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Family Plot

By Ernest Lehman

Someone is here.
Not closely.
Not willingly.
I feel a holding back.
What's the trouble, Henry?
Too many memories,
too much pain.
Too... much... sorrow.
Whoever is there with you,
tell them
to speak up, Henry.
Tell them to come closer.
I think I know
who it is, Madame Blanche.
I think I know
what's bothering her.
Her, is it?
Never you mind, Miss Rainbird.
I won't have you doing
Henry's work for him.
Now, let's have it,
my love. That's why
we're here tonight.
To help my friend
be rid of her torment.
She has a right
to rest her weary head
on a pillow each night...
and sleep the peaceful
sleep of the angels.
H- How did you know
about my troubled sleep?
Who told you?
Her nights cannot go on
like this much longer.
I- I never told a soul
about my nightmares.
How could you...
Who is this person
who arrives...
in our presence tonight,
but does not dare
to come close to us?
It's her.

It's my sister Harriet.
- It must be.
She stays her distance,
Julia Rainbird,
for she does not feel...
your love or
your kindness yet.
There is selfishness
where you are.
I've had all
I can take from her.
Night after night,
coming into my dreams.
Whining, complaining,
trying to make me feel guilty,
as though I need her
to tell me right from wrong.
Tell her I know
what has to be done.
I've been wanting
to do it for a year.
But it is I, Julia Rainbird,
who has made the decision.
I don't need her
to goad me on!
They're making me ill
with their ugly words
in my ugly dreams.
Tell her to stop it,
to go away and
leave me alone.
Oh, no. No, no.
Don't let her go!
- Don't let her go away.
- Harriet?
Harriet, stay
with us, Harriet.
Your sister wants
to speak to you now,
from the depths of her soul.
What's wrong? What is it?
She says,
"I've waited so long...
"to hear from you, Julia.

I've been so unappy
without you."
It is you, Harriet.
Oh, I'm so sorry!
I- I should never
have made you do it.
Oh, it's all past now.
But I'll do what I can
to make up for it.
If he's still alive,
I'll find your son.
And I'll take him
in my arms and love him...
as if I were you,
my poor Harriet.
And I'll...
I'll make him one of us.
And give him everything.
Everything!
Far away.
So far, far away.
Bu-But I need her.
I need her help.
I can't do it alone.
You see,
I need her memory.
It's over 40 years ago,
and I don't know where
the child was taken...
or who it was given to.
I don't know where
he is now or who he is.
The true measure of
Julia Rainbird's love...
lies in what she does now,
with your help,
of course, and mine,
and that of
the dear, departed one...
who has
drifted so far from us.
We understand him.
Don't we, Miss Rainbird?
Oh, yes. Yes, I do.

I'm willing to do
anything. Anything at all.
In the end, there
will be happiness.
From the tears of the past,
the desert of the heart
will bloom.
Good-bye, Julia Rainbird!
Good-bye, Blanche.
Good-bye.
Madame Blanche!
Are you all right?
Oh. It was...
What in the world's
been going on here?
I feel as though I've
been properly done over.
Don't you remember
what happened?
Mm-mm.
Not the details,
Miss Rainbird, only the gist,
if you know what I mean.
Suppose you give me
the gist of it.
Oh well, I wonder...
Could I trouble you
for a sip of something?
Ju-Just...
Oh, of course.
What would you like?
Oh, a double shot
of anyth...
A spot of that sherry
might be nice.
Oh, yes. Of course.
Thank you.
- Now, tell me what
you remember of the seance.
- In a nutshell?
Please.
Well...
About 40 years ago,
you arranged to have...

your sister Harriet's
baby given away
without a trace.
And now your bad dreams
and troubled conscience
tell you...
to find the grown-up
person, take him
into the family...
and bestow
your wealth on him.
Excellent.
Thank you.
And why did
I force my sister
to give the child away?
I guess the kid
was a... illegitimate,
Miss Rainbird.
I don't want you
to think me a puritan,
Madame Blanche.
But 40 years ago,
an unmarried mother...
was not the commonplace
it is nowadays.
And in a family like ours,
a scandal had to be
covered up at all costs.
I understand.
And I'm still
sufficiently old-fashioned,
and sufficiently protective
of the Rainbird name,
to want to seek
the missing heir...
in a private
and secret fashion,
rather than go
to detective agencies...
and put notices
in the newspapers.
A most wise decision,
Miss Rainbird.

Well, now, suppose
we get to the reason...
for my sending for you.
I'm 78 years of age.
I would like
to go to my grave
with a quiet conscience.
Particularly as I know
that my only heir
is out there somewhere,
deprived by my acts
of his true Rainbird name.
Will you help me
with your powers?
If in your heart
you believe that I can,
then I owe it
to both of us
to try, Miss Rainbird.
No, I'm too old
for trying.
I've only time enough
left for results!
Find him for me, Madame Blanche.
Use your spirit-control,
your "Henry."
Get through to my sister.
Find her son,
whoever he is,
wherever he is,
and I'll pay you \$10,000.
Te...
Only if you genuinely
wish to, Miss Rainbird.
But let's
not think of this
as a payment to me.
There are many causes
dear to my heart,
which need
all the charity
the world can spare.
You've no idea
how refreshing it is

for a woman of my wealth...
to find someone
who has so little use
for money.
Thank you.
Well, now, I regard
our arrangement as completed.
I... It's my bedtime.
I must take leave
of your delightful company.
This has been
a most memorable evening
for me, Miss Rainbird.
See to it that you
make it a rewarding one.
At the risk
of repeating myself,
I hope
you will not forget...
that nobody,
absolutely no one,
should know
of our search.
The Rainbird name
must be protected.
My jaw is locked.
On that note, I will
say good-bye, and
thank you for coming.
So, how'd it go?
I don't know.
Having to do Henry
is murder on my throat.
Murder.
Yeah, yeah.
I know.
- So how did it go?
- She's hooked,
waiting to be pulled in.
Another one
of your \$25 sardines?
No. This is a big one,
George. A great big whale.
Well, come on. Give.

Keep your eyes on the road.
Don't rush me.
Okay, Blanchie.
Start way up
at the top.
Well, it was as simple
as A-B-C. Henry came to me
from the Upper Brightness,
whispered to me,
"This womars been having
sleep problems."
From there on, things
followed naturally, logically.
Aha! So I came
through for you again,
didn't I, darlir?
No. What are you
talking about, George?
What do you mean,
what am I talking about?
You know damn well
what I'm talkir about.
All that information
that I dug up by gabbir
to the local druggist...
about how she was
drivir him crazy...
tryir to get sleeping pills
without a prescription!
That could have been
very, very useful to me.
Why didn't you
tell me about that?
What do you mean, why didn't
I tell you? I told you.
You know damn well I told you.
No, you always think
you tell me things,
and you forget to.
I have to go
through heaven and hell,
the Great Beyond, with Henry.
Henry, my ass.
It was me.

It's always me.
Without my research,
you're about as psychic
as a dry salami.
Nasty. Nasty, nasty.
I'm sick and tired
of having you hang me
by the crystal balls.
Leave your crystal balls
out of this, George.
No, let's leave Henry
out of this and keep
the bullshit for your customers.
You're jealous of him,
aren't you?
Oh, please, Blanche.
I like your jealousy.
It's your driving that stinks.
Hey, look.
I happen to be an actor,
not a cab driver.
I can play cab drivers,
but I sure as hell don't
have to drive like one.
Well, until I can collect
from Julia Rainbird,
I'm afraid you're
gonna have to go on
playing a cab driver.
Neither of us
seems to be very fond
of starving to death.
Well, how are we supposed
to collect? How much is this
Rainbird whale gonna spout up?
Also, you're gonna have
to go on playing a private eye.
Christ, no! I've had it
playing private eyes.
Christ, yes!
Now, George.
Stop blaspheming.
You wanna put the curse
on ten big ones?

Now, wait a minute,
Blanche.
- Did you say ten big ones?
- Mm-hmm.
Ten thousand?
Mm-hmm.
- Dollars?
- Dollars, George!
Now, Blanche,
you got any idea...
what you and I could do
with ten grand?
Mm-hmm. We could
even get married.
What are you always
a wet blanket for?
Oh, you flatter me so.
Well, what's the deal?
What do we have to do?
I'll tell you about it
in bed, afterwards.
Aw, come on, Blanche.
Give me a hint.
Just a little...
Foreplay.
All right.
Find one man. That's all.
Well, we've had
to do worse than that.
What's his name?
Hmm.
Ah... nobody knows.
Well, who is he?
That's a problem.
Nobody knows.
Where is he?
- Nobody knows.
Well, for chrissake!
You mean, nobody knows,
Blanche?
Nobody knows his name,
or where he is,
or who he is?
Well, George, stop yelling.

There's a possibility
of one person
who might have known.
Well, who's that?
Julia Rainbird didn't
mention him to me.
Fortunately, her friend
Ida Cookson did.
Well, who is it?
The Rainbird family chauffeur.
Well, now you're talkin'.
Now we're on our way.
Trouble is... Well,
he's been dead
for 25 years.
Oh, for chrissake, Blanche...
Oh, no, no, no, no, no,
don't start to fret, George,
or our water bed will be
no fun at all tonight.
As an actor,
you should know fretting
will ruin a performance.
You're not gonna
have to worry about
my performance tonight.
As a matter of fact,
uh, on this very evening,
you're gonna see
a standing ovation.
She's here.
No, not a man.
It's a woman.
Right.
Follow me.
As long as you've got
Victor Constantine,
we can't touch you.
So you might as well
put that thing away.
You've been
calling yourself "The Trader,"
so we thought you were a man.
I think

we deserve some assurance
that the victim is still alive.
All radios have been
removed from the helicopter,
as you instructed.
"Mr. Constantine will be
unconscious but in perfect
condition when picked up.
Just let him
sleep the drug off."
All right, Sergeant,
turn on the lights.
Don't try
and be a hero.
Yes, sir.
Well, we've
done our part.
Where are we goir?
Not one goddamn mistake.
How far
are we going?
It's lucky for you
they've still got
the victim.
I'd like nothing better
than to toss you right out
of this thing on your head.
You sure have
this little trip
mapped out, don't you?
I bet that thing
isn't even loaded.
Golf course, huh?
Brilliant.
Absolutely perfect.
My feet are killing me.
These damn six-inch heels.
I happen to like
tall women.
Everybody likes
tall women.
In fact, everyone's
going to be looking
for a tall woman.

Aside from
complaining a lot,
what have you been
doing with yourself
lately?
Oh, nothing much.
Picking up a ransom,
that sort of thing.
Did you see anyone,
uh, we know?
Two men who look
like police and a third
who just had to be F.B.I.
You mix with
the nicest people.
Beats housework.
Did you say
anything to them?
Not a syllable.
Now, you see, honey?
I told you you could learn
to keep your mouth shut,
if you tried.
Look who's here.
Mm. Has anyone seen
a tall, blonde woman
around here lately?
Gone, poof!
Who needs her?
I do. At least
one more time.
Let me put that
there, darlir.
Mr. Constantine has
left us some wine.
I don't think he likes
the imported stuff.
Uh... It was probably
my veal parmesan.
- I'm afraid I overcooked it.
- He likes eating in a room
with a view, that's all.
You know how fussy
rich people are.

Don't forget
to empty that out.
Don't you think emptying
a chemical toilet...
is below the dignity
of a jewel collector?
- The wages of sin, Arthur.
- I'll do it tomorrow.
Never put off till tomorrow...
what you can empty out tonight.
Bitch.
Arthur, what's
Amsterdam like?
Oh, lots of canals.
Lots of wizened old men...
with sharp eyes,
sitting around cutting
big stones into little ones.
You'll see.
I don't know what's
come over me tonight.
I'm tingling all over.
I told you about danger,
didn't I?
First it makes you sick.
Then, when
you get through it,
it makes you very,
very loving.
Darling, is it...
Hmm?
It was all too easy.
It's frightening.
Brilliant planning.
They don't have
a single lead to follow.
What about the ketamine
we stuck him with?
Well, if Doctor Vogel
didn't miss it six months ago
when I had my wisdom tooth out,
he's not gonna
miss it now.
Don't finish up in there.

Let's go to bed.
Tired?
Mm-mm.
Tingling all over.
How'd I ever let you
get me into all this?
I thought I fell
in love with you because
I needed some stability.
Well, I guess you're just
a bad judge of character.
Where'd you put
the diamond, dear?
Where everyone can see it.
You didn't.
I did.
Are you gonna tell me where?
You'll have
to torture me first.
Oh!
I intend to.
In a few minutes.
Now, with all due
respect to the F.B.I. And
the Bureau of Inspectors,
I have
no time to play games.
Now, lest we forget,
gentlemen, I have been away
from this desk forcibly.
I've got a lot
of work to catch up on.
Now, how many more
times we gonna go through
this goddamn thing?
Until we come up with
something, Mr. Constantine.
That's a hell of a way
to solve a kidnapping.
Mr. Constantine, you're not
the first victim, you know.
There have been others.
All right, all right.
But from me, you'll learn

absolutely nothing.

You never know.

I know.

All right.

Floyd?

Now.

The underground garage.

Full of cars.

Sounds?

- People, behind me.

- Was it a man,

or was it a woman?

I don't know.

Man or woman?

- Man.

- Then what?

It was a prick in my shoulder.

I started to turn.

Eh...

And I woke up

in a room.

Yes, and what did you hear?

Inside or outside?

The room was soundproofed.

I never heard anything

except a disembodied voice

of a loudspeaker.

- Describe it.

- But I've already done that.

Again!

It was the voice

of a man, no accent.

- Doctored up electronically.

Unrecognizable.

- How many of them were there?

Two. A man and a woman.

Why do you say that?

Because the faintest light

filtered down from above.

But not enough

to give me a chance

to see who they were.

- Yes, and who did the cooking?

- She did.

Why?

Because a man would not
bother to put the parsley...
on the filet of sole,
that's why.

- How old is she?

- Come on, now. Please.

How old is she?

Twenty-five.

- Why?

- Why?

Because if a man my age
is gonna get kidnapped
by a woman,
he wants her
to be 25, that's why.

- Describe your return.

- The return.

The disembodied voice
tells me to sit with
my back to the door.

The light goes out,
the door opens,
they both come in.

I feel a prick
in my left arm.

The next thing I know,
I wake up

in that hospital bed...
with you sitting there,
thinking up questions!

Thank you, Mr. Constantine.

You're doing great.

- That's what you think.

- All right, let's start
all over again.

Aw, shit!

Why, Henry, you have such
a beaming smile on your face.

I smile because

I'm happy, Blanche.

It comes through you, Blanche,
from your friend, Ida Cookson.

I'm her guide, Henry.

Friendship can be claimed only
when it cannot be denied.
Tell Ida Cookson
we're all thankful here...
for the warm tranquility
in her heart.
It will grow even warmer
as she trusts in you,
and confides in you, and holds
back no secrets from you...
be they her own, or those
of her intimate friends.
Did you hear that,
Mrs. Cookson?
Yes, Madame Blanche.
Henry, I want you
to seek Walter for us now.
Search through
to the Double Strand
of Kindness, until...
my friend Ida Cookson
is joined in loving
communication...
with her dear,
departed husband.
I will try, Blanche.
But first, the mist
must part a little,
and the veil must rise...
to let in the light
that will show us the path.
Ah, I'm ready now, Henry.
Ready! Ready to follow you,
wherever you want me to go.
Where? Where are
you taking me, Henry?
Yes, yes, yes!
I see.
I see your hand
beckoning to me.
Oh, what a lovely garden,
Henry.
My, my. Oh!
Is that...

Is that a statue there?

Oh! Could this be

Walter standing

beside the fountain?

How can you do this to me?

I need your car keys.

I'm in a hurry.

Oh!

Do you realize what damage

you can do my psyche,

breaking in this way?

Just give me your keys.

I need 'em.

Yes, Henry!

What for?

I've located the daughter

of the Rainbird chauffeur.

And I'm not going

as a cab driver.

Oh!

What am I supposed to do

without my car?

I don't care what you do.

Take a taxi.

Just give me the keys.

The trees are swaying!

And the branches part!

But there's no one there!

Here.

I see shadows falling!

The air is getting cold!

The brightness... dims.

Good-bye, Henry!

Oh!

Did you find Walter?

- Where?

- In the kitchen.

I did.

I wonder if I could speak

to you for a couple minutes,

Mrs. Hannagan.

Why, sure.

Do we know each other?

No, I'm Frank McBride,

of the law firm of Ferguson,
Ferguson & McBride,
and I just wondered
if you would mind...
answering a couple questions
about your background.
My background?
Mm-hmm.
Dull as dishwater.
I mean, what
in the world would you
be wanting with that?
Well, let's just say
that the, uh,
information that
I'm interested in could be
won'th a great deal of money.
Oh, yeah?
To who?
Mm-hmm.
Well, we'll get around
to that pleasant little subject
in a minute, if you don't mind.
Okay.
Oh, swell.
Now, why don't we just
start at the beginning?
Your parents.
Oh, they're both dead.
God rest 'em.
Your father was a chauffeur,
though, right?
How did you know that?
He was a chauffeur
for the Rainbird family.
Right again!
You'd be a hell of
a detective, Mr. McBride.
I don't know about that,
my dear.
Now, during this period
of time, though, can you
remember anybody, uh,
being a close friend

of your father's?
Uh, there was a man.
It was away back
when I was in school.
Uh, there was this guy
that my father used to
drink beer with...
and shoot pool with
down in the village.
This Harry Shoebridge
had a poultry shop
with his wife, Sadie.
Shoebridge.
Yeah.
His business
was always lousy,
even when times
were good.
And she used to
have miscarriages...
like other women
have birthdays.
Well, they
stopped trying, and
they moved away...
to Barlow Creek,
and, uh, adopted
a kid, I think.
A boy?
Yeah.
An infant.
But, you know,
I'm not so sure.
I... It's all kind
of hazy, an-and, uh,
I keep connecting
it with...
Well, I remember
this night...
with my Dad driving
over there...
to the Shoebridge's
all alone, and then
getting in...

a big fight with Ma
because he'd come home

at 4:

and he wouldn't
tell her what he was
doing or something.

Now, after my dad
passed away...

God rest his soul...

my ma was damn mad
at the Shoebridge's,
because they
never showed up
at the funeral.

Then she
found out why.

Why?

A year earlier,
they'd gone to
their own funeral.

Dead?

Mm-hmm.

Their house burned down
with them in it.

Well, what about the son?

Mrs. Hannagan!

Can't you see that
there are customers?

Oh, yes. Yes.

I'll be right there.

She'll be right there, ma'am.

Uh-Uh, look, um,

Mr. McBride,
about all this being
won'th something...

Mrs. Hannagan!

Yeah.

Wait a second.

This Shoebridge son...

where do I look for him?

Well, try the Barlow

Creek Cemetery.

What do you mean, the cemetery?

Well, I'm not sure, but
I think he's dead, too.
Sorry!
Dead end, Blanche.
Dead and buried.
Caretaker.
Do somethir for you?
I'm a friend of the family.
None left.
Bad business, that.
You mean the fire?
Never liked them
multiple funerals.
Too much work involved,
all at one time.
They died together,
yet they're not...
buried together
in the same hole.
How come?
Search me.
Here. Look.
Died in 1950.
Died 1950.
Both died the same date.
Old stone.
This is practically
new stone.
- Smart fellow, ain't ya?
- Why? Have I stumbled
on to something?
Well, nice meetir ya.
Better get back to my work.
I got a job comir
in here tomorrow.
Turn that damn thing
down, Marcella.
Can't even hear
myself think.
How do you expect me
to remember anything
that far back?
I'd have to go through
my old files for that

kind of information.
Well, Mr. Wheeler,
I hate to insist...
You know something,
Mr. McBride?
You lawyers
are all alike.
Trouble,
trouble, trouble.
Well, come on.
I don't have all day.
What year did you say
the family died?
Uh, 1950.
What month?
Ah, I can't
help you there.
Shoebridge. Shoebri...
Yeah, go ahead.
Can I sit down?
Shoebridge.
Shoebridge.
Oh, here it is.

"Shoebridge:

"Large marble.
Model 28.
"Paid in full.
Check number 93.
First Church
of Latter Day Saints,
Barlow Creek."
What about the son?
Edward Shoebridge.
He's their son.
Edward?
Yeah.
Okay. Nope.
Nothing.
What do you mean,
nothing?
There's gotta
be something.
Maybe it came later.

Wait a minute.
You're talking about
Eddie Shoebridge.
His headstone?
Yeah, that did come later.
I think in, uh, '65.
Sure, I remember
that kid.
He wasnt too popular
around here. Some say
he set that fire himself...
to get rid of his family,
and then disappeared...
to make it look like
he died in the fire too.
- They never did find his body.
- You mean, there's no body
in that grave?
Well, as I recollect,
that's why the local parson...
wouldn't say
any services for Eddie.
Well,
Wasrt there
a death certificate?
I wouldn't know about that.
And I don't need to know.
I'm just a businessman,
Mr. McBride.
Ah, here it is.
"Edward Shoebridge.
Granite special.
"Ordered, November 12.
"Paid for,
November 18, 1965.
\$395."
Now, that's funny.
It's paid in cash.
They don't
usually do that.
Who was it?
I don't know, Mr. McBride.
I guess he didn't
want his name known.

Well, what

do you mean, he?

- You just said he.

- I did, didn't I?

Well, you know, I seem

to sort of remember...

that it was a man.

Yeah.

Ayoung fella.

Slightly bald. I'd say

in his late twenties.

And did you see him

again when you, uh...

Put in the headstone?

We didn't do that.

He came by and

picked it up himself.

Yes, I remember now.

In one of those tow trucks.

You know, the kind

that garages use?

Gotcha.

No, there is no

death certificate here

for Edward Shoebridge,

only Harry J. Shoebridge

and Sadie L. Shoebridge.

That's all you have?

Well, there is this.

It appears to be

an application for

a death certificate...

for one Edward Shoebridge,

dated November 4, 1965.

"Inasmuch as applicant could

furnish no proof of death...

"for party whose body

had never been found,

"and who could supply

no medical death certificate,

"and nothing from

the coroner's office,

the application was denied.

"Applicant, when informed

he could file a petition
for court action,
declined the suggestion."

Does it say who
the applicant was?

Yes.

"Request was made by
Joseph P. Maloney,
Barlow Creek."

Attagirl.

Thank you.

You're welcome.

- Fill 'er up?

- Please.

- You want to check
under the hood?

- If you would, please.

- Better be careful
with those matches.

- Oh. Right.

Sorry.

This your place?

Yeah.

Then you must be,
uh, "J. Maloney."

Tell me, does that
stand for, uh, John or Jim?

- Joe.

- Right.

Everything's okay.

Funny, uh, you didn't
hardly need any gas.

Didrt need no oil...

Guess you didn't come here
for the car, huh, mister?

Could you get
my windshield, please?

Don't worry.

You wouldn't happen
to know a guy by the name
of Edward Shoebridge, would ya?

Used to live around here.

Name don't ring
no bell with me.

What would you be wantir
with this, uh, what's
his name, uh, Shoebridge?

Yeah.

Legal matter.

You a lawyer?

Yeah.

Name's McBride.

Frank McBride.

- First time I ever talked to
a lawyer didn't cost me money.

Actually, Mr. Maloney,
by talking to me you could
make yourself some money.

- Yeah?

- I'm prepared to pay
a reasonable sum of cash,
right now,
for any information that could
lead me to Eddie Shoebridge.

Where I come from,
lawyers are usually
bad news.

Oh, no.

Not this time.

This time they're good news.

Matter of fact, I think
that Eddie Shoebridge...
would be delighted
when he hears from me.

What are you
gonna tell him?

Well, my client has asked me
to keep that confidential.

Who hired you
to find this guy?

- That's confidential also.

- Sure like to help you,
Mister...

Business ain't
all that good around here.

- I think you can help me.

- Is that right?

Mm-hmm. See, people

around here have been telling me
that Eddie Shoebridge is dead.
Well, if he's dead, looks like
he ain't gonna be hearir...
all that good news
you have to tell him, huh?
I think he's alive.
Sure don't keep
this car very clean.
You want to tell me
why you put a headstone
on an empty grave, Maloney?
What headstone?
The one you paid \$395 for
back in 1965.
You owe me \$2.47, mister.
Two weeks before that, you went
to the county courthouse...
and asked for a certificate
of death for Edward Shoebridge,
and you were turned down.
You wanna give me
your credit card?
No.
Credit cards are out.
Like you,
I prefer to pay...
in cash.
Now, this one happens
to be my personal favorite.
Isn't it exquisite?
Probably too expensive
for me.
Can I help you, sir?
Excuse me.
I'll be right back.
Uh, Mrs. Clay?
Would you take care
of Mrs. Cunningham
for a few moments?
Certainly, Mr. Adamson.
I'm afraid I rather like it.
Hey, Eddie.
You old son of a bitch.

If it's all the same to you,
I prefer Arthur Adamson.
Now what in the hell
are you doing here?
Had to see you about
something kind of urgent.
That's all, Eddie... Arthur.
- Couldrt you have phoned me?
- Some things you don't
put on no telephone.
Hey, uh, you got
any booze around?
All right, Joseph.
What is it this time?
New freezer
for your wife?
Mother needs another operation?
Bookies threatened
to kill you? What?
Aw, come on, Eddie.
You make me sound
like some kind of sponger.
Not that I ain't grateful
for all your favors.
- Did I ever have a choice?
- Okay, okay. Here it is.
First off, I gotta
ask you a question.
- Go ahead.
- I'm tellir ya.
No shit now, Eddie.
Can you think of any reason
why anyone would be sniffir
around in your life...
after all these years?
I can't think of
any reason at all. Why?
Well, there's this guy
comes around the garage today...
tryir to locate
Eddie Shoebridge.
Claims he's a lawyer,
he's got good news for ya.
Wort say what,

or who he's workin' for.
Calls himself McBride.
I know he's a phony
the minute I see him.
- Police?
- No way.
He's a real amateur.
I traced his license plates
with the bureau...
Doesn't even drive
his own car.
"Blanche Tyler,
- What did he look like?
He's tall, thin, about 35.
He's always got
a pipe on. Asking a lot
of smart-ass questions.
- What'd you tell him?
- Nothin'. Not a goddamn thing.
I didn't have to.
He knew everything...
fake headstone
you had me put up,
how I tried to get you
officially declared dead.
The son of a bitch says
he thinks you're still alive.
He's lookin' for you,
Eddie.
And any son of a bitch
who's lookin' for you...
is lookin' for me.
Well,
whatever he's up to,
he won't find me.
You worry
too much, Joseph.
Yeah, I worry too much, because
you only planned the fire,
and locked your old man
and old lady in the bedroom.
I poured the gasoline.
I lit the rags.
And I thank you.

The happiest day of
my whole, inglorious childhood.
All right,
you want to kid about it,
it's all right with me.

- I'm gonna track this guy down.
- And then what?

This.

- You'll never change, will you?
- You got no cause to complain.
- When you needed me, I was
always there, wasnt I?
- Look, put that thing away.

And listen to me.

I want you to go back
to Barlow Creek.

Do nothing, say nothing.

Let me look into this matter
in my own, quiet way.

And if I need you for anything,
I'll contact you.

Okay?

You're the boss, Arthur.
Isn't it touching how...
a perfect murder...
has kept our friendship
alive all these years?
You better believe it.

-

- I'm sorry to disturb you,
Mr. Adamson.

There are two gentlemen
here to see you,
from the police department.
Tell them I'll be right out.
Jesus Christ, Eddie!
Wait here.

Arthur Adamson. What can
I do for you gentlemen?
Sorry to bother you.

Andy Bush, Bureau
of Inspectors, and this
is Lieutenant Peterson.
Hi.

My pleasure.

No doubt you've been reading, or hearing, about the Constantine kidnapping.

Well, I have a confession to make, Inspector.

When I heard of the size of that stone, my mouth watered.

Professionally speaking, of course.

Well, just so you don't feel discriminated against, Mr. Adamson,

we're routinely covering every gem dealer and jewelry store in the city.

Well, I'm flattered.

Have you, by any chance, noticed anything out of the ordinary, Mr. Adamson? Any unusual movement of large... or small... stones into the markets these last few days?

Absolutely not.

I see.

I take it that you're going on the assumption... that this, uh, "ransom stone" has been cut up into smaller gems?

That's correct, sir.

It makes a lot of sense.

We think so.

If I may presume to make a suggestion, it seems to me you ought to be covering the antique and secondhand jewelry markets. They buy from anyone, whereas we jewelers buy exclusively on the wholesale exchanges.

That's already being done,
Mr. Adamson.

Oh!

I think

we've taken up enough
of Mr. Adamsors time.

Well, I'm sorry

I haven't been able to be
of more help to you.

However, if I do hear
of any unusual transactions
in the marketplace,

I'll be sure
and contact you.

Yes, we'd appreciate that.

Much obliged.

Take care.

Good-bye, sir.

Good day.

And good luck!

Mrs. Clay, close up as
soon as you wish. I have
some work to do in here.

I'll let myself out
the back way.

Good night.

Good night.

Your friend, Blanche Tyler,
is a spiritualist.

A spiritualist?

That's what it says
on her shingle. Also,
there's no one home.

A spirit is never at home.

Get in.

What do you think

we should do?

We'll wait. We still don't
know who the man is yet.

Must you?

Mm-hmm.

That must be her.

That must be

the fellow with the pipe

who called on Maloney.
A cab driver.
Lumley. Lumley,
what's this?
Where are ya goir?
I'm going home to my own bed
where I can get some sleep.
No, you're not.
Blanche, is that all you've
ever got on your mind?
What are you saving it for,
a rainy day?
Honey, you never know
when you're gonna need it.
You're not
being friendly, Lumley.
Blanche, I'm
too pooped to pop.
I'd be useless to you.
You're always useless to me!
You're always pooping out
when I need you!
... we can collect a huge sum of

money, :

You know what I'm talking about.
Come on inside and
stop being difficult.
Not tonight, Josephine.
I'm outta here.
You're a fink!
If I'm a fink, you're
an ungrateful bitch.
What about tomorrow?
What about it?
You've got important work to do.
I want you to be sure
about Eddie Shoe...

-

- Talk to him!
How many times are you
going to tell me that?
How many times am I gonna
have to tell you that tomorrow

I have to work in my cab?
So it'll wait
till Sunday.
You better give me
a quick synopsis.
I'm confused.
Simple. A cab driver
is shacked up...
with a sex-starved medium
named Blanche Tyler.
Don't ask me why,
but apparently
they're on the trail...
of some spook
named Eddie Shoebridge.
Fortunately, not on
the trail of your favorite
kidnapper and mine.
How can you be so sure?
You did hear him talk
about collecting
a huge hunk of money.
Couldrt that be the reward
that's on our heads?
You got yourself a point
there, Francs, old girl.
Only time will tell
whether it's any good.
One thing's certain.
We're not going to change
our game plan. Not now.
Buy me a drink, Arthur.
A shiny car.
A... limousine?
Why does he drive
so fast, Henry?
What's that?
On the seat beside him?
I hear the sound of a baby
crying. Quick, Henry,
before he disappears.
Ask... Yes, I know.
I... see him now.
The uniform.

A chauffeur.
What?
Henry, I need words.
Who?
The what?
The Rainbird chauffeur?
Good heavens.
Old Michael O'Keefe,
our chauffeur.
Where is Michael going?
Henry, ask him where
he's taking Harriet's baby.
Oh, more pictures
are coming in too fast.
I can hardly
make them out.
Henry, a graveyard,
a headstone?
I don't like this,
Henry.
A shoe. Bridge.
A shoe bridge?
Oh, don't do this
to me, Henry.
Speak to the chauffeur.
Oh, God,
something's burning.
The house.
Quick, Henry.
The house is on fire.
Take me away from here.
I don't want to see this.
I can't bear the sound
of their awful screaming.
Go back to the chauffeur, Henry.
Get Michael into our presence.
Miss Rainbird remembers him.
Yes, I remember.
Madame Blanche,
listen to me.
Can you hear me?
I've remembered something else
that could be
terribly important.

Wait one minute, Henry.
Before you go,
Miss Rainbird deserves
some kind of assurance
about Harriet's child.
He's a man by now,
and we have to know,
is he happy, Henry?
Is he alive and well
and happy?
If you can't,
you can't.
I certainly
can't force you.
Yes. Of course
she'll understand.
Until next time, then.
Good-bye.
Good-bye, my love.
- What happened?
- Don't you remember?
- Not a blessed thing.
- Oh, it doesn't matter now.
Listen, listen,
Madame Blanche.
Your Henry jogged
my memory of something
I'd completely forgotten.
When our poor old chauffeur,
Mike, realized he was dying,
he wrote to me and said
there was one person on earth...
who had promised that
he'd make it his business...
to know where Harriet's son was
as long as he lived.
It was the parson
who baptized the newborn baby.
And there's an additional thing
I can tell you.
Don't tell me.
Let me guess.
Five hundred.
Not a penny. Not even

a hundred for expenses.
It's all or nothing,
George,
until I can produce his name
and his present address.
Jesus, Blanche.
However, she gave me
a marvelous clue.
Here we go again.
No, here you go again...
to the man who might tell you
if Shoebridge is dead or alive.
Who's that?
Bishop Wood
at St. Anselm's Cathedral.
Holy Christ, Blanche.
No, George, not him.
Bishop Wood
at St. Anselm's Cathedral.
He was a parson once
and he baptized
the Shoebridge baby.
Excuse me.
Sorry.
Do you know how
I could, uh, make a date
to see Bishop Wood?
If you want to make the
appointment today, you'll have
to make it through the chaplain.
Which one is the chaplain?
When the service is over,
I'll show you where to go.
Oh, dear.
You know he's moving.
You sure you gave him enough?
Just the usual dose.
He looks so harmless.
When I was a little kid
living in that village,
he always made me feel
like I was something evil.
- And look at me now.
- I feel years younger.

You know, one more
like this one today,
and we'll be naturally gray.
It was an incredible job.
I really think it's won'th
more than a million.
I'm sorry, darling,
but I'm not going back...
and rewrite my ransom note
that I left in my prayer book.
You'll have to be a good sport
and settle for a million.
You were beautiful, Fran.
Just beautiful.
I was scared.
I told you it'd
be all right, didn't I?
People in church are inhibited.
They don't jump up and run
around and make a lot of noise.
They're all
too religiously polite.
Shall we go on
congratulating ourselves,
or would you like
to talk about him now?
- Who?
- "Who."
The man with the pipe.
So you saw him there,
huh?
Larger than life.
Larger than death,
you mean.
There's no doubt about
who he's after now.
What were you planning
to do about him, dear,
besides just not telling me?
I'm not planning
to do anything about him.
Joe Maloney's been
itching for that job.
He's got it.

I'll phone him as soon as we
put our guest in his quarters.
I was right about
that silly cab driver.
For once in my life
I hate being right.
Well, how in the hell
could he have known
we were going to be there...
when you and I are the only
two people in the world
who knew that?
I've got a thought.
It's a dumb one.
Say it.
Do you believe
in E.S.P.?
Extra sensory perception,
all that psychic phenomena?
What do you mean?
Madame What's-her-name?
Blanche Tyler.
Jesus.
You and I know that that's
off the wall, but, uh,
can we afford to be wrong?
I'm afraid our two quarrelsome
lovers are going to have to
share a fatal accident.
Oh, my God.
But Maloney wouldn't be
willing to do that,
would he?
Of course he'd be willing.
Gladly.
He'd believe he was protecting
himself and his old buddy.
I don't want to know
about it. Okay?
Promise me, Arthur.
Come on, now, dear.
That's what's so exciting
about all of this.
We move as one.

Everything together.
Nothing held back.
It was gross negligence,
losing him that way.
He was all we had.
I didn't lose him.
He was kidnapped.
Why would anyone want
to do that to a bishop?
For the ransom, dummy.
It's a million dollars.
I can't get over it.
You know, I was right there.
Tsk. Oh, forget about
the million.
What about out 10,000?
We've got nowhere
to go now, Lumley.
What am I gonna tell
Miss Rainbird?
I suppose Henry and I are going
to have to exhaust ourselves
again doing your work for you.
What d'ya mean, my work?
My work is driving
a goddamn cab,
for Christ's sake.
And startir right
this minute, that's exact...
That's exact what?
Go ahead.
Answer the telephone.
Hello? Who?
Mr. Maloney?
Barlow Creek?
Go ahead.
Hello.
Can you speak a little louder,
Mr. Maloney?
I said I traced you through
the license plates on that car
your lawyer friend was driving.
I figured if you was still
lookir for some dope

on Eddie Shoebridge,
I might have
somethir for you.
Oh.
How come you changed your mind,
Mr. Maloney?
I didn't say nothir to your man
'cause I felt it was none of
my business and none of his,
but I been thinkir about it
and how I could use the bread.
So for a little consideration,
I'm willing to lead you
to someone...
who knows
Eddie Shoebridge's wife.
It'll cost you a grand.
Oh, don't be silly,
Mr. Maloney.
I have my lawyer
right here beside me,
and he says
he'll give you \$100
provided it leads to something.
Make it two.
Oh... All right.
It's a deal.
Where do we meet?
You and that
lawyer friend of yours,
you drive up and meet me
at Abe and Mabel's
in two hours.
Abe and Mabel's?
It's a cafe up the road
to Mt. Sherman,
about five miles
off Route 22.
You know where it is?
Yeah.
Why so far away?
Can't we meet somewhere
more convenient?
This party I'm gonna

take you to happens to be
up in that area.

I see. Mr. Maloney, are you
admitting Edward Shoebridge
is still alive?

I ain't sayir a thing
till I see the color
of your money, in two hours.
What d'ya think?

Smells fishy to me.

I know.

But even fish smells good
when you're starving to death.

What have we got to lose?

He's the only clue left.

You got \$200 on you?

You know me better than that.

Of course not.

Fix me another one of these.

You don't need another one.

You already got one. We only
got two hours to get there.

- I'll eat it in the car.

- Come on.

You're impossible.

A couple of beers,
please.

He must be late.

Thank you, dear.

You kids sit over there.

How was Sunday school
today?

Noisy.

Five Cokes, please.

We didn't make any noise.

That's right.

That's why you're here.

Don't blame me.

Did I say anything?

Hello.

I'm sorry I'm late.

I'll get you a chair.

That's all right.

I'll sit over here.

I'll join you.
Look at that.
Nice arrangement.
Don't be obscene,
George.
Oh.
Thank you, my dear.
Just see that you keep you head
screwed on straight, will you?
Ah!
He's not coming.
Well, that's
the end of that.
George, what's
the big hurry?
Just slow down a little,
will ya, please?
I told you not to drive
so fast, George!
I don't know what's wrong.
The accelerator seems
to be sticking.
George, for God's sake,
slow up, will ya?
I can't.
My hamburger's coming up.
The accelerator...
is stuck.
Use the brakes!
They don't work.
What?
The brakes don't work.
What do you mean?
George!
Come on, woman. Don't
grab me, for God's sake!
It's not me.
It's the brakes don't work.
I'm getting violently ill,
George.
You're chokir me, Blanche,
for Christ's sake!
George!
Do something!

Grab the brake!
Reach down and pull
the hand brake.
Pull on it!
I am pulling!
Get your hands off
the steering wheel.
Pull on it!
I am pulling.
Pull it.
Come on.
Get your hand off
the goddamn wheel!
I gotta get off this road.
Blanche, just hang on.
Wasrt that fun?
Damn you,
George Lumley!
What's the matter with you?
It wasrt me.
It's Maloney.
He wasrt driving!
Of course, but he screwed up
the car and broke the brakes.
Maloney?
Yes.
You think it's
a coincidence, Blanche?
Huh?
Your car... is gonna be
out of commission
for a couple days.
So let's go find us
another way to get home.
George.
Are you all right?
Mm-hmm. I think so.
How about you?
I'm okay. I'm sorry.
Do you really think
Maloney wanted us dead?
Mm-hmm.
Why, in the name
of God, would anyone

want to do that to us?
I don't know,
but you can bet is has something
to do with your mysterious
friend, Eddie Shoebridge.
Maloney's probably got him
buried in his backyard.
Doesrt want us to find out.
That way.
Hi there.
Sorry I'm late.
Congratulations on the nice job
you did on our car, Maloney.
What are you two doir
standir in the middle
of the road?
You know perfectly well
what we're doing on the road,
Maloney.
You must be Blanche Tyler.
Pleased to meet ya.
Where's your car?
Let's just say it
ain't in runnir order,
you know what I mean?
Hop in. I'll give ya
a lift to the nearest station.
No, thank you.
We don't ride in hearses.
You think I came up here
for the fun of it?
Then you want me to take you
to this party that knows
Eddie Shoebridge's wife.
Why don't you just go ahead,
uh, by yourself this time,
Maloney. We'll skip it.
He's all charm.
Who's that?
That's Maloney.
He's after us.
Come on.
Hey, guys, let's get
the hell outta here.

We better get the police.
And lose our \$10,000?
May I be of some help
to you, madam?
I'd like to see
some bracelets.
Any particular kind?
Do you have anything
with turquoise,
or perhaps pearis?
Anything wrong
with our houseguest?
He's fine.
I gave him a very nice lunch
and a fresh bottle of wine.
Maybe one of these
will appeal to you?
Are those seed pearis?
That's right.
What are you doing here?
These look like
freshwater pearis.
The message has
come through on KFAG.
They've located
the stone we asked for.
In New York.
Harry Winston.
Fifty-three carats.
These are very nice.
How much are they?
\$315, including tax.
When do we make
the pickup?
Tomorrow night, 9:30.
Good. Now go on home.
Would it be possible for you
to set these aside...
so that I can
bring in my husband
and he can look at them?
Of course, madam.
Now for the bad news.
Take a look at this.

Incompetent bastard.
He blew it.
Now we'll have to
eliminate these two ourselves.
- Ourselves?
- That's right.
Tomorrow night,
right after we return our guest.
- I can't.
- You must.

Remember :

Share and share alike.
You stop it! Stop it!
Decide on something?
That'll be fine.
I'll have it wrapped.
But it was more than that,
much more than that...
that you left behind
as your precious gift
to life.
Yes, Joseph Maloney,
you were a generous man.
You gave of
your heart and soul.
You gave the very best
that was in you,
and no more than that
can be asked of mortal man
on this earth.
You loved your wife dearly.
You bestowed upon
your dear mother and father...
all the care,
all the attention,
patience and comfort
that they needed...
in the sunset of their lives.
And those of us
who are left behind...
to grieve for you, Joseph,
can only bow to the divine
judgement of our Lord,

who has chosen to take you
away from us...
in this cruel accident.
Oh, how great
the holiness of our God.
For He knoweth all things.
And there is not anything
save He knows it.
And He cometh
into the world...
that He may save all men if they
will harken unto His voice.
For behold, He suffered
that the pains of all men.
Yea, the pains
of every living creature,
both men, women and children...
Can't you
leave me alone?
Isn't it enough
that you killed him?
That's not so, Mrs. Maloney.
It was the other way.
You. You started
it all coming here...
and messing in things
that were none of your business.
Now go away.
Please!
Mrs. Maloney, I have
to talk to you.
He's dead and buried.
There's nothing
to talk about.
Why didn't he want me...
Looking for
Eddie Shoebridge?
I am not listening to you.
Get away from me!
Mrs. Maloney, your husband
tried to kill me,
and you were in on it,
werert you?
No.

Then why are you always running
away from me? Is that why?

No.

Do you realize
that you are an accessory
to an attempted murder?

I had nothing to do with that.

Perhaps the police
would think that you did.

You want me to go
to the police about it?

For God's sake.

You wouldn't do that...

Just tell me
where is Eddie Shoebridge?

I can't.

Mrs. Maloney, where is he?

Please tell me.

There is no Eddie Shoebridge.

He went up in smoke
came down in the city.

He calls himself
Arthur Adamson.

Arthur Adamson?

If he finds out I told you,
he'll kill me.

Now go away, and don't ever
come near me again.

Fake! Fake!

Wait a second, now.

You're the one
that's exaggerating.

No, I'll give you two or
three days maybe I missed,
but never more than that.

- Tell him it's deeply important.

- Shh!

- Stand up.

- Why me?

What makes you think that
it's me that ran up
all the extra mileage?

What about that little
asshole, Herbie, or, uh, Al,

the one on the day shift?
I understand.
I'll be there.
Yes, I promise
I'll be there.
The answer's no.
He says I must work the shift,
and I must work it tonight.
And do me a favor,
Blanche.
Please don't
give me a hard time.
You didn't put up
much of a fight.
Honey, look. After all
the goofir off I've been
doir on your behalf,
I'm within a gnat's eyelash
of losir my cab and gettir
kicked right out of the company.
Lumley, you're thick!
You won't have to
drive a cab...
if you can get this thing
over and done with
and collect the money.
"If," darling.
You're always givir me ifs.
I can't eat ifs
and neither can you,
while Julia Rainbird and you
are waltzir around
in the great beyond.
Come on, sweetheart. The least
I can do is show up for work
every now and then.
After all, didn't I give you
the guy's name?
But the phone book is full
of Arthur Adamsons.
It's very simple.
All you need to do
is find out the right one.
That's a snap.

The one that's
close to 40 years old...
and trembles a little bit
at the name Eddie Shoebridge.
Easy. We do that tomorrow.
Now would be much better.
A bird in the hand,
Lumley. Please.
Oh, sweetheart.
The only bird that's
gonna be in my hand...
and I'm very sorry
to say this...
is a steering wheel

from 4:

Sure.
Why should I get a kiss?
Just when I was
beginning to think
you werert impossible.
Maybe I'll do it
without you.
The hell you will!
Come on, now. Please.
This Shoebridge fellow's
gone to a lot of trouble
not to be found.
Now you got no idea what kind
of trouble you could get into.
Whatever it is,
he'll forget about it...
when he hears about
the millions he's coming into.
Oh, Blanche, come on.
Just sit down on your
pretty little... behind.
And I must say,
it is quite an...
No, it is.
Very attractive
little behind.
Just wait for me,
okay?

And tonight when I get home,
we will, uh...
Right. Very nice.
Plot our strategy.
Know what I mean,
darlir?
Who needs him.
You wouldn't be
Arthur Adamson,
would you?
Excuse me.
Excuse me!
Hello. Are you
Arthur Adamson?
Hey, Art!
Yeah?
A.A.?
I'm sorry.
We're just closing.
I understand.
I'm not shopping.
Is Mr. Adamson around?
I'm afraid not. But if you
come back tomorrow...
All right.
But just to be sure I have
the right Mr. Adamson,
he is a gentleman
of about 40, I trust?
Yes, that's about right.
Oh, that's
the first encouraging news
I've had all afternoon.
Isn't there someplace
I might reach him
without delay?
You mean tonight?
Yes.
Well, he usually goes
directly home from here.
But tonight would be
very bad because I believe
he's giving a party.
I know he left unusually

early for some such reason.
Isn't there something
I can tell him for you
in the morning?
This is personal.
Rather personal.
Oh, I see.
Perhaps you'd like
to leave him a note.
A note? Very good.
Yes. Come this way.
Excuse me.
Thank you.
Is anything the matter?
Uh, I was, uh,
just thinking.
Instead of leaving
this note here,
it might be better
if I sent Mr. Adamson
a telegram tonight.
What's his address,
please?
Well, I don't...
It's all right.
We're friends.
- 1001 Franklin Street.
- 1001 Franklin.
Thank you very much.
You've been very kind.
You're a Capricorn,
aren't you?
No, I'm a Leo.
That's what I thought.
Pete, hi.
Hello, there,
Blanche, baby.
Have you seen George?
He just left a few minutes ago,
but he'll be back.
Took a party of four
out to River Valley.
Oh, dear. That could
take all night.

Easily. What's up?
Would you give him
a message for me?
Sure thing.
Just tell him
I found him.
You found him?
That's right.
He lives at 1001 Franklin.
That's where he lives,
and that's where I'm going now.
You found him, and
that's where he lives, and
that's where you're going now.
Thanks, Pete.
Any time, Blanche.
You wanna go over
the new pickup spot once again?
I know it by heart.
Are you all right?
I will be.
You sure?
Have to be there at 9:30.
Let's get going.
Bishop Wood,
it's time to go.
Have you your vestments on?
Yes, but I haven't
finished the chicken.
I'm sorry, Your Excellency.
Here's what
I want you to do.
Place the armchair
in the center of the room...
facing away from the door
and seat yourself in it.
You're going to be
comfortably put to sleep.
But it'll last only
for a short while.
Thank you very much.
You are most considerate.
Let me know
when you're ready.

By the way. I haven't quite
finished that book...
you were kind enough
to let me have.
May I, uh,
take it along?
With our fingerprints on it?
Tsk, tsk, tsk.
Nice try,
Your Excellency.
Thank you.
Don't bother, then.
I'm ready.
All right, I'll be
turning your light off now.
We mustrt be late.
See who it is,
and be careful.
It's her. That woman.
Blanche Tyler.
This is incredible!
Is that cab driver
with her?
She's alone.
If I didn't have to make
this pickup in 35 minutes...
What are we going to do?
Nothing!
Until later tonight.
- She's gone.
- Come on. Let's go.
Hurry, hurry, hurry!
I thought you said...
I know.
- Mr. Adamson?
- Watch him.
Oh, Mr. Adamson.
How lucky I am
not to have missed you.
Apparently you didn't hear me
at the front door.
Apparently.
I am Madame Blanche Tyler,
the spiritualist.

Good evening, honey.
Madame Blanche, I wonder if I
might suggest to you to remove
your car from our driveway.
We're terribly late
for an appointment.
Well, yes.
When you hear why
I've come, Mr. Adamson...
Or should I say Shoebridge?
You won't mind
being late at all.
My dear lady,
I know exactly why
you've come here.
How could you?
- And exactly why you and
your friend, that cab driver...
- You know George?
Have been sniffing along my
trail like two eager bloodhounds
these past few weeks.
I had no idea,
Mr. Adamson.
All right, Madame Blanche,
you found me.
Music to my ears.
I'm perfectly willing to listen
to your demands, whatever they
might be, but not right now.
No demands, Mr. Adamson.
Oh, no, no, no!
Hardly that. Julia Rainbird
wants nothing from you...
but the privilege of making you
heir to the entire
Rainbird fortune.
The whole, lovely
millions and millions of it.
Now if she made any demands
at all, they were on me
to find you.
Through psychic means,
of course.

Let me get this straight.
Is that the only reason
you and your friend have been,
shall we say,
investigating me?
Oh, yes. And don't think
it's been easy.
Oh, Mr. Adamson,
you've given George and me
the devil's own time of it.
Tracing you
from a foundling baby...
to a young boy named Shoebridge
to a man named Adamson.
Oh, but, Mr. Adamson,

here you are, :

- It's a happy moment
for us all, isn't it?
-
It's the Bishop.
Does anyone know
that you've come here?
No one know...
Anyone kn-know?
No. Not a soul.
Not even George soul.
You have nothing
to worry about, Mr. Adamson.
I promise.
I won't breathe a word...
to anyone.
It looks like Miss Tyler
needs some rest.
Will you do as I say?
No. No.
Unlock the door.
Cheer up, Fran.
Let's go get the new diamond
for our chandelier.
Wow.
It's gorgeous.
And now for Madame Blanche.
Oh, my God.

Blanche?

Blanche?

Blanche?

If I'm talking too much, perhaps
it's because you're not talking.

It's my stomach, Arthur.

Murder doesn't agree with it.

You think I'm

looking forward to it?

If Joe Maloney

had been more efficient,
they'd both be dead by now.

You can have my share,

Arthur.

You can keep both diamonds

all to yourself

if you'll just end it.

I'll tell you what I'll do.

If you help me carry Sleeping

Beauty up out of the cellar,

load her into our car...

and drive her out

to some deserted road

where a suicide can take place,

I promise you we'll talk

this thing over.

Okay?

What about the cab driver?

If she was able to find us,

I'm sure he can too.

He'll walk

right into our hands.

Your hands, not mine.

Don't you think we ought to

go down and take a look at her?

It's been a while

since we gave her that shot.

You do it.

Okay.

You'll be happy to know

she's still unconscious.

Blanche.

Shh!

I'll put this end

into her exhaust pipe...
and the other end
in the window.
That way,
it'll look like suicide.
Better go and get her now.
I'll take her in our car.
You follow in hers.
You take hold
of her feet.
Jesus, she's heavy.
George!
Got 'em.
Blanche, you faked
that one beautifully.
You are still the champ.
Thank you, George.
Do you realize how much
the reward is for those two?
Yes.
But do you realize
how much more
the reward would be...
if we could
find the diamonds
and turn 'em in?
What's the matter
with you?
I...
Blanche,
what's the matter?
Blanche,
what's the matter?
What is it?
Blanche, you did it!
You are psychic!
What am I doing here
on the stairs?
You're not a fake.
You actually found one.
Look.
I did?
I'll get the police on the phone
and give them our good news,

and call Miss Rainbird
and give her the bad.
Operator,
can I have the police?