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Wait Until Dark

By Robert Carrington

Come on, Louis. Come on.
They should make heroin
look like something else.
Candy bars, maybe.
You're gonna have to hurry, Louis.
I'm gonna miss my plane.
Be careful, Lisa.
You too, Louis.
Taxi!
Taxi!
Air Canada...
...flight 760 DC-9 jetliner service...
...for New York's Kennedy
International Airport.
Hey, is this St. Luke's Place?
-You, number 98.
-Who, me?
-Where's St. Luke's Place?
-I don't know nothing. I'm a dropout.
I asked you a question, kid.
-Yeah, this is it.
-Thanks.
Big man on campus.
What did she say?
I told you, she just left a message.
-But she asked for me?
-That's right.
-Happy days are here again, huh?
-Well, we'll see.
-You sure this is right?
-Read it yourself.
Don't make waves.
I only asked a question.
Lisa?
-Lisa?
-What are you calling for?
She says she's not here.
-Lisa doesn't live here.
-Yeah, I know. It's clean.
What's the matter?
Since when can Lisa type?
Since never. Come on.
You think the place is bugged?
-You want something?

-You, Mr. Talman.
And you too, Sgt. Carlino.
I want you too.
In fact, I want both of you,
and I've come here to buy you.
Sgt. Carlino, if you'd
just shut that door, please.
Don't call me "sergeant."
Why? Are you a touchy man?
-Just don't call me "sergeant."
-No matter. Sit. Sit.
We'll have a little chat.
-We'll start with, who are you?
-I'm Harry Roat Jr. From Scarsdale.
Scarsdale?
Well, now, may we have
weapons on the table?
We'll have explanations first.
Well, this goes back a little.
-So go back a little.
-Alrighty.
Once upon a time...
...there was a fairy princess
named Lisa.
And she had two very good friends,
who shall remain nameless.
Now, these three were fond of performing
little dramas for select audiences.
Their most memorable performances
were that of outraged husband...
...and detective breaking in upon
guilty wife in the arms of her lover...
...or vice versa.
They were adaptable.
The detective, it's worth mentioning, was
particularly convincing in his performance...
...but then he had had the benefit
of previous on-the-job training.
-Man, you're a charmer.
-Thank you.
Things went trippingly
for our three heroes...
...until one day, a certain stockbroker,
a Charles F. Parker, wasn't it? Got nasty.

And then our poor heroes went to jail,
or two of them did.

Lisa, well....

Well, she....

She escaped.

What's the point?

Lisa would like to do something
for her two friends...

...now that they're back
in circulation again.

-What does she want?

-A doll...

...for which she will pay handsomely.

Now may we have weapons on the table?

-I'm clean.

-Scout's honor?

Lisa says you favor brass, sergeant.

That pocket looks a little lumpy.

I cannot negotiate in an atmosphere
of mistrust.

Why, you?

-And, you, what's your favorite toy?

-Geraldine.

What does she do?

-May we have Geraldine on the table too?

-No, we may not.

-Why the hell not?

-Because she's the referee.

Now, Lisa will pay you \$2000 each
for a couple hours work.

Interested?

What kind of work?

Finding Lisa's doll.

-Are you serious?

-I am.

-What kind of doll?

-An ordinary doll, a child's doll.

What's in it?

-Do we hurt anybody?

-Not a fly.

-Do you care?

-No.

-What do you think?

-What's to think? He's a creep.

Yeah, baby. Not like us, huh?
We want an advance.
Lisa and I thought more like 500 each.
Why so generous?
So you don't ask what's in the doll.
So now we know what's in the doll.
Well, win one, lose one.
It's all straight.
What do we do?
What you always do, Mr. Talman,
lie and cheat and play-act.
-Go on.
-Lisa gave the doll to a man named Hendrix.
She met him on the plane from Montreal.
Lisa's friendly.
Why?
Somebody waiting for her,
she hadn't expected...
...so Hendrix brought it home here.
Hendrix? Who's he?
He's...nobody.
Mr. Clean. A photographer.
Looks like he has a wife. Where's she?
Out.
She goes to school.
Come on. This is a hell of a place
to be talking.
Don't panic, sergeant.
-Why not?
-Because it's arranged. It's all arranged.
By you?
Photographer Hendrix is in his studio
waiting to photograph a certain Miss Lejiana.
But a little while ago,
her male secretary phoned...
...very efficient, very humble,
grovelingly polite...
...to say that she had been delayed.
-He's terrific.
-Last night, Lisa called up about the doll...
...but Mr. Hendrix couldn't find it.
He looked all over for it,
but he couldn't find it.
Doesn't that strike you odd?

It strikes me odd too, Mr. Talman.
-Was he lying?
-I don't know, but we're gonna find out.
Now, look around.
Familiarize yourself with the place.
We're coming back here tomorrow.
And the doll is here, you're sure?
Lisa and I checked earlier.
We didn't see it. It's here, though.
Did you look in here?
Well, anyway, we don't work safes.
I know, but you talk, and that's why
you've been invited to this party...
...to talk your way into that big,
black safe, sergeant.
-There's a locked closet in the bedroom.
-Not there. Just clothes.
-How do you know?
-I looked.
-You got the key?
-It's on the ledge above the door.
No, it isn't.
They must have taken it with them.
Lock the closet when they
don't bolt the front door?
They're strange people.
They lose dolls.
I think you just made a mistake.
I'd like the key.
Well, if you--
All right, fat man, over there.
Both of you through the door, backwards.
If you'd only said please.
And now I'd like the key.
Please?
Go look.
Well, she was trespassing, Mike...
...poaching...
...going into business for herself.
Bad news.
Things like that go on,
what do you have?
Anarchy.
No discipline, no sense of order.

Bad news.

Out!

-Haven't you forgotten something?

-We just earned the money.

I mean fingerprints.

You just signed your names

all over this place.

Even if you could remember, it'd

still take you hours to wipe them up.

If not days.

As for me...

...well, I've only touched one thing

since I've been in here.

And now it's clean...

...like me. No police record,

no known associations with Lisa.

Nothing, in fact.

I could let you go and what would happen?

I'd evaporate.

But you? Bad news.

Don't forget this, sarge.

And the icebox, don't forget the icebox.

Carlino, knock it off!

We can prove where we were

when this happened.

Oh, and when did it happen?

-Just before you let me in?

-So?

So if you do exactly what I tell you...

...there will be no police,

there will be no problems.

Go on.

First, get her out of here.

Roll her up in this.

I got a van by the corner.

I'll bring it out front.

Why not the back, where

there's less publicity?

There's no back door.

We'll dump her where I found this.

Give me a hand.

-She'll be found.

-I hope so.

All she's got on her is a hotel key.

When they check...

...they'll see she's Mrs. Harry Roat Jr.

-From Scarsdale.

-Right.

This changes things a little, you know?

That's what I figured.

We'll talk about it later.

No, we'll talk about it now.

It was 2000 each. Now it's 4.

Get behind the door, and, you, back there.

Stay dead still.

She's alone. Don't breathe.

Sam?

Sam, are you here?

No, Susy, I'm not here.

Gloria?

-Hendrix here.

-Hendrix here too.

I called to tell you I was the best
in blind school today.

-That's my girl.

-I really truly was, cross my heart.

And I believe you.

So can I tap my way over to your studio?

Not now.

Some female with the unlikely name
of Lejiana is due any minute for a sitting.

Well, I'll wait for you here, then.

Look, I'll tell you what. Since
this Lejiana character is already late...

...I'll just stick around
a few more minutes.

So can I come over and wait for you
in the coffee shop downstairs?

Sure.

Won't be hard to find me.

I'll be the one reading Peter Rabbit in Braille.

-Bye.

-Bye.

Damn it. You're supposed to be there.

Gloria, I know you're there.

Mr. Hendrix won't wait forever.

Shall we go to work, children?

Two plus two, 4000.

Two plus two, Mr. Talman.
Highly recommended.
Disposable, you buy them in enormous rolls...
...from Hammacher Schlemmer.
Spread out the rug.
Trouble.
Trouble.
-Hi, Susy. Hey.
-Hi, Shatner.
Let me help you with that mess.
Oh, you're a lovely cavalier,
only don't tell Sam you helped me.
I'm supposed to be learning
total self-sufficiency.
Why don't you come down
for a drink tonight?
I can't. I'm off to Vermont for
a couple of days of chasing stretch pants.
By the way, I haven't been able
to get in touch with our slumlord all day.
And my skylight's still broken.
-If you see him--
-We never see him.
He's owed us a new refrigerator since we
moved in, so he doesn't come around.
Don't let it get you down.
Have a good weekend.
On Monday, we'll form a tenants committee
or something jazzy like that.
Some committee. Me, you, Sam,
Gloria and her mother.
Oh, well.
-Ciao.
-Ciao.
-Susy?
-No, Batman.
-Safe to open the door?
-All right.
-You want to give me a hand, darling?
-Sure.
Who are you doing?
Gloria.
She's been after me for weeks
to take some pictures.

I promised I'd have these done.
I've got to go to Asbury Park--
-Asbury Park? I thought you--
-Sorry, I only found out this second.
That's all right. I was just
planning something silly.
-Will it hold till tomorrow?
-Sure.
Someone called from the chemical company.
They saw my Sunday Times spread.
They want me to make their new factory
look like the U.N.
Another night shot.
They're paying handsomely.
That's the last one.
-Can I go with you?
-Sure, but I'll--
Be home much quicker if you don't.
You know there was a murder
around here last night?
They found the body this morning.
A lady from Scarsdale.
I heard it on the radio.
So?
What if I get chopped up in little pieces
and dumped in the river?
Little tiny pieces that nobody
could ever recognize...
...as having been a poor,
defenseless, blind lady...
...whose husband was off in Asbury Park.
-You're not listening, Sammy.
-Sure I am.
Why don't we have some light
around here?
They're always finding bodies in New York.
Not in the parking lot
practically next door, they don't.
-You're making it up, Susy.
-No, I'm not. I promise.
I told you I heard it on the radio.
Really, I did.
Come on, Susy.
The police don't have

the first notion who did it.
Pretty spooky, don't you think, Sammy?
Tell you what I think.
I think it's a ploy to make me stay home.
Well, there was a murdered woman
found from Scarsdale...
...and that's a true fact.
And you're afraid for your life,
that's a true fact?
No, but it was worth a try.
Fourteen.
-You sure he'll go?
-Yeah.
-He'd better hurry or he'll miss the bus.
-He's got time.
This is some day for a schlep
out to Asbury Park.
-When does your bus leave?
-Five.
Time for another cup of coffee?
Maybe half a cup.
If that doll woman calls,
tell her I haven't found it yet.
Let Gloria look around for it while she's
down here. It must be somewhere.
I don't want Gloria today.
I don't need her.
-Yes, you do, for your shopping.
-No Gloria!
-Give me a hint?
-You can find it by yourself.
If you couldn't, I'd tell you.
-What have you got against Gloria?
-A lot.
The problem is, she's in love with you,
which makes me the villain.
Susy, she's a kid.
More to your left, in front of you.
I'd rather have a dog.
Dogs can't shop at the supermarket.
They can't rearrange the furniture either
so I trip over it.
That's her latest hobby.
I nearly broke my leg last night.

She's been sneaking cigarettes too.
I smelled smoke when I came in yesterday.
Susy, give her a chance.
Her father's run off again. Her mother's
flitted out for a weekend uptown.
Poor old Gloria gets slammed around
like a Ping-Pong ball.
On top of that, she's wearing glasses.
Kids are giving her the treatment...
...calling her the "monster from outer space."
Icebox needs defrosting, darling,
only my way this time.
It's more practical.
Use plenty of boiling water.
-What if I burn both my hands off your way?
-Don't.
The Unguentine's in the emergency drawer.
If the weather's okay, try walking
to the studio and back.
No cheating.
Do I have to be the world's
champion blind lady?
Yes!
Then, I will be.
I'll be whatever
you want me to be.
Tell me what you want,
and that's what I'll be.
-Susy--
-I mean it.
I don't want you ever
to be anything but Susy...
...because that's the way I love you.
Do you? Do you?
What do you think?
-Do you want me to stay home?
-Yes.
But you can go to work anyway.
I'll clean up here...
...then when you get back,
I'll be all scrubbed and polished.
You sure it's okay?
Then, I got to rush.
Where does the icebox plug in?

You'll find it.
No fair asking Gloria either.
Sam.
Are you looking at me?
-Bye, dope.
-Bye, dope.
Thanks for everything.
Okay, Mr. Talman,
it's time for your soft-shoe.
And remember, there's a nice, little, pink kid
running around the house.
And she wears glasses.
Sam.
Gloria!
Somebody!
Operator.
-Please....
-Fire department.
There's something burning.
I'm blind, and I can't locate it.
-It's getting worse!
-Can I have your address?
Wait, I think somebody's here.
Come in!
The door's open.
-You all right?
-There's a fire. Can you see it?
-I'm blind, and I don't know where it is.
-Oh, yes, I've got it.
-Careful.
-I'm all right. Please find the fire.
It's in the ashtray.
It's only a cigarette butt.
A filter and a bit of paper
making all the smoke.
Where was it?
It was on the--
What is this, a safe?
Against the wall? Yes.
I couldn't tell where it was coming from.
Smoke--
Smoke isn't my favorite thing.
-I don't know you, do I?
-No, Mrs. Hendrix.

My name's Mike Talman.
I used to know Sam.
I can't thank you enough
for being here.
And I'm sorry that Sam isn't here.
He won't be back until later tonight.
That was stupid of me.
I should've phoned...
...but I thought I'd take a chance
and maybe grab Sam for a quick beer.
Wait. Let me give you a hand with that.
-You got it.
-Thank you.
I haven't seen Sam for years,
but some people you don't forget.
Oh, Sam you don't forget.
I don't anyway.
He saved my life.
How do you mean that?
-I mean, he saved my life.
-That makes two of us.
That makes two of us, Mrs. Hendrix.
Susy.
Susy.
Thank you.
You mean in the Army or something?
In the Marines, yes.
The 3rd Battalion.
-Charlie Company.
-Right.
-Has he ever told you about that?
-No. Tell me.
No, you ask Sam.
Oh, please. He won't tell me.
You'd better ask Sam.
He likes to do things his own way.
-You're just as mean as he is.
-That's us.
-Mean Mike and Mean Sam.
-Well, you are.
Would you like a drink, Mike Talman?
No. No, thank you.
Are these Sam's, these pictures?
-Yes.

-Yeah, I thought so.
Hey, here's one of me.
I sure have put on a few pounds
since those days.
Tell me something,
did you know Sam then?
No, we only met a year ago,
not long after my accident.
You--?
You lost your sight in an accident?
Yes, in a car crash
or really the fire from the crash.
One day, I was practicing
crossing at the lights...
...and the cars were piling up
around me like mad, and...
...suddenly, a man named Sam
grabbed me.
And that was that.
Gloria?
-Who's that?
-A little girl.
Come in, Gloria.
She went out.
Well, I'm sorry to have missed Sam,
but I'm happy to have met you.
You're very lovely.
Sam's lucky.
So's Susy.
Goodbye.
Please tell Sam that I stopped by.
Next time I come in from Phoenix,
I'll drop a line first.
Thank you forever and ever for--
Oh, Lord! Hello? Are you still there?
I have to have your address.
Listen, I can't tell you how sorry I am
to have kept you.
You're wonderfully good
to have stuck around.
-did you find the fire?
-Yes, it's out.
-It was just a cigarette.
-Okay, then, ma'am?

Yes, thank you.
Everything is now.
Goodbye.
How awful.
Mike?
Who's Mike?
Hello, Gloria.
-Who was that man?
-Friend of Sam's from the Marines.
You wouldn't know him, dear.
Oh, I see.
Is the grocery list ready?
The supermarket closes soon.
It's on the typewriter with the \$5.
Can you see it?
Oh, and, Gloria?
When you come back,
give me a hand with the icebox.
I've got to defrost it while Sam's away.
-What did you do then?
-Switched it to defrost, of course.
-That's not how it's done.
-It is too.
I've done it for Mother
hundreds of times.
Your mother's refrigerator is modern.
This one's ancient.
We've got to do it Sam's way. We--
Okay, do it Sam's way, then.
I'll go to the A&P.
Did you close the door?
Yes.
-I didn't hear it shut.
-Okay, so it's open.
-Please shut the door.
-Close it yourself. You're nearer.
Gloria, close the door.
-No!
-Gloria!
No, I won't!
Listen, little monster,
I won't put up with this one more minute!
What's that?
What are you doing?

Stop it!

Stop it! Gloria, do you hear me?

Stop it!

Stop it!

You shouldn't have called me names.

I don't call you names.

I shouldn't say things like that.

It was wrong of me.

-It's okay.

-No, it isn't okay.

People shouldn't say that
to each other.

They're mean things,

and people shouldn't say mean things.

Guess I get terribly frightened sometimes.

I'm not a very good blind lady, Gloria,
and I'm still not used to all this...

...dark brown.

I get cranky and impatient and....

-I know I look dreadful half the time.

-Oh, no. You're gorgeous.

What a lovely thing to say.

Thank you, Gloria.

But I do wish I could do things.

You know, important things like...

...cook a soufflé or pick a necktie...

...or choose the wallpaper for the bedroom,
you know?

Sure. I know.

I want to be gorgeous.

Guess you can't have everything, huh?

I guess not.

I'm sorry, Susy, for being horrid.

And me for being an old crank.

-We break anything?

-Oh, no. I only threw unbreakables.

-That was crafty of you.

-I learned it from Daddy.

Okay, pumpkin, let's clean all this up,
and you can hop off to the supermarket.

Look out!

There's a knife there.

Thanks.

Run along. I'll put this away

so I know where to find it.

-Right. See you later.

-Okay.

Bye.

I should very much like to speak
with Mr. Sam Hunt, little girl.

Who's he?

Well, he doesn't live here.

-Leave, little girl.

-Susy!

-Susy!

-Leave, little girl. Go about your business.

-Gloria, what is it?

-I should like to see Mr. Sam Hunt...

...and tell Mrs. Roat that I should
also like to see her. Where are they?

-Who are you?

-It's not right, you know, and it's not fair!

-Well, tell me what you--

-In there!

What is it you want?

What are you doing?

You can't go in there.

Tell me who you are.

Here! I was right, you silly thing,
and now I've got the proof.

You tell Sam Hunt to leave her alone
or I'll fix him!

-Please--

-Good and proper!

Oh, yes, yes.

Don't touch me.

Susy, it's Mike Talman again.

I think I left a package.

Mike!

-Susy, what's wrong?

-Mike.

There was a man here.

He flew in like a black crow.

He's gone now. It's all right.

-I'm scared.

-I'm here now. It's all right.

You must be so bored with me.

Every time you come,

I'm in absolute panic.
No, no, no.
Bedroom's a mess.
He's dumped stuff all over the place.
I better call the police.
He might have stolen something.
Do you know the number?
...0099.
That's the emergency number anyway.
That's good enough.
...0...
-0.
-...0...
...9...
...9.
Don't worry.
I'll take a later flight to Phoenix...
-...and stay as long as you need me.
-Could you?
Of course.
Hello?
Police?
And the guy just busted in?
That right?
Yes, he was at the door
when the little girl went out.
Gloria from upstairs.
Yeah, I got that down.
-Then he pulled out the drawers.
-Sergeant, obviously the man's crazy.
Why don't you send a report
and have him picked up?
Just tell me the facts.
I'll decide what to do, if you don't mind.
Well, I do mind.
-You act as if nothing happened.
-We'd better let the sergeant do it his way.
Thank you, lady.
The important thing is, this guy
didn't steal anything, right?
No.
No, not as far as we know.
I think I'll help myself
to that drink now.

Sure.

Well, I won't bother you anymore.

If there's anything missing,
call the 6th Precinct and let me know.

-Thank you, sergeant.

-Anytime.

Bye.

-Can I fix you something?

-No, thanks.

Hello.

Oh, just a minute.

It's for the sergeant.

I'll get him.

Sergeant!

Sergeant!

-What is it?

-You're wanted on the phone.

Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Hendrix.

Afraid this is going
to be one of those days.

Thank you.

Carlino here.

Yes, lieutenant, go ahead.

He just walked in?

Well, what's a doll got to do with it?

Sure.

Sure, I understand.

Right.

Mrs. Hendrix, I might as well
mention this while I'm here.

I don't want to alarm you...

...but there was a woman found
near here this morning.

-I know.

-You knew her?

That's not what I said.

I know what happened.

I heard it on the radio.

Oh, I see.

Did your husband happen
to know her, by any chance?

-My husband?

-Of course he didn't.

I'm sorry, Mr. Talman,

I was asked to make inquiries.
Did you hear anything peculiar yesterday
afternoon or evening, Mrs. Hendrix?
No, I didn't.
We were out all afternoon.
I go to blind school,
and my husband was at the studio.
Was there anybody with him
at his studio?
-No.
-Hey, wait a minute. What is this?
He was supposed to photograph a girl,
and she didn't turn up.
Nobody can verify he was there
or what he was up to?
Are you questioning her
for a reason?
-I'm not questioning her.
-Why are you taking notes?
I'm allowed to talk, you know.
Sure, but she's allowed not to.
She doesn't have to answer.
Don't they study the Constitution
at police school?
-You some lawyer?
-No, but I know her rights!
I didn't think you were.
Well....
Goodbye, Mrs. Hendrix.
I'll probably be back.
-Mike?
-Well, he was certainly a big help.
Is--? Is this room dirty?
No. Why?
The sergeant kept dusting things.
-Did he?
-Yes.
Over by the refrigerator and...
...the banisters.
Here.
I'll get it.
Sergeant probably forgot his badge.
Forgive me for bursting in on you
like this, Mr. Hunt.

No. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrix live here.
Hendrix. Oh, I'm terribly sorry...
...but is this 27B Saint Luke's Place?
I'm Mrs. Hendrix. Can I help you?
My name is Roat. Harry Roat Jr.
What is it, Susy?
-Mr. Roat, Mrs. Hendrix is blind.
-Oh, I see.
I'm sorry for intruding upon you
and Mr. Hendrix--
-No, my name's Talman.
-Yes, well, whatever.
Mrs. Hendrix, has my father been here?
-The old man?
-Yes, do let me explain.
I'm so embarrassed.
It all must be just a terrible mistake.
He made a mess of Mrs. Hendrix's things.
You better straighten him out.
Well, he's not crazy, I assure you.
He's not crazy.
He's just very old, and he thinks
a photographer named Sam Hunt lives here.
He's very old, my father,
and very worried for my sake.
He thinks that my wife has been...
...seeing this Mr. Hunt.
And that's why I've troubled you with my--
Hi, Susy, I've got the groceries.
Thanks, Gloria.
I'll put them away.
Okay.
-See you.
-Bye.
You know, you really do have
the wrong house, Mr. Roat.
-Here.
-We don't know anyone named Hunt.
I don't know this man Hunt either,
dear lady. May I explain?
Three years ago...
...my wife was on vacation in Montreal
with my mother and father.
And while she was there,

my wife became acquainted...
...my father says, with this photographer
named Sam Hunt.
Now, my father says
that they've been seeing each other...
...from time to time ever since.
My wife is...
...very beautiful.
-What is all this about, Mr. Roat?
-Well...
...I believe my father followed my wife
to this apartment.
You're wrong.
You see, the other afternoon,
there was a big scene.
There were testy words
between my wife and my father...
...and my wife stormed out of the apartment
with her doll.
Her doll?
Yes, the doll was what started
the bad words that day.
It was especially made for my wife
in Montreal to play her favorite tune.
The point is that when my wife left
the house, my father said to me:
"Sam Hunt gave her that doll.
Do you know that?"
And then he ran out
of the house to look for her.
Later, my father called and said
he lives at 27B Saint Luke's Place...
...in the basement apartment.
And then this morning, when I told Dad
that Lejiana hadn't....
Lejiana?
Yes. Lejiana, my wife.
When I told Dad that she hadn't
come home last night...
...he got terribly excited
and drove off in my car...
...so I finally decided to come here
on the off-chance that....
-Your wife didn't come home last night?

-That's right and--

Want me to get it, Susy?

Hello.

Yeah. Hang on.

Susy, it's that Sgt. Carlino.

He wants to speak to you.

Why?

-May I take a message?

-I'm leaving now.

-No, I'll take it.

-Forgive me for intruding.

Well, his son's here now.

Don't go. He wants to talk to you.

-Who? Who does?

-The police.

-Say I've gone.

-It's about your wife, Mr. Roat.

Hello.

Speaking.

That's right. No, she didn't.

In fact--

Was she hurt?

No, tell me now.

-Mr. Roat!

-Mike!

Oh, I'm frightened.

I'm very frightened.

Don't worry, Susy.

He's gone.

Mrs. Roat is dead.

She was murdered last night near here.

-What did you say?

-And the police think Sam did it.

-Sam?

-Yes. The doll.

The doll.

The one Mr. Roat Jr. described.

Sam brought a doll exactly like that
back from Canada.

I was trying to help him unpack from the trip
when something fell on the floor.

The something played a little tune.

The something was a doll!

Mrs. Roat's special-made, handmade,

made-in-Canada doll. Sam had it!
I thought it was a surprise
for me, but it wasn't.
It was for a little girl in the hospital.
A woman at the airport
asked Sam to carry it for her...
...so that her other girl, who was meeting
her, wouldn't see it and get jealous.
The woman called yesterday about getting
the doll, and Sam couldn't find it.
Sam never met the doll lady
in his life before. He told me so.
Don't do this to yourself, Susy.
Then there was the woman
he was supposed to photograph.
Sam said she didn't show up.
But he was away a long time
waiting for her.
And her name was Lejiana,
and so is Mrs. Roat's.
Well, suppose he did know her.
It's not so serious.
Oh, but it is.
All right, then.
Let's say that it's serious.
Let's try to figure this all out.
From the beginning.
First, the old man came in screaming
about Sam and Mrs. Roat.
He went into your bedroom
and tore it apart.
He messed up your dresser.
Why did he do that?
He must have taken something, Susy.
He just must have.
Come here.
Now, look.
Check, feel around,
see if anything's missing.
Our wedding picture's gone.
The one of Sam and me.
Do you see it anywhere?
No.
That's the meanest thing I ever heard of.

I'm calling the police.
No!
No, Mike, we can't.
We mustn't say anything
to the police. Nothing.
They've got to forget all about us, Mike.
They think Sam did it!
Please.
What is it?
-That's funny.
-What's funny?
There's a police car pulling up outside.
They're just standing there.
Susy, I think they're watching this house.
Don't worry.
It's no good, Mike.
What?
The doll. I can't find it.
Hold on. I just found another suitcase.
What?
I just found another suitcase.
Any luck?
Well, just some papers.
And some letters.
Well, if any of them are from Mrs. Roat,
don't bother to read them to me.
Oh, they're from you, Susy.
You type very well.
I didn't know Sam was a hoarder.
Listen to me. We've got to face
the fact that Sam's in trouble.
We've got to find that doll.
It's the one thing that proves
that Sam's connected with this.
But it's not here.
We've looked for it.
Well, now, wait a minute.
You're the one who told me.
You said that Sam brought a doll
back from Canada.
You said it's the same doll
that Roat described.
You went right down the line
and told me that it proved...

...that Sam and Mrs. Roat were connected.

And now Mrs. Roat's dead,
murdered right next door.

-Maybe I was wrong.

-That doesn't matter.

If you thought that way,
the police will think that way.

Without the doll, it's a lot of ranting
and raving from those crazy Roats...

...but with it,
the police have a case involving Sam.

-Mike--

-Do you understand?

Mike, did you notice how I jumped
when Mr. Roat Jr. came in here?

-Have you been listening to me?

-For a moment, I thought it was the old man.

He had on the exact same shoes
as his father. New shoes.

And one of them squeaked a little bit.

-You probably didn't notice.

-No, I didn't.

And another thing, it's winter.

-It's dark early now, isn't it?

-Yes.

Then why has everybody been
playing around with the blinds?

-What?

-Mr. Roat did it.

And Sgt. Carlino did it too.

Mike.

Is that police car still outside?

I'll check and see.

-Yes, and they're looking this way.

-See their faces, the policemen in the car?

-Not very well. It's pretty dark.

-Try. This is important.

-Why?

-Is one of the policemen Mr. Roat?

-Is it?

-No.

No, it isn't.

There'd be a radio inside a police car,
wouldn't there?

Yeah, I suppose.
What are you getting at?
Sgt. Carlino fiddles with the blinds...
...and immediately, the police phone
and ask to speak to him.
Then Mr. Roat Jr. fiddles with the blinds,
and Carlino calls him.
No, I don't think the police
work like that. It's too cops and robbers.
Mr. Roat's story and Sam's
don't go together.
And I've been forgetting something
very important.
-What's that?
-That I know Sam...
...and I don't know Mr. Roat.
You've got to get this through your head.
It's what the police think that counts.
If we wanna help Sam,
we've gotta find that doll--
-But it isn't here! It isn't here!
-It must be!
-It's got to be in this safe.
-But I told you, it couldn't be.
-And why not?
-Because it isn't ours. Not really.
The woman who had this apartment
wanted to sell it to us when we moved in.
When we convinced her that we
didn't want it...
...she locked it and deliberately dropped
the key down the drain outside.
-Susy, you're making that up.
-I am not. Why should I?
-Be careful.
-Why should I?
On second thought, I don't suppose
I'd open my safe in front of a stranger.
Have I been treating you like a stranger?
I wish the doll were in the safe.
It is your problem, isn't it?
Yours and Sam's. You have to do
what you think is best for him.
Where are you going?

To pick up my things at the apartment.
I can't miss the last plane.
-You said you'd stay.
-Sam will be home soon.
Will you give me a phone number?
What phone number?
Where you're going,
in case I find the doll.
I'll phone when I get there.
Give me the name of your friend
so I can call information.
Well, yeah, I may have it
written down someplace.
-Here it is. Can you remember it?
-Yeah.
-C12....
-242. That's like ours. Go on.
-4598.
-242-4598.
Right.
Mike?
Thank you.
Five, nine.
-Where's Roat?
-Who knows?
Out beating up old ladies.
How goes it inside?
She's something, man.
She is really something.
Yeah.
You're on next. Give her a minute,
then push her as hard as you can.
Really push. Keep hinting at
that safe and the doll.
If it's in there and she can't open it,
she will after you've gone.
What about Roat Jr. from Scarsdale?
Yeah. What about him?
Who's that?
It's only me, Susy.
Thank goodness.
When I got upstairs, I found I'd left
a stick of butter in the bag.
Do you remember the man who was

here when you brought the groceries?

-Which one?

-Not Sam's friend. The other one.

-Sure.

-What did he look like?

Kind of dumb-looking, I guess.

-You'd recognize him, wouldn't you?

-Yeah.

Come.

Get up on a chair

and look out the window.

There's a police car out there. Can you see the face of the man inside of it?

There's no police car.

-Are you sure?

-Yeah, I'm sure.

There's no car out there.

Well, yes, there is, a kind of squatty truck. Right by the phone booth.

Phone booth?

Is there anyone inside the truck?

Well, there's a man standing near it.

Is it the man who was here

when you brought the groceries?

I don't think so.

Susy, he's coming this way.

Watch out. He's looking through the window.

-Can he see you?

-No, but he's still looking.

I think he's going. He's go--

You had it!

-I was only borrowing--

-We've got to hide it.

-Where is it? Give it to me.

-Under your feet.

I was only borrowing it.

That's why I brought it back.

Where are we going to put it? In the washing machine. Come. Help me.

-Gloria?

-Yeah?

How would you like to do something difficult and terribly dangerous?

-I'd love it.

-Can you see the phone from upstairs?

-From mother's bedroom, I think.

-Good.

Go upstairs and watch that phone booth.

Don't take your eyes off it for a second.

Now, if anyone from the truck
goes in and makes a call...

-...phone me as soon as they come out.

-Got it.

Just let the phone ring twice and
then hang up. Remember, twice.

-I know. Like a signal.

-Good girl.

Susy, if you need me for anything, just
bang on the water pipes in the corner.

-Who's that?

-Sgt. Carlino.

Quick, under the stairs.

I'll be right with you, sergeant.

Just a minute.

Coming.

I'm sorry to keep you waiting.

I'm glad you dropped by, sergeant.

Some children were playing out back,
and I think they broke a window.

-Would you mind taking a look?

-In here?

I think so.

There's nothing broken here.

Well, maybe in the bathroom.

It's hard for me to tell.

There's nothing broken anywhere.

Look, Mrs. Hendrix, I understand

Mr. Roat called on you this afternoon.

Yes, he was here for a moment.

You've been looking for something, I see.

I couldn't find the garbage bags.

No?

Do you know what I think?

You can't find that doll.

It's not that. I couldn't
find the garbage bags.

No, the doll! The doll your husband

brought back from Canada.

-The doll he gave Mrs. Roat.

-My husband did not know Mrs. Roat.

I'm sorry, Mrs. Hendrix,
that's just not true.

Mr. Roat recognizes your husband
from a photograph his father has.
And old man Roat remembers seeing
your husband and Mrs. Roat together.

Now. Now, I wonder where
that doll can be.

-In that big, black safe maybe?

-No, there's nothing in the safe.

There is no doll, and my husband
never knew Mrs. Roat.

He did, as a matter of fact, know her.

Now, if you don't open that safe...

...I'll get a search warrant and drill it.

It'll take me less than 10 minutes
and before your husband gets back.

-Who are you phoning?

-The 6th Precinct.

I want to speak to Mr. Roat.

-Operator?

-Wait a minute.

Mrs. Hendrix, I'll get him.

I can get through quicker.

-Hello?

-Sixth Precinct, Carlino speaking.

Go ahead.

Is Mr. Roat Jr. still there?

Mrs. Hendrix wants to speak to him.

Hold on, I'll see.

It's for you, Roat Jr.

-Hello? This is Harry Roat Jr.

-Mr. Roat, this is Mrs. Hendrix.

My lawyer has advised me...

...that if your father makes any more
accusations against my husband...

...he will have to take immediate action.

Do you understand that, Mr. Roat?

Yes. Yes. Right.

Thank you, Mrs. Hendrix.

Thank you.

That lawyer friend of yours isn't going to stop me, Mrs. Hendrix. Be right back. With a search warrant. Must be the wrong number. Like I said, I'll be right back. And don't forget...
...don't leave this house.
-Hello?
-Mike, is that you?
-Yes, Susy. Is something the matter?
-I've got it. I've got the doll.
Great.
Where was it?
I'll tell you when you get here.
Can you come right over?
-I'll run all the way.
-Okay.
Oh, and, Mike? Everything's gonna be all right now, isn't it?
Yes, Susy. Everything will be all right.
Mike?
No!
No.
No.
No.
Carlino? No.
-Operator.
-Operator, the police. Emergency--
-Susy, it's me, Mike.
-You must have the wrong number.
Who was that? Who are you talking to?
Some children. They call sometimes and say cruel things.
I don't suppose they mean it.
The doll, Susy, where is it?
Where did you find it?
That's the silly part. I don't know why I didn't think of it.
-I should have remembered ages ago.
-That doesn't matter. Where is it?
-You'll think I'm such a fool.
-Susy, don't complicate things.
-Give me the doll, then Sam will be safe.
-That's what's important.

-If anything happened to Sam--
-Susy, where's the doll?
I'll get it for you. Would you give me the
key ring that's on the nail by the icebox?
Are these the ones?
Yes.
-You wait here, Mike. I'll be right back.
-Wait a minute. Where are you going?
To the studio. To Sam's studio.
That's where it is.
How do you know the doll's
at his studio?
Gloria just told me.
The little girl with the groceries.
She went over there to do an errand
for Sam, and she saw it.
-And heard it. It played a little tune.
-Are you sure about this?
Yes, positive. If it hadn't been for
Sgt. Carlino hounding me...
...I could have told you earlier.
Okay, Susy, fine. I'll go get it.
Where is the studio?
Just two blocks away, 78 West Eighth St.
It's on the top floor.
And the desk is in the far corner,
away from the window.
It's a big old thing with a roller top.
You know the kind I mean, with
cubbyholes and pigeonholes and--
-Yeah, I know the kind you mean.
-It's in the left-hand drawer, the doll.
Gloria said so.
Susy, I'm gonna ask you once more.
This is no time for mistakes.
Are you sure the little girl saw the doll?
Are you sure this is all true?
I'm saving my husband's
life, aren't I, Mike?
I'll be right back. You stay put.
-Make a cup of hot coffee or something.
-Whatever you say, Mike.
Susy! Susy, it's me.
Those men who just went out,

who are they?

-Where are they now?

-Careful. Two of them went up the street.

-The one that looked in the window--

-Carlino. Yes?

Well, he's outside.

Guarding or something.

Now...

...the first thing we have to do
is stay calm.

I'm calm, Susy.

Yes, I know you are. I really know.

It's the best thing I ever heard.

-Are they detectives?

-No, they're not detectives.

They're sure not detectives.

The one out on the street,
can I get by him?

-Not without his seeing you.

-Then I have to stay here.

-You've never really met him, have you?

-No.

Good.

You know the Port

Authority Bus Terminal?

It's near 42nd Street. Take a taxi.

The driver will know where it is.

-42nd Street.

-Here. You'll need this.

What should I do?

Ask if the bus has arrived from
Asbury Park.

-Asbury Park. Say it.

-Asbury Park.

Meet every bus from Asbury Park.

Stay all night if you have to.

Sam will be on one of them.

Can you do that?

Of course. What shall I tell him?

Everything. All about the three men.

Sam will know what to do.

-As soon as you're safe, I'll call the police.

-Okay.

I wish something like this

would happen every day.
Oh, I'm a Girl Scout.
Wanna buy some cookies?
Sure you don't wanna buy
a few boxes? I get points.
Buzz off, kid.
Well, okay. Guess I better try to make
points with someone else.
Operator.
No. No.
Oh, no. No. No.
They can't. They can't.
They can't do this. Please, Sam! Sam!
Oh, God.
All right, all right,
I'll meet you in the parking lot.
Okay, bad man.
Susy?
Susy. It's me, Mike.
How long have you known?
You've been to the studio, Mike.
-Oh, that's right.
-And there was no doll.
More fun still, there wasn't even a desk.
Poor Sam. He really ought
to have a desk.
But you don't know Sam
and about him needing a desk.
-Mrs. Hendrix--
-Susy. We're not strangers.
All right, Susy. Game time's over.
I want the doll.
No.
-I'm afraid you don't have any choice.
-Oh, but I do.
-I do have a choice.
-No, you don't.
Damn it, you act as if
you're in kindergarten.
This is the big, bad world full of mean
people, where nasty things happen.
Now you tell me.
Look, Susy, you listen to me,
and you listen to me good!

I'm through playing around.
You give me that doll,
and you give it to me fast!
Give it to me!
Okay, Susy.
You win.
Sam didn't kill that woman, did he,
Mike? He didn't even know her.
He met her at the airport,
just exactly like he told you.
Did you kill her, Mike?
-No.
-Mr. Roat?
That isn't important.
It hasn't got anything to do with you
or with Sam. It never did.
It was a whole separate thing
for me and Carlino and Roat.
-You don't belong to any of it.
-It's different with Mr. Roat, isn't it?
I think it's more than the doll with him.
He said he wants to do evil things.
You don't have to worry about Roat.
Roat's dead.
He didn't like us, you know. Any of us.
So we had to get rid of him.
We flipped a coin. Carlino won.
Anyway, it doesn't matter.
What are you gonna do now, Mike?
Disappear. Like magic.
You're a good, strong lady...
-...Susy Hendrix.
-World's champion blind lady.
Oh, yeah.
You're all of that.
-And, Susy?
-Yes?
I want you to know--
What is it?
Mike?
Mike!
What are you doing, Mr. Roat?
Gasoline!
Well, Susy--

Now all the children have gone
to bed, and we can talk.

-What are you gonna do with gasoline?

-Well, you just guess.

Now guess.

No!

Please, no!

-All right!

-I thought that would save time.

I'll get you the doll.

Oh, that's a good girl.

Go to the head of the class.

Mike.

It's just a chair, Susy,
so you can sit down.

Did you know they wanted to kill me?
I did. I knew it even before they did.
They were awful amateurs, and that's
why you saw through them.

-I saw through you too.

-No, not all the way, Susy.

Even now, not all the way.

The lovely thing was the way
I let them set it all up.

All that silliness of meeting
in the parking lot, the whole thing.

They had comic-book minds, so we did
it their way, right until the end.

And then topsy-turvy.

Me topsy and them turvy.

-Where's Sam? Where did you send him?

-Clever, Susy.

-Where is he?

-He's on his way to Bellevue Hospital.

There was a message for him
when he got to Asbury Park.

One of those short, formal things.

Your wife has had a slight
accident, you know.

So he took the first bus
and is racing to your bedside.

So we don't have
too much time together.

-You killed that woman, that doll woman.

-I don't wanna talk about Mrs. Roat.
-Are you gonna give me that doll, Susy?
-I can't--
I don't believe you, Susy.
I can't! I don't have it anymore.
Look, what is that? Stop it!
Now, I'm not gonna
ask you again, Susy.
When do you wanna tell me where?
You're gonna tell me.
-I can't! It isn't here!
-You're lying again.
-What is that?
-It's just--
It's just my hand.
Well, now.
Why don't we stand up?
I said, stand up.
Now, go into the bedroom.
Mr. Roat?
-Are you looking at me?
-Yes, Susy--
Stop!
Don't touch that!
I have your knife, Mr. Roat.
And I've got the matches, Mrs. Hendrix.
No, no.
No, no, no! No more! No, no, no!
No! It's out! It's out. It's out, I said!
Cut it out!
Stop!
Try lighting your match now, Mr. Roat.
Throw your matches over to me. Go on.
Don't move. I still have your knife.
Pick up the cane.
Tap on the floor right where you are
so I know where you are. Go on. Tap.
Tap.
Keep tapping.
Keep tapping.
Keep tapping.
Tap.
Keep tapping.
Tap. Tap.

Tap.
Louder.
Louder!
Tap.
Well, Susy.
It's all over.
Drop the knife.
And the matches.
Down we go.
All right.
All right, you can have it.
You can have the doll.
I'll give it to you
if you'll just go and--
-Yes, Susy?
-Not hurt me.
Say, "please."
-Please.
-No, that's not quite it.
"Please may I give you the doll?"
Please may I give you the doll?
You may.
The doll.
Catchy tune.
Well, Susy, now I want you in the bedroom.
-You said you wouldn't hurt me.
-Did I?
I must've had my fingers crossed.
Good girl.
Help!
Help!
Help!
Help!
Window.
Where is it?
Where is it?! Oh, God!
Wait! Wait!
You stay here. Do you understand?
All right, come on. Look out.
Hurry!
Here! Let me try.
Take it easy.
Don't waste your time.
Susy!

Susy, where are you?

-Susy!

-You know this man?

No. Susy, for God's sake, where--?

Must be in the bedroom.

I tried. It won't work.

All right, bring your flashlight.

I got some bulbs in here.

My God, where is she?

I'm gonna have another look in the--

God in heaven.

-Susy! Susy!

-Wait!

Sam?

Over here, Susy.

I'm over here.

You're by the chair.

Great girl.

I'm over here.

You're doing fine.

Just fine.

Sammy!

[ENGLISH]