

START

waves to Carlino to go and he exits, closing door. Susy is near to the phone and picks it up.)

SUSY. Hello . . . yes . . . just a moment please. (Calling.) Sergeant Carlino!

MIKE. I'll get him. (Calling.) Sergeant! You're wanted on the phone. (Carlino enters, runs down the stairs and takes phone from Susy.)

CARLINO. Sorry, Mrs. Hendrix. This is going to be one of those days. (Into phone.) Carlino . . . yes, Lieutenant. (Surprised.) You mean he just walked in? (A pause.) A doll? (A long pause. Susy, who has reacted on the word "doll," is listening hard. Mike and Carlino notice this and glance at each other.) . . . Have you told him yet? . . . Give me a few minutes. (A pause.) Sure, I understand. (Carlino hangs up. A pause.)

SUSY. Did they find that old man?

CARLINO. Mrs. Hendrix, maybe I should mention one thing while I'm here. I didn't want to alarm you but a woman was found just outside here this morning . . .

SUSY. Yes, I know.

CARLINO. (Surprised.) You say—you knew her?

SUSY. Oh no. I just heard about it on the radio.

CARLINO. Oh, I see . . . your husband didn't know her by any chance?

SUSY. (Surprised.) No.

MIKE. (Annoyed.) Of course he didn't.

CARLINO. I'm sorry, Mr. Talman, but we've been told to make inquiries . . . did you hear anything peculiar last night? . . . Mrs. Hendrix?

SUSY. (Turning.) No we didn't . . . but we were out most of the evening.

CARLINO. Oh I see—and you and Mr. Hendrix were together all evening—I suppose?

SUSY. No. I went to a movie for about an hour while he was working at his studio.

CARLINO. Was anyone else with him?

MIKE. Hey? What is this?

SUSY. No . . . he was supposed to have photographed someone but she never . . .

MIKE. (To Carlino, angrily.) Are you questioning Mrs. Hendrix for any particular reason?

CARLINO. I'm not questioning her, Mr. Talman.

MIKE. Then why are you taking notes?

SUSY. Mike! . . .

CARLINO. I am not taking notes . . . I was only checking to see . . .

MIKE. What?

CARLINO. If there was anything else I *did* want to ask . . .

MIKE. Well if there is I suggest you wait till Mr. Hendrix returns home.

CARLINO. Now look—I am allowed to talk, aren't I?

MIKE. Talk, yes. But Mrs. Hendrix doesn't have to answer any questions if she doesn't want to and if they didn't teach you that at police school read the Constitution.

CARLINO. Okay, then—no more questions. (*Carlino goes upstairs. He turns at door—determined to have a last dig at Mike.*)

MIKE. Have they found that old man yet?

CARLINO. (*With mock respect.*) Mr. Talman, you're not a lawyer by any chance?

MIKE. No—I'm not but . . .

CARLINO. (*With a mocking laugh.*) No—I didn't think you were! (*He exits quickly and closes door. We hear him go down hall and street door slam.*)

MIKE. Well a fat lot of help he was! . . . That old man could be in New Jersey by now . . .

SUSY. (*Interrupting.*) Mike—is this room very dirty?

MIKE. No . . . why?

SUSY. That Sergeant kept dusting everything . . . didn't you notice?

MIKE. No—did he?

~~SUSY. All around the refrigerator—and in that corner . . . (*Points to safe. The doorbell rings. Susy starts towards it.*)~~

MIKE. I'll get it. He's probably thought of some more silly questions. (*Mike goes upstairs and opens door. Roat is standing outside. He is now playing the part of Harry Roat Junior, a henpecked square of about forty and quite humorless. He wears a well-cut business suit and eyeglasses [rimless]. Seeing Susy he removes his hat, revealing a middle-aged haircut [or is it a wig?]. He appears out of breath and in a burry.*)

ROAT. Good afternoon, Mr. . . . Hunt?

MIKE. No . . . Mr. and Mrs. Hendrix live here.

END