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Hart to Hart: Old Friends Never Die

By Sidney Sheldon

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This is my boss, Jonathan Hart.
He's a millionaire. Self-made.
And this is his wife, Jennifer.
She's quite a lady.
Oh, and that's me.
My name is Max.
I take care of them,
which ain't easy,
because when they met
it was murder.
Yes, sir. It went exactly
as you planned.
I believe you're ready, sir.
A costume for
Mr. and Mrs. Hart.
If I can't beat this challenge,
I'll hang up my pin cushion.
They're all here, you know. The
greats and the near greats.
From Valentino to Dietrich,
and Chaplin and Harlow.
Those were the glory days,
when Hollywood costumes meant
style and glamour and panache.
Mr. and Mrs. Hart,
if you'll come this way.
Now, these are the showgirl
costumes I told you about,
but I don't know why
that would interest you.
Let's see now.
Where is the one...
This... This aisle has some very nice
things in it. If we just come down here...
Don't give up now,
we're just getting started.
Charles Laughton wore
this in Henry VIII.
How about this? Hedy Lamarr in
Samson and Delilah.
Perhaps it would help
if I knew what the theme was.
Oh, I don't

think there is a theme.

We're simply going to Alfred
Raine's private island in Hawaii
for the weekend,
for a costume party.

Alfred Raine? The publisher?

- Yes.

- Oh, I am impressed.

Uh, you're not one of Mr. Raine's
world famous authors are you?

Uh, not exactly, no.

Oh, well. I suppose
we'll find something.

Don't be so modest, darling.

You know the only reason
that we're going to this affair is because
Raine is going to try to sign you.

I know that and you know that
but does he have to know that?

Wait, I've got it.

Famous couples.

Romeo and Juliet.

Columbus and Queen Isabella.

Cary Grant and

Katharine Hepburn.

Antony and Cleopatra.

On the other hand, there is
always another way to go.

Not exactly what I had in mind.

Oh, too bad.

Gee, Ollie, I thought
we looked great.

Really?

Well, all right, Stanley,
if that's what you want.

We'll do it.

Herbert, wrap up another
Laurel and Hardy.

The decision's been made.

- Freeway, come here!

- Come on!

- Yay! Up, up, up!

- Phone call for you.

Oh, thanks, Max.

Hello? Yeah, hi Lou.

Well, uh, keep trying, okay?

Yeah.

Right. Thanks a lot, Lou. We'll be gone for the next four days.

- Bye.

- What was that all about?

Remember my telling you that somebody was making a run on Hart Industries stocks?

We still don't know who it is.

Sounds pretty serious.

- Max, do me a favor, will ya?

- What is it, Mr. H?

Check with some

of your buddies on the street.

Maybe one of them

will hear something

that's not being said

up in those executive suites.

Right, you've got a plane to catch.

We gotta get home and back.

No way, squirt.

You and me are staying home.

Ladies and gentlemen,

welcome to Honolulu,

where the local time is 1:45.

Please remain seated

with your seat belts fastened

until the captain has turned off

the "Fasten Seat Belt" sign.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart,

welcome aboard.

Our flying time to Mr. Raine's

island will be about 38 minutes.

If there's anything you need,

just let me know.

Honolulu Tower, this is 6589 Zulu.

Request clearance to Raine's Island,

vector south-southeast

on heading of 156.

We'll be landing here, on the

north face of the island.

There'll be a jeep waiting to take

you and your bags to the main house.

Hope you enjoyed your flight!

We did, thanks.

Jonathan, welcome.

I'm Alfred Raine.

- Jonathan Hart.

- Good.

- This is my wife, Jennifer.

- How are you?

- I'm so glad the two of you could make it.

- Oh, thank you very much.

You have a wonderful place here.

- Thanks for inviting us.

- No, no, no. The thanks is all mine.

Signing Jennifer Hart will be

a real feather in my cap.

I hope you understand

my intentions are serious.

Well, I hope you understand

that I'm seriously flattered.

Then we're off to a good start.

Now, someone will deliver

your bags to your room,

and meanwhile

this place is yours.

Please make yourselves

at home, will you?

All right.

We'll see you later. Fine.

Need anything, please call me.

It looks like Raine built his

own little paradise here.

Well, you know what they say,

"publish or perish."

I guess publish won out, huh?

I just kept staring

at the board.

Seemed that Spassky had made

a major blunder.

I mean, the move made no sense.

Put his queen in jeopardy

very early on in the game.

If you read my book,

you'd see how wrong I was.

I have the guest list here.

That must be...

Shelby Lyons who wrote

Surrender in Black and White.

- Heavy.

- I suppose this is your way
of trying to express some sort
of pack dominance?

- No, it's just...

- Because if you think that I am impressed
with your androgyne-based efforts
to maintain some sort of elite
power position, you are
sorely mistaken.

- I'm sorry.

- You're sorry?

As if that's all
that's required to eradicate
2000 years of male oppression
and domination.

Here's your book.

Who's that?

That's Nora Kingsley.

- Nora Kingsley?

- Sure, you know, she wrote that book,
Don't Like 'Em, Never Did.

Let me ask you a question.

Did you ever read that book?

Well, I scanned it.

One or two chapters.

Are you hungry?

I'm starved. I'm sure glad
we didn't have any breakfast.

- Me, too.

- Oh, this looks great.

Oh, please, you two are not really
going to eat those are you?

We were considering it, yes.

I mean, even the cracker,
bromated wheat.

Bromated?

Do you know how many
chemicals they use
to bromate wheat?

I never thought about that.
Probably because it's
too frightening to remember.
What about these?
Fish eggs. Watch as I shudder.
Dirty water, dirty fish.
I guess I'll just settle
for celery.
Sure, if you don't mind
the pesticides.
Who was that?
Reginald Sinderson.
What did he write?
Are You Sure You
Aren't What You Eat?
- Are you sure?
- I'm not.
Ah, this can't be too bad.
Try this. There.
There. Delicious.
Uh...
- What is it?
- Watercress. What do you think?
It's not a cheeseburger.
For you, sir.
Cheeseburger.
Thanks.
Best burgers in the city.
You gotta know, I just don't
schlep out here for just anybody.
But I know how you get when
Mr. and Mrs. H leave town.
Keep it between us,
though, squirt,
or we'll both end up
on kibble and water.
Hey ya, squirt. Stop eating
and give me the phone.
Max here. Oh yeah, Duke. Look,
I need a little legwork.
Yeah, I'll fill you in
when I see you.
No way,
you're not getting fries.

- Wow!

- Where are you?

The part where Marjorie goes into the house alone.

- Oh, I'm not there yet.

- Oh, it's great.

- She goes into the house...

- Oh, no, no. Please don't tell me.

- I'm sorry.

- I want to find out on my own.

- Did you get to the part when they both...

- Jonathan!

I'm sorry.

- How much do you know about this Stacey...

- Jonathan!

Sorry.

I only know that Stacey Rodgers is one of Alfred Raine's most successful fiction writers.

Well, I can certainly understand why.

She takes you on a ride here that's unbelievable.

- Wow!

- See what I mean?

No, I mean, wow, am I hungry.

I'm gonna get something to eat.

- Can I bring you anything?

- No thanks.

I think I'll stay here and finish this chapter.

Okay.

Oh, can I help you?

Oh, I got it, thanks.

Oh.

- Eric Roth.

- Jennifer Hart.

I want you to know, I'm not usually in the habit of refusing help from such a beautiful woman.

But considering I wrote

I Can Do It Alone,

might look a little funny to these people if they caught you doing it for me.

Oh, I saw you on television.
Very inspirational.
Yeah, well that inspiration's become
something of an albatross for me.
See, I tried to give handicapped people
a little push and encouragement.
Now, I can't accept
a favor from anybody.
Oh, I see.
Maybe my next book should be
Accepting Help With Grace.
Oh, well, I tell you,
if Grace is ever not around
and I can do anything,
just give me a call.
I'll try to find an excuse,
I promise.
Okay.
The egg rolls are fantastic.
Oh, yummy! Ooh, boy!
Hi there.
Hi... Uh, the water...
Is great.
It's really good here.
Mmm!
Take my word for it,
it's the perfect murder.
It's a snap. He's here for the weekend.
It's a big bash.
It has to look like an accident.
That's a must if it's going to work.
As soon as people start wondering
about motive, we're sunk.
But you've figured it out?
Absolutely.
The hardest part is getting
him separated from the crowd.
So we get him out
on a fishing boat.
We get five or six other people
to go with him. It's perfect.
A few others will die
in the accident.
No one will even know that our

guy was the intended target.

- What kind of accident?

- Fire.

It's clean and it's thorough.

It also gives a few of the others
a chance to save themselves.

Two or three people survive out of six.

It's very real, very natural.

And how do you know

that our man won't be

one of the people

who saves themselves?

Because he'll be drugged.

Few sips of his drink, he'll get
logy, start to feel a little faint.

He'll go down into the cabin to sleep it
off. By the time the fire breaks out...

- He hasn't got a chance.

- I'm telling you.

The man will die and no one
will even suspect murder.

Jonathan, I see you've found
my favorite spot.

I also understand I'm reading
your favorite author.

Second favorite author. That's
a wonderful book, isn't it?

Yeah, it's great.

- Is Stacey Rodgers here?

- Yes.

Stacey Rodgers is indeed here.

I'd like to meet her.

Oh, I'm sure you'll find
her very interesting.

Now Jonathan, um, I did not come down
here merely to make a social call.

Oh.

I was kind of hoping you
might give me a little advice
on how to entice your wife.

Al, Jennifer and I made
an arrangement years ago.

She doesn't borrow my razor and I
don't make her business deals.

She's very good at managing her own affairs.

All right. Well, then I'll just leave it up to her.

All I ask is 20 minutes alone with her once I have the proposal drawn up, huh?

Well, just let her know. I'm sure you'll find her very reasonable.

Thanks.

Jonathan? Whoo-hoo!

Jonathan? Where were you?

- It's only been ten minutes.

- Oh, I thought it was an eternity.

- I have to show you something.

- What's wrong?

I just overheard two men planning a murder.

Planning to murder someone here at the party.

Did you get a look at them?

Yes, but I don't think I could recognize them. Maybe one of them.

He was gray with a thin face.

But you would recognize him if you saw him again?

I think so.

- Let's go find him.

- Okay.

I was standing right here.

What were you doing?

I was drinking water.

You were standing in the middle of the bridge drinking water? Why?

Because I was trying to get away from Reginald.

Where was Reginald?

Well, he was over... Oh darling, it has nothing to do with him.

Listen, I was standing right here when I heard the first man, who said, "Take my word for it. This is the perfect murder."

And then the two of them

went on to discuss

how they were going
to do it this weekend.

Well, there's only so many
people on the island.

We ought to be able
to find them.

All right.

I knew I should have made my
move when I had the chance.

You've already
found someone else.

Oh!

Don't tell me. I know.

It's my new aftershave.

Uh, this is my husband,
Jonathan Hart. Eric Roth.

Nice to meet you, Mr. Hart.

Husband, huh?

I guess I was later
than I thought.

You didn't by any chance see two men
under the bridge talking earlier,
did you?

- No, I didn't.

- Oh.

Excuse me.

See ya.

Maybe you could loan me
your aftershave sometime.

Any time.

- Excuse me.

- I could have won it.

We're looking for a man that...

It was the lights.

You do know that?

The lights?

Fluorescent lights. Well, he
did something to them.

Well, maybe he was wearing special
contacts so they didn't affect him,
but I couldn't concentrate.

Those lights.

Those lights were slowly
driving me out of my mind.

Really?

Not to mention the fact
that he hypnotized me too.

Oh, no. It was a blunder,
no doubt about it.

Well, he couldn't have
planned it and won.

- We were wondering if you saw a man.

- A thin face.

- Gray hair.

- His hair turned gray?

Who?

What do you mean who? Who
are you talking about?

Well, I know who I'm talking
about, who are you talking about?

Spassky!

I'm gonna give you people fair
warning, if you get close to him
do not look into those eyes.

That's how he did it.

That's how he hypnotized me.

Jonathan! Jonathan!

That's him.

- You can't even see his face.

- I know.

I know, but believe me

I know that's him.

Don't you think it would be a
good idea to see his face?

Just to make sure.

What are you doing? Wait.

- I'm going up to him.

- But that's the murderer.

I'm just gonna get a shrimp.

I'm sure I'll be safe.

Pardon me, do you know who I
see here to get some ice?

Ah. The guy you want
to see is Alfred.

All right.

Excuse me.

Oh, my God. Jonny!

- Frank.

- Yes.

Frank Culver! Remember me
telling you about Frank Culver?
He was my best friend in school.

- Frank. Great to see you.

- Ah, Jonny. Good to see you.

You look wonderful.

There's a surprise.

This is my wife, Jennifer.

Oh, how do you do, Jennifer?

What am I saying?

You are Jonny's wife.

Hello, Jennifer!

Nice to meet you.

What's it been, Jonny?

Thirty, thirty-five years?

Who's counting?

You're doing great. Every time I open
the paper, it's Jonathan Hart this,
Jonathan Hart that.

You've been doing great, Jon.

- Well, how are you doing?

- Well, not as good as you,
but, what's the surprise?

Just like it was in college.

Jonathan was always

"most likely to succeed."

I was always "most likely to be
found hanging around Jonathan."

What do you say we grab a table?

We've got thirty, thirty-five
years to catch up on. Come on.

Great.

Jonathan, that's him.

That's the guy.

Jonathan!

Well, what have
you been doing, Frank?

I've been writing
for the past 12 years.

- Surprise, huh?

- Well, not so much.

You always wanted to write
the great American novel.

Well, I'm afraid that one's gonna
have to wait for a little while.
You don't become a Hemingway
just because you want to,
you have to have it in you.
Oh, you've always had it in you.
The trick was getting it out.
Just like old times.

You may be
right about that, Jonathan.
But in the meantime,
I've been writing mysteries.
Mysteries?

- We love mysteries.

- Really?

Could we have read any of
them or seen any of them?

Well, you might have
stumbled across one or two.

You wouldn't have known it was me.
I've been writing under a pseudonym.

Save the real thing for the real
thing, if you know what I mean.

You ever hear of Stacey Rodgers?

- Stacey Rodgers?

- Are you Stacey Rodgers?

Guilty.

- Hey, that's terrific!

- Really?

Yeah.

We've read most of her books.

I mean, we've read most of your books.

I had no idea.

Anyway, that's what

I'm doing here.

And I've read a couple of your books.

You've done wonderful work.

I didn't know

you were with Raine.

Thank you. I'm not.

Well, not yet.

As always, Jon, you done good.

I don't know what happened
to me in that department.

Things just didn't work
out the way I'd planned.
And it's your fault.
Hanging around with you
all those years,
I guess I just wouldn't
settle for second best.
Just between
you and me, Jennifer,
there was many a night I lay awake
plotting this man's murder.

- Ahem.

- You okay?

I'm fine.

I'm just a little tired.

Its' been a long, long day.

Maybe we could take
this up tomorrow, okay Frank?

How about a threesome? Raine has got
a fabulous 18 hole golf course here.

Hey, I would love that,
as long as it's not too early.

- Ten?

- Fine.

- See you then.

- All right. You get some rest.

- Good to see you, Jonny.

- Thanks, Frank.

Why didn't
you say anything? God!

- What was I gonna say?

- Well...

Gee, Frank, it's good to see
you, and while we're at it
my wife thinks
you're a murderer?

- No.

- Darling, think about it. If you're right,
then you don't want
him to know that you know.

No, that's right.

I didn't think about it that way.

But we just can't do nothing.

Look, we'll meet him tomorrow

for a little golf.

We'll go out on the golf course, have a little small talk conversation and then we'll play it by ear.

All right. All right.

- Just relax.

- Mmm-hmm.

- Put your hands together.

- Uh-huh.

- Move them back and forth.

- Like that?

Very slowly.

- Oh.

- Very softly.

- That's good.

- Mmm-hmm.

Ahh!

Have you been practicing without me?

No, no, no.

It's just beginner's luck.

You wouldn't want to bet me on the next one?

Joking. Just joking.

Oh, sure. Practicing.

No fair, Jon.

I was just giving Jennifer some pointers.

Well, I got some good news and some bad news.

The bad news is the sprinkler system went bonkers. No golf today.

But the good news is that our illustrious host, Mr. Alfred

"I Supply My Guests With Everything"

Raine has taken care of things.

Instead of golf, a bunch of us are gonna do some deep sea fishing.

Hey! I'd love that.

I was hoping to get some fishing in while I was here.

Well, great, now you've got your chance.

I'll see you

at the boat in 30 minutes.

- You got it.

- Don't be late.

Darling! Great news.

Guess what?

We're going fishing.

Fishing?

Darling!

Darling, I just spoke with Al.

Frank got a business call, that's why we took off without him.

- So?

- So?

Don't you think

that's a little convenient?

Well, maybe with a little luck we could get shipwrecked.

Jonathan!

Just imagine you and me alone for a weekend on a deserted island, huh?

- Relax.

- I am relaxed.

I'm relaxed.

- Darling, what's wrong?

- Uh, no.

- Feel a little queasy.

- Really?

I think I'll go below.

Is that your stomach?

Catch a big one, darling.

But darling,

I have to tell you something.

Kind of lost my sea legs, here.

Darling.

Oh, Al,

you've got to stop this boat.

- What?

- Don't ask me to explain.

Just stop the boat.

Why, is something wrong?

It's gonna burst into flames.

What are you talking about?

Please don't ask me to

explain, just stop the boat.

Jennifer, my mechanics go over these boats at least once a week, there's nothing wrong with the engine.

How can you be sure?

All right, if it'll make you feel better, we'll take a look. Hmm?

- Good.

- Ralph, would you see to it?

- Yes, sir.

- Ooh!

Don't you think it's a good idea to take the fire extinguisher?

- I don't think it's necessary.

- Please, humor me.

Good.

Dear God!

Get me the pliers from that tool chest.

Well, there's the problem.

That wire's been stripped back way too far.

This is very sloppy work.

Now, how did you know about this?

You seemed to know about the fire before it even happened.

Well, didn't you smell it?

No, I didn't smell anything.

Well, I smelled it very strongly from where I was standing.

I naturally assumed it was in the engine.

Well, I guess, we're all very lucky you have such a great sense of smell.

How are you doing?

Oh, fine,

I'm feeling much better.

- You are?

- Yeah.

- Much better.

- Oh, that's nice.

Because I have bad news.
What is it?
Frank Culver
just tried to kill you.
What are you talking about?
Everything that just happened.
It was detail for detail what
I overheard Frank planning.
Darling, you heard Al.
The motor had faulty wiring.
And I heard Frank.
Get the man on the fishing boat.
Drug him so he'll go below
and go to sleep
and then burn the boat.
And, ha-ha,
Frank so conveniently missed
the proverbial boat.
I don't understand. Why would
Frank want to kill me?
I don't know.
But didn't he say he was
thinking of killing you?
Oh, people use that expression
all the time.
Well, maybe he was jealous
of your success
after all these years.
Well, I'm sure there's a reasonable
explanation for all of this.
Don't stare at me, squirt.
Go on, get something useful.
Hey, Max. How's it going?
It's going, Duke.
I need a tip.
Sort of... Inside stuff.
The Fifth at Santa Anita.
I'll guarantee it.
Not the ponies, Duke.
Stock market.
The stock market?
What are you, nuts?
Nah, stick with the ponies,
Max, it's a lot safer.

Come on,
you can do better than that.
Safer or not, I got to find out
who's buying up the hot
industry stock.
What kind of buying
are we talking about?
Big boys.
Forget the kiddie stuff.
How come your boss isn't
doing this himself?
He and Mrs. H are out for the big
bash at Alfred Raine's place.
Alfred Raine, the publisher,
the guy with the island?
The shoe was better than that.
Come on, squirt. Try again.
That's the place.
Okay, Max, but I'm a bookie.
I'm not real comfortable
with these stock market types.
Thanks, Duke.
Where's the mutt?
What do you got there, squirt?
Oh, my God!
Bring that back!
Uh-oh. Let's get out of here.
Hey, uh, Jonathan, Jennifer.
Hi. Glad to see you're
feeling better, Jonathan.
Oh, thank you very much.
Do you mind if I ask
what you had for lunch?
- Why?
- Just curious.
Well, I had the shrimp
salad sandwich, right?
Shrimp, right.
Well, then I'm afraid I owe
you a tremendous apology.
I've just spoken
with one of my staff people.
I don't know how this happened,
but it seems as if

the shrimp salad was spoiled.

Now, I'm told we had a few people
fall ill back here at the house, too,
same thing that happened to you.

Convenient.

Excuse me?

Oh, it's, uh... It's just a little
something between the two of us.

Sorry.

Well, once again,
my apologies to both of you.

And now, I have a chef to fire.

Well, what do you think?

Interesting story, huh?

There you are.

I'm so sorry I missed the boat.

Not that it would be
the first time.

Catch anything?

Shrimp salad.

I beg your pardon?

Frank, uh, there's something
we want to talk to you about.

Shoot.

Yesterday, when Jennifer was
standing over there on the bridge,
she overheard you.

Talking about what?

About killing someone.

Killing someone on this weekend.

On a fishing boat.

Drugs, fire.

Everything that just happened
to Jonathan.

Could we have a drink?

Jennifer,

you're absolutely right.

Everything you said you heard,
you heard.

Until you put it together,

I never even thought about it,
but you did

hear me plotting a murder.

None of that was real.

It was fiction.
Hypothesis.
I was helping someone
plot out a murder mystery.
Really?
Why would I make
something like that up?
A fellow came up to me,
right over here,
as a matter of fact.
Started praising my books
and before I knew it,
he was asking me to help him
with a book
he was trying to write.
Just like that?
Just like that.
He was stuck trying to figure
out how to pull off the murder
among all these people,
and still get away with it.
It's just a story.
Do you always give away
your ideas for free?
Well, I'm a writer.
I carry ideas
around in my pocket.
Besides, they were only
a couple of thoughts,
it wasn't as though
it was a complex scenario.
And he was so flattering,
I guess I couldn't resist.
I admit it, I was showing off.
Who is this man, Frank?
I was afraid you were
gonna ask that question.
I don't know.
I never saw him before. I
certainly haven't seen him since.
It isn't exactly
the strongest story.
Maybe so, but it's the truth.
Jonathan, I'm a writer.

If I were trying to think up
a way to kill you,
don't you think I'd come up
with a better story than that?
What do I have to do
to convince you?
Well, uh...
Finding the man might be a
step in the right direction.
Okay. We'll do it tonight.
Everyone will gather for dinner.
We'll just cruise the room and check
out the faces. It should be a snap.
Ladies and gentlemen, may I
have your attention, please?
I have an announcement to make.
The masquerade party, which was
scheduled for tomorrow night,
will be held tonight.
Wonderful.
There goes your snap.
- Any luck?
- Not so far.
These costumes
aren't helping either.
We'll keep looking.
Okay.
Once more into the breach.
Ooh. Champagne and pizza.
Ooh, full of calories,
cholesterol and fat.
What do you think?
It is a masquerade, Ollie.
We should keep up appearances.
Hi there.
You didn't see that.
I didn't?
And if you say anything,
I'll just deny it.
Well,
if it's good enough for him,
it's good enough for us, Ollie.
Mmm.
Mmm, so good.

Jonathan, Jennifer.

I see you got your
appetite back, Jonathan.

Good as new.

Thank God.

I thought
this might be the right time
to have that little talk
with Jennifer.

- Oh.

- It's your party.

"Publish or perish."

Right this way.

Now, just remember,
no more shrimp salad.

Word of honor.

- Have a seat, Jennifer.

- Ah.

Now, I could talk and talk, but
it would be just that. Talk.

A picture is worth
a thousand words.

- A contract?

- Your contract.

Your proposed contract.

Most of what you need to
know is on the first page.

Oh.

Very generous.

I'm a publisher.

I know what's important
to writers

and I think I know
what's important to you.

There's a lot of creative
support in that paper.

It's a very good deal.

It's one of the best

I've ever offered.

You are serious.

Very.

What's going on?

What happened?

Someone's been shot!

Oh, my God! Jonathan!

Jonathan.

That's him, Jonathan.

That's the man who asked me
to help him plot the murder.

I thought that was you.

I have a feeling, darling,
someone else was thinking
exactly the same thing.

His name was Harold Simpson.

Is, Mr. Raine.

His name is Harold Simpson.

Because a man has died doesn't
mean his name has changed.

Fine.

And I understand he was one
of your invited guests?

Yes. Yes, he was...

Is an aspiring author.

Was an aspiring author,

Mr. Raine.

Being dead, it seems unlikely
he'll write many more books.

I understand you were not present
at the time of the shooting.

Yes, that's correct. I was
in my office at the time.

Well, so you were present.

You were not at
the scene of the crime.

Right.

Thank you.

I hope you understand.

It helps to be precise.

Of course.

And now, with your permission,
perhaps some of your other guests can
shed some more light on this tragedy.

You know, you might start with
Mr. and Mrs. Hart.

They seemed quite anxious
to speak to the police.

Then I'll suppose
they still are.

Thank you.

There's no doubt about it,
Detective Woo.

- Whoo.

- Who?

Whoever killed that man
was trying to kill my husband.

I'm here only for the facts
of the case, Mrs. Hart.

- That's what I'm trying to tell you.

- No.

You're giving me conjecture.
Your opinions, fascinating as
they are, they are not facts.
Well...

Isn't it a fact that that man
was dressed in the same costume
as my husband,
and he wound up shot to death?

It is. But what you're concluding
may be mere coincidence.

Coincidence?

Is it a coincidence that
that was the very man
who was talking about murder
with Frank Culver
and everything that Frank suggested
wound up happening to my husband?

As we sit here, Mrs. Hart,
your husband seems to be
in perfect health
while another man is dead,
and those are the facts.

You can't tell me
that you know for sure
that my husband wasn't
the intended victim.

Now, that's a fact, isn't it?

I'm afraid not.

- Detective Woo.

- Whoo.

Whoo.

How can you say that?

What happened last night,

Mrs. Hart, was not a murder.

It was a suicide.

Suicide?

I don't believe it.

Perhaps this will help.

It's a note. It was written
on his letterhead.

Harold Simpson.

In it, he talks a little about his
business, his family problems,
and he ends with,

"I realize that I will be considered a
coward for taking the easy way out.

"I prefer to see my death
as an act of courage.

"I've done everything I could, and
though I had all my pieces on the board,
"I find myself in checkmate."

You see, the facts
can be useful.

That doesn't make any sense.

Facts always make sense,

Mrs. Hart.

One has to know how to put
them in the proper order.

Are you absolutely sure of that?

Who knows.

Whew...

... 's on first.

- What?

- Second base.

Oh, Jonathan.

Do you get the feeling someone
is trying to play games with us?

I do.

But why?

Who knows? Who.

Well, I don't believe
any of this.

If that man committed suicide,
I'm the real Oliver Hardy.

I think it's time we packed up
and got out of this place.

Maybe we can catch a ride back

to Honolulu with Detective Whoo.

Good idea.

Jonathan.

I was hoping to catch up
to the two of you.

Can you spare me
a couple of minutes?

Just the two of us, I'm sorry.

For old time's sake?

I'll go pack.

Thanks, Jennifer. Bye.

I won't keep him long,

I promise.

Well, this has not exactly
been a class reunion.

No pun intended.

It's been interesting.

Just like old times,
I step knee-deep into it
and you're trying to pull me
out by the ears.

Let me own this one, Jonathan.

I played the patsy for someone who
was clearly trying to set you up,
- and I'm sorry.

- Oh, you don't have to apologize.

You had no idea
you were being used.

Well, I want to apologize.

I'm hoping that...

After all this blows over,
under different circumstances,
maybe we could...

Ah, I'd look forward to it.

In the meantime, you might actually
write that great American novel
you always dreamed about.

I stopped dreaming
a long time ago.

- It's been finished for quite a while.

- Really?

Just haven't had the guts
to show it to anyone.

Afraid it might not be everything

I planned for it to be.
And yet I can't face the idea of being
Stacey Rodgers for the rest of my life.
If you don't take the risks...
I know. I know.
Nothing ventured...
Well...
Can't leave it in my closet forever,
even the moths are getting bored.
Well, if you ever want someone
to look at it,
let me know.
You'll be the first.
I mean that.
You've been a good friend,
Jonathan.
Take care of yourself.
It's been good to see you.
I know he apologized profusely.
But I still don't trust
dear old Frank.
It all started with him.
Maybe he's telling the truth.
He could be a patsy
for someone else.
Hello?
Oh, no. What, packing already?
No, the guests are supposed to
leave tomorrow morning at 11:00.
- Al...
- I know.
Poor Harold Simpson's suicide
has sort of put a damper
on the party atmosphere,
hasn't it?
Death tends to do that.
We hate to spoil your weekend,
but, uh...
After all that's happened, I think
it's time that we say our goodbyes.
This party for me
has been a disaster.
I'm mortified. I'm sorry.
Now let me check with the police

about taking you back, huh?

Al.

How well did

you know Harold Simpson?

Hardly at all, really.

I invited him because he wrote one
foreign piece that I published.

He was trying to
get into mysteries.

You know,

he was a big fan of Frank's.

Followed all his work. He used
to write to Frank all the time.

You mean they knew each other?

I don't know if they
actually knew each other,

I think it was
mostly through the mail.

But Simpson told me that he used to
write Frank fan letters all the time.

Curiouser and curiouser.

Do you think

he committed suicide?

You don't?

I keep asking myself
this one question.

If he shot himself,
then who pushed the button in
the elevator to send him up?

Jonathan, you should have been
a mystery writer yourself.

Now, would you please
tell that to Detective Whoo.

Maybe he can do
a little more digging here.

Meanwhile, I'll send
someone up for your bags.

Oh, and Jennifer,
please do not forget my offer.

I still intend to make you
part of my team.

Hmm.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart,
wait please.

I was asked to give
you this note before you left.

Thank you.

Who's that from?

Frank.

Jon, I think I figured
this whole thing out.

Meet me at the old shack
as soon as you can.

It's important.

- I'm gonna check this out.

- Oh, I don't trust that.

Ten minutes, tops.

I'll be fine.

Frank!

Hey, Frank!

Frank?

I'm sorry, Mrs. Hart, but we have
a very strict schedule to keep.

Oh, but Detective I'm sure he'll
be here in just a minute.

The fact is, Mrs. Hart, we're
only 30 minutes away by air
and if you need us,
just call us.

And ask for Whoo?

Absolutely.

Oh, no, no, no.

No, take it...

I'm sorry, you'll have to take
those bags back.

Oh, would you take this
with you up to the room?

- Yes, ma'am.

- Sorry.

Hello?

Jonathan?

Help! Help!

Somebody help! Help!

Help!

Help!

Hart! What's going on?

What the hell happened here?

I wish I knew.

Let's get out of here.

- Come on.

- I gotta get out.

Jonathan!

Jonathan, I've been
looking all over for you.

Oh, my God!

What happened?

Well, it seems that
someone wanted me
to take an unscheduled swim.
If it hadn't been for Eric here,
I'd have been in real trouble.

No problem, Jonathan.

Looks like the two of you
could use a hot bath.

Would help get some of the
sand out of my teeth.

Do you mind, if we just sit
here and relax a while?

Till I figure out
what's going on.

Hello?

Jon?

Jennifer?

- Does it hurt?

- Huh.

It'd feel a lot better
if I knew who hit me.

I think we should
call Detective Whoo.

He said he could be
here in half an hour.

What do you think?

Who?

Darling, why don't we
just call the police?

- I'll give you two good reasons.

- All right.

One is, if we leave now
we'll never find out who's
at the bottom of this.

And two?

And two is...

Darling, I don't actually think
that my life is in danger.
Oh, Jonathan.
You can't be serious.
What would have happened
if I didn't know
about the fire on the boat?
And what would have
happened if Eric
hadn't just come
along at that moment.
But that's just the point.
You see, you did know about
the fire on the boat.
And Eric did come along
just at the right time.
No, no. I think we
were just very lucky.
Sit down.
I found this
in the shack, looking for Frank.
It was hanging from its neck.
You think someone's trying
to tell me something?
Great.
Why don't we go home and
they can fax it to you?
What makes you think that all
this would stop if we went home?
What are you saying?
If I'm right
and this is all somehow connected
to the stock purchases,
then what's going on here
is going on at home.
And it all started
before we got here.
Damn it!
- What?
- Oh...
I keep thinking about
the suicide note.
I keep reaching back
trying to grab it.

Because there was
something in that phrase
about all the men
being "on the board."
It's all a game.
Don't you see, darling?
You overhearing Frank,
Simpson being in my costume,
Eric being on the beach
at just the right time.
Simpson didn't commit suicide.
He was murdered.
By someone who wanted to prove a point.
That I'm a target.
An easy target. Huh?
He was a sacrifice for the game.
A pawn?
Yeah.
In an elaborate game of chess.
And it all keeps
coming back to Frank.
I swear to you, I don't know
what you're talking about.
This.
The note that got me over
to that old shack,
that nearly took my life.
Jonathan, I didn't write this.
This is isn't even
my handwriting.
What do I have to do to get
you two to believe me?
Try telling the truth.
That's what I'm doing.
How well did you
know Harold Simpson?
I've told you.
I didn't know him at all.
He struck up
a conversation with me.
Next time I saw him he had
a bullet hole in his head.
That's the truth, Jonathan.
You may not believe it,

but that's the truth.
He never wrote you letters?
Wrote me letters?
Fan letters?
Fan letters?
Jennifer,
I don't get fan letters!
Stacey Rodgers, remember?
Stacey Rodgers gets
thousands of fan letters.
I never see them.
The publisher has people
to take care of those.
Oh, boy.
Oh!
This is beginning to sound
like one of your mysteries.
Well, then maybe I can help.
I write them.
I've spent a lot of time trying
to put characters into mysteries.
Since we are the
characters in this one,
maybe if we work backwards
we can find our way out.
Beginning where?
Friends, relatives, enemies...
Anybody who would have a reason to
put you through something like this.
What we have to do is take it apart
and then put it together again.
I found this in the shack
when I went to meet you.
It was hanging by
its neck from a wire.
Well, this is a hell of a lot
more than a coincidence.
Look, we all agree there
was no suicide, right?
Somebody killed Simpson
and then planted a note on him
with references to a chess game.
Suicide and chess.
That's the key.

What is it, darling? You look
as if you've seen a ghost.
I may have.
I've never seen you go picky.
It's all this talk about stocks.
Having Mr. and Mrs. H
out of town.
Lot of stress.
Tell you what,
after all this is over
you and me are gonna have a
little vacation out of town.
Sun, girls, biscuits...
The whole nine yards.
- Hello?
- Hello, Max?
How are things going?
Fine, Mr. H.
We're doing fine.
How about you guys?
Well, everything's great here.
Um... I'll tell you about it
when I get back.
Listen, Max, I need you to
get some information for me.
It's, uh, something
that happened back
- in the summer of 1980.
- You got it.
See what you can find out
concerning the death of a man
called Rupert Holmes.
- Rupert Holmes?
- A businessman.
He killed himself,
uh, that summer.
It was in all the papers.
We'll be in Honolulu tomorrow.
I can check with you then.
We get in

about, uh, 12:

Will do, Mr. H.
- Here you are, sir.

- Oh. Lemonade?

Sure.

Darling, what are

you trying to find out?

Maybe the name of the man
that thinks that I'm responsible
for the death of Rupert Holmes.

Jonathan, you're gonna have
to bring me up to speed here.

Who is Rupert Holmes?

Oh, he was a competitor of mine.

About a year before he died,

- we were after the same company.

- And you won.

Well, there were a lot of
moves and countermoves,
and in the end, some bad moves.

- He got into deep trouble.

- Checkmate.

Didn't you offer
him a 50-50 deal?

As I seem to recall, you helped
him as much as you could.

Well, he lost most of his
money in the proxy fight.

It, uh... Then he started to
undermine his other companies.

I actually staked
him to a new start.

It was after he lost
that money that he, uh,
committed suicide.

It was very sad.

- What made you think of it?

- I don't know.

Something bothered me about
that Simpson suicide note.

It was the similarity.

The reference to chess games.

He had all the pieces on the
board and he couldn't make it.

So, at least we have
a possible "why."

Now the question is "who."

Right.

Who.

You know, we still haven't got
a straight answer on whether
Frank knew Simpson.

He says no but, uh,

Raine says that, uh,

Simpson wrote him letters.

You know,

maybe Frank didn't

realize the connection.

Simpson may have written to him
anonymously. I don't know.

Oh, darling...

Darling, I know you

don't want to admit it

because Frank is your friend,

but, really, he's probably the

one that's playing with us.

Ready for dinner?

All right. You're in my

bailiwick now, pal.

Mysteries.

Tonight we'll get

to the bottom of this.

Darling, you ready?

Jennifer...

You all right? I don't know

what's happened to me.

I don't feel very well.

My head!

I feel...

- Uh...

- Jonathan...

Jonathan, you okay?

What's going on, Frank?

I wish I knew the number
of that bus.

Jonathan! Oh!

Oh! The helicopters

left three hours ago.

- Hello!

- Hello!

Hello!

Well, you'd think
there'd be somebody here.
Just some staff
to watch the house.
Well, I don't know
what to think anymore.
- Hello!
- Hello!
Anybody here?
Hello! Hello!
- Any luck?
- Nothing.
- Did you check Raine's office?
- Nothing.
I'll check the staff quarters.
You check the kitchen.
I'll meet you back here.
Hello!
Hello!
Oh, Frank!
Frank?
Frank?
Jonathan!
Darling.
We've got to get to that radio
equipment somehow.
But you said it yourself,
if someone planned every detail,
why would they leave us
a radio that worked?
Sometimes human
beings make mistakes.
Maybe leaving the radio
equipment was one of them.
First things first.
At least we've got power.
- That's a start.
- Hope so.
Mayday! Mayday!
Mayday on Raine's Island.
Does anybody hear me?
Mayday! Mayday!
This is Jonathan Hart
on Raine's Island.

Does anyone hear me?

Come back.

We hear you loud and clear, Mr. Hart. What's the problem?

Uh, my wife and I are stranded here on Raine's Island.

Could you send in a chopper for us?

Stay on the horn, Mr. Hart.

I'll see what I can do.

Right. Standing by.

Darling, don't you think you should try to contact Detective Whoo?

Good idea.

- Mr. Hart?

- Yes, copy.

I think I can get a chopper out to you in about 30 minutes. Do you copy?

Yeah, that'd be great.

Uh, listen could you contact Detective Whoo of the Honolulu Police Department?

Tell him there's been a murder here on the island, uh, no one's here and there's no phones. Out.

Could you do that for us?

Do you... Do you copy that?

I copy.

You folks gonna be okay?

Yeah, much better now.

Thanks. Uh, we'll be waiting for you.

Roger. 10-4.

- Now that is a start.

- It certainly is.

Max, let me ask you a question.

Don't all these trees and birds and fresh air get on your nerves?

He likes it.

Well, it makes me uncomfortable.

Too much open spaces.

Next time let's do

this at Ziggy's pub.

What do you got, Duke?
Okay, Rupert Holmes.
It's like you said.
The guy offed himself.
There's not much there.
Except this really weird note.
Uh, something about
chess pieces.
What do you want?
No, no, doggy. This is mine.
You know, this guy
Holmes had a family?
Max, you gotta think about feeding
this dog from time to time.
Ah, he eats better than you do.
Well, you wouldn't know
it from looking at him.
He's also a better
con man than you are.
What's so important
about the Holmes family?
He had a stepson.
I bet you didn't know that.
But wait, it gets better.
You know all that stock stuff
you had me running down?
Well, guess who's been buying out Mr.
Hart's stock?
The stepson.
Now, I'll give you one shot at
guessing who the stepson is.
Alfred Raine.
I gotta call the Harts.
Now, give the dog a prize.
Jeez.
Darling, do you know what
bag my glasses would be in?
Try the zipper one.
The chopper's supposed to
come from this direction.
What's this?
I don't know.
"I wanted you to be the first."
"You convinced me

that I can survive
"even if it's only good."
- What is it?
- Fool's Gold by Frank Culver.
Must be the galleys
to the book he wrote.
Under his own name?
Yeah, he promised to write
this book a long time ago.
"This is a book about youth.
"It's also a book about dreams.
"I suppose that it's no surprise
"how often those two words
walk hand in hand.
"If it were not for
the dreams of our youth,
"the sheer belief
in the possible,
"our world would
be without fancy,
"without color, without music.
"Therefore I dedicate this book
"not to one person
but to my adolescence.
"To all that I believe possible
"and to the good friends who
convinced me to go on believing."
Oh, that's beautiful.
I promised him I'd help him
get this book published.
And you know what?
You're gonna keep that promise.
Here we are!
Over here!
Shouldn't we be heading east?
I've got one more stop to make
on the far side of the island.
Another call.
He said he's got another stop on
the other side of the island.
He's got another call on the
other side of the island.
Somebody called you
from down there?

You'll have to get out here.
I don't understand.
I said, get out!
I don't get it, squirt.
Still no answer.
Mr. H said they'd be
in Honolulu by now.
Yeah, I've been trying to reach Mr. and
Mrs. Hart for a couple of hours now.
What do you mean,
"they didn't check in"?
They were supposed to
check in four hours ago.
Okay, thanks.
Something ain't
right here, squirt.
I think maybe it's time
we call the Honolulu cops.
Darling.
Darling, this is crazy. It must
be 40 miles back to that house.
Well, that's four miles
less than when we started.
We'll stop further up.
Oh, darling. Can we just
wait a minute?
Oh!
I hate to bring this up
at a time like this,
but, you know, even when
we get back to the house
we're still gonna be in
the same predicament.
I'm open to suggestions.
Jonathan! Welcome to the
game's final round.
Alfred!
How does it feel, Jonathan?
How does it feel
to be toyed with,
to be run ragged until you
drop with exhaustion?
Until there's nothing
left of you...

- Alfred, what is this all about?

- Not even the will to live?

I don't think he can hear you.

That's what you did

to my stepfather.

Isn't it, Jonathan?

Do you remember him, huh?

Holmes. Rupert Holmes.

You played with him.

Even though, through it all,

you held all the cards.

You didn't even

have to toss him out.

You set him up

to do that himself.

Well, unfortunately

I can't count on you

taking the same way out.

But I can push you.

I can push you

to the end of your rope.

You may survive, you may not.

But isn't that what

games are all about?

Let's find some cover.

Oh!

That's a hell of a way

to make a point.

- Come on. Let's go.

- Go.

Next year, let's just

go to the movies.

Are you beginning

to know the feeling, Jonathan?

Beginning to know

what it feels like

to be at the end of your line

with nowhere to run?

No!

I've been waiting a long

time for this, Jonathan.

Game's over.

Al...

How could you do this?

I never tried
to hurt your father.
Too little, too late,
Jonathan. Just like now.
- No.
- I win.
Now!
Ah!
Game, set and match.
Go on, Stanley.
Stanley, go on.
I've got stage fright.
Oh, don't be silly.
It's all in the script. All
you have to do is say it.
I can't.
Oh, there's nothing to it.
You just have to look
at the camera and say,
"Hello!
"We're safe and sound
and we're here in Hawaii."
Say it.
You just said it.
Oh, all right.
Well then, forget all that.
Now you just look
at the camera and you say,
"We love you, we miss
you, we'll be home soon."
- Go on.
- You just said it.
You know something, Ollie?
- What?
- I love you.
That's not in the script.
I know.
Now what do we say?
I got an idea. Hey, Max?
Max, you're gonna see something
now you've never seen before
and you never will again.
- Bye.
- Bye. Have a nice vacation.

So long, you guys.

- We love you.

- All right, Ollie. Do it.

I really love those two.

- Do it?

- Do it, Ollie.

Oh, don't make me do it.

All right, Stanley.

There's another fine mess
you've gotten us into.

Now, that's what

I call a postcard.