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# Don ' t Look Now

By Allan Scott

**DONT LOOK NOW:**

Action Man patrol, open fire!  
This is your Commander speaking.  
Mortar attack, dig in!  
What are you reading?  
I'm trying to answer Christine's

**question:**

why is a frozen pond flat?  
That's a good question.  
"Lake Ontario  
curves more than 3 degrees from its  
east to its west shore".  
Frozen water isn't flat!  
Nothing is what it seems.  
- My cigarettes...  
Did you put the slides together?  
No, I put the duplicates in my tray.  
Action Man patrol, fall in.  
Enemy in sight. Range one thousand.  
Oh shit!  
What's the matter?  
Nothing.  
Dad!  
Everything is rotten.  
The stone is like tobacco.  
Should I carry on?  
No. It's already late.  
Let's call it a day.  
My wife's waiting for me.  
See you tomorrow at San Nicol.  
- Yeah, exactly.  
Thanks a lot!  
Ciao!  
Hi!  
- Hi.  
What are you doing?  
- Writing to Johnny. - What?  
Just a letter. How'd it go?  
The deeper we go, the more Byzantine.  
I'm restoring a fake.  
And you can't change course?  
- They haven't enough bread.

The options are restore the fake  
or let it sink in the sea.

What did you say?

- I said, "Daddy's still hard at work  
on the windows of St. Nicholas,  
our 16th century church.

His repairs

are no different than the originals.

I'll send you slides,

maybe you can tell. Hope Ellies

is more reasonable this term.

I think that's his Captain.

"I'm enclosing the money

for your gym shoes. Buy the ones  
with the padded soles."

Another boring letter.

God, it's cold.

I've got something in my eye.

Do you want me to add something?

- Why not send him a card yourself?

It's so cold in here and

the waiters won't come. Hello!

I must take some time off.

Signori?

What do you want?

- I'll have what I had last night.

Pollo sopresso, scampi al ferri,  
vino bianco, due insalate verdi...

Good, that's it.

Did you see the bishop today?

- No.

I'm terribly sorry!

Sorry.

What?

- No, she's got something in her eye.

I think I'd better go help them.

Perhaps I can show you where it is.

- Oh, it's awfully kind of you.

I hope you don't think us rude.

Rude? Why?

Staring at you out there.

Comes from the country.

Country people always stare more.

I'm frightfully sorry.

- I didn't notice it even if you were.

Which eye is it?

- The left one.

Well, let me help.

- Help! - I can try.

No!

You nearly put Jocelyn's eye out  
the last time you tried poking about.

Perhaps...

...perhaps I can help?

That's awfully kind.

Oh dear.

My sister is blind you see.

I see.

- Yes.

That's it. It was a tiny  
black speck. I think I've got it.

- Well done.

Thank you very much. Goodness.

You do remind me of my daughter.

Really?

- Only her hair is darker.

Your handkerchief.

You're sad...

and there's no need to be!

My sister's psychic.

- She wants you to know...

I've seen her and she  
wants you to know that she's happy.

I've seen your little girl  
sitting between you and your husband  
and she was laughing!

Yes,

she was with you!

And she's laughing!

I'm sorry if we stared.

She's wearing a shiny little mac.

Christine!

But she's laughing!

She's happy as can be!

You're very like her.

The forehead, the eyes...

Is that better?

- Yes.

Shall I fetch your husband?

- No. I'm alright, thank you.

Jolly good!

Just leave me alone. I'll be fine.

Alright, my dear.

Did you

really see her?

She was there.

She was there!

I thought you were right.

I felt you should.

Signore.

I sent your food back to be warmed.

The mastic that works it is number 3.

- Oh dear, John, I must stand up.

Hey!

- I'm sorry.

Signore!

- Thanks.

That's it then.

They're only children here!

- It was the nearest hospital.

I was playing with them.

- The doctor... - John?

Christine is still with us.

- Christine's dead, Laura.

Christine's dead.

- I know, of course!

The two ladies in the restaurant,  
they were watching us while we ate.

They told me they could see

Christine sitting between us.

This is two people we don't even know!

Listen! Listen now!

There's one that's blind,  
she has the second sight.

She described to me

Christine's red plastic mac.

Laura...

- John, I'm perfectly alright!

I haven't felt as good as this  
in months and months!

I don't need pills,

I'm not going crazy. I feel great!

When did the doctor say you could go?

- Anytime. I only fainted.

I wish you'd believe me.

I really feel fine.

I really feel good at last!

- I believe you!

Seeing is believing.

Put your shoes on.

Out of the way!

- Stop! Stay there!

But I must go through!

A homicide occurred here!

What's going on?

- A homicide. You must stop.

What did he say? Homicide?

- Yeah.

Stop!

- But I must go through!

You can't. Stop now!

What are you doing?

Turn left!

You can't go through here.

Isn't this where you were with...

- No.

I want to stop at this church.

It's closed. Why that one?

I just wanted to...

I want to say a prayer.

Oh, Laura!

I don't like this church at all.

- But I do.

Do you have any change?

- Yes.

I'm going to light a candle for her.

- How much are candles?

Fifty.

I don't have any fifties.

Maybe I'll light six.

Thank you, my love.

The Madonna by Antonio Rizzo

in about 1490.

The grille work is also by Rizzo.

Note the flowers woven into...

Jesus!

- You hypocrite!

The bishop!

I'm an hour and a half late!

In the name of the Father, the Son,  
and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

May the mercy and

Love of our Father

and the peace of the Holy Spirit

be with you.

How are you, John?

It was entirely my fault.

It wasn't John's fault.

- A woman to share your sins with.

Laura, you're looking better.

I'm really terribly sorry.

- It's okay.

These workmen took me around.

We have made some great advances.

I'd like you to look at the mosaics  
that need to be refired.

I've already been much too long.

When are you coming to stay with me?

Thursday, if that's alright?

- I look forward to it.

I took some samples from the pilings.

We're in trouble down there, too.

The churches belong to God, but  
he doesn't seem to care about them.

Does he have other priorities?

We have stopped listening.

Are you a Christian, Laura?

I don't know.

I'm kind to animals and children.

St. Nicholas

of this church is the Patron Saint  
of scholars and children. Interesting.

We must talk, John!

Thursday I'll have your room ready.

- Thank you.

I'll have the mastic samples by then.

Acidity is ruining all the adhesives.

I look forward to hearing about it.

Thursday.

Ciao.

- Goodbye!

He doesn't give an ecclesiastical fuck about the church. Why did he ask me if I was Christian?

- Because you kissed his ring.

What in God's name made you do that?

Ciao Giorgio!

- See you tomorrow! - Yes.

You know? Your bishop really makes me feel quite uneasy.

He probably makes God feel less than immaculate.

Signor!

- No.

The key!

- I have the key.

He has the key!

Be careful! If you ruin it, I don't know what I'd do!

I'm going

to get down to some work tomorrow.

Enough of this idling around.

What?

Don't we have to book at this place?

I don't want what happened last time!

What place?

- John!

The place we're going to be eating at!

Yeah, sure.

Where is my Neutralgina then?

You'll have to read this!

What are you doing?

I can't hear what you're saying.

- I'm shouting!

I still can't hear.

- What are you doing?

I'm having a bath.

You heard me that time.

You know those lumps are coming back on the side of your waist?

See?

85 kilos, which is 190 pounds.

You okay?

- I'm okay.



Come in!

May I tidy up?

- Yes, yes.

I'll come back later.

It's a miracle

I didn't hurt myself when I fainted.

The unconscious body reacts faster  
than the mind ever can.

Perhaps.

You have toothpaste on your mouth.

Eat it off!

I can't get it off.

This.

Yes.

- No.

Really?

- Yes.

You will be eating here tonight,

I hope?

No, we're eating out tonight.

Too bad. Have a good night.

Thank you.

- Good night.

You can go home.

Come here, I think I found the way!

- We went over this bridge already!

I never minded being lost in Venice.

Now, we take the second left

and then the first left or right.

Oh, yeah?

- Yeah.

A nice dark little alley!

Yes, this is it.

- It isn't.

Yes, it is.

- It isn't, John.

Come on.

- No, it isn't.

Oh, rats! I'm getting out of here.

I know this place.

This is it! It's Ponte Giretto!

What?

- Here!

- No, I...

What's that, John?

- It's okay, I found the real world.

Come on.

What on earth was that?

- A cat or a rat.

Maybe something else.

- A rat?

This was just around the corner  
from where we were!

I know where we are now.

Ready?

- Slow!

Slow!

Yeah. Higher.

Beautiful. Good.

Ready?

- No!

It'll fall down!

Go!

Go!

Are you ready?

Hello!

Hello!

- Hello!

How extraordinary to see you.

Oh, it's Mrs. Baxter.

Yes, I know.

- My husband's restoring this church.

Yes.

- Yeah, yeah.

Hold on.

- Yeah.

Stop! Wait.

- It's good.

Yes, I remember her hair.

Light hair and silky soft.

She tossed it as she laughed.

Did she die suddenly?

Heather! You've no right to...

- No, I wouldn't mind talking.

I'll just go and get my coat.

Would you mind waiting?

Thanks.

No, no! There!

Yes, there.

- No, there!

Okay.

- Yes!

Hold on!

- Here.

Wait still. Now.

I'll hold it right here.

Pull, pull!

Sunday afternoon,

we'd just finished lunch.

Before I used to smoke then.

Now, I haven't had a cigarette.

John just suddenly got up

and rushed down to the pond, almost

as if he knew

something was going to happen.

Yes.

- Well, it was too late. Strange.

Yes, of course!

- What?

Of course! He has the gift.

That's why the child was trying  
to talk to him. He has the gift.

Even if he doesn't know it.

Even if he's resisting it.

It's a curse as well as a gift.

Wait, there's a knot.

Slow!

It's off-center!

It never was in the middle.

Over! To the left!

- Okay.

You can't

ever contact people, can you?

We're often asked. She's quite famous.

They all want a lot of mumbo-jumbo,

and holding hands. Second sight

is a gift from the Good Lord.

It is impertinent

to call his creatures

back for our entertainment.

It wouldn't be for my entertainment.

Would you come for tea?

When your husband's finished?  
Just for a little while?  
I'd like that. Thank you.  
That alright?  
I make no promises.  
No.  
It's ridiculous!  
- They only want to meet you!  
I'm not getting involved  
in a session of mumbo-jumbo!  
I've been trying to hang on to myself,  
to get rid of this emptiness  
that's been with me like some pain,  
and finally through these two women  
I've discovered how!  
They disapprove of mumbo-jumbo, too!  
They used that very word.  
Of course they do!  
- They just want to help!  
Laura, do you not see...  
- She's going to try and reach her.  
Laura, that's enough.  
Now listen to me.  
I've listened to you. You said let  
the children play where they want to.  
You let her go near that pond.  
- Thanks for the memories.  
You said you'd give your life  
in exchange for hers. Well you can't.  
Jesus H. Christ.  
- John!  
She's trying to get in touch with us!  
Maybe to forgive!  
Go, go on to your crazy women.  
They can have their victim.  
Here, drink this. Whisky.  
Thank you. I don't really need it.  
- You may, child.  
I'll be back in a jiffy.  
Here you are.  
Where are you?  
- Me? Oh, I'm here.  
Oh, the children.  
Who are you looking at?

There's a boy here  
with rolled-up shirtsleeves.  
Difficult to tell his age.  
- Yes, Anthony.  
And then Charles in his uniform.  
Then the three girls.  
- Yes.  
Then there's Angus.  
- This little bust?  
Yes.  
- Oh, it's lovely.  
Yes, he was a gentle child.  
You haven't touched your drink.  
- No.  
Was that Angus?  
I was just looking at the pictures  
of your family. They're wonderful.  
It jars you, losing one like that.  
But I had two more.  
So can you, I daresay.  
Nothing can replace  
the one that's gone.  
Now then...  
It's alright.  
It's alright!  
Are your legs crossed?  
Yes.  
Switch the light out.  
Yes.  
Yes!  
Yes!  
What are you doing there?  
- I'm English.  
John! Yes!  
English.  
- What are you doing here?  
Who are you?  
- English.  
English.  
- What's going on here?  
Peeping Tom!  
What did she say?  
What did she say?  
What did she say?

I got scared for you.  
I told you it was alright.  
How much have you been drinking?  
- You scared for me?  
You're not going to be sick, are you?  
- Screw them!  
You just got the sniff.  
- I am not going to be sick!  
Alright, John, the blind one,  
Heather, she really has second sight.  
You'd understand if you'd...  
Today when I was there, she went  
into the most incredible trance.  
Really...  
- Concentrate. - No, John!  
Yes?  
She said that your life  
is in danger while you're in Venice.  
She kept on and on saying that.  
- I am going to be sick.  
I wouldn't go in there  
for a couple of minutes if I were you.  
I haven't thrown up for ten years.  
John?  
I really think we must leave Venice.  
It was a warning. It was Christine.  
She was trying to warn us.  
How can I... We must leave!  
John!  
It was Christine, our daughter!  
My daughter is dead.  
She does not come peeping with  
messages back from the fucking grave!  
Christine  
is dead! She is dead, dead, dead!  
You must think I'm ill then?  
- Yes.  
If I'm ill,  
I should be seeing Dr. Jameson.  
Yep.  
Maybe I am.  
Maybe I left England too soon.  
Maybe...  
Maybe

those women were influencing me.  
Maybe I shouldn't see them again.  
That's what you want, isn't it?  
Yeah.  
Maybe I should take my pills again.  
On the desk right there. There.  
Here.  
Here.  
You...  
You could get  
a couple of weeks off, couldn't you?  
Yeah.  
- Could you?  
Yes.  
Do you really think you could, John?  
Alright, Laura.  
Alright.  
Hello.  
- Hello.  
Hello?  
- Who on earth is it?  
Hello. - Hello?  
- What time is it, for God's sake?  
Operator!  
Operator!  
- What time is it?  
Operator!  
Hello!  
Operator!  
Where is this call coming from?  
Hello!  
Hello!  
Where in England?  
- Hello! Is that Mr. Baxter?  
John Baxter here.  
- Oh, this is Anthony Babbage here.  
Headmaster, Porton School.  
Yes, that's right.  
I'm awfully sorry  
to get you so late at night...  
What time is it with you?  
Oh, I see. We got your telephone  
number from your London people.  
Yes. There's been

a bit of an accident.

It's your son, Johnny. He's been  
to the San and he's in capable hands,  
but Matron thinks...

Mr. Baxter? It's Mandy Babbage here.

Yes, poor little Johnny.

It was during fire practice.

There's nothing to worry about.

- Good.

Yes.

Tell them I'm on the next plane home.

What was that?

My wife will be there this morning.

Yes.

That's very kind of you. Thank you.

Yes, goodnight. Good morning.

Bye.

This is what I meant  
about leaving Venice. They were right.

This is it, this is what they meant.

You see?

Pronto! Pronto!

Allitalia, please.

Get me the airport then.

What time do they open?

Oh, Christ! Thank you. Goodnight.

Darling, she said

that she's sure that he'll be okay.

But that is not so! You know that.

I won't ask you any more

favours for a year!

You'll be doing the right thing

if you do this for me.

It's a charter flight, you've got

the last seat. - Fantastic!

He's finding out where they go from.

- John,

don't forget to ask the bishop

about staying over in England.

- Three weeks?

Whatever you can do.

I just need time away from this.

I'll tell him today.

- You can't come with me now?



No. Call tonight.

I'll be there by the weekend.

Her name is Signora Baxter.

How much does it cost?

In 10 minutes?

In 10 minutes. From Riva Schiavoni?

Thanks. You're a friend.

The boat leaves in ten minutes  
from Riva Schiavoni.

Mr. Baxter!

Yes?

We are closing!

I'll collect everything this morning!

I can't believe this!

Good morning. I am John Baxter.

- The Hotel told me.

Give Johnny my love.

I'll call you tonight, okay?

This has great significance!

The Holy Virgin and  
the Patriarch of Constantinople.

Yes.

- It tells the story...

Beautiful work.

- Thank you.

I discovered it myself  
and immediately had it examined.

It is about  
the church's foundation...

Morning!

Good morning!

I'm sorry, but this church  
means a great deal to him.

You have all worked so hard.

Are those the mosaics?

- Yes, they arrived this morning.

Is something the matter?

Our son had an accident,  
and Laura flew to London at four  
this morning.

- I will pray for you.

It'll be okay.

Laura's had some complications since  
Christine...

You should have gone with her.  
Can I see the mosaics?  
- Of course.  
Marvelous!  
The firm has worked  
for my family for over 200 years.  
Will they be able to match those?  
- Sure.  
May I compare them?  
Lower me down!  
Slowly!  
Yes, good.  
Take that rope!  
It'll hold!  
Take that rope!  
Hold it tight!  
Get him!  
You had me worried! Mama mia!  
I've never seen anything like it!  
I need a cigarette.  
- Yes, yes.  
Would you like  
to sit for a few moments?  
No, I'm going to walk for a bit.  
May I walk with you?  
- Please.  
My father was killed in a fall.  
- Yes?  
Yes.  
Unbelievable.  
What?  
My wife was warned  
that I was in danger.  
Warned?  
It was...  
like a...  
kind of prophecy.  
I wish I didn't have to  
believe in prophecy.  
I do, but I wish I didn't have to.  
What happened?  
We found a body.  
I hope it's not another murder.  
We should go.

Yes.

- Hold her. A little closer.

Don't turn her!

Careful!

Excuse me. We waited

until this afternoon...

Pronto!

The bishop's driver

will come by and pick up my things.

Thank you.

Laura!

Laura!

Hey, watch out!

Where is the manager?

- It is closed, Signore.

Signor Alexander...

- Signor Baxter...

I thought... the end of the season,  
you understand. It's my holiday.

Has Mrs. Baxter come back here?

- La Signora?

My wife, yes. Has she come back here?

- But she left this morning.

I just saw her on the Grand Canal.

Has she come back here?

- She missed the plane?

No, I'm just asking

if my wife's come back here!

No, Signore.

We are closed.

Momi!

Haven't you hung up the sign yet?

We hang up the sign,

and they come anyway!

My luggage get away all right? - Yes.

- You didn't see my wife? - No.

Yes.

Here.

Yes.

He's ready.

The inspector is in room 87.

Room 87.

- Yes. I hope that helps.

Thank you.

- Goodbye.

Hello!

Sit down, Mr. Baxter.

This is your wife,  
and these are the sketches.

How are they?

- I guess you'd recognize them.

Age makes women grow to look more  
like each other. Don't you find that?

Old men decay

and each becomes quite distinct.

Women seem to converge, eh?

I hadn't thought about it.

- The skill of the police artist  
is to make the living appear dead.

You no longer stay at the "Europa"?

No, it closed for the winter.

Tell me

what happened from the beginning.

My wife met these two women...

a couple of days ago.

The blind one claimed to have seen  
Christine, our dead daughter.

She said Christine was happy.

My wife collapsed.

When she came round she was changed.

She was happy,

she had come to terms with the death.

She... she was...

her whole self again. We...

- Did you have a row?

A row? No, well...

I was only trying to protect her.

It didn't make any difference

because she saw the women anyway.

And when she came back,

last night, we went to bed.

There was a call from England.

Our son goes to school in England.

They told us he had an accident.

My wife said that she had been warned.

She got on the first plane to England.

I saw her go. I put her on the boat.

I saw her leave at 8:30.

Have you called the airport?

Yes. The plane was full,  
that's all I know.

Please go on.

- Then I saw her.

**Between 1 0:**

I was on a Vaporetto.

She's here in Venice  
with those two women.

What is it, Mr. Baxter?

I do not understand.

If she's in Venice,  
surely she will get in touch with you.

If she can.

What is it you fear?

A killer

on the loose, the murderer...

My wife is not a well woman.

Yes.

Yes, of course.

I would have thought...

there must be more.

- No, no. There is nothing more.

My wife got something

from these two women,

something that neither doctors nor I  
could give her, something she needed,  
so she went with them.

Where?

Where I don't know. I was  
in the pensione last night,  
where they lived. Today I,  
before I came here, I looked for it.

It's vanished.

So now she's with them.

Why should one criticize you  
for being worried?

Thank you for talking to me.

I am grateful.

- Okay, I'll be at the

Palazzo Vendori.

I want you to help me. Try again.

Try to find the pensione.

It will make me feel that we have  
your cooperation in a real way.  
I don't even know where to start.  
Start from where  
you saw them the last time.  
Okay.  
Good luck.  
- Thank you.  
Where did you say?  
San Nicol dei Mendicoli.  
Ah, yes.  
Pronto? Sabbione?  
Follow Signor Baxter  
from San Nicola church.  
Hello!  
Is anyone here? Hello!  
Ah, hello Signora.  
Do you speak English? - No.  
Two old ladies... Sisters...  
One...  
- Nina!  
Hello, Signora. Two...  
Do you speak English? - No.  
Two old ladies...  
Sisters. One...  
What's that called? So. Yes?  
Ah! Come along.  
- Scottish women.  
They left this morning.  
- A woman was with them.  
Yes. My wife.  
Come along.  
But where are they?  
- Gone.  
But where? - They left today.  
Do you want this room?  
Me? No, thank you.  
Where?  
- I don't know. You?  
No.  
Excuse me. Thank you, Mr. Baxter.  
Who are you?  
- Sabbione,  
Homicide.

They're not here.

Yes. Very nice!

Yes, Signor?

- I'm expected. - Your name?

Baxter. John Baxter.

- Mr. Baxter! He's seeing people now.

I'll tell him that you are here.

- Thank you.

Your Excellency,

Signor Baxter is here.

Do we have the medical results?

- Yes, Excellency.

Sister... - He won't be long.

- I've to make a call to England.

It's urgent. Could I use that phone?

- You'll have to complete this form.

Can I dial that here?

- Yes.

Pronto! To England, please.

Mrs. Babbage? John Baxter.

Hello!

- Hello.

I've been trying to ring you,  
but the wire's down or something.

Johnny's absolutely fine!

Quite right as rain. He woke up  
this morning with no headache.

Fit as a fiddle! The doctor's  
let him get up,

and he's now playing around.

And it wasn't a concussion.

Johnny can remember everthing.

- That's marvelous.

It's something they have to watch.

- Yes.

I suppose you'd like to speak  
to your wife... - Sorry?

Here she is.

I...

- Hello, darling. What?

Laura?

- Johnny's perfectly alright.

There's nothing wrong,  
absolutely nothing. He just has

this little bump on his forehead.  
Are you alright? Where are you?  
I'm at Alberto's.  
- I'm catching the 9 o'clock plane.  
I don't know what time it gets in,  
but we can have a late dinner.  
Everything is very good.  
John's fine, and I'm okay.  
I thought I saw you here.  
I thought I saw you  
with the two sisters.  
I was certain, I swear it!  
Alright, don't worry, sweetheart!  
I found the flight number.  
- Laura, where are you?  
I'm at Porton, John!  
Johnny and I just had tea.  
It's arriving at 1 1:00.  
- Just a second, I'll get a pencil.  
I'll come straight to Alberto's.  
- Okay, I'll wait...  
I'll see you about eleven, okay?  
- Yes. - John, alright?  
Okay.  
- John, Alright? - Yes.  
I love you. Bye.  
- Okay, bye.  
Let Jesus Christ  
lead your heart and spirit  
down the right path.  
Amen.  
John! Are you feeling alright?  
Yes. Excuse me, Alberto.  
I think I just have to...  
May I use your telephone?  
- Sure.  
I don't blame you moving in here.  
I would have done the same myself.  
Do you want to see Johnny again?  
- No, thank you. I've said goodbye.  
Mrs. Baxter, I think  
it would probably be quicker.  
Good evening.  
- Where are the English women?



Up the stairs.

Wendy?

Answer me!

It's me, John Baxter.

Laura's husband.

What's happened to Wendy?

Where is she?

I don't know, I'll find out.

I don't know what's happening.

- Yes, I know.

Where is the other?

- At the British Consulate.

She was very furious.

She's at the British Consulate.

- Yes, but that was hours ago!

It's half past nine now.

I don't know this room.

I want to go home to the hotel.

This is a Police Station.

I don't want to stay here.

I can't tell you how sorry I am.

There was a misunderstanding...

They took us out of our hotel.

We were arrested.

Then they asked us about your wife...

- I know. I'm truly sorry.

I'm taking you back now.

- Yes, please.

May she?

- Yes.

If I could just take your arm?

- Sure.

You can't understand the noises  
in a place like this.

I'm so sorry. I just feel that...

If you could just take me back.

Signora Baxter?

- Yes.

More luggage?

- No. You send by Barberigo? - Yes.

Okay. Do you speak English?

- A little.

In Venice I love that

it's so safe for me to walk.

Watch, steps.

- Thank you.

The sound changes, you see,  
as you come to a canal,  
and the echoes from the walls  
are so clear.

My sister hates it.

- That's too bad.

She says it's like a city in aspic,  
left over from a dinner party,  
and all the guests are dead and gone.  
It frightens her. Too many shadows.  
We are almost there.

- Yes.

Milton loved this city.

Did you know that?

No. It's interesting.

This isn't the right way, is it?

The Palazzo di Conte Barberigo.

- Yes, yes.

This is the wrong way!

- I'm taking you to Signor Baxter.

Yes?

- He is at the Police Station.

It is just along the way.

I've tried to keep them.

They never stay.

They're very wild in Venice.

Do you like cats, Mr. Baxter?

- Yes.

I like them alright,

but they don't like me very much.

Here's the hotel.

- Thank you.

These are swinging doors.

- I remember.

I'll keep them open.

- It's so reassuring to have a man.

We changed hotels cause Wendy said  
there were prowlers. And it was dirty.

Careful of the steps.

- Thank you.

Here is the key.

- Thank you.

Room 307.

- 307, good.

Okay, it's here.

They said you left at the station.

- Mr. Baxter's been looking after me.

Has he?

- Yes, she was at the Police Station,  
and had been there quite a while  
and I thought...

They found your wife then?

- Yes... the killings...

He's explained everything. Have we a  
drop of Whisky for him? You'll stay?

Yes.

- There's the miniatures.

We're leaving tomorrow.

Have you put the photographs out?

- Yes.

Just a glass of water for me.

I'll fetch it.

Do take a seat, Mr. Baxter.

So you can find it quite easily.

Thank you.

Thank you.

Doesn't really look like her.

- It doesn't matter.

No?

- No.

Please, your photograph.

What?

My God!

Thank you for your help. Bye-bye.

Goodbye.

Thank you.

You're wearing odd socks.

- You put out my clothes.

I know. I was merely informing you.

- Thank you.

I must go... - You've been wearing  
them all day. - Let him be off.

Wait! - Is there anything I can do?

- No, it's alright. Goodbye.

She'll be alright.

Wait!

Fetch him back!

- Wait!

Please, please, fetch him back!

Please, fetch him back!

Get him back!

Fetch him! Fetch him!

Get him!

Get him back!

Mr. Baxter!

Mr. Baxter!

Mr. Baxter?

Hello, is John here?

- Quickly, come quickly!

What is it?

Hurry!

- Is this it?

Mrs. Baxter...

- Is it Heather? - Please.

Mrs. Baxter.

- Where is he? - I couldn't find him.

I saw Christine!

- He left.

Find him! You must warn him!

- Get him back!

She told you to leave.

- Where did he go? - I don't know.

She told you to leave.

- Where did he go?

She told you to leave Venice!

She told you...

Beware!

Laura! Mrs. Baxter!

Come here! With the boat. Up here!

No, with the boat! Wait!

Wait!

Ugly monster!

When I catch you, I'll kill you!

Where do you go?

Hold her!

Run!

You piece of shit!

It's alright. Everything's okay.

I'm a friend.

I'm coming.

She is possessed by the devil!

It's okay.

I'm a friend.

I won't hurt you.

Come on.

Darling!

Wait...

Nooo!

- Wait...

Laura!