



Scripts.com

Dark Passage

By Delmer Daves

They'll catch the truck,
question the driver, search the barrels.
Inside five minutes
they'll be starting back this way, slow...
combing the road, looking sharp.
Take maybe 10 minutes.
See that? Gives me 15 minutes.
I've got to start taking chances.
What I wouldn't give
for some ice water or a smoke.
I've got to get out of here.
Hope I buried my shirt deep enough.
It's a dead giveaway.
Here comes something.
I've got to take that chance now.
How did you get your feet wet?
Been wading?
Crossed the stream back there.
Couldn't see a bridge, so I waded across.
-Where you going?
-San Francisco.
-Whereabouts in Frisco?
-Civic Center.
In your undershirt?
I like to be comfortable.
-Where did you get them pants?
-What do you want to know for?
Never saw any like them before.
What's funny about them? They suit me.
They give me a lot of wear for the money.
-Where you from?
-Arizona.
-Whereabouts in Arizona?
-Maricopa.
Very fancy seat cover you got here.
That's a piece of a carnival tent.
Seems to me, you'd be more sunburned
not wearing a shirt than you are.
As I was saying,
you ought to be more sunburned.
How come you're not? Lose your shirt?
Why are you going to Frisco?
What is this, a quiz program?
Stop this jalopy and let me out.

I'll hitch another ride.
Don't get excited, pal. All I said was--
I'll hitch a ride where I don't have to
tell my life history.
Flash! We interrupt this program to warn
all listeners in the North Bay Area.
Look out for a convict who escaped
from San Quentin 15 minutes ago...
probably on an outbound truck.
His description follows:
The escaped convict is 5' 10'',

hair:

last seen wearing gray prison trousers,
black shoes.
His name is Vincent Parry,
sentenced for life...
for the murder of his wife three years ago.
Well, what do you know?
Please, stop! I won't tell!
All right, climb in my car
and get out of here, fast.
What is this?
You're lucky he's still alive.
Let's go. I want to help you.
Why?
Please, we haven't much time, Vincent.
-How did you know my name?
-Does that matter?
-You're with the police?
-If I was, I'd have a gun.
Look, I'm trying to give you a chance.
I don't get it. But all right, let's go.
Get under here. I was out painting.
I heard the flash on my radio.
Don't worry about the painting stuff,
I'll fix it.
Where are we?
In the tunnel
leading to the Golden Gate Bridge.
-Where are you taking me?
-San Francisco, to my place.
It's a roadblock.
Don't move, Vincent. Don't make a sound.

Got your license, miss?
What's the matter, Officer?
Have I done something wrong?
I don't know yet, miss.
Where are you going?
San Francisco.
What have you got here in back?
Just my painting stuff.
I'm an amateur landscape painter.
-I'll have a look if you don't mind.
-Go right ahead.
But don't get the oil paints on your sleeve,
they're still wet.
Okay, miss.
You can start breathing again.
You told them to go ahead and look.
I knew they would anyway.
I had to take the chance.
-What were you doing near San Quentin?
-Painting in the hills.
How did you know I'd be on that road?
The radio said
the truck was headed south.
I figured you'd head for the county road.
Then I passed the empty car
with the door open...
so I turned around and came back.
And there I was.
I'm supposed to believe that?
All right, don't believe it.
But I got you past the police.
If you'd taken that jalopy...
you'd be on your way back
to San Quentin by now. That's one thing.
If he'd lifted that tarp
another three inches...
I'd be letting myself in for
a few years of prison.
That's another thing.
Right now, I'm letting myself in for
a broken jaw.
What do you mean,
"a broken jaw"?
You're all set to clip me one, aren't you?

I can't afford to make mistakes.
-Maybe I've made one.
-Why?
There's a motorcycle cop
coming up behind us.
He's dead ahead of us now.
He's stopping at the tollgate.
Lie still.
Hold your breath and cross your fingers.
Hear there's a roadblock on the other side.
-A killer's loose.
-So they say.
We're at my place. You ready?
-What's next?
-You're going to stay here.
-That's no good.
-Can you think of something better?
Then get ready, count 10.
By that time I'll be inside
and have the elevator ready to go up.
It's one of those pushbutton kinds.
When you've counted 10, get out,
walk in fast, but don't run.
I'll be waiting inside, on your right.
Okay, start counting.
...eight, nine, ten.
When we get to my floor,
let me go on ahead.
-I'll make sure nobody's coming.
-All right.
-Wait here.
-Okay.
You just make yourself at home.
I don't get this.
Why are you doing this for me?
I have no money, nothing.
There can't be anything in it for you
except a jail sentence.
Wait here. I want to show you something.
And turn on the music if you like.
-I see you like swing music.
-Yes, legitimate swing.
I wanted you to see this.
It was printed in the Record

at the time of your trial.

"Letters to the Editor."

"I think it's time someone spoke up
on behalf of Vincent Parry.

"The prosecution daily steers away
from the facts of the case...

"makes every effort to picture Parry
as an unfaithful husband, a vicious killer.

"I know nothing
of Parry's marital difficulties...

"or the finality of the evidence of murder...

"but I do know he is being
treated shamefully in the papers.

"I don't know this man, but I, for one,
protest your scandal-sheet tactics."

Signed, Irene Jansen.

Why, that's you.

-Why did you write this?

-I suspected you were getting a raw deal.

When I get excited about something,

I give it everything I have.

I'm funny that way.

But this is no good for you,

and it's certainly no good for me.

The police will be busy

while I'm doing nothing.

But you have a little time, Vincent.

Hello?

-It's Bob.

-Hello, Bob.

-Like to have dinner?

-I'm sorry, not tonight.

Got a date?

Not a date.

I just want to finish some sketches.

-Somebody there to help?

-No, just alone.

You're making me jealous. I'll bet--

Don't talk like that, Bob. It's not true.

Call me tomorrow night, about 7:00.

-Okay.

-Bye.

I'm getting out. That phone call did it.

But I didn't want to see him, anyway.

There'll be times you will,
and I'll be in the way.

-I'm going.

-Wait until tonight, please.

You can't go out dressed like that.

Let me get you some good clothes.

The police won't look so closely
at a well-dressed man.

Now, what size suit?

Forty, I guess.

-Shirt?

-Fifteen and a half, 34 sleeve.

-Shoes?

-8B.

-Hat?

-Seven.

That's a lucky number.

I'll be back soon.

You'll have to get rid of those clothes.

There's some wrapping paper
in the kitchen.

Wrap them up in tight bundles and
throw them down the incinerator chute.

Treat yourself to a hot shower.

And you'll need a shave.

Irene, let me in.

That's Madge's voice.

You know I'm out here.

Are you going to let me in?

Is someone in there with you?

Yes, someone's in here with her.

Now, go away.

Take another good look, Madge.

Shouldn't have dropped those
stinking clothes down the chute.

Couldn't get far in a Turkish towel.

Everything in order. Neat. Clean.

Calvin Jansen,

sentenced four years ago...

to life imprisonment

for the murder of his wife...

died last night in San Quentin

still claiming his innocence.

Jansen, wealthy architect,

was accused....

Thought I heard somebody talking in here.

Just me talking to myself.

A habit I picked up in prison.

-Did you get rid of your clothes?

-Yeah.

I'm glad you provided a towel

big enough to cover my embarrassment.

It's decent enough.

May I have the clipping?

You had a caller.

I told her to go away.

That wasn't very bright.

My friends will think that I--

I know. I told you I should get out.

Not that I care what they think.

I'm just trying to be technical, and careful.

I hope those fit.

Don't you get lonely up here,

all by yourself?

I was born lonely, I guess.

-Is that why you visit murder trials?

-No.

I went because your case

was like my father's.

I know he didn't kill my stepmother.

I know he told the truth...

yet he died in prison.

I thought it might be that way with you.

-It was that simple?

-Yes, I wanted to help you...

but all I could do at the time

was write crazy letters to the Record...

until today.

Why were you painting there?

Did you know I was--

No, I didn't.

When I woke up this morning...

I found myself wondering

how you were getting along.

I don't believe in fate or destiny,

or any of those things...

because I know it wasn't destined

for my father to die in prison.

But I guess it was something like fate...
to make me go out
to Marin County to paint.
Maybe it was simply because
I was thinking of you.
I don't know.
Excuse me. I'll get cigarettes.
Thank you.
Who's Bob?
You remember things, don't you?
Some things. What about this Bob?
He was engaged to somebody else.
She hates him now,
but at the same time....
She didn't want anybody else to have him.
-How did you know?
-I've known people like that.
You know more than that.
You know she was the woman
who knocked at the door.
The one who worked against you
at the trial.
It's dark enough. I'd better be going.
But she didn't see you.
She doesn't know I know you.
Yeah, but she's the kind
who always comes back, and back again.
I'll go pack the rest of your clothes.
You finish your smoke.
Head down the hill.
I'll tell you where to go from there.
-Mind a little speed?
-I like speed.
-Nice looking suit you're wearing.
-Thanks, and I don't feel chatty.
-Some fellows like to talk.
-I don't.
You always that way?
Yeah, that's why
I don't have many friends.
-You know, it's funny about friends.
-It's funny you can't take a hint.
Brother, you never drove a cab.
You got no idea how lonely it gets.

What's lonely about it? You see people.
Sure, you're right there.
You should see the character I had
for a fare yesterday.
Picked him up at the Ferry Building.
Standing on the curb with a big
goldfish bowl in his arm, full of water.
Two goldfish.
Climbs in the back of the cab, sits down
and puts the goldfish bowl in his lap.
Where do you think he wants to go?
To the ocean.
Clean from the Ferry Building
to the Pacific Ocean.
But he doesn't know
that there's seven hills.
Seven steep hills in between.
So we start off.
Up the first hill, slippity slop,
down the hill, slippity slop.
Water all over the back seat,
the goldfish on the floor.
He picks them up,
puts them back in the bowl...
up we go again, slippity slop,
water all over the....
You never saw such a wet guy in your life
when we got to that ocean.
And two tired goldfish.
But I like goldfish.
I'm going to get a couple for the room.
Dress it up a little bit,
it adds class to the joint.
Makes it a little homey.
-I thought you said you got lonely.
-That's right.
I pick people up and take them places,
but they don't talk to me.
I see them get out and go in spots,
have fun...
then I pick up another load coming out...
and I hear them telling
about all the fun they had.
But me, I sit up here all alone,

and it gets lonely.
That's tough. You're in a bad way.
You said it. Where are we going?
If I tell you,
you'll ask me why I'm going there...
and what am I going to do there,
and am I gonna have fun.
A guy gets lonely
driving a cab, remember?
That's right, brother. Lonely. And smart.
-Smart in what way?
-About people.
Looking at them. Faces.
What about faces?
It's funny. From faces I can tell
what people think, what they do...
sometimes even who they are.
You, for instance,
you're a guy with plenty of trouble.
-I don't have a trouble in the world.
-Don't tell me, buddy. I know.
She gave you plenty of trouble, that dame.
So you slugged her.
Not now, not here, too many cops around.
Don't try to hit me
in the back of the head...
or I'll run this crate up
into one of those hotel lobbies.
I'll give you \$500.
Don't give me nothing.
Where do you want to go?
You might as well
make it the police station.
Don't be like that.
You're doing all right. You're doing fine.
If it was easy for you to spot me,
it would be easy for others.
That's where you're wrong.
Unless you'd be happier back in Quentin.
Sure, that's why they sent us up there,
to keep us happy.
I see what you mean.
Let's go up here and talk.
-Did you really bump your wife off?

-No, I didn't.

I don't figure it that way.

I figure you slugged her with that ashtray
because she made life miserable for you.

I know how it is.

I live with my sister and her husband.

Now, they get along fine.

So fine, that one day
he threw a bread knife at her.

She ducked.

That's the way it goes.

Maybe if your wife had ducked...
there'd be no trial, no Quentin,
no on the lam.

That's life.

-Smoke?

-All right.

Light?

-What was she like?

-She was all right.

Just hated my guts.

For a long time I tried to find out why,
then I didn't care anymore.

I know. Nice, happy, normal home.

I almost got roped in
a couple of times myself.

If you find the right girl, it's okay.

-What'll I do?

-You won't listen.

I'll listen. I want ideas.

That's what I want
more than anything else. Ideas.

I didn't kill her.

Why should I go back to San Quentin
for the rest of my life if I didn't kill her?

I wonder what he could do with your face?

-Who?

-A friend of mine. Knows his stuff.

-How much would he want?

-How much you got?

\$1,000. That's all I've got.

-He'd take \$200.

-And keep after me from then on.

No, he's a friend of mine.

-What's your charge?

-Nothing.

I've seen him work. He's great.

I wouldn't know my own mother
after he got through with her.

How long would it take?

Maybe a week,

if he doesn't have to touch your nose.

I don't think he will. Just a little
around the eyes and here and there.

-Got a place to stay?

-We're right near the place.

-A friend.

-Dependable?

The only close friend I've ever had.

Let's see, it's 2:00 a.m. now.

I'll go up and see the doc

and make a date for you for 3:00 a.m.

Nice safe hour.

You go up to his place.

It's up an alley, it's safe.

This isn't far from my friend's.

Don't let the doc's alley
give you the creeps.

He don't like drop-in trade.

So long. See you later.

Vince.

Where did you come from?

Get out of the doorway.

What you got on? How did you get here?

-You expecting anybody?

-Where, here? No.

-Anybody follow you?

-I don't think so.

Want a drink or something? Come on in.

Sit down.

You shouldn't be here.

The cops know you're my friend.

That still go?

Sure, you've always been my friend.

You're the only guy who ever liked me.

I want you to let me

stay here a week, George.

Now, do it for me.

Only a week, that's all I'm asking.
You shouldn't stay around this town.
You ought to be on your way someplace.
Sure, you can stay, but you shouldn't.
I need a week.

-The cops may be on their way right now!
-I can't travel with this face.
It's plastered all over the papers.
It needs to be changed.
I'm going there tonight.
Plastic surgery?
-That costs money.
-I've got plenty.

A girl named Irene Jansen gave it to me.
I didn't realize it then,
but she came to my trial every day.
I remember that girl. I wondered why she--
I want you to remember her name,
Irene Jansen.
She and you are all I've got to bank on.
You can depend on me.
I've got two keys to this place.
You can have one of them.
Lie down and make yourself at home.
What if the police are here
when you get back?
You don't know I've been here.
I'm a big surprise to you.
-You're telling me.
-I was almost a big surprise to Madge.
-Madge Rapf?
-Yeah.
-She knocked at Irene's apartment.
-Madge know this girl?
Madge knows everybody,
pesters everybody.
All my life
I've tried to keep from hating people.
But I can't help hating Madge,
the way she testified against you.
She was under oath. She had to.
I don't believe Gert's dying words were,
Vincent did it. Vincent killed me.
It doesn't make sense.

She fell and hit her head,
that's what happened.
You got a raw deal.
Gert hated me. That's why she said it.
Gert didn't hate you.
Gert just didn't care for you.
There's a difference.
She would have walked out on you
if she'd found somebody permanent.
She wouldn't frame you
when she was dying.
She was no prize package,
but she wouldn't frame you.
Madge framed you.
Madge wanted to hook you...
and when she couldn't have you,
she framed you. Sent you up for life.
We both know that.
My attorney couldn't shake her story.
Maybe someday
she'll get run over or something.
That's what I pray for every night.
What time you going to this doctor's?
Pretty soon. It's being arranged now.
You still practice on the trumpet?
Only when the neighbors are out.
The guy who sold me this said these keys
were inlaid with semiprecious stones.
Remember when
you spent your last cent...
on that fire opal ring for your wife?
\$900, just because she said
she'd never be happy without one.
I remember when you gave it to her.
She was excited at first,
then she looked at it close and got sore.
Said the opal had flaws and the diamonds
were just chips, and she threw it at you.
\$900.
Cut your face.
I remember.
That reminds me, my face
will never look the same after tonight.
-Time to go?

-I got to face it sometime.
-I'll leave my bag here.
-What about your hat?
I won't be able to wear a hat
over those bandages.
Be careful.
-Got a match, pal?
-Sure, here.
-Keep the box.
-Thanks.
Hey, don't we know each other?
-I don't think so.
-I guess you're right.
I haven't got any rich friends.
I thought one of my old pals
might have struck it rich, though.
-How's it going?
-Going all right.
Longest 12 blocks I ever walked.
Don't be nervous.
I know how bad these things can be.
Just a couple of weeks ago,
I picked up a dame in my cab...
she must've had her face lifted
by one of them quacks.
She got caught in the rain and
the whole thing dropped down to here.
She should've left it unlifted.
But this guy is great. And no quack.
Come back in the light.
Yes, I think that'll work out nicely.
What do you think, Walt?
Around the eyes mostly, and the mouth.
Add some to the cheeks...
from there and there.
I think I'll leave the nose alone.
It's a nice nose.
-It'd be a shame to break it.
-That's what I thought.
Mind a few scars,
as though you'd been in a wreck?
Just a little wreck.
-You're the doctor.
-Good.

How old would you like to look?
I don't know.
That's up to you, I guess.
I'll make you look older.
Not too old, not too young.
Will I need to come back again?
No. I'm taking enough chances as it is.
When you cut yourself, do you heal fast?
Yeah.
Don't make the scars too big, Walt.
I like this guy's face.
I study people's faces.
That's why he's here,
because he's got a good face.
I won't need you here, Sam.
Go in the other room and read a magazine.
And you, friend, sit back in the chair,
and we'll start things.
-Will it take long?
-90 minutes. No more, no less.
I thought it took longer than that.
You're not going to operate on me
with that, are you?
No.
Before I can start on you,
you have to be shaved clean and close.
I perfected my own special technique
before I was kicked out
of the Medical Association.
My method is based
partly on calling a spade a spade.
I don't monkey around.
-Have you got the money?
-Yeah, you want it now?
Sam said you could afford \$200.
Put it on the table there.
Ever see any botched plastic jobs?
If a man like me didn't like a fellow...
he could surely fix him up for life.
Make him look like a bulldog or a monkey.
I'll make you look older, but good.
-I'll make you look as if you've lived.
-I have, Doc.
I hope I'm not a coward when you start in.

We're all cowards.
There's no such thing as courage.
There's only fear.
A fear of getting hurt and a fear of dying.
That's why human beings live so long.
You won't feel any pain with this.
I'll give you some shots
that'll freeze your face.
Now, just close your eyes.
I've got a fine anesthetic.
Used it in the last war.
It's in your bloodstream now.
You'll be all right, Vincent.
Hold your breath, cross your fingers.
Let me in.
Light?
Got the money?
Ever see a botched plastic job?
You'll be all right, Vincent.
Make you look like a bulldog or a monkey.
Don't try to talk. You're all taped up.
I left a space for you to take nourishment.
Use a glass straw.
You can have anything liquid.
You can smoke, but use a holder.
Don't try to move your mouth.
Don't try to talk.
The bandages can come off
at about this time...
on the morning of the 12th.
You'll be all healed by then,
and you can shave.
I did a fine job on you.
If you feel a little sore under your arm...
it's because I borrowed
some skin from there.
I'm going to ask you some questions.
If the answer is yes, just blink.
Do you have a place to stay?
Do you have someone to help you?
Good.
When you get there,
talk to that person with pencil and paper.
You're to sleep flat on your back.

Have your friend tie your hands
to the bed so you can't turn over.
Got that straight?
You can get up now.
I took your coat off to get at that skin.
You can roll down your sleeves.
Maybe you did it, maybe you didn't.
Sam says you didn't kill her...
and I've known Sam a long time.
I've got a lot of faith in Sam.
That's why I took this job.
If I had thought
you were a professional killer...
I wouldn't have any part of it.
But the way it is now, is this:
You'll look older,
but you'll always feel 10 years younger.
And you're through with me
and I'm through with you.
The artist in me wishes I could see
what a nice job I've done.
But I never will.
Goodbye, and good luck.
-So long, Walt.
-So long, Sam.
I didn't do this on a cash basis.
Okay, friend. I'll save you using your face
to talk me into it.
From here on in it's like this:
You don't know me,
I don't know you or who fixed your face.
How does that sound?
Thanks for the tip, friend.
Dead.
Why would anybody kill George? Poor guy.
The only thing he ever wanted
was to go to South America with me...
and play that trumpet.
That's all he wanted out of life.
Go to Peru, play a trumpet.
Now he's dead, murdered.
They'll say I killed you.
Just like they said I killed my wife.
Operator.

Got to go.
There's only one place left anywhere
for me to go.
Operator.
Only one place.
Have a hard night, bud?
Have a little trouble
with the little woman?
I've come five miles.
Great if I can't make it now.
Got to keep climbing.
It is.
It's the car that picked me up.
Where's the guy?
What does he want?
It's those same seat covers.
Sun's coming up.
Maybe it's just a crazy chance.
Maybe it just broke down here.
Things like that happen.
I've got to get off the street.
Hello.
I didn't think you'd come back.
When nobody answered the buzzer,
I was frightened.
I'm glad I went down.
You were sprawled on the floor.
The bandages scared me,
till I understood what they were.
Want more?
You're no featherweight.
Tell me what happened.
Why not?
You can't talk?
Taxi driver helped me.
Took me to a plastic surgeon.
Bandages stay on till the 12th.
I'm to eat only liquids.
How did you know about the glass tube?
If you could see your face,
you'd know it took one to get in there.
Can smoke through a holder.
Would you like a smoke now?
My face feels like it's on fire,

and my right arm.
If I don't get to bed soon,
I'm afraid you'll have to carry me.
Don't write any more, I understand.
You can sleep in my room.
Don't argue with your nurse.
Good afternoon. Your face feel better?
Sleep well?
I suppose you would like to be untied.
If you want to get up later,
your robe's over there.
Brought you some liquid brunch.
Not very attractive, but there's
not much you can do with liquids.
If you want to read something,
here's the paper.
It says that your fingerprints were
on the trumpet that smashed his head in.
The police say there were no other
fingerprints but yours and the dead man's.
And what about this?
The police believe Parry demanded aid
which Fellsinger refused.
The murder victim was found dead
near the telephone.
Did you do it?
Who could have done it?
You were there last night?
But you wrote nothing on the pad
this morning about visiting him.
Is there anything else you didn't tell me?
I know there's something else.
The more you tell me,
the more I can help you.
But I can't force you to tell me.
I only ask if it's important.
I have to report to the settlement house.
I teach kids how to draw,
four days a week.
I'll be back at about 6:00,
and we can have dinner then.
You know, you look better by candlelight.
As a matter of fact,
you don't look bad at all.

Not any worse than if you'd blocked a kick
at a football game.

Ever play?

Baseball?

I know who it is.

-How about dinner?

-No, thanks, Bob. I've just had dinner.

I'd like to drop over and say hello.

-When?

-Right away, if it's okay.

-Where are you now?

-Downtown, on Market.

-When would you get here?

-About 20 minutes.

Twenty minutes? All right. Bye.

Bob'll be here in 20 minutes.

It's better to let him come up.

He'll start suspecting something if I don't.

Don't worry. I can get rid of him.

I've known him a long time.

We still have time to finish our coffee.

It'll be all right.

You can go up to the bedroom.

He won't look up there.

It's gotten so he depends on seeing me.

I wish I knew of some way to break it off
without hurting him...

but all I can do is wait for him
to get tired of coming.

Madge knows he comes here.

She even thought it was funny.

At the same time,

she told me what a cheap, selfish...

worthless, no-good fianc he was.

She doesn't want him.

It's just, she doesn't want him

to have anything. Not even my friendship.

I can't understand Madge.

It seems that causing unhappiness

is the only thing that gives her happiness.

That's the door.

It can't be Bob. It's too early.

You hurry upstairs.

I'll put the cups away and see who it is.

Irene, you've got to help me.
The paper says
Parry killed George Fellsinger.
If he killed George, he'll kill me, too,
to get even for what I said at the trial.
-Why not leave town till they find him?
-He knows where I live.
He'd follow me wherever I went,
to kill me.
You're the only person that I can turn to.
I'm just about crazy.
-Want a drink?
-Yeah, please.
You've got to let me hide here.
I've just got to stay here with you.
I'm scared sick.
Control yourself. They'll catch him.
They haven't yet.
He's right here in this town.
I've just got to stay here.
-I don't see how you can, Madge.
-Why not?
The place is plenty big enough for us both.
Please, honey, I'm begging you.
-I tell you, you can't.
-Why not?
-Why are you dressed up?
-Because I'm expecting Bob any minute.
All right. That's all right.
I can hide in the bedroom.
-No, you won't.
-Why not?
Because it's cheap.
You're afraid Bob
might walk into the bedroom?
-Think he makes himself at home here?
-How should I know?
Then why stick your dirty needles in?
I don't like it.
Please, honey, don't get so excited.
What Bob does, doesn't make
the slightest difference to me.
That's enough. You can go now.
If you won't let me stay here,

please come home with me.
I'll help you pack.
That's Bob downstairs.
Go now, down the hall.
I won't go! I can't go!
If Parry finds me, he'll kill me.
Don't you understand?
-Hello, Irene.
-Hello, Bob.
What's Madge doing here?
Why don't you leave people alone?
You're not satisfied
unless you bother people.
Either it's your family or your friends,
people you don't know. It's me.
Vincent Parry is loose somewhere.
You have no feelings.
No feeling for you.
No feeling at all,
except I'm annoyed whenever I see you.
You wouldn't care
if Parry found me and killed me!
You're the last person
Parry wants to see, let alone kill.
And you know why,
and you know I know why.
What kind of a riddle is this?
Madge pestered him,
kept after him till she had a hold on him.
That's why he killed his wife,
to get her out of the way.
He killed Gertrude because he hated her.
-That's why he'll kill me! He hates me!
-He doesn't hate you.
You're not the type
that makes people hate.
Parry didn't have the brains to know it,
but you drove him to it.
He has no brains,
or he wouldn't have killed Fellsinger.
Wouldn't have come to Frisco
in the first place.
-Now he'll get the gas chamber.
-That's why I'm scared!

He's got nothing more to lose.
That's why he'll look for me
until he finds me and kills me!
I never met Parry,
but I know psychologically, he's no killer.
-He was just dumb.
-What makes you think you're so smart?
All you know is T-squares
and drafting boards...
-and not much else!
-We've been through all that before.
A couple of hundred thousand times
and that many years ago...
when I was a monkey,
thought I wanted to marry you.
-I can say plenty!
-That's very true.
Parry must have enough sense by now
to stay away--
He never had anything to do with me!
Santa Claus has nothing
to do with Christmas.
-Somebody lied to you.
-Gert wasn't a liar.
She was a lot of other things,
but not a liar.
She lied to you.
Will you deny
that you and Parry met secretly?
-I don't understand.
-Yes, you do.
You hired someone
to watch me, didn't you?
I did not.
But I hired your little rat
at double his price to watch you.
The very next day, he made good.
He told me a man named Vincent Parry...
visited you for four hours
the night before the murder.
I have his sworn statement.
Why didn't you give it to Parry's lawyer
at the time of the trial?
It'd only have given the jury

another reason why he killed Gert.
-I knew Parry was guilty, anyway, so....
-And besides, it would have involved you.
Sure. I didn't want any part of the mess.
That's all a vicious lie.
He's just trying to make me look bad.
-You'd better go now, Madge.
-I won't go home alone.
Bob will take you.
I don't want to have anything
to do with her.
-Then I'll call a taxi.
-Sure.
Call a taxi, and after I'm gone,
you two can put on the phonograph again.
Would you mind explaining that remark?
Don't say you two weren't here...
playing this phonograph when I rang
the buzzer yesterday afternoon.
-It wasn't me.
-Then it was someone else.
You know it was someone else.
You called the office to check on me.
When I answered the phone, you hung up.
I wondered what that call was about,
until now.
I heard the phonograph.
That's true. The phonograph was going.
-And there was somebody here with me.
-A man?
Yes, Bob. It was a man.
Who was it?
Vincent Parry.
That's very funny, Irene.
-What's so funny about it?
-What?
What was Vincent Parry doing here?
He was feeling like murdering
somebody else...
so he just dropped in to murder me.
Hilarious.
You had me scared.
-But there was a man?
-Yes, Bob.

-Is it serious between you?
-I think I ought to give it a chance.
I get it. Okay.
I've valued all you've done for me, Irene.
I hope things work out
the way you want them to.
Thanks, Bob. I'm hoping, too.
I'll take Madge home.
Bye.
Aren't we going to wait for a taxi?
We'll find one down the hill. Come on.
Honey, I'll call you in the morning.
-I'm going to be rather busy.
-When should I call you?
I'm afraid I'm going to be busy
from now on.
Then I'll call you in a couple of days.
Or maybe tomorrow night?
Just pick up the sofa and throw it at her.
Maybe that'd make her catch on.
Come on, Madge.
Goodbye, honey.
Don't be angry.
If you tell the truth, nobody believes you.
They didn't.
If you'd seen their faces,
you'd know I handled it right.
Now he won't bother me,
and he won't let her bother me.
Now you'll be safe.
It's time, Vincent.
It's time for the bandages to come off.
I know it's awfully early...
but you said you wanted
to get away before it got light.
How does your face feel?
It's stopped itching,
like the doc said it would.
Ready for the unveiling?
It's a pretty big moment for you,
starting a new life with a new face.
You know, the doc said he could
make me look like a bulldog...
-if he botched the job.

-I'm sure he didn't.
I promise not to cut an ear off, honest.
Shall I pull it off with one short shriek?
Well?
Is it that bad?
Same eyes.
Same nose.
Same hair.
Everything else seems to be
in a different place.
I sure look older.
That's all right. I'm not.
If it's all right with me,
it ought to be all right with you.
-Can you shave?
-The doc said I could.
Why don't you? And get dressed.
I'll wait downstairs
and sort of get a fresh impression.
It ought to work.
It's unbelievable.
But it's good. I think I even like you better.
Don't let it give you any ideas.
-What kind?
-Don't change yours.
I like it just as it is.
You mind if I play the other side
once more?
I may not hear it again for a long time.
When are you going?
-The quicker, the better.
-Where?
To clear myself.
To find out who killed them.
Are you curious enough
to start taking chances again?
Or angry enough?
No, I'm not angry.
Maybe curious, but not angry.
I should be, I suppose, but I'm not.
Now, I know she was murdered.
I suppose I ought to be.
I'm not even angry about George,
just sorry.

There's so many things I don't understand.
Me, too.
I thought I had a good life here...
but your going away
doesn't make it seem good anymore.
I've sort of joined your team...
and I don't look forward
to being without you.
When I leave here, you're off my team.
Lucky to be.
I've got the Indian sign on me.
It seems I can't win.
I got to start out, prove who killed them.
Won't you be leaving your fingerprints
wherever you go?
The doctor didn't change them.
Don't even try.
I see what you mean.
I guess the only thing for me to do
is get the first bus out of town, fast.
You'll need more money.
You've given me enough, plenty.
-Where will you go?
-I told you, I don't know.
But you asked me
to pick up those South American folders.
I like travel folders.
You do know, but you won't tell me.
All right, I do know.
You think I'd ever let them know
where you were?
Could be.
And that's why you won't tell me?
Yes, that's why.
It isn't.
You won't tell me
because you think I'll come there...
-that I'd follow you.
-You'd be insane to do that.
Was I insane to pick you up on the road?
Was I crazy to let you stay here?
Yes.
If I was crazy enough
to let you stay here...

I'd be crazy enough to follow you.
-That's why you won't tell me.
-I guess so. I don't know.
You do know. You don't want me there.
You don't need me there.
-Isn't that the way it is?
-I guess that's the way it is.
-I'll get you a taxi.
-I'll pack my bag.
It's the taxi.
Funny how quickly they come
when you don't want them to come at all.
Sounds pretty final, doesn't it?
You'll be all right now.
They can't get you now.
I'll need a new name.
Let me give you one.
Even if you change it later on...
let me give you one
to go with your new face.
Your eyes are quieter.
Allan's a quiet name.
Allan Linton.
No. I knew a guy
with a name like that once.
I didn't like him.
How about...
Linnell?
Allan Linnell.
Goodbye, Allan.
You'd better go.
-There isn't any possible way to say--
-No.
Goodbye, Irene.
-You're the party who wants a taxi?
-Yes.
Nearly pushed my thumb
through that buzzer.
Sorry.
Post and Fillmore.
-Morning.
-Good morning.
Ham and eggs, coffee.
-How'll you have the eggs?

-Easy.

Easy does it.

-Looking for the sports section?

-Yeah.

The guy that left the paper took it.

-What do you want to know?

-Race results.

What track?

-Bay Meadows.

-Where you been, mister?

Racing's been over

at Bay Meadows a month.

Lonesome down there.

Mind answering a few questions, sir?

No, I've got plenty of time.

-Where's your raincoat?

-I'm absent-minded.

-Let's try it again. Where is it?

-Okay, I haven't got any.

-That's better. Why not?

-I told you I was absent-minded.

Is that why you're up so early?

-Couldn't sleep.

-Why not?

-You're curious, aren't you?

-I'm paid to be.

I've been curious for years.

-What do you want with me?

-That depends. Who are you?

My name's Linnell. Allan Linnell.

I'm an investment counselor.

-What's AT&T selling for?

-\$1 70.

I got 10 shares. Got any tips?

-You can't do any better than AT&T.

-Your office here in town?

-Portland.

-Rains a lot in Portland.

What're you doing here

without a raincoat?

-I'm hiding.

-From what?

My wife, my friends,

my family, everybody.

Come on now.
It can't be as bad as all that.
I'll tell you what you do.
Go live seven years with my wife...
and then if you're still in your right mind,
come back here and tell me about it.
Is that why you got the shakes?
I told you, I couldn't sleep.
Sorry, fellow. We got orders
to check everybody that looks suspicious.
-I always figured I looked normal.
-You do.
But you asked for the race results at Bay
Meadows, and the racing season's over.
Not normal.
That's why I moved down to say hello.
I'll have to see your cards.
I haven't got my identification here.
It's too bad. You got me trapped.
Now I'll have to take you in.
Look, it's in my wallet at the hotel.
Why can't we go over there?
I've got my identification there.
Finish your breakfast
and we'll go over to the hotel.
-What's your address in Portland?
-Look, let's go there now.
-Clear this up, then I can eat in peace.
-Okay, let's go.
-Keep the change. I'll be back later.
-This is \$100.
Sorry, friend. I thought it was smaller.
I'm sorry I made that crack
about Bay Meadows.
Why couldn't I keep my big trap shut?
-Where is this hotel?
-Straight down the block.
You ran in front of me!
Are you hurt? You ought to be shot!
-Where's the man who was with me?
-He ought to be shot, too!
I could have dropped dead.
He ran right in front of the wheel.
My heart feels like a baseball bat

hitting my chest.
I was driving home from work.
I'm a night watchman.
I got a weak heart. All I do is sit
and watch. I can't take chances.
So I was driving home from work...
and this crazy galoot runs in front of me.
Did you see it? Were you a witness?
Won't somebody call a policeman?
This man ought to be arrested.
-You ran into a cop, mister.
-I ran into a....
Look, Officer. I'm a night watchman.
-I was driving home--
-Shut up.
Sergeant, this is Kennedy.
I just picked up a suspect
on Fillmore Street.
He broke away from me.

Height:

Hair:

Blue suit, stripes. No overcoat.
Just wanted to see if you had any luggage.
Room's on the fourth floor.
Turn right. You can't miss it.
Elevator's right there, Mr. Linnell.
Very unusual name.
Walk backwards. Keep your hands up.
Keep going until you hit the wall.
I could shoot you now
and pick myself up \$5,000.
\$5,000?
That's what the cops offer, alive or dead.
-They're stumped.
-You talked to them?
If I was a dope, I would've talked to them.
I'm no dope.
I probably looked dumb to you
when you slugged me, but I'm not dumb.
-What do you want?
-Money.
-How much?

-\$60,000.
\$60,000? I can't pay that.
I can't come anywhere near it.
She can.
-Who?
-Irene Jansen.
Who's she?
Look, Parry,
I told you before I wasn't a dope.
I happen to know that dame is worth
a couple of hundred grand.
She could spare \$60,000.
You can't touch her.
She's out of this.
You can't do a thing to her.
Except turn you in.
And that's where she comes in.
She'd take the rap
for concealing a fugitive...
as well as for being an accessory
to the Fellsinger job.
-She'd get 20 years.
-They'd never give her that.
All right, let's give her a break.
She'd only get 10 years.
It's still worth \$60,000 to her to stay out.
With the \$140,000 she's got left...
why, she could get \$60,000 back
in no time.
Then we'd all be happy.
-Hang it up.
-You'll play?
I got to think it over.
Think about it all you want to.
Look at it up and down and sideways.
You'll come to the same answer.
What do you want me to do?
We go to her apartment together.
She writes me out a check for \$60,000.
What are you?
I was a small-time crook
until this very minute.
Now I'm a big-time crook. And I like it.
-Say, who did that job on your face?

-I'm not saying.
It's high-class work.
You won't keep bothering her, will you?
\$60,000 is just the right amount.
-All right if I light a cigarette?
-No.
Keep your hands up.
I think maybe you better turn around.
I guess maybe you better.
I was wondering how long
it would take you to think of that.
Now, how's for sitting down?
I guess that's okay.
But keep your hands behind you.
You know, I didn't figure on you
slugging me in that jalopy.
-I should have slugged you harder.
-You should have.
I wouldn't have come to in time
to see you drive off...
with that classy dame
in that station wagon.
I got the license number.
I always had a good head for figures.
My only interest in your head
is how easy it'll crack open.
I'm annoying you?
-You're gonna be annoyed more.
-How'd you find out where she lives?
I called this little auto club I know.
Gave them her license number.
They gave me her name and address.
Said her financial rating was well over
a couple of hundred thousand bucks.
-You staying with me?
-I'm right alongside you.
That's dandy. You stay there.
Then I figure I got
a couple of thousand dollars shakedown.
This was big stuff.
I didn't know what the rich dame
had to do with you.
But I drive to her address to find out.
Sure enough,

there's the station wagon parked outside.
I park my car across the street and wait.
-Want a cigarette?
-Yeah.
-You weren't in the car that morning.
-I was up above, watching.
You weren't feeling
good enough to see me.
-This smoke's getting in my eyes.
-All right, use one hand.
Why didn't you come up to her apartment?
Wasn't sure
if there's a third party involved.
Or a fourth, or a mob. So I played it slow.
I saw your striped suit
come out early this morning.
I followed it to the diner.
Brother, you're sure an amateur.
Stay that way.
-What's the matter?
-Get your hands back up.
Stand up, so I can see what you're up to.
Turn around.
Get your coat.
Wait a minute.
How do you know there isn't a mob?
You wouldn't be here alone if there was.
This dame has a feeling for you.
I know how these things go.
She'll pay off with a smile.
How did you know
who to ask for downstairs?
I didn't. I just told the clerk at the desk...
I had a message for the man
in the striped suit that came in.
He said, You mean, Mr. Linnell?
I said yes.
Just take it easy, Parry.
You'll be better off than you ever were.
As soon as I rake in the chips,
I walk out of the game.
-Want your hat?
-You make it sound pretty simple.
It is. Don't make it complicated

by trying to make a break.
I'll have to kill you
and only make myself \$5,000.
One way you die,
either way I make money.
Okay. Let's go.
You drive.
Better get out of traffic, quick.
That dick'll have more looking for you.
As long as we're going through with this,
we might as well not get picked up.
Where are you figuring on going? Mexico?
-I don't know.
-Mexico's good.
Through Arizona,
so you won't have trouble at the border.
Buy yourself a car at Benton.
It's a little town
about 30 miles from the border.
I'll need papers.
That's why Benton came to my mind.
Go to the Benton Printing Shop.
They'll fix you up.
Ask for a guy by the name of Ferris.
Tell him Baker sent you.
Didn't you learn
those kind of things at Quentin?
I didn't mix much at Quentin.
You should have mixed.
That's the only way you learn things.
Especially at a place like Quentin.
They put me in there twice.
I learned some things
that even I never knew before.
They got some mighty smart guys
at Quentin.
-You're sure taking the long way around.
-It's the back road to her place.
How do I get to Benton?
You take one of those fly-by-night buses
for Arizona.
I'll be hopping one myself,
as soon as I get the cash.
-You see, the cops watch--

-What cash?
The \$200,000.
I mean, the \$60,000.
-You mean, Irene's \$60,000?
-Sure.
Her \$60,000. What do you think I meant?
I don't know.
I thought you said \$200,000.
But I figured you meant \$60,000.
Now, remember you said
you'd leave her alone.
That \$200,000 was a slip of the tongue.
I wouldn't take everything she's got.
-Is this a back road?
-We're coming to it.
-I don't see it.
-We go through that gate.
-I'm telling you this road leads no place.
-It does. I lived here all my life.
This road leads under the bridge!
-Get out.
-What you gonna do with me?
Do as I say or I'll shoot.
Go ahead, pick it up.
-Let's take a stroll.
-Where to?
Where we won't be seen.
-You're gonna shoot me?
-I want to be alone with you.
-You're gonna kill me?
-Not unless you make a try for the gun.
-Did you kill Fellsinger?
-No.
Did you follow me there?
Do you know who did?
-I waited at the girl's place.
-Whoever killed Fellsinger followed me.
-You had a reason to kill him.
-Why would I?
I'd be blamed, the girl'd be involved,
and you'd raise the ante.
I didn't. I waited across--
You saw me walk out of her house
and get the cab.

I saw you drive off. I stayed.
-Where was your car?
-Across the street on the upper level.
Parked near her place the next day.
I made a U-turn, parked above
so I could watch the door better.
-I don't believe you.
-Look, my car won't do better than 30.
You know that, you just drove it.
What chance would I have following a cab?
Okay, that makes sense.
The cab driver drove too fast,
you couldn't have followed me.
But you didn't know the taxi was going to
make speed after it got going.
You'd have tried to follow it.
There was a reason you didn't try
to follow it, and you and I know it.
There was another car following that cab.
-What do you mean, a car?
-A car, machine, automobile.
Don't stall. That's why you stayed there.
You saw another car
with headlights off following the taxi.
You didn't know who it was.
You thought it might be the police.
I didn't see any car.
-Tell me or I'll shoot it out of you.
-I didn't see any car!
If you want to walk away from here,
tell me if it's the same car I think it was.
I haven't got a thing to lose. Not a thing.
It was a convertible coupe...
had a canvas top, it was a bright color.
I think it was orange.
-Bright orange. Who was in it?
-I couldn't see.
Okay, I guess I got all I need.
-What happens to me?
-That's not my worry.
You can check off the \$200,000
you were going to get from the girl.
You know, it's wonderful
when guys like you lose out.

Makes guys like me think
maybe we got a chance in this world.
Don't count me out so easy.
Thanks, my good friend.
Now I know
who killed my wife and George.
-Who are you?
-A friend of Bob's.
I don't go out with Bob anymore.
That's why I'm here.
-The fresh type.
-No, just informal.
Bob said we'd get along fine.
-What did he say?
-Open the door and I'll tell you.
It's a nice place you got here.
I don't think I should've let you in.
You live up to the buildup.
What did Bob say about me?
He admitted, after the buildup,
that you weren't easy to get along with.
-Maybe I'm not.
-Maybe I like it that way.
Did he say why we busted up?
He said when you went after something,
you stopped at nothing.
He said he left you
because he didn't trust you five feet away.
-What do you think?
-I think he had something there.
-Do you think you could trust me?
-Now and then.
That'd be your problem.
You'd have to guess when.
You talk like you plan to be around.
That's why I dropped in.
-Is that for me?
-Sure.
-What's your name?
-Allan.
Allan Linnell.
Thanks for the candy, Allan.
You remind me of somebody.
I should've brought the candy in an

orange box. You seem to like orange.
It's my big weakness.
I'll bet everything you own
is on the orange side.
-Just about.
-Even your car.
Even my car. It's bright orange.
And my favorite gem is orange.
Mexican opal.
I had a friend once who was
as crazy about fire opals as I am.
I gave somebody a fire opal once.
It had flaws in it.
What is it? The suit?
Remember the night you followed it?
Or is it the face
that doesn't go with the eyes?
You don't want to believe it, do you?
But there's nothing else for you to do.
The more you look in my eyes,
the more you know it's true.
-It's really me.
-Get out of here, Vincent!
-Get out of here and leave me alone.
-No, I'm the pest now.
You always were the pest,
but now, I'm going to be...
because I know you killed Gert
and I know you killed George.
I've got to make you confess it.
There's no way you can get away.
Go away.
They'll never find you if you go away now.
-Now I want them to find me.
-They'll kill you.
Do I look worried? I'm not.
I know you did it.
I've written down the facts to prove
you followed me from Irene's to George's.
I'm going to turn those facts
over to the police.
Facts that'll take them
back to the day you killed Gert.
It'll tell them why you killed her,

and it'll show them how.
It must have sickened you
when you found out you couldn't get me...
without getting rid of Gert.
But you kept your gloves on and you
picked up the ashtray and you killed her.
When you found out
you still couldn't have me...
you told the police Gert said I did it.
They found my fingerprints
on my ashtray, and not yours.
-That was enough for them.
-They won't believe that.
They will when they hear
what you and Bob said...
that night in Irene's apartment.
You were there,
and you've got Bob with you.
He'll be with me, all right.
And you're alone.
'Cause when you got what you wanted,
you wanted to get rid of it.
But if anybody else got hold of it,
you couldn't stand that.
You felt Irene was interested in me,
so you killed George...
because you felt that was the best way
to make sure she didn't get me.
You knew they'd give me the gas chamber
for murdering George.
It was the one big thing in your mind
when you killed him.
You told yourself you were rid of me
and nobody else could have me.
It's all written down here.
That's no evidence.
That's just the way you figure it.
That's why you're after a confession,
isn't it?
-You want me to sign it?
-It would simplify matters.
How do you figure I thought Irene Jansen
was mixed up with you?
When I told you to go away from her door,

you knew it wasn't Bob.
But you checked up on him,
just to make sure.
You knew she spent every day at the trial,
that I escaped from San Quentin.
You put that together.
Now you had Irene and me together,
and you waited.
And the longer you waited,
the sorer you got.
When I came out, you followed me
in that orange roadster to George's.
-Prove it.
-I have. Right in here.
You knew if you killed George
they'd blame me...
so you went and pulled that
"I'm afraid, George" routine...
caught him off guard and killed him.
Didn't you?
Yes.
-Will you tell that to the police?
-No.
-Where you going?
-To turn this over to the police.
Won't do any good.
I haven't signed it. And I won't.
In every paper in the country I'm a killer.
I never thought it possible
to kill anybody till this minute.
She's got you now. But you've got me.
But if you don't hold on to me,
it means they're still after you.
As long as you don't have me,
you can't prove anything...
because I'm the proof.
-You'll be there.
-No!
You'll never be able to prove anything,
because I won't be there.
You need something concrete.
You need evidence. You need me.
And without me,
you don't have a witness, do you?

Of course not. You don't have a witness...
no witness, nothing!
I've got evidence.
Your evidence isn't any good,
because you can't prove it without me.
-And I've got you.
-Don't be so sure of yourself.
You'll never get away.
You'll never get out of my sight.
She wants you very badly, doesn't she?
She's willing to run away with you
and ruin everything for herself...
but she wouldn't care, because she'd be
with you and that's what she wants.
She doesn't have you now
and she'll never have you...
nobody'll ever have you.
That's the way I want it!
You're nothing but an escaped convict.
Nobody knows what you wrote down.
They'll believe me!
-I heard somebody cry out.
-So did I. It was upstairs. I'll go see.
Somebody call the police.
-Where do you want to go?
-Peru.
-Peru, Indiana?
-No. Benton, Arizona.
Let me see.
Got one going to Kingman, Ash Fork,
Prescott, Iron Springs--
Does it go to Benton?
I want to go to Benton, Arizona.
I'm trying to find out.
Skull Valley, Wickenburg...
Phoenix, Florence.
What do you know? Here's Benton.
-How much?
-\$12.50.
When does it leave?
When that guy yells,
All aboard for Arizona.
-When will that be?
-When the mood strikes him.

Which means when we sell 12 tickets.
-How many you got to go?
-Two to go.
Don't these buses ever leave on time?
Sometimes, chum.
A lot they care.
They're not worried about us.
That's the way it goes.
It's just one big battle royal
all the way through.
Nobody gives a hang.
Nobody seems to ever care a hang
about the other fellow.
There was a time when folks used to
give each other a helping hand.
Sometimes I get so tired.
Just sick and tired of everything.
Nothing to look forward to at all.
You got these kids, that's something.
I got nothing.
You know, we got something in common.
Being alone.
-This is Allan.
-Where are you? Are you all right?
-Are you alone?
-Yes.
It was Madge who killed them both.
But I'll never be able to prove it.
I went up there for a showdown,
and she admitted it...
but she stumbled
and fell through the window.
It'll be in the afternoon papers.
You'll read that I pushed her out...
but I want you to know how it really was.
I know how it was.
Do I hear music?
Yes, I picked it out on the jukebox.
You didn't just call me
to tell me about Madge.
There's something else
you want me to know.
I never could fool you, could I?
I'm just beginning to realize...

it's better to have something
to look forward to.

-Can you get a map of South America?

-I'll find one.

Look up Peru. There's a little town
on the coast called Paita.

Say it. Tell me where it is.

Paita, in Peru.

Good. Now listen.

I won't write. We've got to wait.

We've got to give it plenty of time.

Maybe they'll get a lead on you
or keep an eye on you for a while.

I'll be careful. Go on.

Meanwhile, if God's good to me...

and I manage to make it down there,

I'll be waiting for you.

There's a little caf right on the bay.

If you could see your way clear....

Listen to all those "ifs."

We'll skip all the "ifs."

I get the idea, and that's all I need.

Now hang up on me. Just like that.

Hang up, darling.

I'll keep my eyes peeled.

Anything to oblige a cop, that's my motto.

-Phoenix, Arizona, please.

-Arizona? Okay, Ross.

All aboard for Arizona!

-May sit by the window, Aunt Mary?

-Yes, dear.

-May I sit by Michael, Aunt Mary?

-Of course, you may.

All set?