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# Calling Dr. Death

By Edward Dein

This is the Inner Sanctum.  
A strange, fantastic world  
controlled by a mass  
of living, pulsating flesh,  
the mind.  
It destroys, distorts,  
creates monsters,  
commits murder.  
Yes.  
Even you, without knowing,  
can commit murder.  
Sleep.  
Sleep.  
Relax.  
You're tired.  
Very tired.  
Relax.  
Sleep.  
She's asleep now, Doctor.  
Listen to me.  
Listen closely.  
You can speak.  
You can speak.  
You will speak.  
Speak.  
Frank.  
She spoke.  
She said something.  
Who is Frank?  
He is no good.  
I'm not interested  
in his character.  
Who is he?  
Marion fell in love with him.  
He was a bad influence.  
We forced them to separate.  
She took the automobile.  
They said she drank...  
Marion never drank.  
And then  
there was the accident.  
From then on,  
she hasn't said a word.  
She's a victim

of voluntary paralysis.  
It's not uncommon.  
Get her and the boy together,  
and I'm sure  
she will soon speak.  
But I told you  
he was no good.  
He's a bad influence.  
Perhaps he is, but at the  
moment he's the only cure.  
It seems impossible.  
Nothing is impossible  
where the mind is concerned.  
This girl loves that boy.  
Let her settle  
her own problems.  
Don't you see that in order  
to hurt you she's hurt herself?  
You're very fortunate.  
I've known cases, many of  
them, one quite recently,  
where the girl despised her  
mother, wanted to kill her.  
She couldn't,  
so she killed herself instead.  
You might call that  
murder indirectly.  
This is a milder form.  
I'd advise you  
to bring them together.  
All right, Marion, wake up.  
How do you feel, Marion?  
Come on, dear.  
I'll expect to hear from you  
sometime next week.  
It's all right.  
It's all right.  
Neurology.  
Neurology.  
The results  
are beyond imagination.  
To penetrate man's mind  
intrigues me more and more.  
Even after

eight years of practice,  
it's still fascinating.  
And there's satisfaction  
in being successful.  
Successful?  
Yes, with everyone but myself.  
My personal life is a failure.  
After two years  
of marriage to Maria,  
it's no go.  
We were terribly in love  
from the moment we met.  
At least I was.  
She certainly fooled me.  
So beautiful.  
She wore a perfect mask.  
I couldn't see beyond it.  
Dr. Mark Steele,  
eminent neurologist,  
can't read  
his own wife's mind.  
Everybody else could.  
Everybody else did.  
Even Stella knows it.  
She probably knew it  
the day I married Maria.  
Stella's a fine person.  
She's not only a nurse,  
she's my co-worker  
and confidante.  
I depend on her more and more.

**5:**

How I wish the hands  
would never move.  
My work keeps me occupied,  
I don't think of myself.  
Now I've got  
to go home to her.  
I dread it.  
But I must face it.  
It's bad to run away  
from things you fear.  
They mustn't be

allowed to beat you.  
Goodnight, Doctor.  
See you in the morning.  
Her grip is so firm,  
her hand so cool,  
as if she wanted  
to tell me something.  
Thank you, Stella.  
Where is she, Bryant?  
Mrs. Steele left word  
that she would be detained.  
Dining alone.  
Large table, six empty chairs.  
One man.  
No, I'm not alone.  
She keeps staring at me  
all the time.  
I never understood  
the modern school of painting.  
It was a joke to me.  
But now I begin to respect  
the man for whom she sat.  
He has caught one thing in Maria  
that she was able to hide from me.  
Those eyes.  
Mean eyes, selfish.  
They really portray her soul.  
Yes? Dr. Steele?  
What's wrong?  
Why, nothing.  
I merely just called  
to discuss that Jennings case.  
I thought we'd better...  
Why should anything be wrong?

**Well, it's 3:**

Are you sure you're all right?  
Of course, I'm all right.  
Oh, I had no idea  
it was so late, Stella.  
I'm sorry.  
I'll see you in the morning.  
Goodbye.  
For hours

I've been sitting here,  
never conscious of the time,  
and still Maria  
hasn't returned.  
I hate her.  
Maria.  
Oh, it's you.  
What are you doing,  
spying on me?  
Well,  
why don't you say something?  
Spying. Always spying.  
Maria, I want to talk to you.  
You must listen to reason.  
I know just what  
you're going to say.  
You poor fool,  
do you think I'm stupid?  
Stop it.  
Stop it!  
Stop it!  
Take your hands off me!  
Maria, we can't  
go on like this.  
You'd like to get away  
from me, wouldn't you?  
But you can't.  
I like my title.  
A doctor's wife.  
I have money, position,  
and there's nothing  
you can do about it.  
No, Doctor,  
there's nothing you can do.  
I'm not so sure.  
Not murder, Doctor.  
You haven't the courage.  
I wonder.  
Good morning, Doctor.  
Good morning, Stella.  
I'm sorry about  
that call last night.  
I didn't realize  
that it was so late.

Oh, I understand.  
There's something that I have  
to talk to you about, Stella.  
I had another row  
with my wife last night.  
Why are you telling me this?  
Because for the first time,  
Maria made me realize that...  
Oh, Stella, we're adult.  
This business of hiding the truth from  
one another, that's not being honest.  
But there's nothing  
we can do about it.  
No, I guess there isn't.  
Good afternoon, Doctor.  
I didn't expect you so soon.  
Bryant, where is Mrs. Steele?  
I don't know, sir.  
Where is she?  
Mrs. Steele said something, I believe,  
about going away for the weekend.  
I'm sorry, Bryant. That's  
all right, sir, I understand.  
Mark!  
What are you  
doing here so early?  
Oh, just look at yourself.  
This is a fine way  
to start the week.  
The week?  
Is this Monday?  
Of course it is.  
Monday. And I don't  
even remember coming here.  
Mark, are you ill?  
I don't know.  
Something must be wrong.  
I remember leaving the house  
Saturday afternoon.  
From then on,  
everything is a blank.  
You've got to help me.  
I guess I must be ill.  
Please don't worry, Mark.

We'll work this out.  
Now, you sit right down there, and  
I'll get you something to fix you up.  
Go on, sit down.  
Saturday afternoon.  
Sunday.  
Where was I?  
I've got to recall.  
I left the house,  
got into the car,  
I drove.  
Drove.  
Here, take this.  
It'll help you.  
Oh, no, thanks, Stella,  
I never use them.  
Maria?  
Must be.  
Nothing like this  
ever happened before.  
We had an argument and...  
Stella, do you know that I  
couldn't even tie my own shoelaces?  
Bryant had to do it for me.  
And now all this.  
Well, I'm calling off your  
appointments for this morning.  
You're going to the gym. A good  
rub and a shower will do you good.  
No, Stella,  
that won't be necessary.  
I'll be all right. Thanks.  
Mark, there are  
two men outside.  
Detectives.  
Detectives?  
Yes, and I don't think  
it's a professional call.  
Well, we'll soon see.  
Yes, gentlemen?  
We'd like to see you alone,  
Doctor.  
I'm sorry, but Miss Madden is  
always present at my interviews.



Okay. When did you last see your wife? What are you talking about?  
Murder.  
Your wife's been killed.  
Where is she?  
When did it happen?  
At your lodge.  
Sometime during the weekend.  
Better come along with us,  
identify the body.  
I'll be right with you.  
Won't you be seated?  
Excuse me.  
Mark,  
you mustn't say a word.  
You were with me  
Saturday and Sunday.  
That's why Stella  
is so worried.  
I have no alibi.  
Don't even know where I was.  
It's horrible.  
Oh, this whole thing, it's  
ridiculous... Please do as I say.  
We'll talk about it later.  
All right, Stella.  
She's in the house, Doc.  
Any statement to make, Doc?  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
I'm Inspector Gregg, Doctor.  
Where is she?  
She's in the bedroom.  
Must have been  
quite a struggle.  
Hello, Doc.  
You don't remember me.  
No.  
I worked at the clinic.  
Killed  
with a blunt instrument.  
Skull crushed.  
Yeah, acid.  
Maria's face,  
it's horrible.

I can't recognize her.  
Beautiful Maria.  
Her mask destroyed.  
She must have  
suffered terribly.  
A button.  
Doctor.  
I hope you'll excuse me for  
questioning you at this time,  
but it's important.  
Did she have any enemies  
that you know of?  
Why, no.  
There was a man with her.  
The gas attendant down the way  
gave us his description.  
Do you know who he was?  
I have no idea.  
The description resembles you.  
Pretty messy throwing acid  
in a woman's face,  
then killing her.  
Motive could be jealousy.  
What do you think, Doctor?  
I wasn't jealous of my wife!  
No offense, Doctor,  
but under the circumstances,  
wife, strange man,  
the lodge...  
If you want me for any further  
questioning, you'll find me at my office.  
Stella, who?  
Who could have committed  
such a terrible crime?  
Her face!  
If the motive was robbery,  
why the acid?  
No criminal would use...  
No, only a person with a distorted  
mind could have done such a thing.  
The inspector said  
something about jealousy.  
Stella, I know  
he thinks I did it.

But that's impossible.  
I found this  
near the body.  
Why didn't you  
give it to the police?  
Oh, I don't know. I guess  
I forgot in the excitement.  
Wait a minute.  
This might reveal something.  
So that's where I'd been  
Saturday and Sunday.  
The debacle in the cabin.  
I killed Maria.  
Mark. Mark.  
It's so clear now.  
The shoelaces.  
My lapse of memory.  
Maria drove me to it.  
My subconscious had rebelled.  
Stella, I killed Maria.  
Call the police.  
You can't, Mark. You can't.  
You can't condemn yourself  
without a trial.  
You've got to remember.  
Think, Mark, think.  
Where did you go when  
you left the house Saturday?  
I can't remember.  
I can't remember.  
Those two days  
are a total blank.  
I'll get it.  
Hello? Yes.  
You've...  
Oh, but that's impossible.  
What happened, Mark?  
They found the man  
who murdered Maria.  
Yes, Inspector,  
I'll be right down.  
Goodbye.  
I'm so happy.  
It doesn't seem true.

They've captured the man.  
To think that  
I had almost condemned myself.  
It's such a relief.  
But the button,  
how did it get there?  
So that's the accused man.  
Robert Duval, the architect.  
Looks like the man I saw Maria  
kiss that night in the car.  
His features  
are strong and clean.  
He doesn't look at all  
like a criminal.  
It's hard to believe.  
Dr. Steele,  
you've got to believe me,  
I didn't kill Maria.  
I loved her.  
Maria and I were very much in  
love with each other, I thought.  
There's nothing in the world  
I wouldn't do for her.  
Then, suddenly she began  
to lie, to lead me on.  
She said that she was going  
to leave you.  
I believed her.  
And then, out at the cabin,  
it turned out to be  
another one of her lies.  
She admitted  
that she loved me,  
but she refused to give up her  
security, her position in society.  
She was drunk.  
We quarreled, and I left.  
And that was the last  
I saw of her.  
After that, I drove all night.  
The police didn't believe me.  
I had no proof.  
They won't give me a chance,  
Dr. Steele.

You've got to help me.  
I believe you.  
Duval, as an individual,  
I'm not interested in you.  
But as a human being,  
I feel it my duty to help you.  
All right, Duval.  
I agree with you, Doctor.  
I don't think Duval is guilty,  
either.  
You know what I think?  
What?  
I think you killed your wife.  
How could you do it?  
Maria was so beautiful.  
You robbed her of her life.  
You knew my wife?  
Now, Doctor,  
how would I know your wife?  
I'm sorry,  
but he's busy.  
You'll have to  
make an appointment.  
I've got to see him.  
I'll call you when he's free.  
Please.  
If you give me your number,  
Mrs. Duval, perhaps tomorrow.  
Never mind.  
What is it, Miss Madden?  
Are you Dr. Steele?  
This is Mrs. Duval,  
Doctor.  
I told her you were busy,  
that I'd make an appointment.  
Doctor,  
I've got to see you.  
Why, of course.  
Now, Mrs. Duval.  
Dr. Steele, I had to talk  
to you. There was...  
That'll be all, Miss Madden.  
I'll ring if I need you.  
Doctor, you've got

to help my husband.  
He told me  
he talked to you.  
He isn't guilty.  
I know he isn't.  
I swear it.  
I had to talk to someone.  
I'm alone. You don't  
know what it means to...  
Go on now.  
Tell me all about yourself.  
We'd been married  
happily 10 years.  
Then he came to me one day and  
told me he didn't love me anymore.  
There was a woman. He  
wouldn't tell me who she was.  
He wanted to marry her.  
I couldn't give him up, Dr.  
Steele. I thought he'd get over it.  
He didn't.  
He started out of the house,  
I ran after him.  
When I got to the head  
of the stairs, I stumbled.  
When I woke up, I was in  
the hospital, paralyzed.  
I've been this way  
for a year now.  
Bob and I were miserable.  
Saturday,  
we talked things over.  
He told me  
he was going to the woman.  
Dr. Willard, my physician, had told me  
the day before I wouldn't walk again.  
I didn't want to ruin  
Bob's life,  
having to wheel me  
around like a baby.  
So I told him  
he could do as he pleased.  
Then he came over  
and kissed me

for the first time  
in a long while.  
He left and...  
The next thing I knew,  
he'd been accused of murder.  
Oh, Dr. Steele,  
you've got to help us.  
When this is all over, we'll be  
happy again. Just the two of us.  
Oh, I know I'm not as  
beautiful as your wife, but...  
Mrs. Duval, I understand  
what you've been through.  
And I promise that I'll do  
everything in my power to help you.  
Dr. Steele, you don't know  
what he means to me.  
He's all I've got.  
I know. You have my word.  
Thank you, Dr. Steele.  
I'll call you  
in a day or two.  
Miss Madden.  
It was a pure case  
of circumstantial evidence.  
Duval didn't have a chance.  
There are only two of us.  
I'm certain he's innocent.  
That leaves me the guilty one.  
Not murder.  
You haven't the courage.  
I didn't kill Maria.  
Not murder.  
I didn't kill Maria.  
I didn't kill Maria.  
I didn't kill Maria.  
Not murder.  
I didn't kill Maria.  
I didn't kill Maria.  
I didn't kill Maria.  
Stop it! Stop it!  
What's the matter, Doctor?  
Nerves or conscience?  
What are you doing here?

Oh, I had a hunch.  
I believe if you follow  
a guilty man long enough,  
no matter how he tries, or where  
he hides, he's bound to break.  
Why don't you confess?  
I don't know what you mean.  
Oh, you don't, huh?  
You've always experimented  
with life, Doctor.  
You've gone beyond life,  
into the brain,  
the subconscious.  
Pretty dangerous  
invading the unknown.  
You learn strange things.  
You think of strange things.  
I understand you even do.  
Exactly what do you mean?  
An innocent man  
is going to die, Doctor.  
Oh, you'll confess  
sooner or later,  
because you can't  
escape your conscience.  
Already,  
it's beginning to bother you.  
Why don't you confess now?  
You're mad.  
Mad? No.  
No, Doctor.  
Did it ever occur to you  
that perhaps you are?  
No. Everybody else is.  
That's what all of you think.  
You know, Doctor, it isn't  
death that frightens men.  
It's waiting.  
Anticipation.  
Your conscience haunting you  
in your sleep,  
in your dreams.  
Get out!  
It's so easy.



Just a few little words.  
That's all it'd take.  
Get out!  
Sorry, Doctor.  
Was it expensive?  
Must be your nerves.  
I'd check that.  
I've got to find out.  
Self-hypnosis. Yes.  
That's the only way.  
I'll attempt  
to put myself under.  
If I succeed,  
you start the recorder,  
then question me  
about what happened  
from Saturday afternoon on.  
Keep repeating  
and repeating until I reply.  
Understand?  
Relax.  
Relax.  
I'm tired.  
Very tired.  
My eyes are getting heavy.  
I'm going to sleep.  
Going to...  
Think, Mark, think.  
You're completely relaxed.  
It's all so clear.  
Think now, Mark.  
You drove.  
Then what happened?  
Who are you?  
Inspector Gregg. You must have heard  
of me. Hasn't the Doctor told you?  
Please, he's asleep.  
Using his own medicine?  
He didn't do it. Please  
believe me. We have proof.  
Wait a minute,  
I'll wake him.  
You're sending an innocent man  
to the chair.

You know  
the Doctor killed his wife.  
You know how he hated her.  
You like him, don't you?  
But you'll never be  
happy with him.  
You'll despise him  
after a while,  
and Duval will always  
loom up before you.  
Tell me what you know.  
He's innocent. I know he is.  
Mark, wake up. Mark!  
What are you doing here?  
How did you get in?  
He's trying to blame you.  
He wants me to help him.  
Don't try to fight it, Doctor.  
It has to come.  
Don't listen to him, Mark.  
You didn't do it.  
You told me so yourself.  
It's on the recording.  
I told you what happened  
last Saturday and Sunday?  
Yes.  
I got into the car,  
drove directly to the lodge.  
I found Maria there.  
She was alone.  
She was drunk.  
She accused me  
of following her.  
We argued.  
I pushed her away, ran out.  
As I got into my car,  
through the rearview mirror,  
I saw Duval enter the house.  
He must have  
hidden behind the tree  
when he first  
heard my approach.  
Disgusted,  
I drove back to my office,

took a sedative,  
a little too strong.  
I began to fall asleep then...  
Very interesting.  
What does it prove?  
You saw the condition he was  
in when he made the recording.  
He hypnotized himself.  
I helped him.  
Maybe you helped him  
get rid of his wife.  
Leave her out of this,  
or I'll...  
What, kill me?  
No. That isn't the solution.  
Why didn't you tell me  
you were at the lodge?  
I didn't know it.  
Amnesia, Doctor?  
Yes, I found him here, asleep,  
the next morning.  
Very convenient,  
but hardly probable.  
However, this interests me.  
You'd call that  
a subconscious voice, Doctor?  
Does it always tell  
the truth? Invariably.  
You see, Doctor, I disagree  
with you. And I'll tell you why.  
You don't want to die  
for more reasons than one.  
I believe in the will to live,  
and you want to live.  
You're well-trained, Doctor.  
I also believe you can  
control the subconscious.  
No, I'm afraid  
you haven't got a chance.  
Oh, I owe you  
a vote of thanks, though.  
You're big game, Doctor.  
Makes the chase interesting.  
He's mad.

Perhaps,  
but not without reason.  
But the record.  
I know.  
But the will to live,  
it might be strong enough  
to control the subconscious.  
Stella,  
I'm afraid he may be right.  
Duval, you've been hiding  
something from me.  
You've got to tell me  
the truth.  
Everything.  
Everything that you know.  
How did you meet Maria?  
What were the circumstances?  
All right.  
I'd been rather successful.  
Then I began to gamble.  
I lost everything,  
everything I built up.  
Fifteen years of success  
went overnight.  
Then I met Maria.  
I didn't pay much attention to  
her until your name was mentioned.  
Then it suddenly dawned on me  
how successful you'd been.  
Go ahead.  
Maria didn't mean  
anything to me.  
I was desperate for money.  
I'd have done anything.  
We went out together a few times,  
and then when I was sure of her,  
I told her I was in trouble.  
It wasn't hard.  
In a few months  
she'd given me \$10,000.  
I thought after I got  
the money that I'd leave her,  
but it wasn't that simple.  
She got under my skin.

I kept away from her  
for a few days,  
and then I realized  
I loved her.  
Did you return the money?  
Half of it.  
What about the rest?  
How about the rest?  
He is obviously  
shielding someone.  
But who? His wife?  
"Governor denies  
Duval reprieve.  
"Duval must die. "  
Stella.  
Here.  
Here now.  
I'm sorry. I...  
Stella, you've been working  
too hard. You must take a rest.  
I don't want to go away.  
I want to be with you.  
We'll be together  
the rest of our lives if...  
Oh, you need a rest.  
You've been doing too much.  
You've been my nurse, secretary,  
bookkeeper, that is too much.  
Now, please.  
Call a girl to take care  
of the office.  
As a nurse, I'm afraid  
I couldn't replace you.  
Thank you, Doctor.  
I'll have a girl here  
Monday morning.  
That's fine.  
You know,  
I've been tired, too.  
Thought maybe we'd close up  
the office for a few days  
and take a run up  
to Spring Lake.  
They have excellent

fishing, boating, fresh air.  
I'd love to, Mark,  
but I promised  
to visit my family.  
I haven't seen them  
in months.  
Oh, I didn't know that you...  
They live in Malcolm Falls,  
about 70 miles  
above Spring Lake.  
Well, that's perfect.  
I'll drive you up to Malcolm  
Falls, leave you there,  
then I'll come back to  
Spring Lake for some fishing.  
You can return by train, and  
I'll see you here on Monday.  
How about it?  
All right.  
Bill, what happened here?  
I was coming down the hallway,  
Doctor.  
There was a blast.  
Good thing I was there.  
There was a couple  
investigators here.  
Investigators?  
Yeah.  
They asked me a whole  
lot of questions about you.  
I told them you was okay.  
Thanks, Bill.  
Say, you're lucky, Doctor.  
A few minutes more and all  
that stuff would have been gone.  
I hope you're insured,  
Doctor.  
I'm not in the habit  
of running after fires,  
but when they told me at headquarters  
it was here, naturally, I was interested.  
Think you'll need me?  
No.  
Mind if I have

a look around?

The investigators

have already done that.

Well, I feel, especially

in a case like this,

that everything is a clue.

Nothing must be overlooked.

Thank you.

Doctor, just a minute. Here's

something might interest you.

You see, I wasn't wrong.

And the most innocent thing.

Acid.

Oh, by the way, wasn't

your wife disfigured by...

Sorry, Doctor.

Now, this particular...

Strange that it should

occur to you twice.

Acid, I mean.

Peculiar place for a chemical,

don't you think, Doctor?

Very clever.

Are you insinuating...

Why not? Perhaps

you had something to hide.

Well,

it was a pretty good fire.

Looks like it took

a long while to get started.

Where were you

the last few hours?

On my way back

from Spring Lake.

And when the train stopped,

you got out

and made a long-distance

telephone call to yourself.

Vibration

of the telephone bell

upset the acid,

causing it to fall.

And your little gadget

did the rest.

I hate to disillusion you,  
Inspector, but I drove back.  
Besides, why would I want  
to burn my own office?  
May I repeat myself?  
Perhaps you had  
something to hide.  
Mark!  
Mark, what happened?  
Just a little fire.  
Are you all right?  
You're not hurt?  
Of course I'm all right.  
There's nothing  
to worry about.  
Is your office all right?  
Yes. The fire  
didn't get in there.  
Oh, I'm glad.  
Were you out of town, too?  
What's that got to do with it?  
A successful doctor  
closes his office,  
goes away on a vacation.  
His nurse, too?  
Now, come, Doctor.  
Of course,  
he needed a rest.  
And you?  
I went to visit my family.  
Spring Lake?  
Malcolm Falls.  
Same route, isn't it?  
Why, yes.  
Yeah.  
You don't mind if I use  
your private phone, Doctor?  
Long distance.  
Supervisor, please.  
This is Inspector Gregg,  
headquarters.  
Have there been any  
long-distance calls to this number  
in the last



four or five hours?  
Oh, wait a minute.  
This is Main 9210.  
All right, I'll wait.  
Routine.  
I hope you don't mind.  
Yes?  
Yes, there was  
a long-distance call.  
Where from?  
From Spring Lake  
early this morning.  
Was it a man  
or a woman?  
I couldn't tell.  
The voices were muffled.  
I couldn't distinguish whether  
it was a man or a woman.  
All right.  
Thank you, Operator.  
What is this all about?  
The fire.  
Well, you can't suspect us.  
We weren't here.  
Why don't you explain it  
to her, Doctor?  
It seems that the fire  
started in the telephone box.  
There were signs of acid.  
An old trick. Should interest  
the fire department.  
Not hard to track down,  
either.  
Did the train  
stop at Spring Lake?  
Well, yes.  
I don't suppose you got off,  
did you?  
On the contrary, I did.  
I went to the newsstand  
and bought a magazine.  
Well, I'm sorry.  
My apologies.  
Got a match, Doctor?

Of course.  
Thank you.  
Mind if I keep these, Doctor?  
Mark, he frightens me.  
Darling, why would anyone want  
to set fire to the office?  
I wish I knew.  
We'd better  
look through the files.  
I hope the books aren't burnt.  
Your personal files,  
they're ruined.  
Canceled checks.  
Home expenses.  
The record of all  
of Maria's bills  
and my personal accounts,  
destroyed.  
Well, don't worry about it,  
dear.  
It'll make it just  
that much easier for you.  
Now you won't have  
to break-in the new girl.  
She can inaugurate  
her own system.  
What's wrong with me?  
It's three days  
since the fire.  
I can't keep my mind  
on my work.  
The least sound  
seems to upset me.  
I wonder why?  
What's going on out here?  
Mrs. Duval was here. I told  
her you couldn't be bothered.  
Weren't you being  
inconsiderate?  
You know  
what she's going through.  
But you can't do  
anything for her now.  
Besides, it brings back

unpleasant memories.  
Oh, I guess you're right.  
What's the date today?  
It's the 28th.  
That's why Mrs. Duval  
wanted to see me.  
Her husband dies  
tomorrow morning at 5:00.  
How could  
I have been so cruel?  
Shall I call her back?  
No, it would only  
add to her injury.  
I think  
I'll leave early tonight.  
Mark, I know how you feel.  
You mustn't let it bother you.  
It's a man's life.  
I once took an oath  
that I'd save lives.  
If there was only something  
I could do in this case.  
Stella, I don't want  
to be alone tonight.  
Would you have dinner with me?  
Maybe a show?  
Just anything  
to pass the time.  
Of course, darling.  
Thinking of Duval?  
Are you?  
Yes.  
Stella,  
I don't want to go home.  
Let's go back to the office and sit  
there until this horrible thing is over.  
Waiter.  
Stella looks very tired.  
The strain seems  
to be too much for her.  
Drink?  
There you are.  
Stella, I don't know what I  
would have done without you.

You've been so considerate.  
Well, here's to...  
I don't want it.  
Neither do I.  
I know.  
I know just how you feel.  
What time is it?  
A few minutes to 5:00.  
The evening's been so long.  
Long for us, yes,  
but think of Duval.  
He only has  
two minutes to live.  
Now, only a minute and a half.  
He's gone.  
No more Duval.  
You're tired, aren't you,  
Stella?  
Asleep.  
Rest.  
Rest.  
That's it, Stella.  
Sleep.  
Sleep.  
Stella!  
Stella!  
Stella!  
Stella!  
Stella!  
I'm returning the money  
that Maria gave me.  
Don't be a fool.  
The Doctor doesn't know  
a thing about it.  
I fixed the records.  
We're in the clear.  
Give me back your share.  
I'm returning that, too.  
I won't.  
You've got yours, I've got  
mine, and I'm going to keep it.  
Oh, no, you're not.  
Maria means too much to me.  
Even if I have

to tell the Doctor.  
Tell the Doctor?  
You wouldn't dare.  
I love her. I'd do anything,  
even tell the Doctor.  
Oh, no,  
you're not going to tell him.  
He belongs to me.  
I planned all this.  
Don't interfere.  
I'll see you dead first.  
What are you doing here?  
You followed me.  
Get out. Get out!  
I hate you! Get out!  
Get out! Get out!  
Listen, Mark. Listen.  
You drove to the lodge.  
Maria was there.  
She was drunk.  
She accused you  
of following her.  
You argued.  
You pushed her away  
and ran out of the house.  
As you got in the car,  
through the rearview mirror,  
you saw Duval enter  
the house. Do you hear?  
You saw Duval  
enter the house.  
Now, repeat what I said.  
Do you hear?  
Repeat. Repeat. Repeat.  
Now, please. Get a girl  
to take care of the office.  
As a nurse, I'm afraid  
I can't replace you.  
I mustn't let you  
go through the files.  
I mustn't let you see  
the canceled checks  
for the money  
Maria gave Duval.

Mustn't let you find out.  
Mustn't let you see  
the canceled checks.  
Thank you, Doctor.  
I'll have a girl here  
Monday morning.  
Long distance, please.  
Don't let them do it, Mark!  
Don't let them. Mark! Mark!  
You can set  
your watch back now, Doctor.  
It's exactly 10 after 4:00.  
What happened, Mark?  
Mark.  
Miss Madden, I hold you for  
the murder of Maria Steele.  
It's a lie. Tell him!  
You can't arrest me.  
You have no evidence, no  
witnesses. Only your conscience.  
You tricked me.  
You knew it all the time.  
But nobody will believe you.  
Oh, no!  
My word is as good as yours.  
Do you hear? Nobody will  
believe you. You have no proof.  
We have all the proof  
we need.  
You have no proof.  
Let me go!  
You have no proof, I tell  
you! Let me go! Let me go!  
Let me go!  
You have no proof!  
Operator, this is Inspector  
Gregg, headquarters.  
Get me Warden Williams,  
State Penitentiary, please.  
Why did you suspect me?  
I didn't.  
I only used you for bait,  
because I knew you'd  
lead me to the criminal.

She was clever,  
almost too clever.  
Hello, Williams, Gregg.  
Duval's clear. Yeah.  
No, the Doctor's nurse.  
Yeah.  
No, that won't be necessary. I'll  
make the report out myself. Right.  
Well, Doc, it's been pretty  
tough on you, hasn't it?  
But do you know something?  
I envy you.  
How's that?  
Well, you've got  
something to go back to,  
but with me it's different.  
You see, some place  
at this very moment,  
a crime  
is being contemplated.  
All I can do is sit and wait.  
I start with death,  
I look for life,  
and when I find it,  
I've got to destroy it.  
Hello? Yes.  
Oh, yes, he's here.  
Just a moment.  
It's for you.  
Thanks. Hello?  
Yeah.  
Stewart Hotel? Murder?  
All right,  
I'll be right over.  
See what I mean?  
Well, so long, Doctor.