

## Carlino 2

CARLINO. Five to one the doll's in the safe.

ROAT. What do you do with him once he hands it over?

CARLINO. What's it matter to you?

ROAT. (*Deadpan.*) Lisa said you were the brawn of the operation. (*Carlino fumes at the insult.*) We don't deal with the husband at all. We deal with the wife. The wife hands it over of her own free will.

CARLINO. Lisa say *how* we do this?

ROAT. She said you would know something called "The Four-Sided Triangle."

CARLINO. (*Remembers.*) ... Haven't done that one since Wilkie. When's this supposed to happen?

ROAT. Tomorrow morning a proud patriot residing in the rustic hamlet of Westport will phone here asking Mr. Nice Guy to come up and take pictures of his only son just returned from liberating the cafés of Paris. Son's off to the Pacific Theater the day after, it's short notice, but he'll pay double plus expenses, money wired in advance to the Western Union office. Nice Guy will say yes, especially after having been stood up tonight. The trip out and back will keep him occupied six or seven hours. (*As Roat speaks, Carlino surveys the room, looking for clues that will give him information about the apartment's inhabitants: Photos on the walls, books, bills, mail. In doing this, he moves a chair a foot or so to get a better look at something.*) The photographer's name is Sam / Hendrix —

CARLINO. (*Re: mail, etc.*) Sam Hendrix. Used to take pictures for the magazines, saw some action overseas, maybe too much, now he does glamour snaps and baby pictures.

ROAT. Very good, sergeant.

**Start** CARLINO. You know this isn't a one-man job.

ROAT. This I understand.

CARLINO. We'll need an outside phone, place to wait.

ROAT. Look across the street. See the milk truck at the corner?

CARLINO. (*Looks through blinds.*) Yeah? Oh. Phone booth.

ROAT. (*Hands him a slip of paper.*) Its number is WASHINGTON 4-5302, the number here is WASHINGTON 4-3792. The milk truck is for our use. You'll be pleased to know there is no milk in it. Lisa said you prefer rye. She also said you'd appreciate the blinds.

CARLINO. (*Notices the blinds.*) Yeah, two sets of blinds is good. Signal Corps stuff. (*Carlino flips the blinds open and shut, making a "shunk-shunk" sound.*) Open and close 'em, one, two, then ten seconds later —

ROAT. The phone here rings. So Lisa said.

CARLINO. Lisa told you a *lotta* stuff, didn't she? "The femme fatale." "The Four-Sided Triangle." I know Lisa a long time, she'd never tell you any of that stuff unless she had to.

ROAT. What's your question?

CARLINO. When does she show? *(Beat as Roat considers. Then he tosses a key to Carlino. Carlino and Roat hold each other's stare. Carlino looks at the closet, then at Roat. Carlino goes to the closet, unlocks it and opens it enough to see a thing that horrifies him.)*

ROAT. What did you think the carpet was for? I was very firm in my conviction that Lisa knew where the doll was. She was very firm in her denial that she did not. I was forced to issue threats, and once threats were made, I was forced to follow through on them, lest my word be meaningless. *(Carlino slams the closet door, throws his money to the floor, and runs up the stairs. Roat's voice stops him.)* It's too late, Sergeant Carlino. You're already involved in this.

CARLINO. I can prove where I was when you did this!

ROAT. When was that? An hour ago? Ten minutes ago? Just before you came in? By the way I am not a two-time loser just out on parole, and there is not a police department in this state that has ever heard of me.

CARLINO. Someone must've seen you with her!

ROAT. Nope. Until this evening, I never got within a block of her. Although the part about her seeing the police at Penn Station was a lie. That was *me* Lisa saw on the platform. But for all that, we never actually met until she walked in here tonight.

CARLINO. She told you all that stuff tonight?

ROAT. Fast talker when you got her going. Recommended you right out of the gate.

CARLINO. You got her body in there! **Stop**

ROAT. That's why I had you ~~come~~ downtown. I can't very well get rid of her by myself. *(Carlino opens the hall door and starts to exit. Roat bellows:)* CARLINO! If you walk out now, I will leave Lisa exactly where she is! You've signed your name all over this apartment. *(Carlino closes the hall door, comes down the steps, and starts desperately rubbing his fingerprints off everything he can remember touching, only he can't remember.)* Even if you *could* remember everything you've touched, it'd take at least an hour to wipe all the prints. Don't forget the safe, sergeant. And the icebox. And the meatloaf. *(Carlino is frantic, looking from the safe to the icebox and back.)* It'll be so much