

## Carlino 3

CARLINO. One of those days ... (*Into phone.*) Carlino ... You're kiddin'. ... What'd he do, walk in off the street? ... What kind of doll? (*Susan reacts.*) Very interesting. Figure I'll be back ten minutes, tops. (*Hangs up and looks at Susan.*)

MIKE. Who walked in off the street? Did they catch the guy?

**Start** CARLINO. (*Ignores Mike.*) Mrs. Hendrix, the woman found this morning, the morgue says she was killed between eight and ten o'clock last night. Were you and your husband here at that time?

SUSAN. No, we left at a quarter to seven and came back around eleven-thirty.

CARLINO. Together?

SUSAN. Yes. ... I came back though, once, in between, by myself, but it was just for a few minutes.

CARLINO. When was that?

SUSAN. Nine or so. My husband was still at his studio. He was supposed to take some pictures last night, but his appointment didn't show.

CARLINO. The appointment a man or a woman?

SUSAN. A woman, an actress.

CARLINO. You catch her name?

SUSAN. Liciana.

CARLINO. Italian?

SUSAN. Yes. Well. I don't know. I didn't speak to her. My husband never mentioned a last name, just that she had an accent.

CARLINO. And your husband's where now?

SUSAN. (*Uneasy.*) Westport. A man wanted a portrait of his son, he's shipping out tomorrow.

MIKE. Sergeant, what's this got to do with the woman who was murdered?

CARLINO. Just wondering if Mrs. Hendrix's husband knew her, by any chance.

SUSAN. Of course not.

CARLINO. But ... and no offense ... how would you know? (*Susan stiffens, but she doesn't answer.*) How long you been married, Mrs. Hendrix?

SUSAN. A year, almost.

CARLINO. Met where?

SUSAN. Hospital. I was a patient.

CARLINO. Was Mr. Hendrix taking pictures there?

SUSAN. No. (*Pause.*) He was a patient too.

CARLINO. Not a blind one, though.

SUSAN. ... He was in the psychiatric ward. He'd been overseas.

CARLINO. Where'd he see action?

SUSAN. Italy.

CARLINO. *(Smiles, ready to leave.)* Well. If he *had* known this Liciania, at least they would've been able to pass the time. You've got my number, Mrs. Hendrix. ~~*(Carlino goes up the steps and exits, closing the door behind him. We hear the street door open and close.)*~~ **Stop**

MIKE. He's not even going to look for the guy. He could be in the Aleutians by now.

SUSAN. Mike, is it dark in here?

MIKE. No. Why? *(Sound: Door buzzer. Susan makes a move to answer it.)* Stay put. Probably Carlino with an insinuation he forgot to make. *(Mike goes up the steps and opens the hall door to reveal — Roat, now playing the part of Harry Roat, Junior, a henpecked husband in a suit and glasses. He holds his hat in his hand.)*

ROAT. Uhm, Mr. ... Hunt?

MIKE. No.

ROAT. Is Mr. Hunt in?

MIKE. There's nobody named Hunt here.

ROAT. *(Looks at slip of paper.)* This is Forty-eight Bank Street?

MIKE. Yeah, but there's nobody by that name.

ROAT. May I ask if an elderly gentleman dropped by earlier today?

SUSAN. Excuse me, who are you, please?

ROAT. Uhm, my ... my name is Harry Roat, Junior.

MIKE. Roat?

SUSAN. Are you related to the man who came here a little while ago?

ROAT. He *was* here, then?

SUSAN. Yes.

ROAT. That was my father.

SUSAN. Mr. Roat, why don't you come in.

ROAT. Thank you, very kind. *(Roat enters. Mike closes the door and leads him down the steps.)*

MIKE. Mr. Roat, I'm Mike Talman. Just so you know, Mrs. Hendrix isn't able to see.

ROAT. Oh. I ... yes. *(As Roat approaches, Susan suddenly recoils, an instinctive movement of fear.)*

MIKE. Susan, you all right?

SUSAN. *(Composes.)* ... Yes, sorry. Mr. Roat, sit down, please.