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# The Dark Mirror

By Nunnally Johnson

- Good morning, Lieutenant.

- Good morning, Templar.

They are all here.

How would you want them?

Give me the woman that reported it first.

- Her husband is with her.

- Alright both of them.

You and your husband.

The name of the victim?

Dr. Frank Peralta.

Frank Peralta.

All right, what happen?

When I arrived this morning at 7.30

There he was, just lying there.

You live at the same address?

That's right, the same floor.

- You saw him last night?

- Around 10 o'clock.

He was coming home.

I was going out.

- He was alone?

- No, he had a young lady with him.

- You know the young lady?

- Never saw her. Very pretty.

What was she wearing?

A blue suit, and flowers in her hair.

- Gloves?

- I do not think so.

- I guess they were going home?

- That's what I assumed.

- And that was at 10 o'clock?

- Around 10.

You think you know her

if you saw her again?

I think so. We met face to face.

I see.

What do you know about her?

I live in the apartment

under doctor Peralta.

**About 10:**

I heard this thud.

- How do you know the time?  
- I had just turned on the 10:30 news.  
I heard footsteps on  
the stairs outside.  
I opened my door a bit.  
I was curiosity.  
I'm glad you were.  
What did you see?  
A young woman very pretty  
passed me and went out.  
From doctor Peraltas apartment?  
I suppose so.  
But you didn't see her  
come out of his door?  
I'm not sure. I don't think so.  
Do you think you  
would recognize her?  
Yes, I'm sure.  
I got a good look at her.  
She passed under the light.  
I see.  
You're his secretary?  
I was...  
Want do you know of his  
plan for last night?  
He had an engagement for diner  
with a girl called Teresa Collins.  
You don't like her?  
I know very little about her.  
But I couldn't believe that  
Dr. Peralta was in love with her.  
You mean he thought he was?  
Sometimes he did,  
sometimes he didn't.  
But she treated him badly,  
she kept him in such a state.  
He was going to propose  
to her last night.  
Teresa Collins?  
You know where she lives?  
I can tell you where she works.  
She runs a magazine stand  
in the Medical Building.  
Where Dr. Peralta

office are - were.

Mrs. Didriksen, you first.

See if you recognize anyone.

Keep your mind on  
what you're doing.

You go out with me and

I buy you a steak.

Good enough for me.

- I ain't kidding.

- Neither am I.

When I get out of this monkey  
suit I ain't a bad looking guy.

You go, Benson.

The girl all right.

Behind the counter.

- Are you sure?

- Pretty sure.

Won't you swear to it?

I think so.

Still, there is something...

Yes, I swear to it.

I hope you'll remember that.

- Don't you remember me?

- Sure if you want me to.

I remember you all right.

- Where did she go?

- How do I know. So?

That's the girl all right.

- You would swear to it?

- Yeah. On a stack of Bibles.

Thanks.

We'll get in touch later.

It looks pretty good.

Miss Collins?

I'm from the Police.

- I beg your pardon.

- Good morning, Doctor.

Can you show me something  
in the line of lemon drops.

- How about lemon drops?

- Very good idea!

I do not know how to thank you.

Would you mind to tell me  
how you spent last night?

- Why?
- You mind?
- No, but...
- From 8 o'clock on.
- What it's all about?
- Begin it at 9.

Will you tell me then?

All right. I went for a walk Jefferson Park.

- Alone?
- Yes.

How long?

I came home around 11:30.

For nearly three hours you walked alone in the park?

Not exactly. For two hours I was listening to a band concert

A then I strolled by the lake and sat listening to the water.

Then I got chilly, and went home.

- Didn't you met anyone you knew?
- I didn't say that.

Anyone that knows you, I should say.

My butcher and his wife were at the concert.

- What is the name there?
- Peterson, 14th street.
- You'd speak with him?
- Sure, we old friends!

I can check, remember.

All right, check.

Anyone else?

The park policeman down by the lake.

We talked for a while.

Do you know his name and number?

No. But we know each other.

We've talked there before.

- Is he a sweetheart?
- Not till I get his name anyway.

The truth is...

And a boy Nat de Grott walked me home with me.

Where do I find him?

He works at the supermarket  
of 15th Street.  
And he actually  
walked home with you?  
Go ask him, if you  
don't believe me.  
- I intent to.  
- What is this all about?  
Dr. Peralta was  
murdered last night.  
Murdered?  
Stabbed in the heart.  
Terry!  
Break it up.  
What do you want?  
Hello, Franklin?  
She's all right now.  
A little shaky. But  
okay the doctor says.  
Okay, let her go.  
Are you kidding?  
Of course I'm not kidding.  
It's a free country.  
You mean the two witnesses that  
saw her smack at the place?  
Against three that saw  
her smack away from it.  
7 km away!  
I saw them. Three solid  
taxpaying, God fearing citizens,  
that knows her and talked to her all  
over Jefferson Park last night.  
From 9 o'clock to 11:35 p.m.  
- What do you know about that?  
- I don't get it.  
It makes no more sense to  
me than Chinese music.  
Second floor, Lieutenant.  
Can I come?  
Certainly.  
- How do you feel now?  
- All right, thank you.  
It sticks...  
The alibi.

Of course, it's the truth.  
That butcher now, he couldn't  
be in love with you.  
I don't think so either.  
- Guys generally falls in love with you?  
- Some.  
Peralta?  
He was a dear friend... very dear.  
Why did you quarrel with him?  
The elevator boy heard you.  
It wasn't a quarrel  
Rusty never liked him.  
Jealous? You think Rusty  
might have killed him?  
- Why?  
- He was in love with you to, right?  
For a policeman, you certainly spent  
a lot of time thinking about love.  
I'm the romantic type.  
You're left-handed?  
Is this visit social  
or professional?  
You gave the doctor the lemon  
drops with your right hand.  
I was born left handed.  
Must thing I do right handed.  
I didn't liked being left handed.  
The killer was right-handed.  
- What am I supposed to say to that?  
- I'm just waiting and see.  
- If you don't mind...  
- We'll break the alibi.  
It might take time, but...  
I like you to leave.  
I'd like go to bed.  
You and...  
So that's it!  
My sister... Ruth.  
Why didn't you tell me?  
Excuse me.  
I was going to when the time came.  
- Everybody knows it.  
- Not at the Medical Building.  
No.

That was so we could take  
days of if we wanted to.  
You make a habit of  
that monkey business?  
All twins do now and again.  
So you're Terry... and you, Ruth.  
- It relieves me!  
- That's nice.  
I thought I was losing me marbles.  
People often confuse us.  
So I see. Which one was  
at the park last night?  
- One of us.  
- That I know.  
Which one is what I asked.  
You... or you?  
I know you're stalling because I will  
get it out you one way or another.  
How?  
You don't want to make it  
any tougher than it is.  
So let's have it: Which  
did which last night?  
One was in Jefferson Park.  
The other went to bed early.  
But how can that one prove that?  
And that's all we got to say.  
Were you in Jefferson Park?  
Are you going to answer me or not.  
I'm not!  
You'll only making trouble for yourselves.  
It'll be harder in the end.  
Because you can't get  
away with it. It's...  
Will you cut this nonsense  
out and be sensible?  
A man was murdered.  
I give you one more chance.  
Let's see if we can get somewhere.  
Which one stayed here last night?  
One of us went to Jefferson Park.  
The other...  
But what one do which?  
Which one did which?

I'll just have to run you both in.  
Are you aloud to play  
the field like that?  
What?  
Can you throw a number of people in the  
court and tell the judge to take his pick.  
No lawyer would take you seriously.  
What lawyer?  
The one that will come  
to the police station  
if we are not here to  
answer the phone tonight.  
- You're smart, aren't you.  
- Not dump.  
Do you know about  
obstructing justice?  
Don't you like to reconsider?  
Me...? Or her...?  
Will you tell me one thing?  
One of us...  
Will you cut that out!  
- Is there no way to tell you apart?  
- We are identical.  
It's all right dear, he is  
not going to do anything.  
- You think so?  
- No I don't.  
I know what our rights  
are, and so will a judge.  
And one of them is the  
Constitution right  
not to say anything that  
might incriminate us.  
Constitutional rights, she says!  
And will you please leave? Or do  
you want me to call our lawyer?  
I am a policeman, not a lawyer.  
You won this round.  
So don't try to duck out.  
We'll unravel this thing yet  
No scheme never obstructed justice.  
And it is not going to start with this one.  
Then bring a warrant next time  
with the name already written in.

Did you read up on this  
before you did it?

Never mind. I don't  
want to hear it.

I forgot to tell you.

It's to twins.

Did you get that?

- I got that.

- Looking very much alike, the fellow told me.

- People can't even tell them apart, he said.

- Can't they really?

That's the way twins are.

Thank you, I can see  
you got you eyes open.

I try to keep on my toes as  
much as possible, Lieutenant.

Rest assured that we appreciate it.

Good night.

Good night, Lieutenant.

It's no use. There isn't even a  
piece of print on the handle.

- Gloves?

- Could be.

There should be a law against  
selling gloves to murders.

- You know what they do in the good days?

- Ladies bruise too easy.

Get me Judge Hill.

You know, I was thinking.

Maybe one of these babies  
got a birthmark somewhere.

It might be a good idea  
that I made a kind of thoroughly  
examination of both of them...

Just an idea...

Well, no more fun.

Here is the list of witnesses.

Have them here at 9am tomorrow.

- Got it?

- Got it.

Judge Hill...

Stevenson, DB

I want a couple of warrants  
for Ruth and Teresa Collins.

That's right.

**Charge:**

Yes, both.

What?

I'm gonna hang numbers on there  
backs like football players.

All right, bring her in.

Where do you live?

492, Kendale Avenue.

Have you been arrested before?

Turn around.

That's it.

No doubt.

Bring it.

I'd know her in a million I...

- Teresa Collins?

- Right.

You two girls are held  
in suspicion of murder.

What do you got to  
say for yourselves?

Neither one of us care to say anything  
until we've talk to a lawyer.

Well, how do you like that!

Know her in a million, eh?

What do you think?

No idea, Rusty. It's hard to  
believe she could have done it.

I know she didn't.

Those guys are crazy.

Take a lemon drop,  
it calms the nerves.

Sent them in.

Will you go in, please.

They are not gonna make me  
say one word against her.

I know her too well...

We're sorry.

Dr. Elliott, Mr. Judge.

- Thanks very much for coming.

- Not at all.

I don't think this is going to  
take us very long, Mr. Rusty.

You told that you saw Dr. Peralta  
and the girl arguing  
on the morning of the day  
Peralta were killed.

- That's right?

- Yes, Lieutenant.

Can you tell me which one?

- No, Lieutenant.

- You are sure?

I did not know that  
there were two of them.

Quite a coincident, doctor.

Quite.

"Scott Elliott, psychologist,  
Ph.d., author of:

"Twins, a Clinical Study,  
Mental traits of identical twins;

"Twins and siblings,"

"All published by the faculty."

Your own field.

I have spent quite some time  
in the studying the subject.

Did you know they were twins?

No. One at the time twins  
looks likes singletons.

Is there any foundation  
of the old popular belief  
that the twins are usually penalized by  
nature, either physically or mentally

It's a superstition.

That clears that up.

You had a conversation  
with Peralta that morning.

Would you mind repeating it?

He asked me if I had ever come  
across a split personality.

Go on.

I told him I had.

Then he asked if there where  
any danger in such a case.

He used the word 'danger'?

Yes... Or if I thought all that  
kind of thing was exaggerated.

- To which you replied?

- I told him I couldn't say.

I couldn't answer with generality, when he obviously had a specific in mind.

And then he said something:

"I had a battle with her this morning and I'm seeing her tonight"

"It's rather important."

And we separated.

Seeing whom tonight?

- Miss Collins, I suppose.

- Which one?

I have no idea.

Can you tell me which girl was behind the counter that morning?

That's all. Thank you for helping us out here this morning.

Take the girls outside.

You see?

- You are going to let them get away with it?

- What can I do?

You haven't a witness that can tell one girl from the other. I wouldn't have a chance in court.

Any lawyer could make a monkey out of me with set up like that.

We couldn't even get it pass the grant jury.

- But one of them murdered him.

- I'm sure of that?

I'm just as concerned as you, but in this case we are helpless.

With no more evidence, a trial would a waste of time.

Let's have them back.

Come in.

One of you is a murderer who killed someone in cold blood.

The other is an accomplice.

The law uphold your refusal to give any testimony.

It also forbid the indiscriminate prosecution of more than one person in order to make sure for one guilty one.

This protection now enables  
you to become parties  
to an outrageous and  
miscarriage of justice  
I cannot express my contempt.  
Now get out!  
We are free?  
You're free.  
Goodbye, Lieutenant.  
Au revoir, Miss Collins.  
Remember me?  
Of course Lieutenant.  
Come on in.  
Sorry!  
I don't mind ordinary music, it's  
the wonderful stuff that bores me.  
That's snobbish.  
This is an ordinarily place,  
where is the gimmicks?  
Don't you witchdoctors treat  
people with tinker toys?  
They are in my laboratory  
at the university.  
What about the office in  
the Medical Building?  
Just a convenient place to get  
case history. I don't practice really.  
Lemon drop?  
Have you given any thought  
to this twin case?  
I supposed you've  
given that one up.  
Not me personally.  
This is on my own time.  
You don't look ambitious.  
It's not ambitious  
I don't like a perfect crime.  
I cannot accept that  
which mocks justice.  
Yes, I thought about it.  
I like them... or  
one of them anyway.  
You don't know which one?  
No I'm afraid not. I never had

a talk with them together.

- You think you'd know if you did?

- I imagine so.

You couldn't tell that day  
in the D.A.'s office?

- This whole thing burns me to a crisp.

- How do you know someone else didn't do it

I don't. And in the meantime

I play along with the twins.

Do you realize that one of the  
girls could knock the guy off  
with 50 witnesses and we still  
couldn't hang it on her?

I guess not.

I could be in that room  
and see her stab the guy  
and I couldn't make it stick unless  
I graped her and hold on to her.  
I can't bear it. I can't bear it.  
First, tell me this...

You're a twin expert. Do you know  
anything about those to dames  
that could give me a  
chance to begin work?

- Sure.

- What?

The crime.

You don't suppose anyone could  
commit a murder, do you?

You must be patient with me.

What do you mean?

The character, personality,  
nature can't duplicate  
personality, not even in twins.

Once I interviewed a pair of twins so  
a like that even dogs got confused.

Once living a thousand mile apart  
they both got toothache  
in the same tooth.

Do you know why they  
lived so far apart?

Because one was lecturing  
at a big university,  
the other was in prison.

Different characters.  
I see.  
It's the same here.  
One could and one  
couldn't commit murder.  
That's all there is to it.  
Yeah. That's all there is to it!  
Constitutional rights!

**Another thing:**

often interview twins?  
Often. But not for the police.  
- What about the one you like?  
- What about her?  
Suppose she is innocent...  
There is no reason to  
think she is any danger.  
Living with a killer?  
It's not really my business  
that kind of thing.  
If one of them killed,  
don't you think there's a chance  
she'll kill again? Her sister  
if she ever became  
nervous about her?  
- No doubt about it.  
- I'll never ask you the name.  
I swear it.  
One day you call me and say you've  
got the answer, and I'd be satisfied.  
Then I'll know that there are no  
such thing as a perfect crime.  
The system works.  
You can't beat it.  
- Social regularity?  
- That's your name for it.  
It's out of question.  
I am not a detective and  
I doubt I can help you.  
Besides I never said I was  
in love with the girl.  
I like her...?  
How do I know it wasn't her? You can't  
just look at a person and know that.

She could have been  
killing people for years.  
All I said is that she  
was very pleasant...  
It's not easy to believe that...  
Mr. Lemon Drops!  
Terry, of course!  
How are you?  
Still champing candy!  
I told you before I don't chump.  
- No wonder I never got it!  
- Didn't you? An expert like you.  
No. Obviously you  
are both wonderful.  
I almost forget that there  
was such a thing as kidding.  
- Things hasn't been so good?  
- Not so good.  
You saw paper. Those picture.  
We are celebrities' now.  
- No work?  
- One look at our face and...  
- They don't forget. Not in this town.  
- It's not very nice.  
You can't blame them.  
You heard what the judge said.  
I wish you wouldn't  
say things like that.  
But he knows. He must  
have read the papers.  
I know but...  
Then maybe my idea, that's  
the real reason why I'm here,  
maybe of some good to  
you as well as me.  
How do you mean?  
I'd like to add you two in  
my collection of twins.  
I'm an old twin student, remember.  
And I like to add you girls to it.  
I'd pay you.  
Of course not much.  
It should only be an hour each day.  
We did that once when we

were kids in Chicago.  
Then you know what it is. Physical,  
verbal, psychologically standard stuff.  
Are you quit sure you're not  
doing this for the police?  
I was gathering data on twins  
before I ever met a policeman.  
I was doing it long before  
you meet you girls.  
It's been my main  
occupation for years,  
and I'll probably still be doing  
it after you both are married  
and settle down with  
twins of your own...  
Which you're very likely to have.  
What is your purpose in this?  
The purpose of all research, to learn  
as much as possibly about the subject.  
In my case. To add to my  
knowledge about identical twins.  
- And you'd pay us?  
- \$ 25 per week for each.  
That's the customary allowance.  
For that I'd expect you to come  
to the laboratory at least  
3 times per week,  
separately for 2 hours.  
What do you think?  
I don't think we're interested. I don't  
like the idea of being a guinea pig.  
I don't want to press you if  
you're afraid in any way...  
We have nothing to be afraid of  
nothing but snooperous.  
In that case, there is  
nothing more to be said.  
I'm sorry for giving  
that impression.  
I'm sorry too.  
I think we should do it.  
I don't think he's a snooper, and  
we could certainly use the money.  
You don't mind being ask a

lot of personal questions?  
Why should I?  
Or why should you?  
It's for a good purpose.  
There is no reason to fear it  
because we do need the money.  
And because...  
We've always liked Dr. Elliott.  
Both of us.  
Talk it over between  
yourselves and call me.  
I hope you can see  
things Terry's way,  
but if you can't, I'll understand.  
No harm done.  
I hope to be seeing you both soon.  
Goodbye.  
We will call you.  
What's the matter with you?  
Do you think that was very wise?  
What are you afraid of?  
- I'm not afraid. It's...  
- Don't lie about it. You are afraid.  
You're more afraid every day. Why?  
Terry, you know very  
well what it is.  
You think I killed him.  
Why don't you admit it?  
I don't!  
Then why are you so frightened?  
If they knew which one was in  
the apartment that night...  
He proposed and I said yes.  
Why should I kill him?  
I know you didn't do it.  
I'm willing to do anything to keep them  
knowing that you were home that night.  
That's the only reason I'm frightened.  
Please believe me.  
Then is there anything for yourself  
that you're afraid for Elliot to learn?  
Of course not.  
Then stop worrying,  
there's no need for it.

Besides, he is very attractive,  
very good looking.

I like him.

- You don't think we can fool you now?

- Not anymore, Terry.

I even have you spotted  
in the magazine stand.

How do you mean?

I know some of the times when it was you  
and some of the times when it was Ruth.

Not all, of course, but some.

What was the difference?

I do not know... meaning,

I'm not sure yet.

Which one do you like the best?

- You.

- Really?

Sit over here, will you.

- Why?

- Why what?

Why do you say you like me best?

Because that's always the  
response during office hour.

What is this one?

These are pictures of ink spots.

The kind you probably made  
yourself when you were a child.

It is just a stain and  
the paper folded over.

What is it for?

It's another way of  
studying personality.

I'm going to hand them  
to you one by one

and you tell me what you see.

What it looks like to you.

- Quickly?

- If you see it quickly, sure.

As soon as you make something  
out of it, you tell me. Ready?

Face that way, please.

Well, what does it  
look like to you?

It might be a mask.

The black slit for eyes,  
heavy eyebrows and lips  
giving it a fixed expression.

Anything else?

- May I turn it?

- Anyway you wish.

This looks like a white  
lamb with a black nose.

He got a mark on its forehead.

It looks like a moth spreading  
its wing over a butterfly.

Beneath his feet, there are two  
men face down, arms outstretched.

It all seems symbolic of something.

The lamb looks so innocent but  
it has two men under its paws.

Symbolic of what?

The lamb's death?

I wonder if you are as  
so cool as you pretend.

- No.

- I think so either.

Outside the office I'm a real  
tear with jet propulsion.

What do you see?

What does it looks  
like to you Terry?

These are two men, back to back.

But they seem ignorant about each other.

Now it's changing into  
a full face of a man,  
with mustache and slanted eyes.

Here is a dancer, a woman  
dancing with a puppet.

The puppet reaching to a rival  
who pretends to ignore it.

But all the time it try to  
reach to do her some harm.

Can I have a cigarette?

Why did you leave Nebraska, Ruth?

We lived in a farm  
for about a year,  
and the farmer's wife wanted to adopt  
me because she could not bear children.

They could only afford one of us.  
Why you instead of Terry?  
It just happened.  
I suppose no particular reason.  
But Terry was very upset when  
she heard about it - naturally.  
So we decided to pull out.  
What do you see?  
Two people in costume  
dancing around a pole.  
They are bending over.  
- It's that what you wanted?  
- Yes. Anything else?  
You can turn it if you wish.  
These are two skaters  
like in the ice show.  
And they are leaning backward  
and the arm extension.  
Terry how did she find out?  
From the farmer, I suppose.  
He never liked her for some reason.  
Was he cranky?  
No, I got along fine  
with him, but Terry...  
What do you see?  
Two old ladies sitting back to back  
in an open streetcar like  
those in San Francisco.  
They seem frightened.  
They are clinging to their seats  
and their feet are under the seat.  
And look at those chins!  
That's a drum majorette,  
with a high bear shako.  
She's very straight and graceful.  
And she got her knee  
high in the air.  
Thank you very much.  
Well, it's about time!  
Sorry I'm late.  
- Did you go through town?  
- No. Scott and I just talked.  
After that ink spot stuff. Who do you  
suppose ever thought that one up?

Talking about what?  
Just gapping.  
Chicago, movies, when we were kids.  
Not about us?  
No, mostly about himself.  
He was funny about his school.  
He must have been.  
He was, really.  
Once he drops that office  
act, he is awful funny.  
The way he was before, remember.  
Is that his line,  
down the memory lane?  
I don't think it was a line,  
he just wanted to talk.  
Nothing romantic?  
I'm afraid not.  
Dear me, you sound disappointed.  
You're not falling for him?  
My goodness, Terry, sometimes it seems  
as if that's all you think about!  
Falling for someone!  
Of course not!  
Just don't want to see  
you do anything foolish.  
Yes, Momma.  
I'm not convinced yet that he's  
is strictly on the level with us.  
I don't know, of course.  
I can't believe it.  
Perhaps not, but if I were  
you, I'd be a little careful  
not too friendly.  
If only we weren't so...  
I know.  
It's not very pleasant.  
But as long as we are, we just have  
to be on our guard with everybody.  
Particularly him.  
Well, it's something I hadn't figured on.  
Never even dreamed of.  
As promised, I will not  
ask any questions.  
All I can do is to stand here,

and wait for whatever  
you want to tell me.  
You know the ink spot test?  
I made several other tests  
to check and cross-check.  
In the ink spot test  
about 80% of the people  
will in general see the same  
figure, the same illusions.  
What the other 20 % see  
reflecting the true secret pattern  
of their own mind and personality.  
In this case, there don't seem  
to be any doubt about one thing.  
One of our young women is insane.  
Very clever, very  
intelligent, but insane.  
This is called a free  
association test.  
And it's so simple that  
even I understand.  
If you are looking for smarter one I can  
save you a lot of time: It was Terry.  
Is that official?  
It's the funny thing. I was born 7  
minutes and 55 seconds before her,  
but that is not the way it feels.  
She has been the older sister.  
Always helping me,  
and protecting me.  
And like a mother too, because we've  
been orphans since we were 10.  
This is not a contest.  
I'm interested in absolute,  
not comparative results.  
Yes, sir.  
You know...?  
I'm a very pleased man today.  
And I haven't been  
for almost a week  
because you haven't seemed happy.  
I'm sorry.  
I was afraid I've done  
something that offended you.

I did not mean to.

I was something else, I was a little worried - about something else.

- But it's all right now?

- Yes, okay.

Good. the way it ought to be.

But back to cold science.

I'm gonna give you some words and you answer with the first word that comes into your mind.

Not a sentence, just one word.

And answer as quickly as you can.

That's the important part.

Are you ready?

Table.

Chair.

Ready? Dark.

Night.

- Moon.

- Beams.

- Knife.

- Scissors.

- White.

- Black.

- Mirror.

- Death.

King.

Queen.

Blossom.

Flower.

- River.

- Lake.

How could you have said it?

How do I know.

It just popped out.

I don't understand all this fuss.

What possible harm can it do?

None! None whatever!

I don't give two cents for that fellow and his kindergarten games.

It can do that test 24/7,

And beat him at it every time.

He can't frightened

me with that stuff.

It's you I'm worried about.

Why?

Because it shows your mind is still on that thing and you can't deny it.

When he said "mirror" you said "dead" that proved it.

It may not mean anything to him, but it does to me, and it's a dead giveaway, that you think I had something to do with it.

Terry, please!

I've told you...

Why do you keep saying a thing like that?

Forget it!

But you have not right even to think.

Why do you take these sleeping pills?

- Because I can't sleep without them.

- Why can't you?

Because my nerves are still bad.

I haven't got over everything yet.

Neither of us has.

Is that all?

- What other reason could there be?

- Not your conscience?

My conscience about what?

Perhaps you're sorry you didn't tell the police everything you know.

Maybe that's what troubling you.

Maybe you think you should do it even now?

This is ridiculous! Such a thought never entered my head.

Because, if you are, the phone is there...

Terry, stop it!

You're talking nonsense!

- Am I?

- Of course you are!

I hope so.

Because if you ever suspected me, I do not know what I would do...

I really don't...

Table.

Chair.

- Moon.

- Stars.

King.

Queen.

- Death.

- Mirror.

Girl.

Woman.

- Black.

- White.

- Rose.

- Thorn.

I have an idea, you are not  
impressed with this stuff.

No? Then why do you  
think I'm here?

Just to humoring the old professor.

- Is that all?

- Nothing else to do.

Had it ever occurred to you  
that I might like seeing you.

No it hadn't...

Don't you like to see me?

If you knew how anxious  
I was for you to get here  
you wouldn't have to ask that.

- Honest?

- Very honest.

Then maybe we could see each  
other outside the office.

We will, I'm sure.

- Would you like to?

- Very much.

- All right, when?

- Soon.

But not before we finish  
with these test I'm afraid.

What does that got to do with it?

It's hard enough for me to keep  
my mind on science as it is  
don't make it anymore

difficult for me.

The first night afterward?

- It's a date.

- Remember.

I will remember, Terry.

I was really crazy about that boy,  
but Terry simply couldn't stand him.

She insisted that he wasn't on  
the level, and she was right.

How did you find out?

He dated her one night  
and she told me.

Terry turned in.

How many men have you  
been crazy about?

That was just a kid stuff.

We were about 16.

All this biography I'm given you  
is this for science too?

No, this is personal.

The more I know about you,  
the more I wanna know.

I want to know everything  
about you, for myself.

And apparently you will.

Good night.

Do you think, when this is over,  
I can ask you out to dinner,  
dancing or just to talk,  
in a purely personal way?

You think you'll still want to?

I'm looking forward to it.

Do you mind?

No. I like it.

You are a wonder!

It's all right.

I'm not asleep.

Don't turn on the light.

I'll undress in the bathroom.

You're taking a  
sleeping pill tonight?

No, I slept all right last night.

- I think you better take two.

- Two? Why on earth for?

If you take two, maybe you won't  
be so troubled in your sleep.

- You mean I talked?

- Talked, cried.

You scare me half  
to death sometimes.

Good heavens!

- Dreaming, I suppose.

- No.

You don't remember what you dream?

I don't remember even dreaming.

You don't remember my  
waking you last night

- when you were sobbing.

- No.

Or what you said to me?

What did I say?

So big deep sobs,  
you were terrified

as if you were seeing something so  
dreadful you couldn't bear to face it.

You don't remember what it was?

I do not remember anything.

But I thought you awakened.

Pretty haring for a few minutes.

But I can't imagine what  
it was to frighten me so.

- Has it happened before?

- A few times.

One night you were  
rather gay for a change.

You seemed to have dreamed  
something about Scott.

- You think a lot of him often?

- I do like him but...

Does he like you?

Some, I imagine.

Ever said anything?

Nothing serious,  
just casual things...

Ever kissed you?

He maybe just trying to pump you.

I don't think so.

Don't you want to know what

seems to be frightening you?  
I don't know.  
You talked about  
before in your sleep.  
You were worried about one  
of us being... crazy.  
The old saying, that one of the  
twins is likely to be abnormal.  
But that's not true,  
that's a superstition.  
You heard Scott  
telling the D.A. that.  
I know.  
That's an old wives tale  
we've heard it for years  
but it's not true.  
Didn't you hear Scott  
say it wasn't?  
Yes, I heard him.  
This is so awful.  
It frightens me.  
The whole idea of talking and  
dreaming and sobering and...  
and don't remembering  
nothing about it.  
It can't be very pleasant,  
but it's not really so  
important, just bad dreams.  
I know but... Such a thought...  
What's this one?  
Blood pressure and pulse.  
- A lie detector?  
- That's an easy name. Do you mind?  
Why should I? What do you  
want me to talk about?  
I'll let you know  
when we are ready.  
- How much longer?  
- Winding up this week.  
Friday afternoon and that's that.  
- The whole thing?  
- Yes, the work is complete.  
- Then Saturday is the night.  
- The night?

- If you tell me you've forgotten...

- Oh, sure.

- Remember?

- That's right.

Well?

I'm afraid I did forget.

I'm terribly sorry.

You mean you can't make it?

Any other night, but...

What a man! And me thinking that he was simply living for that night.

It's inexcusable. But we finish sooner than expected.

Who's my rival?

You have no rival.

Is that always the answer during office hour too?

Your memory is too good.

Come on, shall we go with this now and straighten the thing out later?

There's nothing to straighten out.

My heart is broken, that's all.

Let's have the machine.

All I want you to do is to answer a few simple questions.

Not on any forbidden subject.

You needn't worrying.

It's all over the whole thing.

Ask me anything you'd wish.

Does that goes for Ruth too?

That you better ask her.

Of course.

I hope so, anyway.

You've both been through a terrible ordeal if you manage to come out of it okay... that's wonderful.

What are you gonna ask me?

You were telling me the other day about when your were living in Ohio, before moving to Chicago.

Anything interesting about that time?

Off hand...

I believe that Ruth was telling me about a boy she went with that you didn't care much for. Freddie Eckland.

Yes, I think...

In Dayton.

What did she say?

She told that you said he wasn't on the level and proved it.

Was she complaining?

Good heaven, no!

She was grateful.

She was rambling about how you were always looking out for her like a older sister.

Did she tell you that

I met him first?

No, I don't think she did.

The truth is that I met him first and introduced him to her.

He did care the slightest for her, and I knew it.

He started to go around with her.

Without her even dreaming that it was me he was interesting.

What is it, dear?

That light again!

Wake up. You're dreaming again.

No, it wasn't a dream!

Didn't you see it?

There wasn't anything to see.

You're dreaming.

It wasn't a dream!

It wasn't asleep!

The whole room lighted up, Terry!

Now, you're all right.

There is nothing to be afraid of.

But I was sure I saw it.

It doesn't matter, it really doesn't.

But what is it, what

do you think it is?

Something is happening to me

and I don't know what it is!  
I don't understand it!  
You're just imagine things.  
Your nerves playing tricks  
on you, that's all.  
I'm so scared!  
I'm scared!  
I don't know what to do!  
It's nothing really.  
Just remember I'm with you  
and always will be with you.  
No matter what happens.  
So that's all there is to it?  
Yes, that's all I'm afraid.  
I didn't promise you  
a great deal more.  
All I can say is that  
Ruth did not do it.  
She's simple isn't capable  
of that sort of thing.  
That does narrows it down a bit.  
Terry is paranoiac,  
and has no conscience, no  
sense of right and wrong  
than that of a two year old.  
Paranoiac is capable of anything.  
That's something, but not much.  
You can't run loonies until  
they have done something.  
If the family don't see  
fit to admit them,  
you've to wait until  
someone is set on fire.  
Unfortunately.  
Pretty tough on Ruth.  
You're gonna tell her?  
I suppose so.  
But it's not gonna be easy.  
- She hasn't a ghost of suspicion.  
- No? What about that double alibi?  
She could've been tricked.  
Terry could've trick her.  
Much applied, anyway.  
Sorry I couldn't have

been more help to you.

- You gonna see Ruth again soon?

- I expect to.

Tell her no matter how hard it is.

Because the other one will pop  
off again before it's over.

It's quite possible.

And watch out for yourself.

I don't think I figure  
seriously in that calculation.

She didn't mind these tests,  
it was just another challenge

a chance to show the  
world her contempt.

That was the first  
tip I got from her.

You said that there was no pattern  
to a psychotic's calculations.

Don't be too modest.

- All right, I'll tell her.

- When?

Tonight if I can.

It might help if Terry came out and  
spit on the sideway or something  
then we could pick her up.

If I was that doctor  
I would feel nervous.

Why?

Because from what he said  
he looks like a new Peralta.

The target for tonight?

That's the way it is.

The minute the doctor falls in love  
with his patient, from then on  
he is as effective as a papoose.

Hello, Ruth?

Hello Scott!

How are you, dear?

You are alone?

Yes. Why?

I don't want Terry to know.

- Could I see you alone tonight?

- Of course. When?

Whatever you say.

Could I make it rather late?  
Around 11?  
She will be asleep by then.  
It's all right for me.  
Suppose I come to  
your apartment at 11?  
I'll leave the door open.  
It's upstairs.  
I understand.  
Do you mind?  
No. Of course not.  
I couldn't be more pleased.  
There's no one I would rather  
see walk in that door.  
I saw your light  
and I thought if you weren't  
busy for a little while.  
I was wondering what to do next.  
Not that's anything important...  
Feeling depressed?  
Something like that.  
Have you had your dinner?  
Instead of dinner with  
me tomorrow night  
How about having dinner with  
me tonight and tomorrow night  
and as many other nights  
as you can spare.  
Tonight, dear, we should  
have it with music!  
Are you sure you don't  
want to tell me?  
What causes hallucinations?  
Hallucinations?  
Things you imagine you see  
or hear. What causes them?  
Bad nerves.  
Just nerves?  
Or a sick mind.  
- May I explain something?  
- No, please don't.  
I think I'd like to go home now.  
Would you get my bag and gloves?  
Of course. I'll be right back.

Police headquarters.  
Lieutenant Stevenson, please.  
Lieutenant?  
This is Scott Elliott.  
What do you think of me  
being a human booby trap.  
So you got the picture at last?  
It's possible.  
Would you still be there 10:30?  
I wanna talk about  
something that has come up  
something that maybe more  
on your line than mine.  
I'll be right here from 10:39 on.  
- Here we go again?  
- Looks.  
He is no fool for a university.  
- Are you ready?  
- Thanks.  
Come on, you can do  
better than that.  
I was worried. Where did you go?  
Walk.  
- With Scott?  
- No.  
Haven't you seen him?  
He called around 7.  
- Who?  
- Scott.  
I tell you I haven't seen him.  
You just come in?  
No, I'm just going out...  
To dance.  
I don't know whether to leave  
you home alone or not.  
Do not be silly, I'm all right.  
Have you been taking your capsule?  
- No.  
- Why?  
They're no good.  
Maybe you don't take enough.  
But be careful, don't  
take too many.  
Look, darling,

try not to worry so much.  
No matter what happens they can't  
do a thing without my consent,  
and I will never in the  
world do that, believe me.  
I know.  
So don't be too scared.  
You and I are gonna be  
together as long as we live.  
Remember that, darling, always.  
Good night.  
I won't stay out too late.  
I'm so glad you came.  
I wondered about how you lived.  
I apologize. But I have no  
wife to keep it messed up.  
- Could I get you something to drink?  
- No, thanks.  
I hope I didn't alarm you  
with all that mystery?  
I was just puzzled that  
you needed an excuse.  
I would have come anyway.  
But it wasn't an excuse.  
I was seriously, it was something I  
thought we should discuss privately.  
- Does it have to be tonight?  
- I'm afraid so, my dear.  
It's about Terry.  
You don't like Terry?  
- Of course I like her.  
- But...?  
But, I love you.  
Why?  
- Why do I love you?  
- Why me and not her?  
I'm very curious.  
Why choose me instead of her?  
We're so much alike.  
What did you see in me that  
you didn't see in her?  
How can I answer that?  
All I know, is that you're  
the one I fell in love.

Am I better looking than she?

- To me you are, of course!

- Don't laugh.

I'm serious, I want to know  
what you think different is.

For instance, Kiss me.

Do you really believe you could  
tell that one from one of Terry's?

Or my lips from hers?

I think so.

- Have you ever kissed her?

- No.

Then how can you possible know?

I'm not sure, but I think  
I would know in my heart.

- Would you really?

- I think so.

I don't believe it for a second.

I want to asked you anyway  
because it's Terry  
they usually go for.

She is the one that  
really sense them.

That's not true.

But of course it's true.

Terry is the smart one.

I've told you that before.

No, they don't go for it,  
that's the trouble with her.

- That's why I wanted to talk to you.

- I don't know what you mean.

It's not an easy thing to  
tell you, but I feel I should

Terry is not well...

she's sick... inside.

She needs help from you  
and me if possible.

"Sick"? How?

She is twisted inside.

How it got started I don't know.

Some incident when you  
were babies, I imagine.

There is a strong  
rivalry between sisters

and ever since that incident,  
it's growing more and more bitter  
in her until now it's - abnormal.  
She needs care right away.  
Terry and I has never been rivals.  
Not the slightest!  
All women are rivals  
but it never bothers them because  
they automatically discount  
the success of others  
and alibi their own failures in  
the ground of circumstances.  
Luck they say.  
Between sisters it's a  
little bit more serious.  
The circumstances are  
in general the same  
so they have fewer excuses which  
to comfort them self with.  
That's way sisters can hate  
each other so intense.  
As for twins, especially  
identical twins  
you must have some idea yourself  
what agony of jealousy is possible.  
Go on.  
People, men particularly, find  
it easy enough to like you  
you're a natural and normal.  
Thank God you have manage to  
escape that poison of jealousy.  
But not she...  
On the surface there is  
little to choose between you.  
That is of course a lie!  
I'm sorry but it isn't.  
It's the whole history of  
her case by your word  
as well as hers.  
The boy Dayton  
The lawyer in Chicago,  
the family that wanted to  
adopt you but not her.  
It's the same story over again.

Whoever they met first, you  
were the one they preferred.  
I've never listen to  
such utter nonsense!  
I called you because I want  
you to talk to her about it.  
I want you to persuade  
her to go to a doctor.  
I want you to get her  
to do this at once.  
And if I refuse to  
insult her with this?  
You mustn't. It's important that  
she gets this care immediate.  
And if she refuses?  
If you refuse... Terry,  
I'm afraid I'll have to tell who  
killed Frank Peralta, and why!  
You can't!  
You don't know!  
I think I do.  
Not that it matter, because there  
is nothing you can do about it  
even you guess.  
Shall I remind you anyway?  
If you wish.  
Peralta was killed because the  
same thing happened to you again  
it was Ruth he really loved without  
even knowing she even existed.  
It was your he courted,  
you he asked to marrying him.  
He didn't know there were  
twins, all he knew was that  
sometimes the girl at the counter  
lacked a warm that he missed.  
That's why he asked me  
about split personality.  
Nor do I thing you knew about it  
until that night in his apartment  
where he spoke about the  
curious difference in you.  
Then you knew it had happen again.  
It was Ruth he was in

love with, not you.  
So you made sure that if  
you couldn't have his love  
neither should Ruth.  
Who else have you told this to?  
Who else have you told this  
ridiculously story to?  
Nobody else so far  
and there'll be no need to tell it  
again if you do what I suggest.  
Go to your doctor and be  
guided by what he says.  
I see no need for that.  
As I told you,  
there's nothing you can do about it  
no matter how strongly you feel.  
You don't think so?  
No. I'm afraid you've just  
been wasting your time.  
- Haven't you forgot Ruth?  
- Not at all.  
But you must have,  
because she won't take this  
"ridiculously" story so lightly.  
I don't suppose so. She have  
been behaving so strange lately  
that I won't put anything past her.  
But I doubt that anyone  
would take seriously  
the word of a girl who  
suffers from hallucinations.  
Or hasn't she told you?  
What do you mean by that?  
Where's Ruth now?  
Are you so sure of which  
one you've kissed?  
Of course.  
Look closely.  
Are you certain?  
Do you still got  
that Terry with you?  
Could you bring her here or do  
you want me to sent the wagon?  
- Who is that?

- The guy from the hospital.  
I be with you in a minute.  
Sorry, doc, but I have bad news.  
I got nervous when I left you and I  
decided come here and take a look.  
I hate to have to tell you this,  
but when I got in here...  
What?  
All right Stevenson,  
I'll be right over.  
Ruth has committed suicide.  
Does that surprises you?  
I'm terribly sorry, but...  
I'm terribly sorry, Miss Collins.  
Sit here.  
- May I go in...?  
- If you want to.  
The examiner is in there.  
You go with him Franklin.  
Can you tell me what happened?  
She took some of  
this sleeping pills.  
It was empty in the bathroom.  
She has been taking it for  
the last 2 or 3 months.  
I hate to have to  
ask you questions,  
but did she have any reasons?  
Yes, I'm afraid she did.  
- What was it, Miss Collins?  
- Her conscience.  
Take your time.  
I'm not pressing you.  
I'm all right...  
It's just that I have been under  
such a strain and now this.  
She is free now, poor darling,  
and I have a right  
to some peace too.  
Of course you have.  
Tell me everything.  
You'd feel better.  
She killed him.  
She killed him?

She said she didn't,  
but I know she did.  
I believed her at first.  
Kept on believing her.  
But now I know that she did it.  
Take this down.  
That night, what happened?  
I got home from the  
park, she was in bed.  
I thought asleep.  
When it all came out, she made  
me promise not to say anything.  
- You believed her then?  
- Yes, but...  
Something was the  
matter with Terry.  
- She was twisted.  
- You mean Ruth?  
No, Terry. I'm Ruth.  
It was a kind of deep bitterness.  
Wait! I thought you were Terry!  
No, I'm talking about  
Terry, I'm Ruth.  
- But didn't you...?  
- Didn't I what?  
Nothing. I am a little...  
Go on.  
Then Scott found out about it  
and he told me tonight,  
he told me she was not right...  
she was sick inside...  
sick with jealousy...  
and that is why she killed him.  
He didn't know that  
we were two of us...  
Just a minute!  
- What are you trying to pull?  
- I'm just telling what you told me.  
Just about what you told me.  
But this isn't Ruth, this is Terry!  
Scott, we've been over that.  
This is ridiculous!  
I know this is Terry!  
How do you know?

I've been studying them daily  
for almost two months.

I have no difficulty  
with telling them apart.

Can you prove it?

She says she's Ruth and  
she sounds like Ruth.

Prove me wrong...

- Shall I go on?

- We're getting somewhere.

The tests only showed what  
I have known for a long time,  
that she hated me, because men  
finds it easy to like me.

It was always the same  
story over and over again.

Whichever they met first...

I'm sorry, dear!

- You're not surly?

- Of course not.

I didn't explain because I didn't  
know myself until I got here.

It was only after a talk with Ruth.

The idea came to me.

Then it was too late to explain.

I just had to take a chance.

You'd age me 10 years but under  
the circumstances I forgive you.

You know why I got nervous?

Psychological reasons.

I got to think about

what you'd told me

and I realized that

Ruth was in danger.

It is simpler to get rid a rival  
than go knocking off her boyfriends  
all the rest of her life.

I take back what I  
said about the police.

\$9.75 this week only.

Was the mirror me?

The reflection was.

That's what twins are. Reflections  
of each other. Everything in reverse.

- Will you answer one question for me?

- What?

Under the circumstance you'll  
say it is impossible, but  
why are you so much more  
beautiful than your sister?