

FRANK

UNSOLVED  
MYSTERY'S  
73.

90 CONTINUED:

Diana doesn't like this woman much...but nods a tight thanks as she rises now to exit, Jim rises with her.

DIANA

I'd better get back to looking for her.

DET. MASTERS

(holding up a report)

We'll be looking, too.

(softer)

Call me if you need help.

91 INT. FANTASY SHOW - NIGHT

START

Near-naked girls dancing away. Diana wades in, working her way to the bar. Frank spots her for the trouble she's going to be. Above the noise of the place -- **and with impatience:**

DIANA

Excuse me -- can you help me, just for a minute?

Frank, **wary**, moves closer to her. Diana pulls out her by-now-dogearred Carly-picture -- continued:

DIANA (CONT'D)

I'm looking for this girl... she's my daughter.

FRANK

That's a sweet picture.

DIANA

Do you know her?

FRANK

(cautious)

I make it a point not to know any of them.

DIANA

But has she been in here?

FRANK

Not that I know of.

Frank turns away, to a customer. **Diana's discouraged...** turning, sees CARLY'S PICTURE on the wall above the bar with all the other girls' pictures. **She's stunned, then recovering, calls Frank back with:**

DIANA

(pointing)

That girl...that's my daughter.

Frank comes back *reluctantly*. Now include Michelle, the dancer from the earlier dressing room scene, at the bar with a BUSINESSMAN, as she turns into:

FRANK  
She's not around anymore.

DIANA  
Where is she?

FRANK  
Don't have a clue...if you don't mind...

(*I'm busy here...*)

DIANA  
(*angry*)  
I want to see who brought her here.

FRANK  
(*beat it, Lady*)  
This interview is over.

He turns to move again, but she stops him, rummaging in her purse, coming up with her wallet, with:

DIANA  
I'll pay for the information.

FRANK  
Whatever you're pulling out, Lady, better be for a drink. 'Cause I got nothing to say.

DIANA  
Tell me about my daughter!

FRANK  
(*dead-eye stare*)  
I told you all I know...and I don't know a damned thing.

Frank moves away to the other end of the bar. Diana, at a loss, *frustrated*, waits a few beats, then drags away in *defeat* as --

Michelle slips off her barstool and moves after Diana.