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# Woman on The Run

By Alan Campbell

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I give it to you without the hoopla,  
Danny Boy, the simple facts of life.  
I'm sitting on a crossfire,  
with the cops on one side,  
Smiley Freeman on the other,  
and the both of them gunning for me.  
So, I'm the guy who knows  
that you're the one  
who took the 20 grand from Smiley  
to cover up the dirk and kill him.  
Got a cigarette, Danny Boy?  
Now, my proposition's  
quick and easy, Danny.  
We split the 20. Five for you,  
fifteen for me, and I take it on the lam.  
Live and let live's my motto.  
Ah, that look in your eye,  
Danny, is painful to my pride.  
Danny Boy, don't kill me.  
Danny Boy, don't!

Hey, what happened? What's going on  
down there? Were those shots?  
You'd better call the police.  
There's been a murder.

- Evening, Inspector.

- Hi.

Hi, boys.

Always happens in the middle of the night.

Yeah.

- That's Joe Gordon all right.

- Yeah.

He won't be doing much testifying now.

- Convenient for Smiley Freeman.

- Yeah.

Peddler, over there with a dog,  
says he saw it.

Yeah?

- Stenographer here yet?

- Not yet, Inspector.

What's this guy's name?

Frank Johnson. Lives around here.

Claimed he was out walking his dog.

Hi, Mr. Johnson.

Inspector Ferris, homicide detail.

- Understand you had a front seat.

- I sure did.

- Get a good look at the killer?

- Too good.

That street light was right on his face,  
when he got out of his car and shot at me.

- Shot at you?

- Twice.

You're lucky he missed.

Think you'd recognize him,  
you saw him again?

That's not a face I'm likely to forget.

Pick him out of a line-up?

I think so, yeah.

Say, what's this all about anyway?

The dead man, Joe Gordon,  
was going to testify before  
the grand jury next week.

- That's tough.

- Not too.

He had a bad record. He knew  
too much about Smiley Freeman.

- You know who Smiley Freeman is?

- The gangster?

That's right. Gordon was our witness.

Now you're it.

- Me?

- Yeah.

All you have to do is identify  
the killer. We'll do the rest.

- Married?

- In a way.

What do you mean "in a way"?

Are you or aren't you?

Yeah, I am.

- Where do you live?

- Right over there.

136 Alta Linda, apartment 4D.

- Pick up Mrs. Johnson. Bring her here.

- OK.

Hey, don't wake her up!

She's not gonna like it.

Well, she'll want to know

where you are, won't she?

We're taking you down to headquarters.

Headquarters? What for?

- Protective custody.

- I see what you mean.

Now, where were you standing

when he shot at you?

- Oh, right down there.

- Show me.

Well, I was right down there with  
the dog when the car drove up.

I didn't pay much attention to it.

Little bit later, I heard a shot.

I looked up just in time to see

this fellow, whatshisname,

fall out of the car.

Then the killer pumped

another shot right into him.

My dog barked. He got out of the car,

started to shoot at me.

I ducked and he drove away.

- What kind of a car?

- I don't know. A light coupe.

They all look alike to me.

Well, his aim was all right. He was

just shooting at the wrong target.

He thought your shadow was you.

Will you go call Reardon?

- Maybe he won't miss next time.

- There won't be any next time.

Yeah, but suppose you don't

get a conviction. Then what?

Do I have to spend the rest of my life

with police protection?

Or wind up on a sidewalk like him?

What are you worried about?

He missed, didn't he?

Stay here a minute. We'll get

the rest of the story downtown.

I hate to get mixed up in this.

Yeah, it's getting so a man has to be

careful where he's looking these days.

- Take it easy.

- Keep out of here, will you?

Say, I think I dropped my pipe  
somewhere around here.  
Is it OK if I look for it?  
- Remember where you had it last?  
- Yeah, it was over here somewhere.  
What's the matter, bud?  
Come on! Get out of here, will you?  
Pick up Smiley Freeman  
and everybody connected with him.  
Put him in a line-up.  
See if Johnson can identify anybody.  
I want everybody. No excuses, no lawyers.  
- I want everybody.  
- Will do.  
See if you can pick up anything on  
that car. Somebody may have seen it.  
Mrs. Johnson, that's not your husband.  
The man was killed. He saw it happen.  
He... he's right over here.  
Sorry I had to get you out of bed,  
Mrs. Johnson.  
But, after all, we had to  
make sure that he had a wife.  
- Where is he?  
- He took a powder.  
Sergeant, pick up Johnson.  
Idiot will get himself killed.  
Get down there and cover the park!  
Just like him, always running away.  
What do you mean, "always running away"?  
- Running away from what?  
- From everything.  
Broadcast a description.  
White male American.  
Wears a trench coat, soft brown hat.  
A very ordinary-looking feller,  
I'm afraid.  
Yeah. Well, how would you describe  
your husband, Mrs. Johnson?  
I couldn't. I haven't been  
able to for a long time.  
May I go now? Come on, you mutt.  
- Nice dish, huh?  
- Nice-looking dish.

I want everything shut off.  
Bridge controls, roadblocks, everything.  
- I'll stick with her.  
- Right.  
Did you hear the shots fired?  
How could I? I was in bed, sound asleep.  
Find any pictures of him?  
No, but plenty of her.  
Just some tired snaps of him.  
Hm, they won't do anybody any good.  
But keep 'em.  
Reads books on psychology.  
I wonder why. Has he got a problem?  
I wouldn't know.  
Maybe he's confused. Aren't we all?  
Pipe smoker? Hm.  
- What does that mean?  
- Nothing.  
Oh, he's got two suits,  
one of which he's wearing.  
Well, what does he care  
what he looks like?  
Nobody pays any attention to him  
anyway. Not even his wife.  
You're really wasting your time.  
There must be at least  
20,000 men in San Francisco  
who answer that description.  
How are you going to find him?  
There'd have to be something  
different about him.  
Different, anyway, from other people.  
There is something different about him.  
There's something different  
about everybody,  
and we're gonna dig  
until we find out what it is.  
Now you see our problem, Mrs.  
Johnson. Why won't you help us?  
I'm helping. What do you want me to do?  
- I want you to answer a few questions.  
- Go ahead, ask.  
Where does he generally go  
when he's not at home?

I haven't the faintest idea.

- Has he any relatives in this area?

- No.

- Who are his friends?

- I don't know his friends.

The dog is our only mutual friend.

You always go to sleep  
when he walks the dog?

No, sometimes he goes to sleep  
and I walk the dog.

Say, Inspector. Here are a couple of more.

I'm terribly sorry.

There's been a mistake.

Release these men at once.

- Keep digging.

- OK.

Every man between the ages of 35  
and 40 who was out tonight  
is wearing a trench coat  
and a snap-brim felt,  
all of them five foot 11, weighing 170,  
and all of them scared  
to answer questions.

The domestic situation in this town  
must be terrible.

Yeah. Kitchen?

Well, it's got a stove in it.

Hey.

Don't you eat anything but dog food?

He's not particular and I'm lazy  
so we eat out.

Where?

**Well, let's see:**

the lobster grill at the wharf  
when we're in that neighborhood,  
and when we get real fancy,  
Man Loh's Oriental Roof Garden.

Those usually.

We're creatures of habit, I'm afraid.

Check the Oriental Roof Garden.

- They'll still be open.

- Yes, sir.

It's two o'clock in the morning.

How am I gonna explain this at home?

- What's going on here?

- I'm sorry. There's been a mistake.

He's sorry? What am I gonna tell my wife?

Come on.

What did you and your husband quarrel about tonight, Mrs. Johnson?

We don't have to have a reason anymore.

Don't you have a decent picture of your husband?

No, he doesn't like to have his picture taken.

I don't want any photographs of him floating around that might get in the papers.

The killer doesn't know what he looks like.

- Didn't he see him?

- No, he shot at his shadow.

- Shot? He shot at Frank?

- Twice.

Nobody knows that except the killer, your husband, and now you.

So, let's keep it that way.

It's important.

He's really in danger, then?

Worried? I thought you were beyond worrying about him?

I didn't say that.

If he doesn't give himself up, you're really gonna have something to worry about.

We've got to protect him.

Like you did the other witness?

Joe Gordon would be alive right now, if he hadn't had his lawyers spring him.

Hey, Mark. Here's something, prescription for Frank Johnson.

- Husband ill?

- No, he just likes to take medicine.

- Well, what are these for?

- I don't know.

He just likes to take vitamin pills, cold shots, anything.

- What's up here?  
- Studio. My husband's an artist.  
Oh, I thought you said he worked  
at Hart & Winston's?  
He does. He's in charge  
of displays down there.  
Oh, window trimmer, huh?  
Rembrandt, get down.  
You know you're not allowed up there.  
Rembrandt?  
It's the nearest we could  
ever get to owning one.  
- Frank's little joke.  
- Oh.  
He found the mutt sitting  
on the street corner one night,  
waiting for someone to adopt him.  
They recognized each other right away.  
Is this supposed to be you?  
Yes. It was a lovely autumn day.  
The wind was blowing through my hair.  
It was all very charming,  
but that was four years ago.  
That was Frank's Cypress period.  
He had four important periods  
in his painting career.  
Say, how did you two ever happen  
to get together in the first place?  
I met him at a friend's house in Carmel.  
He wanted to paint and I was all for it.  
I had 5,000 dollars and he had  
2,000 and talent. So, we got married.  
After Carmel, he became restless  
so we went to Taos, New Mexico,  
where he painted Indians.  
- That's an Indian.  
- Yeah.  
Then he got tired of Indians.  
So, we went to Bucks County, Pennsylvania,  
where he painted old Dutch barns  
with hex signs on them.  
- Say, did he ever do a self-portrait?  
- He didn't like himself that much.  
Oh.

He do these in Pennsylvania?  
No, he got restless again  
so we came to San Francisco.  
Here he studies, sketching  
crummy old characters  
that hung around wharfs,  
missions and gin mills.  
That was his social protest period.  
Then our money ran out  
and he had to take a job.  
- Couldn't sell the stuff, huh?  
- He wouldn't try to sell it.  
Didn't think it was good enough.  
These sketchbooks are filled with great  
ideas he never got around to painting.  
Didn't you try to get a job?  
Why should I?  
That's his responsibility, not mine.  
Friend of your husband's?  
No, that's his burlesque period.  
Now, that I like. It's pretty good.  
Yes, but it takes more than talent  
to have a career.  
You have to have staying power.  
Frank's a drifter. So, when  
the money ran out, we just drifted.  
Who's this?  
Oh, some dance team over in Chinatown.  
Oh.  
Know him?  
Oh, he's a retired ferryboat captain  
who does sand sculptures at the beach.  
Oh, I know who that is. That's Rembrandt.  
What has all this got to do  
with finding Frank?  
You just answer the questions.  
That is, if it doesn't hurt.  
Why should it hurt me?  
It's all past and done with.  
If you want to snoop into the remains  
of our marriage, that's up to you.  
Don't touch that telephone!  
If that's your husband,  
find out where he is, but keep on talking.

- Hello?  
- 'Hello.'  
- Oh, hello, Frank.  
- Trace that call.  
'Eleanor, there's something  
I want you to get for me.'  
I'm sorry to interrupt,  
but if I were you, I'd hang up.  
The police are tracing your call.  
Hello? Hello?  
He hung up. Seems to me, I heard music.  
Wasn't there music?  
You didn't do your husband  
a favor, Mrs. Johnson.  
It's bad enough to be alone  
in a big city, with no place to go.  
But as soon as the newspapers  
hit the streets,  
and the killer finds out  
he didn't get your husband,  
there'll be guys looking for him  
with guns.  
If I had a husband I wanted to get  
rid of, I'd do exactly what you did.  
If he wants to run away,  
that's his business.  
And your business too, Mrs. Johnson.  
I'll be seeing you.  
No wonder the world's full of bachelors.  
Little more needling's all she needs.  
Give her plenty of rope  
and keep her tailed.  
She wants to get rid of him.  
Women are curious.  
Even that dame will go after him.  
Come on, be a good feller and let us up...  
- Who's handling the case?  
- Inspector Ferris.  
Oh, he's a friend of mine.  
- Is that right, Inspector?  
- Sure, we know him well.  
- Hi, Ferris. What's the dope?  
- No story.  
How about that Johnson gal?

Is she good-looking?

- What about the witness?

- What witness?

Oh, cut it out, cut it out.

It's already going to press.

- Did you get a look at the murderer?

- No.

What's his wife like? Any filth?

Lay off the tabloid sex stuff, Legget.

I'll give it to all of you in the morning.

- Hiya, Homer.

- No favors.

Don't scream. You coming out or going in?

- Are you the police?

- Smile when you say that.

- I'm a reporter.

- Oh, a newspaperman.

Well, you don't have to say it like that.

Let go of me. Go away!

Are you just going to

leave me dangling here?

- Well, you just said let you...

- I don't care what I said.

Help me get out of here!

Pleasure, Mrs. J.

You are Mrs. Johnson, aren't you?

No, I'm the maid taking my night out!

Oh! What magic I possess!

A moment ago, total strangers.

Now you're in my arms.

So, it's love at first sight.

Now, show me how you got up here

without the police seeing you.

- Do I get the story?

- After I get out of here.

Follow me, ma'am.

Looks like half the police force

is down there.

Must I?

Just look straight ahead

like you did when you got married.

Incidentally, my name's Legget.

Legget of The Graphic.

We've got a dandy little sheet, all full

of goo and gore and everything.

Hey!

Bye.

- You wish something?

- Gin over rocks.

- Rocks?

- Is this chair taken, madam?

Why, thank you, Mrs. Johnson,

I'd love to join you.

You didn't think you were

going to get rid of me

as easily as you ducked

the police, did you?

I'll have you know, Mrs. J, I'm an old

fire-escape man from way back.

Why don't you get lost?

Now, then, how about the story?

You'll get the story from my husband

when he's safe and sound in jail.

Oh, but he won't be safe and sound.

Have you forgotten a feller

by the name of Joe Gordon?

Do you wish something?

Yeah, let me have a bourbon old-fashioned.

Yes, sir.

Why did you come here tonight,

Mrs. Johnson? Or shouldn't I ask?

Because I like it here.

You didn't by any chance come here

to meet, say, your husband, did you?

Or is that a far-fetched supposition?

Supposition? I'd better stop

using those four-syllable words.

I won't be working

for The Graphic any more.

- Where's your husband?

- I don't know.

- Did he see the killer?

- I don't know.

- Shall we dance?

- Why don't you drop dead?

Why don't you be nice to me, Mrs. Johnson?

Who knows?

I might even be able to help you.

I'm not a bad guy when you get to know me.  
A little obnoxious, perhaps, but pleasant.  
Now, then, answer yes or no.  
Your husband saw the murder  
and took it on the lam, right?  
- Right.  
- And you're... you're meeting him here?  
I haven't the slightest idea.  
I came here on a hunch.  
When he phoned tonight,  
I heard music that could only  
have come from this joint.  
- Something to eat?  
- No, thanks. No food.  
- Oh, go ahead. Try something.  
- No, really. Nothing.  
Oh, I've got a deal for you.  
You find your husband with my help,  
give me an exclusive for 24 hours,  
and I get my paper to pay you for it.  
Trying to buy me so soon?  
First I'm gonna try and buy you.  
And if I can't, I'm gonna try to win you.  
Isn't that the reverse  
of the usual procedure?  
I'm a perverse fellow.  
On second thought, Mrs. J,  
I find you very attractive.  
- I may try and win you right off.  
- No, thanks. I'd rather be bought.  
Very mercenary. All to the good,  
though. I like mercenary women.  
- Can you really get the money?  
- Sure.  
- How much?  
- Oh, I don't know. Grand maybe.  
Is it worth that much?  
Will be, by the time  
I get through building it up.  
Frank will need it  
if he wants to get away.  
I'll bring it with me.  
Just tell me where and when.  
And you won't print anything

until I give the word?

- Scout's honor.

- It's a deal.

Shall we drink to it?

To the, uh... speedy conclusion  
of all our troubles.

Yours, your husband's, and mine.

You've got troubles? You don't look it.

None that I can't solve,  
now that we're partners.

Hiya, Mrs. Johnson.

Hi, Sammy, sit down.

Meet Mr. Legget of The Graphic.

- Oh, a newspaperman.

- Sammy.

You should have caught the show.

Suzie and I are breaking in a new act.

Chung and Okito. It's terrific.

That's spelt C-H-U-N-G.

Anybody can spell Okito.

Course, we're only breaking in the  
show here, but a little plug would help.

Well, I'll, uh... I'll see what I can do.

Thanks. Next time you come,  
catch a midnight show.

The place is really jumping then.

I'll be seeing you.

- Bye, Sammy.

- Bye.

Well, I think I'll go home.

Frank won't show tonight.

- How do you know?

- I just know, that's all.

What are you gonna tell your husband  
when you see him?

To give himself up.

Maybe I'll give up too.

Leave your flag down.

You want to go in over the roof?

No, I'll go in the front door  
and give them something to think about.

In that case, I'll disappear.

Let's not give 'em

too much to think about.

Well, if I need you,  
I'll get in touch with you.  
You won't have to get in touch  
with me, Mrs. Johnson.  
- Just look around. I'll be there.  
- Good night, Mr. Legget.  
What are you doing here?  
That was nice going, Mrs. Johnson,  
but the next time you try to get out,  
you'll have more trouble.  
I've got news for you.  
I've just seen your husband's doctor.  
Why? Aren't you feeling well?  
Your husband isn't a hypochondriac.  
He's a very sick man.  
He's got a bad heart.  
- I don't believe it.  
- Ask Dr. Hohler.  
Frank never said anything to me about it.  
Maybe he figured  
you wouldn't be interested.  
Well, he can walk into any drugstore  
and buy some medicine.  
Not without a prescription, he can't,  
and I've given orders  
to every drugstore in town  
that none of this medicine's to be  
dispensed without an order from me.  
If he should have an attack  
and not have that with him,  
you know what that means.  
You can't do that.  
If it's the only way I can get him to  
come in and testify, I mean to use it.  
But Frank's done nothing wrong.  
Oh, yes, he has. He was in  
the wrong place at the wrong time.  
I thought the police were supposed to  
protect people, not put them in danger.  
All it says in my book, sister,  
is that the good of the majority  
has got to be upheld.  
And for the good of the majority,  
Frank Johnson's got to testify.

If he gives himself up,  
we'll give him a supply of medicine.  
We'll protect him.  
And if he doesn't?  
He'll die of a heart attack, or a bullet  
from one of Smiley Freeman's men.  
I don't believe a word you're saying.  
You're only trying to frighten me.  
And I'm getting pretty sick of you.  
Now get out of here.  
Of course, if you want to try to  
find him, I won't try to stop you.  
But I don't think you can find him.  
I don't think he's running away from us.  
I think he's running away from you.  
I said get out.  
I am violating my instructions  
from the police,  
by giving you this additional supply,  
but rest assured  
it gives me no feeling of guilt.  
Thank you, Doctor.  
After the excitement of last night,  
your husband undoubtedly used  
the ampoules he carried with him.  
So, you see, my action is  
not prompted by kindness,  
so much as reluctance  
to gamble with a man's life.  
Is his heart really that bad, Doctor?  
Frank's condition isn't any worse  
than tons of men that strain  
their hearts, running in track meets.  
The misguided believe that  
they were building up their bodies.  
If it were only his heart,  
we could control it.  
What do you mean?  
Well, for the past year,  
your husband has had hypertension.  
That complicates matters.  
Hypertension? What causes that?  
Well, I'm not sure. My guess is  
overwork, unhappiness, anxiety.

- But you know more about it than I do.

- Why should I?

But, naturally, you must

know about his troubles.

I'm only his doctor. You're his wife.

Oh, yes. I'm that bitter,

selfish, vicious wife.

The cause of his unhappiness.

The cause of his failure.

Is that what he told you?

Is that what he tells everyone?

Frank didn't discuss his private life with

me, nor do I care to hear it from you.

I shall explain to you his condition

and that's all.

He has a cardiac condition.

Let's call it X.

Now, X alone is not serious. He also

has hypertension. Let's call it Y.

Now, X plus Y is dangerous.

I'm Y, I suppose.

I'm not a psychiatrist, Mrs. Johnson.

I deal only with facts.

X plus Y equals steady deterioration.

X minus Y is an improvement.

And what you and your husband do  
about it, that's your personal concern.

My only personal concern right now  
is to get these ampoules to him.

If you see him, tell him  
he should give himself up.

It's imperative to take  
the strain off himself.

I'll give him the facts.

He can draw his own conclusions.

Oh, Frank darling,

I'd thought I'd never find you!

Now, stay right here. I'll be back  
in five minutes to explain everything.

- All right, Mr. Johnson, come along.

- My name isn't Johnson.

Yeah, and I suppose  
that isn't your wife either?

No, but I wish it were.

Do you have any identification?  
Yes, I have. My name is  
Steven Carruthers, optometrist.  
And while we're on the subject, I think  
you'd better have your eyes examined.  
So, Frank is a fugitive from the law?  
Well, that's just like him.  
He's so adventurous.  
- Adventurous? Frank?  
- Oh, yes, indeed.  
Sit down, Mrs. Johnson.  
I guess you never visited  
our workshop before.  
What makes you think he's adventurous?  
Oh, but he is. All the places  
he's gone and all the things he's done.  
You know, my life  
has been pretty uneventful.  
Straight from high school to this job.  
From my rooming house, to the  
streetcar, and then down here to work.  
In the evening, back  
to my rooming house again.  
But since he's been here, it's different.  
He... he makes my life kind of exciting.  
I never get tired of listening  
to the stories he tells  
about his trip down to Mexico,  
when he was wandering around  
with all those bullfighters.  
And when he shipped off to Tahiti in  
that old freighter and then jumped ship.  
Oh, I'm sorry. I suppose you've heard  
these stories many times, Mrs. Johnson.  
I never heard them. He never told me.  
He didn't? Well, maybe  
he didn't want his wife to know...  
Oh, I'm sorry if I talked out of turn.  
Of course you haven't.  
Shouldn't the mail be here?  
Why, yes. Yes, it should. Why?  
Frank sent me a letter in care of you.  
Oh, he did?  
I don't know

what Mr. Andersen's going to say,  
when he finds out  
Frank isn't coming in today.  
You know he's got a terrible disposition.  
He doesn't exercise enough.  
Course, I don't either. But then...  
Well, I'm gonna protect Frank.  
He saved my job once.  
You know, Mr. Andersen was gonna fire me.  
But Frank said, "If Mr. Maibus goes,  
you can pay me off too!"  
Oh, they had a terrible argument.  
They even took it upstairs to Mr. Winston!  
Well, we're still here.  
Frank was too valuable.  
Look, Mr. Maibus, don't tell anyone  
about that letter that's coming.  
Oh, no, no, no. You can trust me.  
Not even the police.  
The police? Are they coming here?  
They're very apt to.  
But just don't mention the letter  
or anything about  
my being here at all, huh?  
Well, I don't know how good  
I am at deceiving people,  
but if it's for Frank, I'll try.  
Hey, Maibus! You better get  
the lead out and get upstairs.  
Andersen's blowing his top.  
OK, I'll be right up. Is the mail in yet?  
- How should I know?  
- Nice people.  
Sometimes I think it'd be better  
for Frank if he got himself fired.  
Why, he doesn't belong around here.  
Look at all the time he puts  
in these mannequins.  
Say, I just noticed something.  
This looks like you.  
Very flattering.  
Is that the way he sees me?  
Well, it may be a little severe,  
but it shows he was

thinking about you anyway.  
Yes, and what he was thinking.  
Mail!  
You've only got two today, Mr. Maibus.  
Wasn't Frank here?  
No, no, he's late.  
Was there a letter for him?  
No, I just had a new song  
I wanted him to hear.  
Frank's the only one  
who listens to me sing.  
Oh, brother, have I got a crush  
on that man! Mm-mm!  
- No letter.  
- Oh, but there's got to be one.  
Well, maybe it'll be here on  
the afternoon mail at three o'clock.  
If one comes, hold it for me. And  
let's just keep it our secret, shall we?  
Morning, Mrs. Johnson.  
He didn't show up for work  
this morning, did he?  
- Where's your new pal, Legget?  
- I haven't the vaguest idea.  
I wouldn't get too cozy  
with that guy, if I were you.  
He'd crucify his grandmother for a story.  
I haven't found him  
as objectionable as you are.  
What right have you,  
prying into my personal life?  
Having me followed  
as if I were a criminal?  
I'm sick of it, I'm sick of you,  
and I want it stopped.  
Mrs. Johnson,  
didn't your husband ever beat you?  
Are you going to have  
these men stop following me?  
The man who killed Joe Gordon  
isn't stupid.  
If I'm smart enough to use you as  
a bird dog to lead us to your husband,  
so is he.

You may be very happy to have a cop  
around, before this thing's over.  
That I doubt.  
Stick with her.  
How could I lose a redhead like that?  
Oh, don't be so grumpy this morning.  
All I'm trying to do is help you.  
Do you know that you've got a little  
shadow? Uh-huh, there she is.  
Well, it's a nice morning for a ride.  
Oh, by the way, here's your letter.  
- Well, how did you...  
- Surprised? Don't be.  
Ten dollars and an underpaid  
store clerk can get you anything.  
But don't you worry about it.  
I'll put it on my expense account.  
But how did you know about it?  
The menu. You shouldn't have left it.  
It was very careless of you.  
I have inquisitive eyes.  
Do you always open other people's mail?  
Mm-hm, every chance I get.  
Say, did you get a load of  
the female impersonator  
- ...they've got following you?  
- No.  
Well, let's duck her  
and get down to business.  
Hey, Mac, turn left on the next street  
then right up the alley.  
OK.  
- Mean anything to you?  
- Oh, a lot of things.  
- Something to go on?  
- I'm not sure.  
What does he mean in there  
about the doctor and the ampoules?  
It's medicine he needs.  
He has a bad heart.  
- How bad?  
- Bad enough. I just found out.  
He's got to have these pills  
and he can't get them anywhere.

The police have seen to that.  
Yeah? Squeeze play. That Ferris is smart.  
- Will he die?  
- I don't know. I spoke to his doctor.  
It isn't serious,  
only under certain conditions.  
That would explain...  
"The police will probably read this  
note so I can't tell you where I'll be.  
"But if you think back,  
you'll know where to find me."  
What am I, a mind reader?  
Well, he gives you a clue  
in this next line.  
"I'll be out in the open, under the sun,  
"in a place like the one  
where I first lost you."  
There is no "first" in things like these.  
This is kind of obscure.  
Does he always talk to you like this?  
No, it's our first murder.  
You know, Mrs. J, your husband's  
a pretty clever guy at that.  
Oh, I know you don't think so, but he is.  
He's testing you.  
He's asking you to admit  
that your marriage is a failure  
and that it's your fault.  
He's saying that he understands you  
but that you don't understand him.  
Now, listen, Mr. Legget of The Graphic.  
I've had just about enough  
of the all-wise male.  
In the past ten hours, I've met three men,  
three men who, all put together,  
haven't known Frank for one fraction  
of the length of time I have.  
Yet they all know him better than I do.  
Well, along the way,  
I found out a few things myself.  
I found out how Frank Johnson  
really feels about me.  
That at the first chance,  
his first excuse, he took off, ran.

That he didn't even think enough of me  
to confide in me that he was ill.  
Then, at the store, in the faces  
of those mannequins,  
I saw what he really sees in me.  
All right, it's OK  
if that's the way he feels about it,  
but if he wants his ampoules, he'll have  
to come out of hiding and get them.

What did you have for breakfast?

Cigarette and coffee?

- Cigarette.

- I thought so.

- Take us over to Lancey's on Powell.

- Lancey's? OK.

This place has the best waffles in  
town. Butter in every little square.  
View's always better on a full tummy.

- How about another one?

- Oh, no, thanks.

Now that I've got you softened up, Mrs. J,  
there's something that I have to tell you.  
You have to find your husband.

Oh, not for the money, I promise you,  
or my story, but for yourself.

He's challenged you. You've got  
to accept it or admit he's right.

I really would like to find him. If only  
I could decipher the riddle in this letter.

Together we can do it.

That letter's like...

like drawing a graph.

One line is to trace  
his movements from last night.

The other leads back into the past,  
which you have to remember.

Where they cross,  
that's where your husband is.

You need a manicure.

So I do.

You know,  
this is the first time in my life  
I ever insisted on helping  
a woman find her husband.

That I believe.

By the way, what do people call you besides Legget of The Graphic?

Oh, people who like me call me Danny Boy.

OK, Danny Boy.

Fisherman's Wharf.

Frank used to come here a lot.

I remember, once, he did a watercolor of a boat.

A sherman admired it

so Frank just gave it to him.

Not to be outdone, the sherman gave Frank a big swordsh.

I made a remark about the joys of living by the barter system and we had a bitter quarrel.

But it certainly wasn't the rst one.

Do you think Frank

was referring to a quarrel,

when he said, "where I rst lost you"?

What else?

Another started up here on Telegraph Hill.

Frank did a canvas of the harbor

from here that I thought was wonderful.

When I told him so, he insinuated

that my taste in art ran to calendars.

I said my taste was my own

and I wanted the painting.

So, he gave it to me,

but he signed it "Eleanor's husband".

Without telling him,

I entered it in a contest they were

having here at the art gallery.

The Oil by Eleanor's husband

won rst prize. Five hundred dollars.

But do you think Frank

was pleased when he found out?

Oh, no. He refused the money

and withdrew the painting.

Said he wasn't ready yet.

- Sounds pretty stubborn.

- Stupidly stubborn.

I wonder if he ever really

wanted to be successful.

Soon after that, he took the job  
at Hart & Winston's.  
You know, the only thing we know for sure  
is that Frank was  
at the Oriental Gardens last night.  
While we're in the neighborhood,  
let's drop in.  
Yeah, he sat around the dressing room  
until we came down to do  
the one o'clock show.  
Then he said he was  
gonna make a phone call.  
Then Frank wrote the letter.  
He said to get in touch with you.  
That he was gonna send the letter  
to a store, care of Mr. Maibus.  
Haven't I seen you some place before?  
Shouldn't be surprised. I've been there.  
But didn't he say what he was  
going to do or where he might go?  
I didn't want to pump him.  
Say, why don't you try Sullivan?  
Who's Sullivan?  
He's a grand Mick.  
Runs a bar across the street.  
Come on, I'll show you.  
You can go down the backstairs.  
Now I know where I've seen you  
before! Last night.  
Sure, I was in with Mrs. Johnson.  
No, I mean the picture that Frank drew.  
Picture?  
- What picture? Of me?  
- Well, it looks something like you.  
You know how Frank's  
always drawing pictures.  
- Did he say who this man was?  
- No, no, he didn't.  
I wonder if I should have  
told the cops about it.  
Oh, well, they'll be back.  
The man that was in said so.  
Suzie, quit yacking!  
Uh... do you still have the picture?

Maybe I could run it in the paper.  
Yeah, it's upstairs in my dressing  
room. I'd better keep it, though.  
Hey, Legget. Are you sure  
you want to help find Frank?  
Say, don't forget that plug in the paper  
about us. We could sure use it.  
OK, take it from the top.  
I've got to go see our agent.  
I've heard about this place for years.  
Never been here before.  
What'll you have, folks? You hungry?  
Specialty today, corn beef  
and cabbage or egg fu yung.  
No food.  
Gin on the rocks for the lady  
and an old-fashioned for me.  
I think I'll call a favor  
and see if anything's broken.  
You can get more out of him alone anyway.  
- Say, why don't you wear a hat?  
- I look funny in hats.  
You know, you're right.  
What is it?  
No, I didn't drop a nickel.  
Yes, Mrs. Johnson. Frank was in here  
last night, just before closing time.  
Did he say where he was going?  
No, he didn't.  
Just borrowed ten bucks is all.  
Maybe I should tell you,  
there was a couple of fellows in here  
this morning, asking about Frank,  
fellows that you couldn't very well  
say, "Mind your own business" to.  
Is he in some sort of trouble,  
Mrs. Johnson?  
Some. He didn't come home last night.  
They're all alike. I've been  
looking for mine for three years.  
I'm glad I finally met you, ma'am.  
I often wondered what kind  
of a woman Frank was married to.  
Not that I imagine

he was too easy to live with,  
being so quiet and moody  
and strange at times.  
For instance, now, look at this picture.  
Look at the date he put on it.  
Frank painted this for me about six  
months ago. It was on St Patrick's Day.  
But look at the date on it.  
March 17th, 1947.  
Well, I suppose  
it's an artist's privilege.  
March 17th. That's Frank's birthday.  
We spent the day on the beach  
at Cypress Point.  
Then we suddenly decided we had to  
see the sunset from the top of the mark,  
so we drove to San Francisco.  
We had a car then.  
We had champagne cocktails  
and watched the sunset  
over the Golden Gate.  
After all, it was Frank's birthday  
and St Patrick's.  
We had a beautiful dinner at Andre's,  
and Caf Diablo at Amigos.  
Then we drove back to Carmel in  
the softest moonlight I've ever known.  
Ah, there's nothing like being  
young and in love. And daft.  
To boot.  
- What?  
- Daft, to boot.  
Well, I guess people are entitled  
to do crazy things on their birthday.  
This year we didn't. I went to a movie.  
Frank came down here  
and painted that picture.  
Now I know what Frank meant,  
when he said someone should  
have been in that picture with him.  
I have a notion, if your husband  
could have seen your face,  
when you were telling about  
that birthday party in 1947,

he'd have painted you right smack  
in the middle of that picture,  
with his arms around you.

Ah, sorry I was so long.

Oh, Mr. Legget of The Graphic,  
Mr. Sullivan.

He's helping me look for Frank.

Hi. Freshen up a little, will you?

Hold the garbage.

- You?

- No, I'm fine.

- Get something?

- Something I hadn't counted on.

- What?

- Frank still loves me.

- That's a big help.

- I think so.

If it'll help any,

Frank asked me how early

the Army & Navy Store's open.

The one that's down on the Embarcadero.

Now he's getting smart.

He's changed his clothes.

What do you say we cover it?

Oh, I... I'm sorry I was so rude  
a moment ago,

but it's always discouraging to hear  
a wife say that her husband loves her.

What do you write? Comic strips?

Never more serious in my life.

What's the damages?

Oh, it's on the house.

I hope you find him, Mrs. Johnson.

Thanks.

It's no use looking, honey.

Once they're gone, they're gone.

How did it happen?

I was walking along and she almost hit me.

She must have fell from

the Oriental Roof Garden up there.

Who is she?

She's one of the dancers from the show.

Maybe a drink, Sammy? It helps sometimes.

No, thanks.

- Hi, Sammy.  
- Let him alone, can't you?  
I just heard about it. I'm sorry.  
I can't understand it, Inspector.  
Suzie was happy. We were doing  
great. There was no reason for it.  
Sometimes you don't know  
what makes people tick,  
even the ones closest to us.  
I just can't believe she killed herself.  
Well, maybe she didn't.  
- Inspector, how else...  
- Well, it could have been robbery.  
She might have surprised  
somebody in the dressing room.  
Did you check her stuff?  
See if anything was missing?  
- No.  
- Well, do it now.  
We've been through  
almost all of these places  
and we still haven't  
found a lead on Frank.  
- Mind if I look at this coat?  
- That's a man's coat.  
- Mind if I look at it?  
- It's eight dollars.  
That's Frank's coat. Where did you get it?  
- None of your business.  
- But that's my husband's coat.  
No, it ain't. It's mine.  
Feller came in here and traded  
that coat and four dollars  
for a pea jacket and a cap.  
- When?  
- When I opened up this morning.  
Where did he go?  
How do I know?  
I just sell stuff. I don't watch people.  
Shut the door as you go out.  
Look.  
Well, wouldn't you know? There he is,  
just like nothing had happened.  
Uh...

Frank.

- I beg pardon?

- Oh, I... I'm sorry.

I never knew there were so many  
land-going sailors in the world.

All wearing pea jackets and seamen's caps.

- Beat, huh?

- Mm-hm.

I might as well admit it.

I can't remember.

No, thanks.

There's not much sun left  
to find him under.

"If you think back," he said in his letter,  
"you'll know where to find me."

Danny, maybe if I'm alone  
I can figure this out.

I've got to go home,  
anyway, and feed the dog.

He's been locked up all day.

Oh, sure, sure.

I could meet you later some place.

How about picking me up at the corner of  
Montgomery and Union Streets,  
when you're ready?

- It's not much out of your way.

- All right.

I'll meet you there in an hour.

Uh-oh.

Looks like your shadow's  
finally caught up with you.

- Are you as tired as I am?

- I beg your pardon?

Come on. There's no need  
for spending two cab fares.

We might as well go together.

- But...

- Come on.

At least you'll have someone to talk to.

As a taxpayer, I thank you.

Hello, Rembrandt.

I'll be with you in a minute.

Hi.

- What, you again? Who let you in?

- Landlord. Do you mind?

Oh, no. Make yourself at home.

I love having cops move in on me.

Where's the letter? Don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about.

I mean the letter your pal picked up at Hart & Winston's this morning.

I want it.

Sees all, knows all. Except where Frank is and who the killer is.

Why don't you back to jail, or wherever it is you live, and leave me alone?

Oh, no. The merry-go-round's over.

This case is going cold on me and you're the only live thing in it.

So, from now on, I'm sticking with you.

That's just peachy. Oh, I'm bushed.

You ought to be. You covered a lot of territory today. My men are bushed too.

You should be more considerate.

Can you make anything out of this letter? It's pretty cryptic.

Not yet, but I'm working on it.

This sounds like a guy in love.

- You think so?

- Yeah.

"I'll be out in the open, under the sun, in a place like the one where I first lost you."

That kind of lays it right in your lap.

- Doesn't it mean anything to you?

- I wish it did.

I'm glad you're not bringing me my medicine.

Oh, don't worry. I'll find him.

And I'll be right there with you, when you do.

Where you go, I go.

Would you insist upon going with me if I walked the dog?

I walked him.

Anyway, there's a man out front, one in back, and one on the roof.

- Fine. I'm staying right here, then.

- So am I.

We'll just wait  
till your husband comes to you,  
or you can't stand the strain  
any longer and go to him.

Look, Mr. Ferris, maybe you're right  
in some of the things you said.

Today I discovered a lot about Frank  
I never knew before.

In one day what you couldn't  
find out in four years?

I guess I was the one that was mixed up.

A lot of it's my fault anyway.

I haven't been much of a wife.

Well, that's quite an admission  
from you, Mrs. Johnson.

Please.

You've got to give me a chance to see  
Frank alone and give him his medicine.

Then if he wants to come in  
and testify, that's up to him.

But it's got to be his choice.

I won't try to influence him  
one way or the other.

Whatever he does is all right with me.

But you've got to let me  
see him alone first.

I believe you and I'd like to help you,  
but I'm a cop.

If Frank keeps on running, I'll have  
no witness, to say nothing of a job.  
He's hungry.

Couldn't you have fed him too?

He couldn't figure out how to work the  
can opener. Can I use your phone?

Hello. Ferris. Anything come in?

Keep it going till we get results.

I think we're getting warm.

Shaw there? Put him on.

I'm sorry, Rembrandt.

It's the only thing I could think of.

- Mr. Ferris?

- Yeah?

I'm worried about Rembrandt.

He was so hungry  
and now he won't touch his food.  
That's funny.  
His nose is so hot.  
Maybe I'd better take him to the vet.  
- I'll take him. I like dogs.  
- Oh, thank you.  
Get your shoes.  
His temperature is normal. In fact,  
he seems to be in perfect health.  
But I'm worried about him, Doctor.  
He won't eat.  
Maybe he isn't hungry.  
Perhaps he should stay here  
for a few days for observation.  
May I take a look at your exercise yard?  
Oh, yes. Right out that door,  
across the hall.  
And, Doctor, see if you can't  
coax him to eat something.  
Doctor, I wish you'd look at Emmylou.  
I'm not the doctor.  
I'm here for treatment myself.  
I beg your pardon?  
Your wife thinks  
you ought to leave the dog  
- ...for observation.  
- That woman's not my wife.  
Ferris was there when I got back.  
He knew about Frank's letter.  
Well, that doesn't surprise me.  
I knew he'd check that.  
Danny, I've been thinking. Why did  
Frank send it to Hart & Winston's?  
He didn't want it intercepted.  
Why not leave it with Sammy Chung, then?  
Or give it to anybody he knew  
who'd bring it to me?  
Why Maibus at the store?  
You mean you think there's a reason?  
Something you missed?  
Yes, something I didn't see.  
Something I overlooked.  
- Driver, take us to Hart & Winston.

- OK.

Weary, bitter, cynical.

Fresh, eager and hopeful.

The two Eleanors.

Now I remember.

One day, on the beach at Carmel,

just after we were married,

Frank made a mermaid out of sand.

It was supposed to be me, and a big

wave came up and washed it away,

and he said, "Well, I've lost you",

and I said, "You'll never lose me,

Frank. I won't let you."

That's what he meant in the letter.

It wasn't a quarrel.

This means something to you.

You know where he is?

- I'll take you there.

- Inspector Ferris wants to see you.

- Why?

- Look, he wants to see you.

- Where?

- Later.

I'm sorry to have to ask you to do this,

Mrs. Johnson.

This man was found in an alley behind

a gin mill on the Embarcadero.

He'd been brutally beaten to death.

He wasn't wearing a trench coat,

but he was wearing

a seaman's cap and jacket.

From what I remember

of your husband, it could be him.

I'm not sure.

So, I'll have to ask you to make

a positive identification.

Let her alone.

There goes the Freeman case.

Two witnesses. Two dead men.

That's the way it goes sometimes.

Eleanor, anything that I could say

would just be words.

Danny, that wasn't Frank.

For a quick moment, I thought it was

and I felt things  
I didn't know I could feel.  
What was I holding out for?  
Why didn't I learn to understand him?  
Why don't we give freely of ourselves  
when we can?  
"If only I had another chance," I thought.  
Then I saw it wasn't Frank and I fainted.  
Congratulations on your performance.  
But it wasn't an act. I really did faint.  
Where is he?  
At the amusement park at the beach.  
You were there when it happened.  
Why can't you talk?  
That Johnson dame's a smart cookie.  
Yeah.  
I wonder where she got the idea  
of passing that stiff off as her husband.  
Somebody had to... Pass him off?  
Sure, the guy she identified  
was a second mate off a tanker.  
Just been paid off.  
Somebody rolled him for his dough.  
- Why wasn't I told?  
- The fingerprint report just came.  
Keep people on her, knucklehead.  
Get down to the taxi stand, check  
and find out where they took her.  
\$1.80, sir.  
Hey, Mac. Watch my cab, will you?  
- I want to get a hamburger.  
- OK, bud.  
Put this on right away.  
All units in the Bay Area, be on the  
lookout for one yellow cab, number 323.  
License number in the 7 column.  
49 Frank 762.  
Left Hall of Justice

**approximately 6:**

Right down there, beyond that railing,  
at the sand sculptures.  
He's been waiting for me all day,  
thinking I wouldn't remember.

I almost didn't.

- No.

- What is it?

I couldn't talk to him there.

There's too many people around.

Couldn't get the kind of story I want.

I know where I can meet him

and nobody will bother us.

Oh, look at the sand sculpture.

Oh, I had an uncle that used to make

statues. Only he made them out of ice.

Small donation for the artist

would be appreciated.

- Here you are!

- Thank you.

Yeah?

This thing's beginning to boil.

We'll be right down.

We're going to the beach.

Come on, Rembrandt.

What my eyes miss,

your nose will smell. Come on.

I don't like this place.

It's a good spot. I used to come here

with a girl when I was a kid.

It's more frightening than romantic.

That's the way love is when you're young.

How life is when you're older.

I'll tell Frank where you are.

You sure you want to start over again

with your husband?

I'm sure I want to try.

I'm not sure what he wants.

Supposing he doesn't want to?

Then I'll let him go and

he'll never know how I feel about him.

You think people can turn back

and you're going to try?

I know better.

You're too cynical. It's your profession.

It's too late now to change my profession.

OK.

Go ahead. Send him here.

- I'll bring him.

- No.

What's a matter with you?

Don't you still want the story?

I guess I got to have the story,  
but my way.

You send him back.

I want to see him alone first.

If you want the money,

I talk to him alone.

All right, if that's the way you want it,  
I'll send him.

Fellers, get over there  
and cover the pier side.

You get up there, make like a gate.

If Johnson tries to come through,  
arrest him.

What charge?

For failing to curb his dog  
in a public park.

I'm coming in  
from the other end of the pier.

Hey! How we doing?

\$7.71.

Huh? That's better than I do  
on some Sundays.

Thanks for taking care of things.

You know, it's the first day  
I've had off in years.

You know what I've been doing all day?

Riding back and forth, back and forth,  
between here and Sausalito  
on my old ferry boat.

Look, I can't stick around here  
any more. I've got to get out of here.

Hey, Cap, I hate to ask you  
but could you...

Won't take you very far. Here's  
the keys to my car and the ticket.

Find it over in the parkway.

The tank's full.

- Thanks, Cap. I'll get it back to you.

- You better.

Frank?

Beg your pardon, lady?

Where's Frank? What happened to him?

- Who?

- Frank Johnson.

Never heard of him.

Sorry, Mrs. Johnson,

but I had to be careful.

Frank waited all day and said

he couldn't wait any longer.

So, I loaned him my car

about five minutes ago.

Where did he go?

Over at the parking lot

at the other end of the midway.

Thank you.

I lost a bet with myself.

Did you want to win?

As ordered, delivered.

Late as usual.

But delivered.

Let's get out of the light.

Keep an eye out for us, will you, Cap?

Why didn't you tell me about your heart?

Oh, you know doctors.

They make a big deal of everything.

Guess it was a silly thing to do,

writing that corny note.

It sounded like you'd had

a couple of drinks.

I had.

By the time I'd finished the drinks and  
the letter, I was a pretty sad character.

Well, I can't hide out here forever.

Would you want to?

I can get a job in another town.

I'm a pretty fair window trimmer.

Pretty good artist, too.

We've got to pull out of this.

We?

Yes. If this excitement hasn't  
killed you, I'm sure I can't.

We'll get out of town

where you'll be safe.

Can't go very far.

I've got seven dollars and 71 cents.

Borrowed that from the Captain.  
There's a fellow named Legget,  
a reporter from The Graphic.  
He helped me find you. He's promised  
to give you \$1,000 for an exclusive.  
That's a lot of money  
for the little I can tell.  
Well, his paper must think it's worth it  
so why look a gift horse in the mouth?  
Where is he?  
Over by the roller coaster.  
Come on. I'll show you.  
Hey, you! Turn around.  
You know an artist named Frank Johnson?  
- Who?  
- Frank Johnson.  
An artist. Did a sketch of you. I saw it.  
Could be, but I don't remember.  
See, I just work here.  
Used to be a ferryboat captain, though.  
- Now where do I go?  
- Over there under the roller coaster.  
Go all the way to the end of the walk  
and duck in under the scaffolding.  
OK. Here's a ticket and keys  
to the captain's car.  
It's parked down at that end  
of the midway.  
Yes, I know.  
- Well, I'll meet you there.  
- No, I'd better bring it here.  
You've got to stay out of sight.  
I can't let anything happen to you now.  
Nothing can happen to me now.  
Remember that man shot at you.  
How did you know?  
That wasn't in the paper.  
Ferris told me. Nobody else knows it.  
Nobody but the guy that fired the shots.  
You'd better go now.  
I'll be back as soon as I can.  
Hey, Martin. Prowl car down at the end  
just got word for you to call in.  
Johnson hasn't passed me yet.

I haven't got time to talk to him now.  
That's McDonald and Murray's case.  
But he says he has some information  
you wanted. Hold on.  
Hello, Inspector.  
Remember you asked me  
to check all of Suzie's things,  
to see if anything was missing?  
Sammy, I'm busy. I'll see you tomorrow.  
I just wanted to tell you  
that nothing was missing,  
except that sketch that Frank  
drew on the back of a menu.  
- Sketch of who?  
- 'I don't know.'  
But Suzie said it looked  
like that newspaperman  
that was in the club this afternoon  
with Mrs. Johnson.  
'That good notice he was going to give  
us won't do Suzie any good now.'  
What happened? Where's Frank?  
He's on his way to meet you,  
but Ferris is here with the dog.  
Oh. I thought that stiff in the morgue  
was a plant.  
He's a pretty sharp fellow.  
Let's get off the midway.  
Come on.  
They'll never look for us in here.  
But these things make me sick.  
Stay in your seats, folks.  
The second ride is half fare.  
I'll never ride this thing again.  
Let's go, baby.  
All right, Eddie. Take it away.  
Don't stand up in your seats, folks.  
This is the greatest thrill  
of your lifetime.  
Ride only takes a couple of minutes.  
Besides, when we get to the top,  
we can see if Frank's there.  
He must be there by now.  
I don't see him.

- Where is he?  
- I don't know!  
Yee-ha!  
Hey, buddy,  
where do you think you're going?  
The second ride is only half fare.  
- Want to go again, baby?  
- I wouldn't go again for the admiral.  
You stay on for another ride.  
I'll go see what's happened to Frank.  
I want to go with you.  
No, with Ferris outside,  
together we'd be too conspicuous.  
- But, Danny...  
- Ferris traced you here.  
If he found you,  
someone else could follow you too.  
- Second ride half fare.  
- Lady will go again.  
OK, Eddie, take it away.  
Don't forget.  
Somebody shot at him last night.  
They tried to kill him once,  
they'll do it again.  
'Don't forget.  
Somebody shot at him last night.  
'They tried to kill him once,  
they'll do it again.'  
'Nobody knows that except your husband,  
the killer, and now you.  
'Nobody knows that except your husband,  
the killer, and now you.'  
Frank! Frank, go away!  
Frank! Frank, go away!  
Oh, Frank!  
Frank, please go away!  
Frank! Frank! Frank!  
Frank!  
Frank! Frank, go away!  
Frank. Frank Johnson.  
Yeah. That you, Mr. Legget?  
Be careful.  
There's a loose plank over here.  
I know.

Why don't you get it over with?  
I don't have to, Frank.  
You got a bad heart.  
You can't stand tension.  
You're going to kill yourself.  
Second ride is half fare, folks.  
Take advantage of the second ride.  
It's only half fare.  
What's your hurry, Mrs. Johnson?  
I had to do it, Mrs. Johnson.  
That's Legget down there.  
Your husband's safe.  
- Where... where's Frank?  
- Out there on the midway.