



Scripts.com

Fallen Angel

By Harry Kleiner

[Engine Rewing]

[Engine Rewing]

[Brakes Squeal, Hiss]

Hey, you. Come on. I've seen
that sleepin' act before.

You know your ticket
ran out the last stop.

- How much to San Francisco?

- 2.25.

[Bell Jingles]

Yes. Three days.

[Man]

So it's three days she's gone.

Where do you get off keepin' it
from the police 72 hours?

I didn't want it to get around,
Mr. Johnson. That's all.

People talk.

Stella's a good girl. Really she is.

I don't want them
to talk.

Well, we'll find
what took her.

Why not give her till morning, Johnson?

Stella'll show up.

Okay, till morning. You oughta know,
Mr. Judd. Good night.

- Night, Johnson.

- Good night.

-Way down this week, Pop.

- Nobody plays it with Stella not around.

Yeah, I guess not.

You don't think she might
have done something to herself?

Not Stella. Back in New York,

I handled 31 suicide cases personally.

Everything from poison to jumping
in front of the Flatbush subway.

Stella's not the type.

- Here's your receipt.

-Thanks, Atkins.

I'll be seeing you.

Cup of coffee, please.

It's after 10:

We're closed up.

And a hamburger, well-done,
with onions, mustard, relish-
What else you want on that hamburger,
the whole state of California?

- What's the population?

- I'll fix you something.

[Sighs]

- Cigarette?

- No, thanks. Never touch them.

[Bell Jingles]

I knew you'd be back.

Okay. I'm back.

Well, here you are,
young man.

Stella. You-

- You're okay?

- I'm hungry.

Right away, Stella.

Right away.

You don't know what
it's been like since you went.

You won't go away, Stella,
will you, again?

Well, see you tomorrow.

The room's waiting for you.

I paid 'em not to touch a thing.

- You wanted it like that, didn't you, Stella?

- [Bell Jingles]

And you'll come back
to your job here.

Everything just like it was,
as if you'd never been away?

That's just how it'll be,
after a long rest.

- You sure look run out.

- So what?

One look at him and I knew
he wasn't any good. I knew-
You make me sick.

He's finished
his coffee. Go on.

It was the best hamburger

I never ate.
Sorry. Come back later-
I mean tomorrow. I'm closing up.
- How much?
- It's okay.
It's not okay. He got his coffee.
Let him pay for it.
Five cents.
[Dings]
[Dings]
- Good evening.
- Uh-huh.
- Professor Madley, please.
- Professor Madley?
He won't be here till tomorrow.
- Oh.
- Maybe Mr. Ellis could help you.
- Ellis?
- The professor's assistant.
He registered this morning.
Oh, Ellis. Oh, yes.
Uh, what's his room number?
It's 216,
but he's not in just now.
Of course.
He's getting tuned.
- Tuned?
- To the other world.
- He always does that
before the professor comes in.
- Is that so?
Oh, sure. Well, I'll wait
for Ellis up in his room.
- But that's against the rules.
- Don't worry. It's all right.
[Bell Tolling]
Oh. Mr. Ellis,
I presume.
Yes.
My name is Stanton.
Eric Stanton.
-Never heard of you.
-Professor Madley's an old friend of mine.
- When was that?

- The good old days.
- How old?
- Old enough to be good.
- Oh. Drink?
- My favorite brand.
Oughta be. I got it
out of your bureau drawer.
Huh. Help yourself to
everything in here...
long as you're a friend
of the professor's.
- From my cradle days.
- Then you'll do the professor a favor.
- Lend-lease him \$30.
- \$30?
Do him half a favor- 1 5.
- [Laughs]
- What's so funny? Tell me. I'd like to laugh too.
I came up to put
the bite on you.
Now let's hear
how you laugh.
- You can't sleep here.
- Wait a minute.
Consult the spirit of
my friend the professor.
- What's he say?
- I know what the manager says:
One more guest, one more dollar.
I haven't got enough to pay my own bill.
Then the extra dollar
wouldn't matter.
Don't take your shoes off.
I've enough to aggravate me.
- Don't worry. I'll get you out of it.
- What with? You're broke.
I've gotta have \$15
by noon tomorrow...
or lose the hall downstairs
and my deposit...
besides being kicked out of here
and my luggage held.
What about
the professor's spooks?

Don't they generally come through
with an advance sale?
Sure, when there's nobody
to stop them...
but there's a certain woman in this town
who doesn't believe in spooks.
What she says goes
for the rest of the women.
She's not only the daughter
of the former mayor...
who donated a new organ
to the church...
but the president
of the ladies' auxiliary.
Against such a combination,
not even I could sell one ticket.
Go charm her.
Miss Mills'll have no truck with me,
not even on the phone.
- Well, let's sleep on it.
- I said no.
We're in this thing together.
Naturally, I'll sleep here.
- Stands to reason.
- What stands to reason?
You're in trouble, man.
I've got to pull you out of it.
- You got any tooth paste?
- In the bathroom.
- [Door Opens]
- Hope you like my brand.
Good morning.
- Your mistress, please.
- Who?
Miss Clara Mills.
I'm Clara Mills, and we're
not buying anything either.
Miss Mills, I'm here to speak
on behalf of the dead.
-Who?
-Walton's respected deceased.
They're having a rendezvous
tonight at the Walton Hotel at 8:00.
There's nothing to discuss.

I told you that over the phone.

Now please don't call again,

Mr. Ellis.

I'm not Mr. Ellis, and I'm not a part of
the spook act down at the hotel.

I'm Eric Stanton.

Now, would you listen to me for a minute?

Well, out with it.

I'm busy.

[Stanton]

So is Professor Madley.

Appointments with the dead

from coast to coast...

yet this soul of generosity

finds time...

to drop in on Walton

to deliver a message of hope.

[Clara] For money.

He's a charlatan, a fraud.

- Not the Professor Madley.

- Pretending to commune with the dead.

Now, look. He and Ellis are just a couple of
struggling artists trying to make a living...

like fortune-tellers

or a vaudeville team.

I won't let the poor,

gullible people of Walton be fooled.

If my father were alive, these fakers

would never have gotten a license.

- Your father?

- Yes. Abraham Mills was a real mayor.

He wouldn't have stood by and let frauds

take advantage of honest people.

Wait a minute.

What if Mayor Mills...

would like to make another speech,

or tell you something?

- Suppose he's depending-

- Suppose you leave right now.

Suppose I do.

But don't forget.

The curtain goes up tonight at 8:00.

Birds of a feather.

They won't hatch anything here.

Trading on people's
sacred feelings.

Everything that's dear
held up to ridicule...
by frauds in a trance,
rapping on a table.

We won't have any of the cheap,
vulgar tricks of spiritualism here.

- You think I'm wrong?

- I think he's right.

But how can he be? June,
don't be taken in by his glib manner.

He meant it. Just two people
trying to make a living.

-Why can't they make an honest living?

- Are we to judge?

Well, it's too late now.

There's nothing we can do about it.

-Yes, there is.

- What?

We can buy two tickets. If we go,
everybody else will. Shall I call the hotel?
I'll think about it.

We thank thee, O Lord, for our daily bread
and for our many blessings.

Amen.

[Ballad On Jukebox]

- Doughnut?

- No, thanks.

[Bell Jingles]

- Like to make a few extra dollars?

- How?

Push these tickets
with your customers.

- Giveyou 20% of all you sell.

- Sure. What are they for?

That spook meeting tonight, featuring
the one and only Professor Madley.

- No.

- Why not?

- If the ladies' auxiliary don't want 'em,
I don't want 'em.

- Don't worry about the women.

- They wouldn't miss hearing Abraham Mills.

- Mills?

The professor's bringing him back,
with a message.

- I don't believe in it.

-What's the difference?

You can still make yourself some money.

No, I don't wanna

get mixed up in anything.

- Pop. Coffee, please.

- Right away.

[Man Singing]

Here he is, Professor.

Your old friend Eric Stanton.

Old friend?

I don't recall.

- Buffalo, Schenectady.

- Sorry, I still can't remember.

- Let me see-

- Relax, Professor. We've never met before.

Last night, in my room,

you said-

- And you never met him?

- Glad to meet you now, Professor.

Delighted, Mr. Stanton. Well, all the
signs point to a prosperous association.

- Dollar signs.

- I've sold a batch of tickets already.

- Couple of beers, please.

- [Pop] Okay. Coming up.

I heard from my assistant here

that you really work wonders.

Congratulations

on your success, my boy.

We'll have sell out

after sell out.

Well, okay.

You know, I never believed that you
could talk Miss Mills into buying tickets.

I just had a call from her sister

to reserve a couple.

They're coming over to get a message
from their old man.

- Right, Professor?

- Ah, yes.

I had a visitation from him
on U.S. Route 101.

He definitely
arrives tonight.

What do you say, Pop?

Now do you believe it?

He definitely arrives
tonight, sir.

He better arrive tonight.

He's your main attraction.

Uh, dig up
the vital facts, Ellis.

Who is Mills, and what
does he wanna come back for?

- Okay. See you later.

- Wait a minute. Leave me one of these.

Oh, Pop. Let me
hang this up in here...

and I'll give you a couple of tickets
to the best show in town.

- All right. Go ahead.

- There you are.

Eric, my boy, you got a great calling:
spook promotion.

- You like to back that up with a fin?

- Well, gladly.

I hope to see you
in my room later.

I have a fine collection of friendly
spirits there, Scotch ancestry.

[Bell Jingles]

[Dings]

There you are, Stella.

- [Dings]

-Thank you.

Have you any idea what the deceased Mr.
Mills is going to say at the sance tonight?

- Why?

- They thought a great deal of him around here.

- You wanna be careful.

- Thanks.

[Mechanism Clatters]

[Ballad]

[Man Singing]

[Dings]

- [Continues]

-A beer, please.

That the only record
in that box?

- I like it.

- He knows what you like.

That's for his wife
to worry about.

- What does he do?

- He's from New York.

New York.

He came out here to stay,
to get his health back.

How'd he lose it?

Workin' too hard,

I guess.

He used to be a big man
back there, on the police force.

You like to come
to the show?

You askin' me?

Here.

- Never mind.

- What's the matter?

I don't go places alone.

Okay.

- Here.

- Was that four beers?

Three beers
and a cup of coffee.

[Continues]

[Bell Jingles]

- [Piano]

- You have just heard the spirits
of citizens of Walton...
who have gone on before us, and who
have returned tonight through me-
returned to tell you how happy they are
in their eternal reward.

Now, my good friends of Walton, we have come
to our last and most difficult experiment...
for which I must have
your undivided attention...

and your sincere concentration.

I feel as trange vibration
coming over me.

The vibration of a spirit
who has remained troubled...
who has found no peace or
contentment since he departed:

- Abraham Mills.

- [Murmuring]

I can feel his troubled spirit
trying to get through from beyond.

Yes, Abraham Mills.

I can hear you.

- Would you mind moving over, please?

- Yes, Abraham Mills.

[Piano Continues]

- Like it?

- Oh, yes. Very much.

You're troubled because
your daughter Clara...
has lost practically
everything you left her:
the bonds,

the orange groves.

You can't understand how she could have
trusted that man- that man-

[Whispering]

John Martin. John Martin.

John Martin, who came here
after you passed on...
and talked her

into selling everything.

Why didn't she ask the police
for help when he ran away with the money?

- Come, Clara.

- You'll find peace...

only when you know that Clara
will guard the last of the inheritance...
for herself

and her younger sister.

\$25,000 in stocks-

I'm sorry.

I shouldn't have made you come.

[Applause]

[Applause Stops]

Gee, that was awfully mysterious
how he knew everything.

- Say, can I ask you a favor?
- Sure. What?
- Well, you know the professor, don't you?
- Sure, I do.

I'd love to have
my fortune told.

- You think he'd do it if you ask him?
 - I can tell it better myself.
 - Where are we going?
 - Your horoscope's up there.
 - I'd like a drink.
 - Okay, you're on. Where dowe go?
- I know the place.

[Swing]

I like the way you talk.
I like the way you dance.

- [Ends]
- [Applause]
- Yes, sir. Two bourbons.
- Who ordered them?
- You want them?
- Okay.
- Thanks.
- You said you'd tell my fortune.

Well- Uh, you don't belong
in a one-armed joint.

- No?
- Not a girl like you. You got style. Beautiful style.
You inherited that.
- Your father was a leading citizen, rich.

- [Scoffs]
- He trusted people too much.
- And?

Your mother- Her line
seems to have run out.

Don't scare me. She runs
a boarding house in San Diego...

- and my old man came from a long line of drunks.
- [Chuckles]

Anyway, there's a man in your life.
You just met him.

Tomorrow he's going
to San Francisco...
and you're gonna lie awake nights,
unable to forget him.
And what can I do
about it?
[Resumes]
[Continues]
[Waves Crashing]
Listen to that.
The sound of far-off places.
You like the sound
of the ocean?
I like the way you talk.
No. That's okay for kids,
but not for me. Not anymore.
- Where are you from?
- What has that got to do with it?
Okay, don't tell me.
I'm from New York.
Now you know.
Uh, what do you do when
you don't tell fortunes?
I help make 'em
for others.
I passed actresses, directors,
producers through a publicity mill I ran.
They came out famous,
their names in all the papers.
You know people like that?
I know all people in all places,
like 21, the Stork Club-
That's where you belong,
smothered in mink. I can see you there.
And do you see me with a ring on my
finger, somebody to give me a home?
- Sure. Sure.
- Now, look.
Last night I made up my mind.
That's the way I want it.
He didn't see it that way,
so I walked home, at night.
Miles before I got a ride.
Was plenty tired when I got in too.

You saw me.

- But when I make up my mind-

- Forget about last night.

You talk different, sure,
but you drive just like the rest.

Well, you've got
the wrong girl.

- Yeah?

- [Grunts] No! No!

- Tomorrow you're going.

Where does that leave me?

- You'll go with me.

What on? You got into town with
one dollar in your pocket. You're a fake!
Why, you little gyp. Dealing a buckout of
the cash register and calling-

Go on. Go on back
to your one-armed joint...
and wait for somebody
to come and marry you.

[Bell Tolling]

Coming, Eric?

- Yeah, I'm coming.

- Professor's waiting.

Never felt so good getting out of town,
even with the bills all paid.

Don't smile. Your face
looks better without it.

- See you downstairs.

- Okay.

Ah. Top of the morning,
my boy. Hop in.

- Good morning.

- Get in.

- I'm not going.

- Not going? What's wrong?

Nothing. You go ahead.

I'll meet you.

But, Eric, we need you
for the advance publicity.

San Francisco's
a tough town on spooks.

- Come on. Hit 'em like the earthquake.

- When I feel like it.

I made it clear to you
when I took this job.
You can't tie me down.
Cramps my style.
I always work best when
a certain feeling comes over me...
- and right now, I haven't got it.
- Genius.
Eric, my boy, you're an artist. You have
my sympathy and a bus ticket on the firm.
Never mind that.
Well, you'll always find your favorite
brand in my bureau drawer.
[Door knob Rattles]
It's about time
you showed up.
[Bell Jingles]
[Bell Jingles]
My bus leaves
in 15 minutes.
Got a nickel?
I...just came back to say I-
I'm sorry about last night.
- [Ballad]
- Save it.
- Nothing else you want to say?
- No.
- Don't give me that act.
- What act?
- You know what I mean.
- [Bell Jingles]
- Hello.
- So long, for good.
[Bell Jingles]
- What bit him?
- Trying to make his bus, I guess.
[Man Singing]
-Well, in or out?
- Skip it.
[Hydraulic Brakes Hiss]
This finishes it.
You'll never see me again. Good-bye.
Good-bye.
- Oh!

- Always leave 'em laughing.
- You again. What do you want?
- I wanna talk to you.
Okay, talk.
Don't give me that smile.
Okay, I don't smile.
I thought you had
something to say.
- Doesn't that say it?
- Hmph. I heard that kind
of talk before. Good night.
I never said it before
to anybody, ever.
I'll marry you, Stella,
if that's what you want.
- You? You don't kid me.
- I'm not kidding.
- Last night-
- Last night I didn't know you, what made you tick.
I know you now.
I know why I couldn't pull out of here
this morning or get on that bus.
I can't get away without you, Stella,
and I'm not going away without you.
- What's in it for me?
- You said you wanted that, didn't you?
- A ring on your finger?
- That isn't enough. What goes with it?
- I want a home.
- I'll get it for you.
What with?
One dollar in your pocket?
Twelve and a half
thousand dollars.
Where would you get
12 and a half thousand dollars?
What's the difference,
as long as I get it?
- How? You gonna murder somebody?
- Talk sense.
- You gonna steal it?
- Listen-
- Well, I don't know you.
- You know one thing:

We're gonna get married,
once I get the cash.
Maybe you'll get me in trouble.
I don't wanna get in trouble.
You won't, not the way
I'll get it.
I'm not even
telling you how.
You just sit tight
and wait for me.
That's the deal.
You'll keep it.
Maybe I will.
[Pipe Organ]
[Continues]
- [Stops]
-Very good performance, Miss Mills.
Please, go on.
Beethoven never sounded so good before.
- I wasn't playing Beethoven.
- No? Sure, it was Brahms.
The old boys do sound alike,
don't they? I mean, in spots.
- What spots?
- You know, the way they begin, the way they end...
sometimes in the middle,
like the piece you were just playing.
- Brahms, uh-
- It wasn't anything. I was just improvising.
If Brahms didn't write that,
you went him one better.
That was beautiful.
It was classical. It was inspiring.
You know, you belong
in Carnegie Hall.
Now look, you can't stay angry at me
forever, not two full days.
Wait a minute. What about living up to the
place we're in and the music you play here...
so when a guy comes around
and says he's sorry...
the least you can do
is forgive him.
All right. I forgive you.

- Friends?
- I hardly know you.
[Chuckles] Well, don't worry about that.
We'll fix it right away.
You know, it's a good thing word didn't
come through from New York this morning.
Gives me a chance to stay over another day,
square things with you and your sister.
Tell me, what is there to do in a town
like this to make time pass till tomorrow?
- That's up to you, isn't it?
- What do you do?
Oh, there's plenty to occupy

your time here:

The beach isn't far.
They'll tell you at the hotel.
You still think I tried
to hurt your sister.
I didn't mean to, really.
I only meant to help the professor.
But that's happened to me before. I try
to help somebody, somebody else gets hurt.
- That's the way it's been all my life.
- Of course. You live by impulse...
and you never bother to think if you're following
the right impulse or the wrong one.
- I see you don't stop at music. You read too.
- Don't you?
Me? I haven't opened a book
since I left school. They're phony.
- So are some people.
- At least they're alive.
- So are books.
- Yeah, you come to a part you don't like...
you can turn the page,
but try it on people, or try it on life.
I'll tell you something
about yourself, Miss Mills.
You're scared to live. That's why you
bury yourself in books and music.
- I think you ought to respect
my ways as I respect yours.
- Only I live and you don't.

All the things you look
down on are the things that make up life.

- What things?
 - Little things, like a game of bowling...
 - or a swim at night, or-
 - [Bicycle Bells Dinging]
- Or a dance, a kiss,
stuff that bubbles.
- Bet you never had a drink.
 - That doesn't mean anything.

Not by itself it doesn't...
but you add up all the little things,
that's what makes up life.

- Maybe you're the one that's scared, not I.
- How come?

Well, you don't know what you want.
That's why you're scared.
That's why you keep running
after every little thing.

You know, that's quite
a mind you have there, Miss Mills.

You mean, for a girl
in a small town?

- Must be the books, huh?
- Must be.

You know, if you didn't know me so well,
I might ask you something.

- You'd probably say no, though.
- Probably.

So there's really no use
in asking, is there?

Well, why don't
you ask me anyway?

Will you have dinner
with me tonight?

Well, I-

I don't think I can.

You see? You're afraid
to step out of your tower.

- No, no, no. That isn't it.
- Your sister?
- Of course not.
- Then what are you afraid of?
- I'm not afraid. Why should I be?

- Yeah, why should you be?
- I'll pick you up at 7:00.

- At 7:

Two, please.

- Don't you ever see anything through to the end?
- When it's worth it.

Well, now we've had a dinner that you didn't like and saw a movie you didn't like.

- What's next?
- Dancing?

All right. Let's not miss any of the little things that make up your happy life.

- [Ballad]

- Well, here's to your first scotch.

How do you like it?

Tastes like soap.

If this is what all your little things add up to, I- I don't think it's very much.

Did you learn how to play Beethoven in one night? No.

Then don't expect to learn how to play at this in one night.

- But I don't think you enjoy it either.
- Because you don't.

But I want to.

That's why I came.

- Frankly, why did you ask me?
- No special reason. You happen to interest me.
- In what way?
- Well, can't define it.

Maybe it's your charm.

Maybe it's your talent.

Ever think of a career?

- Maybe.
- And?

No. No, I know my limitations.

One shouldn't set a limit on what one can do.

Mr. Stanton, that sounds as if it came out of a book...

and not a very good one.

There goes that mind again.

Shall we turn the page and dance?

Well, it's been
an awfully long time.

I'll lead you.

[Continues]

- You're doing fine.

- Thank you.

- [Ends]

- [Applause]

Hey. Ditch him,
and I'll meet you afterward.

I don't cheat on a date.

[Swing]

There's still
one more little thing.
But don't worry. I'm not going to kiss you
good night and make you unhappy.

Unhappy? Don't you take
too much for granted?

No. One kiss goes
a long way with you.

You need a guy who'll
take it the same way...
who'll give you a marriage
with all the trimmings, home and kids...
who'll walk to church with you
every Sunday and listen to you play.

Save all your
good-nights for him.

- What makes you think I wanted you to kiss me?

- Didn't you?

- [Bell Jingles]

- [Door Opens]

[Dings]

- Short of help this morning, huh?

- Kinda.

- She always come in this late?

- Sometimes. Why you want to know?

Oh, just thought maybe
she'd skipped out on you again.

No. She won't do it.

She promised me she won't.

- [Bell Jingles]

- Stella! Morning, Stella.

[Sighs]

Good morning.

Oh. Sure could use
some coffee.

I got something special
for ya.

I waited for you last night

till after 3:

- That's nice.

- Where were you?

- Around.

- With that guy?

Leave me alone, will ya?

It's too early.

- Here you are.

- Mmm, thanks.

- Where'd you get the watch?

- Like it?

Get me some hash,
good and brown.

I said some hash.

You get this last night?

Wait till we're married
and then ask me.

Till then, I don't have
to tell you a thing.

- We're as good as married.

- [Chuckles]

You're dropping out
of circulation, from now on.

When you go out,
it'll only be with me.

You got a steady date...
with Miss Mills.

I'm only doing that
for you.

Lot of good

I'm gettin' out of it.

You will,

in a couple of days.

Okay, couple days,

but that don't mean forever.

[Bell Jingles]

Morning, Mr.Judd.

Good morning, Stella.

[Bell Jingles]

Hello.

- With my compliments.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

- I'm leaving tomorrow,
and I wanted to say good-bye.

Good-bye, Mr. Stanton.

We were just going to pick up a few
things. Can we take you anywhere?

Anywhere you say.

- Can three of us get in there?

- I think so. You go ahead.

Thank you.

[Engine Starts]

Nice town.

Hate to leave it.

- Expect to go far?

- Maybe.

Maybe I'll be back...

and maybe I won't.

- It depends.

- On what?

On what there is

to come back to.

I'll be just a minute.

What would you come

back for, Mr. Stanton?

-June.

- I gathered as much. Let's be frank, shall we?

- My cards are on the table, Miss Mills.

- I want you to leave June alone.

We don't know who you are

or where you come from.

- What do you do?

- Nothing.

That's frank, at least.

And I'm sure you'll be interested to know

I have no bank account either.

- I thought so.

- Your hand is showing, Miss Mills.

- You've got a trump card: money.

And because I haven't any-
- That isn't true.
It has nothing to do
with money.
June has quite enough for
herself, even without my share.
- Your share?
- Yes, she'll get that too.
I want her to be happy.
That's all I care about.
It's all hers,
whatever I have-
In San Francisco, Mr. Stanton,
where no one can touch it.
Not until she meets
the right man.
Well, maybe I'm not
the right man after all.
- [Footsteps Approaching]
- And you won't see her again?
Suppose we leave that up to
the one concerned?
[Engine Starts]
- There you are.
- Thank you.
- Wonderful. Just wonderful.
- If I've accomplished nothing else...
at least I made you like
one of the little things I like.
I have
my little secrets too.
Bet you think all I do
is read big, heavy books, don't you?
Well, I don't. For years, I've been
saving ads out of magazines.
Sometimes I- I feel like
I'm the girl in the ads:
softly alluring, full of grace,
gowned by Schiaparelli.
If I had money,
I'd dress you like the ads...
take you to New York,
at least to San Francisco.
- You'd have that Schiaparelli gown.

- Hmm. It isn't that important.
It would be, when I took you to the
nightclubs, to the theater, the concerts.
Did you ever hear the San Francisco
Symphony Orchestra?
- Mm-hmm, on the radio.
- What do you hear on the radio? A lot of noise.
But when you see 'em up
on the stage...
all dressed up with their
fiddles and their horns...
people right up to the roof, 10,000
of them, waiting for the music to begin.
That's a concert, particularly
when Toscanini conducts...
like he's going to
tomorrow afternoon.
- Toscanini?
- Yeah.
And you know what? After the concert,
I'll get him to listen to you play...
see who's right about
your talent, you or me.
- You know Arturo Toscanini?
- I'll make it my business to meet him, for you.
We can leave for San Francisco in the morning
and make it in plenty of time. All right?
- No.
- Your sister?
-Yes.
-You gonna do everything she says?
No, but I-
Well, I guess after tonight
it's good-bye.
I guess it is.
Anyway, there are
a few things to remember.
Mm-hmm?
- It could have been wonderful-
- Mm-hmm.
if I were another guy,
the right guy.
Could have gone on like this,
night after night, just the two of us.

The fire, hot dogs,
wine, martinis.

Wonderful martinis.

- Could've been a dream.
- A beautiful dream.
- You and I together, New York and San Francisco.
- Mm-hmm.

Getting you all those
things in the ads.

Going everywhere together, to the
concerts, to hear the famous people play.

Becoming famous yourself.

Great career.

Miss June Mills, the finest
talent of them all.

Woman of the year.

[Knocks]

- [Knocks]

- [Stella] Who is it?

Eric. I've got to
see you right away.

- It can wait till tomorrow.
- It's important.

Okay. I'm listenin'.

- I can't talk to you like this!
- I can hear you.

Come on. Open up the door.

What are you afraid of?

- Pipe down, will ya?
- [Window Closes]

Quiet! Do you wanna wake everybody up?

What do you want?

I came to tell you I can't go through
with it like I planned.

- It'll take too long.
- I knew it. You didn't stand a chance.

That isn't it.

Look, you know

how I feel about ya.

You gotta believe in me,
have confidence in me.

I want you, Stella.

I'm nuts about ya.

- That wasn't the deal.

- What of it?

I'll get you that home and
everything you wanted with it.

I can do it. I've got
ideas that work, pay off big.

Come on. Let's get
out of here, tonight.

I'm takin' no chances.

- Listen, Stella-

- I stick to a deal.

Satisfied

there's nobodyhere?

Now beat it!

[Ringing]

[Ashtray Clatters]

- Yeah?

- [June] Eric?

- Yeah.

- So glad. I was afraid you might have already left.

- Who is this?

-June.

Eric, I'm going with you.

To San Francisco?

To the concert on the 9:00 train. We'll
pick you up on the way to the station.

- We?

- Yes, Clara's going along too.

She had to go to San Francisco anyway
to take care of some business...

so she thought she might as well do it
a week ahead of time.

- Glad to have her along.

- Thank you, Eric. We'll be right over.

[Groans]

[Ship Horn Blowing]

- Wanna wait here?

- No, I'll go in with you.

- Do you mind?

- Not at all.

[Typing]

Mills, Number 17.

Yes, Miss Mills.

Clara and June Mills, joint ownership.

Either one of you

sign here.

-What's the rent on a box?

- Four dollars and up. There's none available now.

We might have

some vacancies next month.

- Oh, but I need one now.

- You can put whatever you want in our box.

- No, thanks. I might need it when you're home.

- Come on, June.

- Have you... a telephone directory?

- Yes, right around the corner.

- This way?

- Yes.

Thanks.

[Coin Clatters, Bell Dings]

[Dialing]

- The gentleman went to the phone.

- Thank you.

[Handset Settles

In Cradle]

- That was great luck. I found him in.

- Who?

Somebody very important, might have
a great effect on your career.

- Who is he?

- Wait till you meet him.

I told him we'd be over right away.

Go ahead. I want to

make a call from here.

I'll- I'll meet you

after the concert.

No, we wouldn't think of it.

Eric asked you to go with us.

-Thanks, but-

- Sure you're going.

Meet us at 2:

in front of the auditorium.

- 2:

-Thanks. We'll need it.

- There is no concert. I suppose you know that.

- He knew it all along.

- Getting us all the way up here to San Francisco-

- He had to.

- Why?

- Can you think of any better way of getting June out of Walton?

Long as she was there, we didn't have a chance.

- What chance?

- Get married.

- Married?

- Sure. Here's the evidence. Certificate of marriage.

June, you don't know what you've done.

- I do.

- I'll have the whole thing annulled.

No, you won't, Clara.

I know what I want.

This isn't as sudden as you think.

Well? What's the verdict?

- I hope you'll be very happy.

- Thank you, Clara.

I suppose the next thing to say is, shall we be friends?

We could be- if you'd make June happy.

Sure I will.

Right from the start.

What are your plans?

Well, I'd like to go home first and get a few things together.

Then we'll go some place for a little while. All right, Eric?

Okay. Back to Walton. But first I'd, uh, like to try another bank.

I want to put this in a safe-deposit box.

Don't want to take any chances carrying it around.

- I have a few valuables too, you know.

- Why don't you put it in our box?

-They wouldn't pass me. It's in your name.

-I'll put it away for you.

- I always thought of it that way, didn't I, June?

-Yes, dear.

I said to myself, "When June gets married,
this will be her home.

I'll give it to her and her husband
to do with as they please.

If I'm to stay on
it'll be as a guest.

A guest in June's home."

Assuming, of course,
that I'm wanted.

- Of course we want you with us.

- Absolutely.

- Here. Have some more.

- No.

It's time for a guest
to say good night.

Good night.

Good night, Clara.

I'll be up in a minute.

[Ballad On Jukebox]

[Bell Jingles]

[Man Singing]

Won't you even
have a drink with me?

I got a date.

Can I walk you home?

I said I got a date.

Good night, Stella.

Don't forget to lock the door.

- Stella.

- Yeah?

- You're going to San Francisco tomorrow.

- [Continues]

Am I?

Tomorrow I'll have that money-
all of it.

- You meet up there, and then we'll-

- How do I know you'll have it?

Because I'm going to
San Franciscowith her to get it.

Well, I won't.

And she won't either.

Oh, yes, she will.

It's her honeymoon.

- Her what?

-Yeah. I married her.

This afternoon.

It was the only way.

- Congratulations.

- [Continues]

Now, listen.

We're really not married.

- [Stops]

- I mean, we'll be divorced in no time.

I haven't even kissed her. As a matter of fact, I can have it annulled.

- Good night.

- [Bell Jingles]

Now, wait a minute.

What do you want?

She's your wife, not me.

I don't run around

with married men.

I did it for you-

to get you what you wanted.

Now you'll keep

your part of the deal.

Oh, sure, but she's got the ring on her finger. She's not so dumb.

Well, I'm not

a dope either.

[Engine Starts]

[June]

Good morning.

- Sugar? Cream?

- No.

- Go ahead. Say it.

- I have nothing to say, Eric.

I'm waiting for you.

Well, I'm sorry.

Maybe I shouldn't have stayed out that late.

All of a sudden, there I was, a married man.

I had to go out

for a drink.

By the time I got back in you were asleep.

Why did you go to see

that girl in the diner?

-What girl?

- Clara saw you.

- You mean she went out after me?

- Yes. She told me this morning.

Well, that's fine.

Clara told you.

What's she gonna do? Follow me
around everywhere I go, check up on me?

That sister of yours has been running your life
up to now, and she better stay out of mine.

- You tell her.

- I was angry with her too at first...

but she means well.

Yeah? Then why

did she tell you?

So you can have
a good time worrying?

I didn't worry.

Until that- that man
came to see you.

What man?

He's with the police.

Wants to ask you something.

Ask me what?

About that girl.

She was found murdered.

Stella?

Yes. Yes.

That was her name.

Eric, what did she
mean to you?

Does Mr.Judd know?

Judd?

He's downstairs waiting.

- Mr.Judd.

- Congratulations, Mr. Stanton.

I just heard you were married.

- And my very best wishes to you, Mrs. Stanton.

- Thank you.

Well, our church organist
certainly surprised us all.

Married in San Francisco
and not in a church.

It certainly saves time,
doesn't it?

Gives one the chance to get back the same
night and have a nice little family dinner.

- And after that, where'd you go?

- We retired.

- Everybody?

- I locked the door myself.

Mm-hmm.

Well, I guess I'll check up
on a few things.

- Uh, mind if I go with you?

- Not a bit.

Thank you.

- How did it happen? Who did it?

- I don't know yet.

The chief of police called me this morning
and asked me to give them a little help.

He appointed me
special investigator.

- You know, it's strange.

- What is?

That a man doesn't spend
his wedding night at home.

- Did Clara tell you?

- No. She didn't say anything.

I saw you around myself.

[Engine Starts]

[Man]Out of the way, folks.

One side, please.

Hi, Mr.Judd.

One side, please.

One side.

Out of the way.

- Hello, Mr.Judd.

-Johnson.

[Crowd Chattering]

Hello, Pop.

You can sit down now.

- Thanks for coming, Mr.Judd.

- Chief.

Coroner was here. He'll send in
his report as soon as possible.

In the meantime, however-

[Clears Throat]

here's what he said.

"She was killed by a blow
on the left temple.

Weapon:

Probably a lead pipe.

Time of death:

Between 3:

- Find the weapon?
- It's not in here.
- Who's she?
- She lives downstairs, Mr.Judd.

Says someone ran out of here
late last night.

She found the girl's watch
under the step this morning.

Guess he must have
dropped it.

- What did he look like?
- Oh, I don't know, mister.

It was so dark

I couldn't see him.

Just as I went to close the window,

I- I saw him running down the street.

How do you know

it was a man you saw?

- I didn't say it was a man.

- Then it was a woman?

- No.

- Then it had to be a man.

- Well, I guess it was. A man always took her home.

- Who?

I don't know.

I saw him come up.

And once I saw him.

Which one did you see

last night?

Oh, I can't say

it was them. Honest.

Can I go now, mister?

I should be down in the store.

- Please. I don't like to stay in here.

- You can go.

So can you, Pop.

I don't need you
right now.

Let me stay, Mr.Judd.

It's her room.

It was her room, Pop.

She was a good girl,
wasn't she, Mr.Judd?

She never meant bad.

- Everybody liked her.

- Yes.

Everybody.

- Your name?

- Atkins.

I gave my statement
to the chief.

- What do you do?

- Well, you know me.

I operate jukeboxes around here.

- And slot machines.

- Only in Nevada where it's legal.

Now, look. I already said
what I had to to the chief.

I'm not answering
any more questions.

What makes you think

I'm going to question you, Mr. Atkins?

- I know how cops work.

- How do they work, Mr. Atkins?

Well, you're
supposed to show me.

Perhaps we'd better
go in there.

- If you don't mind.

- No. I don't mind.

[Chief]

Here's his statement, Mr.Judd.

Check his alibi. There's a phone
in the store downstairs.

Right away.

Sit down.

Now, let's get down

to facts, Mr. Atkins.

You've got my alibi
right there.

If you don't believe me, why don't
you wait till the chief gets back?

But I'm not interested
in your alibi.

I'd like to know when
you gave her this watch.

When? Why don't you
ask me if I gave it to her?

- I know you did.

- You don't.

I told you I know
how cops work.

I don't believe you know
how I work, Mr. Atkins.

- With kid gloves?

- Certainly.

I don't like to mess up
any case I'm on.

- You gave her the watch, didn't you?

- No.

- You did.

- No.

You gave it to her.

- You gave her the watch, didn't you?

- No.

- You did.

- [Slap Lands]

- You gave it to her.

- No.

- [Slaps Landing]

- [Atkins Groaning]

- [Judd] You gave it to her.

- [Slaps Continue]

All right.

Let's pick it up.

What about you and Stella?

Well, I've known her
for a long time.

I used to board at her mother's home
down in San Diego.

I... didn't have

any money then...
so I couldn't marry her.
Skip the romance. Last night
you picked her up at 10:15.
You were with her until 2:00.
What happened in between?
[Atkins]
We had dinner.
Drove down to the beach.
[Judd]
Well? You got there, didn't you?
[Atkins] Yeah, yeah.
That's when she said she'd marry me.
[Judd] Then you brought her home.
You came up to kiss the bride.
[Atkins] No, no. I didn't come up.
I left right away.
You see, when Stella was
murdered...
I was in a motor court
just outside of Glenolden.
That's a hundred miles away.
How do you know
what time Stella was murdered?
The coroner's report.
It says around 4:00.
Oh, you know I couldn't
have murdered her.
Sit down.
- You did give her the watch, didn't you?
- No.
- Tell him I went home.
- [Judd] Come on, Mr. Atkins.
Just for the record.
So we can clear that up.
Doesn't make you any more guilty
if you did give it to her.
You quarreled, you took it back,
then you lost it on the way down.
No. I never gave her
any jewelry.
- Come on, Mr. Atkins. Admit it.
- No.
- Admit you were generous just once.

- No.
- Admit it.
- No.
- [Atkins Groaning]
- [Slaps Landing]
[Thud]
- Mr. Stanton.
- Look. You don't try that on me.
I wouldn't think of it.
I just happen not to like his face.
Mr.Judd,
his alibi is okay.
The Lido Motor Court in Glenolden
said he checked in at 2:30.
All right, Mr. Atkins.
You may go now.
- I knew his alibi would hold up.
- You got the watch?
I didn't say
you could go, Mr. Stanton.
- Sit down.
- I'm onto the rules.
You can't ask me anything
or hold me without charges.
You seem to be
an expert on loopholes.
Perhaps you could tell us
who might have murdered the girl.
- I don't know. Could have
been anybody. Atkins maybe.
- No. It isn't Atkins.
- Pop. He was stuck on her.
- Perhaps.
- Or was it a woman? Clara Mills.
- Or the woman downstairs.
- Or you, Mr. Stanton.
- Or you, Mr.Judd.
A splendid deduction.
Possibilities are many.
And all quite interesting,
don't you think?
In a cold-blooded
sort of way. Sure.
- You still aren't helping us get anywhere.

- It's your case.
But you're involved in it.
More than you realize.
- Now, look.
- I'm looking.
The facts-
They're all against you.
You came into town
with no obvious reasons-
of course,
you were going elsewhere-
meet a young lady,
spend some time with her...
then you come up here.
The woman downstairs
saw you.
Then you meet another
young lady and marry her.
On your wedding night you walk the streets
looking for young lady number one.
How dowe know you didn't
wait for her until-
I didn't.
You're an expert,
Mr. Stanton.
You know the exact value
of a man's word against facts.
- Are you accusing me?
- Not yet.
Perhaps after
we find the weapon.
However, I wouldn't plan on any
out of town honeymoon just yet.
We might need you
any moment.
Good day.
What are you packing for?
You're not going away now, are you?
Yes, I am.
Oh, June, I won't let you go with him.
Not after that girl was murdered.
- I'm going, Clara.
- How can you?
Why throw yourself away on someone

who's not worth it? He isn't worth it.
Oh, June, it's no use. There's no happiness
in it. I know. I've been through all this.
It's not the same thing, Clara.
Please try to understand.
I do understand.
Once I believed
in someone too.
No matter what people said,
I believed in him.
You don't know
what he meant to me-
what all of his lies and broken promises
and dishonesty did to me.
I can't let you
ruin your life too.
June, a man who went out after another
woman the night of your marriage.
Maybe you're right, Clara,
but I can't let it end now.
I must give us every chance.
I hardly know him yet.
We've said so little to each other,
we're practically strangers.
- Together, maybe he'll change.
- He won't change.
Maybe not. But at least
I'll have tried...
done everything I could.
- [Door Opens]
- Good-bye, Clara.
- Eric, there's a train leaving
in a half hour, and I thought-
- Forget about the honeymoon.
I'm beating it- alone.
I'll make better time.
- You're running away?
- What do you want me to do?
Stick around here?
Get framed?
My face punched in.
You bet I'm running away.
Won't it look bad if-
if they want you?

That's for Mr. Judd to figure out. If he wants to pin it on me, he'll have to find me first.

- Where will you go?

- What do you want to know for?

Because I want to go with you.

You'll need me to get the money in San Francisco.

- Who asked you for money?

- You'll need it.

You mean you're giving me the money?

No. No, I'm not giving it to you.

It belongs to both of us.

All right. But when this thing blows over I'll pay it back to you-every cent.

- Very well. I'll get the car.

- No.

And we can't take the train.

Or the bus either.

Judd'll have them all watched.

We've gotta get on the highway without being seen.

We'll hitchhike to San Francisco-and no luggage.

It's gotta look as if we were just out taking a walk. Come on.

[Ship Horn Blows]

- [Horn Honks]

- [Trolley Bell Dinging]

Good evening.

- In and out. Out and in.

- Sorry.

One right after the other.

Can't even wait till the room's ready.

I never saw such a rush.

Everybody getting married.

What a dump.

It isn't so bad.

- Tired?

- Maybe I am-

waiting for

something to happen.

Nothing's going to happen.
Shut it off, will you?
I just thought
you might like a drink.
I sure would.
But not that.
Well, there's a bar downstairs,
and we still have a little money left.
What do you want me to do?
Walk right into his arms?
- He probably isn't after you at all.
- Not much.
Must have sent a description
of me to all the papers.
Maybe we missed an edition.
Couldn't be in the papers yet.
It's too early.
- There's no reason to be afraid.
- Sure. A murder rap's nothing.
Let's just up and go home
so he can pin it on me.
I didn't say
we ought to go home.
Oh, you didn't say it,
but you meant it.
The room's not good enough.
Why don't you go on, tell me?
- I got you into this. You're sorry you ever came.
- But I'm not sorry. I wanted to.
What for? So you could drive me nuts
with that quiet way of yours?
- Eric.
- Why'd I ever bring you anyway?
I don't need your dough. Wouldn't have to
wait around here, hang around this dump.
If I'd been alone I could have
kept right on going.
Maybe I will.
[Swing On Speakers]
[Swing On Speakers]
Double scotch, please.
Better make it a single.
- I'll settle for a beer.
- Better make up your mind, mister.

It is made up. A beer.

[Continues]

[Cash Register Bell Dings]

[Shower Water Running]

- [June]Eric?

- Yes.

[Shower Water Stops]

Would you give me a towel, please?

They're on the bed.

- Here.

- Thank you.

Eric, would you get me my coat?

It's in the closet.

Here.

I, uh...

thought I'd bring you

one of these.

Thank you.

And this.

Help you pass the time.

That's very sweet of you.

Ah, I thought it would say it

better than I could, that-

- I'm sorry. Just nerves, I guess.

- I understand.

All I mean is there's nothing in it for you,
chasing around like this. You ought to go home.

- No.

- Why do you waste your money on a guy like me?

I'm not wasting my money.

It's yours as well.

I don't care what you do with it.

Burn it up, tear it up,

do anything you want with it!

Take it easy.

I only meant it for your sake.

If you had any consideration at all,

you wouldn't even mention the money.

Okay. But anytime you want to,

you can always pull out. Remember that.

They'll fix you up with a divorce

just for the asking.

Just tell them how I lied, that I only married

you for your money. I'm wanted for murder-

- You didn't murder that girl.
- Maybe I did. You didn't even ask me.
- I didn't have to. I knew you didn't.
- What do you know about me?
All I know is that I love you.
I love you, Eric. I love you!
[Sobbing]
I could go on for the rest of the night
telling you about my batting average-
how many times
I've struck out.
Even when I hit a home run,
it isn't any different.
Like the time in New York
just before I came west.
I'd started a publicity office.
Like always, it was
great in the beginning.
Guy comes along, wants to buy the business,
offered me 8,000 bucks on the line.
I took it. We had
a big celebration that night.
In a couple of hours
I'd lost half of it back-
to him and his friends.
I knew the dice were loaded,
but I couldn't prove it.
Anyway, I came west.
Chicago for a while.
Then Omaha.
Las Vegas. That's where I dropped
the other half of the dough.
When I was kicked off of that bus
at Walton, I only had one dollar left.
And then-
Ah, but why go on?
I want to know
everything about you.
It all adds up to

only one thing:

That's what you're looking at.
A complete washout at 30.
Yeah. I'm finished okay.

-You're not finished, Eric.
- Sure I am.
I'm tired- like I was
a million years old...
with a million jobs behind me.
And girls.
Chances I never followed up.
Eric...
did you care
very much for Stella?
I don't know.
I guess I did.
I even promised her
I'd marry her.
I can't figure it out now.
Would have lasted
a couple of weeks.
Maybe less.
Anyway, that's all gone.
Just as if it died with her.
Yeah. That's over too.
Up in smoke,
like everything in my life.
My school. The publicity game.
Easy come, easy go.
I got everything by talking fast
in a world that goes for talkin'...
and end up with
exactly nothing.
Perhaps we can find what you want
when this is all cleared up.
If it's cleared up.
Eric, wouldn't it look better
not to run away?
- To go back to Walton?
- Sure. Go back to the chair.
Or is it the gas chamber
in California?
If you're innocent,
there's nothing to worry about.
Maybe that's the way
it works in your books...
but even when I was a kid I was always
being beaten up for something I didn't do.

That's when I learned
to run away before it was too late.
You're tired.
Come. Lie down.
- [Sighs]
- Tomorrow we'll go wherever you want to go.
June, why don't you
just go on home?
We're married. Remember?
Besides, I- I want to
be with you.
Why?
I need you, Eric.
- You need me?
- Yes.
You're my husband,
and I'm your wife.
Right out of a book.
Again.
Yes. Out of a book.
"We were born to tread
the Earth as angels...
to seek out a heaven
this side of the sky...
but they who race alone shall stumble
in the dark and fall from grace."
Go on. Sounds good.
"Then love alone can make
the fallen angel rise...
for only two together
can enter paradise."
Four-and-a-half-minute eggs. I certainly
married a man with a peculiar taste.
You can still get out of it.
Promise me you'll never
say that again.
Okay. I promise.

It's 10:

The bank just opened.
Let's go.
[Man]
Papers! Get your morning papers!
Get your morning papers here.

Early edition papers.
Early edition paper.
Papers! Morning papers.
Paper, sir?
You wait here.
I'll be right back.
- Shine, sir?
- All right.
Morning papers.
Early edition papers.
Papers! Early edition papers.
Morning papers here!
Papers!
- Mrs. Stanton.
- Yes?
Will you come with us,
please?
[Siren Wailing]
[Man]
Get your morning papers!
Here.
But I ain't finished yet.
Now let's be sensible.
We've been here for hours.
[Clangs]
Tell us where he is.
We're bound to find him soon.
[Clangs]
Mrs. Stanton,
you're not helping him or yourself...
getting mixed up in this murder
as an accessory after the fact.
If he doesn't want to come back,
he must have a reason.
What reason could an innocent man have?
Assuming he's innocent.
He is.
He could never have done it.
How can you say that?
You know very little
about him.
He came into town a total stranger,
and within a week he married you.
All to his credit

of course.

But why this trust in him?

A man who went out to see another woman
the night of your marriage.

That's between the two of us.

Ask Miss Clara Mills
to come in.

Miss Mills, please.

-June.

- Sit down, Miss Mills.

In your sworn statement
you identified this envelope...
which was found in
your safe-deposit box...
as the one

Mr. Stanton gave you.

Would you please
repeat that for your sister?

Yes.

This is the envelope he gave me
after they were married in San Francisco.

Why did he want you
to put it away?

He said it contained
something valuable.

Mm-hmm.

Would you care to see your husband's
valuable property, Mrs. Stanton?

A blank piece of paper.

Now, why would a man want to put a blank
piece of paper in your safe-deposit box?

I'll tell you.

It gives him the excuse to open the box-
to steal your money-

No, he wouldn't. Whatever he did,
he- he did because he was confused.

He knew what he was doing. He wanted that
money so he could run away with that girl.

- But he didn't run away with her.

- No. He made the mistake
of coming back a married man...

and she didn't want to have
anything to do with married men.

- They had an argument, and he killed her.

- You're only assuming that.

-You have no proof.

- All right.

But why shield a man who lied to you,
who wanted to steal from you...
when you have positive proof
that he married you for your money?
He didn't lie to me, and he isn't guilty.

I know he isn't.

He only ran away
because he had to.

He's always had to run away-
all his life-

even as a child when he was beaten
for things he didn't do.

But he won't come back
because of you.

Because you won't give him a chance.

You only think the worst of him.

Trying to make him guilty
of murder when he didn't do it!

I tell ya! He didn't do it!

He didn't do it!

- [Sobbing]

-Take her home now.

You're responsible
she doesn't leave the house.

[Sobbing Continues]

Not the same, Mr.Judd.

I think I'll sell the place.

[Bell Jingles]

Hello, Pop.

Some coffee, please.

I knew you'd be back.

Yeah.

Well, drink your coffee,
and we'll go down to the chief of police.

Thanks.

Enjoy San Francisco?

Sure. How come

you didn't go after me?

I didn't have to.

And how come there wasn't a word
about Stella's murder in the papers?

- Why are you holding it back?
- Professional reasons.
And was it for professional reasons
you beat up Atkins...
when all the time
you knew he was innocent?
You don't seem to appreciate
my methods, Mr. Stanton.
Frankly, no.
That's what
brought me back.
You know, I got worrying
about you in San Francisco.
About me?
Yes, Mr. Judd. You know, you ought to stay
home nights with your bad health...
not walk the streets.
Like the night you said you saw me
looking for Stella.
More coffee, Pop.
You know, you weren't strong enough
to keep on working on the New York force.
Why are you working so hard
on this case?
- Maybe you better slow down.
- Don't you worry about me.
I'm okay.
I said I wanted more coffee, Pop.
Get it.
I don't worry about you, Mr. Judd.
Not anymore.
Not since I called a friend of mine
in the D.A.'s office in New York.
He assured me you were in perfect health
when you left there.
They only retired you from the force
because you ruined another man's health.
Almost killed him
in a routine investigation.
They would have sent you up
if you hadn't had such a good record.
That was before you started
to enjoy your work too much.
Wearing gloves, you know.

And what's more, I checked up on-
That's enough.
Save it for the chief.
There you are, Pop.
Oh, you remember
that watch?
The one with the three diamonds
that belonged to Stella.
- Ever find out who bought it for her?
- Perhaps.
You know, you made
your fatal mistake, Judd...
when you had June arrested
up in San Francisco.
Oh, you scared me
at first all right.
But then I stopped,
and I began to think.
And I kept right on thinking
about that watch.
And I started a little
routine investigation of my own.
The result is the Walton Police
will get a wire from San Francisco.
They'll know who bought
that watch by tomorrow morning.
That is,
unless you admit it tonight.
Shall we go?
Oh, I came in a police car.
They're waiting outside.
I thought it would be more convenient.
Sit down.
You don't mind
if I finish my coffee.
You're insane, Judd.
The police are waiting right outside.
Perhaps I am insane.
Perhaps this might have been the perfect
crime if I hadn't dropped the watch.
Although I doubt it.
- There's always some slip.
- Yeah. There always is.
You understand.

You know what she was like.
You couldn't
get away from her either.
Two years
I came in here and drank coffee...
just to get
a look at her.
Day after day
for two years.
Insane. Perhaps.
Those evenings when
she went out with other men...
while I was waiting for her
in the shadow of the porch.
Remember three nights ago
when you brought her home...
and kissed her?
I was standing there.
Insane. Perhaps.
Night before last,
when she was out with Atkins.
After he left,
I went up.
When she told me she wouldn't wait any
longer for my wife to give me a divorce...
that she was going to marry that
slot machine operator the next morning...
I hit her.
Unfortunately
I didn't remember my ring.
Get out of the way,
Mr. Stanton! I'm gonna kill him!
He murdered Stella!
I'm gonna kill him! I'm gonna kill him!
[Bell Jingles]
Let's go.
[Ballad]
[Man Singing]
You gotta forget it, Pop.
[Continues]
No. I'll never
forget Stella.
You will.
I felt the sameway

myself until-

Ah, you'll find yourself, Pop.

- [Door Opens]

- [Bell Jingles]

- [June]Eric.

- [Continues]

- Where to?

- Home.

[Ends]