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Still of the Night

By Robert Benton

Doctor, I, uh, feel I
have to tell you that...
this has to be my
last session with you.
I got fired yesterday.
Look, what's the use, huh?
- I can't afford this sort of
thing anymore. - Mr. Harris,
do you really believe I'd stop
seeing you now, at a time like this,
just because you
couldn't afford it?
I think it's something we should
go into in the next session.
Sure thing.
Next Thursday at 4:00, right?
Right.
Dr. Rice,
this is Nick Dine.
I can't make my 11:00 session tomorrow.
I'll see you next week.
Hi Sam.
It's Sarah here.
I'm just calling to let you
know that the divorce is final.
Um, I hope you like
your new apartment.
If there's anything
you need...
Well, Bucky,
it's not the '78 playoff game.
Dr. Rice?
My name is Brooke Reynolds.
I was a friend of George Bynum.
I was wondering if I could
talk to you for a moment.
I promise I won't
take much time.
Certainly.
Come in.
Sit down.
I was sorry to hear
about George.
When something

like this happens...
Dr. Rice, George left
this in my apartment.
And before I could return it to
him I heard that he had been...
That he was dead.
I...
I thought his wife
should have it.
I don't know her. I mean,
I've met her once or twice, but...
I'm...
What I'm trying to say is
I don't think she knows
anything about George and me.
And I don't see any reason why
she should be hurt by this now.
I thought if...
If you could
return it to her
and not mention
anything about me.
I thought you could say that
he left it here in, in your office,
the last time
he was here or...
Wouldn't it have been simpler
if you had just mailed it to her?
Do you want to
talk about this?
Yes, yes.
I need someone...
Excuse me.
Yes.
Uh, Dr. Rice, uh, I tried
to call you this morning, uh,
but there wasn't any answer.
I'm Detective Joseph Vitucci,
Homicide, Central.
I wonder...
Oh!
Oh, I'm terribly sorry.
- Don't worry about it.
- Can I pay you?

So stupid of me.
Stupid...
Could you step into the
waiting room, please.
I'll be with you
in a moment.
Here.
Why don't you use this door?
No one will see you leave.
I've got it.
Miss Reynolds...
Thank you.
Okay.
Dr. Rice.
Joseph Vitucci, Detective First Class,
Homicide Central.
How do you do?
I appreciate your
taking the time.
It's all right.
Sit down.
You're a psychologist, huh?
- Psychiatrist.
- Oh.
All right.
I - A - T - R - I - S - T.
That's right.
And George Bynum
was your patient, huh?
Yes.
Now. How long have
you been treating him?
Twice a week
for two years.
And, uh, last time
you saw him?
Thursday the 22nd, 5:30.
Do you mind?
Okay. Now, anything happened like,
you know, threats, attempts on his life...
- Anything that he mentioned, dah dah,
dah dah, dah dah, you know? - No.
Okay. Uh, how about anybody
he was having trouble with?

Nothing.

What exactly was it that you were treating the deceased for?

I'm sorry, that's confidential information.

Okay.

Uh, but if you think of anything that's, uh, not confidential, I would appreciate it if you would give me a call.

Sure.

Uh, listen, Dr. Rice.

If I were you,

I'd be careful for a little while.

What I mean is, if I thought you knew something about George Bynum's death, the guy that killed him might get the same idea.

January 4th, first session with George Bynum.

Referred by Jack Berger, 47, married, good health.

Works at Crispin's, the auction gallery.

He said the pre-Columbian statue on my desk was a cheap copy.

Told me I watered the plants too much, finally admitted he was having trouble sleeping.

I'm afraid I've really done it this time!

My assistant quit, and...

God, I... I'd promised the job to a girl who works with me.

I mean we, we'd been having a...

You know.

Well, anyway,

yesterday afternoon

this woman came walking into my office, and I don't know why but, before I knew what was happening, I'd offered her the job.

Her name's Brooke Reynolds.
She's very shy, very subdued.
I really am in
a lot of trouble.
March 22nd.
Crispin's is handling
the Maddow Estate.
He's a big collector
of antiquities.
Mostly Archaic Greek
and Coptic.
There's a lot of
cataloging to be done.
Here.
Take it.
Mmm.
See, you can hold it, you can
touch it, you can feel it.
You don't have
to be afraid of it.
It's so beautiful.
How long do you think it
took him to make that?
Oh, three or four days,
I should say.
Mmm-hmm.
Now, here's a man who lived
500 years before Christ,
who probably didn't even
know how to read and write,
who never went more than
a few miles beyond his village.
And yet, he has made something
that has outlived Caesar,
has outlived Lorenzo De Medici,
has outlived Napoleon.
And if you don't drop it,
it will outlive you and me.
Hi, I'm sorry I'm late.
I got a call from a patient.
- Oh, God!
- You're not dressed.
Mother, I'm sorry.
I just forgot all about it.

Hmm.

What's that supposed to mean?

It's supposed to mean "hmm,"
that's all.

It's not like you to forget

Uncle Charlie's party.

You're his favorite.

Got a lot of work to do.

Sam, is something wrong?

No, I'm fine.

Have you, uh,

heard from Sarah lately?

Yeah.

She called to say

the divorce was final.

Hmm.

Do me a favor, don't start that "hmm"
stuff again, okay? I'm in no mood for it.

Look. Just tell Uncle Charlie

I'm sorry I couldn't make it.

Oh, come on, Sam.

Uncle Charlie's not so bad.

Besides, how long is it since you've
gone out and seen people?

I appreciate what
you're trying to do,

but I don't need
a social director.

All right, Sam,

what's happening?

I lost a patient.

What happened?

A guy named George Bynum.

It was all over the Daily News.

Stabbed to death.

Oh, that's awful!

You want to know the truth?

I'll tell you the truth.

I think he would have been better
off seeing a priest or a rabbi.

Oh, come on, Sam!

Instead of paying 75 bucks
an hour to a doctor
who can't even hold his

own marriage together!
Now, you listen to me.
I'm not talking mother-son,
I'm talking shrink to shrink.
When a man's wife
leaves him after
- seven years of marriage...
- Eight!
Eight years of marriage,
there's supposed to be some
kind of emotional reaction.
He's supposed to
feel a lot of pain.
He's supposed to
feel a lot of anger.
It's not particularly pleasant,
but he's got to go through it.
- But what...
- But, in my case...
I'm creating an elaborate system
of highly structured activities
so I can avoid dealing
with my own emotions.
But then there's nothing really
new about that, is there?
Okay?
Just tell Uncle Charlie I can't make it,
and I'll take a rain check.
April 15th.
I think George Bynum
is in some kind of trouble.
At today's session he
was distracted and upset.
Uh, listen, Doctor.
Let me ask you a question.
Okay?
I mean, just hypothetically.
Now what if, uh,
you found out
that someone you knew had
actually killed somebody
and, uh, because her family is rich,
um, nobody found out about it?
Actually, I'm the only one

who knows about it.
Except for you.
Anyway, uh, what I wanted
to know is if somebody'd
done something like that before,
killed somebody,
is it likely that, uh,
they would do it again?
Angelo?
Angelo?
Anybody out there?
Who's there?
Dr. Rice?
What happened to the lights?
I don't know. Somebody must
have pulled the wrong switch.
- Are you all right?
- I'm fine, fine.
Oh, the doorman said
you might be down here.
I'm very sorry if I'm
disturbing you, but...
I felt very, very badly about breaking
that figurine in your office this afternoon,
so I... I brought you...
Come on inside.
Just a second,
I'll get the lights.
Here, let me take your coat.
Oh, no. I can't... I can't stay.
I just...
I just wanted
to give you this.
Here, um, let me.
May I?
I hope you like her.
She's a...
She's a Tanagra.
They were terracotta figures made
in Greece in the Third Century BC.
She...
She's very delicate.
This was probably
a small bowl or a...

A sheaf of wheat that she's carrying
in the hand that's missing.
These little figures were
placed in tombs to
keep the dead from
being so lonely.
I gave back the watch. I, uh,
didn't mention anything about you.
Look, I think I know what
you're going through.
I mean, when you lose
someone you love you...
If there's any way
that I can help.
Not, not as a doctor,
but just to talk.
You don't understand.
I didn't love George.
I don't know what he
told you about me.
Well, it's late.
I have to go.
If you change your mind...
All right.
You know, the more I see
of that new girl in the office,
the more I think that
she's definitely your type.
And what do you
think that is?
Stiff.
I mean, she's very tense.
One look at her and you know that
what she really needs is a good...
May 19th.
There's something very bizarre going on
with your little girlfriend, Miss Reynolds.
You remember,
I had told you
that she'd moved into an apartment
building right behind mine,
which I find
very significant.
Anyway, last night,

I was getting dressed to go out to
have some dinner with some friends.

June 23rd.

George Bynum canceled
his next two sessions.

He let me know that he was
going away with his girlfriend.

Well, you haven't asked
me about Brooke.

Aren't you curious about her?

Should I be?

I took a photograph of her.

Come to think of it, you
never ask me about Brooke.

You ask me about my wife.

You ask me about my boss.

But you never ask
me about Brooke.

Why is that, Doctor?

You know,

I think you're beginning to
have a problem about her.

September 19th.

The patient reported a
dream in today's session.

In the dream he was
walking down a wooded lane.

Yes, may I help you?

I have an appointment
with a Detective Vitucci.

- Dr. Rice?

- Yes.

Be right with you.

I'll take care of this.

Uh, let me get back to
you on Monday, all right?

Okay, bye, bye.

Hi, I'm Gail Phillips. I was one
of George Bynum's assistants.

- How do you do?

- I'll show you the way upstairs.

- Have you been to Crispin's before?

- Uh, no.

Shall I give you the tour?

It's a long walk.

- Why not?

- All right.

Crispin's is the oldest auction house in the United States.

It was founded in 1811. It's been in continuous operation ever since.

Crispin's has branches in London, New York, Paris, Geneva,

Boston and Los Angeles.

We have an excellent Blue Cross program for our employees which covers full psychiatric benefits, but I'm sure George Bynum must have told you about that.

Downstairs are all the conference rooms, the auction room, and the exhibition room.

Up here on the fourth floor, this is where all the slave labor takes place.

Aha!

Quite a mess, isn't it?

Hmm.

My God!

It actually all gets sorted out eventually.

Sorry.

Where does all this stuff come from?

Estates, galleries, private collections.

Actually, most of it comes from just ordinary people.

Now, once things get to Crispin's, after they're receipted, they're all sent to their proper department.

Sculpture to the sculpture department, and prints to the print department,

et cetera, et cetera,
et cetera.

And then about a week
before the auction
everything is sent downstairs
into the exhibition rooms
and the night before
it's all put backstage
and finally,
on the day of the sale
it's put up for auction,
and hopefully sold.

That's the end of the speech,
the end of the tour, the police.
Ah.

Thank you very much.

I appreciate your coming over.

I know you're a busy man.

I'll try not to keep you too long.

No problem.

Miss Wilson, yeah, please
come in now, okay? Thanks.

Yesterday when
we were talking,
you said that the deceased came
to see you twice a week, right?

Mmm-hmm.

According to this, Bynum was
seeing you five times a week.

That's impossible.

Miss Wilson, how often did Mr. Bynum
have an appointment with his psychiatrist?

Five times a week.

Are you sure?

Of course I'm sure.

If that's all, I have
a lot of work to do.

Fine. Thanks, Miss Wilson.

Please close the door.

We found out that Bynum
was fooling around with
at least one of
the women here.

And I think he was

using you as the cover.

Oh, and you're going
to ask me who that is?

And you're going to tell me
that's confidential information.

Mmm-hmm.

Since yesterday I found
out a couple more things.

First, we're pretty sure
Bynum was killed by a woman.

Second, since his wife was in Florida
at that time, we know it wasn't her.

And third, the guys at forensic
came up with a sort of
a psychological portrait
of the killer,
and they think
she'll try it again.

Doctor, I get the feeling you know
a lot more than you're telling me.

- Wait a minute, wait a minute...

- I don't know what you're trying to hide.

George Bynum was a patient
of mine for almost two years
and I'm just as much concerned about
what happened to him as you are.

Dr. Rice.

I don't know what they can do to a
psychiatrist who withholds information,
but I can promise you
this for a fact,

you're going to end
up in a lot of trouble
if you don't get
yourself killed first.

Thank you for coming over.

Oh!

- Yes?

- Mom. Sam.

- Oh. Hi. How are you?

- I'm fine.

Listen, why don't you
and I have dinner tonight?
I thought I'd, uh, order in

some Chinese, and, uh...
All right, Sam,
what's wrong?
Well, as a matter of fact,
I've got a little problem.
What would you
say if I told you
that I'd been to bed
with your girlfriend?
You aren't curious?
Anyway, night before last
Brooke and I were working late.
Everybody else
had gone home.
And, uh,
I don't know why,
I guess I just wanted to
see what would happen,
I reached out and put my hand
on the back of her neck.
She didn't make a move.
She didn't say a word.
And I kissed her.
And then I started to
unbutton her blouse.
And I put my hand
on her breast.
And she didn't make
a move to stop me.
What did you tell
the police about me?
Nothing.
- What's the matter?
- Don't lie to me, please.
That detective had me in
his office all afternoon.
You must have told
him something.
They're questioning everyone
who worked with George.
No, no, no, that's not it.
They knew something else.
I could tell.
Brooke, I think it's very

naive of you to think
that they're not going to find
out about you sooner or later.
Not if you don't tell them.
I mean, you're the only
one who knew about us.
What is it you're
so afraid of?
I was with him the
night he was killed.
We had been having
this affair.
And I was trying...
I told him I'd meet him one last
time at the bar near Crispin's.
He start...
It got very ugly and, uh, I told him
that I never wanted to see him again.
And he laughed at me.
He told me there was no way on Earth
that he would ever allow that to happen.
So I left.
I just walked out.
He followed me. He tried to
make me get in the car with him.
I wouldn't go. I... I walked home.
I left him there.
I must have been
the last person
to see him alive.
When I woke up in the morning,
I saw the papers. I couldn't believe it.
It was...
It was horrible.
I saw his picture.
This man that I
thought I'd loved.
It was horrible,
but you know what I felt?
I felt relieved.
All I kept thinking was.
"I'm so glad. "
I'm so glad he's
out of my life.

Don't you think that
there's something
a little bit wrong
with that?
I mean, with me?
First of all,
let's get one thing straight.
You're not responsible for what
happened to George Bynum
just because you're
glad he's dead.
And whatever you're feeling now,
guilt, remorse, whatever it is,
it's human, it's understandable,
and it's something we all share.
Nothing wrong with that.
It's my mother.
I'll call you later.
And that's when he
wakes from the dream.
Okay, let's have one last
go at the traditional stuff.
Box, woman.
Green, jealousy.
So we start by
considering the possibility
that we're dealing
with a jealous woman.
Since George Bynum puts the box
in his pocket, I can only assume
that he thinks he has some sort of
control over the jealous woman.
Until something goes
wrong and she gets loose.
What about the little girl? Did he tell
you why he was frightened of her?
Uh-uh.
He gave me the dream,
that's all.
I can only think that she's some sort of
displacement for the mother or the sister.
Oh, no, no, no, no,
not at all!
We're probably dealing with

a woman who on the surface
seems childlike
and innocent
but underneath is capable
of extreme violence.
Sam, I still think you
should go to the police.
With what? What kind
of evidence do I have?
A green box and a little girl
who's mean to her teddy bear.
Come on, Grace,
you know better than that!
Well, if you're not
going to the police,
why are you getting
mixed up in this?
I told you before.
I spent almost two years,
two hours a week, talking to this man.
I want to find out
why he was killed.
Sam, you're not equipped to
deal with this sort of thing.
If you don't look out, you're going to put
yourself in a very dangerous position.
Go to the police!
Please.
I'll think about it.
Sam!
Mom,
do you remember when I wanted
to quit school and play pro ball?
When I got that offer from
that Class A team in Knoxville?
I called you up and I told
you what I wanted to do
and you got on the first
train to New Haven?
- If you had really wanted to quit...
- I wouldn't have called you. Okay.
And you sat with me for six hours
and you let me talk myself out of it.
You were right,

but I'm not sorry.
I mean,
I'm a much better shrink
than I ever would have
been a second baseman.
But I closed some kind
of a door that day.
And I've been closing
them ever since.
What I'm doing now may be...
May be irrational.
Maybe it is foolish.
But I gotta do it.
Oh, Sam!
Who's there?
Brooke?
All right, you son of a bitch!
Give me all your money.
All right, okay.
I've got about
50 or 60 here.
I'll take that, man!
Now look, I...
I know this sounds a little crazy,
but I'd like to ask you a favor.
My wallet.
You want my wallet,
don't you?
Master Charge, Visa,
American Express? Huh?
Hey, look, man!
If you try something
with me...
Oh, no!
No!
I just want you to stay
here and watch me
and make sure I get
out of the park okay.
Okay?
Your coat.
What?
I want your coat.
Give me your coat.

You got it!
Now, I ain't going
to tell you again.
You get your ass
out of here!
All right.
Thanks a lot!
Personal effects will
be returned to you
as soon as forensics is through with them.
About your coat, tough luck!
Now, uh, would you mind telling me
just what you were doing here?
I was having a problem
with a patient.
Decided to go for a walk
and, uh, think things out.
In Central Park?
You took a walk?
Well, I went a little
further than I intended
and somebody grabbed me,
that's it.
You're kidding!
Murray, do me a favor.
Call the squad, see what they want.
You got it!
Doctor, I think there's something
here you don't understand.
Someone tried to
kill you last night.
I don't buy that!
Look,
a patient of mine is murdered
for whatever reasons.
A couple of days later,
by coincidence,
- I go for a walk.
- What are you talking about?
I go into the park.
I get mugged.
The guy who mugs me
gets mugged himself.
He puts up a struggle,

he gets killed,
I mean that...
That happens every day.
First, the guy was killed because
he was wearing your coat, okay?
Now, second, I just lost
five bucks to this schnook
because the pattern of the wounds
is the same as George Bynum's.
And I got another 20,
says she's not finished yet!
Who is it?
It's me, Sam.
I've got to talk to you.
Hi!
Oh, Mr. Chong, this is Dr. Rice.
Dr. Rice, Mr. Chong.
Mmm.
Where were you last night?
I went back to Crispin's
and tried to do some work.
I called you about

11:

I, uh, I went for a walk.
You were gone forever.
I called.
A couple of times.
It was a long walk.
It wasn't anything important.
- I was just wondering I was just...
- What?
You do this sort of
thing regularly?
Oh, I have a bad back.
Mr. Chong usually
comes at night.
But today's his
daughter's birthday.
When will I see you again?
My last patient is at 7:00.
There's a very important
auction tonight at Crispin's.
And...

I'm going to be handling the bidding for an Italian client.

One of the pieces should go for over a million dollars.

So, if you've never been to an auction...

maybe you would find it...

very, very...

exciting.

I'm sure it would be.

- It starts at 8:00.

- Mmm.

Got a patient in about half an hour.

Sam!

Yeah?

Oh...

Nothing.

Sam.

What did you want to see me about?

Nothing.

Dr. Rice?

Brooke asked me to watch out for you.

Would you come with me, please?

I can't tell you how much Mr. Bynum's death has upset everyone around here.

This afternoon Gail Phillips and I were talking about it and Brooke got angry and told us to shut up.

Doctor, I'm really very worried about her.

Well, Brooke is waiting for you in her office.

It's the one at the end.

It's the only one with the light on.

- Well...

- Thank you very much.

Bye.

Hi!

Hello.

How did you get up here?

Heather.

Heather.

Yeah.

I just came up here to get
some last minute bids.

- Oh!

- Brooke?

Are you there? The auction's starting.

You've got to hurry.

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen,
and welcome to Crispin's.

Tonight, we take pleasure in
offering for your competition,
this important collection
of 20th Century paintings,
drawings and sculptures
from the Alex Maddow Estate.

Everything is sold to
you on an as-is basis
and you are reminded that under
the terms and conditions of sale,
as printed in your catalogs,
there is a buyer's premium of 10%
added to the final bid price
of each and every lot.

In addition, appropriate New
York City and State sales taxes
will be added to your bill,
unless you're exempt by law.

And now I begin
with Lot Number One,
this fine charcoal drawing
by Henri Matisse.

And for this I suggest that
we open the bidding at \$10,000.

Yes, several places now.

\$10,000.

- \$12,500.

- \$12,500. \$15,000.

- \$17,500.

- \$17,500.

- \$20,000 here now. \$21,000.

- \$21,000.

\$22,000, yes,
it's your bid at \$22,000.
- \$23,000. \$25,000.
- \$25,000.
\$30,000.
It's your bid at \$30,000.
It's against you
now at \$30,000.
\$31,000.
Any advance?
Last call at \$31,000.
Sold.
\$31,000.
And here now is the October
Still Life by Jim Dine.
And for this we should
start the bidding at \$20,000.
Yes, \$20,000,
at several places now.
- \$20,000.
- \$22,500.
\$22,500.
\$25,000 on the telephone.
\$30,000 here now. \$30,000.
\$35,000. \$35,000
on the right, now.
\$35,000, it's against you.
\$40,000.
\$45,000 here.
\$45,000 on the right, now.
\$50,000.
\$55,000. \$55,000.
It's against you, sir.
\$60,000. \$60,000
on the telephone.
- \$61,000.
- \$61,000. \$62,000.
\$63,000. \$63,000
on the telephone.
This is dumb.
Yes madam, I have your bid,
\$350,000 on the right now.
\$360,000.
All right.

\$380,000. \$400,000
yes, \$400,000.
\$425,000. \$450,000.
Against you, sir.
Any advance. Last call.
\$450,000.
A painting by
Jackson Pollock.
And for this let's begin
at no less than \$250,000.
\$250,000.
\$300,000.
- \$325,000.
- \$325,000.
\$375,000. \$375,000
on the right now.
\$400,000. \$425,000.
\$425,000.
\$450,000 on
the telephone, now.
\$500,000.
\$550,000 on the right.
\$750,000 on
the telephone, now.
\$750... \$800,000 against
you on the telephone.
\$800,000.
\$850,000...
\$900,000, \$900,000.
\$950,000 on the aisle, now.
At \$950,000...
\$975,000,
on the telephone now.
\$985,000.
\$985,000, all right.
\$985,000. It's against you now.
It's \$985,000.
It is here in the room.
\$985,000, against you
on the telephone.
One million dollars.
One million dollars.
It's against you, sir.
At one million dollars, then.

The bid is on the telephone at
one million dollars. Any advance?
Last call
at one million dollars.
Will you say \$1,100,000?
One million dollars.
Any advance?
The bid is here on the telephone
at one million dollars.
Is there any advance?
One million dollars.
It's against you, sir, on the aisle.
\$1,100,000.
\$1,100,000.
It's against you now on
the telephone at \$1,100,000.
Any advance?
Against you,
on the telephone now.
The bid is here in the room.
In New York at \$1,100,000.
Last call. \$1,100,000.
\$1,200,000.
The bid is on the telephone.
\$1,200,000.
Fair warning.
It's not your bid.
The bid is on the telephone.
It's not your bid, sir.
At \$1,200,000.
Any advance?
Last call.
Last call.
\$1,200,000.
Sold.
\$1,200,000.
Thank you.
Thank you.
And now let's move on
to Lot 57,
the painting by Leger!
And for this...
May I have my
keys back, please?

Miss Reynolds,
you all right?
Yes, Leo.
Would...
Would you lock up for us?
We have to get back downstairs.
Goodbye, Doctor.
Out for another walk?
I... I have a friend.
He gave me an invitation.
You're working late.
Found a guy this afternoon,
a bartender.
Said Bynum was in his place
the night he was killed
with a woman, and, uh,
they had a big fight.
She went running out
and he followed after her.
So I thought I'd
bring this guy here,
see maybe if he could
make an identification.
Uh, who knows,
maybe we'll get lucky, huh?
I hope so.
Down, sir?
No.
Next we have Lot Number 84
the painting by Lichtenstein.
Who'll start the bidding
at \$20,000?
\$20,000, yes,
\$20,000 right here, now.
\$22,500.
\$22,500 in the rear now.
\$22,500.
\$25,000.
\$25,000 now \$25,000.
- \$27,500.
- \$27,500 now.
\$30,000 on the other side now,
\$30,000.
- \$35,000.

- \$35,000, here now.
- \$40,000.
- \$45,000.
\$45,000.
- \$50,000.
- \$50,000.
- \$55,000.
- \$55,000.
\$60,000. \$60,000,
on the right now.
\$65,000.
Your bid, sir.
- \$70,000.
- \$70,000.
- \$72,000.
- \$72...
\$74,000.
\$74,000, then, sir.
\$76,000. \$76,000.
That's in the rear.
\$76,000.
Last call at \$76,000,
fair warning.
\$76,000.
Sold at \$76,000.
Card!
And the next lot
is number 85,
the Matisse ceramic plaque,
and I would suggest that
we start this one at \$5,000.
\$5,000. Yes.
Several places at \$5,000.
\$5,500.
\$5,500 on the right, now.
\$6,000. \$6,000. Gentleman's
bid at \$6,000.
- \$7,000.
- \$7,000.
- \$7,500.
- \$7,500.
\$8,000.
All the way in the rear now.
Yes, sir, it's your bid,

\$8,000.
\$8,500.
\$8,500, yes, \$8,500.
- \$9,000.
- \$9,000.
\$10,000. Yes, I see you, sir.
It's your bid. \$10,000.
\$11,000. Ladies bid. \$11,000.
Ladies bid.
\$12,000.
\$13,000.
It's the gentleman's bid in
the back now. At \$13,000.
Is there any advance
at \$13,000?
Yes, I have your bid.
It's \$13,000.
Yes, sir. Fair warning,
it's your bid, sir.
Yes, it's your bid at \$13,000.
\$14,000. \$14,000,
now, at \$14,000.
\$15,000. Again the gentleman's bid.
\$15,000.
\$15,000.
Any advance?
\$15,000. It's the gentleman's
bid at the rear of the room.
Are you bidding madam,
or just waving?
Last call at \$15,000.
Sold!
Yours, sir. \$15,000.
Card!
Gentleman by the column.
And now for the last
item in tonight's sale.
Here you are, sir.
Would you wait
just a moment, please?
Would you give this to
Miss Reynolds, please?
\$16,000 on the right now.
\$16,000.

\$17,000.

\$17,000. \$18,000.

\$18,000 on the right again, now.

At \$18,000.

It's \$18,000 against you, sir.

\$18,000. The bid is on

the right at \$18,000.

It's \$18,000.

\$18,500. All right.

A new price, \$18,500.

\$18,500.

\$19,000.

\$19,000.

It's the gentleman's bid again.

\$19,000.

\$19,000.

\$20,000.

All right, \$20,000.

Any advance.

Last call at \$20,000.

\$20,000.

Sold! \$20,000.

That concludes tonight's
auction of important paintings,
drawings and sculpture,
part one of the
Alex Maddow collection.

Thank you all very much,
ladies and gentlemen.

Your purchases
are ready downstairs.

And remember that part two of
the Maddow Estate sale will continue
tomorrow morning
here at Crispin's
with important Greek
and Roman antiquities.

You've been a wonderful audience.

Thank you all again. Good night.

- Uh, Miss Phillips? Excuse me.

- Oh, hi.

- Can I talk to you for a
moment, please? - Sure.

I'm trying to locate

Brooke Reynolds.
She was going to meet me
here half an hour ago.
Do you have any idea
where she is?
Uh-uh. Haven't seen
her since the sale.
Did you try her apartment?
Yes, she's not there.
Well, you might call her
tomorrow morning at work.
She gets in between

9:

Wait a minute.
I've got to talk to her,
it's very important.
Oh, God,
she's going to kill me!
Her parents have a house out in Long
Island. She goes out there sometimes.
Where?
It's in Glen Cove.
It's on Wood Street, or Wood Lane.
Okay.
Thanks.
Brooke?
Anybody here?
Miss Phillips?
Oh, my God.
You scared me to death.
Oh, I'm sorry to
bother you this late.
I was wondering if I could talk
to you for a few minutes.
It's important.
It's about Miss Reynolds.
Sure.
You want to come up?
How did you find me?
What's-her-name,
your friend that works with you.
She told me you
might be out here.

All right.

It was wrong for me to go through
your desk. I'm sorry about that.

I mean, I can understand
how you feel.

How can you understand
how I feel?

You don't know
anything about me.

You're right.

I don't know anything about you.
But I know this much. I know the
police think you killed George Bynum.

What do you think?

Do you think I killed him?

No.

But you're not sure.

Listen to me.

On account of you,
I'm an accessory to something...

I don't know what.

I'm withholding evidence.

I'm obstructing justice.

I'm going to get my license revoked
if I'm not thrown into jail first.

And on top of that,

I've just spent
\$15,000 for a painting

I don't even like.

That's the man
in the clipping!

That's my father.

Sam, I don't know how those
things got into my desk.

- All that happened a long
time ago. - All what?

My father's death.

What happened?

This house belonged
to my mother.

I grew up here.

They separated when

I was very little.

But I remember...

Well, that's when
she started to drink.
Anyway, I was 16.
I was away at school when, uh...
they called and told me that she
finally drank herself to death.
Uh, they didn't
say that, but...
That's what it was.
I remember I felt
nothing for her.
No remorse, nothing.
After the funeral,
my father came
and took me back
with him to Florence.
I lived there for two years.
And it was the happiest I've
ever been in my whole life.
Then, uh, on my eighteenth
birthday, in June,
I came into my inheritance.
They had all the lawyers flew over
and lots of documents to sign.
And in and among all these
papers there was a, uh,
a letter that she'd written to
me not long before she died.
In it she said...
She said she'd
always loved me,
and she was sorry that
I hadn't known that.
She told me, my father...
had turned me against her and
that that had broken her heart.
She said he never loved her.
He just was interested
in her money.
And she said he never
loved me, either.
That he only pretended to
as a weapon against her.
She said she was

afraid for me.
She said...
I should be very,
very careful of him,
that he would do
anything for the money.
So I was supposed to...
I was supposed to go
back that afternoon
and sign all these papers,
but I couldn't...
I didn't. I went to a chapel
that was near us and...
Just to be alone, but there
were a lot of tourists there,
so I went up into
the bell tower.
My father followed me.
He was very upset. He wanted
to know what was in the letter.
I wouldn't...
I wouldn't...
I didn't want to see him,
I just wanted to get away,
but he...
He wouldn't let me,
so I showed him the letter.
He was shaking.
And I remember the paper
was shaking as he read it.
And when he was done, he folded it up
very carefully and gave it back to me.
And then he made a joke...
about my mother.
That she was probably... drunk when
she wrote it, or something like that.
Then he smiled at me.
And I knew that she
was right about him.
He came towards me with his arms out,
I suppose to, uh, embrace me.
But the look on his face,
it terrified me.
I shook him off and

he got very angry.
He grabbed me and he pushed
me against this barricade.
I tried to pull away,
but that made him furious and he
held me hard against this rail and I was
sure that it was going to give way.
And then I thought, "That's what he is
trying to do. He's trying to kill me. "
And I got wild.
I just... I, um,
twisted myself around and
I hit him as hard as I could.
He fell backwards.
I guess he must have
lost his balance,
the whole railway broke
loose, and he went down.
And he...
He said my name.
But I...
I couldn't move.
I just couldn't move.
They said he died instantly.
Just...
There was, um...
some scandal...
at first, but, uh, it never...
There wasn't even
a formal inquest.
Everyone knew how much
we loved each other.
And you kept this buried?
Until you told George Bynum?
No, no.
I never told George this.
But he knew.
Yes, he did.
How?
I don't know how.
I don't know.
When I explained to him that there was
no use in our seeing each other anymore,
that's when he told me

he knew all about it.
He threatened me.
He said he would
bring it all up again.
I couldn't...
I couldn't bear it.
- And that was here in this house.
- Yes.
How did you know that?
Because Bynum had a dream.
And this house was in the dream and
so was the person who killed him.
In the dream, Bynum comes
to this house late at night.
He enters a room where all the
furniture is covered with sheets.
Against a far wall is a large oriental
cabinet, like the one in your office.
Inside there's a green box.
He takes the box and
puts it in his pocket.
He sees a little
girl sitting in a chair.
She's holding
a stuffed animal.
She reaches across and
pulls out one of the eyes.
The animal starts to bleed.
Sam, I don't know why you're
doing this. I don't know.
He turns and looks
for a door...
which leads to
a long hallway...
He tries to get
away from her.
But she begins to follow him.
The hallway opens up
onto a large room
with a lot of French doors.
He tries to get out,
but the doors are locked.
By now, the child has
followed him into the room.

He looks around
and sees a staircase.
He starts towards the...
Wait a minute,
there is no staircase.
Yes, there is.
He starts up the steps.
When he gets to the top,
he tries the door, but it won't open.
He can feel the
child getting closer.
Finally,
he gets the door open,
steps inside,
closes it behind him.
And then he takes the
green box out of his pocket.
It slips through his fingers.
It's not a green box.
It sounds like "green box"
but it isn't.
Gail Phillips at Crispin's, she has a...
She doesn't trust banks for some reason.
She takes her paycheck
and she cashes it
and carries the
money with her.
Someone, I forget who.
George started calling her
"Greenbacks" and it stuck.
Oh, my God,
I've got to call the police.
Why, what's the matter?
Gail Phillips killed
George Bynum!
How can you know that?
The dream...
If I'm right, they were having an affair
before you went to work at Crispin's.
In Gail's mind, you were the
one who ruined everything.
If it weren't for you,
George Bynum would still be alive.
You see, when he rejected

her for you, she killed him.
And now she's trying to
make it look as if you did it.
Yeah, Detective Joseph
Vitucci, please.
Dr. Sam Rice calling.
I'm pretty sure Gail's the one who
put those clippings in your desk,
hoping the police
would find them.
And if that doesn't work,
she's gonna have to kill you.
Would you please try and find him?
It's very important.
Wait a minute.
Who told you that I was out here?
I think we better go.
- Oh, my God.
- What?
I forgot my keys.
Brooke!
Jump!
What?
- Jump!
- Don't!
No!
Oh, help!