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True Confession

By Claude Binyon

Mrs. Zimmerman, Tony Krauch.

Mr. Zimmerman's wife's cousin

Tony Krauch.

Tony Krauch. Mrs. Zimmerman's
wife's cousin.

Mrs. Zimmerman's maiden name
is Durphy.

Tony Krauch.

Tony Krauch, Mr.

Zimmerman's wife's cousin.

Meat bill. Meat bill.

- Kenneth Bartlett's office.

- Hello, Ken, I got one!

- I got a case for you.

- Yeah? Well, who is it? What's it about?

You know Zimmerman's Meat Market,
two stores this side of the corner?

You know the Zimmerman

that's gonna sue us if we don't pay?

Well, it's not Mr. Zimmerman,

but it's Mr. Zimmerman's wife's cousin.

- B-But what's happened?

- I'm telling you.

Tony Krauch is in trouble. He's
accused of stealing a carload of hams.

Mrs. Zimmerman knows that you're a lawyer, and she
thinks maybe if you handle the case for Tony Krauch,
we'll be able to pay
her husband for the meat.

- Isn't it wonderful?

- And he didn't do it, did he?

He didn't really steal
the carload of hams, did he?

Oh

- I forgot to ask, but probably he didn't, Ken. Well, I'm sure he didn't.
But even if he did,
you've got to take the case.

You just can't represent people who
aren't guilty. You can't afford to.

If he didn't do it,

I'll be glad to represent him.

But if he

- if he's guilty, I won't touch it. You know that.

He's on his way to your office now.

Mrs. Zimmerman just called him up.

If you get Tony Krauch acquitted, Mrs. Zimmerman has another cousin, a lady cousin, who wants a divorce. Ken, this is the biggest break you've ever had.

Will you let me know how it comes out? Will you let me know just as soon as you've talked to Tony Krauch?

Sure I'll call ya. I'll let you know what happens. And here's hoping.

And will you please take the case, even if he-

I mean, will you let me know right away?

Yes, I love you too.

Good-bye, honey. Good luck.

H- How- How do you do?

I'm Tony Krauch.

Oh, y-yes. My wife, Mrs. Bartlett, uh, phoned that you were coming here and- They can't prove nothin'.

Fine.

Naturally, when a- when a man is innocent-

Mr. Krauch,

I'll admit frankly I'm far from being a prominent attorney, but I do have certain principles and a code of practice to which I strictly adhere.

['m, uh

- Well, ['m a stickler for honesty. Okay by me.

What I mean is I must know right at the start whether you stole the hams or didn't steal them.

Of course

I didn't steal no hams.

Well, then that settles everything.

I'll be glad to represent you, and I'm certain we shall prove your innocence in a court of law.

You tell 'em. I got alibis, plenty of alibis. Good.

Uh, now, Mr. Krauch,

before we delve into the facts, I think we should have a perfect understanding.

I'm very happy to represent you,

and I'm going to ask a fee of one hundred dollars.

Okay by me.

That's fine, Mr. Krauch.

Now, of course, you gotta wait.

Wait? Yeah, for your dough.

I mean until I sell the hams.

Mmm. Hello. Hello.

Oh, Ken. Ken, what happened?

- He stole the hams.

- But what happened?

- You turned him down?

- In a way. I mean, I threw him out.

You threw him out?

Ken, doesn't it mean anything to you that you've just thrown out the cousin of our butcher's wife?

Where are we gonna get our meat now? And where are we gonna get the money to trade any place... if you won't take

a case when it's offered to you?

Oh, Helen, how can you talk like that when I've told you the man is guilty?

Well, I don't care whether he's guilty or not.

Somebody's got to represent him. Who are we-

Helen, listen. I love you, but I'm not going

to argue with you about a man...

who promises to pay me out of the money he gets for selling the hams.

All right. I love you too.

See ya tonight. Good-bye.

Hello? Mr. Krayler, please.

Helen Bartlett.

Oh, yes. Hello, Mr. Krayler.

Yes, yes, I've been thinking it over.

I don't see any reason

why I shouldn't take the job.

Thanks. It's awfully nice of you to offer it.

Oh, certainly, Mr. Krayler.

Tomorrow morning?

Thank you.

Good afternoon.

Mr. Davenport's office.

Oh, Helen.

Daisy, I want you to come over
right away. Yes, I have to see you.
Say, what do you think I am? I can't get up and walk
out of the office in the middle of the afternoon.
- What's it all about?
- Well, I can't tell you on the phone. Come on over.
I told ya, I can't leave.
Anyway, I have a date later.
Well, what is it?
If you can't tell me over the phone,
I just won't hear it, that's all.
I have to stay here and finish some
letters and take care of the office.
You won't come?
Oh, Daisy, then I'll have to tell you.
I went to the medicine cabinet,
and I was dizzy.
I got the wrong bottle and-
Oh, Daisy!
The wrong bottle? Helen!
Hello! Hello! Helen!
She's poisoned!
Where is she? Helen.!
How do you feel?
What was it? Which bottle?
Hmm?
I said-
You were lying again.
You didn't take poison.
Oh, that.
I just had to see you, Daisy.
I suppose it doesn't mean a thing to you that I
practically have heart trouble from rushing over here.
I'm sorry, but you
have to help me out.
Oh, what is it this time?
Another of your fairy tales?
No, honest, Daisy.
Ken isn't doing well.
My stories aren't selling, so I
- Well, of course, they aren't selling.
The people you write about
- they're crazy. Who could believe 'em?
I believe them! I live every story

with them! Why, those publishers-
Oh, but like I said, we aren't doing
well financially, so I got a job.

No.

Yes.

And what'll Ken say? He won't say
a word, 'cause he's not gonna know.

Oh, that's grand. A wonderful
insurance for a happy marriage.

Got any cold water?

Uh-

Helen, if you think you can hold down a
job six days a week without Ken knowing it-

It's five days a week. Well, all
right, five. I still say that you can't-

And \$50 a week. And three hours
a day. And guess what I am.

No, thanks.

Well, I'm a private secretary
to a broker.

Are you serious?

Of course I am.

And who thought to offer you
a proposition like that?

Mr. Krayler, Mr. Otto Krayler.

He was an old friend of my father.

Mmm, five days a week, three hours a day,
\$50 a week, private secretary to a broker-

And you can't even take
shorthand. Well, I can learn.

That's not all
you're gonna learn.

Helen, you're stark, staring mad.

I am not!

Well, all I can say is,
it was nice knowing you...
while you were happily married,
and I'll be seeing you.

You don't need me.

I do!

I'm all excited, and Ken will notice
if we're alone and ask questions.

You know how lawyers are-
asking questions, practicing.

Well, I still have a date,
so let him pract- Ooh!
Hello.
Hello.
Who's that?
Well?
I'll pay you next week.
Don't make me laugh.
You owe me \$12, and I'm
here to get the typewriter.
You got your nerve! Get out
of here. Don't make me laugh.
Nothing could make you laugh.
Listen, I really mean it.
I'll pay you next week. Will you please
leave the typewriter here until then?
I- I need it for my business.
No.
Good-bye, baby.
[f your business wasn't bad,
you wouldn't owe \$ 12 on the typewriter.
Don't touch that!
Why not?
All right, go ahead.
Why should I worry about
what's gonna happen to you? Huh?
Huh?
I said go ahead and take it.
What do you mean about
'what's gonna happen'?'
I was talking about my husband. Go ahead
and take it. Maybe he won't see you.
Your husband? I'm not afraid of
your husband. Don't make me laugh.
That's because you don't know
what's wrong with him.
Why? What is wrong with him?
He's insane.
Helen! Well, never mind, Daisy.
He might just as well know.
You mean your own husband is nuts?
Absolutely nuts.
Ohh.
All right, your husband's batty.

So what?
Is he locked up?
No. We're trying to
get him away quietly.
He's been insane
ever since we lost our baby.
But-
Oh, I'm sorry, lady.
Mmm. First time I realized he
was insane was about a week ago.

It was 2:

I woke up and I saw a light in here.
So I got up and I tiptoed in.
And there was my husband-
my own husband-
smiling at that typewriter
and talking baby talk and patting it.
Patting it?
Like this.
It was heartbreaking,
absolutely heartbreaking,
when it dawned on me
what had happened.
He thinks that typewriter's
our baby, our little Harold.
But- That's a cute-
cute name- Harold.
Take the typewriter. Maybe you can
get away with it before he comes home.
If you meet him, though, you'll
never walk through that doorway alive.
Do you remember
what Ken said last night?
You mean when the three of us
had gone to bed?
No. About the baby. He stood there
patting it, and he turned to us and said,
'Do you know, I love my
baby more than life itself.
And I'll kill the first person
who tries to harm it.'
Oh, that.
Why, a guy like that

oughta be locked up.

But- Why, a guy like that
can- can cause a lot of trouble.

Well, we can't take him away
too suddenly. He becomes violent.

We'll have to pretend some Sunday we're
going to his uncle's farm to pick hazelnuts.

Ha- Well, the best thing for me to do is to get this
baby- get this typewriter out of here right away.

Well, suit yourself.

It's your own risk.

Hello, there.

How's my baby?

Baby?

Oh, hello, Daisy.

Hello, Ken.

Didn't know you had guests. Oh, Ken, I want
you to meet Daisy's friend, Mr. McDugal.

This is my husband,

Mr. Bartlett.

Daisy's friend?

Mmm.

Eh-

- How do you do?

- Oh, how do you do?

I'm glad to know you. Mr. McDugal was
just leaving. He brought Daisy over.

Well, uh-

What in the world?

'My Loved One.'

Who put it over there?

Oh, I put it there. It was tired.

[It was what? Yeah, as the lady was
saying, I was just about to leave.

Oh, don't hurry off.

Sit down there.

[I'll go out and mix up
a batch of poison.

Poison?

He's not gonna poison me!

What happened?

What was he yelling about?

Oh, uh, I-I don't know. Yes, you do,
Daisy. You told me he goes crazy...

every time he hears the word 'poison' on account of he got drunk one night on some bad liquor.

Remember?

Of course.

I'm sorry.

I was talking about cocktails.

How far does he usually run? Oh, uh, just to the corner and back.

He usually waits for me downstairs.

I thought he was a queer sort of duck.

Where did you meet him?

Uh- U-Uh, well-

She, uh

- They went to school together.

Oh, we went to school together.

Say, what is this?

What's what?

Well, I have to leave now. Mr. McNoonan is waiting for me. No, he isn't.

His name isn't McNoonan.

It's McDugal.

Well, that's what she said.

That's what I said. Good-bye.

Hey, wait a minute.

Daisy!

And I hope you choke.

It was- It was too bad about the client today.

Yes, it's too bad he was dishonest. Oh, yes.

I can't stand a liar.

You know that.

Mm-hmm.

Who was that man?

What man?

Who was he? Oh- Oh, you mean Daisy's boyfriend, Mr.- M-Mr. McCormack?

McDugal.

Oh, yes, Mr. McDugal.

Why did he run out of here?

Oh, I told you.

He ate some bad, uh,

lettuce once, and it-
Someday, right in the middle of one of your lies,
I'm gonna put on my hat and walk out that door.
I'm going to walk
all the way to China.
Who was that man? Well, just because
Daisy brings her boyfriend over,
a crazy boyfriend that-
that she met in her office, I-
At school.
That's what I meant.
All right. He came to take the typewriter
away, and I didn't want him to take it.
And so what did you do?
Well, I told him that you thought
the typewriter was your baby,
and if he took it,
you'd kill him.
In other words,
you told him I was crazy.
Well, yes.
See? Now I've told you the truth,
and you're mad.
I'm not angry. I was just thinking
I could wring your neck, that's all.
I don't blame you. I didn't mean to
tell him that. It just popped out.
As usual. Like the time
I walked into the room...
and discovered you'd told people
I was a reformed bank robber.
That was only because all the other
women were bragging about their husbands-
And that time I met the Ralstons
on the street after you'd told them...
we couldn't play bridge because
I was in the hospital with kidney trouble.
Well, you know we can't
play bridge at all well together.
And that butcher
- the day he saw me after he'd canceled
our meat bill because you told him I was dead.
Get mad at me.
Let's have it over.

Oh, what's the use?

I've done that.

I'm living a nightmare, th-the
darnedest nightmare a man ever lived.

And someday, uh-

Can you reach the cigarettes?

Ken, I wouldn't have had to tell
the typewriter man you were crazy...
if- if I'd had the money
to pay him.

Thanks.

Oh, I don't mean it's your fault.

I mean if you'd only
let me go out and get a job.

I'm taking care of you. A lot of wives work
- even millionaires' wives.

Oh, but that's different.

They work because they're bored,
and not as a signal to the rest of the
world that their husbands need help.

If you went to work, I'd be a confessed
failure, and I'm not that... yet.

Huh, of course you're not.

I mean if I had a job secretly.
You know what I'd do if you went
out and got a job behind my back?

Yes.

Are you going to try it?

No.

Are you telling the truth?

Yes.

Ken, from now on, I'm gonna
tell the truth, so help me.
I'm going to be proud of you
for what you represent,
and I'm gonna manage on our budget
and have money to spare too.

Good morning, madame. Good morning.

I'm Mr. Krayler's new secretary.

Very good.

Very good indeed.

This way, please.

Do you wish breakfasts?

No. Am I supposed to eat here?

Do you wish to go to the office first,
or shall I show you to your room?

What room? Say, what kind
of a place is this anyway?
Your hat.

Is this his office?

Well, doesn't Mr. Krayler
have any other office?

I- I mean, in an office building?

Yes, madame.

Well, where does his secretary
usually do most of her work?

Huh!

Ahh.

Good morning, my dear.

Good morning, Mr. Krayler.

I- I'm late.

Aren't we all?

And you can call me Otto.

After all, an old friend of
the family. Yes, uh, Otto.

You're going to work out all right.

Thank you, sir. If I only knew-

Otto. Otto- if I only

knew how to get started, I-

You're, uh, married, didn't you say? Yes, sir

- Otto.

Uh, what sort of a man is he?

Fine.

How do you mean?

Bring your chair a little closer.

A little closer.

That's better. For instance,
suppose we had some work to do
on a weekend, out of town.

Oh, I couldn't do that.

Everything's all right.

We'll find a way.

Well, well, another day.

Take a letter.

Oh, I can't. Remember?

Oh, that's right.

Do you know any word games
or anything?

No, Sir. But all the while I'm working,
I'm going to be learning shorthand.
I'm gonna get one of those little books with
all the funny markings in it. That's fine.
Maybe if you talk real slow. I think you should
be getting something for your money, don't you?
Yes, indeed.
You're going to like it here, Helen.
And I'm going to like you.
The first thing we must do
is reach an understanding.
You know what I mean? Yes, Otto,
that we understand each other.
That's right. Sit down.
No- No, thanks.
I mean, I'm sitting already.
Oh, that's no way to act.
Oh, come on.
Don't you think we should start
answering your mail or something?
If you'll just go back and read
those letters. Quit following me!
I'm not following you.
Now, don't get excited.
After all, old friend of the family, \$50
a week, three hours a day. Stand still!
Now, Helen, nothing's going to happen.
After all, you're new here.
But I've been in business
for 25 years.
Let go of me! I quit!
Helen, we're starting off all wrong.
Uh- Oh! Oh!
I- It's all right. It's my fault.
Well, uh- ooh!
Hey, listen, the next time a guy offers
you \$50 a week for three hours work,
five days a week, and you decide that a
new day has dawned for the working girl-
This is it.
Heh, you call that an office?
It's both. He lives here too.
Well, I wouldn't give you a nickel
for the business he does in that layout.

Well, go ahead in and tell him you've
come for my hat, coat and purse.
I'll wait right here.
Oh, is that so?
Listen, I'll do the waiting
right outside the door.
And if you know what's good for you, you'll-you'll just
try and sneak in and get your things without his seeing you.
Why won't you go in with me?
Well, somebody has to be outside
to call for help when, uh-
when you don't come out.
Oh, please.
Please, look at me. I'm
all upset. That's too bad.
All right.
Here's the end of everything.
Try the door.
Maybe it's unlocked.
What's that?
- Police.
- Why?
Well, how should I know?
They're coming in here.
Let's beat it.
Howdy, sisters.
What are you doing here?
We, uh
- That's fine. Bring 'em inside, boys.
Hey, you!
Keep the girls here.
Go on.
Sit down.
What goes on here?
I'm a stranger.
Search everything.
Why, the way they're acting, you'd
think somebody's been murdered. Yeah.
Hey, Prince.
Yes, sir.
Show the men around the house.
Yes, sir.
Joe, take the front.
Harry, the back.

And don't let no reporters in
till you get word from me. Sure.
Who's he?
I don't know.
What are you whispering about?
Nothing.
Don't tell me nothin'!
I heard you whispering!
You did?
We were just wondering
if that's your own hair.
What were you doin'
out in front?
Nothing.
Yes, we were.
She came here to get her hat and coat and purse.
And let's get 'em and get out of this joint.
Oh, by all means.
So, you come
to get your things, huh?
Would you mind telling me
when you left them here?
This morning, in there.
Grand. Let's go get 'em.
Certainly will be glad
to get out of this place.
Why I ever took
such a crazy thing-
See? They're- They're right here like I
told you, and I put my purse over here-
- What's that?
- You wouldn't know, would ya, honey?
Ohh!
I- It's a man.
Otto.
Otto?
A nice point.
And through the carpet too.
What happened?
How's about you telling me?
And how about you?
Were you here this morning too?
Let's get out of here, Daisy.
I wouldn't leave.

Let's go back
to the other room and talk.
Don't do it. You don't have to talk without
a lawyer. Get Ken. What's there to talk about?
I was here this morning,
but I didn't have anything to do with
- with that.
No, of course not. But let's
talk anyway, just for fun.
You don't have to do it.
Get Ken. I can't get Ken!
I don't want him
to know I was-
Was what, honey?
Nothing.
And don't call me ''Honey''!
You said ''was.'''
You were gonna say ''was'' something.
Right.
Helen-
Let's see.
Why is your girlfriend with you?
I asked her. I didn't want
to come back here alone.
Why not?
Don't talk!
I have to talk.
I have to tell him what I know.
Listen, it would be better for me
if my husband doesn't know I was here.
If I answer all the questions, is there any way
of keeping my husband from hearing about this?
Probably.
Oh, that's fine.
What I mean is, if you keep him
locked in a dark room with no radio.
All right. What do you want
to know? Why did you do it?
All I did was run out of here.
Okay. Why did you do that?
Well, I mean,
I hit him first before I ran out.
You hit him, eh? Two fist marks,
eh? Right through the head!

Is he shot?
Where did you hide the gun?
I didn't have a gun.
No, of course not.
Where's the dough? Where's the
\$12,000 that you took out of that desk?
You know something?
No, what?
I think you're crazy,
and I'm going home!
Oh, no, you're not. You're going
downtown with me later, honey.
I am not.
Oh, yes, you are.
Don't talk. You don't have
to talk without a lawyer.
No, no. Never talk
without a lawyer.
Listen, honey,
I- I hate to complain,
but as long as you had
to kill somebody,
why couldn't it be her?
Eh-
There he sits!
There he sits, the man that you thought
loved you, but he don't love you anymore.
He just told ya.
So you stand,
looking at this man-
lookin'and hatin'
as only a dame can hate.!
All of a sudden,
out comes your gun and bam!
- Bam! Bam!
- Bam. Bam. Uh, b-
Huh-J-
Uh, Krayler topples off the chair-
Wham! On the floor, dead as a doughnut.
You fly out on the lam, so excited
you forget your purse and stuff!.
There you are.
Just as simple as that.
You mean, I did it because he-

That's it. That's it. Now, wait.
Now, wait-
Come on now, confess.
We'll duck the electric chair.
I guarantee that you get
nothing worse than life! Life?
Yeah.
But I didn't do it.
I said you did. I did not! If I did it like
you said, where does the \$12,000 come in?
Uh- Oh, that, huh?
Shh. Uh-
Now I know what happened!
All at once it's clear to me.
That's fine.
You don't love him, see?
You never did love him!
You don't love nobody.
You're that type of a dame!
Oh, gee.
You know he's got
\$12,000 in that desk,
so you wait around
till he ain't lookin', and bam!
Bam.
You let him have it.
Then you get the dough.
Then you start to arrange Krayler
so it looks like suicide.
And all of a sudden
you hear the butler coming.
You get excited and you run out,
forgetting your stuff!.
Ah- How do you like it?
Well, what do I get for that?
The chair.
They just found the money. It was in
the desk all along, in a cigar box.
Uh-oh.
That makes you and your story
kind of silly, doesn't it?
Well, a man can't always be right.
Gotta make a mistake once in a while.
Well, that's what you get for picking

on a woman. Oh, I didn't pick on you.
Yes, you did. Oh, I'm
- I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.
You don't have to feel so bad about it.
There'll be another murder.
An easy one, maybe.
But I don't want an easy one!
You know how I'd figure this thing
out? No, and I don't want to know.
Look at me, just a poor,
trusting working girl,
until I meet Otto
at a gay house party.
My husband's always been kind to me, but
he's' away so often from home on business.
Oh, on his last trip
he's been gone over a year.
Yeah? Yeah?
I'm pining, literally pining away
for companionship.
Mr. Krayler- Otto-
sees this and soon-
you know.
Oh, I'm sorry.
That's all right. I go to Otto,
ask him for help. He laughs at me.
That's a guy for ya.
There's only one course for me. I tell him I'll go to
the newspaper, ruin him in business unless he helps me.
Slowly he opens the desk drawer,
takes out the gun.
I reach for it. We scuffle.
And suddenly a shot rings out!
Uh, two shots.
Two shots.
And Krayler lies dead at my feet.
Oh, boy. Oh, boy. Oh, boy.
There. What would I get for that?
Oh, maybe five years.
Maybe not five years. Maybe
nothing, See? I know how to do it.
You offer me life to the electric chair,
and I give myself five years to nothing.
Come on now. We'll get it down

here on paper, and you sign.
By the way, what did you
do with the gun? What gun?
Oh, the gun
you were just talkin' about.
The gun that you and Otto
were fighting for!
We weren't fighting over any gun.
But you just said-
Oh, that. That wasn't true. I was
making it up like you were doing.
Oh.
Huh. Eh.
They found the gun
of the Krayler murder.
Where did you find it?
In her apartment in a bureau drawer,
with two bullets fired.
Of course, they found it.
Why shouldn't they?
Th-That gun belongs to my husb-
Oh, your husband, eh?
Sure. He finds another
man is after his wife. No.
He goes to the man. They argue. No.
Husband pulls out gun. Wham! Bang! No.
Krayler cold as a cucumber.
No!
Oh, yes. That isn't it. It couldn't be.
Mm-hmm. Do you know
what really happened?
Uh- Oh, don't tell me!
Where is he?
Locked up.
Locked up? But- But why?
I shot those two bullets over a month ago
when I was in the country working on my book.
I shot them at a tree.
Say,
we can take 'em out to where you were
and show them the bullets in the tree.
But- But I didn't hit the tree.
Oh.
Hello, Ken.

Hello.

I-

I- Well, won't you
sit down, please?

How can we talk if you're gonna
stand there like a pallbearer?

How else can I stand
when my wife- my own wife-
Go ahead and say it.

Say it.

It's not so bad in here.

How's the food?

All right, I guess.

I haven't eaten any.

Oh, you should eat. No matter
what happens, you should eat.

I'm sorry I yelled.

I'm sorry they put you in jail.

That's all right.

I always wondered how it was.

Did they upset
the apartment much?

Only the drawers
in the cabinet.

I found some socks I thought I'd lost.

They were where you keep your manuscripts.

That's good.

How's the weather outside?

Oh, fine.

A little warm.

Well, all I tried to do
was get a job. I-

I wanted to help.

But I told you not to.

But we needed so many things

- Helen, there's no use discussing that anymore.

What concerns us is that you're in jail, and
they've a mile of evidence piled up against you.

What evidence? They can prove
you went to Krayler's house.

That's right, I did. They can
prove you struggled with him.

I did. And then you ran from the house.

They know because

you knocked some man over.
Yes, a little fellow.
Then we might as well face
the most important fact.
They can prove the bullets
came from your gun.
What? Naturally our
defense will have to be-
How can they prove a thing like
that? The ballistics expert.
He says the bullets that killed Krayler came
from the gun they found in our apartment.
It hit me pretty hard for a while
- Who cares what he said? What does he know about it?
I said he's an expert. Th-That's his work, telling
which bullets came from which gun. That's his career.
Oh, what's his career to us?
He can be wrong, can't he? Yes.
All you have to do is hire another expert to prove
that he's not an expert. People do that lots of times.
Why, only last month
I read about somebody-
I- I can't remember now, but
somebody- Helen, listen to me.
You can't even think of trying to convince
a jury you didn't fire those shots.
Do you know what will happen to you if you
try to enter a regular plea of not guilty?
What?
They'll-
What?
Let's not even talk about it.
I know what'll happen. They'll
prove I did it just like you said.
They'll put me in prison for life- maybe even
worse than that- maybe the electric chair!
I said let's not talk about it.
I'll have to sort of get
my bearings again.
Before I saw you, I thought we were
going to plead self-defense, but now I-
You mean killing him because he
- That's it.
A woman has a right

to protect herself against a brute.

And with the right sort of defense

we'd be able to-

Oh, but there's no use

thinking about it.

If you're going to claim you didn't do it,

throw our case out the window, then-

I didn't mean to talk like that.

But I'm so mixed up and wondering.

I know.

I- I don't blame you.

Helen, I

- I haven't been fair to you,

coming here like this with a chip on my shoulder,

accusing you without giving you

a chance to tell your side of the story.

Now tell me what happened,

exactly what happened,

and no matter what you say,

I'll believe you.

Hmm?

Weren't you listening?

I said tell me what happened.

What were you thinking about?

You in court.

I'd love to hear you fighting for a woman's life.

Why, this is the case you've always hoped for.

Your big opportunity to prove that you're

the best darned lawyer in the country.

Do you think you could win?

Fighting for you? Of course I'd win.

How? What would you say

defending me?

Well, I

- I haven't quite figured it out yet,

but for one thing,

our defense would be honest

and straight to the point.

You killed Otto Krayler.

We'll admit that. Yeah.

But when I tell why you killed him, not a man or
woman in that courtroom would dare to condemn you.

Oh, I can see you standing in there

pleading for me-your wife-

whose only crime was defending herself
against the brutal advances of this human wolf.
Th-There was nothing else you could
do. Th-They'll understand that.
I'll make them understand. And in defending me,
you'll be pleading the case of all womankind.
It's wonderful. You'll be
sensational. Uh, do you think so?
Uh-huh. Oh, forget it. You're
going to say you didn't do it.
Pass this up trying to prove something
that can't be proven? No. Huh?
Ken, I killed Otto Krayler.
Poor kid.
I don't care what you say.
You didn't kill Otto Krayler.
Not so loud. I did too.
I was with you when you went back.
You were as surprised as I was.
Oh, shut up.
Here.
As far as I'm concerned, you're right
in the middle of one of your nightmares.
I'm just gonna go straight to Ken
- No!
Why not?
Why, if he ever found out-
Found out what? Daisy, will you
please mind your own business?
No. I'm going to K-
All right. I'll tell you.
I didn't kill Krayler.
I knew it.
Why did you say you did?
I don't know exactly.
We were both so excited...
about how we could prove
I shot him for a good reason.
And it seemed like the only chance
to go free was to say I did it, and I-
Gee, what a mess you're in.
I know it. No, I'm not.
Everything's gonna be all right
if you'll just be quiet.

But if you say anything,
that'll be the end with Ken-
you know how he is-
and I'll go to jail for perjury.
Isn't that better than
going to the chair? Daisy!
Oh. I didn't mean to scare you.
You- You didn't scare me.
Understand this, Daisy.
It's too late to change anything now.
You'd ruin my life. You'd spoil Ken's big
chance. You'd put an end to everything.
Are you ready in there?
Just a moment.
Is that clear?
I guess so.
Hey! I don't belong here... yet.
Will you cut that out?
You and those darned balloons.
Afraid, George?
Afraid of a penny's worth of rubber?
You know, th- this is life, George.
Uh, so, you try to live
by blowing hot air into it.
Year after year.
Year after year...
un-until...
finally you're like this,
with a fat, round body,
and the skin tight all over you.
You- This is life, George.
And then what happens?
Something happens. Anything happens.
And
- And this is what life does, George. Look, look.
Look at what life does.
Sad, isn't it?
You're quite a fellow, ain't you, Charley? Quite
a 'philosopholizer.' Goin' to court today?
I go to court every day. There's life
for you, life with its back to the wall.
You see the balloons there, all right,
the ones that were fat and round and tight.
Eh, but they're collapsed now.

Just shrunken, shriveled shells,
fit only for the laboratory
of a great criminologist.
A great criminologist.
A great criminologist!
Sure, I hear you,
Charley. Take it easy. Eh.
Take this balloon here,
this, uh- this Helen Bartlett.
Oh, yeah, quite a case.
Her husband's defending her too.
Look at her.! She's no murderer. Huh?
Ah, any great criminologist
could see that.
She's full and round and tight,
like she hasn't even begun to shrink.
She's not full and round and tight.
What're you lookin' at?
You're blind. You're a fool.
Yeah, but you're okay,
ain't ya, Charley?
- I am the greatest.
- Sure. You're the greatest everything.
What does it matter to you
if a girl admits killing a guy?
- You know everything, don't you, Charley?
- I am a student of life.
Now you're talkin'.
Now you're talkin'.
You're better than me, ain't
you, Charley? You know I am.
You're better than me and my whole
family all piled up, ain't you, Charley?
I don't know why I listen.
Perhaps you amuse me.
Thanks a lot. How would you like
for me to buy you another drink?
Go ahead, if you must.
You're not crazy, are you,
Charley? Of course I'm not.
Then what makes you think
I'm gonna buy you another drink?
Would that life were
all as simple as you.

Hi, Charley.

What do you think?

She hasn't got a chance.

She'll fry.

One more.

That's all. Clear the corridor.

You can't shove me!

I'm a taxpayer!

Yeah? Where's your receipt?

Oh!

Will be called upon to use
every fiber of your moral strength...

in maintaining

a straight and true course...

on the well-chartered

but tempestuous sea of reason.

There is one thing

that cannot be denied-

law is law, and justice is

the accomplishment of that law.

We must cling to this clear thought

as this trial progresses...

through the man-made maze

of distractions,

diversions, duplicities.

For such is the nature of humankind to

light a beacon and then surround it with fog!

There will be cheap, tawdry, theatrical

appeals to your emotions, ladies and gentlemen.

The defendant's pretty eyes will be dimmed

with cute little tears as she tells her story,

and her dress will be

a black, simple-

Pardon me, Your Honor. With your

permissin, I'd like to remove this coat.

- The heat.

- In view of the almost unprecedented humidity,

I think the dignity of the court

will suffer little by such an exposure.

Permissin granted.

Now, let's see.

Where were we?

Oh, yes. Her dress.

Her dress- Oh, thank you,

Your Honor.

Her dress will be a simple,
black little affair,
with hat and purse to match,
such as it is today.

And you will wonder,
as they want you to wonder,
how such a pale, fragile,
well-manicured hand...

could drag out a gat and fire two slugs
through a gentleman's head!

Did you hear that?

Why don't you pop him one?

He isn't even warm yet.

But facts are facts,

and we will prove without doubt...

that the defendant coolly

and deliberately placed a revolver...

in her otherwise harmless little bag,
with the express intention of shooting
two holes through Otto Krayler-

that Helen Bartlett,

seated before you in defiant calm,

is guilty of ruthless,

cold, merciless murder-

murder in the first degree, murder that
calls for payment with her very life!

Order in the court.!

Order.!

Order in the court.!

Order.

Where did you

first see Mrs. Bartlett?

I caught her sneaking into Krayler's
house with her friend Daisy McClure.

She said she came after her hat
and coat and purse.

- I questioned her.

- What do you mean, 'questioned her'?

You told her, you big lug!

Order in the court.

Do you know her?

She'll fry.

Order. Miss McClure,

one more outburst
and you'll be held in contempt.
Proceed.

So I questioned her,
and she confessed to the murder.
Then she denied it,
then she confessed again,
then she denied it, then-
Oh!

I got the call about 10:00 Wednesday
morning from the homicide bureau...
and found the defendant-
I mean, the deceased-
laying- uh, lying face down
on the floor-
I mean, the rug.

So I examined the rug-
or the, uh, body...
and found that death was caused by
two bullets fired into his range-
I mean, two bullets fired at close range
into his lead- uh, head.

Now, Miss Baggart, at the time
Mr. Krayler was murdered...
and at the same time, naturally,
when Mrs. Bartlett told the butler...
that she was Mr. Krayler's new secretary,
by whom were you employed?

By Mr. Krayler.

And what was your official capacity?

I was his private secretary.

Oh, now, now, now,
Miss Baggart. [realize...
you're stirred with a genuine grief
over the untimely end...
of an honorable, kind employer,
but I must ask these few questions.

He was a wonderful man,
Mr. Krayler was.

Yes, I know.

Now, first, Miss Baggart, why weren't
you at work on the morning of the murder?

It was my day off.

It was your day off.

Mr. Krayler hadn't discharged you? Of course not. So, at the time of the murder, you were officially Mr. Krayler's private secretary? I certainly was. And what was Mrs. Bartlett's position? I don't know, sir, and I'd, uh, rather not guess. Mr. Bartlett, if you are ready, you may proceed. Your Honor, with your permissin, [shall recall the witness, Suzanne Baggart. Proceed. Suzanne Baggart. [s Suzanne Baggart present in the court? Yes. Yes, ['m here. Miss Baggart, you say that at the time of Mr. Krayler's death, you were officially employed as his private secretary? Yes. Good. Now, Miss Baggart, as a demonstration of your ability, I want you to take a letter. Will you take a letter in shorthand? But, uh- Mr. Frank Butler, Oceanside Popcorn Company, Oceanside, California. Dear Mr. Butler, your last shipment of popping corn was inferior in size, weight- What's the matter, Miss Baggart? Isn't the pencil sharp enough for you? I, uh- Oh, don't be upset. You're among friends. Why aren't you writing? You know darned well why I'm not writing! I can't take shorthand! Order in the court. Order. Order in the court. Your witness.

No questions.

That is all, Miss Baggart.

Thank you.

How's your shorthand, toots?

You took the job at 50
dollars a week? Yes, sir.

And you can't take shorthand?

No, sir.

But you took the job in
good faith? Yes, I did!

And you can't type either.

I can too! I'm a writer.

What do you write?

Fiction.

You're telling me.

What system of typing you use?

What? Suppose there was a
typewriter before you now.

How would you strike the keys?

Why, I'd-

I see. The good old
hunt-and-peck.

Nice going for a private secretary
at \$50 a week.

Mrs. Bartlett, could it be that you,
in your charming way, shall we say,
forced Mr. Krayler to employ you on threat
of exposing your past relationships with him?

How would you like a poke
in that fat nose? What?

Your Honor,

I object to the district attorney's...
unfounded and vicious accusations!

And if he doesn't stop it,
I'll knock his teeth out!

Order!

You'll knock whose teeth out?

Yours, you big clunk!

Order! Quiet!

Quiet! Order in the court!

Order, I say! Quiet!

Number 22.

You told them you
had to see me. Why?

I am Charles Jasper,
criminologist in the utmost.
You are a specimen
under my microscope.
And you'll fry.
Get out of here!
You're crazy!
Sure.
You're getting
lots of publicity, aren't you?
Big articles, pictures in the papers.
You like it, don't you?
It's the nectar of the gods for fools.
And whether you killed
Krayler or whether you didn't,
you're going to look very pretty fried.
- Get out of here!
- Sure.
Very nice to have seen you.
Au revoir.
We go down soon, Helen. How
do you feel? I don't know.
Sometimes just sitting there and listening,
I want to see myself electrocuted!
If I feel like that,
how will the jury feel?
Oh, don't worry. Please.
Remember, I haven't started yet.
I can't help being scared.
What do you think they'll do to
me? Helen, don't talk like that now.
Because if I feel I haven't your confidence
- Oh, you have, Ken, honest.
But I'm scared!
I told you to stop that.
But-
Ken, there's something I should have
told you a long time ago.
What's that?
This is a mistake- a big, crazy joke!
I didn't kill Otto Krayler!
I was lying, and-
I know how you feel, Helen. Lots of
people get that way during a trial.

You're nervous and excited,
worrying about what might happen.
But it's not going to happen,
because we're fighting openly...
and honestly when we admit
that you killed Otto Krayler.
And if we can't win the right way,
the honest way, we don't want to win.
I want to thank Your Honor
for permissin to have the scene...
in Otto Krayler's home reenacted
for the benefit of the jury.
But first, I must have the defendant
and her motives...
clearly established in their minds.
We shall make no attempt
to cloud the issue.
Helen Bartlett is charged
with murder in the first degree,
meaning that she did willfully
and premeditatedly take a life.
To that charge,
our answer is not guilty.
But in an effort to convince
you of our sincerity,
I shall call upon the defendant
to stand and face the jury.
Ladies and gentlemen,
meet Helen Bartlett, my wife,
who on August 8 killed Otto Krayler.
Be seated, Helen.
So now it is the morning
of August 8,
and I am Otto Krayler,
and this is the office in his home.
What follows is an honest reenactment
of what happened that morning,
as related to me by my wife,
Helen Bartlett.
I'm ready, Helen.
Well, here's what happened.
The butler is supposed to-
supposed to-
to let me in the front door.

I follow him down the hall,
and he a takes my hat and coat...
and hangs them behind a thing.
I go to the desk, and in a minute,
Mr. Krayler comes in.
Good morning, my dear.
Good morning.
Well, well, another day.
The first thing we must do, Helen, is
reach an understanding. Is that clear?
All I know, sir, is I'll work hard
and study while I'm working.
Why work hard? Because that's the
only honest way to make a living.
You have a lot to learn, Helen.
At this point, in order to avoid
the clutches of this- this-
Human wolf. Human wolf, Mrs.
Bartlett tries to get away.
Krayler follows.
Can't we start answering
your mail, Mr. Krayler?
Won't you please go back
and read those letters? No!
Let me alone!
You have no right to touch me!
Oh, yes, I have.
You're working for me!
Isn't it enough that all the while I'm
working, I'll be learning shorthand?
Must a woman put up with this
just because she needs a job?
Take it easy, Helen.
We're going to get along fine,
just as soon as you realize
I'm a friend of the family.
After all, five days a week,
three hours a day, \$50 a week-
Don't you dare kiss me! I'll do
as I please. Be quiet, you fool!
Your Honor, must we submit to this
three-ring circus in the guise of drama?
What on earth can they possibly prove
by these rank, cow-barn theatricals?

With every ounce of decency in me,
I object. Give them the gong.
Mr. Hartman, your violent outburst
is in the worst possible taste.
These people are trying sincerely,
uh, albeit too strenuously,
to present their defense as best
they may, so hold your tongue.
Proceed, Mr. Bartlett.
And, uh, the quieter, the better?
Mm-hmm?
Thank you, Your Honor.
Help.! Help.!
Ooh!
Oh, Ken, I'm sorry!
No. Go on. Go on.
You'll pay for this.
No woman can do this
to Otto Krayler. Stop!
I'll kill you for this!
Bam, bam!
Oh, I've killed him!
Oh.
And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the
true picture of the death of Otto Krayler,
the depraved merchant prince
who believed gold could buy...
womankind's most priceless
possessin- her honor.
What is that?
Think of this, all of you:
Helen Bartlett is not
Helen Bartlett alone.
Helen Bartlett is womankind.
And when the terrible
moment came, she faced it,
afraid but unflinching,
defending that which is
womankind's prime heritage.
Has not womankind the right to work
so that there shall be bread in her home?
Has not womankind the right
to repulse the evil advances...
of a man who has bought her services

so that he may satisfy his greed?
Has not womankind the sacred right
to protect herself at any cost?
The answer is yes!
And I am thankful indeed that seated
here today in this courtroom...
are honest, wise, unsullied jurors...
who recognize Krayler's kind
for what it is worth,
and who must know in their hearts
that they must set this woman free-
a woman whose only crime
was the protection of her soul...
against the avarice of this man.
[rest my case.
Her plea is self-defense-
self-defense, I presume, as illustrated
by a hunter shooting a jackrabbit.
But we have this fact:
She entered his office unfit for the job
she had forced him to give her,
with a loaded gun
which she wants us to believe...
she had taken to pawn
for lunch money.
Mr. Davis, may I have my coat, please?
As I said, ladies and gentlemen,
with a loaded gun...
which she wants us to believe
she had taken to pawn for lunch money.
Ha, ha, haa!
Thank you, Mr. Davis.
There can be but one decision,
ladies and gentlemen of the jury:
Helen Bartlett,
despite her attractiveness,
despite her bad acting,
despite her wide, beautiful eyes...
is guilty of murder
in the first degree!
Those were crazy instructions
that judge gave us.
If we think she did it and meant to do it,
then we gotta find her guilty.

But if we think she did it
and didn't mean to do it,
then we gotta decide
that she didn't do it.

- What kind of talk is that?

- That isn't what he said.

That's what he meant, didn't he? Yes,
only in legal words, so it sounded better.

So what? You're saying she didn't do it
if you say she's not guilty,
and she already says she did it.

You heard what the judge said,
didn't you? That's what I meant.

All right, all right.

It's the law. Shut up.

Quite a show, isn't it?

Yeah. Swell fun.

I still bet she fries.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,
how do you find the defendant-
guilty or not guilty?

We find the defendant not guilty.

- Oh! Oh, Ken! Ken, I wanna tell you-

- Mrs. Bartlett, please!

Please, Mrs. Bartlett, right
over here. Ken, I wanna-
Ken!

Mr. Bartlett, put your arms
around her, please.

Oh.

Yeah.

Ken, I wanna tell you
how wonderful you were!

Mrs. Bartlett, this way, please.

And if it weren't for you, I-

Mrs. Bartlett, this way. Yeah, I
know what you're trying to tell me.

- A statement, Mrs. Bartlett?

- A statement?

Yes.

Uh-

She can't think of a thing! Whew! Huh?

Got you that time,
didn't I, Charley?

You think you're smart,
don't you, huh?
You bore me.
Fill my glass.
Yeah, where's your money?
What is money? Pathetic scraps of
metal, paper crawling with germs.
Fill my glass. Yeah. As soon
as you toss a few germs my way.
All right. If you insist,
I'll open an account.
What with?
See that?
- Okay, one drink for it.
- One drink, fool?
That wallet is worth \$25,000.
Yeah. Not 24.50, eh, Charley?
Twenty-five thousand even.
That's a nice wallet for the money.
- You think I'm crazy?
- No, not crazy.
Just a little high-priced.
You, uh, found a customer for it yet?
Naturally.
'My Life - My Struggle
By Helen Bartlett.'
Oh, your girlfriend!
The one you said was gonna fry.
Life. Death. Life.
For what?
She made a pile of dough writing her life
story, delivering lectures, stuff like that,
but I don't think she's ready to
turn over no 25 grand for no wallet,
even if it is real leather.
She'll buy it, all right.
The drink. You forgot the drink.
Yeah. Please. Pretty please?
Look at me. Here I am,
begging drinks from an idiot...
[shouldn't even be speaking to...
while she spends the summer
in a fancy house at Lake Martha.
That hurts, you know it?

That hurts.
Yeah. So,
I'm an idiot, am I?
Just an expressin.
Yeah.
Uh, you want it full?
Uh-huh.
Yes, I guess we
better fill it up.
Here's how.
Where's mine?
Right there in front of you.
Drink up.
There's nothing in it. As far
as I'm concerned, it's full.
But, of course, as you say,
I'm an idiot.
You know, there are three things
requiring my immediate attention:
to sell the wallet,
buy this rat hole...
and throw you into the street!
Good day, sir!
Hello.
Oh.
Come on. Let's have a swim.
No, not now, later.
Where were you? I told you. I
had tea in town with Dorothy.
Martinis.
I had one-just one.
Ella's mixing up something
for you now.
I wish you'd gone with me.
No, thanks.
What are you doing tonight? I'm gonna
dictate some more of the novel to Daisy.
She's coming up
this weekend to help me.
Oh, reach me a cigarette.
That's one I owe you.
How are things at the office?
Good, I guess.
More business

than I can take care of.
Ken, did you ever think all this
would happen? What do you mean?
Everything. The apartment in town,
this house, your business, my novel.
All we've ever wanted,
we have.
And I'm so happy,
I'm afraid it's just a heavy dinner.
I thought you were gonna kiss me.
Is there anything wrong?
No, of course not.
What could be wrong?
I'm making money,
you have what you want,
you're doing what you like.
You're the happiest you've ever
been in your life. You just said so.
Well, I'm sorry,
but I can't be like that,
because I can't help remembering
why all this happened.
That's what I can't understand
about you-
how you can ever forget that we
wouldn't have any of this.
And I'd be happier if
Otto Krayler were still alive.
Oh.
I guess I shouldn't have said it.
You're right.
Here I've killed a man,
and I'm happy.
It doesn't make sense, does it?
Maybe it does.
Maybe I just don't know how
to act in a case like this.
You can give me that cigarette
you owe me.
Wouldn't it be perfect
if everything were just as it is,
except the other thing
hadn't happened?
More than perfect,

but it's too late now.
Remember the day in the cell
when I tried to tell you I was innocent?
Well, what if I
hadn't killed him?
What would you think? What
difference does it make what I think?
I mean, just pretend.
Pretend that anyone would
lie about a thing like that?
That she'd make a mockery of justice
and a fool of the man defending her?
Leave an unsuspected criminal at large
already plotting against his next victim?
Why, that would be
worse than murder!
I guess it would.
Helen!
What?
Oh, nothing.
I guess the heat's got me.
Frankie and Johnny
was lovers
Lordy, oh, how they could love
True to each other
Thank you, Ella.
You're welcome.
Well?
Uh- Uh-
Mr. Bartlett, that man of mine
- What about him?
He's took up with
some no-good gal in town...
and spendin' all the money I makes
takin' her out Susie-Q'in' and such.
That's a shame.
Susie-Q'in', huh?
Yes'm. And, uh, Mr. Bartlett,
I was wonderin'.
Well, speakin' right to the point, if
I lets go with a few well-aimed bullets,
does you think you can
get me off with the law okay?
I'm going swimming.

Kind of touchy, ain't he?

Ken! Ken! Oh!

Oh, Ken!

Ken!

Ken.!

Oh! Oh!

Ken, help!

Ken, help.!

Help, Ken!

Oh!

Stay up, Helen! Stay up!

I'll be there!

[I'm here, Helen.

Take it easy, now.

Don't fight.

Say, you weren't drowning.

Yes, I was!

Stop!

Help.!

Ken!

Ken!

Help.!

Oh, gee, Helen.

I'm- I'm sorry.

Here. Take it easy.

Take it easy.

Now, don't fight.

There. There.

Oh, I didn't mean
to push you so hard.

Oh, that's all right.

How do you feel, better?

Yes, much better.

That's good.

Oh, Helen, I'm- I'm sorry
about- about everything-
the way I acted before
and all that.

Will you forgive me?

Forgive you?

Oh, Ken!

One ticket to Lake Martha, please.

Come on. Come on.

One more? One more, huh?

Here you go.
Go and get it.
What's the matter? Don't tell me you've
dried up right in the middle of a novel.
I'm so happy about having
everything settled with Ken,
I can't get interested
in the darned thing.
Settled? Why, he still
doesn't know that you-
Shh! I mean, he's had something
on his mind for a long time,
and now he's said it,
and he feels better, so I feel better.
You know, this is the first time
I've felt right since- since-
Since.
Yeah. Since.
Well, let's get started.
Oh-oh, here it comes.
McCormack...
enters Yvonne's room.
Yeah. Yeah, McCormack
enters Yvonne's room.
Hello, my house.
Let's see. A certain confidence
that he'd find her there,
he opens the door cautiously,
like this.
The door is locked.
So what? Unlock it.
You got that fixed?
Yeah.
Now, where were we?
Oh.
What do you want?
Mrs. Bartlett.
She ain't here.
Oh, yes, she is.
Who is that, Ella?
He won't go away.
- Who won't go away?
- I.
That's the one-

- Well, what do you want?
- Hmm!
Nice little place we have here.
Get out of here!
It's really very, very nice.
Hello, bumpkin.
I said get out of here!
I, uh- I'm selling wallets.
We don't want any wallets.
Get out of here!
You'll want this one.
- Where did you get this?
- What are you so excited about?
Let's see it.
I asked where you got that.
Where do you think?
I killed Otto Krayler.
Y- Y-You killed him?
I, Charles Jasper,
utmost in criminologists,
committed the perfect crime.
And who stole the glory
of my deed?
Who writes childish articles,
gives stupid lectures?
Who has lived to see her husband
grow sleek and fat...
upon the fruits
of the stolen crime?
My crime! Thief!.
I- I didn't mean to take
anything away from you.
All I did was-
Where is our liquor?
Not the guest soup,
the private stock.
Oh.
I'm going out and find Ken.
No!
Whatever you do-
Mr. Whatever-your-name-is,
after you've had a drink,
will you please go away?
Certainly. After you have

purchased the wallet.
With that bit of leather goes my
entire interest in the crime.
Don't pay any attention to him.
How do we know he did it?
Yes. Yes, how do we know?
For that matter, how do I know
you didn't do it? Because I did.
Oh. And as for this wallet,
unless you buy it from me,
you shall be revealed as a perjurer,
a common liar,
and the prison gates
shall clang behind you. No!
How much do you want for it?
Your husband doesn't know,
does he? No. I mean, why?
Well, it simply means
I'll want more now.
The price, complete with crime,
is \$30,000.
Thirty thousand dol-
I told you he was crazy.
Don't give him a cent.
He can't expose you without
putting his own pants in the chair!
Oh, yes? Did you
get the chair? No.
Will I get the chair?
Likewise, no.
I have a wife.
Krayler tried to give her a job.
She turned him down.
He insulted her.
I shot him.
- I don't believe that.
- Believe what you want.
I have an airtight defense,
and I am ready to test it at any time.
But [haven't got \$30,000.
Can't we talk about-
Oh. H-Hello, Ken.
Good evening, my dear fellow.
Pull up a chair.

Who's that?

I don't know. He- He-

Oh, what's the use?

Ken, this is gonna be the worst thing you ever heard in your life, and you're gonna leave me and walk all the way to China or something, but I don't care what happens.

I still love you. That's why I do things like this, I guess.

Oh, I love you so much!

What are you talking about?

Do you really wanna know?

Of course I wanna know.

Well, I didn't kill Otto Krayler.

You didn't kill him?

No. He did.

She'll be all right, Ken.

Hmm. Cute kid.

What's her name?

The way it happened

with Mr. Krayler was-

It seemed I'd have a better chance if I said I did it than if I told the truth.

Even you told me that.

Remember, Ken?

Remember?

She'll be all right, Ken.

So I did it. I know

I shouldn't have, but I did.

And now he's here and wants money

- Be quiet.

What happened?

Here. Take her outside

and walk her around.

She needs fresh air.

I'll take care of him.

I was only trying-

Go on outside!

I beg your pardon.

You said you killed Krayler.

Prove it.

He's gonna leave me.

Just wait and see.

Did you see that look?

Oh, Daisy, what am I gonna do?
Hey, come back here!
You're asking me what to do
with an imagination like yours.
Why don't you tell him
today is yesterday...
and nothing has
happened up to now?
That doesn't make sense. But
what you've done does, I suppose.
Say, Helen, it's never been clear to me
exactly why you didn't kill Krayler.
I mean, when you told Ken you did,
which you didn't, of course-
Well, why did you? I mean, if you
said you did, which you didn't-
Well, I mean you did say it, but
you didn't do it. Why did you?
I mean, why didn't you?
Oh, well, just let's walk.
And what if I tell you to go chase
yourself? I'll go to the police.
After all, I know a little law
myself, young man.
Do you know what will happen
to your wife?
Ten years or more for perjury.
And what will happen to you?
I will go free.
On the strength of that lie
about your wife?
I think not.
You were after that money
they found in the cigar box.
Was I?
Listen, you might as well
get this straight from the start.
You can't reopen this case.
Why can't I?
Because only the condemned person
or his representative...
has a right to do that,
and there is no condemned person.
Nobody was convicted.

What?

You mean that's the law?

That's the law.

Are you trying to tell me
there is no justice?

Justice and the law
are not always the same.

But in this case they are,
because I'm going to call the police.

W- Why?

Because you're an admitted criminal,
and you're at large.

But they can't reopen the case.

You just told me.

That's right, but you've
just attempted extortion.

You threatened my wife
and demanded money.

I did that? What-

What kind of a country is this?

Do you realize you're sending
your own wife to jail just to report me?

We'll see. Now, wait,
wait, wait, wait, my boy.

Whatever we do,
let's not lose our heads.

Hello!

Put down that phone.

Oh, fudge!

Hello!

You know, there's no need
to call, Mr. Bartlett.

Unfortunately,
I didn't kill Otto Krayler.

You didn't kill him? I

- I'm sorry. I am sorry, but really, I didn't.

Then who did?

Now, control yourself, please.

I- It was my brother-in-law.

I found the wallet in his room,
and he confessed to me.

Then where is he?

Dead.

Killed the next week in a holdup.

An amateurish chap.

He couldn't find the money
after he, uh, disposed of Krayler,
so he attempted a trivial holdup
in broad daylight.

Lost his head, sort of, and-

- It was in the papers.

- I don't believe it.

I don't care what you believe,
actually.

I can prove my statements in
a court of law. Shall we drink?

Get out of this house!

Certainly.

You know, there was a moment
when this was almost mine,
when my destiny came within
one iota of being fulfilled.

But that is life.

Good day, my dear fellow.

Good-bye, my house.

Oh, for the life of a gondolier

Hi.

I think I'll go lie down.

Daisy, don't leave me alone!

Oh, that sounded

kind of silly, didn't it?

Don't leave me alone

with my own husband.

Well, he's gone, and he

won't bother you anymore,

because he's just as big a liar
as you are!

He didn't commit

the murder either.

He didn't? His brother-in-law

did, and he's dead.

That's the only thing that saved you
from 10 years in prison.

Because mark my words,

if the murderer had been at large,

I'd have gone straight to the police!

You would have done that to me?

Oh!

But that's right. That's what
any honest person would have done.
You're leaving, aren't you?
Of course I'm leaving.
What's left for me?
You've made a farce of our lives,
you've ridiculed justice,
my profession, me!
This is all a nightmare to you, and you're
wondering how and why everything happened,
and I don't think I can explain it
so you could understand.
I want to say I tried to tell the truth, but it
seemed everything would work out better if I lied.
And it did too, up to now!
Yes, everything worked out beautifully.
Here we are, both successful, standing on
the biggest lie in the history of mankind.
'Ladies and gentlemen of the jury,
Helen Bartlett is not Helen Bartlett alone,
Helen Bartlett is womankind.'
Ain't I the pretty one?
'And when that terrible moment came,
she faced it, afraid but unflinching'-
laughing at you, Judge, laughing
at me, laughing at Otto Krayler-
'defending the principle
which is womankind's prime heritage.'
Banana oil!
Ken, I-
Go ahead and defend it.
Think up some more hot ones...
for your life story
and your cockeyed books.
I'm going so far away,
I won't even know what year it is!
And despite everything I've just
said, Helen, I still love you,
but I'll be darned if I can live
a life like ours!
Yeah. If it's a boy,
I'll name it after you!
What? Helen!
Helen, why didn't you tell me?

I wanted to surprise you.
Well, when's it gonna be?
What?
I said, when's it going to be?
Why, I don't know exactly.
Well, what did the doctor say?
What?
Oh. Oh, the doctor.
This is the last straw!
Even that wasn't true!
Well- Well, it could be true!
I suppose this is the price
of life with a liar-
happiness, misery, one after the other
until you don't know which is which.
I suppose I'll walk out on you
and come back and walk out again.
I have a feeling I'm still
going to leave you tonight.
But first, I'm going to make one
last attempt to teach you not to lie.
Ken, I think I've told my last one.