

"NIGHT MOVES."

THE DARK TOWER

Production #135038

by

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"DARK TOWER"

FADE IN:

1 INT. CAR - DAY

A travelling chess set, the pieces set in an end game problem. MOSEBY's hand moves the pieces through an unsatisfactory combination, pauses, replaces them as they were.

Moseby's face frowning at the difficulties. Glances up. It is a large, almost heavy face, redeemed from that fate around the eyes which are quizzical, humorous and by the mouth which has mobility and expression.

2 From his POV the street can be seen, one in a down at heel residential area, the houses mainly painted wood or fake adobe, porches with screens and occasional pantile roofing. About fifty yards down the street is the figure of an elderly man with a dog on a leash, walking towards the car and glancing behind him, frequently.

3 Moseby watches him a moment then looks back at the chess board, frowns at its reluctance to be solved and closes the set.

The MAN comes up to the side of the car, stoops to window level. Moseby puts the chess set away in the glove compartment, casually revealing a .38 Special in a clip. The man taps on the window with a bony knuckle. His dog stands on hind legs to see in as well. Moseby winds down the window.

STEEGMAYER

She's coming...

Moseby nods.

The man stares at him expectantly.

STEEGMAYER

(continuing)

... well, you ready.

MOSEBY

Sure enough.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

STEEGMAYER

You, eh, you got a gun.

MOSEBY

I think it'd be better without.

The man doesn't seem so sure, chews on his teeth, takes a couple more looks back, then:

STEEGMAYER

I think she's got a gun in her purse, I tell you...

Then one more glance and he turns and scuttles back into the house that Moseby is parked in front of. The dog follows him and they both disappear inside. Moseby watches him go then looks down the street.

4 Coming towards him but on the other side is a WOMAN in her sixties, pulling behind her a shopping basket on wheels. She comes up to the house directly opposite which is one of the few in the street that is resisting the general air of seediness, with its fiercely trimmed lawn ornamented by small plaster gnomes sitting on mushrooms and watching squirrels posing with their tails.

Moseby glances back to where at the window, behind the curtain the man is watching.

As the Woman gets to the gate in the knee high white picket fence, Moseby gets out and goes across to her.

5 EXT. STREET - DAY

Moseby comes up to the woman.

MOSEBY

Mrs. Rubicheck...

She turns. Seen close to, she has a firewood splitting face and steel wool hair. Her voice when she tries it has a lot of ground glass in it.

MRS. RUBICHECK

That's right, what do you want?

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

Moseby brings out an official looking card in a leather folder, holds it up in front of Mrs. Rubicheck a moment.

MOSEBY

My name's Moseby, I've been asked to investigate a complaint...

And puts the folder away. Mrs. Rubicheck follows the swing of his hand.

MRS. RUBICHECK

What was that you just flashed in my face?

MOSEBY

That was my license.

MRS. RUBICHECK

What kind of license?

MOSEBY

I'm a state licensed private investigator.

Mrs. Rubicheck starts digging into her purse causing Moseby a moment of uncertainty. He glances across the street to where Steegmeyer is still visible at the window. Looks back and Mrs. Rubicheck is pulling a large pencil with a golf ball on the top of her bag.

MRS. RUBICHECK

Let's have the number of that license.

Moseby reproduces it and she starts to copy it down.

MOSEBY

It's been reported that you've been putting out poison for animals, now that's a pretty serious thing, Mrs. Rubicheck.

Mrs. Rubicheck stops writing, looks at Moseby, then across the street.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. RUBICHECK

It's that Steegmeyer, ain't
it, that's who it is...

She steps past Moseby so that she can direct her
speech across the street, raising her voice.

MRS. RUBICHECK

(continuing)

... you better tell him that
if his dog comes on my lawn
and pisses on my statues I'm
gonna give it lead poisoning
'cause I'm within my rights,
you tell him...

Delivering this last to Moseby who has come round to
try and get into the act again.

MOSEBY

I think you should know, Mrs.
Rubicheck, that putting out
poison for animals is illegal
in California...

Mrs. Rubicheck cuts across him, irate.

MRS. RUBICHECK

How come it don't piss and
shit in his garden, eh, I'll tell
you why, because he's trained
it to come over here...

And she looks across the street and, galvanized, swings
away from Moseby, who following sees Steegmeyer out on
the porch shaking his fist at Mrs. Rubicheck who
starts to scream at him.

MRS. RUBICHECK

(continuing)

... every day I got to hose them
statues down you old fart 'cause
of that dog of yours and next
time I'm gonna get my husband's
gun God rest him and shoot that
son of a bitch dog, do you hear
me...

From across the street Steegmeyer is screaming back.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

STEEGMAYER

You're a criminal, you ought
to be took away and locked up,
anybody that'd poison a dog
ain't fit to be let loose...

Moseby looks at them, at their verbal tennis match,
realizes he's in the wrong place, shakes his head
and walks away. Behind him, Mrs. Rubicheck is going
on.

MRS. RUBICHECK

If my Lazlo was alive he'd fix
you, you old pervert, you keep
that dog of yours chained up,
I'm warning you.

Moseby gets into his car.

6 INT. CAR - DAY

The dog is standing on its hind legs at the door.
Moseby looks from the dog to its master, still on
the porch and literally jumping up and down with
rage. He throws a tin can which bounces off the
porch screen, shakes his fist. Moseby pats the dog
on the head.

MOSEBY

If I were you, Sam, I'd quit
pissing on the munchkins.

Moseby looks back and forth and shakes his head
again, starts the car, goes.

7 INT. OFFICE - DAY

The office is a smallish single room with an annex
through a pebble glass door. There is a map of Los
Angeles on one wall and one of California on another.
In a bookcase there are some directories and refer-
ence books. There is a Sparkletts water cooler
against the wall by the window and a day bed with a
Mexican blanket. Two chairs stand in front of a
large plain wooden desk and Moseby sits behind it
opening a deli sandwich. There is a recording
device attached to the phone which Moseby, his mouth
full of sandwich, switches on. After starting
NOISES, a voice.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

NICK'S VOICE

It's Nick. Got one for you,
Harry. Needs a real live
detective and not one of our
machines. Lady called Arlene
Iverson up on 3740 Sunset Plaza
is looking to get her daughter
home. She's an old friend of
mine, used to be in the movies.
If you take the job, stop by
the office and I'll give you
what stuff we have on her.
Okay?

And he chuckles.

And Moseby switches him off in mid-sentence and bites
into his sandwich.

8 INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

Moseby comes into the showroom which is a large,
ritzy establishment exuding an aura of expensive
chic and high good taste.

There is a tall MATINEE IDOL TYPE in his early
thirties, who is showing an elderly, expensive LADY
some ormolu clocks. Moseby goes up towards the back
of the showroom, pauses to look at an elaborate ivory
chess set, one of the kind in which the castles are
elephants with howdahs on their back and the pawns
carry spears.

He looks at its exquisitely carved hideousness,
examines a piece, shakes his head.

The Matinee Idol comes up behind him.

CHARLES

They're ivory.

MOSEBY

The elephant should sue. Where's
my old lady?

CHARLES

Your 'old lady' is in the office.

(CONTINUED)

8

CONTINUED:

Moseby puts the piece back and jolts a short right to the pit of Charles' stomach, holding it back before impact and getting the involuntary flinch and reaction. Moseby smiles and Charles straightens up and looks at him with disdain for such juvenile behavior. Moseby, grinning, goes up to the office.

9

INT. SHOWROOM OFFICE - DAY

Moseby comes in.

ELLEN MOSEBY is on the phone, seated behind the desk in a modern swivel chair. She is a cool, more than pretty blonde with severe impeccable clothes, a grey silk shirt, tailored slacks and matching waistcoat in black velvet. Her wrists and throat exude a subtle perfume of gold and she wears a wedding ring that matches Moseby's. She glances up at him without any change of tone or expression. Moseby goes over to her.

ELLEN

I don't want to be given your usual promises, I wanted to avoid precisely what has happened, no, no, I'm afraid that is not the point...

Moseby stands behind the chair, reaches a hand down inside her blouse and gently, familiarly, cups her breast. Ellen puts her hand on his and goes on in exactly the same manner.

ELLEN

(continuing)

... the point is, Mr. Ibanez, we have a customer to whom we made a promise based on the promise you made to us... Yes, but it's too late now, Mr. Ibanez, it has been too late since Monday. So let's just forget the whole thing, past, present and future. No. I'm sorry. Goodbye.

And she puts the phone down, looks up at Moseby, swivelling in the chair to do so and causing Moseby to take his hand away.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

ELLEN

What brings you across the tracks?

MOSEBY

I'm going to call on one of the beautiful people.

ELLEN

How did you get to meet one of the beautiful people?

Moseby grins at the banter in her tone.

MOSEBY

It's one of Nick's handouts.

Ellen smiles and asks, but the question is serious:

ELLEN

You had any second thoughts about your joining his agency?

Moseby shrugs, shakes his head.

MOSEBY

That's not an agency, it's an information factory... that would drive me crazy in a week.

And Ellen smiles acceptance of this, a trifle wryly, turns:

ELLEN

You going to be late tonight?

MOSEBY

I don't know... Why?

ELLEN

Charles and I are going to see a Chabrol film, "Le Boucher". Want to come?

MOSEBY

I saw a Chabrol film. It was like watching paint dry.

Ellen shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (1A)

9

ELLEN

Your Fred Flintstone bit is one
of the phoniest things about you.

Moseby grins and Charles comes in. Ellen looks at him.

ELLEN

(continuing)

Did she take it?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

CHARLES

She wants to see it in place.

Ellen makes a face of 'I might have known' at Charles' tone. Moseby starts towards the door.

MOSEBY

When are we going bowling,
Charles?

Charles looks at him coldly.

CHARLES

You seem to get some weird
kind of satisfaction from this
sort of thing, don't you? I
mean, I'm only a faggot for
Godsake.

Moseby smiles, goes past him.

MOSEBY

Sorry, us rednecks are all
alike.

And Moseby leaves.

10 INT. MRS. IVERSON'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

A long, low room, formally arranged with couches
either side of a glass coffee table, a wide fireplace
with an arrangement of dried flowers in the hearth,
lamps, potted plants, an armoire with drinks and a
baby grand in smoked oak with an array of silver
framed photographs.

ARLENE IVERSON, in a Pucci lounging suit, a busty
copper haired woman in her end forties, is going
through a well rehearsed routine with a cigarette
from a silver box on the table, tapping it, lighting
it, inhaling, tossing her hair, letting out a long
stream of smoke from her nostrils. Moseby sits on
the couch waiting. When she starts to talk she has
one of those dated throaty voices from cigarette
and drink and careful practice.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. IVERSON

Are you the kind of private detective who when you get on a case nothing can get you off, bribes, beatings, the allure of a woman's body?

MOSBY

That was in the old days before we had a union.

She smiles, does some more tricks with her cigarette and her mouth.

MRS. IVERSON

My daughter, Delly, would you believe Delilah, my husband was a film producer who wanted to make biblical epics. Well, she's gone.

MOSEBY

How long gone?

MRS. IVERSON

Nearly two weeks. She was in the habit of staying out...so for the first week I didn't worry too much.

MOSEBY

How old is she?

MRS. IVERSON

Sixteen.

MOSEBY

Any idea of what she did with her time?

MRS. IVERSON

Hung out with freaks, smoked marijuana, got laid, I daresay.

Moseby nods.

MOSEBY

You got a name for any of the freaks she hung out with?

MRS. IVERSON

One of them. Some creep called Quentin. I called him up and he told me she'd left town and not to bother him and hung up.

(CONTINUED)

MOSEBY

You have an address for Quentin?

She hands him a slip of paper with writing on it. Moseby takes it, puts it in his wallet.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

...and I'm going to need a photograph of your daughter.

Mrs. Iverson goes to the piano and picks up a silver framed photograph. Moseby comes across and starts to look at the others. One of them shows Arlene Iverson in a bathing suit between two muscular tanned types (Iverson and Ellman).

MRS. IVERSON

That's my second husband, Tom Iverson, the bum. The only thing I got out of him was a new name. That was after I quit acting. Did you ever see me in anything?

MOSEBY

No... I'm sorry... I...

MRS. IVERSON

I was never big, not really big. There were a lot like me, plenty of studio romances, plenty of premieres, not much talent. I was lucky, grabbed one of the big guns, Irving Grastner...

MOSEBY

That's Delly's father.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. IVERSON
Only just. I think that was
about the last time he got it
up.

The voice almost languid in its bitchiness.

She hands Moseby the picture of Delly, looks at one of
herself in a bathing suit against a studio ship rail.

MRS. IVERSON
(continuing)
... I had lovely tits even if
I say so myself. They're
sitting up on some silicone
nowadays but when they were up
for grabs they were something
special.

11 But Moseby hardly hears this litany to past glories
as he gazes at the photograph of Delly. She is your
California dream child. Streaky blonde, wide pale
eyes, full bottom lip, straight nose, seven freckles
and kind of cloudy gravity of expression that
implies thought.

MOSEBY
Your daughter didn't do too bad.

She glances sharply at him.

Moseby is straight faced.

MRS. IVERSON
All right. Go find her.

MOSEBY
Each day or part thereof is
one-twenty-five and legitimate
expenses. You can get cheaper.

Mrs. Iverson eyes him, a hint of coquetry in her
manner.

MRS. IVERSON
Can I get better?

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont.)

MRS. IVERSON

(continuing)

Hired. You're the first private
detective I've ever had.

MOSEBY

Well, that makes one of us some
kind of virgin.

And he goes, Mrs. Iverson looking after him, her gaze
measured.

12. INT. NICK'S OFFICE

EVENING 12.

Nick and Moseby are having a drink in a largish modern
office, chrome and leather chairs, hessian on the walls,
modern prints. They are chatting in the loose relaxed
manner of old acquaintances.

NICK

He was a mean son-of-a-bitch,
didn't he take you out of a
game once?

MOSEBY

He took me out of eight games one
season.

The tone one of grudging admiration.

NICK

For them that don't have football
there's always religion, eh, Harry?
Ever miss it?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

As Moseby gets up out of his chair; goes across to a display shelf with a number of small pre-Columbian figures on it.

MOSEBY

No, can't say as I do.

Picks one up, looks at it.

NICK

You ought to get your money into those little guys.

Nick gets up and comes around, takes it from Moseby, gives it a kiss.

NICK

(continuing)

They're appreciating faster than real estate, specially now that the Mexican's have got their backs up about their art treasures being ripped off. Don't you like them?

MOSEBY

I might, if they didn't all look like Alex Karras.

And Nick grins, puts the figure back, gives Moseby a cassette.

NICK

Here's the stuff on Arlene. You'll have to look out for her, she likes them big and husky.

MOSEBY

Did that ever buy you anything?

NICK

Arlene and me go way back but all business. I dug up the divorce stuff on her for Irving Grastner. Never did give him more than half of it. Figured I'd rather have Arlene for a friend than Irving...

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

They go to the door.

NICK
(continuing)
... You'll let us have any stuff
that comes to the surface.

MOSEBY
You keep dossiers on your dossiers.

NICK
Nothing that violates your
professional ethics, Harry, just
little bits of gossip.

And they go out to the computer room.

13 INT. COMPUTER ROOM - EVENING

13

A large high ceilinged room with one wall dominated by
several computers and the rest of the floor space given
over to sorting machines and desks with a number of
people moving around in white coats.

NICK
... Maybe a few facts...

They walk across the room, Moseby glancing at the com-
puters. Nick goes on:

NICK
(continuing)
We still need somebody in Data
Analysis. Somebody who can smell
the dirt among the digits...

Moseby smiles at the expression, shakes his head. Nick
goes on, persuading:

NICK
(continuing)
... you'd like computers once you
got to know them. They're dumb
but they're quick...

MOSEBY
They sound like all the football
players I know.

NICK
Tell you your trouble, Harry.
You're a dinosaur. You're not
evolving with the times.

And Moseby at the door makes a little kissing mouth at
him and goes.

14 INT. CAR - NIGHT

14

Moseby driving, listening to the cassette which is playing on a recorder on the seat.

VOICE

Arlene Iverson, maiden name Carson, age forty-five, born Scottsdale, Arizona. October third, 1927. Father owned hardware store, discharged bankrupt in '33, died '35 self inflicted gunshot. Subject attended Scottsdale High School, did not complete curriculum, came to Los Angeles in '44, enrolled Lee Spellman's acting studio, was placed under contract to Universal Studios in '46. Appeared in eight films between '46 and '49, all minor roles. Married Irving Grastner in '49, played leads in three films for husband's independent production company, retired in '56, daughter Delilah born '57. Sued Grastner for divorce '62, grounds mental cruelty; Grastner countersued for divorce on grounds of adultery, naming, among others, Thomas R. Iverson, as correspondent. Divorce granted, grounds mental cruelty; custody of child awarded to subject. No alimony. Grastner set up trust fund for daughter. Assets of trust include residence at 3740 Sunset Plaza Drive, plus other securities and property yielding approximately \$30,000 per year. Subject's sole support is income from this trust, so long as she retains custody of daughter. Grastner died in '64. Will expressly excluded subject. All assets to daughter on twenty-fifth birthday.

15 Moseby sees in passing a name over a cinema marquee, "Le Boucher".

15

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

He pulls over and checks his watch. Even as he is looking people are beginning to come out of the cinema.

VOICE
(continuing)

... subject banks at Beverly Hills Bank, maintains checking and deposit account in First National Bank of Arizona, Phoenix...

As Moseby watches the people coming out, half listening to the tape, he sees Ellen and Charles and a third MAN with them, come out and stand in front of the cinema. Charles is gesticulating expressively. Ellen and the man watch him smiling. Moseby prepares to get out.

VOICE
(continuing)

... Medical history. Breast silicone Meyerson Clinic '61. Hysterectomy at Lundgraff Centre '69 following removal of ovarian cysts same place...

Moseby grins ruefully at the information, opens the door, checks as he sees Charles kiss Ellen on the cheek, shake hands with the man and walk away down the street. Ellen and the man walk in the opposite direction. Moseby watches them.

VOICE
(continuing)

Admitted Lundgraff Centre May '70 after auto accident. No police report on accident, no insurance claim. Information supplied indicates admission result of bodily assault and coincidental with separation from Iverson...

16 Ellen and the man have gotten into a red Alfa Romeo parked some half dozen cars away. As they pull out into the traffic, Moseby starts the car and follows them.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

VOICE

... subject fined \$60 in West L.A. for seven outstanding parking violations. Subject's credit okay. No police record. Closure.

And the tape shuts off, whines quietly as Moseby comes up behind the Alfa, close enough to read the license plate number which he writes down on a piece of paper. The Alfa is stopped at the light and as they change to green he can see their silhouette as they kiss. Then the Alfa moves away.

Moseby sits a moment at the light until a HORN behind him brings him back. He puts on a turn indicator and pulls over into the cross street.

17 INT. MOSEBY'S DEN - NIGHT

A small room with a large bookcase and a small desk. On the wall there are several framed photographs, one of Moseby in football action, on a shelf a football award. On a side table a chess board with the pieces set up.

Moseby sits in a large leather swivel chair watching a football game; from outside, comes the SOUND of a car, driving up, stopping, the door slamming, and, then the door into the house opening and closing.

ELLEN (v.o.)

Hi, anybody home?

Moseby, his face bleak in the light of the screen, sits a moment, then:

MOSEBY

Up here.

Footsteps and Ellen opens the door, comes in.

ELLEN

Why aren't you watching it downstairs? That thing'll kill your eyes...

She comes over, leans down, kisses him near the mouth.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

ELLEN

Who's winning?

MOSEBY

Nobody. One side's losing
slower than the other.

Ellen glances at his tone.

ELLEN

What's wrong? You have a hard
day?

Moseby makes a see-sawing motion with his hand, goes
on watching the game.

MOSEBY

How was the movie?

ELLEN

It was pretty arty.

MOSEBY

Charles like it?

ELLEN

He thought it was yummy. We
had something to eat afterwards
and he was quite beside himself...
Can you come downstairs and watch
the game?

MOSEBY

I'll be there in a minute.

ELLEN

I'm going to make some cocoa.
Want a cup?

MOSEBY

No. I'm fine... thanks.

And Ellen, bothered by his remoteness, stands a
minute longer, then with a light touch on his
shoulder, leaves. Moseby goes on watching the mimic
carnage on the screen, the bruising impacts echoing
the clashing thoughts in his head.

18 EXT. ALBATROSS STREET - MORNING

Moseby drives along the quiet, seedy street and stops outside 879. The windows are empty and the whole house has a vacant appearance. From behind the house there is the SOUND of something being hammered.

Moseby starts round towards the back.

19 EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING

There is a sizeable wooden shed and in it a dune buggy is up on blocks and beneath it there is a figure using an electro-welder.

Standing around outside are several metal sculpture constructs from pieces of piping and girders and car parts. Moseby looks at them, then picks up a piece of metal and clanks it on the torso of a woman that stands by the door, holding it open.

The FIGURE under the dune buggy hears it and comes out. He is wearing a welding mask which he raises to look at Moseby.

MOSEBY

Quentin...

The young man looks at him, the face curious but guarded, the fading signs of a bruising around his eyes.

QUENTIN

Who's looking for him...

Moseby hands him a card. He takes off a gauntlet to read it.

QUENTIN

(continuing)

... Moseby Confidential. What kind of bullshit name is that.

Moseby smiles.

MOSEBY

It's not so hot. But it doesn't have an eye printed on the card.

Quentin looks at him, measuringly. Gives him the card back.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

MOSEBY

I'm looking for Delly Grastner.

Quentin's expression grows flat. He jerks his head and the mask drops over his face.

QUENTIN

Delly isn't around any more.

And he turns away and starts to get down onto his creeper to go back under the buggy.

Moseby stands looking down at him.

MOSEBY

Any idea where she went? Visit friends, to meditate, join a commune?

QUENTIN

Delly's idea of a commune was her and the guy on top of her.

And he rolls himself underneath.

Moseby squats down.

MOSEBY

When did you see her last?

QUENTIN

Screw off, Mister.

Moseby squats a moment, then he stands up, his face empty of expression. He stands looking down, then in a sudden short explosive movement he pushes the board with the side of his foot, under the buggy and out the other side. Quentin goes crashing into the wall and before he can scramble up, Moseby is round and on him. He pulls his mask off.

QUENTIN

Hey, what is this...

MOSEBY

What happened to your face, Quentin?

QUENTIN

I won second prize in a fist fight.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

MOSEBY

You got a good chance to add to your collection. Where was the last place you saw Delly?

Quentin looks at him, the size and the quite obvious rage of the man. He pulls himself up, shrugs.

QUENTIN

New Mexico. I went down on a job. Movie location. Delly went with me. There was a guy, one of the stunt men. Delly started hitting on him. When I left she stayed on.

MOSEBY

How long ago was that?

QUENTIN

About ten days ago.

MOSEBY

What was the stunt man's name?

QUENTIN

Marv Ellman.

MOSEBY

He the guy you had the fight with?

Quentin looks at him hatefully. Says nothing. Moseby nods.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

... any message if I run into Delly?

QUENTIN

Just be driving a truck.

Moseby looks at him, a flicker of sympathy showing.

MOSEBY

They really get to you, don't they?

Quentin puts on his mask again, looks at Moseby a moment, then drops it, gets his board and rolls under again. Moseby stands a moment, then goes.

20 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

20

Moseby sits in his car on the parking verge along the Pacific Coast Highway studying the chess set and the position on it. He looks up to see the red Alfa Romeo come up and make a swift U-turn and park in front of a house.

Moseby gets out of the car and crosses the street, watching for the traffic.

Outside of the house the man, an effortlessly tanned, hawky type in clothes at once beach casual and flawlessly cut, is preparing to open the door, awkward with a couple of bags of groceries.

Moseby comes up to Heller, who has just opened the door.

MOSEBY

Can I help you with those bags?

Heller looks at him, surprised, suspicious.

HELLER

I can manage.

MOSEBY

No trouble, I'm going your way.

And he lifts one of the bags out of Heller's arms and goes in.

21 INT. HOUSE - DAY

21

HELLER

What is this?

MOSEBY

I'm Ellen's husband. We should talk.

And Heller follows him down the passage.

HELLER

I'm not really surprised. I always knew Ellen would tell you sooner or later.

MOSEBY

Why?

HELLER

That's the way she is.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

And they come into the sitting room and Moseby puts the bag on a table.

MOSEBY

She didn't tell me... I saw you coming out of a movie.

Heller nods, understanding, puts his bag down.

HELLER

How did she take it?

MOSEBY

I haven't spoken to her.

HELLER

You haven't spoken to her? What's that about...?

MOSEBY

What have I walked into?

HELLER

Ask you wife.

MOSEBY

Let's just pretend I'm asking you.

HELLER

She's the one who's cheating on you, not me.

MOSEBY

That doesn't mean she knows most about it... How serious is it?

And Heller, disturbed by this large, calm, but angered man standing in his room like a bomb, backs off, both physically and verbally.

CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

HELLER

I'm beginning to get a picture of you, Moseby. Ellen talks a lot about the kind of guy you are, but now it's all coming together...

MOSEBY

(overlapping)

I didn't come to hear about me...

HELLER

(overlapping)

I've heard all about the great athlete you were, only brighter and more sensitive than the rest...

MOSEBY

(overlapping)

Let's just stick to you and Ellen...

HELLER

(overlapping)

She even told me about how you were left by your parents and brought up by some relations and the way that affected you...

MOSEBY

Cut that goddam crap, Heller! I don't want to know what she told you about me...

HELLER

(overlapping)

But you should, it may give you the clue you're looking for... you are looking for clues, aren't you, Moseby?... didn't you actually track down your parents and find them...? The ace sleuth, the All-American detective.

MOSEBY

(overlapping)

Don't swing on it, Heller!

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

HELLER
(overlapping)
Sure you weren't trailing Ellen
when you saw us...?

And the needling finally has its effect and Moseby
grabs him by the throat and is confronted by Heller's
curiously acquiescent smile.

HELLER
(continuing)
...that's it, Harry, just take
a poke at me the way Sam Spade
would...

And Moseby, behind his rage, hears the taunt and
realizes the direction in which Heller has been
leading him. He slackens his hold.

MOSEBY
You ectomorphs kill me. Get
somebody to punch you in the
mouth and you think you're
Joan of Arc.

And he goes.

22 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

22

Moseby is in the kitchen of his house, the refrigerator
door open, that is the only light, making a sandwich.
From upstairs:

ELLEN (v.o.)
Harry, is that you?

Moseby goes on compiling his sandwich. Ellen comes
downstairs, switches on a light. Moseby looks around.

MOSEBY
Hi.

ELLEN
I was worried. Marty called me
after you left. I've been waiting
for you.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

MOSEBY

I went up to Zuma Beach... threw
stones at the ocean.

He comes over to the table with a glass of milk and his
sandwich, sits down.

Ellen, trying to gauge his mood, sits down opposite him.

ELLEN

Why didn't you come to me, why
go to Marty...?

Moseby shrugs.

MOSEBY

I wanted to get a look at him.
Couldn't stand his having a
thumbprint for a face...
(takes a bite of
his sandwich)
... Now I've met him, I'd prefer
it that way.

Ellen takes this as her deserts, sits a moment, then
quietly goes on.

ELLEN

Well, are we going to talk about it?

MOSEBY

It's your ball, you run with it.

ELLEN

Don't start in with the sporting
metaphors, I couldn't bear that...

Moseby attends to his sandwich, forcing her to go on
against his feigned indifference.

ELLEN

(continuing)

It's not something that doesn't
concern you...

Moseby puts his glass on his plate and looks at her,
bleakly.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

ELLEN

(continuing)

... I married you because I thought
you were somebody special.

MOSEBY

Only I turned out to be Fred
Flintstone.

ELLEN

No, but you turned out to be
somebody I don't know...

And Moseby jerks his head away from this.

ELLEN

(continuing)

... Harry, why did you go to
Marty before you came to me --
why...?

MOSEBY

I didn't want to be lied to.

ELLEN

How do you know I would have
lied...?

MOSEBY

(overlapping)

Because you've been lying to me
pretty good so far.

And this strikes home and causes her to sit a moment,
eyes downcast.

Moseby gets up, walks over to the sink with his glass.
Ellen starts in again, low key, but determined.

ELLEN

Why didn't you come up to me
outside the movies when you
saw me with Marty?

And Moseby turns on her.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

MOSEBY

And stand there with my thumb up
my ass while you introduced him
as a client or some faggot friend
of Charles?

ELLEN

Then when I came home...

And Moseby stands a moment and, unable to answer,
turns back to the sink.

ELLEN

(continuing)

You had to trap me, didn't you,
make me incriminate myself, then
go and get evidence like I was one
of your crummy divorce cases.
It's a wonder you didn't photograph
the bed when you were there...

And the words go between his shoulder blades like a
knife and he swings around, enraged, hurt.

MOSEBY

Goddamn, Ellen, but you're prime.
I find out you are screwing some
guy and my life style comes under
attack.

But Ellen is prepared to battle it out.

ELLEN

What is it doing for you, this
life style of yours, a private
eye for godsake. It's a joke.
At least that job that Nick
offered you had something to be...

MOSEBY

(overlapping)

I don't want Nick's fucking job
any more than I want your job.
I like doing what I'm doing...

And in emphasis he smashes the glass in the sink,
causing Ellen to flinch, but not stopping her.

ELLEN

Doing what? People ask you to
do trivial, sordid, boring things...

And Moseby switches on the garbage disposal, which be-
gins to chew horribly on the glass splinters.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (4)

22

ELLEN

(continuing)

... and you do them as though
that was a good enough reason...
for godsakes, turn that off, I
can't hear myself think...

MOSEBY

Lucky you.

And Ellen covers her ears with her hands until the
NOISE finally abates, at which point Moseby walks away.
Ellen switches the garbage disposal off, looks after
him.

ELLEN

Harry...

Moseby checks but doesn't look back.

She is near tears now, after her anger.

ELLEN

(continuing)

... I think if you had asked me
I would have told you...

Moseby blinks rapidly, keeping his face, even though
hidden from Ellen, under control.

MOSEBY

Yeah, well, we won't know now,
will we?

And with that stony thought, he leaves her, alone in
the kitchen.

23

EXT. LOCATION - MORNING

A movie crew grouped around the end of a single runway airstrip. There are two period planes at the edge of the runway and a small single shack control office outside which a '30's vintage car stands.

Low in over the strip comes a plane, a bi-plane, flown either by an incompetent or a lunatic. Its approach verges on disaster and retrieves itself by a wing tip to circle and come back in again.

The stunt is being coordinated by ZEIGLER from an open jeep type vehicle, giving instructions to the camera crew direct and to the pilot on a short wave hand set. Moseby stands beside the jeep, watching.

ZEIGLER

(to set)

Start trembling, Marv, that's it, right down the middle, Mother of Christ, Marv, that's great...

(to crew)

Go with him, right out the other side before you lose him...

(to set)

Okay, Marv, they saw you now this time get the speed right down. I want her stalling, get it right down...

(to crew)

"A" stay on the plane. "B" come out with Marve.

(to set)

Come on, you crazy son-of-a-bitch.

And the plane comes in a second time and after a couple of wobbling wing tippers makes a bounce landing, travels thirty feet and slews sideways on the next touch and goes crashing through the two parked planes to finally come to rest substantially destructed.

Out of the cockpit jumps the pilot, incongruously clad in an evening suit and white silk scarf and starts, in a running, drunken stagger, hauling a long platinum hip flask from his pocket as he comes.

Behind him there is a sudden EXPLOSION as his plane explodes and the pilot throws himself full length, the flask flying out of his grasp.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

ZEIGLER

(to crew)

Hold on it, hold on both of them.
Good, good. Cut.

And then calling out through cupped hands:

ZEIGLER

(continuing)

... Stay just where you are, Marv
baby. Great stunt.

Zeigler gets down from the jeep and as several figures move out towards the prostrate figure there is casual spontaneous clapping from the crew.

Zeigler shakes his head, lights a cigarette, looks at Moseby.

ZEIGLER

(continuing)

Man, the more I see it the more
I realize how crazy we all are.

MOSEBY

He flies pretty good.

ZEIGLER

He's a crazy bastard. He does
everything like that. Guys like
Marv make me feel old...

(he laughs)

... Hell, I am old.

Moseby smiles.

MOSEBY

I'd say we saw the same movies.

He glances out at the strip.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

... What's happening now?

ZEIGLER

Oh, the real actor is getting
down on the ground where Marv
is...

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2)

He double takes on Moseby.

ZEIGLER
(continuing)
... Aren't you the Harry Moseby
who played ball with Oakland?

Moseby nods. Zeigler grins delightedly.

ZEIGLER
(continuing)
I saw you at the pro-bowl...
when was it, sixty-four?

MOSEBY
Sixty-three. We lost twenty-one
to seventeen.

ZEIGLER
You made an interception on, who
was it, the big running back...

MOSEBY
Willie Haslitt...

ZEIGLER
Big, big muthafucker. That was
a great move.

Moseby nods, prepared to be immodest in this man's company.

MOSEBY
Yeah, it stuck pretty good.

And the little group on the airstrip have split up, one
pilot having been replaced by another, and the stunt
man, ELLMAN, comes up towards them.

ZEIGLER
Hey, Harry, how would you like to
be my cousin from La Jolla?

Moseby, uncomprehending but guessing at something to do
with Ellman, nods.

MOSEBY
One of my unfulfilled ambitions.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

And Zeigler punches him jovially on the shoulder, turns to meet Ellman.

24 EXT. OPEN SPACE - DAY

Behind the lunch wagon and the tables the touch football game is in progress with some twelve players.

Moseby is in a borrowed sweatshirt.

Zeigler is on the same side. Ellman is on the other side and is making a contest out of it, continually screaming for the ball and arguing with decisions. Moseby, with the guarded care of a professional among amateurs, moves about discreetly doing only what he has to, but occasionally showing little touches in reading a play, etc.

On one play he positions himself to intercept the pass going to Ellman, but just as he leaves his feet for the ball, Ellman bumps him fiercely out of the way, makes the reception and goes on to score.

On the way back Moseby is picking himself up and Ellman grins at him.

ELLMAN

Sorry about that, Joey's cousin.

MOSEBY

Don't give it a thought.

25 A FEW PLAYS LATER

Moseby is leading Zeigler on an end run. Ellman closing fast on defense. Just as Ellman is about to make the touch, Moseby delivers a clean, but crushing body block.

Moseby stands looking down at Ellman.

MOSEBY

You all right?

Ellman glares at him.

ELLMAN

What was that supposed to be,
you son-of-a-bitch...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

Zeigler has come up, grinning widely, Ellman looks at him.

ELLMAN

(continuing)

... You tell your cousin if he wants to play it rough it can be arranged.

Ellman, still very feisty.

ZEIGLER

... Come on, Marv, it's just a joke. That's Harry Moseby, Oakland. He played in the Pro-Bowl in sixty-four.

MOSEBY

Sixty-three.

Ellman looks from Zeigler to Moseby, then back to Zeigler, his anger abating.

ELLMAN

Well, you son-of-a...

(he looks at
Moseby)

... Goddamn. And I knocked you on your ass.

And he starts to laugh and holds out a hand which Moseby, grinning, shakes, and the three of them come off together, a sweaty little trio exuding male camaraderie.

26 INT. THE COCKTAIL BAR - NIGHT

The room is fairly busy with the crew members and there is a group playing for dancing in another, adjacent room.

Moseby and Zeigler and Ellman are sitting at a table, drinking.

ELLMAN

She hung around for about a week,
I guess, wouldn't you say, Joey?

Zeigler nods.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

ZEIGLER

It just seemed longer.

ELLMAN

(grins)

Joey didn't approve.

ZEIGLER

Delly's had it rough enough up till now. She needs you like she needs a harelip.

Zeigler gets up to get another round.

ZEIGLER

(continuing)

Same again.

They nod. Zeigler goes.

Ellman looks after him, smiles, turns to Moseby.

ELLMAN

Joey's okay but he feels kind of protective about Delly ever since Tom Iverson split.

He leans over, confidentially, bragging.

ELLMAN

(continuing)

... Thing is me and Arlene well, we got it on a few times, there's something about having a mother and daughter. Gives you more of a kind of perspective, know what I mean.

Moseby smiles, nods, his eyes unamused.

MOSEBY

How about the guy who was with her, Quentin?

ELLMAN

That weirdo. Joey uses him a lot on the rigs. He's a magic mechanic all right but he's a freak.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

ELLMAN (cont'd)
He just got pissed that Delly
was turning on for me. Tells
me to stay away.

Ellman shrugs, implying Quentin talked to the wrong
party.

ELLMAN
(continuing)
... so next thing he throws a
punch. He's about five nine
and weighs a hundred and forty
carrying a suitcase. So I
knocked him down a couple of
times, then Joey got him away...

Zeigler comes back with the drinks.

ELLMAN
(continuing)
... I was telling Harry about
the fight.

Zeigler doesn't look too exhilarated by the recollec-
tion.

ZEIGLER
The kid should've had a pipe
wrench to even things up.

Ellman grins, takes his drink.

They all drink.

MOSEBY
After Quentin left, how long did
Delly stick around?

ELLMAN
Not long. Couple of days.

MOSEBY
When she left did she say where
she was going?

Ellman shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (3)

ELLMAN

She just lit out. Without a word
of thanks.

Moseby digests this and nods.

Ellman looks at him.

ELLMAN

(continuing)

Well, if that's it there's a lady
over at the bar who's looking
for a fella like me to buy her a
drink.

27 ANOTHER ANGLE

And he stands up and nods at them, then goes across to
the bar where a BLONDE late thirties number begins to
act very surprised and voluble.

Zeigler looks after him.

ZEIGLER

He'd fuck a woodpile on the chance
there was a snake in it...

And Moseby grins and dowses it in his drink.

ZEIGLER

(continuing)

... thing is I got Quentin coming
up tomorrow with a car. I'm
gonna have to keep Marv and him
well apart...

He ruffles his hair and shakes his head.

ZEIGLER

(continuing)

... Hell, it ain't easy, Harry,
I tell you, I've known Arlene
from way back when she was married
to Tom and I watched that Delly
grow up from squirming around on
guys' laps to... well...

And he nods towards Ellman who is leaning into the
Blonde's cleavage.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

ZEIGLER

(continuing)

... Studs like Ellman over there,
and it ain't the most cheerful
thing I ever saw...

MOSEBY

Think Delly knew that Arlene and
Marv had been at it?

ZEIGLER

A blind man on a galloping horse
would've known. Arlene ain't
Lillian Gish... She's had it
pretty rough in her time. Her
father took Smith and Wesson's
cure for insomnia, her mother
packed everything but Arlene and
blew town. Arlene took the hard
road up. You'd think it'd make
her see things differently about
Delly, but...

And he shakes his head in weary incomprehension.

ZEIGLER

(continuing)

... Don't you ever wish you were
back playing ball, Harry, where
the worst that ever happens is
you break your back...

And Moseby smiles, nods in understanding of his point.

MOSEBY

Well, you don't have to make too
many choices, it's true. They do
it all for you, what you eat, when
you crap, buses, tickets, times,
dates. Learn the plays, keep your
head empty and take your knocks.
Ain't a lot like real life.

ZEIGLER

I'd say that was in its favor.
Look at me, I've been doing this
most of my life and all I got to
show for it is the muscle in my
arm and my camper.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (2)

ZEIGLER (cont'd)

And two ex-wives who wait for
the postman every month like he
was the second coming. And the
country's getting smaller and
the kids are getting younger and
I'm getting drunk.

MOSEBY

Is that bad?

ZEIGLER

Well, I got to be up early
tomorrow. That's when it shows.
If you want, you can sleep in
my camper, there's plenty room.

MOSEBY

Thanks, I'll take you up on it.

And they finish their drinks, gets ready to leave.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

What about Tom Iverson? You ever
see him?

Zeigler shakes his head.

ZEIGLER

It's been about a year-and-a-half.
Last I heard he was taking tourists
down the Colorado River on rafts,
he's another guy who can't do but
one thing.

MOSEBY

We ought to have reunions.

And Zeigler laughs.

28 EXT. WINNEBAGO - MORNING

Moseby comes out with his overnight bag, looks around
at the various planes parked outside, smiles at the
sublime Americana of it, goes down, gets into his car
and backs out. Turns, starts to leave.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

Zeigler steps out from another parking place and waves Moseby down. Moseby stops. Looks and sees the car Quentin was working on in his shed, and standing by it, looking under the hood Quentin himself.

ZEIGLER

Hey, Harry, you heading for Albuquerque?

MOSEBY

Yes, why?

ZEIGLER

Quentin's got to go down to Albuquerque to pick up some parts for Marv's plane.

MOSEBY

Sure.

ZEIGLER

Ready to go, Quentin?

Quentin looks over, sees Moseby. His face remains impassive.

QUENTIN

I ain't in that much of a hurry.

Zeigler looks at Moseby to see what this is about.

MOSEBY

We aren't as close as we might be.

ZEIGLER

Oh, well, see you back in the smog.

And they grin at each other and Moseby drives off, followed by Quentin's baleful gaze.

29 INT. MRS. IVERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Moseby stubs out a cigarette, rises as Mrs. Iverson comes in wearing a colorful peignoir and redolent of self attention.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. IVERSON
You caught me in my bath.

MOSEBY
Sorry.

MRS. IVERSON
That's all right. You could have
joined me, it's a big bath.

MOSEBY
Maybe some other time when I'm
feeling really dirty.

And she looks at him to see just how he means it.

MOSEBY
(continuing)
I just went down to New Mexico.
Saw a friend of yours.

MRS. IVERSON
Oh, who was that?

MOSEBY
Marv Ellman.

Mrs. Iverson's face registers a kind of wariness.

MRS. IVERSON
Oh, how is Marv...

MOSEBY
Where do you know him from?

MRS. IVERSON
Oh, around the house...in the bath.
He was one of the stunt guys who
were around when I was married to
Tom.

MOSEBY
Did you ball them all...

Mrs. Iverson looks offended for a moment, then shrugs.

MRS. IVERSON
Not all...quite a few. What's that
got to do with anything?

MOSEBY
Was Delly around then?

(CONTINUED)

MRS. IVERSON
She was just a kid.

MOSEBY
How much of a kid?

MRS. IVERSON
Oh, eleven, twelve...and jealous of
every one of them. Look, Moseby,
what is this?

MOSEBY
Delly had a scene with Marv Ellman
in New Mexico...

MRS. IVERSON
That dirty son-of-a-bitch...

MOSEBY
Now it might just be that your
daughter is trying to even the
score... Do you know where Tom is?

Mrs. Iverson looks at him, angry still but trying to
figure out his line.

MRS. IVERSON
Tom... What's Tom... you think
Delly might be with that bum?

MOSEBY
Well, like I said...

MRS. IVERSON
Last I heard he was down on the
Florida Keys, running some dumb
charter boat.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3)

29

MOSEBY

How long ago?

MRS. IVERSON

About six months.

MOSEBY

Did Delly know he was there?

MRS. IVERSON

I suppose... I mentioned it...

MOSEBY

My guess is I should go look.

MRS. IVERSON

You're going to fly all the way to Florida on a guess?

MOSEBY

I'm going to fly all the way to Florida on your money, Mrs. Iverson. But that's up to you.

MRS. IVERSON

All right.

Moseby nods, turns to go.

MRS. IVERSON

(continuing)

... You married, Moseby?

MOSEBY

The jury's still out.

Pausing at the door, then going.

29A EXT. MOSEBY HOUSE - DAY

29A

Moseby is putting a bag into his car. He gets in and starts it, swings around and heads out into the driveway.

Ellen drives up and swings in. Moseby brakes and the two cars are side by side, a bare six inches between them. She winds down her window.

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED:

29A

ELLEN

I thought you said you'd wait
till I got here.

MOSEBY

Yeah, well I have to stop by the
office...

Ellen looks dubious at the limpness of this excuse and
Moseby's somewhat evasive delivery. Her next is a
statement rather than a question.

ELLEN

Then you're going straight to the
airport.

MOSEBY

The plane's at eleven...

ELLEN

You just got back this morning.

MOSEBY

The girl I'm looking for, she may
be down there.

ELLEN

Could that wait a day, so we could
talk?

MOSEBY

I can't work up too much enthusiasm
for talking since I heard it played
back through Marty...

And Ellen, contrite, tries to reach across to him but
Moseby, as if fearful of such contact, raises his voice
and his pitch, almost shouting.

MOSEBY

Why did you have to talk to him
about those things, my father,
all that?

ELLEN

I was trying to describe you, not
to him, to myself. I was trying
to remember you, what I admired
and loved about you...

(CONTINUED)

29A CONTINUED: (2)

29A

MOSEBY

You picked a funny place... aw hell, Ellen, let's not make such a big deal out of it. You were screwing around and you got caught... it happens all the time...

And this breaks Ellen's attempt to be conciliatory.

ELLEN

No, it doesn't, not to us. Why do you want to pretend it's something you can be objective about... that's why you went to see Marty, isn't it? That was your way of turning it into something you weren't involved in, why, Harry, why...?

Moseby puts the car into drive, prepares to drive off. Ellen grows anguished at this termination being applied.

ELLEN

(continuing)

... Why does it have to be like this, sitting in our driveway pointing in opposite directions...? Go tomorrow, a day won't make any difference.

MOSEBY

Either way, Ellen. I have to go.

And he pulls away, leaving her to cry after him:

ELLEN

Why, so you can pretend you're solving something?

Slamming her door outwards against his car in a futile attempt to delay his going.

30 EXT. ROAD - DAY

30

The ruler-straight road of the Keys and Moseby driving.

The SOUND of a car radio being tried on several stations. The first two or three are Spanish-speaking before a news broadcast in English is hit with the weather forecast of a storm that is receding southward into the Gulf, having crossed the Keys the night before.

31 INT. CAR - DAY

31

Moseby switches off the radio, drives on down the monotony of the single-lane highway, the telegraph poles ticking past, the water laying away flat and leaden to the low oppressive horizon. He looks at the strange landscape, a paradoxical amalgam of the drab and the exotic.

32 EXT. MARINA - DAY

32

Moseby comes driving in, cruises along and pulls into the Islamorada Marine Supermarket, a long single-story building backing directly onto the water. Parks and gets out and stands, suddenly claimed by the heat, takes off his jacket and goes up the steps.

The store is closed. He looks in at the rack of equipment. There is no sign of anyone. He walks around the back.

33 EXT. BEHIND THE STORE - DAY

33

A jetty runs behind the store and at the end of it, in a pen made by piles driven into the bottom and netting stretched between, are three or four dolphins...

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

... turning and rolling in the shallow enclosed space, their great silvery sides flashing in the sun.

There is a WOMAN standing on a plank boardwalk above the enclosure, feeding the dolphins from a bucket. She is slim with brown legs in cut-off denims and a knitted stocking cap covering her hair.

MOSEBY

Hi.

She looks up, a taut, wide-eyed face, almost wary in its composure.

PAULA

Hi.

MOSEBY

This is Tom Iverson's place, isn't it?

PAULA

That's right. Tom's not here just now. We're closed for the day.

MOSEBY

Any idea where I could locate him?

PAULA

He may be here tomorrow. What's it about?

MOSEBY

It's just a couple of questions.

She disposes of the rest of the fish, comes up onto the jetty.

PAULA

You sound like you might be police.

MOSEBY

No. My name is Harry Moseby. I'm a private investigator. I'm looking for Tom's stepdaughter Delly. She's run away from home.

Paula looks at him a moment.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

PAULA

You've got something to verify that?

Moseby smiles, fetches out his license. Hands it over. Paula looks at it, nods, hands it back. Behind her one of the dolphins protests at her neglect of them. She turns and continues to feed them. Moseby stands watching her.

MOSEBY

What have you got them for?

PAULA

Oh, there's a big demand for dolphins. Lots of people want them, you'd be surprised... People buy them for their pools. Think it's chic to have a dolphin for a pet...

When she finishes she walks past Moseby, who turns and follows.

PAULA

... Like that craze for baby alligators in New York years back. When they got bored with them, they flushed them down the john. Now they got a sewerage system swarming with blind albino shit-eating alligators.

MOSEBY

I'm not sure that I believe that.

Paula looks around at him.

PAULA

You're not one of those 'intent on the truth' types are you?

MOSEBY

I'm not religious about it.

PAULA

The truth is a lie that hasn't been found out. Try to think on it that way.

MOSEBY

I will.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (3)

33

PAULA

Delly's here.

Over her shoulder.

MOSEBY

Now?

PAULA

This very minute.

34 EXT. FRONT OF STORE

34

They are around at the front of the store. She glances at him to check how he's taking things.

MOSEBY

Where are we going?

PAULA

Across there. If you want to swim it's a mile, if you're going to follow me it's six. I'm burning a lot of oil so I'd stay well back.

She goes down to her car, a very much abused Cadillac of late 50's vintage.

Moseby comes down behind her.

She throws the bucket into the car and gets in herself. She starts the car, an awesome racket and outpouring of smoke. She puts on a pair of dark glasses large enough to hide most of her face.

And she wheels the car around and starts along the road in a gauze of blue-grey smoke.

Moseby gets in and follows her.

35 EXT. GULF SHORES - LATE AFTERNOON

35

Paula turns in off the road and Moseby follows.

There is an open gravelled area, a row of four cabins with a raised wooden porch in front. The cabins have an air of encroaching decrepitude, the paint beginning to flake, the screen doors speckled with rust, the windows less than crystalline. There is a two-story building and a small semi-natural harbor.

Paula drives down and parks. Moseby pulls up alongside. They get out and walk around.

PAULA

You going to tell her who you are?

MOSEBY

Is she liable to take off?

PAULA

Not before she's tried to lay you.

MOSEBY

She sounds pretty liberated.

PAULA

When we all get liberated like Delly there's going to be fighting in the streets.

36 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

36

There are some deck chairs and lounges and a beat-up sun parasol over a table.

From the side of the house to a palmetto tree a line is stretched and a GIRL is pegging out washing, jeans, tee-shirts and a number of tie dye articles.

She is behind the articles and has several pegs in her mouth but she is unmistakably the girl in the photograph.

Paula walks up towards the house and Moseby walks towards the girl.

The girl takes the last peg out of her mouth and pegs up a long tie dye shift.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

DELLY

Hi.

MOSEBY

Hi.

They stand looking at each other, the girl with a curious clear open gaze. After a moment.

DELLY

What's your sign?

Moseby is uncertain of her question.

DELLY

(continuing)

... Your birth sign.

MOSEBY

Oh, twelfth of January.

DELLY

Capricorn.

Then digesting this information she walks down to the water.

DELLY

(continuing)

... You been down here before?

Moseby shakes his head, follows her.

DELLY

(continuing)

... It's pretty funky. There's been some great storms, it feels like everything is going to blow away. I like that feeling, know what I mean...

Moseby makes no reply and she turns to look at him.

DELLY

(continuing)

... How old are you?

MOSEBY

Forty.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

DELLY

I guess you like things to stay
just the way they are.

MOSEBY

Depends how they are.

DELLY

Yeah, well, I like things to
change no matter what.

Then she looks out to sea and without another word
starts down to the water and gets into a skiff.

37 MOSEBY

37

looks toward the skies to see a plane approaching, its
LOW WHINE coming across the water.

He walks towards the house where Paula can be seen
through the kitchen window.

MOSEBY

Is that Tom?

PAULA

It ain't Lindberg.

Delly is starting to row out and the plane is getting
nearer and larger, revealing itself as being a small
sea plane.

PAULA

Did you tell her?

MOSEBY

No, I thought I'd have a word with
Tom first.

And she hand him a glass through the open window, and
their eyes meet, then she turns to watch the plane
land and Delly rowing out to it. She raises her glass,
to Moseby and the plane and Delly all in one.

PAULA

... por nada.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

Moseby turns to watch Delly rowing up to the plane and the PILOT coming out and into the boat.

38 EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

Paula has started making a salad. Delly sits, feet in the water, RADIO PLAYING. Moseby watches Paula, the deft brown hands, the faint frown of concentration as she works. She is still wearing the stocking cap. She wipes her nose with the back of her hand and then, reaching up, absently, takes off the cap. There is a thick spill of auburn hair that transforms the tight little face. She glances at Moseby, noting his surprise.

PAULA

You thought I was bald, right.

And pours herself another drink.

Moseby sips his.

MOSEBY

How long have you been on the Keys?

PAULA

Long enough.

MOSEBY

You don't like it?

PAULA

I like the sun. I'm convalescing.

MOSEBY

What from?

PAULA

A terrible childhood. My father used to blow his nose with his fingers.

MOSEBY

That'll do it to you every time.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

She glances at him, at his deadpan response, a quick flicker of recognition, then starts to mix the dressing.

PAULA

Anyway, down here I'm a pretty good looking chick. You don't think so at the moment but stick around.

Tom, from the window, calls down:

IVERSON

You can start them burning.

And goes back in.

Moseby glances towards Delly who is sitting now, kicking her feet in the water, looking out to sea.

MOSEBY

Mind if I ask what the set-up is. Are you with Tom?

Paula glances at him, almost hostile, bleak, then away.

PAULA

We make the beast with two backs now and then.

Moseby looks a little surprised at the image, goes on.

MOSEBY

Has Delly been hanging it out for Tom?

PAULA

What are you with all the questions, some kind of detective...

Moseby smiles, reaches into the salad bowl and picks out a piece of avocado.

PAULA

(continuing)

... Why don't you go find out who shot the President if you're so curious.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

Moseby reaches again, looking at her curiously.

Paula hits him across the back of the hand with the salad fork, hard. He jerks his hand away.

MOSEBY

You're kind of edgy, aren't you?

PAULA

It's the heat and the low wages...

She stands up, reaches, takes his hand, looks at it.

PAULA

(continuing)

... Keep it wrapped around a drink
and the pain will go.

Iverson comes out to join them and Paula glances from Moseby to him and their looks of a studied, identical sameness, little silence in the midst of talk. Iverson makes the smallest, casualest negative shake of the head. Delly comes up from the water to put an arm around Iverson and snuggle against him.

Paula pours him a substantial drink, hands it to him.

Moseby looks at this little excitement with a smile and a very faint uncertainty as to quite what the scene is about, glances at Paula who sensing it, says:

PAULA

Home is the hunter, home from the
hill, the sailor home from the sea.

And the three of them drink and Delly endeavors to get some of Iverson's, flirtatious, cutesy.

39 EXT. BY THE HARBOR - NIGHT

39

and
40

Moseby and Iverson and Paula and Delly.

and
40

Delly is finishing the ice cream, Paula is pouring coffee. Moseby watching her. Iverson is growing loquacious.

IVERSON

This is kind of the last stop
before you fall over the edge.
Live down here a while, things
get to seem different.

MOSEBY

Paula looks better already.

(CONTINUED)

39
and
40

CONTINUED:

39
and
40

Paula glances up, understanding the reference, smiles, hands Iverson his coffee. Delly glances at the exchange.

Iverson doesn't really notice the exchange, goes on, as Delly gets up and leaves without saying a word.

IVERSON

Hell, if I go up to the mainland now I get nervous. Got to come back, get my tank on and go out and sit on the bottom for half an hour just to get my head straight.

Paula, who has obviously heard all this before, rises and starts to gather the plates -- and leaves for the house.

MOSEBY

There much smuggling going on?

IVERSON

Have dogs got fleas. Cuba is only ninety miles away and getting closer. There is always a buck to be made.

Moseby watches Delly walk toward her cabin.

IVERSON

How do you intend getting her back?

MOSEBY

It'll be simple enough. There's only one thing that complicates it.

IVERSON

What's that?

MOSEBY

You.

Iverson looks a little surprised, apprehensive.

IVERSON

Why me?

MOSEBY

You're her stepfather. If you back her with the cops --

IVERSON

Are you going to the police?

(CONTINUED)

39
and
40

CONTINUED: (2)

39
and
40

MOSEBY

That'd be my next move if she
don't --

IVERSON

Hell, I don't think you're going
to have to go that far.

MOSEBY

I've come to take her back to
Arlene. She's not going to like
that.

IVERSON

Yeah, but the cops, I mean, she's
just a kid, I wouldn't want...

MOSEBY

You been having any trouble with
her?

IVERSON

What kind of trouble?

MOSEBY

Any trouble you wouldn't want the
police to know about.

Iverson looks for a moment as though he's about to protest,
then he shrugs.

IVERSON

Look, Harry, you're a pretty
straight guy. I really want that
kid out of here but I, well, I
got kind of foolish around her.
Hell, you've seen her, there ought
to be a law...

MOSEBY

There is. Sixteen'll get you
five...

And Iverson looks at him.

MOSEBY

... What happened?

IVERSON

She got me to take her out swimming
to the sea grass beds. She went
in bare-ass. Well, I tell you
she's a pretty foxy little girl
to be watching through the glass
bottom of a boat on a hot afternoon...

(CONTINUED)

39
and
40

CONTINUED: (3)

39
and
40

He shakes his head in an uneasy mixture of relish and regret.

IVERSON
(continuing)

... Hell, I feel like the little end of nothing whittled to a point...

MOSEBY
Have you told Paula?

Iverson shakes his head.

IVERSON
No, no, I don't want her finding out. She's something special, Paula...

Moseby nods, stands up.

IVERSON
You gonna tell Delly now?

MOSEBY
Morning's soon enough.

Iverson looks relieved.

IVERSON
Okay, Harry. I'll back you up...

Moseby prepares to go.

IVERSON
(continuing)
... And Harry...

Moseby checks.

IVERSON
(continuing)
... Thanks...

And he extends his hand.

For a moment, it looks as though Moseby is not going to take it. Then he does; then turns and goes.

41 EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

41

Moseby comes up onto the porch, and goes to the room at the other end, opens the door and goes in.

42 INT. ROOM - NIGHT

42

A small, featureless motel room with a queen-sized bed.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

... and a couple of chairs and a table and a chest of drawers.

Delly is unpacking his bag and putting the articles into the drawers. She looks around at him. She is wearing one of his shirts, buttoned twice.

DELLY

Hi. I'm getting you settled in.

MOSEBY

Thanks.

And he sits on a chair, straddling it wrong way around to watch her.

She lifts out his chess set from the case, turns to him.

DELLY

Where do you want this?

Moseby holds out a hand and she gives it to him.

DELLY

(continuing)

... I read a book that said
when a man sits on a chair
like that he's afraid of
women.

Moseby sets the board on the table and starts laying the pieces out.

MOSEBY

Seems reasonable enough to me.

She takes out Moseby's boxer shorts and holds them against herself.

DELLY

Do you wear these?

MOSEBY

No, I give them away as
souvenirs.

Delly flashes him a glance to see whether this is a come-on or a joke.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

Moseby is setting up the pieces in a game position.

Delly comes over, stands looking down at the board, her breasts at about Moseby's eye-level when he looks up.

DELLY

Is chess hard to learn?

Moseby turns and sees what he's meant to see, holds a brief beat, then rises.

MOSEBY

It isn't easy, believe me.

And he walks across to his case, away from Delly who turns, getting ready to follow.

43 ANGLE

Behind them the door is KNOCKED, opens and Paula comes in carrying a bowl of ice.

They look around Delly with annoyance, Moseby with something close to relief.

PAULA

Brought you some ice.

MOSEBY

Thanks.

Moseby lifts out a bottle of scotch from his case.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

Drink?

And she sits down, much to Delly's discomfiture.

Moseby goes to the bathroom, goes in, bottle under his arm.

DELLY

You don't mind if I use your shower. Mine doesn't work so good.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

MOSEBY

Be my guest.

44 MOSEBY

And he comes out with two glasses, sighting through them for dirt, comes towards Paula, holds out the glasses.

Delly goes into the shower.

They sit at the table and Moseby pours on the scotch. Behind them the bathroom is beginning to exude steam.

PAULA

Por nada...

And drinks, Moseby follows suit.

PAULA

(continuing)

... Did she offer you the key to the city?

MOSEBY

It's more like a sightseeing tour.

PAULA

How do you resist?

MOSEBY

I think of good clean things like Thanksgiving and George Washington's teeth.

Paula smiles, quick and white, looks at the board.

PAULA

You beating yourself?

MOSEBY

It's a position from a game played in 1922... do you play?...

PAULA

I know the moves.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

MOSEBY

Black had a mate and he didn't
see it...

And he plays it over.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

... Queen sacrifice in the
corner, then three little
knight moves, check, check,
check.

Paula looks, nods.

PAULA

That's nice.

45 DELLY

comes out of the bathroom buttoning the shirt up over
her wet body to good effect.

She comes up to them at the table.

DELLY

I'll give you your shirt back
in the morning, okay?

MOSEBY

Sure.

And Delly pauses a moment, then goes.

Paula looks at Moseby who is watching Delly's exit.

PAULA

You didn't know we had a laundry
service.

Moseby looks back at her and she transfers her atten-
tion back to the chess board, moves the pieces back.

PAULA

(continuing)

Show me that again.

Moseby plays the move over again.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

PAULA
(continuing)
It's a beauty.

MOSEBY
But he didn't see it. He played something else and lost... He must have regretted it every day of his life... I know I would have...

And his voice has a curious intensity that makes Paula look at him. He looks up at her, catching himself in a moment of introspection. He grins.

MOSEBY
(continuing)
... fact is, I do regret it and I wasn't even born...

And Paula is intrigued by this tone, looks at him quizzically.

PAULA
That's no excuse.

MOSEBY
No, I guess not.

And Paula goes, across the porch, leaving Moseby with the echoes of enigma in his mind.

46 EXT. PORCH - MORNING

46

Moseby comes out, looks around. Everything is quiet. He walks along to the end cabin, looks in the window, comes back, goes down to the house. After a moment, he comes back, looks out to sea.

The boat is still moored in the harbor and the sea-plane rides quietly at anchor.

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

A certain urgency in his step, he comes around to his car, notices the pickup and the Cadillac are gone. Gets into his car, drives off.

47 OMITTED

47

48 EXT. MARINA - MORNING

48

Moseby comes driving up to the store. Parks, gets out and goes up to the store.

Looking in, he can see Delly talking to two young CONCHS, in cut-down denims, beards, salt-matted hair and beer bellies, but husky, tanned lads withal.

Delly sees him but pretends not to notice, goes on with her banter. She is wearing Moseby's shirt still, tied in a knot at the front. Moseby walks around the back of the store.

49 EXT. BEHIND THE STORE - MORNING

49

Moseby comes around and stands looking down into the dolphin pen, watches them swirl and dive. Lights a cigarette. The door to the store opens behind him and Delly, the two Conchs in close attendance, comes out.

Moseby doesn't look around. Delly comes up to him and the Conchs go along the jetty, glancing back at her.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

DELLY

You come to get your shirt
back?

Moseby looks around and Delly makes like she is about
to undo the knot.

MOSEBY

No. I've come to tell you I'm
a private detective hired by
your mother to bring you back
to L.A.

Delly looks at him, her mock striptease forgotten.

DELLY

You putting me on...

Moseby shakes his head. Delly grows enraged.

DELLY

(continuing)

... Well, you can forget it.
I'm not going back to that
bitch.

MOSEBY

I'm afraid you don't have much
choice.

DELLY

Go screw yourself.

MOSEBY

Delly, you can go back with me
or I can hand you over to the
cops and they'll hold you until
your mother comes and gets
you.

She glares at him.

Then starts kicking at Moseby who backs off. Delly
turns and runs into the store.

Moseby is about to follow when the two Conchs moves in.
One of them calls in to Delly:

1ST CONCH

Hey, Delly, what's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

DELLY

That bastard wants to take me back
to L.A. He's some kind of bullshit
private detective.

She turns to Moseby.

DELLY

(continuing;
to Moseby)

No way, you fucking bounty hunter,
you're not going to earn anything
off me.

The Conchs look from Delly to Moseby, a quick glance
at each other. Moseby looks at them levelly, not
moving. They fan out, one on his left, one on his
right. Moseby watches them, still leaning on the rail.
The Conchs look quickly one to the other.

Moseby stands watching. They inch forward.

Delly watches, engrossed.

The Second makes a feint and then the First bulls in.

Moseby kicks the Conch in the chest and then blocks a
punch and drives in a punch to the head, which drops
him over the rail. The one who has been kicked in, in
a heap on the jetty.

Moseby has the other so far over the rail that he is
dependent on Moseby for support.

Moseby looks back to where Delly is watching, looks at
her, smiles and lets the Conch go and he falls into
the dolphin pen.

He goes into the store.

50 OMITTED

50

50A INT. THE STORE - DAY

50A

DELLY

How did you find me down here,
did that bitch Paula call up
my mother?

(CONTINUED)

59A CONTINUED:

59A

MOSEBY

I spoke to Quentin and Marv.

DELLY

He didn't tell you... where did you see them.

MOSEBY

New Mexico.

DELLY

Did Quentin go back up there?

MOSEBY

He was working on Marv's plane.

DELLY

Was there another fight?

MOSEBY

I don't think so.

DELLY

So how did you find I was here?

MOSEBY

I just figured you'd come to see Tom. He's the nearest thing you've got to a father.

And Delly looks at him, her mind starting to scheme.

DELLY

Yeah, that's right, and if he doesn't say I've got to go back with you, then I'm not going...

And Moseby, rueful at the curious innocence of her, nods.

MOSEBY

Okay, let's go ask him.

50B INT. CAR - DAY

50B

Moseby driving, Delly slumped down in the seat.

DELLY

What did you think of Arlene? Did you get to know her pretty good?

MOSEBY

Well enough.

(CONTINUED)

50B CONTINUED:

50B

DELLY

She's a cutey, Arlene.

MOSEBY

She's no Lillian Gish.

Delly glances at him quickly.

DELLY

That's what Joey always says. Do you know Joey?

MOSEBY

He's my cousin from La Jolla.

DELLY

You putting me on?

MOSEBY

If I'm not telling the truth, you can keep my shirt... it looks better on you anyway.

And they pull into Gulf Shores.

50C EXT. GULF SHORES - DAY

50C

They stop and get out. The other two cars are there.

Moseby and Delly start down to the house and they see Paula tying up the skiff, starting up towards them.

Moseby looks out and sees that the seaplane has gone.

MOSEBY

Where's Tom?

PAULA

He's gone out on a charter.

MOSEBY

When will he be back?

Paula shrugs.

PAULA

I don't know. He gassed up for the day. Why?

Moseby looks at his watch.

MOSEBY

I wanted to get Delly on a flight for L.A. today.

(CONTINUED)

50C CONTINUED:

50C

DELLY

I'm not going unless Tom says I
have to.

Moseby looks at her.

MOSEBY

Delly, I know what he...
(he pauses, looks
at Paula, shrugs)
... what the hell, who's in that
much of a hurry.

And Paula goes on up to the house and Delly goes with
her. Moseby stands, suddenly run out of momentum,
walks slowly down to the harbor, looks out to sea.

51 EXT. THE JETTY - LATE AFTERNOON

51

The seaplane has taxied in and Delly is bringing
Iverson back in the skiff.

Moseby comes down from the cabins as they come ashore.

Iverson comes up the jetty looking tired, his face
marked around the eyes where he has been wearing a
pair of goggles. He nods, raises a hand to Moseby
and goes on up to the house. Paula comes out to
meet him and turns, goes in with him; Iverson putting
an arm around her shoulders, their heads close
together.

Moseby looks from them to Delly, who stands, sullen
on the jetty, looking after Iverson. She looks at
Moseby and turns abruptly, walks back down the jetty
and sits down, looking out to sea. Moseby looks
from Delly back to the house, puzzled by whatever it
is he is not privy to.

52 EXT. THE BOAT - LATE AFTERNOON

52

Paula at the wheel, Moseby beside her, Delly sitting
in the stern trailing her hand in the water.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

All around them under the three quarter moon the sea is calm and silvery. The wake trails behind them and the water ripples the keel.

Moseby walks back to where Delly is sitting at the stern, trawling her hand in the water. He sits beside her.

MOSEBY

You all right?

She looks at him, resentful and petulant.

DELLY

Did you come out to make sure I didn't swim away?

MOSEBY

No, I just came for the ride.

Delly looks away from him, leaning over the side.

Moseby sits a moment, gets up, goes back to where Paula is steering. He stands, looking ahead, glancing at her from time to time.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

How about if we just kept going?

PAULA

You'd end up in the Yucatan.

MOSEBY

Ever been there?

PAULA

Not yet.

MOSEBY

What did you do before this?

PAULA

This and that. I taught school, I kept house, I waited tables, I did a little stripping and I did a little hooking and I trod a lot of water.

MOSEBY

Sounds kind of bleak, or is that just how you tell it.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

PAULA

Do you ask these questions because
you want to know the answers or
is it what you think a detective
should do?

Moseby looks at her in the pale candor of the moonlight,
at the keen face.

MOSEBY

Maybe I just want you to know
I'm here.

She glances at him, quick, direct.

PAULA

I know you're there. Harry
Moseby, isn't it?

MOSEBY

Right the first time.

She smiles and looks to the front and Moseby turns and
looks with her.

PAULA

Did you know that sharks can never
stop swimming because they don't
have any flotation sacs...?

She looks at him. He shakes his head.

MOSEBY

No, I didn't.

PAULA

Stick with me, kid, it ain't much
fun but it's educational...

She looks forward again and her face reflects the con-
cern of her parable.

PAULA

(continuing)

... You keep moving, it's not so
bad. It's when you stop you sink.

And her face, prow-like, cuts against his sight and
the soft sea air.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 EXT. SEA GRASS BED - NIGHT

53

The boat and Paula cutting the engine, holding it on
idle.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED:

53

She goes back and lifts two planks out of the bottom revealing a six by three foot glass panel.

PAULA

Okay, folks, we're here.

Delly starts to undress as Paula puts down a switch causing a sudden flood of light out from under the boat, illuminating all the way down to the bottom, some thirty feet below. There is a flurry of small fish darting away into the shadow and at the very edge of the illuminated area the tall rising blades of sea grass.

Moseby stands looking down entranced by it.

Behind him Delly has undressed and put on a mask and a pair of flippers.

54 ANGLE

54

And she goes over the side and comes sweeping under the boat, streaming bubbles, rolling over on her back, in a sudden breathtaking image.

Moseby looks up to find Paula watching him, a wry amused smile on her face.

PAULA

What Greta Garbo movie does that come from?

Moseby grins.

PAULA

(continuing)

... Well, your little girl is waiting, Harry.

MOSEBY

What about those sharks that have to keep swimming?

PAULA

You're worried about sharks with Delly in the water?

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

Delly surfaces alongside.

DELLY

Come on, if you're coming.

Moseby, reluctantly, starts to get undressed.

The boat is drifting slowly over the sea grass and Delly dives down, swimming through the fronds.

Moseby steps out of his trousers and slips his shirt over his head. He is prepared to hook off his under-pants when Delly breaks surface.

DELLY

(continuing)

Paula, Paula, bring the boat over this way, quick.

PAULA

What is it?

DELLY

Over this way.

Paula, suddenly anxious, leans over the side.

PAULA

What is it, Delly...

Delly draws in a lungful of air preparatory to diving. Paula almost screams at her.

PAULA

(continuing)

... Delly, stay there.

But Delly goes, a swift leg raised and down.

55 OMITTED

56 PAULA

comes inboard and looks down through the glass bottom.

Delly can be seen kicking down through the sea grass away from the boat.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

Paula switches the light off and then on again, off and on.

As the boat moves forward, there comes suddenly into the area of illumination the wreckage of a small plane, one wing broken back but still attached to the fuselage. In the cockpit, which is open, still in his seat, held there by his harness, is the pilot. The light flickers eerily on the scene.

MOSEBY

Hold the lights.

From the boat they can see the swarm of small fish around the pilot's face and body, his features partially eaten away. They look around and Delly is not to be seen.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

Where is she?

The boat is drifting slowly over the top of the plane and they look desperately for Delly.

57 PAULA

switches on a spotlight mounted above the cabin.

Suddenly on the other side there is a wild SPLASHING and the SOUND of Delly's voice uttering incoherent noises of panic.

Moseby looks out and sees her almost twenty yards away thrashing and crying.

He goes in over the side and swims towards Delly.

Paula brings the boat around towards them.

Moseby reaches Delly who is in some kind of panic and tries to bring her in. She is screaming and kicking.

The boat comes alongside and Paula reaching down grabs Delly and hauls her in over the side. Moseby scrambles in after her. Paula gets out a blanket and a bottle from the cabin. Delly lies on the bottom of the boat, spreading water all over the glass bottom.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

Paula kneels beside her, trying to get her head up. All the while Delly is moaning and crying.

PAULA

Are you all right, are you hurt,
Delly, what's wrong?

Delly shakes her head and manages to control her spasm. Her teeth start to chatter uncontrollably.

DELLY

His... his, his face, it was all,
oh the fish, it was... oh...

And suddenly she gags and retches in a series of violent stomach contractions.

She wraps the blanket around her and Moseby opens the bottle, gives it to her.

Delly drinks, gags, drinks again. Then her shuddering seems to lessen and she settles against the stern.

Paula stands up.

MOSEBY

What happened?

PAULA

Panicked and took in water.

58 MOSEBY

58

turns and looks through the glass bottom but the kelp beds are now in the very edge of vision and the plane cannot be seen. Looks over and sees Paula tying a weighted line onto a white plastic bottle and throwing it over the side.

MOSEBY

What's that?

PAULA

A marker for the Coast Guard.

She switches the light off, the sea growing suddenly black under Moseby's feet, starts the engine and turns the boat towards shore. Moseby, after tucking the blanket up around Delly, stands up, looks back at the marker, bobbing behind them.

MOSEBY

Poor bastard.

59 EXT. THE BOAT - NIGHT

59

They are coming into the harbor.

Delly appears to be asleep, still in the same place. Moseby stands up in the stern as Paula brings the boat in, dressed by now. It comes alongside and Moseby makes fast at the stern and Paula jumps ashore.

PAULA

Can you manage her?

MOSEBY

Sure.

Paula starts up towards the house and Moseby bends, lifts Delly up and steps ashore, carries her up toward the house.

60 INT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

60

Moseby enters as Paula comes down the stairs with Iverson, who has obviously been asleep. Mosby lays her down on the couch and Iverson comes over, Delly opens her eyes.

IVERSON

Are you all right, honey?

Delly looks at him remotely, says nothing. Iverson kneels for a minute, looking at her. Delly turns her face away.

DELLY

I'm all right.

Moseby looks over to where Paula is on the phone, over by the bar.

PAULA

That's right, just one, the pilot. I marked it with a float. That's right. Sure.

And she hangs up. Looks to them.

PAULA

They'll go out in the morning. Nothing they can do tonight.

And she goes to the bar and starts pouring herself a drink. Delly gets up from the couch, starts toward the door.

IVERSON

Where are you going, Delly?

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

DELLY

To my room.

IVERSON

You can sleep here on the couch.

And he goes across to her.

DELLY

I want to go to my room.

IVERSON

You'll be just as comfortable here, honey.

PAULA

Let her go, Tom.

Iverson looks around at Paula and then steps away and Delly goes out.

Moseby has the look of someone for whom things are just slightly out of focus. He finishes his drink and Paula pours him another without waiting to be asked.

MOSEBY

What do you think happened to that plane?

Iverson suddenly awake and almost ebullient comes up to the bar.

IVERSON

Could've been half a hundred things... this is a bad area for accidents, there's a stretch up on the other side of Miami called The Devil's Triangle, ever hear of it?

Moseby shakes his head.

IVERSON

(continuing)

... There's been more missing planes and boats than you can count, and not just little planes, commercial lines and big ships, tankers, all sorts.

And he takes a pull at his drink, obviously relishing the story.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (2)

60

MOSEBY

How long do you think he's been
down there?

Looking at Paula; she shrugs, moves towards the radio.

PAULA

No way of telling till they get
him up.

And she switches it on and gets a MUSIC program,
turns.

And fiddling with the radio she gets a station that
BLARES out a tune to which she begins to dance, by
herself, to herself.

Iverson is standing watching her, grinning.

IVERSON

Atta girl, Paula.

And Paula smiles at his voice, her eyes almost closed,
moving in time to the music.

Moseby looks at them, totally out of their particular
euphoria, and starts toward the door. Paula glances
at him briefly.

PAULA

Sleep well.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: (3)

60

Moseby nods and as he goes out, Iverson comes across and he and Paula start to dance.

61 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - NIGHT

61

Moseby stands, puzzled, listening to the MUSIC inside. Walks slowly away.

62 EXT. THE CABINS - NIGHT

62

Moseby walks up to the cabins along the porch to Delly's room, looks in, then walks on and around to look out at the sea. He sits on a rail and lights a cigarette. Smoking it, his face is creased by thought.

DISSOLVE TO:

63 EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

63

Moseby is sitting, watching out to sea, the STRAINS of the radio faint on the air.

Paula comes up behind him. He looks around.

MOSEBY

Party over?

PAULA

Tom couldn't last the pace.

Moseby looks at her; there is a tension about her, a kind of edginess that she cannot mask.

MOSEBY

You had a kind of funny reaction to...

(he jerks his head out to sea)
... out there. Was it seeing that dead guy?

PAULA

Death is just nature's way of telling you to slow down...

But her voice trembles on the end of her aphorism and she looks at Moseby, blinking, intensely.

MOSEBY

You kind of work at being hard-boiled, don't you...?

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED:

63

His voice is gentle, uncritical. She reaches out, takes his hand, stands, holding it.

PAULA

Where were you when Kennedy got shot...?

And she leads him by the hand slowly towards the cabin.

MOSEBY

Which Kennedy?

PAULA

Any Kennedy.

And her voice is calm, but under it runs the electric of her particular intensity, a kind of nervousness, a kind of exhilaration. Moseby, letting himself be led, answers the question as though it were some commonplace nicety.

MOSEBY

When the President got shot I was on my way to a football game in San Diego...

And Paula waits for him to open the door and then she steps in, Moseby following.

64 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

64

MOSEBY

(continuing)

... When Bobby got shot I was sitting in a car waiting for a man to come out of a house with his girl friend. I was on a divorce case. It was one of those times when I wished I was in a different business... Why do you ask?

Paula goes and sits on the bed.

PAULA

It's one of those questions everybody knows the answer to. I always remember seeing those newsreels of Bobby getting shot and how they looked as if everything was happening underwater...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

She looks up at him and the appeal in her face for some solace, some comfort, is unmistakable. Mosey moves towards her.

PAULA
(continuing)

... The first time anybody touched my breast, it was a boy called Billy Danreuther, the nipple stayed hard for nearly half an hour afterwards.

And she smiles at the long-gone innocence of her body.

PAULA
(continuing)

... Don't you think that's sad?

And Moseby sits down on the bed beside her.

MOSEBY
No, I think it's nice.

PAULA
I think it's so fucking sad.

And she takes his hand and puts it on her breast, not looking at him, holding his hand to her body.

PAULA
(continuing)

I'm from a little town in Upper New York State called Malone. Do you know it...?

And looking at him to perceive his answer, she is kissed on the mouth, gently, tenderly. When their lips part, she goes on:

PAULA
(continuing)

... You should. Part of your heritage. Birthplace of Benjamin Franklin. You remember Ben Franklin, he's the one on the hundred dollar bills...

And she lies back on the bed and Moseby bends with her, bending half over her.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

PAULA (cont'd)
(she looks up
at him, pats
the bed)
... Sit down, Harry. Be talked
to.

Moseby goes over, sits beside her. Paula looks into
her glass.

PAULA
(continuing)
The first time anybody touched
my breast, it was a boy called
Billy Denreuther, the nipple
stayed hard for nearly half an
hour... don't you think that's
sad?

MOSEBY
Not especially.

PAULA
I do... I think it's so fucking
sad.

And she takes his hand and puts it inside her robe.
They sit, awkwardly side by side, Moseby cupping her
breast, her head against his shoulder, under his chin.

PAULA
(continuing)
... I'm from a little town in
Upper New York State called Malone.
Do you know it?

And she lifts her head and looks up. Moseby shakes
his head, kisses her gently on the mouth.

PAULA
(continuing)
You should. Part of your
heritage. Birthplace of Benjamin
Franklin. You remember Ben
Franklin, he's the one on the
hundred dollar bills...

And as Moseby touches her breast inside her robe Paula
leans back turning them so that she lies back on the
bed and Moseby is half kneeling, half leaning across
her and her robe is open to her waist.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

PAULA
(continuing)

... but everybody knows Malone,
it's got tree-lined streets,
maple trees, and the boy cycles
down them delivering newspapers
folded up with an elastic band
around them and he throws them
onto the porch and mothers have
flour on their forearms from
baking and everybody thinks
Sacco and Vanzetti got a raw deal.

And Moseby, his head on a level with the plane of her
body has opened her robe and is stroking her belly,
gently with tentative fingers, his eyesight filled
with its flat brown expanse.

PAULA
(continuing)

... Malone's nice. I went to
school there and graduated and
came back to teach there and it
was fine, just fine and I was
in love with Billy Denreuther
there and I set my record for
erect nipples there and I got
married there and widowed there...

And as Moseby's attentions grow more specific we COME
IN on her face, eyes closed, hair spread, talking in a
low interior monologue, flinching occasionally either
from her thoughts or the sensations beginning far below
her.

PAULA
(continuing)

... and I got strong again there
and most likely would have
gotten married again there only
they shot Kennedy there, right
in the twilight of my living room,
they blew his brains all over my
wall and I went around putting all
the pictures straight don't stop
because I hadn't noticed before
please how they were all crooked
don't stop and everybody knows
what they were doing the please
don't stop the day Kennedy got
shot because that oh please don't
that was an end of oh yes wishing
please that's when now please now
yes don't stop now when it all
stopped don't don't don't please...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (3)

And to protect herself from the throes of her coming she reaches down to hold his head and her face crumples in a spasm that slowly relaxes to leave her wet lidded, calm until her eyes open and she looks blindly at the ceiling. Moseby comes up slowly to lie by her side. She moves her head but he is so close she cannot see him.

PAULA
(continuing)
Harry Moseby...

MOSEBY
Right first time.

And Paula smiles and turns her face and her body into Moseby's bulk, crying softly and Moseby, large and puzzled and tender, holds her close.

DISSOLVE TO:

65 INT. ROOM

Moseby and Paula under the sheet, him curled behind her, his arm under her head. He wakens with his arm gone dead, and tries to extricate it without waking her, but Paula comes awake, rolls over on her back.

PAULA
What's wrong?

Moseby sits up, holding his numb arm with his good hand, shaking it to restore the circulation.

MOSEBY
Woke up with my arm dead, that
ever happen to you?

Paula reaches a packet of cigarettes out of her robe pocket, leaning away from him.

PAULA
Sure, only it usually isn't my
arm.

And then as she lights a cigarette there comes a sudden scream from the other chalets. Moseby scrambles out of bed and pulls on his trousers, clumsily because of his inoperative hand, runs out, shaking the blood back into his arm as he goes.

66 EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

66

Moseby runs along the porch to Delly's room, opens the door, goes in.

67 INT. DELLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

67

He switches on the light.

Delly is kneeling up in bed holding the blanket around her, sobbing. Moseby goes to her.

MOSEBY

What's the matter, Delly, what's wrong?

DELLY

His face, I could see it, the fish, they were, all over it, I could see them pulling at his face.

And with a shudder of revulsion she leans against him.

MOSEBY

You had a nightmare, you screamed, there, you're going to be fine.

And he pats her back gently until his hand, recovering its sensitivity realizes her back is bare, whereupon he stops and takes his hand away.

Delly holds close to him and Moseby's hand returns to her back.

DELLY

I want to go back to L.A. tomorrow. Can we?

MOSEBY

Sure.

DELLY

Promise?

MOSEBY

Sure, I promise.

And he starts to extricate himself. Delly holds on to him and he allows himself to be held a moment longer.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

DELLY

Don't go.

MOSEBY

Look, you get back into bed,
I'll get Paula to come...

DELLY

I don't want Paula, can't you
stay? Please.

He allows himself to be held and slowly lowers her down onto the pillow and covers her up with the blanket. His hand, almost of its own volition starts to pat her back again. Her eyes closed, looking very young and vulnerable. She is holding his left hand with hers and she brings her mouth down to it and kisses his fingers gently.

DELLY

(continuing)

I like having my back patted
like that. Isn't it supposed
to remind you of before you
were born and your mother's
heart beating on your back...
I read that in a book...
think it's possible to remember
something like that?

Moseby looks down at her.

MOSEBY

I don't know. I never managed
it.

DELLY

I bet it wasn't good even then.

And touched by the girl's frail cynicism he smiles,
ruefully.

MOSEBY

Look Delly, you're going back
to Arlene but that doesn't have
to be so bad. You'll get by,
fix things up with Quentin, the
older you get the more control
you'll have over your life.

DELLY

Is that true, or is that one of
those bullshit things people say?

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

Moseby smiles again, pulls her in against his chest,
begins clapping her back again.

MOSEBY

Yeah, well there is that.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED: (2)

And he claps her back again, slowly again, slowly, to an old rhythm and Delly closes her eyes.

68 MOSEBY

slightly cramped, withdrawing his hand from Delly's who is now asleep and moving quietly away, out of the room.

69 EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

Moseby walks back to his room absently flexing his arm. Opens his door, goes in.

70 INT. THE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is empty. He looks around, goes to the bathroom.

MOSEBY

Paula...

Turns, looks at the bed. Her cigarette is stubbed out in the glass.

Moseby goes back to the door, goes out.

71 EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

comes out.

MOSEBY

Paula...

Looks down to the house where the boat rides in the harbor. The house is in darkness. He stands a moment then slowly goes back in.

DISSOLVE TO:

72 EXT. HOUSE AND BOAT - MORNING

Iverson comes up from the house. Moseby comes out with his bag, glances down to the house, comes down to the car.

Delly is in the car. Iverson goes over to her.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

IVERSON

You all right now?

Delly doesn't answer him, only a glance and a curt nod.

Paula comes up, wearing her dark glasses.

PAULA

You're off then.

And he tries to reach her eyes behind the glasses but can't. Iverson starts to rejoin them.

MOSEBY

Sure you won't need us for the Coast Guard?

IVERSON

Shouldn't think so. Paula can tell them all they want to know.

And they shake. Moseby turns, contemplates kissing Paula but before he can she holds out a small, firm hand. They shake hands and Paula disengages, looks at Delly.

PAULA

'Bye, Delly.

DELLY

'Bye.

Looking to the front, her voice tenses. And Moseby with nothing left, turns and gets into the car. Starts up and swings it around. Iverson waves and they drive out. As he goes he can see Paula in the rear view mirror walking away, back down to the beach.

73 EXT. ROAD - DAY

73

Driving along, Delly silent beside him, looking out of the window.

Moseby's face creased by his seething thoughts.

74 INT. MRS. IVERSON'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

74

Moseby stands as Mrs. Iverson writes out a check. She tears it from the book, hands it to him.

MOSEBY

Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

MRS. IVERSON
Thank you... I'm very pleased to
have Delly home... Did you have
much trouble persuading her to
come with you?

Moseby puts the check in his billfold.

MOSEBY
Not a lot. It was easier than
I expected.

And he turns to the door, sees a Young Man come in
from the pool area. Mrs. Iverson follows his glance.

MRS. IVERSON
I let him dive in my pool sometimes.

Moseby shakes his head in a kind of disbelief and goes.

75 EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE - DAY

75

Moseby comes out and as he goes down to his car he sees
Quentin sitting at the curb, astride his bike, revving
it up in little bursts. Moseby comes up to him.

MOSEBY
How did you know she was home?

QUENTIN
She called me when you landed.

MOSEBY
Don't bother to thank me, Quentin.

QUENTIN
You don't give a shit about what
you've dropped Delly back into.
Somebody says go find her and you
go, somebody says go spy on
somebody, and you go spy...

And this is broken into by Delly's voice from the house,
calling:

DELLY'S VOICE
Quentin, Quentin...

76 And when they look round, they can see Delly at an up-
stairs window, waving to him, the gesture is urgent.

DELLY
Quentin, come on up here.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

And Quentin cuts the bike, gets off, starts up to the house, still going at Moseby.

QUENTIN

... You're worse than the fuzz,
at least they're up front about
the kind of bastards they are...

And then the door of the house opens and Mrs. Iverson comes out.

MRS. IVERSON

Where are you going?

QUENTIN

I've come to see Delly.

MRS. IVERSON

Well, you can just turn around
and go back where you came from.

And from above:

DELLY

Let him in, I want to see him.

Mrs. Iverson looks up, enraged.

MRS. IVERSON

He's not coming inside this door.
Things are going to be different
now that you're home.

DELLY

I'm not home, I'm just back.

MRS. IVERSON

You little bitch... do you know
how much it cost me to find you?

DELLY

Well, it's all my money anyway.
Come on up, Quentin, don't let
her stop you.

And Quentin starts up again, but Mrs. Iverson screams out:

MRS. IVERSON

Tony, Tony, come here.

DELLY

That's it, Arlene, get your latest
stud out.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

QUENTIN

Come on down, Delly, she can't
keep you locked up in there.

MRS. IVERSON

She's not locked up, goddam you.
She's just not going to be seeing
freaks like you anytime she wants...

And Tony appears in the doorway to give force to her
words.

MRS. IVERSON

(continuing)

... now you better get out of
here before I get the police to
run you in.

DELLY

Don't go, Quentin, I'll be down.

And Moseby, who has been watching it all, sickened by
the hate spewed out at each other by mother and daughter,
turns away, disgusted. As he gets into his car, Quentin
comes to taunt him.

QUENTIN

Terrific, Moseby, you've brought
a family together again.

And savagely, to escape the scene and the words, Moseby
drives off away from the house.

77 EXT. HELLER HOUSE - NIGHT

77

Moseby stands at the front door, listening, then applies
something to the lock, the door opens, he goes in.

78 INT. HELLER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

78

Empty, the lights on, the MUSIC on the stereo, coming
from the other room, quiet, moody. The cat gets up
from the chair at Moseby's entrance. Moseby sits down
in the chair, looks across at the tuner, reaches,
tweaks up the volume to full. There is an enormous
BLAST OF MUSIC from the bedroom. The SOUND of some-
body crying out in pained astonishment. The bedroom
door opens, increasing the volume, and Heller looks
out.

Moseby glances at him.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

MOSEBY

Those the big Advent speakers?

Heller disappears, comes out immediately, wearing a robe,
goes across, switches off the record.

HELLER

What is this, Moseby?

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

Ellen appears in the bedroom doorway, also in a robe, and very angry.

ELLEN

What game is this, Harry?

MOSEBY

No game. I wanted to see you.

ELLEN

Did you have to come out here and break in?

Moseby stands up.

MOSEBY

I think I did. I sat outside for a while and thought a lot of things and felt sorry for myself and then I just wanted to see you.

ELLEN

Well, what did you want to see me about?

Moseby stands, looking at her, not saying anything.

HELLER

I think Harry would like me to leave.

ELLEN

That isn't necessary.

HELLER

I think Harry thinks it is.

MOSEBY

Harry thinks if you call him Harry again, he'll make you eat that cat.

And Heller, looking at him and hearing the flat promise in his voice, is inclined to believe him. He waits a moment to save face, then:

HELLER

I'll wait out on the deck.

And he goes, closing the door behind him.

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

Ellen glances after him, then back to Moseby.

ELLEN

Well, what do you want to tell me?

MOSEBY

I'm back and I'm going to give up the agency...

ELLEN

You don't have to give it up for me, Harry.

MOSEBY

It's not for you. It's for me.

ELLEN

What made you change your mind?

MOSEBY

I don't know. It got to seem like not such a good idea.

ELLEN

And is that my cue to come running back?

MOSEBY

I don't know about that. I don't know what it means. I'm going to sleep at the office while I wind things up. You do what you think best.

And he grins, wry and self-deprecating, into Ellen's puzzled, still hostile gaze, goes to the door, waves to Heller, and goes.

79 INT. OFFICE - DAY

79

Moseby is lying on the daybed, shoes and jacket off, looking up at the ceiling. The office shows signs of occupation. A suitcase, a shirt on a hanger, a coffee percolator set up and a pillow under Moseby's head. There is a KNOCK on the outer office door and Moseby gets up, goes out, comes back with a delicatessen breakfast.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

The coffee is perking and he pours himself a cup. He sits at his desk and watches out the window as he eats. The telephone RINGS twice and then cuts off as the recording machine picks it up. Moseby gets on with his breakfast.

80 EXT. HOT DOG STAND - DAY

80

Moseby and Zeigler are at the fringe of the crowd at the hot dog stand, Nick is getting the order. He comes out with it, handing them a dog each. They start towards the tunnel.

81 INT. TUNNEL - DAY

81

The three of them walking along.

ZEIGLER

You really serious about wanting some stunt work?

MOSEBY

Oh hell, I don't know. Better than Social Security.

NICK

Oh, come on, Harry, that job I offered you is still open...

ZEIGLER

Well, let me see what I can do. I just finished getting an extras card for Delly.

Moseby looks at him, curious.

MOSEBY

How did that come about...?

NICK

I'm telling you, Harry, you've got the mind for it...

ZEIGLER

Arlene asked me to try and fix something...

And Nick looks at Zeigler on the mention of Arlene's name.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

NICK

Where do you know Arlene from?

Zeigler glances at him, irritably.

ZEIGLER

From way back... Seems like Delly wants to follow in her mother's footsteps.

MOSEBY

Looks like she's made a pretty good start...

NICK

Joey Zeigler...
(trying to remember)

ZEIGLER

Damn shame, she's a nice kid.

NICK

No, I don't think you were one of the names...

ZEIGLER

What names?

NICK

One of those she cheated on Grastner with. I got them all.

ZEIGLER

I'm one of a small select group. We hold meetings in a telephone booth.

82 And they laugh as they go down and out of the tunnel, 82
into the ROAR of the crowd.

NICK

Doesn't it make you want to be back in harness, Harry?

MOSEBY

They're all about two steps faster and twenty pounds heavier.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

ZEIGLER

There's some big sons-of-bitches
out there.

And they go on to their seats.

83 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

83

Moseby comes in carrying a brown paper grocery bag,
switches on the lights, goes, puts the bag on the desk,
takes off his jacket, sits down and fetches out the
coffee container and his sandwich, then switches on his
message recorder as he unwraps his sandwich. There are
files, packed, stacked on the desk.

DELLY'S VOICE

Hello, private eye, it's your last
case speaking. Have you been
finding more little runaway girls?
Hey, Harry, I want to talk to you
about something, I think you
might be interested...

There is a KNOCK at the door and Moseby swings around
and Ellen comes in. Moseby switches off the recorder.

ELLEN

How have you been, Harry?

Moseby rubs his face.

MOSEBY

Fine. Lousy. You know.

ELLEN

Yes, I know.

She looks at the piles of files on the desk, at the
rolled-up maps.

ELLEN

(continuing)

You're really getting out of this
business?

MOSEBY

Looks like it...

They stand, awkward, several feet apart.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

... How are you...?

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

ELLEN

I'm more lousy than fine.

Moseby nods, over-emphatic for having no words.

Ellen takes a step towards him, checks, holds a hand out, drops it as Moseby, in delayed reflex, raises his and then they are together, kissing, a hungered, pained release.

DISSOLVE TO:

84 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

84

Moseby and Ellen in bed. Moseby lying on his stomach, the pillow bunched up under his chest and arms. Ellen lies on her back, the sheet drawn up around her. Into the silence:

ELLEN

You're different.

MOSEBY

Am I? How?

ELLEN

You seem very remote.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

MOSEBY

No, I was just thinking about things.

ELLEN

Anybody I know?

Moseby glances over smiles.

MOSEBY

Not even anybody I know. My old man.

Ellen waits a minute but Moseby doesn't go on, so she asks.

ELLEN

Was he really so unlike you, when you met him?

Moseby shakes his head, then:

MOSEBY

I never met him.

ELLEN

But you found him.

MOSEBY

I never spoke to him.

ELLEN

I thought you stayed with him... you told me... for a week.

MOSEBY

The truth is a lie that hasn't been found out... I was pretty pleased with myself, tracked him down, following the clues from job to job, city to city. He was living in Baltimore when I found him, in a rooming house on Hibiscus Avenue. I came up and saw his name on a little card on the door and then somebody pointed him out, this old guy sitting reading the funny pages out of the paper, and his lips were making the words and I just stood there and watched him and then I went away.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

Ellen looks at him, recognizing the import of what she's been told.

ELLEN

And your mother?

MOSEBY

I don't know. I stopped looking after that...

ELLEN

Why did you never tell me?

MOSEBY

It wasn't something I was too proud of. To stand six feet away from your own father and then walk away.

And Ellen reaches across, her arms go around his neck.

ELLEN

Six feet and twenty-seven years, Harry, that's not so close...

Moseby looks down at her, grateful for her concern and sympathy. And he holds her, their faces side by side, looking in opposite directions.

MOSEBY

I should have jumped... trouble is after the first six feet it's kind of hard to tell whether you're jumping or falling...

Ellen reaches for him, draws him close.

ELLEN

When you were telling me about your father, I could see your back as you walked away...

And her words bite into Moseby, making his face clench, and his arms tighten around her.

ELLEN

(continuing)

We've taken a long time to get this far, I don't want to pour it all away...

And she forces herself away to look at him, and she is almost in tears.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (3)

84

ELLEN

(continuing)

... It's the waste I hate, the time and the feelings and the hurt. I want to keep them all in the one place, please...

And Moseby, moved by her, by her openness and her fullness of feeling, wipes at her eyes with his finger, clumsy-gentle.

MOSEBY

I know, I know...

The words, soft and soothing in his mouth, and taking this for all it's worth, Ellen puts her arms around his neck and holds him tight.

85 INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

85

Ellen bustling around, finishing her coffee, obviously late. The RADIO is on, quietly, burbling away news station. Moseby catches her as she passes.

ELLEN

I'm late, really... Charles will be in a terrible state.

MOSEBY

Tell Charles I'm coming to work with him and we're going to wear matching overalls.

Ellen laughs.

ELLEN

Do I look all right? My eyes are all swollen.

Moseby looks at her carefully.

MOSEBY

You look all right, except your eyes are all swollen.

And she kisses him, breaks away.

ELLEN

Lunch.

MOSEBY

One o'clock.

She goes to the door, looks back at him.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

ELLEN

You all right?

MOSEBY

I'm fine.

And she goes, saying, soundlessly 'I love you'.

Moseby stands looking after her. He takes the coffee cups from the table and puts them in the sink, puts the cream back in the refrigerator. Goes out of the kitchen, switching the RADIO off, goes upstairs.

85A INT. MOSEBY'S DEN - DAY

85A

Moseby comes in, goes over to the bookcase, looks at the books, sees nothing he likes, steps away, looks at the chessmen, adjusts them in their positions, turns and switches on the television.

There comes from the outside the SOUND of a car skidding to a halt in the driveway and the blast on a horn, repeated several times.

From an upstairs window he looks out and sees Ellen getting out of the car.

Moseby runs out of the room, the urgency of the sounds galvanizing him.

85B EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

85B

Moseby runs to meet Ellen, who is obviously distraught.

MOSEBY

What is it?

ELLEN

That girl you went to Florida to bring back, what was her name?

MOSEBY

Delly, Delly Gastner -- why...?

ELLEN

She's dead, I heard it on the car radio...

And Moseby stands, stricken by a blow which, although totally unexpected, strikes him with a kind of inevitability.

Ellen, dimly aware of something enormous engulfing them, stands looking at him, wanting somehow to be comforted.

86 INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

86

Moseby and Zeigler are in the seats beside the control panel. Zeigler has his arm in a cast, the arm raised awkwardly at shoulder height.

What is shown are the uncut dailies, complete with clapper board footage, untrimmed ends and extraneous action.

ZEIGLER

This was a pretty simple stunt, I was in the dune buggy with Delly and we were being chased by two guys on bikes. The only bit of stunting involved was the second guy on the bike; we come to a gully and the buggy goes across. We had a ramp built and the biker strikes out. That's all there was to it.

And as he talks, we see the stunt, the dune buggy running through a flat, scrub-covered, desert-like terrain and on approaching the gully, going into a broadside skid and finally crashing in the gully on its side. The first sequence is a WIDE TRAVELING SHOT giving all the action. At the end of the SHOT with the buggy crashed, the crew comes running up through the dust.

MOSEBY

What happened?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

ZIEGLER

I started to give it gas for the ramp and she broke away a little bit at the back and when I tried to get her back the steering just stuck for a minute and that was it ... this is the 'B' camera.

Another sequence comes on with a closer shot on a long lens holding Zeigler and Delly, both dressed in hippy gear. Zeigler can be seen checking Delly's seat belt, concealed beneath a kind of robe.

As the camera zooms in and out experimentally a few times Quentin can be seen straightening up from inspecting underneath the buggy.

MOSEBY

Is that Quentin?

ZEIGLER

Where?

The shot is off and running.

MOSEBY

I thought I saw Quentin.

ZEIGLER

Could be, he was up that afternoon. Want to run back?

MOSEBY

If it's no trouble.

Zeigler presses a button, the film blanks out, then comes up again, runs back to the point where Quentin is rising from under the buggy.

Zeigler holds it on a freeze frame.

ZEIGLER

Yeah, that's Quentin. He was checking out the muffler. I thought I tore one off on a rock on a dry run. Okay.

MOSEBY

Yes, fine.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (2)

And the film runs through, this shot showing clearly Zeigler's desperate attempts to correct the skid before going out of frame.

The film runs out and Moseby glances at Zeigler sitting shaking his head grimly.

He stands up, looks at Moseby.

ZEIGLER

If you don't mind I don't want
to see this shot again. I'll
be outside.

And as the film starts he moves out of the row, awkwardly, painfully.

Moseby watches the screen.

It is a low angle shot from the gully itself and after a moment it is evident that the camera is over cranked.

There is a long held shot of sky and the shoulder of the gully wall and then into it, with a dream-like slowness the buggy comes, heralded by a great slow fan of dust, through which the buggy bursts to crash just in front of the camera. The dust clears to reveal Delly driven almost into the ground on the shoulder, and Zeigler, hanging in his seat belt, trying with infinite slowness to reach her before going slack and still.

The film ends, the lights come up.

Moseby sits, stunned by the immediacy of it.

After a moment Zeigler comes back in, stands at the end of the row.

ZEIGLER

You seen all you want?

Moseby looks up, still shaken.

MOSEBY

Yes, thanks. I can see why you
didn't want to see that again.

Zeigler shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (3)

86

ZEIGLER

It just re-runs itself in here
anyway, so it doesn't make a lot
of difference.

Moseby gets up and comes out of the seats.

MOSEBY

Tell me something, Joey. Could
Quentin, I mean, forget why he'd
want to, could he have futzed
the buggy?

Zeigler looks at him, expressing surprised incompre-
hension. Shakes his head, slowly, dubiously.

ZEIGLER

No, I don't see it. Hell, Harry,
it was my fault. I was the driver.

MOSEBY

There was more than you to blame.

ZEIGLER

Did you ever hear from Delly after
you got back?

MOSEBY

She called me but I wasn't in.

They walk to the door. Moseby looks at him sympathet-
ically. Puts a hand on his good arm.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

Take it easy. You're lucky you
didn't get wiped out with her.

ZEIGLER

That's not the way it happens.

And they go out into the bright sunlight.

86A EXT. OUTSIDE IVERSON HOUSE - DAY

86A

Moseby comes up in his car. Gets out. Sees Nick coming
down from the house. They meet in the driveway. Nick
looks at him in surprise.

NICK

Hey Harry, I thought you were
off this case...

(CONTINUED)

86A CONTINUED:

86A

MOSEBY

I just saw the film on Delly.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

Poor kid.

MOSEBY

Yeah, poor kid's right... I'm
going to pay my respects...

And he starts past Nick.

And Nick backs slowly down to his car, watching Moseby.

87 EXT. BY THE SWIMMING POOL - DAY

87

Moseby is shown out onto the patio.

Mrs. Iverson comes towards him in a one-piece black
bathing suit, shaking her hair out from under a swim-
ming hat.

MRS. IVERSON

You heard...

MOSEBY

That's right, Mrs. Iverson.
Is that why you're in mourning?

MRS. IVERSON

Get out of here, you son-of-a-
bitch!

MOSEBY

You get it all, don't you Arlene?

MRS. IVERSON

What's that supposed to mean?

MOSEBY

That's supposed to mean I don't
like you, Mrs. Iverson, I think
having you for a mother means
Delly was on a downhill slide
from the start.And this brings Mrs. Iverson to something more charac-
teristic and honest in tone:

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

MRS. IVERSON

All right, so I'm not grief-stricken, what does that make me, some kind of monster? Delly's not the only kid who ever had it rough. By the time I was her age, I'd been on my knees to half the men in this town and you get awful determined to stay on your feet. I'm sorry the poor little bitch is dead and when the time comes I'll cry for her, but you won't be around when it happens. Out, you get the hell out...

MOSEBY

You're the cold kiss, Arlene.

88 EXT. ALBATROSS STREET - DAY

88

Moseby comes driving down to Quentin's house and gets out. Walks around the back, past Quentin's bike.

89 EXT. BEHIND THE HOUSE - DAY

89

The shed is closed and all of the sculptures are gone. Moseby tries the door of the shed and then goes towards the house. Goes up to the back door and kicks it in with the flat of his foot against the lock. Goes in.

90 INT. HOUSE - DAY

90

Moseby stands in the kitchen. Quentin comes in, sees him, checks.

QUENTIN

What are you doing here?

MOSEBY

I came to ask you a few questions about Delly.

QUENTIN

Haven't you played detective on Delly enough. If you'd left her alone on the Keys she'd still be alive.

MOSEBY

Would she...?

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

Stalking Quentin around living room.

QUENTIN

Cut that out...

MOSEBY

What happened to her, Quentin... ?

QUENTIN

It was an accident... I was there,
I saw it.

MOSEBY

Goddam right you were there...

QUENTIN

What do you want, Moseby?

MOSEBY

I think somebody killed her.

QUENTIN

Who... ?

MOSEBY

You tell me...

QUENTIN

Tell you what... ?

Moseby stalks Quentin.

QUENTIN

I don't know what you're talking
about, only person that gets
anything out of Delly dying is
Arlene...

Moseby pursues.

MOSEBY

Yeah, then how did she do it;
who helped her?

QUENTIN

You're crazy, I don't know anything
about it...

MOSEBY

What were you doing over at Arlene's
house as soon as Delly got back.

QUENTIN

I told you. Delly called me from
the airport after you landed.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (2)

90

MOSEBY

What about, what was so important?

QUENTIN

That was about Marv Ellman.
Didn't she tell you... ?

MOSEBY

She didn't tell me anything...
What about him?

QUENTIN

It was him in the plane, on the
bottom.

And Moseby is so surprised by this that he stops moving.

MOSEBY

That was Ellman?... Why didn't she
tell me? I was right there!...

Quentin remains silent. Moseby guesses.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

Because she figured you did it...
you futzed his plane.

QUENTIN

She was crazy. She thought I still
had it in for him. But I didn't do
it -- and she was gonna tell you,
then...

MOSEBY

But you killed her... I saw you
under the car Delly crashed in...

QUENTIN

It tore off a muffler, for Christ-
sakes, Moseby, what would I want
to kill Delly for?

Moseby starts around a sofa after him.

MOSEBY

Because she was right, you did kill
Ellman...

Quentin, reaching behind him, grabs an electric guitar
from the wall and sideswipes Moseby with it. Moseby
staggers and he hits him again and Moseby goes down.

Quentin stands looking at him a moment, and then runs
out the door.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED: (3)

90

And Moseby gets up, he hears the SOUND of Quentin's bike rev up and take off.

91 INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

91

Moseby is standing by the desk, pressing a wad of damp Kleenex against his head where there is a swelling just below the hairline. On the desk are several boxes of files and several more on the day bed.

The recorder is running.

DELLY'S VOICE

Hello, private eye. It's your last case speaking. Have you been finding more little runaway girls ... Hey, Harry, I want to talk to you about something. I think you might be interested to know who was in that plane we found. Want to guess... Marv Ellman... You being a detective I thought that might make you curious... you are a detective, aren't you, Harry?

Moseby switches the recorder off, stands looking at the recorder. Takes the Kleenex from his forehead, drops it into the basket. There is a SOUND in the outer office.

Moseby looks around. There are the figures of two men.

The door opens and Nick comes in with a man in a white overall.

NICK

Hi, Harry. Came to get the files.

MOSEBY

Oh, the files, yeah, they're here.

And he goes over to the day bed to show the handler which ones to take.

Nick comes into the office, over to the desk. The phone RINGS, Nick glances to Moseby, picks it up. Listens.

NICK

Did you call the Coast Guard in Florida, Harry?

And Moseby comes to take the phone.

92 INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Moseby is pacing up and down while Zeigler sits watching him, drinking a can of beer.

MOSEBY

It hadn't been reported, they never heard of any plane crash, dammit, why didn't they call the Coast Guard?

ZEIGLER

Well, looks like old Tom didn't want it to come up too early.

Moseby, who has already come to this conclusion nods, then looks at Zeigler.

MOSEBY

Does Tom Iverson know Quentin?

ZEIGLER

Sure enough. Quentin's been working around stunt rigs a few years now. Tom knows him from way back...

And he watches Moseby who is making up his mind.

ZEIGLER

— (continuing)
-- you're kind of set on Quentin being tied into it, aren't you?

MOSEBY

I'm just bending a coincidence. Ellman's plane, your car. Two dead. Quentin worked on both. That's close to breaking for me. Iverson's up to something that's clear enough. If Delly's getting killed is connected to it, then Quentin looks like an awful good bet... Anyway, I'm not going to find out standing around here. Quentin took off and my bet is he took off for Florida. So that's where the answers have to be.

ZEIGLER

Getting the answer is pretty important to you, ain't it, Harry?

(CONTINUED)

92 (Cont.)

Moseby looks at him, realizing the truth of it, nods.

MOSEBY

Yeah, I suppose it is, Joey.

And they look at each other, understanding between them.

93. INT. BOARDING AREA

NIGHT 93.

There is a man at the ticket counter and an elderly man in overalls sweeping up. Otherwise, the area is empty and has the desolate pallor of late night terminals. Over everything is the soft boneless insinuation of MUZAK.

Moseby and Ellen come up and Moseby goes to the desk. Ellen, sallow in the morticians light, walks to the window, stares out at the plane.

The Miami flight is ANNOUNCED as "NOW BOARDING."

Moseby stands awaiting his ticket, fingers drumming in a kind of muted exhilaration, glances over at Ellen, sees the cleaning man, watches him a moment, looks back to Ellen.

She stands looking out, mirrored on the sable glass, a finger describing small spiraling circles.

Moseby gets his boarding card and comes over. Ellen shivers, involuntarily. Turns to him.

ELLEN

Terminals...I hate airports.

MOSEBY

You don't have to wait.

She shakes her head.

ELLEN

I don't mind...it's just departures.

She smiles to take away any tinge of self-pity.

ELLEN

(continuing)

...arrivals are fine.

Moseby responds to this.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

MOSEBY

I'll be back Friday at the latest.

Ellen nods, as though accepting this assurance. Moseby, almost unable to control his high-key mood, moves restlessly, goes on:

MOSEBY

(continuing)

...You know I feel responsible for, well what happened, bringing the kid back, all that...

Ellen looks at him, almost prepared to leave it be, but Moseby cannot help himself now, his revelations are compulsive.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

...I know there's something wrong, and I know I can figure it out...

Ellen's face hardens a little at what she hears as self-deception.

ELLEN

Tell the police what you know...

Moseby smiles, a taut grimace, a recognition of having opened the wrong can.

MOSEBY

Yeah, well, yeah. I have thought...

ELLEN

But you decided not to...

And their eyes meet and hold, Ellen forcing the answer out of him, it comes almost defiant, and most of all with the tone of a man who is owned by the answer, is its very embodiment.

MOSEBY

I've got to do it...

Ellen hears it and hears in it what she thought she knew. Moseby's voice turns to a near plea, oddly muted in the empty urinal ambiance of the terminal.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

...Don't you see, Ellen. It's for me to do...

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Yes. I see it.

MOSEBY

It's got nothing to do with giving up the agency, that still goes, I promise...

Ellen puts her fingers against his mouth.

ELLEN

It's not to promise. You can't make me a promise and I can't take it. It's too early for promises...or too late. It's time for you to be going...

And Moseby is uncertain of quite how she means this, looks around at the ticket desk, notes the cleaning man watching them with open, bleak curiosity, turns back to Ellen.

MOSEBY

Let's not quarrel now...when I come back...

ELLEN

We're not quarreling. You have to go. I know it. That's my contribution...I accept you have to go solve this case and that way you feel you'll solve everything just a little bit.

Moseby makes a gesture of protest.

MOSEBY

Oh Ellen, I don't think this is going to solve everything....

And Ellen has the question ready.

ELLEN

But if you didn't go...

And having walked into it, Moseby stands, his face clenched like a fist.

MOSEBY

If I didn't go, I'd feel I'd copped out...again.

(CONTINUED)

And the 'again' comes out of him with genuine pain, it being the only concession to the process of introspection of which he is capable.

Ellen, having heard what she knew and feared, but feared more before she heard it, reaches out and strokes his moustache.

ELLEN

You better get on that plane.

And Moseby at the gate, turns, wanting to say it, to make it right.

MOSEBY

I guess you've been on your own a lot, even when I've been around... When you get like that you...we...reach out to other people.

Ellen perceives the difficulty of this part forgiveness, part confession.

ELLEN

Marty was a distress signal...
fortunately, you were passing at
the time and you saw it.
(keeping her voice
light and wry)

Moseby tries to go beyond her cut-off:

MOSEBY

I didn't mean just you.

There is a last "CALL" on the flight.

ELLEN

I know what you didn't mean...
You'll miss your plane...

MOSEBY

Listen, Ellen...

ELLEN

Harry, if you don't go, you can't
come back.

She kisses him quickly and turns away. Moseby hesitates a moment longer, then goes...

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.4)

Ellen walks out of the boarding area and sits down on the first seat and, putting her face in her hands, begins to cry.

The cleaning man comes dispassionately along the row, past her, casting an inured eye on her grief.

94. INT. PLANE NIGHT 94.

Moseby sitting looking out of the window, below him the Florida coastline.

DISSOLVE TO:

95. EXT. KEYS ROAD NIGHT 95.

The car, driving south on the long single road.

96. INT. CAR NIGHT 96.

Moseby driving with one hand, and loading a dull blue short-barrelled .38 on the seat beside him.

The radio burbles SPANISH MUSIC.

He loads the gun and puts it in his pocket.

Ahead the SIGN of "ISLAMORADA" comes up. The street is empty and quiet.

He drives up, stops some distance short of the store. He gets out and goes towards the store.

97. EXT. IN FRONT OF THE STORE NIGHT 97.

Moseby moves up to the store.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

Looks in, it is dark and empty. He HEARS the dolphins clicking.

98 EXT. BEHIND THE STORE - NIGHT

Moseby comes round onto the jetty, looks along it, sees nothing. Looks arounds. Turns back and glances down into the dolphin pen where there seems to be an amount of activity.

In with the dolphins, but moving with a heavy water sodden, sluggishness, is a body.

Moseby leans down over the wall and one of the dolphins nudging at the body rolls it over and in the overhead light the white face is that of Quentin.

Moseby straightens up, looks across to Gulf Shores, starts down the jetty to where a row of small boats with outboards are tied up.

99 EXT. OPEN SEA - NIGHT

Moseby is in the boat heading towards the dark mass of Gulf Shores.

100 EXT. APPROACH TO GULF SHORES - NIGHT

Moseby cuts the engine and comes gliding in around the headland. He allows the skiff to come in one the far side from the jetty and ties up to another, smaller one. Gets out and goes ashore. He has the .38 in his hand.

101 EXT. BEHIND THE CABINS - NIGHT

Moseby comes between the cabins and towards the jetty. On his left the house is in darkness and silent but down on the jetty there is the SOUND of someone moving and the boat engine RUNNING. Moseby comes down around the porch and can see the jetty. Iverson and Paula are on the jetty, loading something about the boat. As he watches they both get on board and Iverson starts forward to cast off.

Moseby moves down on to the jetty and is at the stern of the boat before Paula sees him. She looks at him a moment.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

PAULA

Hello, Harry, what took you so long?

Iverson turns at her voice, sees Moseby. Moseby brings the gun up.

MOSEBY

I was kind of dumb, I guess.

And he comes down the jetty and steps onto the boat. Looks at Iverson.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

Did you kill Quentin, Tom?

Iverson shrugs, a gesture of admission rather than denial, steps back down into the boat. Paula looks at him, a quick glance indicative of ignorance about Quentin. Iverson ignores her. Moseby stands looking down at them.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

I think maybe you better tell me about it.

IVERSON

He came pushing around... questions about Ellman. He was gonna go to the Coast Guard. I didn't mean to put him in with the dolphins, but I...

102 Iverson knocks the engine into "Ahead". The boat lurches away from the jetty, almost toppling Moseby who manages for a moment to keep his balance, but on the shock of the still attached mooring lines as the boat runs out of slack, he is flung forward into the boat. The boat breaks its stern line and begins to swing away from the jetty.

102

Moseby has lost the gun in his fall and is grappling with Iverson. Paula stands, frozen, watching them.

The two men trade heavy, inaccurate blows and Iverson knocks Moseby across the gunwale and looks around for the hand gun. Moseby comes at him with a rush and drives him back and the two men go over the side into about four feet of water. Their struggle becomes even less coherent and they maul each other back onto the shore where they engage in some heavy roundhouse slugging that sends them back towards the cabins.

Paula cuts the engine and as she does, sees the hand gun.

102 CONTINUED:

She picks it up and stands a moment looking at it. Looks up to where Moseby and Iverson are still fighting. Expressionless, she throws the gun overboard. Iverson hits Moseby with a slugging right that sends him backwards through the porch screen.

He turns and starts back for the boat.

Moseby gets himself up and goes after him and succeeds in throwing a block on him. Iverson goes down and when he comes up Moseby is between him and the jetty, and, almost unconsciously has assumed a football posture, crouched, arms raised, ready to prevent further yardage being gained. Iverson goes at him and they clash, hold and then Iverson twists round and tries to get away.

This time it is Moseby who gets in the blows and Iverson, staggering back trips and falls on the jetty, hitting his head as he goes down catching the hand rail and breaking it. He lands on his back, head down into the water. Moseby is on his hands and knees, totally exhausted.

103 Moseby slowly gets himself up onto his knees, sits there on all fours, head down. He looks back, can see Iverson sprawled on his back, head in the water.

Paula goes down to him. Moseby looks away, breathing hard. Paula comes back, squats in front of him, Moseby looks up at her.

PAULA

He's dead, Harry.

Moseby stares at her, dulled by his exertions but anger and amazement slowly breaking through.

MOSEBY

What the fuck is going on...

Paula sits looking at him, reaches out, wipes the side of his face, Moseby swipes her hand away like it was some kind of insect.

MOSEBY

(continuing)

... I want to know, goddammit.

PAULA

Don't we all, Harry, don't we all.

(CONTINUED)

MOSEBY

Cut that out. I've been listening to your ping-pong talk for as long as I'm going to. What the hell did Ellman have in that plane? Drugs, was it drugs?

Paula drinks, shakes her head.

PAULA

No drugs...

She looks out to sea, half smiles, unamused.

PAULA

(continuing)

... They were bringing in something from the Yucatan. Some piece of junk worth half a million according to Tom... Crazy, the whole thing, crazy.

MOSEBY

So where is this, this half a million dollars worth?

PAULA

Out there. You just caught us. We were on our way out to get it.

MOSEBY

All right, let's go.

Paula laughs.

PAULA

You mean you're going to solve the case and find the boodle.

MOSEBY

Let's go, or will I just call the police in and let them take you out there?

Paula regards him a moment then throws him the bottle and steps up and starts the engine.

PAULA

Can you dive eighty feet?

Moseby shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED: (2)

103

PAULA
(continuing)

... Lucky you've got me with you
then, isn't it? Come on, Harry,
we're going to catch the sunrise.

And Moseby climbs round and unties the forward mooring
rope and they move away from the jetty where Iverson
still sits propped up.

Moseby looks at Paula. She is watching Iverson as
they pass, then her attention goes to the front.

They sail out and towards the lightening sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

104 EXT. BOAT AND OPEN SEA - DAY

104

The sky lighter, the sun imminent.

The boat in open water, the shore a long way behind.
Paula is at the wheel, Moseby stands beside her,
watching ahead. He turns to her.

MOSEBY
What were you getting out of it?

PAULA
Me, oh some change, a little more
fuel for the flight, a bus ticket
to the next stop after Key West...
I got into it because I got
involved with Tom and I got involved
with Tom because he was the only
man around who got nicer as he got
drunk. That may not sound like
much to you, but believe me, in
these parts that's a good deal...

And Moseby watches the face, mask like to keep back the
tears.

MOSEBY
That night after we found the
plane, Tom went back out to it,
didn't he...?

She nods dully.

MOSEBY
(continuing)
... That's why you left the
marker...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MOSEBY (cont'd)
... not for the Coast Guard...
and you kept me out of the way.

PAULA
Something like that.

MOSEBY
And told me fairy stories about
Malone and Ben Franklin and Billy
Danreuther and the President
getting shot and your erect
nipples, didn't you...

And Paula hearing him now and the personal pain in his
voice looks at him.

PAULA
Well, that's the line I give
all my casual lays.

Moseby stiff-faced with anger, hears the irony in her
voice, slackens off, looks forward again.

PAULA
(continuing)
What does it matter, Harry,
what's eating you...

Moseby looks at her, half angry, half sad.

MOSEBY
I want to know what it's all
about.

PAULA
I told you what it's all about.

MOSEBY
And you, what are you all about?

PAULA
You're asking the wrong questions.
Why don't you just be content
you've solved the case?

And the pain in Moseby's face is clear and his voice is
choked and bitter.

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED: (2)

MOSEBY

I haven't solved anything, it all
just fell in on top of me.

Paula smiles ruefully and she touches his face, a quick
brisk tender little touch.

PAULA

Maybe we should just sail away,
Harry.

MOSEBY

Over the edge.

PAULA

Why not, I'll even take turns at
the rowing...

And they look at each other, trying to see the meaning
behind the metaphor.

Paula looks ahead.

PAULA

(continuing)

There's the marker.

105 And bobbing gently on the surface is a small red buoy.
Paula cuts the engine and lets the boat run. She pulls
up the floor boards and looks down into the water that
goes down without sign of bottom. She slips out of her
jeans and pulls off her sweater.

PAULA

Help me with these.

Picking up a set of bottles and the harness. Moseby
holds them while she slips into them.

PAULA

(continuing)

... It'll only take a couple of
minutes to go down but I'll have
to take it easy coming up.

Moseby is suddenly apprehensive as she sits on the gun-
wale and adjusts the equipment.

MOSEBY

Look, why don't we just leave it
to the Coast Guard? They can go
down and get it in.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

PAULA

Scared I'll try to make it to the
Yucatan underwater.

And she back rolls off into the water.

MOSEBY

Paula, come on back, get in...

106 But she has already started to dive and Moseby watches her through the bottom, going down into the blueness and out of sight.

He kneels on the glass bottom, looking down.

Around him the sun is beginning to flush the sky and lighten the ocean.

He straightens up, looks around. The sea is calm and empty. He lights a cigarette, sits in the stern.

DISSOLVE TO:

107 EXT. BOAT - DAY

Moseby in the same position, taking the last cigarette out of the pack, crumpling it up and tossing it over the side. As he is lighting his cigarette about fifty yards away something comes breaking to the surface and drifts buoyed up by a flotation collar.

Moseby stands up, looks at it, then goes forward and starts to haul up the anchor.

The SOUND of it and his own exertion drown the sound of the airplane engine for a moment. Then with the anchor up Moseby HEARS it.

He looks around, sees nothing, is climbing down when it catches his eye, a small seaplane coming in towards the boat at about twenty foot above the water.

108 INT. THE PLANE - MORNING

From the pilot's POV the boat and Moseby and as the plane flies over the pilot reaches out to where tied to a strut on the fuselage is an open frame clip loaded sten gun. He FIRES, holding the trigger down and a ripple of firing sprays across the boat and catches Moseby, sending him sprawling into the bottom.

109 EXT. BOAT - MORNING

Moseby lies on the bottom, hit in the leg and the back. There are several yellow wood splintered patches where other shells have hit.

The SOUND of the plane fades somewhat and then it swings around and comes back, much higher now, passes over and shortly after that the engine dies and all is silence again.

Moseby slowly crawls over and hauls himself up to the gunwale by his arms, looks over.

The seaplane is on the surface, about a hundred and fifty yards away.

The object in the flotation collar is still there, between them. The boat is drifting slowly towards the plane.

Then as Moseby watches, further out, beyond the floating booty Paula surfaces and waves to the boat.

Moseby pulls himself up higher to warn her but she has started to swim towards the floating object.

Behind her the plane starts up and begins to taxi across the water.

MOSEBY

Paula, Paula, dive, swim away,
dive.

Paula keeps swimming towards the object when finally she HEARS the plane.

She turns in the water to see it and it comes on over the last fifty yards like an express, spraying water up from its pontoons.

Paula recognizes what is happening and tries to dive but before she can the plane catches her, swinging broadside and smashes her under the water.

Continuing it also hits the floating statue and suddenly instead of travelling ahead it slews around and in a curious slow motion roll dips a wing, catches the water and then turns over a great shroud of spray, diving deep with its nose and putting its tail in the air.

110 Moseby starts the engine and turns the boat towards the stricken plane, hauling himself up to see where he is steering.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

The plane has now settled heavily and part of the cockpit is under the water.

111 EXTERIOR. BOAT. MORNING

Moseby steers straight into the plane, splintering into it, the jolt throwing him onto the bottom.

The plane is immediately under the boat and through the bottom he can see the pilot trying to get the cockpit open but handicapped by the plaster cast on his arm.

Moseby lies face down on the glass watching his struggle as the plane begins to sink, the pilot beating on the cockpit with his plaster cast, his face contorted in pain and terror.

From his point of view Moseby's face, shrinking above him, finally growing indistinct.

From Moseby's point of view the plane vanishing.

112. EXTERIOR THE SEA MORNING

Moseby lies in the boat, his blood streaking the glass. He crawls to the wheel, tries to steer it with one hand, reaching up.

Nearby in the water Paula floats face down. The booty is beginning to sink from the damaged flotation collar.

The boat moves in slow, widening circles.

FADE OUT.

THE END