



Scripts.com

Backfire

By Lawrence B. Marcus

Julie.

Oh, hello there.

- Hello, yourself.

- You got a minute?

Just about.

- Where's the cowboy?

- Over at the pool.

How is he?

Well, Steve,

these operations aren't any picnic.

Sure, sure, I know.

But I got the medicine for him.

Look at this ranch. Six hundred acres.

Good barns.

Ninety miles from Phoenix. Irrigation.

Another year of work to swell the kitty, you add that to the VA loan, we're in business.

- You'll have to forget it.

- Forget it? What do you mean?

- He's going to pull out of this, isn't he?

- He'll pull out.

But he won't be able to go back to rigging oil derricks...

...or working in lumber camps, or anything like that.

He'll have to take it easy for a while.

- For how long?

- A year. Maybe more.

Hm. That's tough.

It'll be a lot tougher

if he has to come back here.

Yeah.

Well, that's that.

I'm sorry, Steve.

Have you told him?

I'll handle it.

Watch out, Jack.

- Hi, cowboy.

Hi.

Hello, fellas.

- How you doing?

- Fine, fine.

Pull up a stretcher

and I'll tell you all about my operation.

That's what I hear. Lucky 10th, huh?

Anything new on the VA loan?

Answered a lot of questions.

Filled in a form.

- The old routine, huh?

- Yeah.

No matter how you slice it,
it's still the Army.

You know, I've been thinking,
maybe we're backing the wrong horse.

- How do you mean?

- Ranching. It's a risky business, Bob.

I've been talking to a lot of guys.

You buy yourself a place,
put your heart into it.

Maybe the market drops out
from under you.

There's a drought, or your steers
get foot rot.

You're back where you started from.

Besides, I've been thinking
of something else, a gas station, maybe.

- A gas station?

- What's wrong with that?

At least when you sell a gallon of gas
you get the cash right in your mitt.

Now look, Steve, for three years
we were holed up inside a stinking tank...
...and all that time dreaming about space.
Enough space to call a ranch.

For three more years we save every nickel
we can lay our hands on.

We read ourselves blind
about cattle, fodder, marketing.

You think I can blow all that out
my barracks bag overnight?

You're crazy.

You want a gas station, okay.

Me, I still want the ranch.

- That's what I said.

- Huh?

The smell of gas makes me sick.

You get out of this place
and we start ranching.

Hark! The herald angels sing
Merry Christmas.
Peace on earth and mercy mild
- Oh. Hello, Miss Benson.
- Good evening, doctor.
I thought you were off tonight.
Oh, I was, sir.
But Florence had a heavy day,
and I don't mind.
That's nice of you.
I'm sure the patient in number 12
won't mind either.
Well, he can stand
a little Christmas cheer.
- Is he still worried about that friend of his?
- I'm afraid so.
That's too bad.
See he has a good night's rest.
I ordered a hypo. Repeat if necessary.
Merry Christmas.
It came upon a midnight clear
That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold
Peace on the earth, goodwill to men
Steve. Steve. Steve!
Bob, what is it? What's the matter?
Nothing.
I just had a crazy dream.
It must have been.
Here, you lie back.
You sounded as though
you were being scalped.
Oh, we...
We'd gone fishing.
Steve and me. Up in the mountains.
Next thing I knew,
he was falling off a cliff.
I tried to throw him a parachute.
It was all cockeyed.
It just goes to show you, always take
a parachute when you go fishing.
Yeah.
- I don't suppose he's called?

- No, he hasn't.
Not even on Christmas Eve.
Julie, would you phone his hotel again?
I just called this morning.
Why don't we wait until tomorrow.
Give him another day.
Wait. I've been waiting six weeks.
Something's wrong. I know it.
Steve's not the kind
to run out on anybody.
He came to L.A. just to be around
till I got on my feet again.
- Why should he suddenly disappear?
- Maybe he had to go out of town.
Where he can't get in touch with you.
There are telephones out of town,
and post offices.
He could have dropped me a card.
Well, you know what the mails are
at Christmas.
Bob, I just saw Dr. Nolan.
You've made your last trip to surgery.
What'd they do? Give up?
You'll be out of here in 10 days.
On the level?
Lucky 13, huh?
Well, you've been around here
a long time.
We get tired of the same old faces.
With one or two exceptions.
Same here. With one exception.
Why do you always get romantic
after your hypo?
Merry Christmas.
Say, there's package in the top drawer
over there. Would you get it?
Sure.
- This?
- Yeah. Go ahead, open it.
Merry Christmas to you.
It's very sweet of you.
Is that the best you can do?
Anything more is against regulations.
Tell them you couldn't read

the small print.

- Good night, Bob.

- Night.

Bob?

Bob Corey?

Are you Bob Corey?

It's all right, Julie.

I'm gonna sleep.

Don't go to sleep.

Bob, please.

I've come about Steve.

Steve Connolly.

He keeps calling for you.

Steve?

You must listen to me.

Tell me what to do. Steve is hurt.

Badly hurt.

Yeah, I know.

- It's the cliff.

- Cliff? There was no cliff.

You better call Julie.

They gave me something
to make me sleep.

No. Please.

Bob, please.

I'm sorry.

But you've got to listen.

I don't know what to do.

What...? What happened?

It was an accident.

His spine, it's smashed.

The doctor says nothing can be done.

I thought I was strong

but I can't stand it any longer.

The way he looks at me,

begging, the pain in his eyes...

...he asked me to put him out of it.

You mean, kill him?

Is it right, is it wrong?

That's all I want to know.

- Yes or no.

- No.

Tell him I said no.

The doctor's crazy.

They can put him together again.
- They did me.
- But he can't go on suffering like this.
It has been 10 days.
Ten days?
Tell him... Tell him 10 more.
I'll be out of here.
Tell him I said,
"Hang on no matter what."
That's what I wanted you to say.
There's a... A pad.
Write... Write the address.
Ten days.
Ten days.
Ten days.
Ten days.
Good morning.
- Morning, Corey.
- Hello, doc.
- How are you feeling?
- Fine, fine.
Look, I can leave today, can't I?
You said 10 days.
- Gonna hold me to it?
- I'm gonna try.
Well, let's have a look.
Up on the bed with you.
You know, Corey, you're gonna be
a famous man one of these days.
I'm writing a paper about you
for the medical journal.
Thirteen little operations
and look at you.
Practically a brand-new spine. That hurt?
No.
Look, doc, don't think I don't appreciate
what you're doing for me.
I'd like to get out of here
as soon as possible.
Of course. Roll over.
You must understand one thing, son,
you shouldn't do anything heavier...
...than push a pencil around
for the next year or two.

I hear you and your partner
have got a lot of plans.
For all I know my partner may be dead.
Oh, yes.
That exotic vision from the unknown
on Christmas Eve.
Complete with accent. Now, son...
Oh, I know it's a big joke
around the hospital, doc.
But she was here. I saw her.
You also saw her write her address
on the pad. You know...
Yeah, I know all about the guard
at the gate. And that nobody issued a pass.
Julie's played that record
till it's worn out.
But I also know it was Christmas Eve.
Maybe the guard dozed off. Or maybe
there wasn't anybody at the reception desk.
I've got a better explanation.
You've had a tough siege of it, Corey.
You've gone through a lot of pain.
There were times you wished
somebody would put you out of it.
Added to that you were worried about
the disappearance of your best friend.
Given a hypo, started dreaming.
What more natural than for you
to identify yourself with your friend.
You had one dream about him already,
remember?
Now the identification's complete.
It's Steve who's lying flat on his back
with your busted spine, pleading to die.
Believe me, son, just a hallucination.
- Oh, excuse me, doctor.
- That's all right. We've just finished.
Telegram for you, Bob.
For me?
Well?
It's from Chicago.
It says, "Been on the move.
Will get in touch with you.
Everything fine." Signed, Steve.

There you are, Corey, you see?

Pink elephants.

Just like I said. Get your clothes.

Stop by my office on your way out.

Thanks, doctor.

- Well, what are you waiting for?

- Hm?

You heard him. You're a free man.

Yeah. Yeah, that's right.

And I'm a free woman.

At least for the weekend.

You want to meet me in town?

Well, I can catch the 5:10 bus
and be at the Biltmore by 9:30.

I'll change when I get there.

Looks like you stuck me for dinner.

Come to think of it,

it's about time that I fed you.

Hop in, son.

- Which way you going?

- Same way you are.

Hop in.

Wait a minute. What's the idea?

- You're Bob Corey, aren't you?

- Yeah, that's right.

Hop in. Come on.

In here, son.

This is Bob Corey. Captain Garcia.

How are you, Corey?

Sit down, son, sit down.

- Oh, uh, care for a smoke?

- No, thanks.

Well, they tell me out at the hospital
you've had quite a siege.

Feel well enough

to answer a few questions?

Sure. If I know the answers.

Good. Good.

When was the last time

you saw Steve Connolly?

Seven, eight weeks ago.

- Do you remember the exact date?

- Yeah.

November the 18th.

He's been killed.
Is that what you're trying to tell me?
No, he was very much alive
the last time I saw him.
Then what's this all about?
Why all the mystery?
Your friend, Steve,
is wanted for murder.
- Murder?
- Did you ever hear of Solly Blayne?
The gambler?
The guy who was shot a few weeks ago?
- That's right.
- Well, yeah.
But you don't think that Steve...
That's crazy. How would
he get mixed up with a guy like that?
We asked that same question,
we got an answer...
...from detective headquarters,
New York City.
Steve Connolly, before the war,
professional gambler.
Operating in New York, New Jersey.
Arrested November 1941,
gambling charge, conspiracy to defraud.
Acquitted. Lack of evidence.
Enlisted, U.S. Army, December 1941.
- No record since.
- I know all that.
So he got off to a bad start. What of it?
In the Army he changed. Guys changed.
Some of them changed back.
So let's get down to cases.
Any idea where your pal might be?
I, uh...
Oh, that telegram
you were just going to tell me about.
It wasn't from Steve Connolly.
A woman sent it.
They located her in Chicago
this morning.
A woman? Who is she?
What did she look like?

She's an older edition of her daughter.
A nurse out at the hospital,
called Julie Benson. Do you know her?
Sure, I know her.
It seems the Benson girl got her mother
to send the wire so you'd quit worrying.
All right, so Steve didn't send it.
That doesn't mean he killed anyone.
Why were you so worried?
Why did you keep calling
the Fremont Hotel?
Because I wanted to see him.
Is anything wrong with that?
Captain, you got a bad lead.
You don't know Steve.
He was playing it straight.
For years we broke
our necks to get a ranch.
- He wouldn't mess all that up.
- Sentiment, son, sentiment.
- In my job I have to deal with facts.
- I'm giving you facts.
Then let me give you some.

December 4th, 7:

a call comes into Homicide...
...that a man's been killed on Marden Drive,
out in the Los Feliz district.
The house belonged to Solly Blayne,
but he wasn't going to occupy it any longer.
He was lying dead
on the living room floor.
And only his wife was sorry.
- When do we get the house...
- Wait a minute. Just be patient.
Take it easy, you'll get your story.
Any footprints, George?
- Yeah. Everybody's.
- That's too bad.
What's the story?
How about a lead?
Give us a break, will you?
Very simple. At first the guy calls up
to make sure Solly's at home.

Few minutes later, he drives up in his car,
walks across the lawn to this window.

There sits Solly in his chair,
sipping a highball.

The guy lets him have it. Three slugs.

Yeah, good shooting.

- Excuse me, captain.

- Yes, doctor?

- Mrs. Blayne must get some rest.

- She's in no condition...

- Yes. It's been pretty rough on her.

- We won't need her anymore tonight.

- Thank you.

- Oh, uh, Doctor Anstead.

- Yes?

Tell her we'll have to leave somebody
in the house.

- I understand.

Oh, captain?

Yes? What is it?

- There's a call in your car.

- All right. Thank you.

- D-5 to 1.

- D-1 to 5.

The room clerk from
the Fremont Hotel just called in.

Solly Blayne was in an hour ago.

He saw a man named Steve Connolly.

Over.

D-5, roger.

Fremont Hotel. Fourth and Olive.

Solly Blayne was there an hour ago.

- What room is Steve Connolly in?

- 228. Come in a half hour ago.

Keep away from that phone.

Don't worry. It was me who called you.

I was the one who recognized Solly.

It is feared the murder of Solly Blayne...

...may be the beginning of full-scale
racketeer warfare within Los Angeles.

The police department

has known for some time...

All right, open up, Connolly, police.

Hold it. You're liable to hit a taxpayer.

That was the last
we saw of Steve Connolly.
I don't have any actual proof
that he killed Solly Blayne.
No witnesses, no prints,
no established motives.
But until I get evidence to the contrary,
Steve has to be number one boy on my list.
Why? Because he ran away?
Who wouldn't?
Look, captain, Solly Blayne
comes to see him about something.
Then he hears on the radio
that Solly's been killed.
Next, you're pounding on his door.
To Steve that can only mean...
...you're gonna pin it on him.
- A man comes back if he's innocent.
Not if he's lying
somewhere with a busted spine.
Yes, they told me out at the hospital
about your mysterious visitor.
They think it was all a dream.
What the doctors call an aberration.
I don't care what they call it.
I saw the girl, I tell you.
I can still hear her voice.
She said there was an accident.
The doctor could do nothing for him.
Steve wanted to die.
Does that sound like a dream?
You don't seem the kind
to get aberrations.
I'll play along with you.
Check every accident report
for December.
Any doctor who looks after him
has to file a report. That's the law.
- Okay?
- Thanks, captain.
All right. You'll hear from us.
- Where are you staying in town?
- I'm going over to the Biltmore.
Nice hotel.

Stay in it as much as possible.

Yeah. Sure.

- Goodbye.

- So long.

Say, Corey.

You ever play cops and robbers?

Why, sure. When I was a kid.

Take my word for it, it's a kid's game.

Let us find Steve Connolly.

Say, Mac, take me to the Fremont Hotel
instead of the Biltmore.

- The Fremont?

- Yeah, yeah. I changed my mind.

Brother, when you change it,
you really change it.

- Yes, sir.

- I'd like a room, please.

Register.

- How long you gonna be with us?

- I, uh, don't know yet.

Two dollars a day, \$12 a week.

No noise after 12:00.

Okay.

Say, uh, how about room 228.

Is that vacant?

247's got more light.

I'd like 228, if you don't mind.

Why...?

Oh. Mr. Corey.

I should have recognized your voice.

- You called here often enough.

- Well, do I get the room?

You won't find anything.

Police cleaned it out weeks ago.

I know all that.

- If you wait, the boy will help you up.

- I'll walk.

Mr. Corey, if you're

such a good friend of Connolly's...

...maybe you'd like to pay this bill.

He went out the back way.

- How much is it?

- Twelve dollars for rent.

Twenty cents for phone calls.

Connolly shows up, you get it back.

Yeah. I bet.

Right up the stairs, down the hall.

- Yes?

- Can I come in, Mr. Corey?

- Well...

- I'm Sybil.

Mr. Steve used to talk about you.

We were good friends,

me and Mr. Steve.

Oh?

- Come in, come in.

- Thank you.

He was my pet on this floor.

And every week there'd be a dollar bill

in this room for me...

...with a darling little note.

Oh, he was a gentleman,

Mr. Steve was.

The best we had on the second floor.

Well, right now

he could use a character reference.

I know. He shouldn't have run away.

That was his mistake.

You don't think he killed anybody,
do you?

Money makes a man do rare things,

Mr. Corey.

- The money was the trouble.

- Money? What money?

The \$40,000 he and Mr. Blayne

were fighting about.

Forty thousand dollars?

I'm afraid you have the wrong Connolly.

Well, I know what I heard, Mr. Corey.

- You heard them?

- It was the night Mr. Blayne was killed.

Just a little before 9:00 it was.

I had worked my way down

to the second floor.

I saw this pair of legs

coming down the hall.

Living so close to the floor

most the time...

...I can tell a lot about people
from their shoes.
I didn't like this pair right off.
Too shiny.
Oh. Hello, Solly.
Aren't you gonna ask me in, champ?
Sorry. I was just on my way out.
You just broke your date.
Inside, champ.
A friend of mine tells me those suckers
went for a hundred grand in the game.
Not 20.
What's the difference?
The difference is I've got
another 40,000 coming on the split.
And if I don't get it by Saturday,
I'll let the law collect it for me.
What are you gonna do? Sue?
Better than that, champ.
The treasury department
pays plenty for a tip...
...on someone holding out
on income tax.
They also put guys in jail.
Okay, so what?
So? Forty grand.
By Saturday.
That was all.
But I knew Mr. Steve
was getting into real trouble.
I've seen it coming too.
He was worrying a lot
before it happened.
Pacing up and down nights,
like he couldn't sleep.
Did he have any other visitors?
Was there ever a girl?
Dark hair, spoke with a foreign accent?
No. No, I don't know
anything else about him.
Except this.
He left it. Mr. Steve did,
with a dollar pinned on it.
They were always darling notes.

Peerless Mortuary?

You know, I wondered at the time
what a young man like Mr. Steve...
...was doing with a card
from a mortuary.

And over in Glendale too.

Ms. Hallum, call Mr. Shelton.

Tell him the arrangements
have been made for 4.

Yes, sir.

This gentleman is waiting for you.

- Did you want to see me?

- Yeah. Uh...

A friend of mine had your card. I, uh...
Corey. Bob Corey.

Yeah.

What's the matter, cowboy?

Don't you recognize me?

Ben Arno.

Arno. Corporal Arno.

- That's right.

- Well, well.

How are you, cowboy?

Fine, fine. Now I've seen everything.

Don't let the makeup fool you.

This is for the customers.

That is, for the customers' next of kin.

You're not here on business, are you?

I hope you haven't, as we say,
lost a loved one.

Oh, no, Ben. Nothing like that. I, uh...

Good. Come on upstairs.

- Have a seat. Make yourself comfortable.

- Thanks.

- How do you like the layout?

- Oh, swell.

- But isn't it kind of, uh...

- I know what you mean.

- It's kind of close to, uh...

- Yeah.

Gives me the willies too sometimes.

Especially on foggy nights.

But I say to myself, "Ben, it pays the rent."

And that does it.

Well, what happened
to the nightclub business?
You used to say
if you ever got back to 52nd Street...
...you'd never leave.
- I went back all right but I missed the boat.
The guys who ran those joints
during the war years got all the gravy.
I got there, the shutters were going up
as fast as they could get lumber.
So I figured all the business
must have gone West.
And I came out to look things over.
Found a place too
out on Sunset Strip. Looked good.
Then I tried to get a loan. No dice.
The banks like to back a sure thing,
they said.
For instance, I said.
Something certain, they said.
All right, what's certain?
Two things. Death and taxes.
So I got to thinking,
who comes to California?
There's the ones who come here to live,
and the ones who come to die.
I couldn't get the live ones without a
nightclub, so, meet Ben Arno, mortician.
Well, like I said, death and taxes.
What brought you in here, cowboy?
I'm trying to find Steve Connolly.
I thought maybe you could help me out.
He had your card,
and I wondered how he got it.
Oh, sure. I gave it to him myself. Why?
Well, the cops are looking for him.
They say he killed Solly Blayne.
- Steve?
- Yeah.
I read about that in the papers.
There was no mention of Steve.
Well, they're looking for him anyhow.
Where'd you hear about this?
The cops picked me up this morning,

wanted to know if I had any ideas.

- And?

- The only lead I had was your card.

How do you like that?

I should've made him listen.

He was heading for trouble.

- I warned him.

- When was that?

A couple of months ago it was.

At the fights.

I go every Friday night.

I have a permanent ringside seat.

Generally I just catch the main event.

But this night the prelims were snafued.

And the last fight was going on
when I checked in.

That's it, Bingo.

Go on, Bingo. Knock him down.

Put him down. Put him down. Attaboy.

Give me your program.

That ain't Tiger Wallace.

The Tiger's sick. Substitution.

The name's Connolly.

Now he's sicker than the Tiger.

Ho-ho-ho!

One, two, three, four...

I couldn't believe my eyes.

I only saw a few seconds of the fight.

Half that time you were flat on your face.

Do you know a quicker way
to make 50 bucks?

Well, maybe not quicker, but healthier.

- Look, if you need a job...

- Sure.

In the nightclub business,
you could use a bouncer.

You saw how I could handle
a tough customer.

Who said anything about nightclubs?

- See you outside.

- Yeah.

Mortician?

- You mean you're a guy...

- Please.

My partner takes care of all that.
I'm just a front office man.
And the way you looked
in there tonight...
...I thought I was gonna have
a new customer.
Another round
and you would've had me.
Look, I meant what I said.
If there's anything I can do.
I know quite a few people over in Glendale.
Business people.
And take it from me,
it's a steady job what pays off.
Thanks. But a steady job in Glendale
is not what I'm looking for.
Steve, don't get fouled up.
You know how easy that is.
I know, Ben, I know.
Well, give me a ring, huh?
We'll cut up a few touches?
Sure, Ben, see you.
So long, Steve.
That was the last I saw of him.
He never called me.
Now I wish I never let him
out of my sight.
I don't get it.
Steve never had on a pair of gloves
in his life.
- He wasn't broke.
- He was pretty upset about something.
No guy would take
the shellacking he took just for laughs.
Yes, Miss Hallum.
Oh. I'll be right down.
- How about dinner?
- No, I can't tonight, Ben. I got a date.
Well, some other time. Business.
Keep in touch.
Okay, Ben.
I don't know, I'm stymied.
Why does a guy go into the ring
and get his block knocked off for 50 bucks?

How does he get mixed up
with a character like Solly Blayne?
And the \$40,000.
Where would he get that kind of money?
I got a hundred questions
and not one answer.
If you don't stop, you're going to worry
yourself right back into the hospital.
I can't quit worrying.
This whole business is my fault. When you
told Steve I had to forget the ranch...
...he tried to steer me onto something else,
I wouldn't listen. What happens?
He goes out for some quick dough,
so he wouldn't let me down.
What's he got to show for it?
A murder rap.
Maybe lying somewhere
with a busted spine.
- Some more coffee, senor?
- No, thanks. Just the check.
Anniversary. Married 25 years.
What I wouldn't give
to talk to the corpse of Solly Blayne.
- I beg your pardon, senor?
- Nothing.
Muchas gracias.
Bob, the anniversary.
- What about it?
- A man and his wife.
- Wasn't Solly Blayne married?
- Yes.
She was there when he was killed.
That might be just as good
as talking to Solly.
That's right.
Remind me to tell you that I love you.
Let's go.
- Yes?
Mrs. Blayne?
If it's about the house,
I'd rather you came back in the morning.
We'd like to talk to you now if we could.
Please, Mrs. Blayne. It's very important.

Will you come in?
It's a shame you have to see the house
looking like this.
It was really quite lovely.
We didn't come to talk about the house,
Mrs. Blayne.
My name is Bob Corey.
I'm a friend of Steve Connolly's.
What do you want?
We'd like to ask you
some questions, if you don't mind.
I have nothing to say to you.
Will you please go?
We don't mean to be heartless,
Mrs. Blayne. But we're desperate.
I'm a nurse at the Veterans Hospital.
Bob was a patient there
until this morning.
We just found out that his best friend
has been accused of murder.
The murder of your husband.
We know he didn't do it.
He couldn't have done it.
But we have nowhere to turn,
except to you.
If there's anything you can tell us.
Won't you sit down?
What was it you wanted to know?
Did your husband ever mention Steve?
I knew none of his friends.
He didn't want me to.
You see, there were two Solly Blaynes.
One was my husband,
and one was a gambler.
My husband always left
that Solly Blayne outside.
I hate to ask you this, but could you tell us
anything about the night itself?
It was Thursday, and the maid's day off.
Solly was in here,
having his evening highball.
I was in the kitchen getting dinner.
It was to be a little private celebration.
Solly had just told me he had won \$40,000,

which he would receive on Saturday.
We were going on a long trip together.
I hoped it might mean
an end to his gambling.
What is it, Diggy? Your pal next door?
Solly?
Solly? What was...?
Solly! Oh!
Solly.
Get the doctor.
Dr. Anstead. Hurry.
Hello, Dr. Anstead?
This is Mrs. Blayne.
Solly's been hurt, badly.
Hurry, please.
But Solly was gone.
There was nothing the doctor could do.
Nothing anybody could do.
Is there anything else
you'd like to know?
No. No, I guess not.
Then if you'll forgive me, I'm very tired.
You've been very kind, Mrs. Blayne.
- You got a record of those phone calls?
- What do you think?
- We just tack them on the bill?
- Never mind.
- I said have you got a record?
- If it says he made them, he made them.
I paid for those phone calls,
I want to know what they were.
It's a lot of trouble.
I have to go through last month's book.
Okay, okay.
This make it any easier?
Helps.
Let's see.
Well, now, let's take a look in this.
Come on, mumbles,
hurry it up, will you?
Mumbles.
Here they are.
Now, the same day.
Ulrich-1-2-3-4.

Gladstone-4-1-3-1.

- Thanks.

- I told you.

When you hear the tone, the time will be exactly 11:32 and three quarters.

Ehh.

They didn't have the right time in this hotel.

Gladstone.

Well, it's about time.

Where are you anyway?

I've been sitting here for an hour, ready to leave.

I'm sorry, I think you made a mistake.

- Say, who is this?

- This is Steve. Steve Connolly.

- Oh, you must want Bonnie.

- Yeah, yeah, let me talk to Bonnie.

She's out. I don't know when she'll be back. You know Bonnie.

Well, look, uh, maybe I'll stop by.

What's that address again?

There'll be nobody home.

I'm leaving myself in a few minutes.

You better give me the address anyhow, I want to send some flowers.

Flowers? It's 1698, North Serrano.

- Flowers yet.

- Thanks.

Who are you? What are you doing here?

It's okay. You needn't be frightened.

Frightened? A guy I never saw drops from the ceiling...

...and tells me not to be frightened.

You better get out of here before I start screaming.

When I scream, they can hear me as far as Cucamonga.

How did you get in here anyway?

Well, your roommate let me in.

Yeah? What for?

And what are you doing with that?

She asked me to meet her here.

- Lisa?

- Yeah, Lisa.

Why didn't you say that
in the first place?

You didn't give me much of a chance.

- I've been worried about her.

She goes away and doesn't even
send me a card. How is she anyway?

- She sounds all right.

- Good.

Well, sit down.

I'll take the chill off with some coffee.

Thanks.

I don't know where Lisa will sleep.

Three in here

and it'll be like a submarine.

It'll give me a good excuse

to get rid of Myrna.

She keeps hours like a baby doctor.

Say, what's your name, anyhow?

Corey. Bob Corey.

I never heard Lisa mention you.

Well, I'm a friend of Steve's.

- Steve Connolly?

- Yeah.

- You know him?

- Sure, why?

- It seems there's been a little trouble.

- Because of Lou?

- Lou?

- Lou Walsh.

Oh, Lou. Yeah.

Yeah, I think that's what
she wanted to talk to me about.

Oh.

I don't like it. I don't like it at all.

That guy Lou, he's poison.

The way he used to look at her. Like he'd
kill anyone who even said her name.

A guy who loves you like that,
that ain't love.

How long have they known each other?

Steve and Lisa?

She met him the same time I did.

The night the Topaz room folded.

That's where she and I used to work.
I'd finished for the night,
and I was waiting at Lou's regular table.
Lisa was on her last number.

- Yes, sir?

- Mr. Walsh's table.

This way, please.

- She's good, huh?

- Yeah. Very good.

- Anything for you, sir?

- Nothing, thanks. We're leaving.

I'm Steve Connolly.

Lou sent me to pick up you and Bonnie.

I'm Bonnie. That was Lisa.

Oh, uh, Lisa, this is Steve Connolly.

Lou told me to bring you to the party.

- I told Lou on the phone that I was tired.

- He said you'd change your mind.

- And if I don't?

- We didn't get that far.

Do you mind

if I have something to drink?

Waiter.

- Miss Raidoff would like a drink.

- Coffee, please.

- Yes, ma'am.

- Nothing for me.

It must be an important game tonight.

I heard a few blue chips rattle.

- Is there a big crowd?

- Not too big.

What she means, buster,

is are they stinking?

They're businessmen from out of town.

They're stinking.

- Would you like another one of those?

- No, thanks.

How do you fit into the picture,

Mr. Connolly?

I work for Lou. New boy.

Sort of a handyman.

- And where did he find you?

- A sale. War surplus. Big reduction.

He's not only cute, he's funny.

Part of my job.
Every hour on the hour, a joke.
Lou likes jokes. He'll like you.
You're amusing, Mr. Connolly. And hard.
It's a hard world.
Well, shall we go to the party?
What would you do, Mr. Connolly?
It depends on what you want.
- Do you know what you want?
- Uh-huh.
- That's why I'm working for Lou.
- Then you better be careful.
I know exactly
what Lou must have told you.
"Don't come back without her."
Can I drop you any place?
No.
I've changed my mind.
I think I'll go to the party.
Oh, Miss Lisa?
- Yes?
Mr. Lou wanted to see you
as soon as you arrived.
- Hello, Lisa.
- Hello, Solly.
You've just won another mink coat,
from me.
How nice.
Solly.
- Hello, Bonnie. How are you?
Never saw anything like it.
Give me a highball.
Try to keep my brain clear.
Nothing helps tonight.
That Lou Walsh just filled
his third inside straight.
Do you know what
we always say in Detroit?
When your luck starts running
against you, start running.
I'll give it a few more hands.
If you're from Detroit,
maybe you can get me a new car.
- Maybe I could.

- Without a bonus.

Hey...

...didn't you fight Bingo Brett last Friday?

Yeah. How did you recognize me on my feet?

- Connolly, you owe me a grand.

- Did you bet on me?

Not on you. Against Bingo.

I own him. He couldn't fight his way out of a paper bag.

Well, meet a torn paper bag.

- I'm Solly Blayne.

- How are you?

- What're you doing?

- Work for Lou.

- You're retired from the ring.

- Allergic to canvas.

Ha, ha. You'll probably get a bonus tonight.

Your boss is running wild in there.

Well, one more round.

Cards, I mean, champ.

Back to the lion's den.

- Say, she's all right. Who is she?

- Name, Lisa Raidoff.

Age 25. Weight 112.

- Unavailable.

- Yeah?

Miss Raidoff...

...I'm Dick Manning from Detroit.

- That's interesting.

Party sure brightened up when you came in here.

- Have a cigarette?

- No, thanks.

Have you been lucky tonight?

Well, not in the card game...

...but I wonder

what my chances might be here.

Want to dance?

- Can you dance without music?

- We got music.

- Take five minutes, Rocky.

- Sure.
Sit back down there.
How much does a guy have to lose
in Los Angeles to dance with some gal?
Wanna dance with me, chum?
I'm rough but I'm good.
- What? Are you trying to be funny?
- No, I'm just being nice.
But I can be funny too.
Why, this is a fine way to treat a guest.
When I'm in Detroit
you can do the same for me.
- Now go find yourself a neutral corner.
- What a party.
He just wants to have something
to brag about when he gets back home.
- Thank you. Lou will be grateful.
- That was on my own time.
Take five minutes anyway, Rocky.
You don't have to stay with me
if you want to be with the guests.
I'm with a guest.

Must be 1:

Every hour on the hour, a joke.
No joke.
What's the name of that?
- Why do you ask?
- I've heard it before.
- You must be mistaken.
- No.
No, I can even tell you where.
It was a little town
a few miles outside of Vienna. Um...
- Vianashtak?
- That's it.
There was a beer joint.
It had a string orchestra.
Three old guys, they were playing that.
- How do you know?
- It was my home.
Oh.
Did you like my home?
We liked anyplace we could

get out of the tank and stretch.
The beer joint was a bonus.
I remember we whistled that tune
all the way into Vienna.
I'm glad you like it, Mr. Connolly.
My father wrote it.
- Your father?
- Yes...
...he told everyone
he had written it for me...
...but that was only so I would practice.
And he was right too.
For a long time
I wouldn't play anything else.
- It made me feel important.
- Must be a good feeling.
It was.
- You know, I envy you, Mr. Connolly.
- Why?
- You said you know what you want.
- It's not much.
A buddy and I are...
What?
If I told you, you'd think

it was my 2:

Maybe you will tell me some other time.
Maybe...
...when I get out of the jungle.
The jungle.
That's what Lou calls it.
Only the strong or the cunning can live.
The gospel according to Lou Walsh.
And according to you?
Lou doesn't ask me.
I'd been holding my breath
all the time those two were at the piano.
It was the first time I'd ever seen Lisa
without the ghost on her shoulder.
If Lou had come out of that card room...
...Steve would have been right back
in war surplus.
Um, this party was at
Lou Walsh's apartment, huh?

- Where does he live?

- At the Brentwood Palms...

...but he's in Miami now.

- How do you know?

- I called up.

They said he'd checked out
and that's where he was.

Ooh! The coffee.

You say Solly Blayne lost in that game?

Well, he said he was clean.

It's when I heard he got bumped off
that I called up.

He's a pretty good guy. I got all excited.

Naturally, knowing him and all.

Say, do you take cream and sugar?

I said do you take cream and sugar?

Hey.

Hey, what's the idea?

Too bad. A young girl like that
had a long time to live.

If there's anything I can do.

If she had a family.

It's too late for that now. I warned you
last night about playing bird dog.

If you'd come to me with those numbers
maybe she wouldn't be lying on a slab.

Don't you think he feels bad?

Feeling bad won't bring
the Willis girl back to life.

- Bluth, see what's holding up Ballistics.

- Yes, sir.

You can't blame Bob. How could he know
this was going to happen?

Don't mind me. I'm balling him out
because I'm sore at myself.

I should have got that phone bill
from Burns...

...and who knows, maybe

Bonnie would have caught it anyway.

Captain.

- Yes?

I've got 24 more rooms to clean
and it's Saturday. My half-day.

Okay, go ahead.

But from now on remember:
It's a criminal offense to withhold
information from police.
The Good Book says silence is golden.
So I just kept my mouth shut.
It also says "Speak and ye shall be heard."
Remember.
Yes, sir.
Next time? Oh, my.
Uh, what about me, captain?
I've got one for you too.
"Go ye and do likewise."
Likewise.
Garcia. Yeah?
Yeah?
Tell them to keep looking.
Miami police can't locate
any Lou Walsh or Lisa Raidoff.
Well?
Looks like we're up against an old friend,
two peas in a pod.
Well, I'll be a...
What is it, captain?
Same gun that killed Solly Blayne
killed Bonnie Willis.
Then that means that Steve's in the clear,
doesn't it?
A man with a busted back
doesn't shoot people.
Maybe he didn't kill the Willis girl.
What's the connection between
the Willis girl and Solly Blayne?
At the moment, I have one connection.
They knew a character named Lou Walsh.
- What did you find out?
- It's like Mr. Arno says.
The Stadium never saw Connolly
after that night and never wants to.
What about Walsh?
- Saw the manager of Brentwood Palms.
Walsh checked out for Miami
the day before Solly was bumped.
There's doubt about Miami.
Get a description?

Yeah. Five-ten, 190 pounds.
Dark hair. Nice smile.
No pictures, huh?
No. Those deck and dice guys,
they're camera-shy.
Okay.
Well, that seems to make it unanimous.
No pictures, no auto license,
no bank account, no tax returns.
Somewhere in the city, there's a guy
fracturing window panes.
And I suspect his name is Lou Walsh.
Take my advice, Corey. Be careful.
He didn't care if you talked to
Sybil, the desk clerk or Arno.
None of them could lead you to him.
But the minute you got to Bonnie,
Lou Walsh came alive.
That's why Bonnie was killed.
Take my advice, keep away from windows,
or you'll wind up in Arno's.
Thanks for the plug, but that's
one piece of business I can do without.
Speaking of business,
I have a funeral in about...
...holy cow, 12 minutes.
All right, you can go.
You get a ticket, I got a pal.
- Thanks.
- Thanks for coming in.
I'll drop around the hotel.
- Keep an eye on him, will you, Julie?
- Sure, Ben.
What are you gonna do
about finding Steve?
You think we could run this office
without a phone? Hello. What?
Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. What's that?
Who?
Hold on a minute.
Steve know anyone named Lee Quong?
- Who?
Chinese boy named Lee Quong.
- You ever hear of him?

- No, I haven't.

Hello, Haines? If he starts talking again...

...take down what he says.

We'll be right there.

This Quong was shot down in skid row.

He's been unconscious ever since.

You better come with me.

He keeps babbling about a fellow
named Connolly, may be your friend.

Captain.

- Hello, doc.

- I miss anything?

- Just mumbo jumbo.

- What are his chances?

- Don't put a bet on him.

He got two in the back, close up.

- You got the ballistics report?

- No, but I can guess it.

- Can I talk to him?

Go ahead.

Mr. Connolly...

Listen, Quong, which Mr. Connolly?

Do you know Mr. Walsh? Lou Walsh?

Lisa Raidoff?

Mr. Connolly.

Do you know Solly Blayne?

- Mr. Blayne?

- Yes, what about Mr. Blayne?

Mr. Blayne, Mr. Walsh's friend.

But now Mr. Blayne dead.

And nobody know who kill him.

That's why Mr. Connolly
come hide in Mr. Walsh's house.

So police don't find out...

...Mr. Walsh owe Mr. Blayne \$40,000.

Mr. Walsh make him stay
in house all time.

Only Mr. Walsh ever go out.

Five days Mr. Connolly stay.

Ten days.

Me plenty sorry for Mr. Connolly.

Sorry for Miss Lisa too.

Coffee, Steve?

No, thanks.

What's the matter with the cops
in this town?
How long are they gonna take
to find out who killed Solly?
Maybe they'll never find out.
What's that?
Has it ever occurred to you...
...that perhaps Lou had something
to do with it?
Go on.
Why did he want Solly to think
that he was in Miami?
Why did he buy this house
under another name?
And why does he insist
that you stay here, out of sight?
And you think Lou killed him?
Isn't it possible?
It's possible there's 20 guys in this town
wanted to bump Solly.
Crooked gambler makes an enemy
every time he rakes in a pot.
These cigarettes are beginning to taste
like mud.
Well, if you think Lou's innocent...
...what does it matter if the police find out
he was in a crooked card game?
What do I do? Forget he gave me a break
when I needed one?
Lou helped you
because you were valuable to him.
You owe him nothing.
And you are not meant to live
in the jungle as he does.
If that's how you feel,
what are you doing here?
Didn't you know?
I like it here.
It's gay and exciting.
I have all I ever dreamed of as a girl.
Lou Walsh is my Prince Charming.
This hiding place, my castle.
What more could I ask?
I'm sorry.

I spoke out of turn.
I didn't mean to judge you.
You've been judging me
ever since we met.
And I've hated you for it.
Because you were right.
But are you any better?
You wanted to help your friend Bob.
You didn't mind taking a step backward.
Sure, but I knew what I was doing.
I walked in with my eyes open.
And I closed mine. I'd seen too much.
It's no excuse, I know that now.
I was a fool.
One should never close one's eyes.
Why are you telling me this?
Because I'm a coward.
And it's a cheap way to ask
for your respect.
You'll be all right.
Lou wants to marry you.
He told me himself.
I won't marry him. I don't love him.
I told him that from the beginning.
He accepted it.
He'll never accept it.
I've seen the way he looks at you.
And you, Steve,
why won't you look at me?
Why do we run away from each other?
- What is this? Your 10:00 joke?
- No.
Look at me.
For days now you have seen it in my face.
I know, because you won't look.
Steve, take me away.
Let's both get out of here.
- Stop it, Lisa.
- I can't.
I may never have another chance.
Steve, I love you.
I've never said that to anyone else.
I see Mr. Walsh outside in bushes.
Mr. Walsh look through window

at Mr. Connolly and Miss Lisa.

- Steve, where are you going?
- I'm going to tell him about us.
- And the police? What about them?
- Then I go to the police.
- I'll come back here as soon as I can.
- Wait.
- I want to go with you.
- All right. Get your coat.

It's very dark outside, but I see Mr. Walsh.

I see him watch Mr. Connolly get car.

I see him take off brake.

Steve!

Now, I should go to police...

...but maybe Mr. Walsh kill me too
if he know I see.

Go now while Mr. Walsh call doctor.

I go back downtown right now.

Mr. Walsh find me.

He kill me too.

Where's the house, Quong?

Mr. Walsh's house?

Canyon.

In canyon.

Canyon? Which canyon?

Laurel? Coldwater?

Benedict Canyon?

Who was the doctor, Quong?

Tell me the name of the doctor.

Can't you help us, doc?

Can't you do something?

I'm afraid the next time he talks,
it'll be to his ancestors.

Well, that's that.

Quong have anyone

who might tell us where he worked?

We haven't found anybody so far.

We'll start checking

the employment agencies.

- You stick around just in case.

- Right.

Thanks, doc. Come on.

What can Garcia do?

There's 20,000 doctors in Los Angeles.

He can't ask each one if they're holding onto their accident reports.

Bob, stop it.

You're just going around in circles.

What I can't understand is why Lou Walsh...

...if he tried to kill Steve, would call a doctor?

Yet Quong said he did call.

That was for Lisa's benefit.

She thought Steve had been in an accident. She told you so.

Why would any doctor protect a crook like Lou Walsh?

Oh, the ones you know wouldn't.

But crooks and gamblers have their own clinics.

- The side door of the Biltmore be okay?

- Yes, fine.

- Promise me you'll go right home to bed.

- Sure, sure, I'll promise.

Blayne.

Blayne.

Your number, please.

- Orick 1-4-4-9.

Hello?

- Mrs. Blayne, this is Julie Benson again.

What was the name of the doctor you called for Solly?

That was Dr. Anstead.

At the Mid-town Professional Building.

Anstead.

Mid-town Professional Building.

Thank you.

Anything wrong, miss?

Dr. Anstead sent me to get some x-rays from his files.

I must have forgotten to get the key.

Could you possibly let me in?

I shouldn't do that

without the doctor being here.

It's all right. I'm a registered nurse attending one of Dr. Anstead's patients.

Oh. I guess it's all right.

Thank you.

Ah.

Who's there?

Why, it's me, doctor, Homer, the janitor.

- I didn't know you were here.

- What do you want?

I've done this floor,
all excepting your office.

Will you and the nurse be leaving soon?

Nurse?

What nurse? What are you talking about?

A young lady attending
one of your patients.

Forgot to get the key from you
and asked me to let her in.

When was this?

Just a few moments ago.

Was that all right, doctor?

Oh, yes. Yes, of course.

I didn't understand you at first.

We'll be through in a little while.

You come back later.

Yes, sir.

All right, miss, come out.

I'll take those, miss.

I don't know you.

But you've broken in...

...stolen my records.

I could have you sent to prison.

Then why don't you call the police?

Give me that folder.

As a nurse you must know
a doctor's records are confidential.

The doctors I know
didn't have to burn theirs.

Where is Steve Connolly?

For the last time, give me that folder.

If I have to take it from you,
you may get hurt.

Go ahead, burn them.

That won't help you.

The police know about Steve Connolly,
that a doctor's been treating him.

What?

What's that?
They're at the county hospital,
with Lou Walsh's houseboy.
When he comes to, he'll tell them
where Steve is. They'll find out.
- You're lying.
- Am I?
Call Bob Corey at the Fremont Hotel.
He'll tell you.
Maybe you thought Steve Connolly
was in an accident. Well, he wasn't.
Lou tried to kill him.
If he dies, you'll be guilty of murder.
Stop it. Stop it.
Let me think.
Why don't you tell me where he is?
Get in that room.
Get in there.
Do as I tell you.
But I...
Let me speak to Bob Corey, please.
Hello?
Mr. Corey?
- Yeah?
Now, listen very carefully.
I know where your friend Connolly is.
What's that?
I'll tell you how to find him.
But you must protect me, Corey.
- Protect...? Say, who is this?
- I'm his doctor.
I didn't know
Lou Walsh tried to kill him.
We've got to get him to a hospital.
He needs an operation.
But you must protect me, Corey.
You must tell Connolly
I'm the one who saved him.
- Is it a deal?
- Sure, sure. Anything you say.
What do you want me to do?
One thing, Corey, come alone.
Don't tell the police,
you've got to promise me that.

Of course I promise.
What's the address?
1121 Canyon Road.
Got that? I'll meet you there.
But remember, Corey, don't tell anyone.
If you try to double-cross me...
...you'll never see your friend again.
Lou. Don't.
Don't, Lou. I had to tell him.
I'm a doctor. I can't stand by
and watch that boy die.
Taxi!
Do you know where Canyon Road is?
Canyon Road? Sure. Off Sunset.
Way out towards the beach.
That's where I want to go.
1121 Canyon Road.
- And step on it.
- Okay.
All right for me to start now, doctor?
I can do this room.
Dr. Anstead?
Doctor!
Dr. Anstead.
What's the matter, miss?
I was just talking to him a minute ago.
Operator, get me police headquarters
quickly.
- Ben.
- Ben lives over in Glendale, remember?
This is where Lou Walsh lives.
But I...
Why don't you use your head, chum?
You should've known Ben Arno's
no guy to settle down as an undertaker.
Ben.
You're Lou Walsh.
That's right.
I don't get it. Why?
Do you know what pushed me into it?
The Bureau of Internal Revenue.
Yeah, taxes.
Ben Arno settles down to being
a nice respectable mortician...

...with books the government can audit
any day in the year.
But Lou Walsh, he doesn't keep books.
Where's Steve? What have you done?
Relax. Who do you think you're kidding?
- You're not looking for Steve.
- What are you talking about?
Quite a girl, my Lisa, huh?
You saw her once in the hospital.
Yet you've been tearing the town apart
every since looking for her.
Beautiful, huh?
Ben, you must be...
You're crazy.
I don't like for you to say that, cowboy.
Like I was gonna tell you...
...you should've stuck to Julie.
You could've had a long and prosperous life.
But you weren't smart enough for that.
You had to go fall for Lisa,
the way Steve did.
That time I met him.
I thought to myself, brother,
finally one guy I can trust.
That's a laugh for you.
I told him about me being Lou Walsh.
I got him back in the game.
I was putting him on his feet.
What happens?
The minute my back is turned,
them two hugging and mugging...
...like a couple of high school kids
in the backseat of some jalopy.
Where are they, Ben?
Where are they?
What was it with her?
I gave her clothes.
I bought her this house.
And all I wanted was for her to say
just once, "I love you."
Doesn't that kill you?
Me, Ben Arno, begging like
some kid, like a cur dog.
Look at her.

My dream girl.
She's a tramp! She couldn't say it.
Not even once.
But you know something...
...I can't help myself.
I keep coming back here, to this house.
I sit in this dark room.
I smell her perfume.
Hear that song.
What did you do with her, Ben?
I never even knew
where she went to Christmas Eve.
Not till this morning in Garcia's office.
I thought she'd never get back.
For hours I'd been
sitting outside, waiting for her.
'Tis the season to be jolly
Somewhere down the street
they were singing Christmas carols.
But I couldn't enjoy it.
I couldn't enjoy anything.
And then she came.
I watched her as she got out
and started toward the house.
And then she stopped...
...and looked back at the car.
Her face told me
what she was thinking.
She was thinking
the brakes were holding.
That Steve hadn't been
in any accident after all.
Where have you been?
It's Christmas Eve.
- I thought maybe you and I could...
- It was not an accident, was it?
Somebody took the brakes off.
It was deliberate.
What do you mean?
You told me the brakes slipped.
They couldn't have.
There's nothing wrong with them.
- Where were you when it happened?
- What are you talking about?

You don't think
I had anything to do with it.
You arrived just a few minutes later.
Out of nowhere.
Listen to me, use your head.
If I wanted to kill him,
would I take such good care of him?
Anstead's one of the best doctors in town.
You know yourself, I've done everything.
I don't believe you.
- Lisa...
- Let me go.
Lisa, where are you going?
I'm calling an ambulance,
take Steve to a hospital.
You heard what Anstead told you,
he mustn't be moved.
I don't believe Anstead. He's your doctor.
He says what you tell him.
- Lisa, wait. Let me explain.
- No, Lou, I'm through with you.
I'm going away.
You can't leave.
This is your home.
I bought it for you, remember?
You and me, we're right for each other.
You can't leave.
- Let go.
- No. No.
Can I go now?
Yeah. Go.
Who needs you?
Dames like you are a dime a dozen.
Go on, get out of here! Beat it!
I won't let you go.
I'll never let you go.
- Lou...
- Never.
Tell me you love me.
Don't make me hurt you.
- Tell me you love me.
- Lou!
- Tell me!
- Lou!

Why did she make me do it? Why?
And all the time I kept hearing
those Christmas carols.
Why won't she stay dead?
Why does she keep calling me back
to this house? This room?
Why won't she let me be?
And Steve, did you kill him too?
Kill Steve? What for?
There'd be no one to talk to
about Lisa then.
No.
Steve's upstairs.
Easy.
You don't want to go up there.
You've been a sick boy.
Let me go, Ben.
He's my friend.
And yours too.
Have you forgotten?
He risked his neck for you.
- What do you mean, about Solly?
- Yeah.
Fate conspired against me there,
cowboy.
I didn't know Solly went to see Steve.
Not until Solly was dead.
And I took good care of the kid,
didn't I? I hid him out here.
Until he double-crossed me.
And even then I didn't let him down.
And since Lisa's gone away,
I fed him with my own hands.
Everything he wants,
he has to get from me.
It's kind of a kick, isn't it?
I didn't only break his back,
these last 10 days I broke his heart.
He doesn't know about Lisa.
He thinks she walked out
on the both of us.
But Lisa's dead and Bonnie's dead,
and the doctor's dead.
There's only two people left

who can identify Ben Arno as Lou Walsh.
One's Steve and the other's you.
But everybody's gotta die sometime.
It says so in the books.
You'll never get away with it, Ben.
Listen.
That's not the police.
I heard what Anstead said. You came alone.
That's an ambulance, or a fire maybe.
But whatever it is,
that's the last sound you'll ever hear.
How do you want it, cowboy?
My buddies.
Why, it's Ben Arno. Hold it, boys.
Let him have it.
Okay, boys, call the coroner.
Captain Garcia, in here, hurry.
Hi, cowboy.
Can I get you anything, Steve?
A cigarette or something?
I could use a couple of miracles, maybe.
- You're going to be all right, Steve.
Sure.
Funny, I feel better already.
Just knowing she didn't run out on me.
It's okay, kids.
We're out of the jungle now.
- Hello, Steve.
- Hey, I thought you stood me up.
- Hop in.
Which way you going?
- Same way you are.
- Hop in.