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Tony Rome

By Richard L. Breen

- Gin.
- What?
Gin.
You heard it.
Dirty, rotten bastard.
What do you say,
Beau Jack?
Hey, Tony!
Hey, Tony Rome!
- What do you want?
- For you.
- Yeah.
- Tony, This is Ralph Turpin. How ya been?
- What do you want?
- I'm a house dick now. Corsair Hotel. Know it?
Sure, I know it.
It's a hot pillow shop.
- You must feel right at home there.
- I'm in a jam.
We need help with at girl
who checked in last night.
What's your problem?
Is she underage or is she dead?
Listen, Tony, you owe me, so cut the comedy.
You gonna come over and help or not?
All right, all right.
I'll drop by.
But I'm warnin' ya...
No heavy-duty stuff.
If it is,
I'm just passin' through.
Manager's sore as hell.
What did he do?
Catch your hand in the till?
The girl. He expects the house dick
to back-stop everything.
This is Mr. Welsh,
the manager.
She's still got her clothes on.
What, did the zipper get stuck?
She checked in here
a couple hours before daylight.
- Under her own steam?
- Alone, and under her own steam.

- But she was pretty far gone.
- She ain't underage. We didn't do nothin' wrong.
- What did you call me for?
- We can't afford another tangle with the cops.
We already got a couple
marks in their books.
Expensive clothes.
Good booze.
If she's a bum,
she's good at it.
For a hundred bucks, you take her home.
And don't say where you found her.
Pass. Too tricky.
- Tony, wait.
- You said you two were partners.
Ex-partners.
We got a divorce a year ago.
We closed the books,
and it's gonna stay that way.
A report's been filed.
She's a missing person.
- She ain't missin'much, baby.
- She's married. Name of Diana Pines.
Her father filed the report...
Rudolph Kosterman.
- Kosterman Construction?
- That's the one.
- The big wheel from Mayport.
- Oh, he's big.
Big?
He holds a mortgage on Florida.
Now, what about it,
Tony?
I can't take this girl home.
If I do, they'll trace me right back to here.
Now, you do owe me a favor.
I saved his life.
I could square that
with a stick of gum.
Joke all you like,
but that guy was taking dead aim...
- at the back of your head with a .45.
- All right. All right. Cool it.
You get one favor,

I get 200.

What? Two hundred?

Two hundred.

Okay.

Here.

A hundred now...

and the other hundred

tomorrow?

Deal.

I'm gonna bring the car

around the side exit.

After I've been gone 30 minutes,

call Kosterman and tell him

I'm bringing his daughter home.

And tell chubby here it wouldn't be healthy

if he forgets the other hundred.

He'll get it.

He'll get it.

If the cops don't sweat

the name of this hotel out of him.

Somebody'll squeeze

somethin' out of Tony...

the day Georgia elects

a colored governor.

Diana, where did you

disappear to?

- You're not hurt or anything?

- Does it matter?

- Don't talk like that. I've been so worried...

- Daddy! Daddy!

Just what's your connection

with my wife?

She's nothing but a \$200 stranger

to me, that's all.

Are you Mr. Rome?

I'm Rudy Kosterman.

Do you mind coming inside

for a few minutes?

Don't worry, sugar.

It's just a hangover.

I'll get you something to make you sleep

and put you to bed.

I'll be with you

in a minute.

Slut!

Now that I've been introduced,
who are you?

Tony Rome.

Who's the woman helping Diana?

Mrs. Kosterman.

Oh, I get it. She's the mother
and you're the grandmother.

She's the stepmother. I'm the leftover
from last night's party.

Oh, my name's

Ann Archer.

Slut... That's just a nickname.

Only my dearest friends use it.

Pour you a drink?

Yeah, I'll have a gin.

Make it light.

What time does
the hockey game start?

How long have
you known Diana?

An hour.

How'd she get so wet?

I thought you'd know.

There was some drinking
here last night.

She got a little teed off
about something and tore off in a taxi.

Well, I finally got her
settled down.

She says she passed out
in a hotel room.

She couldn't have
gotten that drunk.

Was she alone, or did you have
anything to do with her condition?

She had intimate relations with
a bottle of booze. That's all I know.

What was the name
of that hotel?

That's where I fit in.

The management didn't want any trouble,
so they hired me to bring her home.

- Hired you?

- Yes. I'm a private detective, Mr. Kosterman.

Now, she's home safely.

Why don't you drop the whole matter?

You know, I could call the police
and make you reveal the name of the hotel.

Mr. Kosterman's a very rich man.

He has a lot of influence.

He'd have to be rich to pay the tabs
for the booze she drinks.

Oh, now, just one minute, Mr. Rome.

You don't know my daughter.

She's never done anything
like this before.

Now, she's in trouble. She must be.

Why would she do a thing like that?

I think a psychiatrist can give you better
answers than I can, Mr. Kosterman.

My only child disappears and comes back
in this condition, and I wanna know why!

I'll pay ya to find out!

Why don't you let her sleep it off,
and when she feels better, talk it over.

If she's in a jam,
then you can hire me.

How do we know who this fellow is...
or what he is?

Lieutenant Santini of the Miami Police
Department can vouch for me.

My number's
in the phone book.

- Mr. Rome...

- What's your problem?

- Would you give me a lift into town?

- I would be delighted, lady.

I don't think they have the makings
of another party here. Ciao.

If you do know what's bothering Diana,
you better tell me.

Rudy, I told you before,
I don't know.

Tony Rome.

I never met
a private detective before.

Kind of a dirty

business, isn't it?
Maybe. Only thing worse
is the people who hire them.
How'd you get into it?
Well, there's a compulsion among the lower
classes to get money to eat once in a while.
Maybe you heard
the rumor about it.
All right. So I'm rich.
Why get mad at me?
Because it's not nice manners
to tell a man who's in a dirty business...
that he's in
a dirty business.
- Where can I drop you?
- The Fontainebleau.
I don't live in Miami.
I'm down here dumping a husband.
What did he do
to get dumped?
He was just blah
in a general way.
Money was
his best feature.
And we lived in Buffalo.
Have you ever been to Buffalo?
Never. I promised myself
when I was ten years old.
Why don't we stop
for a drink?
About that
Kosterman setup...
Ain't it a little strange...
the daughter and son-in-law
to be living with dad and stepmother?
I mean, don't you think
it's a little too cozy?
The kids are building a new house.
It's taking longer than they thought.
It figures. It'd take about six months
to build a liquor cabinet.
- How'd you get hooked up with 'em?
- I met 'em at a party.
That's all I do down here...

go to parties and dodge passes.
Every man you meet thinks you want
to play "slap and tickle."
- Tell 'em you're not interested.
- Well, that's the trouble.
Sometimes I am.
Why don't you
flip a coin?
You know,
it's the damnedest thing...
People like me
are called F.M.s.
- "F"...What?
- Formerly married.
We're divorced women.
We can't claim to be the town virgins...
and we can't afford
to be the town tramps.
What do we do?
Well, you could hang
a sign on yourself...
says, "occasionally promiscuous."
You married?
Why not?
Up to now, I haven't found
a dame who's a bookmaker.
See, I gamble.
And that wouldn't be
a nice life for a lady.
Besides that, I...
I live on a boat, and I like it.
- A boat?
- Yeah, a little item I won in a dice game.
Would you like to
come up for a drink?
No. Forget it.
- It would make it too easy.
- For you or for me?
You're an interesting man,
Tony Rome.
But I suddenly realize
I've been doing all the pursuing.
Not healthy
for my ego.

You can relax.

You're just suffering from a case
of the divorce blues.

- What's that?

- It's kind of like a post-pregnancy depression.

Neither lasts.

Malcolm.!

Malcolm.!

- Good evening.

- How are ya?

Come in.

Sit down.

You probably
want to get to bed.

- Mm-hmm. That's reasonable.

- You give us the pin, we'll leave.

Well, I don't know how to
tell you this, but I'm fresh out of pins.

That's too bad.

Well, do I get told why?

We could knock you out with a gun butt
if you prefer. It's up to you.

- Or the chloroform.

- Oh, I'll have some of this.

When.

Mr. Rome.

Mr. Rome?

I don't remember the other night.

You are Mr. Rome?

I was last night.

I went to your office.

The janitor thought you might be here.

Daddy said

I should thank you.

I've been paid for it.

I am grateful,

but now I want my pin back.

- You want your what back?

- A diamond pin.

Everybody needs a pin.

I was wearing it when I left the house,
and it was gone when you brought me home.

That doesn't mean

I took your pin.

- I'm positive someone took it.
- If I had it, I sure as hell ain't got it now.
You mean, someone
came aboard and did this?
Nah. I had the boat
specially built to look like this.
What has this got
to do with my pin?
If you don't know,
I sure don't know.
Why don't you turn it over to the police
department or the insurance company?
I don't want my father
to find out I lost it.
He's upset with me enough as it is.
Please, can't you find it for me?
Sweetheart, anybody
could've taken that pin.
I think you must've guzzled your way
through half of Miami.
I must've.
I left home with \$100 in my purse,
and there was only 15 when I got back.
Fifteen?
Mm-hmm.
What do you figure
the value of the pin?
About 5,000.
Okay, the going rate
is 10% if I find it. Deal?
All right, if you can find it.
Excuse me.
- Rome here.
- This is Rudy Kosterman.
You'll never guess what happened.
Your daughter
skipped out again.
You guessed it.
Can you find her?
I don't know. I'll try.
May not be easy.
Also, I want you to find out
what's bothering her.
Something is.

She wouldn't talk to me about it.
Tell me about that son-in-law of yours.
Do you think he plays around?
I doubt it.
He can barely farm his own land.
I'll get back to you.
I'll tell you what.
You meet me at my office
late this afternoon, about 5:00.
- Will you have my pin by then?
- Maybe.
I'd do just anything to get it back.
Just anything.
I appreciate what you're offering,
sweetheart, but I need the money more.
I'll see you later.
Park it.
- Tony. How'd it go?
- Not bad.
Good.
- The hundred.
- What?
- The other hundred.
- Oh. Oh, yeah.
Here.
Now I want the pin.
- What pin?
- The diamond pin.
The one that the girl wasn't wearing
by the time I got here.
Look. She hit a lot of bars.
Somewhere along the line,
she got rolled.
She got rolled all right... right here,
for the money and the pin.
Are you callin' me
a crook?
Listen, this kid
was out 85 bucks.
She couldn't possibly
drink that much whiskey.
She could sip
that much.
Manny's Cleaning Establishment.

Manny, this is Rome.

How about the sixth at Hialeah?

Well, pox on that horse!

I'm workin' for nothin'
again this week.

Tail outta here

and use your own phone.

- Now, how 'bout that pin?

- I didn't steal no pin.

You'd steal a train

if you could find a fence who'd handle it.

All right. I'll admit...

I took 50 from her purse.

In a way, I was doing her a favor.

She'd had enough to drink.

Now, ain't we

the big, fat social worker.

One of these days, Turpin, they're gonna
nail you on a real solid charge.

They catch you hangin'
around a school yard.

I've been waitin' to do this
for a long time!

Temper, temper.

Remember, I'm your guest.

Beside that, I'm on short dough,
and I'm out of shape.

Wouldn't pay for the bridge work.

Now, Ralph, the pin ain't worth that much.

Beside that, it's hot. The most you could get
would be 200 bucks from a fence.

- So?

- So I give you a hundred. No sweat.

- You're still callin' me a crook.

- Nah, nah.

But you run into luck
every once in a while.

You might find it layin' around.

If you do, you drop it in the mail...

you get a hundred,
no questions.

Okay.

So I'll look around.

Who knows? Maybe

she dropped it someplace.
Yeah. Like maybe, uh,
under the rug.
- You know him?
- Never saw him before.
I'm sorry!
This gimpy leg of mine is always...
Why don't you get a skate?
I really am sorry, but I've got to go.
Oh. You never stay anymore.
You just come and go,
go and come, and...
Stop it, Lorna.
It's all right, Diana. I understand.
I understand too.
What the hell. You know.
I mean, thanks for the money.
It's not enough, but, you know...
It's the best I can do.
I'd bring more if I could.
You're very generous.
Drive carefully.
Good night, Adam.
For God's sake, Lorna.
When will you learn to shut up?
That really bugs you, doesn't it?
I mean, that I can...
I can say anything
I want to her.
You're gonna get sick, really sick,
if you keep that up.
I don't care. I...
If I do, there's not really too much
you can do about it, is there?
My face!
My face... Get your
grubby hands off me.!
Sam! Sam, stop it!
You heard me, Sam.
Let him go!
Let him go!
My brother's normally very gentle.
You must have upset him.
He didn't mention it.

He's quite formidable,
as you've discovered.
He's pretty damn big too.
Nature's compensation
to him, I suppose.
Why don't you keep him
on a leash?
Who are you, and what
are you doing here?
I came here to snap a few pictures of the place
for Better Homes and Gardens.
Oop! Oh, my leg!
Adam! My leg!
Get eight more guys.
You could have a minyan.
Oh, Adam,
my leg hurts!
Joe. Tony Rome.
Give me an up-to-date list
on fences operating in Miami.
Hold it.
Just a second.
I think I got company.
I'll call you later.
Homicide. Santini.
Dave, it's Tony.
My ex-partner just
took a hit in my office.
His gun's here,
and I think he used it.
Yeah. Somebody's walking around Miami
with a big, fat.45 slug in him.
Sure, I know everybody knows
I hate his guts. So what?
Okay. I'll be here
waiting for you.
Tony Rome, to see Mr. Kosterman.
I'm sorry.
I'm afraid it's too late.
- It's all right. Let him in!
- That's big of you.
Thanks to your daughter, there was a guy
killed in my office tonight.
What's my daughter gotta do

with a guy killed in your office?
He was the house dick from the hotel
where I picked her up.
Oh. Well, that doesn't mean
that she's involved.
She's involved.
And pretty soon, Mr. Kosterman...
there are gonna be a gang of cops
crawlin' all over me...
wanting to know why this guy got himself
croaked in my office.
Well, they can't hang you
if you didn't do it.
No, but they could
lift my license.
Now, you can pull some strings in this state.
I'd like you to pull a few...
and get the law
off my back.

- Who's Lorna?
- Lorna?
- Mm-hmm. Dame with the bottle.
- That's my ex-wife.
- That's Diana's mother.
- Mm-hmm. Adam?

Adam Boyd. That's her present husband.
How'd you get mixed up with them?

- How'd you get mixed up with them?
- Oh, that's a good question.

I've asked myself that
quite a few times.
You see, I started out as a bricklayer,
a common bricklayer.
Twenty million dollars later, they said
I had no class, so I bought some... Lorna.
I caught her with Boyd,
and I kicked her out.

- She landed pretty hard.
- She wanted Boyd, and now she's got him.

Mm-hmm. Well,
that's her problem.
My problem's a stiff
layin' in my office.
All right.

I'll advance you 500.
And they'll be a bonus.
Just keep my family out of it.
I need more than money,
Mr. Kosterman. I need juice.
All right. I'll make
a few phone calls.
But I'm sure that Diana
had nothing to do with it.
Maybe. Maybe not.
But if you let the cops roust me too long,
I'm gonna bring her into this thing.
You'll get a refund,
but she's gonna be in it.
Mrs. Kosterman.
Did my husband
hire you?
You were listening.
Did he or didn't he?
Mr. Rome,
I love my husband.
I don't want to
see him hurt.
Whatever you find out
about Diana, please...
use judgment about
whether to tell it.
I usually do.
And I've blown
a few clients doing it.
Tell me something. How did you get hooked
up with someone like Mr. Kosterman?

Repeat:

I love him.
No offense,
but, uh...
seems to me you might have
run some pretty fast tracks.
We met in the bar
of the Columbia Towers in New York.
I was a cocktail waitress.
He was lonely, and...
I guess you could say

I was a pickup.
- I could.
- But I wasn't hustling, if that's what you mean.
And I've been good for him.
And how's he been for you?
The best.
This is \$500.
If you find out anything upsetting
about Diana, don't tell him.
First Diana hires me, then your husband
hires me, now you wanna hire me.
If you had a bigger family,
I could retire.
- But I can't take it.
- Why not?
That would give me three clients
at cross purposes. Unethical.
Do you really care?
This may come as a surprise
to you, lady...
it may also break my bookmaker's heart,
but sometimes I do.
Then at least
tell me first.
- That I can do.
- Mr. Rome.
- Mm-hmm?
- Diana's pin...
Have you any idea
where it is?
I thought I did,
but now I'm not too sure.
You must've found out
something by now.
Are you sure you're
working hard enough?
Me, working hard enough?
Do you know since I took this job, I've had
to turn down two offers to go to bed?
And I never wanna work
that hard again. Never.
Two!
Santini, please.
Dave, it's Tony. Oh, wait a minute!

Don't blow a gasket!
I'm on my way down.
Yeah, I'll be right there.
You always come in this late?
No wonder
your wife's in heat.
Come on. We've been going around
for four hours with this crap, Dave.
- Why don't we knock it off.
- Don't be such a hard-nose. Give us cooperation.
You know I didn't
kill that bum.
Ballistics already told you the bullet
in Turpin didn't come from my gun.
Why don't you check the hospitals
for the guy that Turpin shot.
A guy walking around with a hole that big
in him has got to go get patched up.
Look, Tony, I just asked
for a list of your clients.
- A list of my clients I could
write on a piece of confetti.
Yeah.
- I take it I've been released.
- Yeah.
It seems you know
Rudy Kosterman.
Well, like I always said,
it's nice to have influential friends.
Is it?
Your father didn't
think so, at the end.
Dave, we've been friends
a long time. You're upset.
I'm gonna forget
you just said that... this time.
- You shouldn't. You should remember it.
- Why?
As a warning.
All right, you
sanctimonious bastard.
You want to play for keeps,
we'll play for keeps.
I'll dump Kosterman, and I'll turn over

everything I've been holding on to to you if...

- If what?

- If you forget the word that came down.

You know Kosterman's my client.

You drag him down here

and bother him like you bothered me.

Okay. You made your point.

Now get out.

I'd be delighted.

- It's dawn!

- Mm-hmm.

- You certainly pick odd hours to call on a girl.

- Mm-hmm.

Not that I'm complaining.

Come on in.

Coffee or a screwdriver?

- Screwdriver.

- Vodka or gin?

Gin.

Tell me something.

Was Diana wearing a diamond pin...

the night she flew out

of the Kosterman house?

I didn't notice.

All women look

at other women's jewelry.

Not me.

Just their men.

Miami Beach...

20 miles of sand looking for a city.

Twenty miles

of pure jerks.

Florida orange juice... That's about

the only thing I've been enjoying...

since I've been down here.

You know, the other day,

I met this big hunk of stuff out by the pool.

He started to turn me on,

so we went to the bar for a drink.

You know what he orders?

Brandy and ginger ale.

Brandy and ginger ale!

Mmm.

Don't get flustered.

Just testing.

Mmm.

Gin for you...

vodka for me.

I'll drink to that.

What was I talking about?

Oh. This stink-pot town.

Do you know the women

outnumber the men 10 to 1?

That means you go out with guys

who order brandy and ginger ale.

- Brandy...

- Unless you want to sit in a hotel room...

waiting for a picture to get crooked

on the wall so you can straighten it.

Just anything to do.

- You know what your trouble with men is?

- What?

You don't try hard enough. You gotta
stay in there and punch all the time.

It's a man's town. Admit it...

you've made a few scores.

Mm-hmm. With women who want me

to watch their husbands...

to see if they're cheating.

Now, tell me about

Diana and the party.

Oh, can't you cool this

detective stuff for a while?

After all, you're not

a real cop anymore.

All right, so I've been

nosing around.

You were a cop,

and so was your father...

until he leaned

on the wrong politician.

It broke in the papers,

and he blew his brains out.

At least, that's

the story I heard.

Are you finished?

No wonder

you quit the force.

All right. Let's get back to Diana.
When she left the party,
she must've been pretty steamed.
Just a minute.
Were you, by chance,
friendly with her husband?
Don't tell me she hired you to find out
how far it went between us.
How friendly were you?
Well, she walked into the bedroom,
and she found us together in a clinch.
Would you like to
describe the clinch?
Well, it was sort of...
a leaning-over-me
clinch.
Uh, how far
leaning-over-me clinch?
Sort of a... flat
leaning-over-me clinch.
Oh, nothing happened.
She blitzed it, walking in like that.
Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk.
Some people have no manners.
Thanks for
the information, baby.
Hey! What's the sudden rush?
Stick around.
You look like you need
to get some sleep and relax.
Oh, I do, I do,
but I'll tend to that later.
Right now there are
too many questions unanswered.
And besides, I only know a part
of what Diana's problem is.
Well, what about
my problem?
I intend to take care
of that later.
Oh, yeah. You're gonna be
my next case.
You can count on it.
By the way, if I don't get back soon,

don't start without me.

Oh, Malcolm.!

- Thanks, Smitty.

- Hi, Tony. Just finished putting your boat back together.

- What's the tab?

- Two-forty.

Two-forty?

I asked you to fix it, not rebuild it.

Yeah. Yeah, Manny.

I'll pay you this morning.

Yeah, I'm a little surprised myself.

I got a client.

What's the price on the Celtics?

That ain't bad.

Give me a hundred of it.

And how about the morning line on that fight up in Toronto?

I figure Turpin had you check this out before sending it to me.

- When?

- How did you figure that?

Because you're the guy I caught him peddling hot jewelry to.

That's why I broke up our partnership.

What do you mean, "hot"?

The cops don't know you're a fence yet.

But I could let 'em know.

Give,

or I feed you to 'em.

Turpin brought it in

about 4:

He said it was

a family heirloom.

Some heirloom... glass!

I offered him five bucks for it.

He must be

laughing like hell.

He sent it to me

for a hundred dollars.
Sounds like
his kind of joke.
- Shame, him tapping out like that.
- Yeah.
There just ain't enough
sweet, miserable bums like him left...
on earth anymore, the creep.
Mr. Rome!
Mr. Rome!
Are we alone?
Yeah. Why?
What did you have in mind?
I'm Mrs. Schuyler.
I want to hire you.
Well, I'm afraid not.
You see, I'm tied up on a case this week.
Maybe next week.
But that'll be too late!
My pussycat will be dead by then!
Your pussycat?
Someone's trying
to poison her.
- Well, how do you know?
- From her attitude.
She-She's nervous.
She's terrified.
Well, you can't bank too much
on the attitude of a pussycat.
Oh! When a pussy used to be
so sunny and full of fun?
With the sweetest smile.
You got a pussy that smiles?
No!
That's just the point!
She's frowning now. She knows.
I tell you, she knows.
Well, I'm afraid
I-I can't help you, Mrs. Schuyler.
But... You-You could
at least meet my pussy.
No, no, no.
No, it's not possible.
I can't meet your pussy.

No.

Why don't you try the Burns Agency?

They specialize in pussy that won't smile.

Oh? Oh...

Oh, thank you, Mr. Rome.

Thank you.

Mr. Rome,

have you found my pin yet?

No, but I'm close.

How can you get close
lying here on a couch?

Look, sweetheart,
if you don't like the way I operate...
get yourself a new boy.

I'm sorry.

It's just that I'm worried.

- You got a cigarette?

- No.

Figures.

Your mother, Lorna...

how often do you
bankroll her?

- Oh, I work sometimes.

- She needs money.

I try to give her what I can
from my allowance.

You still get an allowance?

Well, Donald's still
learning the business...

and Daddy doesn't
pay him much yet.

So he gives me
a little extra.

And you slip it to Mommy.

What about Boyd? Does he ever
come up with any groceries?

He used to be
a nice person.

It's just that...

well, people change.

- They don't always turn out the way you hope.

- Oh, I know.

You should see
my baby pictures.

Tell me something. What insurance company handles your jewelry?

Acme.

This Kosterman goes big.

We're carrying close to 400,000 on his wife's jewelry, 100,000 on his daughter's.

You got an up-to-date list of all the job jewelers in Miami?

Yeah.

Uh, look, Tony, if there's anything hickey here, I'd like to know about it.

You will.

This'll take me the rest of the afternoon. I'll get back to you.

Uh, Tony. You still going with that Cuban girl?

Nah, she ran off.

Left me with a \$40 perfume bill.

Listen, if I'd known she was gonna smell that good, I'd have hung right in there.

Nice ride.

I can help you, sir?

Yes. You see, uh,

I've been to several other places...

and I need somebody

who's discreet.

My wife has a piece of jewelry, and, uh...

What I'm trying to say is...

could you possibly remove the original stones and replace 'em with phonies?

Sure.

You don't need

to be ashamed.

Many people, they need money, they don't want their friends to know.

I, uh, put glass stones in their jewelry...

the good stones I sell, and nobody knows.

- Very good.

- It is a common thing.

This is my wife's pin.

Your-Your wife's...

l... l...

- You've seen this before?

- No, no, no, no. Never.

That's good.

'Cause whoever worked on this pin before
could be in a great deal of trouble.

Not you, of course.

Nah.

Qu-Queen Jewelers?

This is Ruyter.

Is-Is Jules Langley there?

Well... Well-Well,

tell him to call me right away.

It is very important.

Yes.

Thanks.

Excuse me.

The gun.

- Thanks.

- Why not? Yours is bigger than mine.

Walk.

Go on in.

- You're the tour guide. Where do we go?

- In there.

Mr. Langley?

Here he is.

Yeah, I've been waiting for you,
ever since the Dutchman called.

- You made him very nervous.

- I got that feeling, yeah.

Well...

he's not nervous
anymore.

Tomorrow morning he'll be
a nice little Dutchman...
who slipped and fell
into the canal.

This way, Mr. Rome.

- Mr. Rome?

- Yeah.

Nimmo was supposed to
tail you to the pin.

Catleg was there
to back-stop him.

Oh, and they both

disappeared.

Ain't that tough?

- All right. Let's have the pin.

- I haven't got the pin.

- How about the pin?

- I haven't got it.!

Put him up here.

- We don't seem to be getting through to you.

- Oh, yes, you are.

Oh, you sure are.

Pin's in my office.

You're not that stupid.

You had it when you

pumped the Dutchman.

Get the Dutchman out of the tub.

We'll try giving him a drink.

Yes, sir.

Uh, just in case

you get noisy...

Can I borrow a smoke?

Help yourself.

Malcolm.!

Oh, Malcolm.!

Rose? How are you? It's Tony.

Is Dave there?

Fine.

Dave, did you find anybody

with Turpin's slug in him yet?

Well, he's got to be

someplace...

a busted doctor,

a private gut clinic.

Well, I got something

for you, baby.

Three more stiffs... two on the floor

and one in the bathtub.

Yeah.

1605 Galewood Road.

The ones on the floor

I did.

No, no. Don't bother to look for me.

I'm in a motel, and I'm whipped.

I'm beat.

I'll check in with you

tomorrow. I promise.
Calm down, will you, please?
I'm clean.
It's a clear case
of self-defense.
And besides, remember
the Kosterman juice.
Ciao.
Where... Where are we?
You're on your way home.
Again.
Listen, I think we better
get something straight.
Next time you decide
to go out on a drunk...
why don't you pick
a nice, comfortable gutter?
I wasn't drunk.
I got sleepy.
Uh-huh.
Bottle sleepy.
I was upset about something.
I had to see you.
If it's about Ann Archer
and your husband, you can forget it.
I can take her
off the market, no charge.
Home.
Nice boat.
I'm glad you think
it's a nice boat.
Some people think
it's a motel.
Good morning, Daddy.
- Easy, baby. You all right? Yeah?
- I'm all right.
- Yeah.
- Rita, take Diana inside the house.
Please, Rita.
I don't understand what's happening
to that kid of mine.
I got another little item you might have
trouble understanding.
Your wife and daughter got some jewelry

worth about a half a million, right?

Right.

My hunch is there ain't
enough real stones in that stuff...
to buy yourself
a morning paper.

What are you, crazy?

Have it appraised.

Well, who could have
done it?

It's one thing you can't blame
on Lyndon Johnson.

Well, nobody in my family.

You think maybe
it was a passing tramp?

My son-in-law?

No, he wouldn't jeopardize his future.

Nah! He's vice president
of my company.

He started out
as a vice president?

Yeah. Well...

What could I do? You know what he was
when my daughter first met him?

An assistant tennis pro.

He wasn't even a pro.

An assistant.

- Then that leaves your wife or your daughter.

- They had no reason.

Well, people take up hobbies.

Maybe they took to betting horses.

Another nice hobby
for women is men.

- Rome, you're gettin' out of line.

- Now wait a minute.

Before you come out swinging, let me tell you
something. Nobody steals to do nice things.

You name it, and they'll steal for it...
narcotics, blackmail, sex.

Nobody steals
to build hospitals.

You know a guy
named Catleg?

- No.

- Nimmo?

- No.

- You sure?

Nimmo?

Now wait a minute.

There was a fella called Nimmo that came to a party at my house a couple of months ago.

I think he came with Ann Archer.

Well, Tony Rome.

Don't you ever sleep in a bed?

- Who's Nimmo?

- A fellow I met.

He bought a few drinks

I paid for.

- Come on. I'll spring for a couple.

- I thought you were broke.

I got a little money from Kosterman and his daughter.

- You're getting interested in her?

- She's all right.

Nice hair, teeth.

Some good-looking odds and ends.

If you mean her figure, she bought part of it. I'll bet on it.

You lose.

Don't get excited.

I looked, but I didn't touch.

Two beers, Smitty.

- Thanks for the choice.

- How long you know Nimmo?

Four or five months.

I haven't seen him lately though.

I understand you took him to the Kostermans' one night.

Did he get friendly with anybody in the family?

No. Rita chilled him.

- Rita.

- Yeah, so we left early.

- I sure would like to find him.

- I can't help you.

He used to have an apartment

in town, but he moved.
He couldn't have moved to nowhere.
He's gotta have an address.
Somebody might be able to help you at the
Floradora Club. He used to go there a lot.
Floradora Club.
How 'bout you get dressed,
I take you out?
I wish I were dumb enough
to believe this was a social invitation.
- It is. It is.
- The Floradora Club, right?
- Good a place as any.
- Oh, I love the way I get dates.
Not my sexy legs
or my charm.
Somebody's address.
When you're ready, wake me.
I'll be right over there.
Nimmo never did say
what he did.
I guess he was a gangster
or something shady.
He wanted to
marry me at first.
You weren't very choosy,
were you?
Women can't afford to be.
I learned that early.
I started out
wanting to marry a man...
who was handsome,
rich and witty.
I got all of it.
It took me three husbands to do it.
Hello.
Hi, Miss Archer.
You wanted to see me?
- Matt Tully, Tony Rome.
- How are ya?
Matt owns the place.
My friend here
is looking for Nimmo.
He hasn't been in

lately.

You know where he lives?

He's a good customer.

I don't ask questions.

You think

he's from out of town?

I suppose.

Most people in Miami have
a return ticket to somewhere.

Say, uh, miss.

Come here a minute.

You know a guy
named Nimmo?

- Yes, I think I do.

- Good.

Check your files and see if
there's a snapshot of him in there.

- He's an old friend of mine.

- All right.

Have fun, kids.

Make it while you're young.

Let's back up on Nimmo.

You said before he wanted to marry you
at first. What'd you mean by that?

We were hitting it off for a while,
and he suddenly stopped calling.

- Some other woman, I guess.

- Some other loot, I guess.

It's just as well. I'd feel like a fool
saying I'd been married four times.

Yeah, sounds better

if you say you're married three times.

Hey, hi, Miss Archer.

How are you?

Well, Camelot.

CamelotJoe, Tony Rome.

- Hi. How are ya?

- Glad to see ya.

Say, do you know

where we can find Nimmo?

No. Try Georgia McKay.

She's a stripper here.

She knows Nimmo

from a ways back.

- She backstage now?
- No, not now.
We had a convention crowd earlier.
Tully pushed her off on a big tipper.
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
You know where she lives?
Yeah, the, uh,
Star Crest Trailer Park.
- Thanks.
- See ya later. Got a weed break, huh?
- Listen, uh...
- Uh, if you don't mind, I'll stay here.
I'm not that high
on strippers.
You're a good girl.
See ya.
Did you find a picture,
sweetheart?
Please,
I can't find it in the files.
With a belt like that, I'm surprised
you could even find the file.
Sorry, baby.
I owe you for that kid
in there.
I said he was
a good customer.
You should learn
to believe people.
I do.

It's 4:

What time is that to get in?
I was out with a customer.
Tully sent me.
Why do you do this to me?
You know how I worry.
You're so worried.
You're half smashed.
Well, that proves something, doesn't it?
You know how I worry
about you.
Irene, will you stop telling me
how worried you get?

I'm beat.

- You Georgia McKay?

- Yeah.

I'm a police officer.

I'd like to ask you a few questions.

- Police officer?

- This is my roommate.

We're looking for a man named Nimmo.

Do you know him?

Nimmo!

He beat her up!

- He beat up my Georgia!

- Stay away from me.

- Well, he beat you up, honey.

- Oh, simmer down!

Nimmo's in trouble? I don't want to say anything. I don't want to get involved.

Nimmo...

that no-good son of a...

Shut up!

It's late, Miss McKay. If you'd rather come downtown and talk, it's all right with me.

I get paid either way.

Nimmo hasn't been around for a while.

You can begin by telling me where he lives.

I haven't the slightest.

Where'd you go

with this customer?

It's 4:

No bar's open that late.

Forget it, Irene.

I'm beat.

You need your sleep.

She shouldn't be traipsing around at this hour with men.

Maybe it slipped her mind.

How 'bout telling me

where you first met him?

We're from the same neighborhood in New York.

You shouldn't be undressing

in front of him!
I do it every night
in front of 300 men.
How's he any different?
Where in New York?
Queens. His father
owns a butcher shop.
My old lady
lives next door.
His real name
is Joe Furman.
It's all I can tell you.
You can tell me
why he beat you up.
I was a little girl
when I knew him back home.
I ran into him a few times
down here at the club.
He asked me out.
Well, I guess he expected
something different.
But you
wouldn't understand.
Oh, I might. Maybe he was trying
to get in the wrong ballpark.
That's her business.
Bust outta here, will you?
- Shut up.! He's a cop.!
- I'll shut up when I want to.
Shut up!
Oh, lose a few pounds and shut up!
You... Oh!
Oh! Oh, honey!
Oh, honey, I didn't mean it.
Oh, baby, please come here.
Come here! Come here.
I'm sorry.
I'm sorry!
Oh, sweetie,
I didn't mean it.
I didn't mean it.
Don't make me
do things like that.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

- I didn't mean it.
- You want the lights on or off?
Yeah, better off.
- Little Dave!
- Hi, Uncle Tony.
- Come on up here. How you feeling?
- Fine.
- That a boy. Hello, Rose.
- Hi, Tony.
Hey, tiger.
What do you say there?
How many times do I gotta tell you?
He don't talk.
- He don't talk.
- Yeah, I forgot about that.
- Dave's pretty mad at ya.
- I know.
He's out back,
and the beer's in the usual place.
Okay.
I'll catch you later.
- Good luck.
- Right.
How are ya?
- You missed a spot over there.
- Thanks.
I get the word
you're still mad at me.
What did you expect?
You and your Kosterman juice.
You got us all running around like errand boys,
checking on things you wouldn't explain.
Did you check on Oscar and Langley?
Yeah.
Yeah, I checked.
You didn't kill much.
Oscar was wanted
on a couple of assault raps.
Langley had three arrests
in New York.
- Released for lack of evidence.
- What kind of evidence?
The evidence that runs
out the back door.

He booked talent for stag parties
and sold jewelry on the side.
Ain't much of a loss.
You know,
your self-defense plea should hold.
But not on the case
ofTurpin.
You're our best bet
until we find out what really happened.
Why don't you drop it, Dave?
Turpin's worth no trouble at all.
Are you crazy? We find a dead body
in your office. We can't ignore it.
If it was a dead archbishop, I could understand
the fuss, but Turpin's a big fat zero.
Tony, you gonna tell me
what's going on?
- In time.
- Thanks.
Meantime, check on a guy
named Joe Furman, alias Nimmo.
Also on a guy named Catleg,
walks with a limp.
- Why?
- Because I think these two guys...
followed me
to Turpin's hotel.
And I think they later
caught up with him in my office.
If that's true, one of them is walking around
with a slug in him out ofTurpin's gun.
Okay, I'll check out
the names.
But, Tony, tell me...
what's going on?
Will you stop worrying?
I'd never leave you holding the greasy
end of the stick, now would I?
I don't know.
Would ya?
Rudy, I keep telling you
this vice president of yours...
wants us to finish
the top floor this week.

- That's what you said at the start, remember?

One floor a week.

- No, no.

- How many days did it rain this week?

- Two days. That's why...

Two. The only way

we're gonna finish this week...

is to go into Saturday

and Sunday, right?

- Well, I thought you said...

- Will you stop thinking and start listening?

Go ask the bookkeeper how much it'll cost to keep all the men on overtime for the weekend.

- Huh? Go ahead. Go with him.

- Okay.

What do you want?

- I need a word with you.

- Well, hurry it up.

- Rita's gonna call for me in a couple minutes.

- Listen to me.

Two hours after I brought your little girl home without the pin, Langley knew about it.

That means the tip had to come from somebody in your family.

If you're gonna dig up a lot of dirt...

I just as soon you let the whole thing drop.

I don't think the insurance company would be that polite.

What's your wife's maiden name?

That's none of your damn business.

Look. Rita didn't do it if that's what you're thinking.

If she wanted more money, all she has to do is ask me for it.

Those jewels are worth about a half million dollars, Mr. Kosterman.

- Even if she asked for that much?

- She'd get it.

- No questions?

- Good-bye, Rome.

Look out! Look out!

- Rudy.! Rudy.!

- It's all right. It's all right, Rita.
It's just my arm. That's all.
It's just my arm.
The bullet is out.
The bone isn't broken.

- There's nothing to worry about.

- Thank you.

- It's a superficial wound. He'll be fine.

- Thank God.

See, honey? I told you he was
too tough to die.

- When can I see him?

- They'll let you know soon enough.

Mrs. Kosterman,
what's your maiden name?
The desk would like to know in order to
fill out the surgical release forms.
It's Rita Neilson.
Are you sure he's all right?
Positively.
Whatever happened
to that fella Nimmo?

- Nimmo?

- Nimmo.

I don't know anybody
by that name.
Yes, you do, Rita.
He came to the house once.
We didn't like him.
Maybe that's it. You don't like him
well enough to remember him.
Can't you see she's upset?
Stop bothering her.
Don't be a hero, buster.
I checked your war record.
He went AWOL when they handed him
a rifle at basic training.
Hey, you
and your clients.
Well, you gotta admit
I bring you a lot of customers.
However, this one
is still alive.

You got a make
on the guy who shot him?
Yeah, Catleg. The guy I told you about
with the limp.
He was driving a 1967 gold Pontiac
four-door sedan.
- Here's the license number.
- We'll run it through Motor Vehicles.
- Rented or stolen is my guess.
- Lieutenant?
- Yeah.
- Here's the bullet.
- Get it to the crime lab.
- Yes, sir.
I think you'll find
when you get a make on that...
that it matches the one
they lifted out of Turpin.
Look. Do I get told how
this ties in with Turpin?
I wish I knew.
Anything on Nimmo?
Nothing local,
under Nimmo or Joe Furman.
How 'bout you contact
the New York Police Department?
Have 'em check out
his father.
He runs a butcher shop
in Queens.
I figure if they write to each other,
we can get an address on him here in Miami...
whether it's Nimmo or Furman,
whatever name he uses.
And while you're at it,
check on Mrs. Kosterman.
- For what?
- If I knew for what, I wouldn't ask you.
All I found out about her is that
her maiden name is Rita Neilson...
and she used to work in a bar
at the Columbia Towers.
- Uh, Mr. Kosterman would like to see you.
- Thanks, Doc.

Oh, almost forgot. They called me
from the coroner's office.

- They wanna know who's gonna bury Turpin.
- They wanna know what?

Well, you and he
were partners once.

Wait a minute.

You try to hit me with a murder rap...
and now you expect me to pay for
the bum's funeral?

Well, I hear
you got lucky.

Yeah.

Thanks to you.

That's one push
I owe you.

The attempt on you sounds like
a contract, Mr. Kosterman.

I asked to see
Mr. Rome alone.

- I'm Lieutenant Santini.
- I said alone.

When you're finished, do you mind coming
down and take a look at some mug shots?

- Catleg may turn up.
- Oh, I'd be thrilled.

Thanks.

Contract? What contract?
What's he talking about?
Farmed-out gun,
Mr. Kosterman.

Tell me something. You got a will, right?
How does it read?

Well, now look...

Look, Rome. I don't want any people
digging into my personal...

Why don't you wise up?
Losing a little jewelry is one thing...
but being dead's
another one.

I know what you're thinking, but...
No, it must be some kind of mix-up.

- They mistake me for somebody...
- Will you please cut it out?

People don't shoot at other people
just for the hell of it, you know.
You've been signed for.
Now how does
the will read?
Well, my wife...
my wife, she gets almost everything.
What do you call
"almost"?
Oh, boy, you're
a nosy bastard.
She gets the corporation...
stocks, the bonds, the cash.
And Diana, she gets...
What the hell does Diana get?
Oh, yeah.
She gets the boat and the kennels.
And the summer place on Sea Island
and a trust fund.
I'd like to wind up
with the leftovers.
But I'd rather
have your wife's end.
Rome, you don't really think
she would do a thing like this.
I don't know.
I don't know.
All I know
is that she's a liar.
That's all I know so far.
No luck on Catleg.
I'm down to out-of-state felons.
I got a rundown on that car.
It was reported stolen Tuesday night.
That's four days ago. He certainly wouldn't
be driving around Miami all this time.
Probably stashed somewhere.
Hello?
Yes, who's calling?
What?
No, he's not.
Honest to God, you're hopeless.
Do you know who that was on the phone?
Mm-hmm. My bookmaker.

This is supposed to
be a police station.
How do you think it looks...
a bookie using our main switchboard?
Not very nice.
Not very nice.
Huh-huh-huh-huh.
Mr. Catleg.
Alias, alias, alias.
He's got enough names
to start his own phone book.
Arson, armed robbery, assault with
a deadly weapon, but no murder charge.
That only means
he's a lousy shot.
I'll get copies made, and we'll canvass
all the downtown hotels and motels.
I don't know, Dave. If I were an imported gun,
I wouldn't hang around Miami.
I'd jump down
to maybe the Keys.
That's out of
our jurisdiction.
But since you seem
to be running this case...
I'll grab a sandwich. Be back in a few
minutes and get a copy of that picture.
Oh, by the way, Dave.
If that guy calls back, bet me \$50
to win... Firefly in the fifth race.
Fifty.
You're in luck.
We got a vacancy.
How nice.
Do you know him?
- Why?
- Five.
Not till
you make me happy.
- Can you make it 10?
- I'm thinking to make it two-fifty.
Well, he, uh,
he was staying here...
but he checked out

early this morning.

- To where?

- How would I know?

You got 50 cents.

You wanna try for a buck?

Well, he registered as, uh, Fields.

John Fields.

- Drove a Pontiac sedan. That's all I can think of.

- Mm-hmm.

Did he ever make any calls
through that switchboard?

- Yeah, yeah, he made one.

- To whom?

That oughta
cost you more.

You haven't
earned this yet.

Here it is.

Uh, Wednesday night.

To a Sally Bullock
in, uh, Miami.

634-424...

I got it. I got it.

Get the number.

You won't get anybody there now.

It's a joint.

It's called the Paradise Cove.

It ain't open till night.

What did he say
to this here Sally Bullock?

I don't listen in.

You should have.

You just blew yourself an extra fin.

Hi. I was beginning to think
you were still hung up on that stripper.

No, she's outta
my league.

- Can I use your phone?

- Sure. Go ahead.

Listen. You told me that, uh, Rita
chilled Nimmo at Kosterman's one night.

How big a chill?

A gale or a breeze or what?

She chilled him.

No more, no less.

He must have done something. Did he
insult her, throw her on the rug or what?

He said hello and struck out.

That's all I know.

Why all this harping
on Nimmo?

'Cause I think he keyed
this whole affair.

I don't know why,
but I think he did.

Homicide.

What's the matter?

Couldn't you afford a whole dress?

Santini, please.

Where?

Oh. Thanks.

- Get ready, baby. We're eating.

- I'm ready.

Are you sure you told me
everything you know about Nimmo?

- You were pretty close to him, weren't you?

- Not close close.

I'm not as wicked as you think.

I've only had one affair since I've been here.

It's off-season.

Well, he was
a nice young guy.

He wanted to get the hang of it
before he got married.

Oh, come on.

- What do ya say, Packy?

- Hiya, Tony.

- Say hello to Miss Archer.

- How do you do?

- My pleasure.

- In shape?

Great.

Looking to make a comeback.

Let me see
that right hand.

- Not bad. Not bad.

- How about a tie?

- Pretty, ain't it?

- Oh, it's beautiful.
I'm a little light.
Can you handle it?
It usually costs a fin,
but give him 10, huh?
- Pretty tie.
- Thanks, lady.
I wish I could afford you.
Maybe if I started a syndicate.
He was pretty good in his day. He went
the whole route with LaMotta twice.
Hello, Sal.
How are ya?
Manny left this for you.
- Firefly had legs today.
- And you've been peeking.
I already took out
what you owed the joint.
Thanks a lot. Will you show Miss Archer
to a table? I'll be right there.
Miss Archer,
this way, please.
- Hey, Packy.
- Yeah, Tony.
You remember
my ex-partner Turpin?
Sure.
A real crumb.
He's down at the morgue.
Bury him.
Oh, uh, see he gets a nice tie.
Something with stripes.
With purple.
Hello, Lieutenant.
Why don't you come over and join us.
- Do you mind if I finish my meal?
- Not at all. Not at all.
Thank you.
Two martinis...
one gin, one vodka.
Yes, sir.
Doubles.
Your 10.
- Tony.

- Yeah.

Why don't we go away on that boat
of yours for a few days.

You know I can't do that.

I'm too busy.

- I wish I could get busy.

- Get a job.

That's too busy.

Dave, this is Ann Archer. This is Lieutenant
Dave Santini of the police department.

- How do you do?

- Please join us.

I regret to say you're
not interrupting anything.

- What do you hear?

- Nothing on Catleg.

But on Joe Furman, alias Nimmo,
we heard from New York P.D.

They think they'll turn up
a Miami address for him soon.

- That's it? That's all?

- That's all.

Except that your friend, Mrs. Kosterman,
was once married to him.

To him?

To who him?

Furman. Nimmo, the guy
we're talking about.

I didn't know anything about it
if that's what you're thinking.

It never dawned on me.

So, she's been married twice.

There's no rule against it.

If there were, I would have been
stopped cold years ago.

There's nothing wrong with it.

She's young, and I imagine she's attractive.

Oh, she's attractive.

She's got all the goodies, all right.

Make no mistake about it.

Vodka over here.

I'll get it.

You know anything about a joint
called the Paradise Cove?

Yeah. Junkie hangout.

We made a few arrests.

Or if you're looking for some action,
there's generally some pay around.

Nice place like that,

I'm sure I'm not invited.

- I'm sorry.

- Oh, it's all right.

I'm beginning to think

my best bet in town is Packy.

I'll drink to that.

- What'll it be?

- I'm looking for Sally Bullock.

- She ain't here tonight.

- I gotta see her.

Hey, if you're that tense,

why don't you try Fat Candy.

- Who?

- Hey, Fat Candy!

- I'll be with you in a minute.

- Oh, no, no.

I ain't been alone

that long, buddy.

Look. She's better than Sally.

Ask any of the guys.

She's Sally's pal.

She knows everything Sally knows.

I wouldn't

steer you wrong.

- Never mind. Never mind.

- Fat Candy, come here quick!

Hold the thought.

Maybe I'll see you later.

What can I do for you?

- This gentleman here...

- I'd like to buy some of your time.

So buy.

It's 20 for starters.

- Right here.

- Right here?

What are you, some kind of a nut?

There's a room out back.

I'm buying

conversation, baby.

Look. If you're writing a book, mister,
tail out. I got nothing new to say.
I'm looking for Sally Bullock.
Where does she live?
She moves around a lot.
We all do.
- I gotta find her.
- She don't come around much...
now that she's got
herself a regular.
Listen, uh,
I'm new down here, see?
I made no connections yet. She said
she was gonna put me on to a pusher.
What are you on...
pot, acid, banana peels?
Listen. She tells me
this guy handles anything.
He'd push oatmeal
if there was enough loot in it.
He's my man.
Where can I find him?
- Where can I find him?
- For another 20?
You're rough.
You sure
you ain't a cop?
Do you ever know of a cop
who had an extra 20?
His name's Vic Rood.
Corner apartment building,
36th and Jefferson.
Fine, baby.
If they pick me up on this,
my man's gonna lean all over you.
The big one
over there.
Everything's gonna
be cool, sweetheart.
You got a nice smile,
mister, you know that?
You sure about the other?
We got that back room empty now.
When I'm stronger.

Ah, you junkies are all alike. You get a
needleful, and you never need anything else.
Yeah, crazy, baby.
I'm looking for
Sally Bullock.
Not here.
I don't know her.
I said I'm looking for Sally Bullock.
Where is she?
You got no right to come
busting in here like this.
You're a dope peddler,
not a lawyer.
No sense bruising
my knuckles on you.
Now you talk to me,
or I'll break your jaw.
And if that don't get us no place,
we're gonna see if this thing really works.
I don't know where she lives.
I swear it.
When did she make
her last buy?
I sold her some "H"
a few days ago.
- When is she due back here?
- Soon, I guess.
Listen to me, buster.
You know exactly how much she's hooked.
And you know exactly
how many caps you sold her.
And you know exactly when she's gonna run
out and need more. Now tell me when exactly.
She's run out by now.
She should have showed this morning.
Good. We'll wait for her.
What are you doing?
I'm making something to eat.
How do you like your meat?
- Who is it?
- It's Sally.
One minute.
Um, one minute.
We'll do it my way,

okay?

- You're late.

- I know it. I know it. God, how I know it.

Here.

Whatever that'll buy.

You got about

10 days here.

- Hurry it up, will ya, Vic?

- All right. Calm down.

Yeah, right. I got needle fever,
that's for sure.

- Hurry it up, Vic.!

- Take it easy, baby. Take it easy.

Now you'd better get at this.

You got a lot of edge on.

Okay.

Don't you worry about me.

Just five minutes.

Five minutes

I'll be president of the world.

Okay?

Academy Award stuff.

You hurtin', baby?

Yeah.

Mm-hmm.

Thanks.

They stake out the airport,
bus terminals and railroad stations.

Highway patrol's
been on the alert.

Catleg doesn't have much chance
of slipping out of town.

If he already hasn't
gotten out of town.

I doubt it. Crash like that, he's bound
to be pretty well banged up.

You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to
scrap this week and start a brand-new one.

Cheer up. Crime lab says the bullet
that hit Kosterman...

and the one that went in Turpin
came from the same gun.

Which lets you off the hook
and puts Catleg on it.

Nimmo and Catleg
were in this thing together.
You can bet me that Nimmo's
the guy who Turpin shot.
We've checked out
every shady doctor in town.
If this Nimmo was patched up,
it was done by an unlicensed man.
That's great. All we gotta do is
check out an unlicensed doctor.
Sure. It's like trying to find
a stick with only one end.
New York finally sent us
a local address on Nimmo.
- Hit it! Hit it!
- We did. It was locked. Nobody home.
- Didn't you go inside?
- Police can't break in without a search warrant.
Only a criminal civilian
can do that.
Is that so?
What's his address?
Funny that
you should ask.
You'll excuse the expression,
but tit for tat.
His name is Rood. He's a pusher.
Jefferson Boulevard.
If you gigged him,
it's a cinch he's moved out all his stock.
Maybe not.
Maybe he's the kind of guy who forgets.
Maybe he left a little
of that grass in a vase.
- Wise guy.
- Thanks.
Mrs. Kosterman, don't make this job
any tougher than it is.
Oh, my God.
What am I gonna do?
What am I gonna do?
You're gonna do a stretch in prison
if you don't cut this out.
I gather this was

meant for Nimmo.
He's the only one.
He's the only one who could have
hired that man to kill Rudy.
- You don't believe one husband
could have another killed?
You know about it?
I've quit trying to
know about it.
I figured Nimmo
was blackmailing you.
He threatened to tell Rudy
that we were married.
Oh, now wait a minute.
Kosterman can't be
that big a fathead.
Why the hell would he care
if you were married before?
No, not married before.
Still married.
You never bothered
to get a divorce?
Oh, it sounds insane.
I know it does.
When I left Nimmo, I didn't have
enough money for a bus ticket...
much less a lawyer.
I don't know.
Time just sort of passed.
I didn't know where he was.
I didn't care.
And then I met Rudy.
And he wanted to marry me.
He wanted to marry
a girl like me.
I just couldn't tell him
about Nimmo.
I was so afraid
he'd change his mind.
I've met a lot of gamblers in my time,
but lady, you're the champ.
We were coming right down here.
I-I didn't think anybody would find out.
And nobody did.

Until Nimmo showed up that night
at the party with Ann Archer.

And you were the perfect pigeon.

Great setup.

The next day he met me.

He threatened to show
our marriage license to Rudy...

expose me as a bigamist.

And you couldn't come up with all the cash he
wanted without Kosterman asking questions...

so you decided

to dole out the jewelry.

The night that Diana came back

without that pin, I just got panicked.

- I called Nimmo.

- You were afraid that if the police found the pin...

they'd then discover that the rest
of the jewelry was phony.

But he must have decided

he could blackmail me for a lot more...

if Rudy were killed

and I'd inherit everything.

Here.

Wipe your face.

I'll take you home.

Diana can put you to bed.

She's probably still at Dr. Boyd's.

- Dr. Boyd?

- Her stepfather.

Why a doctor?

Well, he really isn't.

He used to be

until they took away his license.

Now, why would they do

a thing like that?

They caught him

doing abortions.

Tell me something.

You think Nimmo might know Dr. Boyd?

- No.

- You think he might know of him?

Well, he might.

Before he was through,

Nimmo knew everything about us.

Oh, Mr. Rome,
you have to find Nimmo.
I don't know how,
but you've got to stop him.
Uh-huh.
If somebody hasn't
already done it for me.
- I'm sorry.
- Why?
Really, I am.
You shouldn't have gotten
mixed up with a family like ours.
This is not a family. Just a bunch
of people living at the same address.
I told you he'd
wind up dying anyway.
But no. You try to pull him through
just to prove you're still a hotshot doctor.
Why bother
to bury him, boys?
Cops will only dig him up...
print him and prove
that he's Joe Furman, alias Nimmo.
Put your palms down on the box.
You too.
I never heard
of Nimmo.
You're leanin' on him, buddy.
He's the guy Turpin shot in my office,
and then you got Turpin.
Yeah, the way I heard it,
it was a hunting accident.
That's funny.
Put that gun away.
You're being ridiculous.
Maybe so,
but the gun ain't.
He brought Nimmo over here
to you for repairs.
That's when you found
the marriage license on him.
And you realized that Rita wasn't
legally married to Kosterman.
It would make Diana

the only heiress.
Obviously, she'd take care
of her mother and you in fine style.
And then he hired you to make Rita
a widow twice in one week.
I'd have to be insane.
That's one way to plead.
The marriage certificate,
please.
Aah!
Finally found use
for your foot, didn't you?
- You won't get far. They'll box you in for Turpin.
- I doubt it.
The crime lab will prove
the bullet came from your gun.
What gun? There's 10 billion gallons
of water in Biscayne Bay.
If the crime lab
can find that gun...
I'll sit in the chair
and pull the switch myself.
They'll top you for the attempt on
Kosterman. Witnesses, you remember?
Maybe. But the most they'll get
is a reduced one to five...
for assault with a deadly weapon...
if they catch me.
I called downtown.
They're on their way.
You kill me,
you'll take the full count.
Why should I kill you?
Nobody's paying me to.
Help.! Help.!
My back.! Help me.!
You're such a hotshot doctor,
why don't you fix yourself?
Say, ain't this yours?
Why don't you put that thing away
and lend me a smoke.
That makes sense.
You wouldn't get from here
to the end of your thumb.

- I'm not worried.

- Why not?

I know the rules
of evidence.

When you've been arrested as many times
as me, it's the same as going to law school.

Catleg.

Brief him on his rights
and arrest him.

You have the right to keep silent.

The Constitution...

The Constitution informs you
of these rights.

You need not talk to me
unless you wish to do so.

You don't have to
answer any questions.

Help me.!

Hey, get an ambulance for this guy,
whoever he is.

He's the dirty doctor
you were looking for.

Nimmo?

And call the morgue.

Tell 'em we got a buyer.

Did you find out why Turpin, Catleg
and Nimmo started shooting in your office?

I don't think
they liked each other.

- Thanks for everything.

- Okay.

Wait a minute.

Here's the bonus I promised you.

Oh, thanks, Mr. Kosterman.

I deserve it.

- Come on.

- See ya.

- Good morning.

- Good morning, sir.

Nice to see you
up and around.

Malcolm.

Malcolm.!

Malcolm.

- Hey, there. Welcome aboard.
- Thank you.
Here. Sit right there,
right against those pillows.
Make you comfortable.
Now, let's put those right up there.
That's it.
Vodka for you.
And gin for me.
Now we'll drink these.
I'll make a few more.
And then we'll shove off
for the Dry Tortugas.
The tarpon are runnin'.
That is, if we ever get to do any fishing.
Sounds great.
But I'll have to cancel out.
My husband flew down last night,
and we agreed to patch things up.
We're gonna go to Nassau.
He bought me a nightgown and said
we're gonna have a second honeymoon.
Poor joker.
I don't even remember the first one.
I know it sounds silly after all the things
I've said, but it's just as well.
The next one
might have been fat.
And you?
You'd be a bad risk.
You'd get shot
or lose me in a poker game.
Smart move.
If you ever see Tony Rome...
give him my love.