

The Nice Guys

March & Healy Meet

[*Jack Healy knocks on Holland March's door*]

March: Who is it?

Healy: Messenger service. Holland March home?

[*As soon as March opens the door Healy hits him*]

March: [*Falling to the floor*] What the fuck?

Healy: Mr. March, we're gonna play a game.

March: I think you have the wrong house.

Healy: [*Drags and throws March*] It's called, "Shut up unless you're me." [*Kicks him*]

March: I love that game.

Healy: [*Grabbing his wallet and looking inside*] You're a private investigator?

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

Healy: No, I'm not here for that. I told you, I'm a messenger. [*Looking around*]
You can afford to live like this as a P.I.?

March: What's the message?

Healy: Oh, right, right. Stop looking for Amelia, all right?

March: I'm not even looking for Amelia. She's a person of interest, man.
Fine. I'm done. Put a fork in me. Don't really put a fork in me.

Healy: Amelia's gonna be very happy that you got the message so quickly. It's gonna make her smile. That's good. Now, I got one more thing I need to ask you before we're done here.

March: You wanna know who hired me.

Healy: Bingo. Yeah. Now, we can do this the easy way or we can do it the hard way.

March: Glenn.

Healy: What?

March: Lily Glenn. Two N's. Old lady hired me to find her niece, on Tuesday.

Healy: You just gave up your client.

March: I made a discretionary revelation.

Healy: No. No, you just gave her up. I asked you one simple question. Bap-ba-ba. You gave me all the information.

March: I thought that's what you wanted.

Healy: What?

[March goes for a hidden gun. Healy hits and disarms him]

Healy: Now, I'm very sorry that you didn't get the message.

March: Me, too. But I get it now. I get it. I get it.

[March quickly tries to crawl for the gun. Healy kicks it away]

March: Shit!

Healy: What about now? You get the message now?

March: Yep.

Healy: Are you sure?

March: Yeah, I'm cool.

Healy: All right. Give me your left arm.

March: Huh?

Healy: Your left arm. Give me your left arm. This one. [*Reaching for it*]

March: No!

Healy: Yeah, come on.

March: No! Get... No!

Healy: [*Noticing a bandage*] Did you cut yourself?

March: I'm dealing with an injury.

Healy: Right, look, when you're talking to your doctor, just tell him you have a spiral fracture of the left radius.

March: No! No.

Healy: Deep breath.

March: No!

[*Healy breaks March's arm*]

Healy: Do you mind if I have an apple? [*Takes an apple from the kitchen*] All right, Mr March. You have a good day, okay? [*Leaves*]

END