLAYING)

Munich.

What?

A guy without his balls.

It's a Munich.

Munich is a city in Germany.

Mnchen. Munich. Yeah.

Right.

Hitler only had one ball.

-(ELEVATOR DINGS)

-JACKSON:

(MAN CHOKING)

MAN:

(MUFFLED GUNSHOTS)

(PRESSING BUTTON)

(GLASS SHATTERS)

(MAN SCREAMING)

-(TYRES SCREECHING)

-(SIRENS WAILING)

Oh, shit.

(BRAKES SCREECHING)

-What are we doing?

-I can't just leave.
-Why?
-She's in danger, man.
-We have to do something about it.
-She's dead.
-What do you mean, she's dead?
-Come on!
-She's not dead.
-Open your eyes, man.
You don't know that.
-She's fucking dead!
-You don't know she's...
(THUDDING)
(PANTING)
(SHRIEKS)
(BEEPING)
-What are you doing here?
-Holy shit, you got her.
You're supposed to be at Jessica's.

JESSICA:

My sister kicked us out.
-She's having a guy over.
-Your sister's such a slut.

JESSICA:

Hello?
Amelia.
Should you shake her shoulder? Maybe...
You know, my brother used to flick my ear.
Like that. I hated that.
-We shouldn't be violent.
-You got a brother?
-You could just hit her.
-Yeah.
-Really?
-Like really hard.
-I've got a family.

-HOLLY:

JACKSON:

if we want her to talk to us.
It's okay.

You were supposed
to get those guys off of me.
Do you know who they were?
Do you know who sent them?
Yeah. It was my mother.
Would you mind starting
from the top because...
-Why? It doesn't matter.
-I'm sorry, it doesn't matter?
You just shot at us. I think it matters.
Okay, okay. I made a film.
I made a film with Dean, my boyfriend.
And the idea was
that we were gonna, you know,
like make this experimental film,
like an artistic film.
-Porno film.
-It's not a porno.
(SIGHS)
Look, do you even know
who my mother is?
Yes, we do.
We... We've actually met your mother.
(SCOFFING) What did she
tell you, that I'm crazy?
(STAMMERS) That I was just lashing out?
Something like that.
She might have mentioned...
Yeah, well, my mother is a criminal.
She's one of them.
-Who's them? What's them?

-AMELIA:

One of the capitalist, corporate suppressors.
You know, they want us dead, man.
We're just in their crosshairs, you know.
We're just pawns.
Gosh.
(SIGHS) Ow.
Hey. (WHISTLES SLOWLY)
And what does this have to do
with the birds?

JACKSON:

My mom's supposed to be working
for the Justice Department, right?
Sure, she's prosecuting
the catalytic converter case.
Yeah, only she's not.
She's not prosecuting it.
The auto makers,
she's gonna let 'em walk.
-But they have the evidence.
-Yes, they have evidence.
They have memos proving that
Detroit conspired to suppress the converter,
proving they would rather
poison our air than spend
a little bit of money.
But my mom, she's gonna say
that's not enough.
She's gonna lie because...
Because she's on the take.
Money again, right?
Mammon, that's her god.
That fascist crony...
-Okay, okay.
-...bogart!
All right, all right, just...
Just back up a little bit.
(SIGHS)
Why not just go straight to the police?
(LAUGHING) She is the police.
She's the head of the Justice Department.
-You... You've got a point.
-Okay, or the newspaper?
They all work together.
God, have you been living under a rock?
All right, so then your solution
-was you make a porn film.
-(SIGHS)
It's not a porno!

HOLLAND:

-I made a statement.

-JACKSON:

And yeah, yeah,

my statement contained nudity.

-Porno nudity.

-AMELIA:

That's just the commercial element, okay?

Okay? Sid said we had to have that.

And the reality was

we were getting our message out there.

And... And it was all in the film,

names and dates and everything,

everything that my mom was doing,

and once it was out there,

once it was in theatres,

there's no way that

they could suppress it.

There's no way that they could cover it up.

HOLLAND:

You made a porno film

where the point was the plot?

(SIGHS) What's your hang-up, man?

JACKSON:

It's... It's what's in the story.

My mom found out.

(SIGHS)

She killed Dean and destroyed the film.

-Your mom killed Dean?

-Of course.

-She killed Misty, too.

-And Sid Shattuck?

Yeah.

Okay, so it's like Jack the Ripper

and then your mom, basically.

(SIGHS)

-So what are you gonna do?

-AMELIA:

I'm just really tired, you know.

Uh, all right, okay. So, uh, you...

We're just gonna talk about it and

we'll think and you get some rest.

Yeah, just get some rest.

What do you think?

-I like her.
-I like her dress.
It's a nice dress.
But she's a loon.
According to her,
her mother's single-handedly
gonna wipe out all of Western society.
Well, yeah.
However, there are people
trying to kill her, right?
-Like John Boy.
-Who's John Boy?
-He's on The Waltons.
-No, different John Boy.
-Well, we think.
-Think, yeah. Pretty sure.
-(TELEPHONE RINGING)
-Can't be sure, though. Yeah.
Mr March, I just got a call from Judith.
She didn't explain herself.
Said she needed \$100,000 in cash.
-\$100,000? Why?
-I don't know.
I think she's involved
in something shady maybe.
Well, her daughter
certainly seems to think so.
What, Amelia? You found Amelia?
Yes.
She fell on our car.
We were just talking and she fell on our car.
Anyway, she's here.
You should come over.
I... I'll send the family doctor.
(SIGHS)
Okay, look,
-Mr March...
-Holland, please.
I've got a bad feeling about this.
Would you be willing
to carry the money for me?
I wish I knew who to believe on this one.
Well, the kid's a write-off,
I'll tell you that much.

Maybe they're both telling the truth.
We're downstairs.
She's coming down.
What do you mean,
they're both telling the truth?
What the fuck does that mean?
I got a friend, right?
Secret Service. Worked the Nixon detail.
This was after they threw him out of office.
No. Anyway, you know,
Nixon's driving around one day
around San Clemente.
-Just him and a few agents.
-Yeah.
And they come across
this car accident, right?
There's a guy pinned under a car.
Anyway, Nixon gets out,
runs over to check on the guy,
you know, leans down,
and Nixon says to him,
"You're gonna be okay, son.
You're gonna be all right."
And right then the guy dies.
I don't get it.
Think about it from that guy's
point of view, okay?
The guy who died.
He's lying there on the ground,
staring up at the sky, near death,
and then former president
Richard Nixon appears before him
and tells him he's gonna be fine.
Now, did he think that's normal, right,
that before they die, everybody sees Nixon?
You're expecting an angel and you get Nixon.
-Exactly. Right?
-Yeah.
It's the same situation,
just a vastly different point of view.
So there's two ways to look at something.
Yeah.
That's the point of the story?
-Yeah.

-Yeah, just say that.

What?

Well, you just lead me on this epic fucking journey with this story, and 10 minutes later, the point is that there's two ways to look at something.

Just... You could just say that.

You didn't like that story?

-That would be awful.

-Wouldn't it, right?

-Yeah.

-It would suck, right?

-Oh.

-HOLLAND:

Thank God.

\$100,000. Packed it myself.

Just...

It's not common you find such nice people in the world.

(LAUGHS)

I'm sorry about him.

He just wanted to come along.

I don't know why.

But I'll call you, you know, when we make the drop.

Thank you.

HOLLAND:

Me? No. I got insurance.

-This baby right here.

-Is that an ankle gun?

-That is an ankle gun, yeah.

-That's pretty sweet.

Uh-huh.

I'm falling asleep at the wheel here, man.

I'm gonna need you to drive.

I'm gonna pull over up here.

You don't have to pull over.

The car can drive itself.

What?

Just take your hands off the wheel, man.

Hmm.

I didn't know it could do that.

Where you been, man?
Every car can do this.
Yeah, March, where the fuck
have you been, man?
Idiot. You didn't know that?
You fly everywhere. You don't even drive.
What do you know?
He's got a point there, Bumble.
Yeah, whatever.
I used to fly all the time,
but now the smog is just disgusting, man.
It's just this pollution is out of control.
All the bees are riding around
in cars these days.
Wake up! Wake up!
-March! Wake up!
-(TYRES SQUEALING)
March! Wake up!
-(SHRIEKING)
-Shit. Shit.
(CLEARING THROAT)
That's not money.
Tally packed it herself. She said so.
Why? Why would she send us off
on some wild fucking goose chase?
Amelia.
(LINE BEEPING)
-No, like The Waltons.
-Yeah?
Yeah, on TV.
Richard something? Yeah.
-Who's that actor?
-Jessica, get off the phone.
Yeah. Anyway, so this new John Boy's
like a murderer or something.
-Uh-huh.
-(DOORBELL RINGS)
Shit. Now it's gonna bug me.
You must be Holly.
Dr Malek.
-Hi.
-Hi.
-She's inside. Come in.
-Thank you.

JESSICA:

-You mind fetching your dad?

-Uh, he's running an errand.

-Back anytime soon?

-Oh, hour, tops.

Fine.

Now, then, Nurse Holly, how's our patient?

-That's her?

-Oh, no, that's Jessica.

-What she's got you can't fix.

-(CHUCKLES)

You are very funny.

In there.

Asleep. Slight fever.

Hmm.

On drugs you think?

Maybe smoking the reefer?

What was she saying?

-Was she making sense?

-JESSICA:

Holly, what's the name of the guy
on The Waltons that plays John Boy?

With the hockey puck on his face?

(CHUCKLES) That show's for retards.

Dr Malek, would you like a cookie?

Just baked them.

There's none left. I looked, remember?

No, there's a couple. Doctor?

I could be persuaded.

After I have a look at Sleeping Beauty.

(SIGHS)

Nurse Holly.

(THUDDING)

Holly, what are you doing? Are you crazy?

There are handcuffs behind the bar, asshole.

Get them.

This is really slowing me down, Holly.

What's going on?

Jessica, it's him. He's the guy.

Jessica, if you help me with this,

I'll only kill Holly.

Jessica, dial 911.

Jessica, I wouldn't do that if I were you.

(TYRES SCREECHING)

(GRUNTING)

You hear that?

-Excuse me.

-Evening.

HOLLAND:

just a second ago?

Oh, yeah, just now.

That was me.

I threw that little girl out the window.

Cover me.

God.

-Holly!

-Dad!

HOLLAND:

HOLLY:

HOLLAND:

Fucking fascists! (GASPS)

Jesus!

-Sorry.

-Get in.

Okay, come here.

Stay in here and don't move.

-Okay.

-Okay. Okay.

Wait, wait.

Dad, Dad, here you go.

Jesus!

Jessica. I think she's awake.

Wait, where are you going?

What are you doing?

Tell Mr Healy thanks for nothing.

(TREE CREAKING)

(GROANS)

Fuck!

Are you okay?

March, gun, gun!

-Fuck!

-Shit!

Here.

(SIREN WAILING)

(TYRES SCREECHING)

He's gone.

He's gone. (PANTING)

Hey.

-Shit.

-(SIREN WAILING)

Wow.

Please, I need to get out of here.

(GUNSHOT)

-(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS)

-(POLICE RADIO CHATTER)

She had her fucking daughter killed, Perry.

Please tell me they're

at least gonna question her.

They haven't and they're not going to.

Because?

Because she's the head

of the Justice Department.

Oh, and, by the way,

you're welcome. (LAUGHS)

You're out, free on your own

recognisance. You get to walk.

There should be like a statue

of me in your fucking house.

I'm sorry, guys.

You're gonna lose this one, all right?

Your word against hers.

No evidence. You lose.

You better seriously think

about changing your story.

HOLLAND:

Maybe the goddamn birds can't breathe.

Amelia, Misty, Dean, Shattuck, all dead.

The rest of us just get to choke.

(SIGHS) I need a drink.

-How much do I owe you, buddy?

-12 bucks, pal.

I always hated that palm tree.

-Never trusted it.

-(CHUCKLES)

-Go inside and get your stuff.

-Okay.

We'll go stay in a hotel or something.

We'll get room service.

-Mr March.

-Mrs Glenn.

I need to talk to you.

(CHUCKLING) What a wonderful surprise.

-Is that your house?

-We're remodelling.

Listen, this isn't a great time.

It is a great time.

He is supposed to be looking for my niece.

-Really?

-Because I saw her.

But nobody believes me.

Why will nobody believe me?

I'm sure I don't know, ma'am.

I saw her in her house

through the front window as clear as day,
writing something at a desk.

She was wearing a blue pinstriped jacket.

I've seen that jacket, sure, yeah.

What do you mean, you saw that jacket?

In Shattuck's office.

It was there with a bunch of other clothes.

That jacket was in Sid Shattuck's office?

Yeah. It was bagged up.

It had Misty's name on it

and the name of the movie.

It's wardrobe for the film.

It's wardrobe for the film.

-Holy fucking shit.

-Oh!

Sorry. Mrs Glenn, I need you

to take us to Misty's house.

I need you to show us exactly what you saw.

MRS GLENN:

That's the window.

I was coming around that corner

and I saw her through that window.

(DOOR SHUTS)

But, no, it was here. The desk was here.

No desk there now.

MRS GLENN:

-Dad, what are you doing?

-Give me a second.

(WHIRRING)

World's worst detective, huh?

You did see your niece, Mrs Glenn.

You saw her on that wall,
at a desk, in a pinstriped suit.

So what she saw was a movie?

Not a movie. The movie.

-The movie.

-But the film burned up.

Well, how did she see it
two days after it supposedly burned up?

And the wardrobe matches perfectly.

So Amelia had a second print?

She had a copy?

Wouldn't you?

And she gave that copy to Misty.

So she comes here,
checks the film against that wall...

Lily sees it through that window.

And Amelia splits and takes the film.

And goes where?

Oh, for fuck...

I mean, can't we get to the next...

The Western Hotel to meet the businessman.

Distributors.

She was screening it for the distributors.

She was showing them the film.

It's out there. The film exists.

-Now we just have to find it.

-HOLLY:

"Opening night, 9:00 p.m." Signed, Chet.

-Fucking Chet.

-The protestor guy?

Give me that shit.

She was planning something with Chet.

Opening night?

The LA auto show.

-It's today, right?

-JACKSON:

Big party. Mucky-mucks. Loads of press.
If you wanted to get a story out there, right?
And fucking Chet's a projectionalist.

MRS GLENN:

I've been listening to everything you said.
Does this mean...
Does this mean that my niece is dead?
Yes!
-I mean, you know, yes.
-(SIGHS)
-She was murdered. I'm sorry.

-JACKSON:

But we're gonna bring down
the people who did it.
Yeah, and for a deeply discounted rate, so...

MC:

and the 1978 Pacific Coast Auto Show.
Styled road wheels.
These all-new fuel-efficient systems.

MAN:

WOMAN:

three-passenger runabout.
Cadillac have brought their new Eldorado.
...featuring a 7-litre V8.
(ELEVATOR DINGS)
You guys know where the projection room is?
You seen Chet, the projectionist?
Yeah, he just left like 10
minutes ago, went for a drink.
-And you are?
-In a hurry. Thanks, buddy.
How'd you know my name was Buddy?

WOMAN:

This year's edition is looking spectacular.
Come and see it, folks.

JACKSON:

Motor City Pride.

-That's not it.

-Shit.

That's not the film.

Fucking Chet.

He's probably still got it stashed somewhere.

(GUN COCKS)

Tally. Oh, my God, you look incredible.

How do you get your hair to...

It's magnificent.

(STUTTERS) Listen, I don't know what's going on here, but there's been some foul play.

Do you know that that suitcase that you gave us, somebody switched it out.

-There was no money in it.

-TALLY:

Weapons on the floor. Now.

(SIGHS) I guess you killed the projectionist, huh?

No. My associate's out looking for him now.

We'll find him.

Tally, let me ask you something.

You ever really killed anybody?

In Detroit, yeah. Three times.

Really?

That's where this all started.

The Detroit show.

That bitch Misty shooting her mouth off about her new movie.

Tally, this is not you.

You're not a murderer.

She just said she killed three people.

I know, but I'm saying deep down.

JACKSON:

By the time you get to three...

Don't paint her with that brush.

I guess it's easy to live in your world, right, where everyone sits in their place.

See what's in front of you.

She's got a gun and she's killed three...

-Come on, man.
-You don't know her upbringing.
-You gotta face the situation.
-You don't know what she...
-(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
-Room service.
-Shit. No.
-What's wrong with him?
I... I don't know. I'm gonna ask him.
-March?
-Yeah?
Uh, what the fuck are you doing?
Did you move it?
-Move what?
-The fucking gun.
-What gun?
-The fucking ankle gun.
Who told you I had an ankle gun?
You did. In the car before we crashed.
You were like,
"Oh, check out my ankle gun."
You know,
you showed me your ankle gun.
Come on. Are you serious?
Are you fucking serious?
-Oh, shit.

-JACKSON:

Did I dream that?
Yeah, you moron, you dreamt it.
No, no, no, no.
Yeah, you're right, that was...
Just shut up. Shut up! Both of you.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
Room service.
-This takes the fucking cake.

-TALLY:

Holly, you can come in now.
(CHUCKLES)
Very clever, Holly.
Thanks. I thought so.
(GASPS)
Why did you just throw cold coffee on me?

I got it in the hallway.
I thought it was hot.
I like where your head's at, sweetheart.
That really could have worked out.
All right, you know, everybody,
in the corner.
Come on. (YELPS)
(GUNSHOT)

HOLLAND:

-Well, that really worked out.
-Yeah.
Now we just gotta find that
fucking Chet before John Boy does.
Yeah. Well, that guy said
he was going for a drink.
You take the roof bar.
I'll take downstairs.
-Well done, kiddo.
-Thanks.
-You the projectionist?
-Mmm-hmm. (CLEARS THROAT)
Look, we got a problem on nine.
Someone knocked over the projector.
The film's all over the floor.
-Film's on the floor? Really?
-Yeah, it's a mess.
You follow me?
(SLOW SONG PLAYING)
(ELEVATOR DINGS)
Okay, just wait here.
I'm gonna take a look around.
I wanna help.
You can help by staying put, okay?
Promise me you'll get the film?
Yeah, I promise.
Pinky promise?
Fuck.
(INDISTINCT CONVERSATIONS)
Hey, pal, what can I do you for?
Free drinks. What do you have?
Little guy, stringy hair.
I think they went out through those doors.
Hey, Chet? Chet?

(CHET MOANS)

Hey. Hey, Chet.

(MOANING)

Amelia's film, where is it?

The film is in the projector.

Repeat, it's in the projector.

But we already checked that.

-Spliced in.

-What?

It's spliced into the middle of it,
right in the other film. Go get it.

On my way.

(ELEVATOR DINGS)

Don't you know it's rude to eavesdrop?

I got a gun pointed directly
at your daughter's spine.

Come with me. Come on, baby.

(VOCALISING)

How does that song go?

(SIGHS)

(DINGS)

NARRATOR:

to the finest fleet of automobiles
Detroit has to offer,
giving the world luxury redefined.
In addition to the most distinctive styling,
we are bringing you interiors
that are comfort assured,
combining velour, leather,
wood panelling and an improved...

(HOLLAND GROANS)

Help him up.

Why'd you have to bring the goddamn kid?

-I fucked up.

-Yeah, you fucked up.

(CRYING)

NARRATOR:

-(CROWD EXCLAIMING)

-(WOMAN MOANING)

Oh, my God.

Fuck, fuck.

Do you want her to see you like this?

-(CONTINUES CRYING)
-You fucking drunk.
Oh, don't start that crying shit.
-I fucked up.
-You drunk motherfucker, you.
-I love you.
-It's embarrassing.
I'm sorry. Duck.
-What?
-Duck.
Motherfucker!
(GRUNTING)
(SHRIEKS)
Well, I'm Bulging Paulsen
and I represent the Detroit
auto manufacturers.
That's who the hell I am.
You poison our air.
The people won't stand for it.
Nixon!
No!
(GRUNTING)

MISTY:

to change my mind.
Perhaps if we came
to a monetary arrangement.
I'll take a wire transfer.
It's a Union Federal account.
Number 22-12.
Just tell them the exact amounts.
-(ALL SCREAMING)
-He's got a gun!
(BULLETS RICOCHETING)
-(CLAMOURING)
-(FIRE ALARM RINGING)
(GUNSHOTS CONTINUE)
Oh, my God.
(BREATHING DEEPLY)
Three, two, one.
Jesus!
How'd you get down here?
I told you to go to the roof.
-Did you fall?

-Yeah.

Jesus Christ, are you kidding?

I think I'm invincible.

It's the only thing that makes sense.

-I don't think I can die.

-Where's the film?

It's up there. We just gotta go get it.

You get out of here, you little shit.

-(HOLLY GRUNTS)

-(SCREAMS)

You give me that, you fucked-up little hippy.

You want it? Go get it.

No!

Get me that fucking film. Move it.

-Cover me.

-What? March! March!

GUARD:

(GRUNTING)

Fuck.

March, go. I got this.

(GRUNTING)

(ALARM RINGING)

(GROANING)

(GUN FIRING)

Hey!

(GRUNTING)

MAN:

-(HONKING)

-(WOMAN SCREAMS)

MAN:

(HONKING)

Mr Healy, what are you doing?

Go away, Holly.

Healy, stop. You don't have to kill him.

(GRUNTS)

Mr Healy, if you kill this man,

I will never speak to you again.

(GROANS)

(COUGHS)

Congratulations, buddy.

You owe your life to a 13-year-old girl.

Come on, let's go down and see your dad.

-(SIRENS WAILING)

-And that would be the cops.

OFFICER:

Sir, is anyone left in the building?

He's not responsive.

All right, let's find out who else is...

HOLLAND:

You just win.

Jesus Christ.

Oh, shit.

You know what? Don't even talk to her.

Don't even look at her, man.

Fuck.

Oh, boys, boys.

You really think you got
something done here.

Do you have a clue what just happened?

It was protocol. I followed protocol.

(SPEAKING FAKE GERMAN)

What's wrong with him?

I believe he's making a connection
between you and Adolf Hitler.

Read the fucking newspaper.

What's good for Detroit is good for America.

Unbelievable.

The America I love owes
its life to the Big Three.

But it's all right for you
to fail your daughter?

-Detroit had her killed.

-I think I read about that.

The whole city got together,
took a vote. Big turnout.

I wanted her safe.

That's why I hired you two.

You're going to jail, Mrs Kuttner.

I might be going to jail,
but it won't make a difference.

You can't take Detroit down.

And if I'm not there to take care of it,
someone else will be.

Okay, well, we shall see.

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)

Merry Christmas, everybody.

Merry Christmas!

Jesus.

Where is he?

Scotch.

Did you see the TV?

Yeah, I saw.

They're gonna let them off,
the car companies, scot-free.

Not enough evidence of collusion, you see.

I heard.

The sun went up, the sun went down.

Nothing changes, just like you said.

Look, they got away with it.

Big surprise, you know?

(SIGHS)

People are stupid.

But they're not that stupid.

The point is five years tops,
we're all driving electric
cars from Japan, anyway.

Mark my words.

Look at this.

You ever see the bad-breath tie?

(EXHALES) Breathe on it.

Works every time. Kills Holly.

At least you're drinking again.

Yeah. I feel great.

-You know, nobody got hurt.

-A few people got hurt.

I'm saying I think they died quickly, though,
so I don't think that they got hurt.

Look at this.

-I'm sorry you look Filipino.

-I do.

Or I look Mexican.

HOLLAND:

-Old lady in Glendale.

-Mmm-hmm.

Thinks her husband's
sleeping with Lynda Carter.

Wonder Woman?

Or Lynda Carter.

That's what we have to figure out.

Right.

But he's 82, so it's time-sensitive.

-What do you say?

-(BUZZING)

Shit.

(CLEARS THROAT)

-To the birds.

-Hallelujah.

(BLUES MUSIC PLAYING)