THE MALTESE FALCON

Novel

by Dashiell Hammett

Only Genuine Dramatization

by A.J. Schaar and Richard Baird

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~Cast for Six~

SAM SPADE

MISS WONDERLY / **BRIGID** O'SHAUGHNESSEY

MILES **ARCHER / SID WISE**, ESQ. / CASPER **GUTMAN**

MR. **FREED /** JOEL **CAIRO / CAB DRIVER** / CAPTAIN **JACOBI**

EFFIE PERINE / SERGEANT **TOM** POLHAUS

LIEUTENANT **DUNDY** / **IVA** ARCHER / WILMER **COOK**

(VOICES OFF)

A GROUP OF COPS / LUKE, HOTEL DETECTIVE OF THE BELVEDERE

~Cast for Nine~

SAM SPADE

MISS WONDERLY / **BRIGID** O'SHAUGHNESSEY

CASPER **GUTMAN**

JOEL **CAIRO**

WILMER **COOK** / MR. **FREED**

EFFIE PERINE

IVA ARCHER

MILES **ARCHER** / LIEUTENANT **DUNDY** / CAPTAIN **JACOBI** / **CAB DRIVER**

SERGEANT **TOM** POULHAUS / **SID WISE**, ESQ.

(VOICES OFF)

A GROUP OF COPS

LUKE, HOTEL DETECTIVE OF THE BELVEDERE

~Timeline~

Wednesday

Act I, Scenes 1-3

Thursday

Act I, Scenes 4-14

Friday

Act II, Scenes 1-10

Saturday

Act II, Scenes 11-12

Saturday Night, Early Sunday

Act II, Scenes 13-14

Monday Morning

Act II, Scene 15 Finale

~Locations~

Sam Spade's Office

The Alley (down to Chinatown)

Sam Spade's Apartment

The Lobby of the St. Mark Hotel

The Coronet, Room 1001

The Lobby of The Hotel Belvedere

Suite 12-C, Hotel Alexandria

The Office of Sid Wise

Street Corner (near a Cab Stand)

Outside the door to Sam Spade's Office

The Street outside of Sam Spade's Apartment

On the novel:

"I've been as bad an influence on American literature as anyone I can think of."
– Samuel Dashiell Hammett

"Yes, it is a detective novel—one of the best ever written. It's also a brilliant literary work, as well as *a thriller, a love story, and a dark, dry comedy.* The only criticism one could offer Hammett's private-eye classic is that it is so much fun, it might be hard the first time through to realize how deeply observed and morally serious it is." –NEA

On this, the only genuine dramatization:

The story, as told in the novel, is told entirely in external third-person narrative; there is no description whatsoever of any character's thoughts or feelings, only what they say and do, and how they look and sound. With the exception of a few slight bridges and transpositions, this dramatization by A&R unfolds exclusively through the language of the novel.

"If you have a story that seems worth telling, and you think you can tell it worthily, then the thing for you to do is to tell it." – Samuel Dashiell Hammett

On Sam Spade:

"Spade has no original. He is a dream man in the sense that he is what most of the private detectives I worked with would like to have been, and, in their cockier moments, thought they approached."
– Samuel Dashiell Hammett

"What I try to do is write a story about a detective rather than a detective story. Keeping the reader fooled until the last, possible moment is a good trick and I usually try to play it, but the puzzle isn't so interesting to me as the behavior of the detective attacking it."– Dashiell Hammett

On the hardboiled genre:

"Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean." – Raymond Chandler

"You got to look on the bright side, even if there ain't one." – Samuel Dashiell Hammett

"I haven't laughed so much over anything since the hogs ate my kid brother."
– Samuel Dashiell Hammett

ACT I

1.1 SPADE & ARCHER

(Lights up on SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.

SAM sits smoking.

EFFIE Perine, SAM's secretary, enters;

EFFIE shuts the door behind her.)

SAM: Yes, sweetheart?

EFFIE: There's a girl wants to see you. Her name's Wonderly.

SAM: A customer?

EFFIE: I guess so. You'll want to see her anyway: she's a knockout.

SAM: Shoo her in, darling. Shoo her in.

EFFIE: *(opens the door and asks)* Will you come in, Miss Wonderly?

MISS WONDERLY: *(off, softly)* Thank you. *(at the door, softly)* Thank you.

(MISS WONDERLY enters SAM's office.

EFFIE leaves them, closing the door behind her.

SAM stands and offers MISS WONDERLY a chair.)

MISS WONDERLY: *(to SAM, softly)* Thank you.

SAM: Now what can I do for you, Miss Wonderly?

MISS WONDERLY: Could you—? I thought—I—that is— *(bites her lip and says nothing; only her eyes speak now, pleading)*

SAM: *(smiles and nods as if he understands, and it is not serious)* Suppose you tell me about it, from the beginning, and then we'll see what needs doing. Better begin as far back as you can.

MISS WONDERLY: It began in New York.

SAM: Yes.

MISS WONDERLY: Yes. She must have met him in New York, I don't know where. She's younger than I—only seventeen—and we've never had the same friends. I don't suppose we've ever been as

close as sisters should be. Mama and Papa are in Europe. It would kill them. I've got to get her back before they come home.

SAM: Yes.

MISS WONDERLY: They're coming home the first of the month.

SAM: *(eyes brightening)* Then we've two weeks.

MISS WONDERLY: I didn't know what she had done until her letter came. I was frantic. I was too afraid of what she had done to go to the police. I didn't know what to do. What could I do?

SAM: Nothing, of course. You say her letter came?

MISS WONDERLY: Yes, and I wrote to her to come home. I sent it to General Delivery, San Francisco. That's the only address she gave me. I waited, but I didn't hear from her. And Mama and Papa's return was drawing nearer. So I came here to San Francisco to come get her. But I wrote her I was coming. I shouldn't have done that, should I?

SAM: Maybe not. It's not always easy to know what to do. You haven't found her?

MISS WONDERLY: No, I haven't. I wrote her I would stay at the St. Mark Hotel, and I begged her to come and let me talk to her… I waited three days, but she didn't come. Didn't send me any message of any sort.

SAM: *(nods and frowns sympathetically.)*

MISS WONDERLY: It was horrible, sitting there, waiting—not knowing what had happened to her, what might be happening to her. Since the only address I had for her was General Delivery, I went to the Post Office yesterday afternoon, and I stayed there until after dark. I didn't see Corinne, but I saw… Floyd Thursby.

SAM: *(nods again, his frown replaced with attentiveness.)*

MISS WONDERLY: He wouldn't tell me where Corinne was. *(hopelessly)* He wouldn't tell me anything, except: that she was well and happy. But how can I believe that? That's what he would tell me even if he had—Well, isn't it?

SAM: Sure. But it might be true.

MISS WONDERLY: *(exclaims)* I hope it is. I do hope it is. But he wouldn't take me to her. He promised to tell Corinne that he had seen me, and to bring her to see me—if she would come—this evening to my hotel. He promised to still come himself if she wouldn't. He—Oh!

(MISS WONDERLY breaks off with a startled hand to her mouth as the door opens; ARCHER, SAM Spade's partner, enters.)

ARCHER: *(sees MISS WONDERLY)* Oh, excuse me! *(hastily takes the hat from his head and backs out of the room.)*

SAM: It's all right, Miles. Come in. Miss Wonderly, this is Mr. Archer, my partner.

(ARCHER comes into the office; shuts the door behind him.)

SAM: (cont.) Miss Wonderly's sister ran away from New York with a fellow named Floyd Thursby. They're here. Miss Wonderly has seen Thursby and has a date with him tonight. Maybe he'll bring the sister with him. The chances are he won't. Miss Wonderly wants us to find the sister and get her away from him and back home.

(*To MISS WONDERLY)* Right?

MISS WONDERLY: *(softly, indistinctly) …*Yes. *(looks in her bag, picking nervously at it)*

(ARCHER comes to stand at the corner of the desk;

Gives MISS WONDERLY an appraising look up and down.

ARCHER looks at SAM; silently whistles his appreciation.

SAM raises two fingers in warning at ARCHER; then says to MISS WONDERLY.)

SAM: We shouldn't have any trouble with this, Miss Wonderly. If your sister comes with Mr. Thursby to the hotel tonight, and you persuade her to return home with you, so much the better. Otherwise—it's simply a matter of having a man at the hotel this evening to shadow Mr. Thursby away after he leaves you; shadow him until he leads us to your sister. And after he's led us to her—well, it'll be our turn to be persuasive.

ARCHER: *(heavy, coarse)* Yeh.

MISS WONDERLY: *(looking quickly up at SAM; a little shake in her voice)* Oh, but you must be careful! I'm deathly afraid of—of what he might do. She's so young and his bringing her here is such a serious—Mightn't he—mightn't he do—something to her?

SAM: *(smiles; pats the arms of his chair)* Just leave that to us. We'll know how to handle him.

MISS WONDERLY: *(insists)* But mightn't he?

SAM: *(judiciously)* He might. There's always a chance.

ARCHER: Can he cover up by marrying her?

MISS WONDERLY: *(a blush; a confused voice)* He has a wife and three children in England.

SAM: They usually do. Though not always in England. What does he look like?

MISS WONDERLY: Oh, he's thirty-five, perhaps, and as tall as you, and either naturally dark or quite sunburned. His hair is dark too. He gives the impression of being—of violence.

SAM: What color eyes?

MISS WONDERLY: Steel grey. And—oh, yes—he has a cleft in his chin.

ARCHER: Thin, medium, or heavy build?

MISS WONDERLY: Oh, he's quite athletic.

SAM: What does he do for living?

MISS WONDERLY: I don't know… I haven't the slightest idea.

SAM: What time is he coming to see you?

MISS WONDERLY: After eight o'clock.

SAM: All right, Miss Wonderly, we'll have a man there. It'll help if—

MISS WONDERLY: Mr. Spade, could either you or Mr. Archer look after it personally? I don't mean that the man you'd send wouldn't be capable, but—oh!—I'm so afraid of what he might do to—Could you?—I'd be—I'd expect to be charged more of course.

(lays two hundred-dollar bills on SAM's desk) Would that be enough?

ARCHER: Yeh, and I'll look after it myself.

(MISS WONDERLY stands up, impulsively holding a hand out to ARCHER.)

MISS WONDERLY: *(to ARCHER, exclaims)* Thank you! Thank you! *(holding out a hand to SAM now, repeats)* Thank you!

SAM: Not at all. Glad to. It'll help some if you meet Thursby downstairs or let yourself be seen in the lobby with him.

MISS WONDERLY: *(a promise*) I will. *(to ARCHER)* Thank you! *(to SAM)* Thank you!

ARCHER: *(cautions MISS WONDERLY)* And don't look for me. I'll see you all right.

(SAM goes to the door with MISS WONDERLY.)

MISS WONDERLY: *(to SAM, repeats, softly)* Thank you.

(MISS WONDERLY goes; SAM closes the door;

Turns to see ARCHER nodding at the two hundred dollar bills.)

ARCHER: They're right enough and they had brothers in her bag! *(picks up one bill, folds it, and tucks it into his pocket)*

SAM: Well, don't dynamite her too much. What do you think of her?

ARCHER: Sweet! Maybe you saw her first, Sam, but I spoke first.

SAM: *(grinning wolfishly)* Uh-huh, and you'll play hell with her, you will—sure, because you've got brains, yes you have.

ARCHER: *(heavy)* Yeh.

(Lights out; that night.

Three loud gunshots from a .45.

A single shot from a Luger.

A telephone rings.)

SAM: *(answers the phone, still in darkness)* Hello.

…Yes, speaking.

…Dead?

...Yes.

…Fifteen minutes. Thanks.

(Still in darkness, SAM hangs up the phone.)

1.2 DEATH IN THE FOG

(Dim lights up on THE ALLEY at Burritt St. and Bush St., before the hill slips down to Chinatown.

Police flashlights are flashing about. ARCHER is dead, down the hill from—

Detective TOM Polhaus, standing at the scene, near a broken fence, taking notes.)

GROUP OF COPS: *(off)* 'What do you want here' 'Police only' (etc.)

SAM: *(off)* I'm Sam Spade. Tom Polhaus phoned me.

GROUP OF COPS: *(off)* 'I didn't know you at first Sam' 'Oh sure you are' 'They're back there' (etc.)

(TOM looks up and off.)

TOM*; (calls off)* Hello, Sam.

(SAM enters.)

TOM: (cont.) *(points down toward Archer)* Bad business.

SAM: *(looks down to ARCHER)* Bad enough.

TOM: I figured you'd want to see it, before we took Archer away.

SAM: Thanks, Tom. What happened?

TOM: Got him right through the pump—with this. English model, ain't it?

(TOM hands SAM the gun.

SAM does not touch it, but leans down to look at it.)

SAM: Yes. A Webley-Fosbery automatic revolver. Thirty-eight, eight shot. They don't make them any more.

TOM: Yes, you would know it, wouldn't you.

SAM: Yes.

TOM: You served in the war.

SAM: Yes.

TOM: *(considers SAM and then the ground)* …Yes.

SAM: How many got out of that Webley?

TOM: One pill. He must've been dead when he cracked the fence.

(raises the Webley) Ever seen this gun before?

SAM: *(nods, without interest)* I've seen Webleys. So Archer was shot up here, huh? Standing where you are, with his back to the fence. The man that shot him stands here.

(SAM goes around in front of TOM and raises a hand breast-high with a level forefinger)

SAM: (cont.) Lets him have it, and Archer goes back taking the top off the fence, and going on down till the rock catches him. That it?

TOM: That's it. The blast burnt his coat.

SAM: Who found him?

TOM: The man on the beat, Officer Shilling. In his headlights he saw the top of the broken fence up here. So, he came up to have a look. And he found him.

SAM: Officer Shilling see anything else?

TOM: He didn't pay any attention at first, not knowing anything was wrong. But he says nobody come out this way, not while he was here, or he'd of seen them, even in the fog.

SAM: Somebody must have heard the shot?

TOM: For the love of God, Sam, we only just got here. Somebody must have heard it and we'll find them.

(turns to go back down to ARCHER; stops) Will you have a closer look at him before he's moved?

SAM: No.

TOM: *(looks at SAM; nods doubtfully)* His gun was tucked away on his hip. It hadn't been fired. His overcoat was buttoned. There's a hundred and sixty some bucks in his pocket. Was he working, Sam?

SAM: *(after a moment's hesitation, nods.)*

TOM: (cont.) Well?

SAM: He was supposed to be tailing a fellow named Floyd Thursby.

TOM: …What for?

SAM: Thursby was an Englishman, maybe. I don't know what his game was, exactly. We were trying to find out where he lived. *(pats TOM's shoulder)* Don't crowd me. I'll go break the news to Archer's wife.

TOM: Iva.

A GROUP OF COPS: *(off)* 'Oh, Iva.' 'Iva.' *(a wolf-whistle.)*

SAM: (*mutters*) Iva. Christ…

TOM: It's tough, him getting it like that. Archer had his faults same as the rest of us, but I guess he must've had some good points too.

SAM: *(agrees in a tone of utter meaninglessness)* Archer was a son of a bitch.

(Lights out.)

1.3 POLHAUS AND DUNDY

(Lights up on SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT.

SAM has a wine glass and a tall bottle of Bacardi; he pours a drink and drinks it standing.

SAM sits; puts the drinks on the desk facing him; picks up a cigarette; picks up the phone.)

SAM: *(to the phone)* Effie, precious, Archer has been shot.

…Yes, Archer is dead.

…Now, don't get excited.

…Yes.

…You'll have to break it to Iva. …No, I'm damned if I will. You've got to do it.

…That's a good girl. And keep her away from my office. Tell her I'll see her—uh—some time.

(SAM looks toward the door; eyes brightening) …Yes but don't tie me up to anything… That's the stuff.

(A doorbell.)

SAM: (cont.) *(to the phone)* You're an angel, Effie. Bye.

(hangs up. To himself) Iva. Christ...

(SAM goes to answer the door.

TOM and DUNDY stand waiting.)

SAM: (cont.) Hello Tom. And hello, Lieutenant. Come in.

(TOM and DUNDY nod together and enter, neither say anything.

SAM shuts the door; ushers them in to sit;

Gets two more wine glasses and fills them with Bacardi.)

SAM: (cont.) *(raises his glass)* Success to crime.

(TOM drinks down his glass.

SAM drinks and takes a seat himself.

DUNDY considers his glass several seconds; takes a very small sip;
DUNDY sets down his drink; examines the room with his eyes;
Then looks with a hard eye at TOM.)

TOM: *(moves uncomfortably)* Did you break the news to Archer's wife, Sam?

SAM: Uh-huh.

TOM: How'd she take it?

SAM: *(shakes his head)* I don't know anything about women.

TOM: *(softly)* The hell you don't.

DUNDY: *(leans forward; his eyes fixed on SAM)* What kind of gun do you carry?

SAM: None. I don't like them much. Of course there are some in my office.

DUNDY: I'd like to see one of them. You don't happen to have one here?

SAM: No.

DUNDY: You sure of that?

SAM: Look around. Turn the dump upside-down if you want. I won't squawk—if you've got a search warrant.

TOM: *(protests)* Oh, hell, Sam.

SAM: *(sets down his drink and stands up; cold as his eyes)* What do you want, Dundy?

(Only DUNDY's eyes move as SAM stands.)

TOM: *(shifts again)* We're not wanting to make any trouble, Sam.

SAM: Well, what do you want? Talk turkey. Who in hell do you think you are, coming in here trying to rope me?

DUNDY: All right, sit down and listen.

SAM: *(not moving)* I'll sit or stand as I damned please.

TOM: *(begs)* For Christ's sake be reasonable. What's the use of us having a row? If you want to know why we didn't talk turkey it's because when I asked you who this Thursby was you as good as told me it was none of my business. You can't treat us that way, Sam. It ain't right and it won't get you anywheres. We got our work to do.

DUNDY: *(jumps up; stands close to SAM; pressing his face close)* I warned you your foot was going to slip one of these days, Spade.

SAM: *(derisively smiling)* Everybody's foot slips sometime.

DUNDY: And this is yours.

SAM: *(stops smiling)* I don't like this. What are you sucking around for? Tell me, or get out.

DUNDY: *(demands)* Who's Thursby?

SAM: I told Tom what I knew about him.

DUNDY: You told Tom damned little.

SAM: I knew damned little.

DUNDY: Why were you tailing him?

SAM: I wasn't. Archer was—for the swell reason that we had a client who was paying good money to have him tailed.

TOM: Who's the client?

SAM: You know I can't tell you that until I've talked it over with the client.

DUNDY: You'll tell it to me or you'll tell it in court. This is murder and don't you forget it.

SAM: And don't you forget, sweetheart: it's a long while since I burst out crying because a policemen didn't like me. I'll tell it or not as I damned please.

TOM: For Christ's sake be reasonable.

DUNDY: *(takes pains with each word, tapping SAM for emphasis)* Thursby was shot down in front of his hotel, just thirty-five minutes after you left Tom at the scene of your late partner.

SAM: *(taking equal pains with his words)* …Keep your God-damned paws off me.

DUNDY: *(withdraws his tapping fingers)* Tom says you were in too much of a hurry to even stop for a look at Archer.

TOM: *(apologetically)* Well, damn it, Sam, you did run off like that.

DUNDY: And you didn't go to Archer's house to tell his wife. Now did you.

SAM: *(says nothing.)*

DUNDY: (cont.) Yes, that's just what I thought; that's just what I said to Tom. *(raises a finger toward SAM's chest, then quickly lowers it)* And if you didn't go to Archer's place to break the news to Iva, you could've got to Thursby's hotel with fifteen minutes to spare before he was shot.

SAM: I knew where Thursby lived?

DUNDY: (*stubbornly*) You knew what you knew. What time did you get home?

SAM: Not long before you two came to the door—so I suppose you had the time to kill him too. *(laughs pleasantly)* Sit down, Dundy. You haven't finished your drink. Get your glass, Tom.

TOM: No, thanks, Sam.

(DUNDY sits again, but does not drink his drink.

SAM fills his own glass again, empties it again, and goes to sit.)

SAM: I know where I stand now. *(looking with a friendly eye from one cop to the other)* I'm sorry I got up on my hind legs, but you birds coming in and trying to put the works on me made me nervous. Archer getting knocked off bothered me, and then you birds cracking foxy. But that's all right now—now that I know what you're up to.

TOM: Forget it.

DUNDY: *(says nothing.)*

SAM: Thursby die?

TOM: *(after glancing at DUNDY)* Yes.

DUNDY: And you might just as well know it—if you don't—that he died before he could tell anybody anything.

SAM: *(getting a cigarette)* What do you mean by that? What do you think I know? Do I look like I know anything?

DUNDY: *(bluntly)* I said what I said.

SAM: *(getting a lighter)* You're not ready to pinch me yet, are you, Dundy.

DUNDY: *(says nothing.)*

SAM: Yes, that's just what I thought.

TOM: Oh, for Christ's sake be reasonable.

SAM: *(lighting the cigarette)* Oh, I'll be reasonable, Tom. It's just that I've forgotten how I killed Thursby. Remind me.

TOM: *(grunts in disgust.)*

DUNDY: He was shot four times in the back, with a forty-four or a forty-five, from across the street as he went into his hotel. Nobody saw it, but that's what it looks like.

TOM: And he was wearing a Luger in a shoulder-holster. It hadn't been fired.

SAM: What do the hotel people say about him?

TOM: Nothing except that he'd been there a week.

SAM: Alone?

TOM: Alone.

SAM: *(not with 'the sister')* …What did you find on him, or in his room?

DUNDY: What'd you think we'd find?

SAM: Something to tell you who he was, what his story was. Did you?

DUNDY: We thought you could tell us that.

SAM: *(looking DUNDY in the eyes)* I've never seen Thursby, dead or alive.

TOM: *(decides he's seen enough, he stands, stretching.)*

DUNDY: We've asked what we came to ask.

(stands, frowning) And we've told you more than you've told us; I think that's fair enough. You know me, Spade. Whether you did or you didn't do it, you'll get a fair deal out of me, and most of the breaks. I don't even know that I'd hold it against you, not a whole hell of a lot—after I'd nailed you.

SAM: That's fair enough, Dundy. *(smiles)* But I'd still feel better about it if you'd drink your drink.

DUNDY: *(picks up his glass and slowly empties it)* Good night.

(DUNDY holds out a hand to SAM; they shake hands ceremoniously.

TOM and SAM shake hands ceremoniously.

SAM holds the door for them; they leave.

SAM shuts the door.

Lights out.)

1.4 ENTER IVA

(Lights up, the next morning, on SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.

SAM enters and closes the door behind him;
looks at the sign on the door that reads: "SPADE & ARCHER."

Then, sounds of EFFIE and a tearful IVA entering the outer office. 'Will you just wait please' 'Wait at a time like this?' Etc.

EFFIE enters SAM'S OFFICE and closes the door behind her, looking pale and irritated.)

EFFIE: *(voice low)* She's out there. Iva.

SAM: *(voice low)* Iva. Christ… I asked you to keep her away.

EFFIE: Yes, but you didn't tell me how. *(collapsing standing up)*…Don't be cranky, Sam. I had her all night.

SAM: *(going to smooth EFFIE's hair from her face)* Sorry angel, I haven't—

(The door opens and IVA appears.)

SAM: (cont.) Hello, Iva.

IVA: Oh, Sam!

(SAM takes his hand from EFFIE's face; invites a tearful IVA inside.

EFFIE leaves them, closing the door behind her.)

SAM: *(to IVA)* Poor darling.

(IVA comes quickly to SAM, raising her sad face for a kiss.

SAM avoids the kiss and embraces IVA instead.

His arms still around her, SAM looks at his watch.)

IVA: *(stirring in his arms to look at his face)* Oh, Sam. Did you kill him?

SAM: *(stares at Iva; laughs harshly in her face)* Ha!

(SAM pulls away from IVA in disgust.

IVA's arms still hold the air where SAM had been.

SAM looks out of a window, not at Iva.)

SAM: (cont.) Who put that bright idea into your head?

IVA: I thought… *(approaches his back, very sure-footed in very high heels)* Be kind to me, Sam.

SAM: *(laughing)* You killed my husband, Sam, be kind to me. Jesus Christ.

IVA: *(cries loudly, turning away from SAM, holding a handkerchief up to her face.)*

SAM: *(face expressionless, he approaches IVA's back, and kisses her neck)* Now, Iva, don't.

IVA: *(stops crying.)*

SAM: (cont.) *(softly in IVA's ear)* You shouldn't have come here today, precious. It wasn't wise. You can't stay. You ought to go home.

IVA: *(turns to embrace SAM)* You'll come tonight?

SAM: *(shakes his head no)* Not tonight.

IVA: Soon?

SAM: Yes.

IVA: How soon?

SAM: As soon as I can. *(kisses IVA, leads her to the door, opens the door, and says)* Goodbye, Iva. *(bows her out, closes the door on her, and returns to his desk. SAM gets a cigarette, but does not light it. He holds it looking again at the sign: "SPADE & ARCHER.")*

(EFFIE enters; shuts the door behind her.)

EFFIE: Well?

SAM: (*doesn't answer.*)

EFFIE: (cont.) Well, how did you and the widow make out?

SAM: She thinks I shot her husband.

EFFIE. So you could marry her?

SAM: *(doesn't answer her question)* The police think I shot Thursby.

EFFIE: Who?

SAM: Who do you think I shot?

EFFIE: *(doesn't answer; holds up a light for SAM's cigarette.)*

SAM: (cont.) Thursby's the guy Archer was supposed to be tailing for the Wonderly girl. *(accepting the light, at length)* Thanks, honey.

EFFIE: Are you going to marry Iva?

SAM: Don't be silly.

EFFIE: She doesn't think it's silly. Why should she—the way you've been running around with her?

SAM: I wish to Christ I'd never seen her.

EFFIE: Maybe you do now—*(a trace of spite)*—but there was a time.

SAM: I never know what to do or say to women except that way.

EFFIE: That's a lie, Sam. You know I think she's a louse, but I'd be a louse too if it would give me a body like hers. *(taking his face in her hands)* Do you think she could have killed Archer?

SAM: *(smiles and laughs)* You're an angel. *(says through smoke)* A nice rattle-brained angel.

EFFIE: *(wryly)* Oh, am I? Suppose I told you that your Iva hadn't been home many minutes when I arrived to break the news at three something this morning?

SAM: *(eyes alert now, but still smiling)* Are you telling me?

EFFIE: She kept me waiting at the door while she undressed or finished undressing. I saw her clothes where she had dumped them on a chair. Her slip was on top—bet you it was still warm. She said she'd been asleep, but she hadn't. You could tell.

SAM: You're a detective, darling, but—she didn't kill him.

EFFIE: *(snatches her hands away bitterly)* That louse wants to marry you, Sam.

SAM: *(waves his hand impatiently and moves away.)*

EFFIE: (cont.) Did you see her last night?

SAM: No.

EFFIE: Honestly?

SAM: Honestly. Don't act like Dundy, sweetheart. It ill becomes you.

EFFIE: Has Dundy been after you?

SAM: Uh-huh. He and Tom Polhaus dropped in for a drink till four something this morning.

EFFIE: Do they really think you shot this what's-his-name?

SAM: Thursby. *(goes to get another cigarette)*

EFFIE: Well, do they?

SAM: God knows. They did have some notion. I don't know how far I talked them out of it.

EFFIE: Look at me, Sam. You worry me, Sam. You do… You're too slick for your own good.

SAM: That's what Dundy thinks, too. You just keep Iva away from me, sweet, and I'll manage the rest of my troubles.

(SAM brushes EFFIE's cheek; stands and puts on his hat.)

SAM: (cont.) I'll be back in an hour, or phone you. *(points)* Have the "SPADE & ARCHER" taken off the door. Have them put on "SAMUEL SPADE."

(Lights out.)

1.5 MR. FREED

(Lights up at THE LOBBY OF THE ST. MARK HOTEL.

FREED, the hotel manager, is at the front desk;
he sets aside a newspaper, and holds out a sympathetic hand to SAM.)

SAM: Hello, Freed. *(shaking hands)* Is Miss Wonderly in?

FREED: *(readily without intrusiveness)* I believe that she checked out this morning.

SAM: I see…

FREED: Mr. Spade, I'm awfully sorry to hear about Mr. Archer. I've just seen it in the papers.

SAM: Thanks, Freed.

FREED: He was in here last night, you know.

SAM: Yes, I know. Were you talking with him last night?

FREED: No. He was sitting in the lobby when I came in, in the evening. I didn't stop. I thought he was probably working and I know you fellows like to be left alone when you're working. Did that have anything to do with his—

SAM: I don't think so, but it's possible. Anyway, we won't mix the house up in it if it can be helped.

FREED: Thanks.

SAM: That's all right. Listen, if I ask you for some dope on an ex-guest, can you forget I asked?

FREED: Surely.

SAM: That Miss Wonderly who checked out this morning. I'd like to know the details.

FREED: *(leaving the desk)* Come along; we'll see what we can learn.

SAM: *(shakes his head no)* I don't want to show in it.

FREED: *(nods discreetly)* I won't be a moment. *(departs)*

(SAM takes in the lobby; notices his new tail.

FREED returns.)

FREED: (cont.) The lady arrived last Tuesday, registering from New York. She didn't have a trunk, only some bags. There were no phone-calls charged to her room. No mail. The only one anybody remembers having seen her with was a man of thirty-five or so. She went out at half past nine this

morning, came back an hour later, paid her bill, and had her bags carried to the car. The boy who carried the bags says it was a Nash touring car, probably a hired one.

SAM: Thanks a lot, Freed. *(tips his hat and turns away)*

(Lights out.)

1.6 ASK FOR MISS LEBLANC…

(Lights up on SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.

EFFIE is at SAM's desk, working.

SAM enters.)

EFFIE: Your friend Dundy was in. He wanted to look at your guns.

SAM: And?

EFFIE: I told him to come back when you were here.

SAM: Good girl. If he comes back again, let him look at them.

EFFIE: And Miss Wonderly called up.

SAM: It's about time. What did she say?

EFFIE: She wants to see you. *(reading from a memo she had penciled)* She's at the Coronet, on California Street, apartment one thousand and one. You're to ask for "Miss LeBlanc."

SAM: Give me.

(SAM takes the memo and lights it on fire; EFFIE watches with disapproving eyes.)

SAM: (cont.) *(grins at EFFIE)* That's just the way it is, dear.

(SAM goes out again. Lights out.)

1.7 …OR MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY

(Dim lights up on THE CORONET, APARTMENT 1001.

MISS WONDERLY lights a cigarette; sits waiting, in silk.

A knock; MISS WONDERLY crushes the cigarette out; admits SAM to her rooms.)

SAM: *(takes off his hat)* Good morning. *(smiles)*

MISS WONDERLY: *(almost smiles, troubled)* Come in, Mr. Spade.

(MISS WONDERLY takes SAM's hat and places it on a table.)

MISS WONDERLY: (cont.) *(sitting)* Mr. Spade, I've a terrible, terrible confession to make.

SAM: *(smiles at her.)*

MISS WONDERLY: (cont.) *(miserably)* That—that story I told you yesterday was all—a story.

SAM: *(lightly)* Oh, that. We didn't exactly believe your story.

MISS WONDERLY: Then—?

SAM: We believed your two hundred dollars.

MISS WONDERLY: You mean—?

SAM: *(explains)* I mean that you paid us more than if you'd been telling the truth. And enough more to make it all right.

MISS WONDERLY: *(brightening; almost rising from her chair)* Then even now you'd be willing to—

SAM: *(stops her with a look)* That depends. The hell of it is, Miss— is your name Wonderly or Leblanc?

(From now on MISS WONDERLY will be written as BRIGID O'Shaughnessy.)

BRIGID: *(blushing)* It's really O'Shaughnessy—Brigid O'Shaughnessy.

SAM. The hell of it is, Miss O'Shaughnessy, that a couple of murders—

(BRIGID winces.)

SAM: (cont.) —coming together like this get everybody stirred up, make the police think they can go the limit, make everybody hard to handle, and expensive.

BRIGID: *(haggard, desperate)* Mr. Spade, tell me the truth. Am I to blame for—for last night?

SAM: *(shakes his head no)* Not unless there are things I don't know about. You warned us that Thursby was dangerous. Of course you lied to us about your sister and all, but that doesn't count: we didn't believe you. *(shrugs)* I wouldn't say it was your fault.

BRIGID: *(softly)* Thank you… But I'll always blame myself. *(a hand to her throat)* Mr. Archer was so—so alive yesterday afternoon, so solid and hearty and—

SAM: *(commands)* Stop it. He knew what he was doing. They're the chances we take.

BRIGID: Was—was he married?

SAM: Yes, with ten thousand in insurance and a wife who didn't love him.

BRIGID: *(whispers)* Oh, please don't.

SAM: *(shrugs again)* That's the way it was. *(glances at his watch and sits beside her)* There's no time for worrying about that now. Out there a flock of policemen and assistant district attorneys and reporters are running around with their noses to the ground. What do you want to do?

BRIGID: I want you to save me from—from it all. *(puts a timid hand on SAM's sleeve)* Mr. Spade, do they know about me?

SAM: Not yet. I wanted to see you first.

BRIGID: What—what would they think if they knew about the way I came to you—with those lies?

SAM: It would make them suspicious. That's why I've been stalling them till I could see you.

BRIGID: You don't think I had anything to do with the—the murders—do you?

SAM: I forgot to ask you that. Did you?

BRIGID: No.

SAM: That's good. Now what are we going to tell the police?

BRIGID: *(squirming in her seat; she seems so young and oppressed)* Must they know about me at all? I think I'd rather die… Can't you somehow shield me from them? Can't you, Mr. Spade?

SAM: Maybe. But I'll have to know what it's all about.

BRIGID: I know I've no right to ask for you to help me blindly—but I can't tell you—I can't tell you now. I haven't lived a good life. I've been bad—worse than you could know—but I'm not all bad. Look at me, Mr. Spade. You know I'm not all bad, don't you? Oh!—I'm so alone and so afraid, and I've got nobody to help me if you won't help me. I trust you—but I trusted Floyd Thursby—I'm afraid of trusting you! —I don't mean that! I do trust you. You've said you could help me. You can—you can save me. *(going down on her knees)* If I thought anyone else could save me, would I be down on my knees like this? Help me because I need help so badly. Be generous, Mr. Spade. Help me.

SAM: You won't need much of anyone's help. You're good. You've very good. It's chiefly your eyes, I think, and that throb you get into your voice when you say things like "Be generous, Mr. Spade."

BRIGID: *(jumps up, painfully crimson, head held high)* I deserve that. But—oh!—I did want your help so much. I do want it, and need it, so much. *(turns away, no longer holding her head up high)* …It's my own fault that you can't believe me now.

SAM: *(reddening, looking at the floor, muttering)* Now you are dangerous.

(BRIGID brings SAM's hat to him, for him to take it if he wishes.

SAM looks at the hat, but does not take it.)

SAM: (cont.) What happened last night?

BRIGID: Floyd came to my hotel at nine o'clock, and we went out for a walk. I suggested that so Mr. Archer could see him. We stopped at a restaurant for supper and came back to the hotel about half-past twelve. Floyd left me at the door and I stood inside and watched Mr. Archer follow him down the street.

SAM: Down?

BRIGID: Yes.

SAM: Do you know what they'd be doing down by Chinatown, where Archer was shot?

BRIGID: I assumed that was near where Floyd lived?

SAM: No. It's nearly a dozen blocks out of his way—if he were going straight from your hotel to his. Well, what did you do after they had gone?

BRIGID: I went to bed. And this morning when I went out for breakfast I saw the headlines in the papers and I read about—you know. Then I hired a car and went back to the hotel for my luggage; after I found my room had been searched yesterday I knew I would have to move, and I had found this place yesterday afternoon, so I came here, and then telephoned you.

SAM: Your room at the St. Mark was searched?

BRIGID: …Yes. While I was at your office. *(bites her lip)* I didn't mean to tell you that.

SAM. That means I'm not supposed to question you about it?

BRIGID: *(nods shyly, and moves SAM's hat in her hands.)*

SAM: (cont.) *(laughs impatiently)* Stop waving the hat in my face. Haven't I offered to do what I can?

BRIGID: *(smiles apologetically; returns the hat to the table; sits beside SAM again.)*

SAM: (cont.) I've got nothing against trusting you blindly except that I won't be able to do you much good if I haven't some idea of what it's all about. For instance, I've got to have some sort of a line on your Floyd Thursby.

BRIGID: We came here from Hongkong last week. He was—he had promised to help me. Instead he betrayed me.

SAM: Betrayed you how?

BRIGID: *(shakes her head and says nothing.)*

SAM: (cont.) Why did you want him shadowed?

BRIGID: I wanted to learn how far he had gone; what he was doing, whom he was meeting, things like that. But he wouldn't even tell me where he was staying.

SAM: Did he kill Archer?

BRIGID: *(looking at SAM, surprised)* Yes, certainly.

SAM: Thursby had a Luger in a shoulder holster. Archer wasn't shot with a Luger.

BRIGID: He had another revolver in the pocket of his overcoat.

SAM: You saw it?

BRIGID: Oh, I've seen it often. I didn't see it last night, but he never wears an overcoat without it.

SAM: Why all the guns?

BRIGID: He lived by them—They said he came to Hongkong as a bodyguard for a gambler who had had to leave the States. They said the gambler had since disappeared. They said Floyd knew about his disappearing. I don't know—I do know that that he always went heavily armed and that he never went to sleep without covering the floor around his bed with crumpled-up newspaper, so nobody could come silently into the room.

SAM: You picked a nice sort of playmate.

BRIGID: *(simply)* Only that sort could have helped me. If he had been loyal.

SAM: Yes, if. *(pinches his lower lip)* How bad a hole are you actually in?

BRIGID: As bad, as could be.

SAM: How bad is that?

BRIGID: I don't think there's anything worse than death.

SAM: Then it's that?

BRIGID: It's that as surely as we're sitting here. *(shivers)* Unless you help me.

SAM: *(runs his fingers through his hair, irritably)* I'm not Christ. I can't spin miracles out of thin air—and thin air's all you're giving me to work with. Who killed Thursby?

BRIGID: *(a crumpled handkerchief to her mouth)* I don't know.

SAM: Your enemies or his?

BRIGID: I don't know. His, I hope, but I'm afraid—I don't know.

SAM: How was he supposed to be helping you? Why did you bring him here from Hongkong?

BRIGID: *(looks at him; shakes her head in silence, pitifully stubborn.)*

SAM: (cont.) *(stands; scowls down at her)* This is hopeless. I can't do anything for you. I don't know what you want done. I don't even know if you know what you want.

BRIGID: *(hangs her head and weeps.)*

SAM: *(growls and goes for his hat.)*

BRIGID: You won't go to the police?

SAM: Go to them! They've been running me ragged since four o'clock this morning. I've made myself God knows how much trouble standing them off. For what? For some crazy notion that I could help you. I can't. I won't try.

(puts on his hat and pulls it down tight) Go to them? All I've got to do is stand still and they'll be swarming all over me. Well, I'll tell them what I know and you'll have to take your chances.

BRIGID: *(stands, her head high again, but her face panic-stricken)* You've been patient. You've tried to help me. It is hopeless and useless, I suppose. I thank you for what you have done. I—I see I'll have to take my chances. *(holds out her hand to SAM)*

SAM: *(growls again; sits again)* How much money have you got?

BRIGID: *(bites her lip reluctantly)* I've about five hundred dollars left.

SAM Give it to me.

(BRIGID hesitates.

SAM makes angry gestures with his mouth, eyes, hands, shoulders.

BRIGID goes and returns almost immediately with money in one hand.

SAM takes the money and counts it.)

SAM: (cont.) There's only four hundred here.

BRIGID: I had to keep some to live on.

SAM: Can't you get any more?

BRIGID: No.

SAM: You must have something you can raise money on.

BRIGID: I've some rings, a little jewelry.

SAM: You'll have to hock them.

(BRIGID looks at SAM pleadingly.

SAM is implacable.

BRIGID slowly brings out a small roll of bills from the neck of her dress.

SAM smooths out the bills and counts them; he hands BRIGID two $10s and a $5; the rest SAM puts in his pocket.)

SAM: (cont.) I'm going out and see what I can do for you. I'll be back as soon as I can—with the best news I can manage. You oughtn't go to the door with me. I'll let myself out.

(SAM leaves BRIGID standing in the center of the floor, looking after SAM with dazed eyes.

Lights out.)

1.8 SID WISE, ESQ.

EFFIE: *(in the darkness)* Oh, hello, Sam.

SAM: *(in the darkness)* Hello, darling.

EFFIE: *(in the darkness)* Mr. Wise is in your office.

SAM: *(in the darkness)* Sid Wise. Son of a gun. Can you believe I'm glad to see a lawyer?

(Lights up on SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.

SID WISE is seated behind SAM's desk, in SAM's chair, with a newspaper and cold cigar stub,

Which he flourishes at SAM as SAM enters and shuts the door.)

SID WISE: *(betraying no emotion)* Pull a chair around. So Archer got the big one last night?

SAM: *(standing; he wants his chair)* Uh-huh, Archer is dead. And the cops like me for his killer.

SID WISE: That's sweet that they like you.

SAM: Don't crack wise, Sid. That's what you've come to see me about. Isn't it? I think I've got to tell those cops to go to hell.

SID WISE: Heartbreaker.

SAM: *(shooing SID WISE out of his chair)* Tell me: can I hide behind the sanctity of a client's what-not, all the same as a priest or a lawyer?

SID WISE: Why not? You can try anyway. You've gotten away with more than that before.

SAM: Good. Here's your hat. Go see the right people. Go be my lawyer, Sid.

SID WISE: *(groans.)*

SAM: (cont.) And don't forget your coat.

SID WISE: *(reluctantly taking his hat and coat)* You're a son of a gun, Sammy.

(SID WISE exits;

SAM casts himself into his chair; grinning sleeplessly and chuckling.

EFFIE enters.)

1.9 THE BLACK BIRD

(As before in SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.)

EFFIE: What's with the smile? You look like the cat that swallowed a canary.

SAM: *(grins contentedly)* I think we've got a future. I always had an idea that we'd stand a better chance of thriving if Archer would go off somewhere and die. —Will you take care of sending flowers for me?

EFFIE: I did.

SAM. You're an invaluable angel. How's your woman's intuition today?

EFFIE: Why?

SAM: What do you think of "Wonderly."

EFFIE: *(without hesitation)* I'm for her.

SAM: *(muses)* She's got too many names. Wonderly. LeBlanc; she says the real one's O'Shaughnessy.

EFFIE: I don't care if she's got all the names in the phone-book. That girl is all right, and you know it.

SAM: I wonder. *(chuckles)* Anyway she's given up $700 smacks in two days and that's all right.

EFFIE: Sam, if that girl's in trouble and you take advantage of it to bleed her, I'll never forgive you—never have any respect for you—as long as I live.

(SAM opens his mouth as if to speak—something unnatural…

When the sound of someone's entrance to his outer office stops him.

EFFIE goes out to see, and shuts the door.

SAM makes himself more presentable; sits.

EFFIE returns—shutting the door— with an engraved card from: "Mr. Joel Cairo.")

EFFIE: (cont.) This guy is queer.

SAM: *(smiles)* In with him, then, darling.

EFFIE: *(opens the door and beckons for)* Mr. Joel Cairo.

(Joel CAIRO enters.

EFFIE leaves them, closing the door.

SAM inclines his head at CAIRO and then at a chair.)

SAM: Sit down, Mr. Cairo.

CAIRO: *(bows elaborately over his hat)* I thank you. *(sits, primly)*

SAM: *(rocks back in his chair)* Now what can I do for you, Mr. Cairo? *(of amiable negligence)*

CAIRO: *(drops his gloves into his hat and sets his hat upon a table)* May a stranger offer condolences for your partner's unfortunate death?

SAM: Thanks.

CAIRO: May I ask, Mr. Spade, if there was, as the newspapers inferred, a certain—ah—relationship between that unfortunate happening, and the death a little later of the man Thursby?

SAM: *(says nothing in a blank-faced definite way.)*

CAIRO: (cont.) *(rises and bows)* I beg your pardon. *(sits again, places both hands on the corner of SAM's desk)* More than idle curiosity made me ask that, Mr. Spade. I am trying to recover an—ah—ornament that has been—shall we say?—mislaid. I thought, and hoped, you could assist me.

SAM: *(nods and indicates attentiveness.)*

CAIRO: (cont.) *(selecting his words carefully)* The ornament is a statuette. The black figure of a bird.

SAM: *(nods again with courteous interest.)*

CAIRO: (cont.) I am prepared to pay for its recovery, on behalf of the figure's rightful owner, the sum of five-thousand dollars. *(raising an ugly forefinger)* I am prepared to promise that—what is the phrase?—no questions will be asked. *(returns his hand to SAM's desk and smiles blandly)*

SAM: Five-thousand dollars is a lot of money. *(about to comment)* It—

(SAM is interrupted by a knock at the door.)

SAM: (cont.) Come in.

(It is EFFIE; hat on head; ready to go.)

EFFIE: Is there anything else?

SAM: No. Goodnight. Lock the door when you go, will you?

(EFFIE goes.)

SAM: (cont.) *(turns to CAIRO and finishes his comment)* It's an interesting figure.

(The sound of a door closing from a corridor; the echo of a key locking.

SAM and CAIRO both listen to the sounds.

CAIRO smiles… and produces a flat black pistol out of a pocket.)

CAIRO: You will please clasp your hands together at the back of your neck.

SAM: *(does not look at the pistol; SAM raises his arms and, leaning back in his chair, intertwines his fingers behind his head. His eyes, of no particular expression, remain on CAIRO's face.)*

CAIRO: *(coughs, his eyes water; he smiles nervously, pale)* I intend to search your offices, Mr. Spade. I warn you that if you attempt to prevent me I shall certainly shoot you.

SAM: *(as expressionless as his face)* Go ahead.

CAIRO: You will please stand. I shall have to make sure that you are not armed.

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CAIRO, gun in hand, goes around behind SAM, to pat him down from the back.

SAM disarms CAIRO; stepping on his foot and elbowing him.

CAIRO cries out, tears in his eyes, from the pain.

SAM helps CAIRO into a chair.

CAIRO looks at SAM, puzzled.

Then SAM smiles. His smile is gentle, even dreamy.

Then SAM hits CAIRO in the face as if his entire arm is one rigid piece.

CAIRO shuts his eyes and is unconscious; head lolling, mouth open.)

***

SAM empties out CAIRO's pockets, methodically, one by one.

When the last pocket's turned out, SAM returns to his chair, and lights a cigarette.

He examines his spoils, with grave unhurried thoroughness:

$365 cash in the wallet (that's not $5000). Greek Passport. Papers with Arabic writing. A newspaper clipping about the murders of Archer and Thursby. Mr. Joel Cairo calling cards—heavily scented. A sheet of Hotel Belvedere writing paper on which is written SAM's name and the addresses of his office and apartment. A watchcase—Sam pries open the back to look inside. Nothing is there.

SAM leans over CAIRO; takes his wrist to feel for a pulse. Beat. Drops the wrist and gets another cigarette. He looks into the distance—until CAIRO moans and flutters his eyelids awake.

SAM turns to face CAIRO; beginnings of a friendly smile.

***

CAIRO: (cont.) *(painfully)* I could have shot you, Mr. Spade.

SAM: *(concedes)* You could have tried.

CAIRO: I could not; for you had disarmed me.

SAM: I know.

CAIRO: Then why did you strike me if I was disarmed?

SAM: Sorry. *(grins wolfishly, showing his teeth)* Imagine my embarrassment. Here I believed you had five-thousand bucks. I find I was mistaken.

CAIRO: You are mistaken, Mr. Spade; my offer was, and is, a genuine offer.

SAM: *(genuinely surprised)* Is that right.

CAIRO: I am prepared to pay five thousand dollars for the figure's return. *(taking his hand from his face; prim again)* You have it?

SAM: No.

CAIRO: *(politely skeptical)* If it is not here—why should you have risked serious injury to prevent my searching for it?

SAM: I should sit around and let people stick me up? *(flicks a finger at CAIRO's possessions)* You've got my apartment-address. Been up there yet?

CAIRO: Yes, Mr. Spade. I am ready to pay five thousand dollars for the figure's return—but surely it is natural enough that I should try first to spare the owner that expense if possible.

SAM: Who is he?

CAIRO: *(shakes his head and smiles)* You will have to forgive my not answering that question.

SAM: Will I? *(leaning forward; smiling back)* I've got you by the neck, Cairo. You've walked in and tied yourself up, plenty strong enough to suit the police with last night's killings. Well, now you'll have to play with me or else.

CAIRO: *(not at all alarmed)* I made somewhat extensive inquiries about you before taking any action, and was assured that you were far too reasonable to allow other considerations to interfere with profitable business relations. I have offered you five thousand dollars for—

SAM: *(thumps CAIRO's wallet down)* There's nothing like five thousand dollars here. You're betting your eyes. You could come in and say you'd pay me a million for a purple elephant, but what in hell would that mean?

CAIRO: I see, I see. *(thoughtfully)* You wish some assurance of my sincerity. *(brushes his lip with a finger)* A retainer, would that serve?

SAM: It might.

CAIRO: You will take, say, a hundred dollars?

SAM: *(picks up CAIRO's wallet and takes out a hundred; frowns)* Better make it two hundred. *(takes out two hundred)*

CAIRO: *(says nothing.)*

SAM: (cont.) Your first guess was that I had the bird. There's nothing in that. What's your second?

CAIRO: That you know where it is, or, if not exactly that, that you know it is where you can get it.

SAM: What sort of proof can you give me that your man is the owner?

CAIRO: Very little, unfortunately. There is this, though: nobody else can give you any authentic evidence of ownership at all. And if you know as much about the affair as I suppose—or I should not be here—you know that the means by which it was taken from him shows that his right to it was more valid than anyone else's—certainly more valid than Thursby's.

SAM: What about his wife and children in England?

CAIRO: *(face red and voice shrill)* HE is not the owner!

SAM: *(mild and ambiguous)* Oh.

CAIRO: *(less shrill, still excited)* Is he here, in San Francisco, now?

SAM: *(blinks, tired; suggests)* It might be better all around if we both put our cards on the table.

CAIRO: *(recovers his composure, suave)* I do not think it would be better. If you know more than I, I shall profit by your knowledge, and so will you to the extent of five thousand dollars. If you do not then I have made a mistake in coming to you, and to put my cards on the table, as you suggest, would simply be to make that mistake worse.

SAM: There's your stuff. *(indifferently picks up the clipping on Thursby's murder; lets it drop)*

(CAIRO returns the various articles to his pockets.)

SAM: (cont.) It's understood that you're to pay my expenses while I'm getting this black bird for you, and five thousand dollars when it's done?

CAIRO: Yes, Mr. Spade, that is, five thousand dollars less whatever moneys have been advanced to you—five thousand in all.

SAM: Right. And it's a legitimate proposition. *(solemn)* You're not hiring me to do any murders or burglaries for you, but simply to get it back if possible in an honest and lawful way.

CAIRO: *(agrees, also solemn)* If possible. And in any event with discretion. *(puts on his gloves)*

SAM: That reminds me. I've got something I want to show you. *(goes to the window)* The kid in the cap down there.

CAIRO: *(murmurs)* I'll see. *(looks out the window)*

SAM: *(to CAIRO)* Who is he?

CAIRO: *(smiles at SAM)* I do not know him. *(puts on his hat)*

SAM: He's been tailing me around town.

CAIRO: I give you my word I have nothing to do with him. I have asked nobody's assistance but yours, on my word of honor.

SAM: I just wanted to know, because if he gets to be a nuisance I may have to hurt him. *(watches CAIRO)*

CAIRO: Do as you think best. He is not a friend of mine. *(takes off his hat; smooths his hair with a gloved hand; carefully replaces his hat)* I am at the Hotel Belvedere when you wish to communicate with me—room six-thirty-five. I confidently expect the greatest mutual benefit from our association, Mr. Spade.

(hesitates) May I have my pistol?

SAM: Sure, I'd forgotten it. *(takes the pistol from his pocket and returns it to CAIRO)*

CAIRO: *(points the pistol at SAM's chest)* You will please keep your hands on the top of the desk. I intend to search your offices.

SAM: I'll be damned. *(laughs)* All right. Go ahead. I won't stop you.

(Lights out.)

1.10 BY GUESS AND BY GOD

(Lights up on THE CORONET, APARTMENT 1001.

BRIGID sits waiting, in satin, not quite certain of SAM's coming.

A knock on the door; BRIGID welcomes SAM.)

BRIGID: Do you bring me good news? *(anxiety in her smile)* The police won't have to know about me?

SAM: No. We won't have to make anything public that hasn't already been made public.

BRIGID: *(sighs happily and sits)* However did you manage it?

SAM: Most things in San Francisco can be bought, or taken.

BRIGID: And you won't get into trouble? Do sit down. *(makes room beside her)*

SAM: *(remains standing)* I don't mind a reasonable amount of trouble. *(studies her, frankly; then goes to sit beside her)* You aren't exactly the sort of person you pretend to be, are you?

BRIGID: *(shyly)* I—I'm not sure I know what you mean.

SAM: Schoolgirl manner, stammering and blushing and all that.

BRIGID: *(blushing)* I told you this afternoon that I've been bad—worse than you could know.

SAM: That's what I mean. You told me that this afternoon in the same words, same tone. It's a speech you've practiced.

(BRIGID seems momentarily confused, almost to the point of tears; then laughs)

BRIGID: Very well, then, Mr. Spade, I'm not at all the sort of person I pretend to be. I'm eighty years old, incredibly wicked, and a blacksmith of iron by trade. *(at ease now, gaily)* But even if it's all a pose, it's one that I've grown into; so you won't expect me to drop it entirely, will you?

SAM: *(reassuring)* No; if you were as innocent as you pretend to be, we'd never get anywhere.

BRIGID: *(a hand on her heart)* I won't be innocent.

SAM: *(in the manner of polite conversation)* …I saw Joel Cairo tonight.

BRIGID: *(the gaiety leaves her face, she watches SAM)* You—you know him?

SAM: *(stretching out, looking at his crossed feet)* I saw him.

BRIGID: Did you talk to him?

SAM: For a minute or two.

(BRIGID stands. She fusses around the room, slightly changing the position of an ornament, smoothing a fabric, etc. When BRIGID returns to her seat, her face is unworried.)

SAM: (cont.) You're very good.

BRIGID: What did he say?

SAM: About what?

BRIGID: *(hesitates, picking up a cigarette)* About me.

SAM: Nothing.

BRIGID: Well what did he say?

SAM: He offered me five-thousand dollars for the black bird.

BRIGID: *(accidentally breaks her cigarette; after a swift glance at SAM, she and turns away from him.)*

SAM: (cont.) You're not going to go around straightening up the room again, are you?

BRIGID: *(a clear merry laugh)* I won't. But what did you say?

SAM: Five-thousand dollars is a lot of money.

BRIGID: Surely you're not really considering it.

SAM: Why not? Five-thousand dollars is a lot of money.

BRIGID: But, Mr. Spade, you promised to help me. I trusted you. You can't—

SAM: Don't let's try to figure out how much you've trusted me. I promised to help you, sure, but you didn't tell me anything about any black birds.

BRIGID: But—you must have known or you wouldn't be telling me now—you wouldn't—you can't—you can't treat me like that.

SAM: *(for the third time)* Five thousand dollars is lot of money.

BRIGID: *(defeated)* It is. It is far more than I could ever offer you, if I must bid for your loyalty.

SAM: *(laughs)* That's good coming from you. What have you given me besides money? Have you given me any of your confidence? Any of the truth? Any help in helping you? Haven't you tried to buy my loyalty with money and nothing else? Well, if I'm peddling it, why shouldn't I let it go to the highest bidder?

BRIGID: *(tears in her eyes)* I've given you all the money I have. I've thrown myself on your mercy, told you that without your help I'm utterly lost, you—charming Satan. What else is there? *(suddenly close to him; cries angrily)* Can I buy you with my body?

(SAM takes BRIGID's face between his hands and kisses her contemptuously.

Then SAM sits back, looking furious.)

SAM: I'll think it over.

BRIGID: *(sits holding her face where SAM's hands had left it, numbly.)*

SAM: (cont.) Christ! There's no sense to this. *(stands, trying to speak calmly)* I don't give a damn about your honesty. I don't care what kind of tricks you're up to, what your secrets are, but I've got to have something to show that you know what you're doing.

BRIGID: I do know. Please believe that I do, and that it's all for the best, and—

SAM: *(orders her)* Show me. I'm willing to help you. I've done what I could so far. If necessary I'll go ahead blindfolded, but I can't do it without more confidence in you than I've got now. You've got to convince me that you know what it's all about, that you're not simply fiddling around by guess and by God, hoping it'll come out all right somehow in the end.

BRIGID: Can't you trust me just a little longer?

SAM: How much is a little? And what are you waiting for?

BRIGID: *(almost inaudible)* I must talk to Joel Cairo.

SAM: You can see him tonight. We can get him on the phone at his hotel.

BRIGID: But he can't come here. I can't let him know where I am. I'm afraid.

SAM: *(suggests)* My place.

BRIGID: All right. *(jumps up)* Shall we go now? *(gets her hat and coat and goes out)*

(SAM has a quick look around BRIGID's room as he picks up his own hat and coat; and follows.

Lights out.)

1.11 ENTER IVA, II

(Lights up on SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT.

A key is heard turning; the doorknob turns…
Enter IVA, who returns a hair pin to her hair, leaves the door ajar, and waits.)

SAM: *(entering cautiously, then sees)* …Iva. Christ. I wasn't expecting to see you here.

IVA: Sam, I've got to talk to you.

SAM: *(to BRIGID)* Would you mind waiting through there for a moment? I won't be long.

BRIGID: *(to SAM)* That's perfectly alright. You needn't hurry. *(to IVA)* Good evening. *(BRIGID crosses through to another room)*

IVA: *(to BRIGID)* Good evening. *(to SAM)* Who is she?

SAM: I've only a minute, Iva. What is it?

IVA: Who is she?

SAM: *(crosses to a window, sees his tail is out there)* What's the matter, Iva? Has anything happened? You oughtn't to be here at this time of night.

IVA: *(complains)* I'm beginning to believe that. You told me I oughtn't to come to your office, and now I oughtn't to come here. Do you mean I oughtn't to chase after you? If that's what you mean why don't you say it right out?

SAM: Now, Iva, you've got no right to take that attitude.

IVA: I haven't any rights at all, it seems, where you're concerned. I thought I did. I thought you loved me. I thought—

SAM: This is no time to argue about that, precious. What was it you wanted to see me about?

IVA: I can't talk to you like this, Sam.

SAM: Then I suppose you'd better go, Iva.

(SAM holds the door for IVA, his hat in hand, gallantly.

IVA squirms where stands, her mouth a thin line; she storms out angrily)

SAM: (cont.) Good evening.

(SAM closes the door behind IVA.

BRIGID enters from the other room, smiling cheerfully.)

1.12 G IN THE AIR

(As before, in SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT.)

SAM: Where were we? Let's make you comfortable. *(makes a chair nice for her)* I'll call Cairo. *(at the phone)* Get me the Hotel Belvedere. Thank you. Hotel Belvedere? I'd like to speak with Joel Cairo, room six-thirty-five. …Mr. Cairo? This is Spade. Can you come up to my place now? *(looks at BRIGID, then rapidly)* …Miss O'Shaughnessy is here and wants to see you. *(hangs up)*

BRIGID: *(frowns)* I don't have to tell you how utterly at a disadvantage you'll have me, with him here, if you choose.

SAM: *(smiles slightly)* No, you don't have to tell me.

BRIGID: And you know I'd never have placed myself in this position if I hadn't trusted you completely.

SAM: *(mock resignation)* That again!

BRIGID: *(insists)* But you know it's so.

SAM: No, I don't know it. *(looks at her)* Don't worry about that now. Get your business with Cairo over, and then we'll see how we stand. He'll be here in just a few minutes…

(sits; without any preliminary) A man named Flintcraft left his real-estate office, in Tacoma, to go to lunch one day and never returned. His wife and children never saw him again. But he was supposed to be on best terms with his wife and two young boys. He'd inherited a small fortune from his father. He owned a nice house; owned a nice car. All the signs of a successful living. No suggestion of secret vices. Had plans to play golf at four that afternoon—He went like that. Like a fist when you open your hand.

Well, that was in 1922. In 1927 I was with one of the big detective agencies in Seattle. Mrs. Flintcraft came in and told us somebody had seen a man in Spokane who looked a lot like her husband. I went over there. It was Flintcraft, all right. He had a new office, new wife, new son, new house, and he often got away to play golf around four in the afternoons. He felt no guilt about what he'd done. Said he'd left his first family well provided for. The only thing that bothered him was a doubt that he could make what he'd done seem reasonable to anyone else. He'd never told anyone else his story. He tried to tell me.

Here's what happened to him. Going to lunch he passed a big building that was being put up—just the skeleton. A beam or something fell eight or ten stories and smacked the sidewalk alongside him. It brushed pretty close, didn't touch him, but a piece of sidewalk flew up and hit his cheek. He still had the scar and he rubbed it—well, affectionately—as he told me about it. He said he had been scared stiff of course, well, more shocked than frightened. He said: he felt like somebody had taken the lid off life and let him look at the works.

What disturbed him was the discovery that life was not a clean, orderly, sane, responsible affair. That in living sensibly, he'd got out of step, not into step with a life he'd only ever had while blind chance had spared it. He could have been wiped out at random, so he left at random. After lunch. And he felt he'd adjusted himself to this new glimpse he'd had at the works. What I don't think he realized was that he'd settled back into the same life he'd jumped out of. He'd adjusted himself to beams falling, and when no more of them fell, he adjusted himself to them not falling again. That's the part of it I always liked.

BRIGID: How perfectly fascinating. What happened to the first Mrs. Flintcraft?

SAM: I told her what happened. She thought it was silly. Maybe it was. Anyway, it came out all right. She didn't want any scandal, and, after the trick he had played on her—the way she looked at it—she didn't want him. So they were divorced on the quiet and everything was swell all around.

(A knock at the door. SAM opens the door. It is Joel CAIRO.)

CAIRO: *(excited, speaking before the door is half open)* That boy is out there watching the house, Mr. Spade, that boy you showed me—or to whom you showed me. What am I to understand from that, Mr. Spade? I came here in good faith, with no thought of tricks or traps.

SAM: You were asked here in good faith. But I ought to've guessed he might show up. He saw you come in?

CAIRO: Naturally I could have gone on, but that seemed useless, since you had already let him see us together in the window at your offices.

BRIGID: *(anxious)* What boy? What is it?

CAIRO: If you do not know, ask Mr. Spade. I know nothing about it except through him.

SAM: A kid who's been tailing me around town all evening. Come on in, Cairo. There's no use standing here talking for all the neighbors.

(CAIRO stiffly removes his hat and bows, comes just inside the door.)

BRIGID: Did he follow you to my apartment?

SAM: No. I shook him before that. I suppose he came back here to try to pick me up again.

(SAM shuts the door.)

CAIRO: *(bows stiffly over his hat again)* I am delighted to see you again, Miss O'Shaughnessy.

BRIGID: I was sure you would be, Joe.

(BRIGID offers CAIRO her hand.

CAIRO makes a formal bow over it and quickly releases it.

SAM takes CAIRO's hat and coat away, while CAIRO and BRIGID sit down.)

BRIGID: (cont.) Sam told me about your offer for the falcon. How soon can you have the money ready?

CAIRO: (*twitches and smiles*) It is ready. *(smiles at BRIGID a moment, then at SAM)*

SAM: *(lights a cigarette)*

BRIGID: In cash?

CAIRO: Oh, yes.

BRIGID: You'll give us five-thousand dollars now, if we give you the falcon?

CAIRO: *(holds up an ugly hand)* Excuse me, I expressed myself badly. I did not mean to say that I have the money in my pockets, but that I am prepared to get it on a very few minutes' notice at any time during banking hours.

BRIGID: Oh! *(looks at SAM)*

SAM: *(blows smoke down his vest)* That's probably right. He only had a few hundred in his pockets when I frisked him this afternoon. *(smiles at BRIGID's wide-open eyes)*

CAIRO: I can be quite prepared to give you the money at, say, half-past ten in the morning. Eh?

BRIGID: *(smiles)* But I haven't got the falcon.

CAIRO: *(scowls in annoyance and anger; seizes the arms of his chair; he says nothing.)*

BRIGID: (cont.) *(mock placating)* I'll have it in a week at the most, though.

CAIRO: Where is it?

BRIGID: …Whom are you buying it for, Joe?

CAIRO: *(raising his eyebrows)* I told Mr. Spade. For its owner.

BRIGID: *(surprised)* So you went back to him?

CAIRO: *(shrugs)* That was the logical development. Why, if I in turn may ask a question, are you willing to sell it to me?

BRIGID: *(simply)* After what happened to Floyd I'm afraid to touch it except to turn it over to somebody else right away.

SAM: *(props at elbow and listens to them impartially.)*

CAIRO: *(voice low)* Exactly what happened to Floyd?

BRIGID: *(with a finger, swiftly traces a "G" in the air.)*

CAIRO: I see. *(something doubting in his smile)* Is he here?

BRIGID: *(impatiently)* What difference does it make?

CAIRO: *(deepening doubt)* It might make a world of difference. *(subtly pointing at Spade)*

BRIGID: *(glances impatiently)* Or me. Or you.

CAIRO: Exactly. And shall we add, more certainly, the boy outside?

BRIGID: Yes. Yes, unless he's the one you had in Constantinople. *(laughs)*

CAIRO: *(suddenly enraged and shrill)* The one you couldn't make?

(BRIGID jumps up from her chair; steps to CAIRO; slaps him sharply across the cheek.

CAIRO grunts and slaps BRIGID, staggering her sideways.

SAM jumps up, catches CAIRO by the throat and shakes him.

CAIRO, gurgling, reaches for the pistol in his pocket.

SAM disarms CAIRO.

BRIGID quickly picks up the pistol from the floor and points it at CAIRO.

SAM releases CAIRO.)

CAIRO: (cont.) *(hands to his throat)* This is the second time you've put your hands on me.

SAM: Yes, and when you're slapped you'll take it and like it!

(SAM slaps CAIRO three times, savagely.

CAIRO tries to spit at SAM, but his mouth is dry.

SAM slaps CAIRO again across the lip, which bleeds.)

***

(The doorbell rings.

CAIRO and BRIGID turn to face the door.

SAM is still watching CAIRO.)

BRIGID: *(whispers to SAM)* Who is it?

SAM: *(irritably)* I don't know.

(The doorbell rings again, more insistently.)

SAM: (cont.) Well, go through there and keep quiet, you two.

(BRIGID and CAIRO go through.

SAM opens the door—but does not admit—TOM and DUNDY, standing there.)

TOM: Hello, Sam. We thought maybe you wouldn't have gone to bed yet.

DUNDY: *(nods, but says nothing.)*

SAM: Hello. You guys pick swell hours to do your visiting in. What is it this time?

DUNDY: *(quietly)* We want to talk to you, Spade.

SAM: Well? *(blocking the door)* Go ahead and talk.

TOM: *(advancing)* We don't have to do it standing here, do we?

SAM: You're not coming in. What do you want to do about it? Try to get in? Or do your talking here? Or go to hell?

TOM: *(groans.)*

DUNDY: It'd pay you to play along with us a little, Spade. You've got away with this and you've got away with that, but you can't keep it up forever.

SAM: Stop me when you can.

(SAM goes to shut the door; DUNDY keeps it open.)

DUNDY: That's what I'll do. There's talk going around that you and Archer's wife were cheating on him. That she even tried to get a divorce so's she could put in with you, but he wouldn't give it to her.

SAM: That sounds like something you thought up yourself.

DUNDY: Then there's not anything to it?

SAM: Not anything.

(SAM goes to shut the door; DUNDY keeps it open.)

DUNDY: There's even talk, that that's why he was put on the spot.

SAM: *(seems mildly amused)* Don't be a hog, Dundy. You oughtn't try to pin more than one murder on me at a time. You as good as said I killed Thursby because he killed Archer. That falls apart if you blame me for killing Archer too.

DUNDY: You haven't heard me say you killed anybody. You're the one who keeps bringing that up. But suppose I did. You could have killed them both. There's a way of figuring it.

SAM: Uh-huh. I could've killed Archer to get his wife, and then killed Thursby so I could hang Archer's killing on him. That's a hell of a swell system; now if I can just give somebody else the bump to hang Thursby's killing on them… How long am I supposed to keep this up? Come on. Are you going to put your hand on my shoulder for all the killings in San Francisco from now on?

TOM: For Christ's sake be reasonable. You know damned well we don't like this any more than you do, but we got our work to do.

SAM: Work? You pop in here after midnight with a lot of damned fool questions.

DUNDY: *(adds deliberately)* And get damned lying answers.

SAM: *(cautions)* Take it easy.

DUNDY: *(looks SAM up and down, then straight in the eyes)* If you say there was nothing between you and Archer's wife, you're a liar and I'm telling you so.

TOM: *(looks startled)*

SAM: *(moistens his lips)* So that's the hot tip that brought you here at this ungodly time of night?

DUNDY: That's one of them.

SAM: And the others?

DUNDY: Let us in. *(nods significantly into SAM's apartment)*

SAM: *(frowns and shakes his head.)*

DUNDY: (cont.) *(to TOM)* There must've been something to it.

TOM: *(shifts his feet; looks at neither man)*

SAM: What's this? Charades?

DUNDY: All right, Spade. We're going. We'll be in to see you now and then. Think it over.

SAM: *(grinning)* Glad to see you anytime, Lieutenant.

(SAM goes to shut the door at last.)

CAIRO: *(off, screams)* Help! Help! Police! Help!

DUNDY: *(keeps the door open again)* I guess we're coming in.

SAM: *(smiling with little joy)* I guess you are. *(stands out of the way)*

(The sounds of a brief struggle, of a blow, of a subdued cry.)

1.13 HORSE FEATHERS

(TOM and DUNDY enter SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT; SAM closes the door behind them.

BRIGID runs into the room, forearms over her cheeks, her eyes terrified.

CAIRO enters with a pistol aimed at her in one hand; the other hand is clapped to his forehead with blood running down his face; he does not look at the detectives, but at BRIGID; glares at her.

DUNDY is first into the room, he puts a hand to his hip under his overcoat.)

DUNDY: *(to CAIRO)* What are you up to here? *(with his other hand, seizes CAIRO's wrist)*

CAIRO: *(shows DUNDY the gash on his head)* This is what she has done, look at it.

(BRIGID looks at SAM; when their eyes meet, his glint an instant with malicious humor.)

DUNDY: *(to BRIGID)* Did you do that?

(BRIGID looks at DUNDY and back to SAM,
but SAM is now leaning against the doorway, a disinterested spectator.)

BRIGID: *(looks back at DUNDY; an earnest, throbbing voice)* …I had to. I was all alone in here with him when he attacked me. I couldn't—I tried to keep him off. I—I couldn't make myself shoot him.

CAIRO: *(unsuccessfully trying to pull his arm and pistol from DUNDY's grip)* Oh, you liar! You dirty filthy liar! *(to DUNDY)* She's lying awfully. I came here in good faith and was attacked by both of them, and when you came he went out to talk to you, leaving her here with this pistol, and then she said they were going to kill me after you left, and I called for help, so you wouldn't leave me here to be murdered, and then she struck me with the pistol.

DUNDY: Here, give me this thing. *(takes the pistol and puts it in his pocket)* Now let's get this straight. What'd you come here for?

CAIRO: He sent for me. *(staring defiantly at SAM)* He called me and asked me to come here.

SAM: *(blinks sleepily at CAIRO and says nothing.)*

DUNDY: *(to CAIRO)* What'd he want you for?

CAIRO: *(mops his bloody forehead with a lavender handkerchief; then)* He said he wanted—they wanted—to see me. I didn't know what about.

DUNDY: Well, what happened then?

CAIRO: Then they attacked me. She struck me first, and then he choked me and took the pistol out of my pocket. I don't know what they would have done next if you hadn't arrived at that moment. I dare say they would have murdered me then and there.

BRIGID: *(jumps up and cries)* Why don't you make him tell the truth?

(BRIGID slaps CAIRO, who yells inarticulately;
DUNDY, still holding CAIRO's wrist, pushes BRIGID back into a chair and scowls at her.)

DUNDY: None of that now.

SAM: *(to TOM)* She's impulsive.

TOM: *(agrees)* Yeah.

DUNDY: *(to BRIGID)* What do you want us to think the truth is?

BRIGID: (*about CAIRO)* Not what he said. Not anything he said. *(to SAM)* Well, is it the truth?

SAM: How would I know? I was out in the kitchen mixing an omelet when it all happened, wasn't I?

(BRIGID studies SAM with some perplexity;
TOM grunts in disgust.)

DUNDY: *(still scowling at BRIGID)* If he's not telling the truth, how come he did the squawking for help, and not you?

BRIGID: *(contemptuously)* Oh, he was frightened to death when I struck him.

CAIRO: *(flushes)* Pfoo! Another lie!

(BRIGID kicks CAIRO's leg just below the knee;
DUNDY pulls CAIRO away from her.)

TOM: *(close to BRIGID)* Behave, sister. That's no way to act.

BRIGID: *(defiantly)* Then make him tell the truth.

TOM: We'll do that all right. Just don't get rough.

DUNDY: *(looking at SAM)* Well, Tom. I don't guess we'll go wrong pulling the lot of them in.

SAM: *(leaves the doorframe, comes to the center of the room)* Don't be in a hurry. Everything can be explained.

DUNDY: *(sneers)* I bet you.

SAM: *(bows to)* Miss O'Shaughnessy, may I present Lieutenant Dundy and Detective-sergeant Tom Polhaus. *(bows to DUNDY)* Miss O'Shaughnessy is an operative in my employ.

CAIRO: *(indignantly)* That isn't so. She—

SAM: *(interrupts in a quite loud but genial voice)* I hired her just recently, yesterday.

This is Mr. Joel Cairo, a friend—an acquaintance, at any rate—of Thursby's. He came to me this afternoon and tried to hire me to find something Thursby was supposed to have on him when he was bumped off. It looked funny, the way he put it to me, so I wouldn't touch it. Then he pulled a gun—well, never mind that unless it comes to a point of laying charges against each other. Anyway, after talking it over with Miss O'Shaughnessy, I thought maybe I could get something out of him about Archer's and Thursby's killings, so I asked him to come up here. Maybe we put the questions to him a little rough, but he wasn't hurt any, not enough to have to cry for help. I'd already had to take a gun away from him again.

(As SAM talks, anxiety creeps into Joel CAIRO's face.)

DUNDY: *(to CAIRO; brusquely demands)* Well, what've you got to say to that?

CAIRO: *(says nothing for a long time)* I don't know what I should say. *(embarrassment seems genuine)*

DUNDY: *(suggests)* Try telling the facts.

CAIRO: The facts?

DUNDY: Quit stalling.

SAM: *(laughs; grins at BRIGID and CAIRO)* All right. Well, boys and girls, we put it over nicely. *(nothing but delight in his voice)* Did you see the looks on their faces?

DUNDY: *(peremptorily)* Get your hats. We'll sort this out down at the Hall.

SAM: *(lazily to DUNDY)* Don't you know when you're being kidded?

DUNDY: *(repeats)* Get your hats.

SAM: *(stands, hands in pockets, grinning with taut self-certainty)* I dare you to take us in, Dundy. You don't think any of us is going to swear to any complaints against the others, do you? Wake up. You've been kidded. When the bell rang, I said to Miss O'Shaughnessy and Cairo, 'It's those damned cops again. They're getting to be nuisances. Let's play a joke on them. When you hear them going, one of you scream, and we'll see how far we can string them along before they tumble.' And—

(BRIGID bends forward in her chair laughing hysterically; CAIRO starts and fixedly smiles.)

TOM: Cut it out, Sam.

SAM: *(chuckles)* But that's the way it was. We—

DUNDY: *(scornfully)* And the cut on his head? Where'd that come from?

SAM: Ask him. *(suggests)* Maybe he cut himself shaving.

CAIRO: *(speaks quickly)* I fell. We intended to be struggling for the pistol when you came in, but I fell on the end of the rug, and I fell.

DUNDY: Horse feathers.

SAM: That's all right, Dundy, believe it or not. The point is that that's our story and we'll stick to it. And the newspapers will print it whether they believe it or not, and it'll be just as funny one way or the other, or more so. What are you going to do about it? It's no crime to kid a copper, is it? You haven't got anything on anybody here. Everything we told you was just part of a joke.

DUNDY: *(snarls)* You can't get away with that. *(pulls CAIRO roughly)* You belched for help and you've got to take it.

CAIRO: *(sputters)* No, sir. It was a joke. He said you were friends of his and would understand.

SAM: *(laughs sincerely at that.)*

DUNDY: *(releases CAIRO, spins on his heel and punches SAM in the chin.)*

(BRIGID utters a short cry.

Before SAM can raise a fist to DUNDY, TOM comes between the two men.)

TOM: *(begs)* No, no, for Christ's sake!

SAM: *(a long moment of motionlessness; his smile gone)* Then get out of here quick.

TOM: *(still guarding SAM, looks at DUNDY reproachfully over his shoulder.)*

DUNDY: *(fists clenched)* Get their names and addresses.

CAIRO: *(quickly says, looking at TOM)* Joel Cairo. Hotel Belvedere.

SAM: *(before TOM can ask)* You can always get in touch with Miss O'Shaughnessy through me.

DUNDY: *(to TOM)* Get her address.

SAM: Her address is in care of my office.

DUNDY: *(to BRIGID)* Where do you live?

SAM: *(to TOM)* Get him out of here. I've had enough of this.

TOM: *(cautions)* Take it easy, Sam. *(buttons his coat casually, to DUNDY)* Well, is that all?

CAIRO: I'm going too, if Mr. Spade will be kind enough to give me my hat and coat.

DUNDY: *(to CAIRO)* I'll take you along for packing the gun.

SAM: *(helps CAIRO into his hat and coat, then, to TOM)* The gun's one of mine. Too bad it's only a thirty-two, or you could have said it was the one that shot Thursby and Archer.

(DUNDY takes the pistol out of his pocket and leaves it on a table;
DUNDY goes out first, taking CAIRO along.)

TOM: *(to SAM)* I hope to God you know what you're doing. *(goes out and closes the door behind him.)*

1.14 BRIGID

(As before, in SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT.)

SAM: *(harshly)* God damn, Dundy! Damn him! God damn him to hell! *(buries his head in his hands for a moment; looks up sheepishly)* I know it's childish but, by God, I hate being hit without hitting back.

touches his chin) Not that it was so much of a sock at that. *(laughs briefly)* A cheap enough price to pay for winning. *(scowls briefly)* Though I'll remember it.

BRIGID: You're absolutely the wildest person I have ever known. Do you always carry on so high-handed?

SAM: I let him hit me, didn't I?

BRIGID: Oh yes, but a police official.

SAM: He overplayed his hand. *(looks at BRIGID)* What did you do to Cairo?

BRIGID: Nothing. He got frightened or stubborn and yelled.

SAM: So you smacked him with the gun?

BRIGID: I had to. He attacked me.

SAM: *(smiling with annoyance)* You don't know what you're doing. It's just what I told you: you're fumbling along by guess and by God.

BRIGID: I'm sorry… Sam.

SAM: Sure you are. *(sits beside her)* Now you've had your talk with Cairo. Now you can talk to me.

BRIGID: Oh, yes. Of course— *(smooths her dress and frowns)*

SAM: *(puts an arm across BRIGID's back)* Well, I'm listening.

BRIGID: *(smiles at SAM)* Do you need your arm there to listen?

SAM: No. *(lets his arm drop behind her)*

BRIGID: You're altogether unpredictable.

SAM: I'm still listening.

BRIGID: Look at the time! *(points at an alarm clock that's sitting on a book)*

SAM: Uh-huh. It's been a busy evening.

BRIGID: I must go. *(rising)* This is terrible.

SAM: *(does not rise)* You're not going anywhere till you've told me about the black bird.

BRIGID: *(protests)* But look at the time. And it would take hours to tell you.

SAM: Then it'll take hours.

BRIGID: Am I a prisoner?

SAM: *(points off toward the kitchen)* The tablecloth's in there.

BRIGID: *(crossing off to the kitchen)* You're the most insistent person.

SAM: *(also crossing off to the kitchen)* Yes, and wild and unpredictable. What's this bird, this falcon, that everybody's all steamed up about?

(SAM and BRIGID reenter and start setting a table for coffee, brandy, sandwiches.)

SAM: (cont.) You can tell me, between bites.

BRIGID: Suppose I wouldn't tell you? What would you do?

SAM: About the bird?

BRIGID: About the whole thing.

SAM: *(mocks)* Suppose I wouldn't tell you? *(shakes his head)* I wouldn't be too surprised to know what to do next. But I don't see what you've got to gain by not telling me what you know. It's coming out bit by bit anyhow. There's a lot of it I don't know, but there's some of it I do, and some more that I can guess at. Give me another day like this and I'll soon be knowing things about it that you don't know.

BRIGID: I suppose you already do. *(looks at her sandwich, her face serious)* Wouldn't it—wouldn't it be just as well to wait and let you learn about it as you say you will?

SAM: *(laughs)* I don't know.

BRIGID: I'm afraid of you, and that's the truth.

SAM: That's not the truth.

(BRIGID picks up her sandwich, then sets it back down;
SAM grins at her and waits.)

BRIGID: It's a black figure, as you know, smooth and shiny, of a bird, a hawk or falcon, about that high. *(holds her hands about a foot apart)*

SAM: What makes it important?

BRIGID: I don't know. They'd never tell me. They promised me five hundred pounds if I helped them get it. Then Floyd told me, if we left Joe, he'd give me seven hundred and fifty.

SAM: So it must be worth more than that?

BRIGID: Oh, much more than that. They didn't pretend they were sharing equally with me. They were simply hiring me to help them.

SAM: Help them how?

BRIGID: Help them get it from the man who had it then, a Russian man named Kemidov.

SAM: How were you going to get it from him?

BRIGID: *(objects)* Oh, but that's not important, and wouldn't help you—and is certainly none of your business.

SAM: This was in Constantinople?

BRIGID: *(hesitates and nods)* Marmora.

SAM: *(waves her on)* Go ahead, what happened then?

BRIGID: But that's all. They promised me five hundred pounds to help them—and I did. Then we found that Joe Cairo meant to desert us, taking the falcon with him and leaving us nothing. So we did exactly that to him, first. But then I wasn't any better off than I had been before, because Floyd hadn't any intention at all of paying me what he had promised me. I had learned that by the time we got here. He said we would go to New York, where he would sell it and he would give me my share, but I could see he wasn't telling me the truth. *(darkening indignantly)* And that's why I came to you, to get you to help me find where the falcon was.

SAM: And if you had found it? What then?

BRIGID: Then I'd have been in a position to talk terms with Mr. Floyd Thursby.

SAM: *(squints and suggests)* But you wouldn't have known where to take it to get more money than he said he'd give you. Did you know how to get the larger sum he expected to sell it for?

BRIGID: …I did not know.

SAM: *(demands)* What makes it worth all that money? You must have some idea, at least be able to guess.

BRIGID: I haven't the slightest idea.

SAM: *(scowls at her)* What's it made of?

BRIGID: I don't know. I've only seen it once, for a few minutes. Floyd showed it to me when we'd first got hold of it.

SAM: *(mashes a cigarette into his plate; makes one draught of the coffee and brandy in his cup; wipes his lips with a napkin, then casually)* You ARE a liar.

BRIGID: *(stands)* I am a liar. I have always been a liar.

SAM: *(good humored)* Don't brag about it. It's childish. *(extricates himself from the table; stands)* Was there any truth at all in that yarn?

BRIGID: *(whispers)* Some.

SAM: How much?

BRIGID: Not—not very much.

SAM: *(puts a hand under her chin and laughs)* We've got all night before us. I'll put some more brandy in some more coffee and we'll try again.

BRIGID: *(eyes fall; tremulously)* Oh, I'm so tired. So tired of it all, of myself, of lying and thinking up lies, and of not knowing what's a lie and what's the truth. I wish. I wish I—

(BRIGID puts her hands up to SAM's cheeks; kisses SAM hard; presses her body against his;
SAM's arms go around her; a hand lost in her hair; a hand moving over her slim back.

Lights out.)

INTERMISSION

ACT II

2.1 BREAKFAST

(Lights up on SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT; beginning day has reduced night to thin smokiness.

BRIGID, alone, in a slip, opens the door that leads from SAM's bedroom;
she turns on the lights and searches SAM's place, making as little sound as might be;
she finds nothing, but notices her coat—has it moved?—and notices CAIRO's gun;
she picks up the gun; looks with fright toward the front door;
runs back into the bedroom with the gun, leaving the bedroom door open.

Quietly, SAM's front door opens…)

BRIGID: *(off, cries)* Who is that?

(It is SAM with breakfast from a cafe; he enters.

He notices the lights, the bedroom door is open—closed before—notices other slight changes.)

SAM: *(calls)* Young Spade bearing breakfast.

BRIGID: *(off)* Oh, you frightened me!

SAM: *(setting things down)* I wanted to see if that kid was still out there, and to get stuff for breakfast.

BRIGID: *(off)* Is he still out there?

SAM: *(slips a brass key back into BRIGID's coat pocket)* No.

BRIGID: *(off)* I awakened and you weren't here and then I heard someone coming in. I was terrified.

SAM: *(goes to the bedroom)* I'm sorry, angel. I thought you'd sleep through it. *(laughs)* Did you have that gun under your pillow all night?

BRIGID: *(off)* No. You know I didn't. I jumped up and got it when I was frightened.

SAM: I'll make breakfast. *(returns to the breakfast things)*

BRIGID: *(off)* Shall I make the bed?

SAM. That'd be swell. This'll take a couple minutes.

(SAM sets the table with breakfast things; the table they sat at the night before;
BRIGID whistles "En Cuba" as she makes the bed, off.)

SAM: (cont.) *(calls off)* Now about the bird.

BRIGID: *(off)* You can't ask me to talk about that this morning of all mornings. *(protests)* I don't want to and I won't.

SAM: *(sadly)* It's a damned stubborn hussy.

BRIGID: *(enters, examining her evening dress over her arm)* It's bad enough to be going home in evening dress at this hour. I hope I don't meet anybody.

SAM: Dinner tonight?

BRIGID: Yes.

(They kiss. Lights out.)

2.2 (A) THE KID

(Lights up on THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL BELVEDERE.

A youth sits on a divan from which the elevators can be seen; apparently reading a newspaper.

It is the kid, Wilmer COOK, watching the lobby.

Sauntering, SAM crosses the lobby to the divan and sits by COOK, not more than a foot away.

COOK does not look up from his newspaper.)

SAM: *(casually)* Where is he?

COOK: *(lowers his paper and looks around with a purposeful slowness)* What?

SAM: *(busy with a cigarette)* Where is he?

COOK: Who?

SAM: Cairo. Front desk just told me the fairy's not in.

COOK: *(eyes moving to rest on SAM's tie)* What do you think you're doing, Jack? Kidding me?

SAM: I'll tell you when I am. *(smiles)* New York, aren't you?

COOK: *(looks at SAM's tie a moment longer; raises the newspaper; says out of the corner of his mouth)* Shove off.

SAM: *(leans back with good-natured carelessness)* You'll have to talk to me before you're through, sonny—some of you will—and you can tell G. I said so.

COOK: *(puts his paper down quickly and faces SAM's necktie)* Keep asking for it and you're going to get it. Plenty. *(voice flat and menacing)* I told you to shove off. Shove off.

SAM: You're not on Seventh Avenue now, you're in my burg. Where is he?

COOK: Fuck you.

SAM: People lose teeth talking like that. *(still amiable)* If you want to shadow me, be more polite.

COOK: Fuck you.

SAM: Cheap gunmen oughtn't to hang around in nice lobbies, with their tools bulging in their clothes. Someone ought to notify the hotel detective. There he is now. *(beckons to)* Luke.

LUKE: *(off)* Sam. Say, it's too bad about Archer.

SAM: *(to LUKE, off)* Uh-huh, a bad break. *(looks at COOK)*

COOK: *(stands; stares at SAM's necktie; then off at LUKE's necktie, then back to SAM's.)*

SAM: *(to COOK, suggests)* Shove off.

(COOK goes off.
SAM watches him go; wipes his forehead with a handkerchief; sits watching the lobby.)

2.2 (B) A SMOOTH EXPLANATION

(As before, in THE LOBBY OF THE HOTEL BELVEDERE.

At last, CAIRO enters, his head bandaged, his clothes limp.)

SAM: (cont.) *(stands; goes to meet CAIRO; speaking easily)* Good morning.

CAIRO: *(drawing his tired body up, without enthusiasm)* Good morning.

(Pause.)

SAM: Let's go some place where we can talk.

CAIRO: Please excuse me. Our conversations in private have not been such that I am anxious to continue them. Pardon my speaking bluntly, but it is the truth.

SAM: You mean last night? *(gestures impatiently)* What in hell else could I do? I thought you'd see that. If you pick a fight with her, or let her pick one with you, I've got to throw in with her. I don't know where that damned bird is. You don't. She does. How in hell are we going to get it if I don't play along with her?

CAIRO: *(hesitates)* You have always, I must say, a smooth explanation ready.

SAM: *(scowls)* What do you want me to do? Learn to stutter? Well, we can talk over here.

(SAM leads CAIRO back to the divan.)

SAM: (cont.) Dundy take you down to the Hall?

CAIRO: Yes.

SAM: How long did they work on you?

CAIRO: Until a very little while ago, and very much against my will. I shall certainly take the matter up with the Consulate General of Greece and with an attorney.

SAM: Go ahead, and see what it gets you. What did you let the police shake out of you?

CAIRO: *(smiling with prim satisfaction)* Not a single thing. I adhered to the course you indicted earlier in your rooms. *(smile disappears)* Though I certainly wish you had devised a more reasonable story. I felt decidedly ridiculous repeating it.

SAM: Sure, but its goofiness is what makes it good. A sensible story would've had us all in the cooler. You sure you didn't give them anything?

CAIRO: You may rely upon it, Mr. Spade, I did not.

SAM: *(thinks, drums his fingers on the seat between them, then)* You'll be hearing from Dundy again. Stay dummied up with him and you'll be alright. Keep telling him that goofy story. *(rises)* You'll want sleep if you've been standing up under a police-storm all night. See you later.

(SAM nods; CAIRO bows; they part ways.

Lights out.)

2.3 IT'S ALL UPSIDE DOWN

(A phone rings.

Lights up on SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.

EFFIE's on the phone.)

EFFIE: No, not yet.

(SAM enters with a newspaper, the headline: "SCREAM SCARES BURGLAR.")

EFFIE: (cont.) *(mouths)* Iva.

(to the phone)…Yes, I'll have him call you—as soon as he comes in.

(hangs up) That's the third time she's called up this morning, Sam.

SAM: *(makes an impatient growling noise.)*

EFFIE: (cont.) Sergeant Polhaus called up too. He didn't leave a message.

SAM: Get him for me.

EFFIE: And G. called up.

SAM: *(eyes brighten)* Who?

EFFIE: *(with flawless personal indifference)* G. That's what he said. When I told him you weren't in he said: 'When he comes in, will you please tell him that G., who got his message, phoned and will phone again?'.

SAM: Thanks, darling. See if you can get Tom Polhaus.

(As EFFIE is going out the door, BRIGID is quickly approaching it, dressed as she was at first, looking frightened.

SAM shoos EFFIE out and invites BRIGID in.)

SAM: (cont.) *(to EFFIE)* Won't you excuse us, angel.

BRIGID: *(to EFFIE, softly)* Thank you.

(SAM pulls BRIGID inside and shuts the door on EFFIE.)

BRIGID: (cont.) Somebody has been in my apartment. It is all upside-down, every which way.

SAM: *(seems moderately surprised[1])* Anything taken?

BRIGID: I don't think so. I don't know. I was afraid to stay. Oh, you must have let that boy follow you there!

SAM: No, angel.

BRIGID: But he was watching your place when we were there.

SAM: I didn't lead him to the Coronet. *(shows paper: "SCREAM SCARES BUGLAR")* I ducked into this very building to shake him. This is him, still hunting for you and the falcon.

BRIGID: *(objects)* But he found where I was, or somebody did.

SAM: Sure. *(frowns at her feet)* I wonder if it could have been Cairo. He wasn't at his hotel all night, didn't get in till a few minutes ago. He told me he had been standing up under a police-grilling all night. I wonder. *(turns and opens the door to ask)* Effie, got Tom yet?

EFFIE: He's not in. I'll try again in a few minutes.

SAM: Thanks. *(shuts the door and faces BRIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY)*

BRIGID: *(with cloudy eyes)* You went to see Joe this morning?

SAM: Yes.

BRIGID: *(hesitates)* Why?

SAM: Why? *(he smiles down at her)* Because, my own true love, I've got to keep in some sort of touch with all the loose ends of this dizzy affair if I'm ever going to make heads or tails of it.

(Putting an arm around her shoulder, SAM leads BRIGID to a swivel chair;

Kisses the tip of her nose lightly, and sets her in the chair.

SAM sits on the desk in front of her.)

SAM: (cont.) Now we've got to find a new home for you, haven't we?

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[1] SAM let himself into the Coronet and into BRIGID's apartment with her key early that morning. SAM entered the building boldly and directly. Inside the girl's apartment he switched on all the lights. Every drawer, cupboard, cubbyhole, box, bag, trunk—locked or unlocked—was opened and its contents subjected to examination. He stripped the bed, he looked under rugs, he pulled down the blinds, he leaned through windows, he poked with a fork into powder and cream jars, he held atomizers and bottles up against the light. He emptied the garbage can. The flush-box. Peered through the metal screens of every drain. He did not find the bird; found nothing that seemed to have any connection with the bird. When he finished, he made and drank a cup of coffee. Then he unlocked the kitchen window, scarred the edge of its lock with a knife and opened the window. Then SAM left the place through the front, the way he had come.

BRIGID: *(nods with emphasis)* I won't go back there.

SAM: *(pats the desk between his thighs and makes a thoughtful face; presently)* I think I've got it. Come with me.

(SAM brings BRIGID by the hand into the outer office; brings EFFIE by the hand into his office.)

SAM: (cont.) *(to BRIGID)* Please excuse us, just a minute.

(SAM shuts the door on BRIGID.)

SAM (cont.) *(to EFFIE)* Does your woman's intuition still tell you that she's a Madonna or something?

EFFIE: *(sharply)* I still believe that no matter what kind of trouble she's gotten into she's all right, if that's what you mean.

SAM. That's what I mean. You believe that strong enough to give her a hand?

EFFIE: How?

SAM: Put her up for a few days?

EFFIE: You mean at home?

SAM: Yes. Her joint's been broken into. The second burglary she's had this week. It would help a lot if you could take her in.

EFFIE: *(leans forward, asks earnestly)* Is she really in danger, Sam?

SAM: I think she is.

EFFIE: ...That would scare Ma into a hemorrhage. I'll have to tell her she's a surprise-witness or something that you're keeping under cover till the last minute.

SAM: You're a darling. Better take her out there now. Make sure you aren't followed.

(opens the door, to BRIGID) Miss O'Shaughnessy, Miss Perine is going to take care of you. Give me the key to your apartment. I'll bring you whatever you need from there later.

BRIGID: *(hands SAM the brass key)* Thank you. *(to EFFIE)* Thank you.

(SAM closes the door again, shutting them both out.

He opens the door again.)

SAM: *(to EFFIE)* The cabs—you know what to do. And split up. *(shuts the door again)*

(The phone rings; SAM answers it.)

SAM: (cont.) Hello.

…Yes, this is Spade.

…Who?

…Mr. Gutman? Oh, yes, sure! I've been waiting to hear from you.

…Yes.

…Now—the sooner the better.

…12-C.

…Right. Say fifteen minutes.

…Right.

(SAM hangs up, sits on the corner of his desk and gets a cigarette, his face hard, eyes smoldering with thought.

The door opens, and IVA comes in.)

2.4 ENTER IVA, III

(As before, in SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.)

SAM: (cont.) *(face and voice suddenly amiable)* Hello, honey.

IVA: *(cries in a choked voice)* Oh, Sam, forgive me! Forgive me! *(wads a black-trimmed handkerchief in gloved hands and peers into SAM's face.)*

SAM: *(does not get up)* Sure. That's all right. Forget it.

IVA: *(wails)* But Sam, I sent those policeman to your place last night. I was mad, crazy with jealousy, and I phoned them that if they'd go to your place they'd learn something about Miles's murder.

SAM: What made you think that?

IVA: Oh, I didn't! But I was mad, Sam, and I wanted to hurt you.

SAM: It made things damned awkward. *(puts an arm around IVA)* But it's all right now. Only don't get any more crazy notions like that.

IVA: *(promises)* I won't. Ever. But you weren't nice to me last night. You were cold and distant and wanted to get rid of me, when I had come down to your place and waited to warn you, and you—

SAM: Warn me about what?

IVA: About Phil.

SAM: Phil Archer?

IVA: He's found out about—about you being in love with me. Now Phil thinks that we—that you killed his brother because he wouldn't give me a divorce so we could get married. He told me he believed that, and yesterday, he went and told the police.

SAM: *(softly)* That's nice. You came to warn me that because I was busy, you got up on your ear and helped Archer's damned brother stir things up for me.

IVA: *(whimpers)* I'm sorry. I know you won't forgive me. I—I'm sorry, sorry, sorry.

SAM: *(agrees)* You ought to be, on your account as well as mine. Has Dundy been to see you since Phil did his talking? Or anybody from the bureau?

IVA: *(alarmed)* No.

SAM: They will. And it'd be just as well to not let them find you here. Did you tell them who you were when you phoned?

IVA: Oh, no! I simply told them that if they'd go to your place right away they'd learn something about the murder and hung up.

SAM: Where'd you phone from?

IVA: The drug-store up above your place. Oh, Sam, dearest, I—

SAM: *(pats her on the shoulder)* That was a dumb trick, all right, but it's done now. You'd better run along home and think up things to tell the police. You'll be hearing from them.

(frowns at something distant) Or maybe you'd better see Sid Wise first.

(takes his arm from around her; takes a card from his pocket, scribbles on the back, and gives it to her) You can tell Sid everything.

(frowns) Or almost everything. Where were you the night Miles was shot?

IVA: *(without hesitation)* Home.

SAM: *(shakes his head and grins at her.)*

IVA: (cont.) *(insists)* I was.

SAM: No. But if that's your story it's all right with me. Go see Sid.

IVA: *(trying to probe his eyes)* What made you think I wasn't home?

SAM: Nothing except that I know you weren't.

IVA: But I was, I was... *(anger darkens her face)* Effie Perrine told you that. I saw her looking at my clothes and snooping around. You know she doesn't like me, Sam. Why do you believe things she tells you when you know she'd do anything to make trouble for me?

SAM: *(mildly)* Iva, Christ. *(looks at his watch)* I'm late for an appointment now. You do what you want, but if I were you I'd tell Sid the truth or nothing. I mean leave out the parts you don't want to tell him, but don't make up anything to take its place.

IVA: *(protests)* I'm not lying to you, Sam.

SAM: Like hell you're not. *(stands up)*

IVA: *(on tiptoe to hold his face nearer to hers, whispers)* You don't believe me?

SAM: I don't believe you.

IVA: And you won't forgive me for—for what I did?

SAM. Sure I forgive you. *(kisses her mouth)* That's all right. Now run along.

IVA: *(puts her arms around him)* Won't you go with me to see Mr. Wise?

SAM. I can't, and I'd only be in the way.

(pats IVA's arms, takes them from around his body; kisses her wrist by her glove; turns her by the shoulders to face the door; releases her with a little push)

SAM: (cont.) Beat it.

(Lights out.)

2.5 GUTMAN

(Lights up on SUITE 12-C, HOTEL ALEXANDRIA.

COOK stands silently by the door.

A knock on the door; COOK opens it. It is SAM.)

SAM: *(good-naturedly)* Hello.

COOK: *(does not say anything; he stands aside holding the door open.)*

(Casper GUTMAN, Esq. enters to meet SAM Spade.)

GUTMAN: *(a throaty purr)* Ah, Mr. Spade. *(enthusiastically holds out a hand)*

SAM: *(takes the hand and smiles)* How do you do, Mr. Gutman?

(COOK goes off.)

GUTMAN: *(holds SAM's hand and guides him to a chair)* We begin well, sir.

(COOK reenters with a glasses, a bottle of Johnny Walker,
and a box of cigars—Coronas del Ritz—on a tray.

Once set down, COOK exits;

GUTMAN fills two glasses with whiskey.)

GUTMAN: (cont.) I distrust a man that says when. If he's got to be careful not to drink too much it's because he's not to be trusted when he does.

(SAM takes a glass when offered, smiling, and makes the beginning of a bow over it.

GUTMAN holds his glass up to the light and nods approvingly.)

GUTMAN: (cont.) Well, sir, here's to plain speaking and clear understanding.

(They drink and lower their glasses.)

GUTMAN: (cont.) *(looking shrewdly)* You're a close-mouthed man?

SAM: *(shakes his head)* I like to talk.

GUTMAN: *(exclaims)* Better and better! I distrust a close-mouthed man. He generally picks the wrong time to talk and says the wrong things. Talking's something you can't do judiciously unless you keep in practice. *(beams over his glass)* We'll get along, sir, that we will.

(sets down his glass and picks up the cigars) A cigar, sir.

(SAM takes the cigar, trims the end, and lights it;

Meanwhile, GUTMAN pulls up a chair to face SAM, and gets his own cigar.)

GUTMAN: (cont.) *(sighs comfortably)* Now, sir, we'll talk if you like. And I'll tell you right out that I'm a man who likes talking to a man who likes to talk.

SAM: Swell. Will we talk about the black bird?

GUTMAN: *(laughs)* Will we? We will. You're the man for me, sir, a man cut along my own lines. No beating about the bush, but right to the point. 'Will we talk about the black bird?' We will. I like that, sir. I like that way of doing business. Let us talk about the black bird by all means, but first, sir, answer me a question, please, though maybe it's an unnecessary one, so we'll understand each other from the beginning. You're here as Miss O'Shaughnessy's representative?

SAM: *(blows smoke; frowns thoughtfully at his cigar)* I can't say yes or no. There's nothing certain about it either way, yet. It depends.

GUTMAN: It depends on—?

SAM: If I knew what it depends on I could say yes or no.

GUTMAN: *(takes a mouthful from his glass; suggests)* Maybe it depends on Joel Cairo?

SAM: *(noncommittal)* Maybe. *(drinks)*

GUTMAN: *(leans forward until his belly stops him, smiling ingratiatingly)* You could say, then, that the question is which one of them you'll represent?

SAM: You could put it that way.

GUTMAN: It will be one or the other?

SAM: I didn't say that.

GUTMAN: *(eyes glistening; he whispers)* Who else is there?

SAM: *(points his cigar at his own chest)* There's me.

GUTMAN: *(sinks back into his chair)* That's wonderful, sir. *(purrs)* That's wonderful. I do like a man that tells you right out he's looking out for himself. Don't we all? I don't trust a man that says he's not. And the man that's telling the truth when he says he's not I distrust most of all, because he's an ass and an ass that's going contrary to the laws of nature.

SAM: *(blows smoke; politely attentive)* Uh-huh. Now let's talk about the black bird.

GUTMAN: *(smiles benevolently)* Let's. *(squints)* Mr. Spade, have you any conception of how much money can be made out of that black bird?

SAM: No.

GUTMAN: *(leans forward again; puts a hand on SAM's armrest)* Well, sir, if I told you—by Gad, if I told you half!—you'd call me a liar.

SAM: *(smiles)* No, not even if I thought so. But if you won't take the risk, just tell me what the black bird is, and I'll figure out the profits.

GUTMAN: *(laughs)* You couldn't do it, sir. Nobody could do it that hadn't had a world of experience with things of that sort, and—*(pauses impressively)*—there aren't any other things of that sort. *(laughs again; asks with amazement)* You mean you don't know what it is?

SAM: *(gestures carelessly with his cigar; lightly)* Oh, hell, I know what it's supposed to look like. I know the value in life you people put on it. I don't know what it is.

GUTMAN: She didn't tell you?

SAM: Miss O'Shaughnessy?

GUTMAN: Yes. A lovely girl, sir.

SAM: Uh-huh. No.

GUTMAN: But she must know. …And Cairo didn't either?

SAM: Cairo is cagey. He's willing to buy it, but he won't risk telling me anything I don't know already.

GUTMAN: *(moistens his lips with his tongue)* How much is he willing to buy it for?

SAM: Ten thousand dollars.

GUTMAN: *(laughs scornfully)* Ten thousand, and dollars, mind you, not even pounds. That's the Greek for you. Humph! And what did you say to that?

SAM: I said if I turned it over to him I'd expect the ten thousand.

GUTMAN: Ah, yes, if! Nicely put, sir. *(frowns)* They must know. Do they? Do they know what the bird is, sir? What was your impression?

SAM: *(confesses)* I can't help you there. There's not much to go by. Cairo didn't say he did and he didn't say he didn't. She said she didn't, but I took it for granted that she was lying.

GUTMAN: That was not an injudicious thing to do… *(mind is clearly not on his words; suddenly)* Maybe they don't know what it is! *(no longer looks worried; looks ineffably happy; cries)* If they don't—if they don't, I'm the only one in the whole wide sweet world who does!

SAM: *(smiles tightly)* I'm glad I came to the right place.

GUTMAN: *(smiles vaguely; avoids SAM's eyes; looks then at his glass)* By gad, sir, your glass is empty.

(GUTMAN gets up and pours two drinks;

SAM is immobile in his chair until GUTMAN offers his refilled glass with a flourish.)

GUTMAN: (cont.) Ah, sir, that kind of medicine will never hurt you.

SAM: *(stands; looks down at the fat man; challenges)* Here's to plain speaking and clear understanding.

(GUTMAN chuckles and they drink.)

GUTMAN: *(smiling up at SAM)* Well, sir, it's surprising, but it well may be a fact that neither of them does know exactly what that bird is, and that nobody in all this whole wide sweet world knows, saving and excepting only your humble servant, Casper Gutman, Esquire.

SAM: *(standing with legs apart, a hand in a pocket, a hand with a drink)* Swell. When you've told me, there'll only be two of us that know.

GUTMAN: Mathematically correct, sir—*(eyes twinkle)*—but—*(smile spreads)*—I don't know for certain that I'm going to tell you.

SAM: *(patiently)* Don't be a damned fool. You know what it is. I know where it is. That's why we're here.

GUTMAN: Well, sir, where is it?

SAM: *(ignores the question.)*

GUTMAN: (cont.) *(blandly)* You see? I must tell you what I know, but you will not tell me what you know. That is hardly equitable, sir. No, no, I do not think we can do business along those lines.

SAM: *(face pale and hard; rapid, low, furious)* Think again and think fast. I told that punk of yours that you'd have to talk to me before you got through. I'll tell you now that you'll do your talking today or you're through. What are you wasting my time for? You and your lousy secret! Christ! I can get along without you, and God damn you, maybe you could have got along without me—if you'd kept clear of me. But you can't now. Not in San Francisco. You'll come in or you'll get out, and you'll do it today.

(SAM turns with angry heedlessness and tosses his glass at the table;

GUTMAN pays no attention to the glass; his face maintains its bland expression.)

SAM: (cont.) *(turns back, still furious)* Another thing. I don't want—

(A door opens;

COOK comes in, shuts the door, looks at SAM;
looks him up and down, eyes resting on SAM's breast pocket.)

SAM: (cont.) *(repeats, glaring at COOK)* Another thing. Keep that gunsel away from me while you're making up your mind. I'll kill him. I don't like him. He makes me nervous. I'll kill him the first time he gets in my way. I won't give him an even break. I won't give him a chance. I'll kill him.

COOK: *(lips twitch in a shadowy smile; does not raise his eye nor speak.)*

GUTMAN: *(tolerantly)* Well, sir, I must say you have a most violent temper.

SAM: Temper?

(laughs crazily; gets his hat onto his head; points at GUTMAN's belly and roars)

Think it over and think like hell. You've got till five-thirty to do it in. Then you're either in or out, for keeps.

(drops his arm—his hand is shaking—his mouth is dry; SAM scowls at GUTMAN, then at COOK; he goes to the door and turns to say)

Five-thirty—then the curtain.

COOK: *(staring at SAM's chest; not loud but bitter)* Fuck you.

(SAM goes out and slams the door.

Lights out.)

2.6 MERRY-GO-ROUND

(Lights up on THE OFFICE OF SID WISE.

SID WISE is biting a fingernail and staring out a window.

SAM enters patting himself with a handkerchief;

SID WISE takes his hand from his mouth and screws his chair around to face SAM.)

SID WISE: 'Lo. Push a chair up.

SAM: *(pulls a chair to the side of the desk and sits)* Mrs. Archer come in?

SID WISE: Yes. *(lights flicker in his eyes)* Going to marry the lady, Sammy?

SAM: *(sighs)* Iva, Christ. *(goes for a cigarette)* What did she tell you?

SID WISE: About you?

SAM: About anything I ought to know.

SID WISE: *(fingers through his hair)* She told me she tried to get a divorce from Archer so she could—

SAM: *(interrupts)* I know all that. You can skip it. Get to the part I don't know.

SID WISE: How do I know how much you know—

SAM: Quit stalling, Sid. *(lights his cigarette)* What'd she tell you that she wanted kept from me?

SID WISE: Now, Sammy, that's not—

SAM: *(looks heavenward and groans)* Dear God, he's my own lawyer that's got rich off me and I have to get down on my knees and beg him to tell me things!

SID: *(a weary grimace)* Just one more client like you, and I'd be in a sanitarium—or San Quentin.

SAM: You'd be with most of your clients. Did she tell you where she was the night Archer was killed?

SID WISE: Yes.

SAM: Where?

SID WISE: Following Archer.

SAM: *(sits up straight at blinks)* Jesus, these women! Well, why was she following him?

SID WISE: When Archer went home for dinner that evening he told her he had a date with a girl—at the St. Mark—ragging her, telling her this was her chance to get the divorce she wanted. She thought at first, he was just trying to get under her skin, because he knew about you and—

SAM: Skip it. Tell me what she did.

SID WISE: I will if you give me a chance. After he had gone out, she began to think that maybe he might have had that date. You know Archer. It would have been like him to—

SAM: Skip Archer's character, too.

SID WISE: I oughtn't to tell you a damned thing. …She got their car from the garage and drove to the St. Mark, sitting in the car across the street. She saw him come out of the hotel, and she saw that he was shadowing a man and a girl—she says she saw the same girl with you last night.

SAM: I know that, too. Made her mad enough to call the cops on me, so I sent her to you.

SID WISE: Well, the girl who was with you last night, and a man, came out just ahead of Archer at the hotel. She knew then that he was working—had been kidding her. That made her mad, too, and disappointed, I believe. She followed Archer long enough to make sure he was following the couple, and then she went up to your apartment.

SAM: To my apartment? What time was that?

SID WISE: When she got to your place? Between nine-thirty and ten, the first time.

SAM: The first time?

SID WISE: Yes. You weren't home. So she drove around for half an hour or so and then tried again. That would make it, say, ten-thirty. You were still out, so she drove back downtown to see a movie.

SAM: *(frowns)* She went to see a movie at ten-thirty?

SID WISE: So she says. She says she didn't want to go home because she didn't want to be there when her husband came home, because it always made him mad when she got home after him, after midnight. So she stayed in the movie till it closed and then she went home—alone. So she says.

SAM: *(expressionless)* Do you believe her?

SID WISE: Do you?

SAM: How do I know if I believe her? How do I know if I believe you?

SID WISE: How do I know if you believe me? Do you believe anyone, Sammy?

SAM: Not basketfuls. Well, what then? Archer wasn't home. By then, he was dead.

SID WISE: All she knew was that her husband wasn't home, she says. That seems to have made her mad again—his not being home first so she could have made him mad by her not being home first. So she took the car out of the garage again and went back to your place.

SAM: And I wasn't home. I was looking down at Archer's corpse. Christ, what a swell merry-go-round we're riding. Then what?

SID WISE: She went home, her husband still wasn't there—

SAM: He was still dead—

SID WISE: And as she was undressing, your messenger, Effie, came with the news of his death.

SAM: *(doesn't speak for a moment; gets and lights a cigarette)* I think that's an alright spread. It clicks with most of the known facts. It ought to hold.

SID WISE: *(runs his fingers through his hair again)* But you don't believe her?

SAM: *(plucks the cigarette from his lips)* I don't believe it or disbelieve, Sid. I don't know a damned thing about it.

SID WISE: *(wry, to the heavens)* His own lawyer, he doesn't believe.

SAM: I believe Archer is dead. *(stands)* Getting touchy, huh? I haven't got enough to think about: now I've got to remember to be polite to you? Well, thanks, Sid.

SID WISE: *(smiles)* You're a son of a gun, Sammy.

(Lights out.)

2.7 ANOTHER MERRY-GO-ROUND

(Lights up on SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.

EFFIE stands in the center of the office, waiting, looking worried as SAM enters.)

EFFIE: What happened?

SAM: What happened where?

EFFIE: Why didn't she come?

SAM: *(in two long steps, he catches EFFIE by the shoulders; bawls into her face)* She didn't get there?

EFFIE: No, she didn't get there!

SAM: *(jerks his hands from EFFIE)* Another merry-go-round. *(with a loud, savage voice)* Did you send her out in a taxi? Are you sure she—Somebody must have followed her!

EFFIE: *(puts her hands on her hips and glares)* Nobody followed her! Do you think I'm a God-damned schoolgirl? I made sure nobody was there before I put her in the cab, I rode along a dozen blocks with her to make sure, and I tailed her another half-dozen blocks after I got out but—

SAM: But she didn't get there. You've told me that; I believe it. Do you think I think she did get there?

EFFIE: So why didn't she come?

SAM: I don't know. I'm going out and find her if I have to dig up sewers. Stay here till I'm back or you hear from me. For Chirst's sake let's do something right.

(SAM goes out, slams the door—walks half a dozen steps or so.

EFFIE sits at the desk.

SAM comes back, shuts the door.)

SAM: (cont.) You ought to know better than to pay any attention to me when I talk like that.

EFFIE: If you think I pay any attention to you you're crazy.

SAM: *(grins humbly)* I'm no damn good, darling. *(makes an exaggerated bow, and goes out again.)*

(Lights out.)

2.8 THE CAB DRIVER'S TIP

GROUP OF DRIVERS: *(in darkness)* 'Two ladies you say, around noon?' 'I remember 'em.' 'He got 'em, the blonde cab driver, there.' 'Here he comes now.'

(Lights up on a STREET CORNER, NEAR A CAB STAND.

The CAB DRIVER enters.

SAM enters and waves; the CAB DRIVER goes up to him.)

SAM: Two ladies got into your cab at noontime. They went out Stockton Street and up Sacramento to Jones, where one got out.

CAB DRIVER: Sure. I remember that.

SAM: You would have been told to take her to a Ninth-Avenue-number. You didn't take her there. Where did you take her?

CAB DRIVER: *(rubs his cheek with a grimy hand)* I don't know about this.

SAM: *(assures)* It's all right. If you want to play safe, though, we can ride up to your office and get your superintendent's OK.

CAB DRIVER: I guess it's all right. I took her to the Ferry Building.

SAM: By herself?

CAB DRIVER: Yeah. Sure.

SAM: Didn't take her anywhere else first?

CAB DRIVER: No. It was like this: after we dropped the first lady, we went on to Sacramento, and when we got to Polk she rapped on the glass and said she wanted to get a newspaper, so I stopped at the corner and whistled for a kid, and she got her paper.

SAM: Which paper?

CAB DRIVER: The Call. Then I went on out Sacramento some more, and she knocked on the glass again and said take her to the Ferry Building.

SAM: Was she excited or anything?

CAB DRIVER: Not so's I noticed.

SAM: And when you got to the Ferry Building?

CAB DRIVER: She paid me off, and that was all.

SAM: Anybody waiting for her there?

CAB DRIVER: I didn't see them if they was.

SAM: Which way did she go?

CAB DRIVER: At the Ferry? I don't know. Maybe upstairs or toward the stairs.

SAM: Take the newspaper with her?

CAB DRIVER: Yeah, she had it tucked under her arm when she paid me.

SAM: What page was it open to, the financials or what?

CAB DRIVER: Hell, Cap, I don't remember that. But she said, "La Paloma" when she read it. I don't think she thought I could hear her. You know how it is.

SAM: Sure, I know how it is. Thanks. *(gives the CAB DRIVER a silver dollar)* Get yourself a smoke.

(Lights out.)

2.9 DIRTY LAUNDRY

(Lights up OUTSIDE SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.

Wilmer COOK stands waiting, his hands in his bulging overcoat pockets.

SAM enters, with a copy of The Call.)

COOK: *(puts himself in SAM's way)* Come on. He wants to see you.

SAM: *(grins mockingly)* I didn't expect you till five-twenty-five. I hope I haven't kept you waiting.

COOK: *(looking at SAM's mouth; speaks as if in pain)* Keep on riding me and you're going to be picking iron out of your navel.

SAM: *(chuckles)* The cheaper the crook, the gaudier the patter. So how long have you been off the goose-berry lay, son?

COOK: *(does not show that he heard the question.)*

SAM: (cont.) Ever stolen linens off the laundry line, kid?

(SAM puts the newspaper in his breast pocket, then moves suddenly; SAM grabs COOK from behind by both arms; follows the arms down and wrestles a heavy automatic pistol out of each pocket.

COOK turns to face SAM, his face a ghastly white blank.

SAM puts the pistols in his own pockets and grins derisively.)

SAM: Well, this will put you in solid with your boss. Come on.

(They go; Lights out.)

2.10 THE EMPEROR'S GIFT

(Lights up on SUITE 12-C, HOTEL ALEXANDRIA.

GUTMAN enters to meet SAM and COOK at the door.

SAM enters first, followed by COOK.)

GUTMAN: Ah, come in, sir! Thank you for coming. Come in.

(SAM shakes GUTMAN's hand, then hands COOK's pistols to him.)

SAM: Here. You shouldn't let him run around with these. He'll get himself hurt.

GUTMAN: *(takes the pistols laughing merrily)* Well, well, what's this? *(looks from SAM to COOK to SAM)* By Gad, sir, you're a chap worth knowing, an amazing character. Come in. Sit down. Give me your hat.

(COOK leaves the room;

GUTMAN settles SAM in a chair, as before, with cigars and whiskey.)

GUTMAN: (cont.) Now, sir, I hope you'll let me apologize for—

SAM: Never mind that. Let's talk about the black bird.

GUTMAN: *(cocks his head; agrees)* All right, sir. Let's. *(takes a sip)* This is going to be the most astounding thing you've ever heard of, sir, and I say that knowing that a man of your caliber in your profession must have known some astounding things in his time.

SAM: *(nods politely.)*

GUTMAN: (cont.) What do you know sir, about the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, later called the Knights of Rhodes?

SAM: Not much—only what I remember from history in school—Crusaders or something?

GUTMAN: Very good. Now you don't remember that Suleiman the Magnificent chased them out of Rhodes in 1523?

SAM: No.

GUTMAN: Well, sir, he did, and they settled in Crete. And they stayed there for years until they persuaded the Emperor Charles V to give them… Malta.

SAM. Yes?

GUTMAN: Yes, sir, but with this condition: they were to pay the Emperor each year the tribute of one… falcon, in the acknowledgement that Malta was still under Spain. Understand?

SAM: Yes.

GUTMAN: *(looks over his shoulder; hunches his chair closer to SAM and whispers)* Have you any conception of the extreme, the immeasurable, wealth of the Order at that time?

SAM: If I remember, they were pretty well fixed.

GUTMAN: *(smiles indulgently)* Pretty well, sir, is putting it mildly. *(whisper becomes lower and more purring)* They were rolling in wealth, sir. You've no idea. None of us have any idea. For years they had preyed on the Saracens, had taken nobody knows what spoils of gems, precious metals, silks, ivories—

the cream of the cream of the East. That is history, sir. We all know that the Holy Wars to them, as to the Templars, were largely a matter of loot.

Well, now, the Emperor Charles had given them Malta, and all the rent he asks is one insignificant bird per annum, just as a matter of form. What could be more natural than for these immeasurably wealthy Knights to look around for some way of expressing their gratitude? Well, sir, that's exactly what they did, and they hit on the happy thought of sending in tribute, not an insignificant live bird, but a glorious golden falcon encrusted from head to foot with the finest jewels in their coffers. And—remember, sir—they had fine ones, the finest out of Asia.

(stops whispering; examines SAM's face) Well, sir, what do you think of that?

SAM: I don't know.

GUTMAN: *(smiles complacently)* These are facts, historical facts, not taught in schools, but history nonetheless. *(leans forward)* The archives of the Order are still at Malta. They are not intact, but what is there holds no less than three references that can't be to anything else but this jeweled falcon. Oblique, to be sure, unfinished in one case, but clear and unmistakable references to the facts I am telling you.

SAM: All right.

GUTMAN: All right, sir. The jeweled bird was made, and sent in a galley ship to the Emperor Charles in Spain. *(whispers)* It never reached Spain. *(smiles)* A famous buccaneer, Redbeard, took the galley and he took the bird. It was in Algiers for a hundred years before it was taken away by an English adventurer to Sicily where it was given to the king, who gave it to his bride as a wedding gift in 1713. It next appeared in the possession of a Spaniard. Then in Paris at just about the time that Paris was full of Spaniards, toward the end of the Carlist War. No doubt as a precaution during the Carlist trouble, someone painted or enameled over the bird to look like nothing more than a fairly interesting black statuette. And in that disguise, sir, this marvelous item was, you might say, kicked around the gutters of Paris for seventy years by private owners and dealers too stupid to see what it was under the skin—until 1911 when a Greek dealer found it in an obscure shop. No thickness of enamel could conceal its value from him. He planned to do business with one of the descendants of the original Order—the English Order of St. John of Jerusalem, or the Sovereign Order of Malta—wealthy Orders, you understand, sir. But I got wind of it first, sir, and made him confess this to me.

(GUTMAN raises his glass, smiling at its emptiness, and rises to refill SAM's glass.)

GUTMAN: (cont.) You begin to believe me a little?

SAM: I haven't said I didn't.

GUTMAN: No. *(chuckles)* But how you looked. *(sits; drinks; pats his mouth with a handkerchief)* Possibly three months after I'd made the Greek dealer confess, I picked up a paper in London and read that his establishment had been burglarized and him murdered. I was there in Paris the next day. *(shakes his head sadly)* The bird was gone. By Gad, sir, I was wild. It took me seventeen years to locate that black bird again, but I did it. *(drains his glass, dries his lips with his handkerchief)*

I traced it to the home of a Russian general, living in Constantinople. It was nothing but a statuette to him. I made him an offer. Perhaps in my eagerness, I was unskillful. I don't know about that; I only know that he refused to sell. I was afraid he might begin to investigate his property—chip off some of the enamel. So I sent some—ah—agents to get it. And well, sir, they got it and I haven't got it.

(smiles broadly) But I'm not a man that's easily discouraged when he wants something. I've wanted it and I've found it and I'm going to have it!

(stands up with his own empty drink) Your glass, sir.

SAM: Then the bird doesn't belong to any of you? But to this Russian general?

GUTMAN: *(jovially)* Belong? Well, sir, you might say it belongs to the King of Spain. I say, an article of that value that has passed from hand to hand is clearly the property of whoever can get hold of it.

SAM: Then it's Miss O'Shaughnessy's now?

GUTMAN: No, sir, except as my agent.

SAM: *(ironically)* Oh.

GUTMAN: *(pauses, looking at the bottle stopper)* There's no doubt that she's got it now?

SAM: Not much.

GUTMAN: Where?

SAM: I don't know exactly.

GUTMAN: *(protests)* But you said you did.

SAM: I meant to say I know where to get it when the time comes.

GUTMAN: And you do?

SAM: Yes.

GUTMAN: Where?

SAM: *(grins)* Leave that to me. That's my end.

GUTMAN: When?

SAM: When I'm ready.

GUTMAN: Mr. Spade, where is Miss O'Shaughnessy now?

SAM: In my hands, safely tucked away.

GUTMAN: Trust you for that, sir. Well now, sir, before we sit down to talk prices, answer me this: how soon can you—or how soon are you willing to—produce the falcon?

SAM: A couple of days.

GUTMAN: *(nods)* That is satisfactory. We—But I forget our nourishment.

(Pours whiskey, shoots soda for SAM, sets a glass at SAM's elbow, and holds his own aloft.)

GUTMAN: (cont.) Well, sir, here's to a fair bargain and profits large enough for both of us.

(They drink. GUTMAN sits.)

SAM: What's your idea of a fair bargain?

GUTMAN: *(holds his glass to the light, takes another long drink)* I have two proposals, sir, and either is fair. Take your choice. I will give you twenty-five thousand dollars when you deliver the falcon to me, and another twenty-five thousand as soon as I get to New York; or I will give you twenty five percent on what I realize on the falcon. There you are, sir: an almost immediate fifty thousand dollars or a vastly greater sum within, say, a couple of months.

SAM: *(drinks)* How much greater?

GUTMAN: *(repeats)* Vastly. Who knows how much greater? Shall I say a hundred thousand, or a quarter of a million? Will you believe me if I name the sum that seems the probable minimum?

SAM: Why not?

GUTMAN: *(smacks his lips; a purring murmur)* What would you say sir, to half a million?

SAM: *(narrows his eyes)* Then you think the dingus is worth two million?

GUTMAN: *(smiles serenely)* In your own words, "Why not?"

SAM: *(empties his glass, sets it down and frown at his cigar)* That's a hell of a lot of dough.

GUTMAN: *(agrees)* That's a hell of a lot of dough. *(leans forward and pats SAM's knee)* That's the absolute rock-bottom minimum.

SAM: *(frowns at his cigar again, puts it down, shuts his eyes hard, opens them again)* The—the minimum, huh? And the maxshimum?

GUTMAN: The maximum? I refuse to guess, you'd think me crazy. I don't know. There's no telling how high it could go, sir, and that's the one and only truth about it.

SAM: *(shakes his head, stands, helping himself with his hand, shakes his head again, takes an uncertain step forward)* God damn you. *(tries to look to the door, takes another uncertain step)*

GUTMAN: *(jumps up and calls)* Wilmer!

(A door opens and COOK comes in; a hand inside his coat over his heart;

COOK stands between SAM and the exit and trips him;

SAM crashes face-down on the floor; he tries to get up;

COOK, his hand still over his heart, kicks SAM in the temple;

Once more, SAM tries to get up, but cannot, and goes to sleep.

Lights out.)

2.11 LA PALOMA

(Lights up on the next morning at SAM SPADE'S OFFICE.

EFFIE is sleeping with her head on SAM's desk;
One of SAM's coats wrapped around her like a cape.

SAM enters with a bruised temple;
He laughs softly, shuts the door, and puts a hand on EFFIE's shoulder.)

EFFIE: *(smiles to see SAM)* So you finally got back? What time is it?

SAM: Six o'clock in the morning. What are you doing here?

EFFIE: *(shivers, draws the coat closer)* You told me to stay till you got back or phoned. —Oh, your head! What happened?

SAM: I don't know whether I fell or was slugged. I don't think it amounts to much, but it hurts like hell. *(explains)* I went visiting, was fed knock-out drops, and came to twelve hours later all spread out on a man's floor.

EFFIE: *(takes SAM's hat from his head)* It's terrible. You'll have to get a doctor. You can't walk around with a head like that.

SAM: It's not as bad as it looks, except for the headache, and that might be mostly from the drops. *(gets some rubbing alcohol and a handkerchief for his head)*

EFFIE: Did you find Miss O'Shaughnessy, Sam?

SAM: Not yet. Anything turn up after I left?

EFFIE: The District Attorney phoned.

SAM: Himself?

EFFIE: Yes. He wants to see you. He said, "Tell us who Archer was shadowing Thursby for, and we'll tell you who killed Thursby.".

SAM: *(laughs briefly, bitterly)* They're as wrong as Dundy.

EFFIE: He seems to think it has something to do with a gambler that Thursby once worked for—used to be a big time gangster in Chicago; had to leave the states. Thursby was his bodyguard; the gambler welshed on his debts. They thought maybe a debt-collector was using you to help them find Thursby. Maybe they gave you a completely made-up story to get you to tail him. That's what the D.A. seems to think.

SAM: I see. They don't think I killed him now. They just think I'm dumb.

EFFIE: They think that you're withholding information.

SAM: They're trying to make trouble for me, and get me to clear it up by bringing in the murderers for them—all tied up. None of them show any signs of knowing what in hell it's all about—so my only chance of catching the murderers is keeping clear of the police. They've accused me of the murders, and accused me of obstructing justice now… If they call again trying to incriminate me, tell them to revoke my license. Hop to it. I've got nothing to tell the D.A. or police, and I'm God-damned tired of being implicated in everything by every crackpot on the city payroll. Or tell them to talk to my lawyer. *(anger leaving his face)* Anything else turn up?

EFFIE: A boy came in with a message—that Mr. Gutman would be delighted to talk to you after five-thirty—but that would have been five-thirty yesterday.

SAM: *(pressing the handkerchief to his temple)* I got that message, thanks. I met the boy out there. Talking to Mr. G got me like this.

EFFIE: What does he want, Sam?

SAM: *(as if arranging his thoughts)* He wants something he thinks I can get. I persuaded him that I could keep him from getting it if he didn't make a deal with me by five-thirty. Then I told him he'd have to wait a few days, and that's when he fed me the junk. It's not likely he thought that I'd die. He'd know I'd be up and about. Maybe he figured he could get it without my help in the time I was fixed so I couldn't butt in. *(scowls)* I hope to Christ he was wrong. *(stares distantly, then)* You didn't get any word from Miss O'Shaughnessy?

EFFIE: *(shakes her head no)* Has this got anything to do with her?

SAM: Something.

EFFIE: This thing he wants belongs to her?

SAM: Or to the King of Spain. *(rubs his temple)*

(Sounds of alarmed passersby outside.)

SAM: (cont.) *(looks out the window)* What's going on out there? Is that smoke?

EFFIE: *(at the window)* A boat's on fire in the bay!

SAM: A boat? Can you see the name?

EFFIE: *(opens and leans out the window)* Yes. La Paloma. *(turns back to SAM)*

SAM: You've got soot on your nose now. *(stands and gets his copy of The Call from his breast pocket—looks and finds what he's looking for)*

EFFIE: Damn. *(goes to get her compact)* Why do you want to know the boat's name?

SAM: *(smiles ruefully)* I'm damned if I know why, sister. But I know where Miss O'Shaughnessy went.

EFFIE: You've got to find her, Sam. It's been more than a day and she's—

SAM: I haven't got to do anything. I've got plenty of headache.

EFFIE: *(angrily)* Sam, she may be—

SAM: She went down there. To the boat. She wasn't taken. She went down there instead of to your house when she learned the boat was in. *(smacks The Call down on the desk)* Well, what the hell? Am I supposed to run around after my clients begging them to let me help them?

EFFIE: Sam, the boat is on fire! And you say she's down there? And you'd sit here and do nothing when you know she's in danger, when you know she might be—

SAM: She's capable of taking care of herself.

EFFIE: That's spite, and—

SAM: That's enough of that.

EFFIE: If you don't go down there this very minute, Sam, I will, and I'll take the police down there. Oh, Sam, go!

SAM: I won't. *(sits)* I'm going to wait right here for something to turn up.

(Sound of the door opening in the outer office; EFFIE jumps up and goes to the door.)

JACOBI: *(off, harsh with agony, smothered by liquid bubbling under)* Where's Spade?

(SAM sits up alert in his chair;

EFFIE makes room for JACOBI who comes into the doorway;

JACOBI's eyes are mad; he tightly holds a brown-paper-wrapped parcel tied with thin rope; there is nothing to show that JACOBI sees SAM.)

JACOBI: (cont.) You know—

(JACOBI falls forward, but SAM springs up from the chair to catch him, and lowers him to the floor.)

SAM: Lock the door.

(EFFIE, fumbling, locks the door, and kneels beside SAM and JACOBI.

SAM withdraws his hands from JACOBI and sees them smeared with blood; SAM holds a lighter in front of each of JACOBI's pupils; extinguishes the flame.)

EFFIE: Is—is he—?

SAM: Yes. Shot through the chest, maybe half a dozen times.

EFFIE: Oughtn't we—?

SAM: It's too late for a doctor now and I've got to think before we do anything. *(washing the blood from his hands)* He couldn't have come far. If he—why in hell couldn't he have stood up long enough to say something? *(to EFFIE)* Pull yourself together. For Christ's sake don't get sick on me now! *(throws down the towel and runs his fingers through his hair)* We'll have to look at that bundle.

(SAM picks up the bundle; EFFIE edges around the dead man to see as SAM cuts the rope of the package with a pocket-knife.)

EFFIE: *(excitement supplants nausea; whispers)* Do you this it's—?

SAM: We'll soon know.

(SAM tears the wad of packaging apart; He holds the foot-high figure of a bird, black as coal, shiny and dusty.)

SAM: (cont.) *(laughs, putting an arm around EFFIE)* We've got the damned thing, angel.

EFFIE: *(screams and points—SAM is stepping on the dead man's hand..)*

(The telephone rings; EFFIE answers.)

EFFIE: (cont.) *(to the phone)* Hello.

…Yes.

…Who?

…Oh, yes! *(eyes become large)*

…Yes.

…Yes, hold the line. *(eyes become fearful)* Hello!

…Hello! Hello! *(rattles the prong up and down)* Hello!

(spins around to SAM) It was Miss O'Shaughnessy. She wants you. She's at the Hotel Alexandria, room 12-C—she's in danger. Her voice was—oh it was awful, Sam!—and something happened to her before she could finish. Go help her, Sam!

SAM: *(sets the falcon down and points to JACOBI)* I've got to take care of this fellow first.

EFFIE: No—you've got to go to her! He had that thing that was hers and he came to you with it. Don't you see? He was helping her and they killed him and now she's—Oh, you've got to go!

SAM: All right. *(remakes the package)* As soon as I've gone, phone the police. Tell them how it happened but don't drag any names in. You don't know. I got the phone call, I had to go out, but I didn't say where. Forget this thing. Tell it as it happened but forget the bundle. Unless they pin you down, but that's not likely. Got it?

EFFIE: Got it. Sam, who—do you know who he is?

SAM: *(grins wolfishly and shakes his head)* Uh-uh. But I'd guess he was Captain Jacobi, master of La Paloma. *(points at The Call; picks up his hat and puts it on)*

EFFIE: Hurry, Sam.

SAM: *(absent-mindedly)* Sure. I'll hurry. And maybe you ought to try to get ahold of Sid. No. *(rubs his chin)* We'll leave him out of it awhile. It'll look better. I'd keep the door locked till they come. *(rubs EFFIE's cheek)* You're a damned good man, sister.

(SAM goes out, taking the package with him.

Lights out.)

2.12 A. SATURDAY NIGHT, NO ONE'S HERE

(Lights up on SUITE 12-C, HOTEL ALEXANDRIA.

A knock on the door; no one enters.)

SAM: (cont.) *(off)* Brigid?

(The door knob jiggles; no one enters.)

SAM: (cont.) *(off; growls)* What the hell?

(A knock on the door; no one enters.)

SAM: (cont.) *(off; growls again)* What the hell? Where's Brigid?

(Final bang on the door. Lights out.)

2.12 B. SATURDAY NIGHT, HOW DID YOU GET HERE

(Lights up on THE STREET OUTSIDE SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT.

SAM enters from one side, getting the key to his apartment—he does not have the package.

BRIGID runs on from the other side; she puts her arms around SAM, panting.)

BRIGID: Oh, I thought you'd never come!

SAM: *(supporting her)* You've been here? Outside my place?

BRIGID: *(panting)* Yes. In a—doorway—up the—street. *(clings to SAM)*

SAM: Can you make it alright, or shall I carry you?

BRIGID: I'll be—all right—when I—get where—I can—sit down.

(Light out.)

2.12 C. SATURDAY NIGHT, WELL, SIR, WE'RE ALL HERE

(Lights up on dimly on SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT.

SAM opens the door, and enters backward, supporting BRIGID.

As SAM closes the door, the lights switch on.

GUTMAN stands smiling benevolently at them.

COOK appears with gigantic pistols in both hands.

CAIRO appears; he too has a pistol.)

GUTMAN: Well, sir, we're all here, as you can see for yourself. Now let's all sit down, be comfortable, and talk.

SAM: *(still holding BRIGID, smiles meagerly over her head)* Sure, we'll talk.

COOK: *(puts one gun away and comes up close behind SAM.)*

SAM: (cont.) *(looks over his shoulder at COOK)* Get away. You're not going to frisk me.

COOK: Stand still. Shut up.

SAM: *(voice level)* Get away. Put your paw on me and I'm going to make you use the gun. Ask your boss if he wants me shot up before we talk.

GUTMAN: Never mind, Wilmer. (*frowns indulgently at SAM)* You are certainly a most headstrong individual. Well, let's be seated.

SAM: I told you I didn't like that punk.

(SAM takes BRIGID to the sofa and they sit;
His arm around her; her head on his shoulder.

BRIGID has stopped trembling and panting;
she now seems robbed of movement and emotion.

SAM takes off his hat and tosses it to one side of the sofa.

GUTMAN and CAIRO take seats; COOK remains standing;
COOK holds a pistol hanging visibly at his side; CAIRO sets his gun upon a table.)

SAM: (cont.) I just came from the Alexandria expecting this sort of little meeting. Guess you were trying to get me out of the way, so you could find Captain Jacobi before he found me.

(BRIGID sits up straight and looks at SAM with surprised eyes;

SAM inattentively pats her shoulder, his eyes steady on GUTMAN's.)

SAM: (cont.) Guess if you'll all here now, that didn't go the way you wanted.

GUTMAN: Well, sir, in any case, here we are having our little meeting, if that's what you wanted.

SAM: That's what I wanted. Naturally, I wanted to see you as soon as I had the falcon. Cash customers, why not? So, how soon are you ready to make the first payment and take the falcon off my hands?

GUTMAN: *(eyes twinkling)* Well, sir, as to that. *(puts a hand inside the breast of his; repeats)* Well, sir, as to that. *(takes a white envelope out of his pocket)*

(All eyes look at the envelope, which GUTMAN turns, studying, in his hands;

GUTMAN raises his head, smiles amiably, and scales the envelope at SAM's lap.

SAM opens the envelope; takes out and counts ten $1,000 dollar bills.)

SAM: *(looks up smiling; mildly)* We were talking about more money than this.

GUTMAN: *(agrees)* Yes, sir, we were, but we were talking then. This is actual money, genuine coin of the realm, sir. With a dollar of this you can buy more than with ten dollars of talk. *(silent laughter shakes his body)* And there are more of us to be taken care of now.

(As GUTMAN talks, SAM taps the edges of the bills into alignment and returns them to the envelope, which he dangles lightly between his legs.)

SAM: *(carelessly)* Sure. You're together now, but I've got the falcon.

CAIRO: *(leaning forward; primly and high pitched)* I shouldn't think it would be necessary to remind you, Mr. Spade, that though you may have the falcon yet we certainly have you.

SAM: *(grins)* I'm trying to not let that worry me. *(sits up straight)* We'll come back to the money later. There's another thing that's got to be taken care of first. We've got to have a fall-guy.

(GUTMAN frowns, but before he can speak, SAM continues.)

SAM: (cont.) The police have got to have a victim—somebody they can stick for those three murders: Archer, Thursby, and Jacobi. We—

CAIRO: *(excited)* Two—only two—murders, Mr. Spade. Thursby undoubtedly killed your partner.

SAM: *(growls)* All right, two murders, Thursby and Jacobi, what difference does that make? The point is we've got to feed the police some—

GUTMAN: *(breaks in smiling confidently with good-natured assurance)* Well, sir, from what we've seen and heard of you I don't think we'll have to bother ourselves about that. We can leave the handling of the police to you, all right. You won't need any of our inexpert help.

SAM: If that's what you think, you haven't seen or heard enough.

GUTMAN: Now come, Mr. Spade, you can't expect us to believe at this late date that you are the least bit afraid of the police, or that you are not quite able to handle—

SAM: *(snorts; bends forward with his arms on his knees)* I'm not a damned bit afraid of them and I know how to handle them. That's what I'm trying to tell you. The way to handle them is to toss them a victim, somebody they can hang the works on.

GUTMAN: Well, sir, I grant you that's one way of doing it, but—

SAM: 'But,' hell! It's the only way. *(hot and earnest down to his bruised temple)* I know what I'm talking about. I've been through it all before and expect to go through it again. At one time or another I've had to tell everybody from the Supreme Courts down to go to hell, and I've got away with it because I never let myself forget that a day of reckoning is coming, and when that day of reckoning comes I want to be all set to march into headquarters pushing a victim in front of me, saying, 'Here, you chumps, is your criminal!' As long as I can do that I can thumb my nose at all the laws in the book. The first time I can't do that my name's Mud. There hasn't been a first day yet. This isn't going to be it. That's flat.

GUTMAN: *(eyes flicker, dubious; his voice still easy)* That's a system that's got a lot to recommend it, sir—by Gad, it has! And if it was anyway practical this time I'd be the first to say, 'Stick to it by all means, sir.' But with the best of systems, there comes a time when you've got to make exceptions, and, sir, that's just the way it is in this case and I don't mind telling you that I think you're being very well paid to make an exception. Now maybe it will be a little more trouble to you than if you had your victim but—*(laughs and spreads his hands)*—you're not the man that's afraid of a little trouble.

SAM: *(eyes lose their warmth; a low, consciously patient voice)* Hell with that. You birds'll be in New York or Constantinople or some place else. I'm in business here.

GUTMAN: But surely, you can—

SAM: *(earnestly)* I can't. I won't. I mean it. *(sits up straight)* Listen to me, Gutman. I'm telling you what's best for all of us. If we don't give the police a fall-guy it's ten to one they'll stumble on information about the falcon. It's only a matter of time. Give them a fall-guy and they'll stop right there.

GUTMAN: *(only his eyes are uneasy)* Well, sir, that's just the point. Will they stop? Or won't the fall-guy be a fresh clue that as likely as not will lead them to information about the falcon?

SAM: Jesus! You don't know what it's all about either. *(restrained)* They're not asleep, Gutman. The police are lying low, waiting. And that's all right as long as I do something about it. But it won't be all right if I don't. We've absolutely got to give them a victim. There's no way out of it. Try to get that.

(nods pleasantly at COOK) Let's give them the punk. He actually did shoot both of them—Thursby and Jacobi—didn't he? Anyway, he's made to order for the part. Let's pin the necessary evidence on him and turn him over.

(COOK, in the doorway, tightens his mouth into a possible smile.

CAIRO gapes at SAM open-mouthed and open-eyed in amazement.

BRIGID twists herself around on the sofa to stare at SAM.

GUTMAN remains still and motionless for a time—then decides to laugh heartily.)

GUTMAN: By Gad, sir, you're a character, that you are! *(wipes his eyes with a handkerchief)*

SAM: *(not offended, nor impressed)* There's nothing funny about it. It's our best bet. With him in their hands, the police will—

GUTMAN: *(objects)* But, my dear man—I feel towards Wilmer just exactly as if he were my own son. I really do. But if I even for a moment thought of doing what you propose, what in the world do you think would keep Wilmer from telling the police every last detail about the falcon and all of us?

SAM: *(softly)* If we had to, we could have him killed resisting arrest. But we won't have to go that far. Let him talk his head off. I promise you nobody'll do anything about it. That's easy enough to fix.

GUTMAN: *(frowns)* How? *(abruptly looks at COOK and laughs uproariously)* What do you think of this, Wilmer? It's funny, eh?

COOK: *(low and distinct)* Yes, it's funny—the son of a bitch.

SAM: *(to BRIGID)* How do you feel now, angel? Any better?

BRIGID: Yes, much better, only—*(just for SAM)*—I'm frightened.

SAM: *(carelessly)* Don't be. *(puts a hand on her knee)* Nothing very bad's going to happen. Want a drink?

BRIGID: Not now, thanks. *(just for SAM again)* Be careful, Sam.

GUTMAN: *(watching SAM, beat)* How?

SAM: *(watching GUTMAN, beat)* How what?

GUTMAN: *(beat; laughs)* Well, sir, if you're really serious about this—this suggestion of yours, the least we can do in common politeness is to hear you out. *(laughs again)*

SAM: No. Forget it. I wouldn't want to take advantage of your politeness, no matter how common.

GUTMAN: …Now, come, come. I shouldn't have laughed and I apologize. You must know I have the greatest respect and admiration for your astuteness. How are you going to fix it so that Wilmer won't be able to do us harm? I'll consider it a personal favor, as well as I sign that you've accepted my apologies, sir, if you'll go ahead and outline the rest of this suggestion of yours.

SAM: Fair enough. The district attorney here is like most district attorneys. He's more interested in his record than anything else. I can show him that if he starts fooling around trying to gather up everybody he's going to have a tangled case that no jury will be able to make heads or tails of, while if he sticks to the punk he can get a conviction standing on his head. He won't want to know about the falcon. Leave that end to me.

GUTMAN: *(wags his head in benign disapproval)* No, sir, I'm afraid that won't do, won't do at all. I don't see how even this District Attorney of yours can link Thursby and Jacobi and Wilmer together without having to—

SAM: You don't know district attorneys. The Thursby angle is easy. He was gunman and so is your punk. He's already got a theory about that. There'll be no catch there. Well, Christ! They can only hang the punk once. They'll write Jacobi up against him and close the record. And, as like enough, he used the same gun on both. The bullets will match. Everybody will be satisfied.

GUTMAN: Yes, but—*(stops to look at COOK)*

(COOK stiffly advances from the door to the center of the floor, one hand with white knuckles on the gun, the other a hard fist at his side; he looks with vicious hatred and malevolence at SAM.)

COOK: You bastard, get up on your feet and go for your heater!

SAM: *(smiles at COOK with genuine amusement.)*

COOK: (cont.) You bastard, get up and shoot it out if you've got the guts. I've taken all the riding from you I'm going to take.

SAM: *(amusement deepens; looks at GUTMAN)* Young Wild West. Maybe you ought to tell him that shooting me before you get the falcon would be bad for business.

GUTMAN: *(this attempt at a smile is not successful)* Now, now, Wilmer, we can't have any of that. You shouldn't let yourself attach so much importance to these things. You—

COOK: *(not taking his eyes from SAM)* Make him lay off me then. I'm going to fog him if he keeps it up and there won't be anything that'll stop me from doing it.

GUTMAN: Now, Wilmer. *(turns to SAM)* Your plan is, sir, simply not at all practical. Let's not say anything more about it.

SAM: *(looks from one to the other; stops smiling; has no expression at all)* I say what I please.

GUTMAN: *(quickly)* You certainly do, and that's one of the things I've always admired in you. But this matter is, as I say, not at all practical, so there's not the least bit of use of discussing it any further, as you can see for yourself.

SAM: I can't see it for myself, and you haven't made me see it, and I don't think you can. Let's get this straight. Am I wasting time talking to you? I thought this was your show. Should I do my talking to the punk? I know how to do that.

GUTMAN: No, sir, you're quite right in dealing with me.

SAM: All right. Now I've got another suggestion. It's not as good as the first, but it's better than nothing. Want to hear it?

GUTMAN: Most assuredly.

SAM: Give them Cairo.

(CAIRO hastily picks up his pistol from the table; holds it tight in his lap with both hands; his eyes dart from face to face.)

GUTMAN: *(as if he can't believe what he's just heard)* Do what?

SAM: Give the police Cairo.

GUTMAN: *(seems about to laugh but does not; uncertainly)* Well, by Gad, sir!

SAM: It's not as good as giving them the punk. Cairo's not a gunman and he carries a smaller gun than Thursby and Jacobi were shot with. We'll have to go to more trouble framing him, but it's better than not giving the police anybody.

CAIRO: *(cries shrill and indignant)* Suppose we give them you, Mr. Spade, or Miss O'Shaughnessy? How about that if you're so set on giving them somebody?

SAM: *(smiles at CAIRO and answers evenly)* You people want the falcon. I've got it. A fall-guy is part of the price I'm asking. As for Miss O'Shaughnessy—*(glances dispassionately at her)*—if you think she can be rigged for the part I'm perfectly willing to discuss it with you.

BRIGID: *(puts her hands to her throat; utters a short strangled cry; moves away from SAM.)*

CAIRO: *(exclaims)* You seem to forget that you are not in a position to insist on anything.

SAM: *(laughs, a harsh derisive snort.)*

GUTMAN: *(tries to make firmness ingratiating)* Come now, gentlemen, let's keep our discussion on a friendly basis; but there certainly is—*(addressing SAM)*—something to what Mr. Cairo says. You must take into consideration the—

SAM: Like hell I must. *(brutally careless)* If you kill me, how are you going to get the bird? If I know you can't afford to kill me till you have it, how are you going to scare me into giving it to you?

GUTMAN: *(cocks his head and considers the question)* Well, sir, there are other means of persuasion besides killing.

SAM: *(agrees)* Sure, but they're not much good unless the actual threat of death is behind them. And I know you can't afford to kill me. See what I mean?

GUTMAN: I see what you mean. *(chuckles)* This is an attitude, sir, that calls for the most delicate judgement on both sides.

SAM: *(all smiling blandness)* That's the trick, from my side. To make my play strong enough that it ties you up, but not mad enough to bump me off—against your better judgement.

GUTMAN: *(fondly)* By Gad, sir, you are a character!

(CAIRO jumps up; goes behind GUTMAN's chair and, screening his mouth, whispers.

GUTMAN listens attentively, shutting his eyes.

SAM grins at BRIGID; who smiles feebly in response.)

SAM: *(turns to COOK)* Two to one they're selling you out, son.

(COOK says nothing, but the trousers at his knees visibly tremble .)

SAM: (cont.) *(to GUTMAN)* I hope you're not letting yourself be influenced by the guns these pocket edition desperadoes keep waving. I've practiced taking them away from both of them. There'll be no trouble there.

COOK: *(choked horribly by emotion)* All right!

(COOK jerks his pistol up at SAM's chest;

GUTMAN catches COOK by one arm; CAIRO catches his other arm; they struggle to subdue COOK.)

COOK: (cont.) *(while struggling)* Right… go… bastard… smoke…

GUTMAN: *(while struggling)* Now, now, Wilmer! Now, now, Wilmer!

CAIRO: *(while struggling)* No, please, don't. Don't do that, Wilmer…

(COOK stops struggling against GUTMAN and CAIRO, who speaks soothingly to COOK.

Wooden-faced, dreamy-eyed, SAM gets up from the sofa and drives his left fist into COOK's chin.)

GUTMAN: Here, what—?

(SAM drives his right fist into COOK's chin; COOK collapses against GUTMAN's belly.

CAIRO springs at SAM, tears in his eyes, soundlessly trying to claw at SAM's face.)

SAM: *(holding CAIRO him at arm's length)* Jesus, you're a pip.

(SAM cuffs CAIRO with an open hand, knocking him against the table.)

SAM: (cont.) Stop it. I'll hurt you.

CAIRO: *(cries)* Oh, you big coward! *(backs away from SAM)*

(SAM picks CAIRO's pistol up from the floor, then COOK's pistol; he dangles them from a forefinger.

GUTMAN holds the unconscious COOK; SAM feels the boy's chin.)

SAM: Nothing cracked. We'll spread him on the sofa.

(SAM carries COOK to the sofa; BRIGID gets up quickly to make room.

SAM gets the second pistol out of COOK's pocket, as CAIRO goes to sit beside COOK's head.)

SAM: (cont.) *(clinking the three pistols together, to GUTMAN)* Well. There's our fall-guy.

GUTMAN: *(face gray; looks at the floor and says nothing.)*

SAM: (cont.) Don't be a damned fool again. You let Cairo whisper to you and you held the kid while I pasted him. You can't laugh that off and you're likely to get yourself shot trying to.

GUTMAN: *(moves his feet on the floor and says nothing.)*

SAM: (cont.) And the other side of it is that you'll either say yes right now or I'll turn the falcon and the whole God-damned lot of you in.

GUTMAN: *(raises his head, mutters)* I don't like that, sir.

SAM: You won't like it. Well?

GUTMAN: *(sighs, makes a wry face and replies sadly)* You can have him.

SAM: That's swell.

2.13 THE RUSSIAN'S HAND

(As before, in SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT.

CAIRO sits by the unconscious COOK, smoothing his hair and whispering to him;

BRIGID stands by a table, looking anxiously at SAM—whenever he is not looking at her.)

SAM: *(to GUTMAN, nodding at CAIRO, jangling the guns on his finger)* It'll be all right with him?

GUTMAN: *(placidly, becoming rosier)* I don't know.

SAM: *(smiles)* Cairo.

CAIRO: *(looks up anxiously.)*

SAM: (cont.) *(to CAIRO)* Let him rest awhile. We're going to give him to the police. We ought to get the details fixed before he comes to.

CAIRO: *(bitterly)* Don't you think you've done enough to him without that?

SAM: No.

CAIRO: *(rises; to GUTMAN)* Please don't do this thing, Mr. Gutman. You must realize that—

SAM: That's settled. The question is, what are you going to do about it? Coming in? Or getting out?

GUTMAN: *(smile sad, even wistful; nods to CAIRO)* I don't like it either, but we can't help ourselves now. We really can't.

SAM: What are you doing to do, Cairo? In or out? You can choose, but you ought to know that if the answer is 'out' we'll give you to the police with your boyfriend.

GUTMAN: *(protests)* Oh, come, Mr. Spade.

SAM: Like hell we'll let him walk out on us. We can't have a lot of loose ends hanging around. *(bursts out irritably)* Jesus God! Is this the first thing you guys ever stole? What are you going to do next, get down and pray?

CAIRO: You give me no choice. *(a hopeless shrug)* I come in.

SAM: Good. Sit down.

(All sit.)

GUTMAN: *(clears his throat)* Now where is the falcon? *(adds in haste)* I don't really care. What I had in mind is for our business to be transacted. *(looks at the sofa, then sharply at SAM)* You have the envelope?

SAM: *(looks at the sofa, then at BRIGID; smiles)* Miss O'Shaughnessy has it.

BRIGID: *(murmurs)* Yes, I have it. I picked it up…

SAM: *(to BRIGID)* That's all right, hang on to it. *(to GUTMAN)* I can have the falcon brought here.

GUTMAN: *(purrs)* That will be excellent. Then, sir, in exchange for the ten thousand dollars, and Wilmer, you will give us the falcon.

SAM: *(gets a cigarette)* Let's just get the details fixed. Why did he shoot Thursby? And why and where and how did he shoot Jacobi?

GUTMAN: *(smiles indulgently)* Now come, sir, you can't expect that. We've given you the money and Wilmer. That is our part of the agreement.

SAM: I do expect it. *(lights his cigarette)* A fall-guy is what I asked for, and he's not a fall-guy unless he's a cinch to take the fall. Well, to cinch that I've got to know what's what.

GUTMAN: There's ample evidence of his guilt, sir. Both men were shot with those weapons; you've mentioned it yourself. And that, it seems to me, is ample proof of his guilt.

SAM: Maybe. But the thing's more complicated than that. I've got to know what happened so the parts that don't fit in are covered up.

CAIRO: *(eyes round and hot)* Apparently you've forgotten that you assured us it would be a very simple affair. *(turns to GUTMAN)* You see! I advised you not to do this. I don't think—

SAM: It doesn't make a damned bit of difference what either of you think. It's too late for that now and you're in too deep. Why did he kill Thursby?

GUTMAN: *(smiles ruefully)* You are an uncommonly difficult person to get the best of. I begin to think that we made a mistake in not letting you alone from the very first. By Gad, I do, sir!

SAM: You haven't done so bad. You're staying out of jail and you're getting the falcon. What do you want? *(smokes)* Anyhow you know where you stand now. Why did he kill Thursby?

GUTMAN: Thursby was a notorious killer and Miss O'Shaughnessy's ally. We knew that by removing him, her violent protector, it would make her stop and think that perhaps it would be best to patch up her differences with us after all. You see, sir, I am being candid with you?

SAM: Yes. Keep it up. You didn't think he might have the falcon?

GUTMAN: *(shakes his head)* We didn't think that for a minute. *(smiles benevolently)* We had the advantage of knowing Miss O'Shaughnessy far too well for that—we didn't for a minute thank that, if only one them knew where it was, Thursby was the one.

SAM: *(nods thoughtfully)* Did you try to make a deal with him before you gave him the works?

GUTMAN: Yes, sir, we certainly did. I talked to him myself that night. Wilmer had located him two days before and had been trying to follow him to Miss O'Shaughnessy, but Thursby was too crafty to be watched, so Wilmer took to waiting outside his hotel. When Thursby returned after, I suppose, killing your partner, Wilmer brought him to see me. We could do nothing with him. He was quite determinedly loyal to Miss O'Shaughnessy. So, sir, Wilmer followed him back to his hotel and did what he did.

SAM: *(thinks a moment)* That sounds all right. Now, Jacobi.

GUTMAN: *(gravely)* Captain Jacobi's death was entirely Miss O'Shaughnessy's fault.

BRIGID: *(gasps)* Oh!

SAM: *(evenly, to BRIGID)* Never mind that now. *(to GUTMAN)* Tell me what happened.

GUTMAN: *(looks shrewdly at SAM)* Just as you say, sir. Well, Cairo, as you know, is a man of nice judgment. The Paloma was his thought. He remembered the captain and Miss O'Shaughnessy had been seen together in Hongkong. When he saw the notice of its arrival in the paper he guessed just what had happened. So Mr. Cairo and Wilmer and I went to call on Captain Jacobi and were fortunate enough to arrive while Miss O'Shaughnessy was there. In many ways, it was a difficult conference, but finally, we persuaded Miss O'Shaughnessy to come to terms—or so we thought.

We left the boat and set out for my hotel where I was to pay Miss O'Shaughnessy and receive the bird. Well, sir, we mere men should have known better than to suppose ourselves capable of coping with her. En route, she and Captain Jacobi and the falcon slipped completely through our fingers. *(laughs merrily)* By Gad, sir, it was neatly done.

SAM: *(looks at BRIGID; asks GUTMAN)* You touched off the boat before you left?

GUTMAN: Not intentionally, no, sir. Though I dare say we—or Wilmer at least—were responsible for the fire. He had been trying to find the falcon on board while we were talking in the cabin, and no doubt, he was careless with matches.

SAM: That's fine. If we have to try him for Jacobi's murder, we can also hang an arson-rap on him. All right. Now about the shooting.

GUTMAN: Well, sir, we dashed around town all day trying to find them. Late this afternoon we found her apartment; when we listened at the door we heard them inside. We were pretty confident we had them, and so we rang the bell. When she asked us who we were and we told her—through the door—we heard a window going up. We knew what that meant of course, so Wilmer hurried downstairs as fast as he could and around to the rear of the building.

When he turned into the alley by the fire escape, he ran smack into Captain Jacobi, with the falcon under his arm. That was a difficult situation to handle, but Wilmer did every bit as best as he could. He shot Jacobi—more than once—but Jacobi was too tough to fall or drop the falcon. He knocked Wilmer down and ran on. And this was in broad daylight, you understand, in the afternoon. When Wilmer got up he could see a policeman coming up the block, so he had to give it up—and very fortunate he was, sir, to make it back to us without being seen.

Well, sir, there we were—stumped again. Miss O'Shaughnessy had opened the door for Mr. Cairo and me after she had shut the window behind Jacobi, and she—*(breaks off to smile at the memory)* We persuaded—that is the word, sir—her to tell us that she had told Jacobi to take the falcon to you. It seemed very unlikely that he'd live to go that far, even if the police didn't pick him up, but that was the only chance we had, sir. And so, once more, we persuaded Miss O'Shaughnessy to phone your office in an attempt to draw you away before Jacobi got there, as you guessed. Unfortunately it took us too long to persuade Miss O'Shaughnessy to—

(COOK groans and rolls over on his side; his eyes open and close again several times.

BRIGID moves away from him, against a wall.)

GUTMAN: *(concludes hurriedly)* —Cooperate with us. And so you had the falcon before we could reach you.

(COOK puts a foot on the floor; raises himself on an elbow; sits up;
when his eyes focus on SAM, the bewilderment leaves them.

CAIRO goes over to COOK; puts an arm around him.

COOK shakes CAIRO off and stands, glancing around the room, so tense he seems shrunken.

SAM sits on a table and swings his legs carelessly.)

SAM: Now listen, kid. If you come over here and start cutting up I'm going to kick you in the face. Sit down, shut up, and behave, you'll last longer.

COOK: *(looks at GUTMAN.)*

GUTMAN: Well, Wilmer, I'm sorry indeed to lose you, and I want you to know that I couldn't be any fonder of you if you were my own son; but—well, by Gad!—if you lose a son it's possible to get another—and there's only one Maltese falcon.

SAM: *(laughs)*

(COOK, keeping his eyes on GUTMAN, sits on the sofa again.)

GUTMAN: (cont.) *(to SAM)* When you're young you simply don't understand things.

(CAIRO has an arm around COOK again, whispering in his ear.)

SAM: *(to BRIGID)* I think it'd be swell if you'd see if there's any coffee in the kitchen. Will you? I don't like to leave my guests.

BRIGID: Surely. *(starts for the kitchen)*

GUTMAN: Just a moment, my dear. Hadn't you better leave the envelope in here? You don't want to get grease-spots on it.

BRIGID: *(looks at SAM)*

SAM: *(indifferently)* It's still his.

(BRIGID gives the envelope to SAM;

SAM tosses it into GUTMAN's lap.)

SAM: (cont.) Sit on it if you're afraid of losing it.

GUTMAN: You misunderstand me. *(suavely)* It's not that at all, but business should be transacted in a business-like manner.

(opens the envelope, takes out the bills, counts them, and chuckles) For instance there are only nine bills here now.

(smiles jovially and triumphant) There were ten when I handed it to you, as you very well know.

SAM: *(looks at BRIGID)* Well?

BRIGID: *(shakes her head no with emphasis.)*

(SAM holds his hand out to GUTMAN; takes the bills; counts them; returns them to GUTMAN—$9,000. SAM picks up the pistols on the table and speaks in a matter-of-fact voice.)

SAM: (cont.) I want to know about this. We—*(nods at BRIGID, without looking at her)*—are going in there. The door will be open and I'll be facing it. *(to GUTMAN)* Unless you want a three-story drop there's no way out of here except past me. Don't try to make it.

GUTMAN: Really, sir. It's not necessary, and certainly not very courteous of you, to threaten us in this manner. You must know that we've not the least desire to leave without the—

SAM: I'll know a lot when I'm through. *(touches BRIGID's elbow)* Come on.

(SAM takes BRIGID off and stands in the open door.)

BRIGID: I did not take that bill, Sam.

SAM: I don't think you did, but I've got to know. Take your clothes off.

BRIGID: You won't take my word for it?

SAM: No. Take your clothes off.

BRIGID: I won't.

SAM: All right. We'll go back to the other room and I'll have them taken off.

BRIGID: *(horrified)* You would?

SAM: I will. I've got to know what happened to that bill and I'm not going to be held up by anybody's maidenly modesty.

BRIGID: Oh, it isn't that. I'm not ashamed to be naked before you, but—can't you see?—not like this.

SAM: *(does not raise his voice)* I've got to know what happened to that bill. Take them off.

(SAM watches BRIGID through the door as she draws herself up tall and undresses.

No sound is made in the living room.

BRIGID tosses her clothes to the door.

SAM sets the guns inside the door and examines the clothes with fingers and eyes.

He does not find the $1,000 dollar bill.)

SAM: (cont.) *(hands the clothes to her)* Thanks. Now I know.

(BRIGID takes the clothes back and does not say anything.

SAM retrieves the pistols, closes the door, and rejoins the others.)

GUTMAN: *(smiling amiably)* Find it?

(CAIRO watches SAM with questioning eyes; COOK stares at the floor between his feet.)

SAM: No, I didn't find it. You palmed it.

GUTMAN: *(chuckles)* I palmed it?

SAM: Yes. *(jingles the pistols)* Do you want to say so or do you want to stand for a frisk?

GUTMAN: Stand for—

SAM: You're going to admit it, or I'm going to search you. There's no third way.

GUTMAN: *(looks at SAM hard and then laughs outright)* By Gad, sir, I believe you would. I really do. You're a character, sir, if you don't mind my saying so.

SAM: You palmed it.

GUTMAN: Yes, sir, that I did. *(shows the crumpled bill, smooths it, and returns it to the envelope)* I must have my little joke every now and then and I was curious what you would—

SAM: *(sneers without bitterness)* That's the kind of thing I'd expect from somebody the punk's age.

(GUTMAN chuckles;

BRIGID enters, dressed again; silently goes to put the coffee on.

CAIRO edges closer to whisper to COOK, who shrugs irritably.

SAM looks at the pistols in his hand, then at GUTMAN; SAM locks the pistols in the other room.)

SAM: (cont.) *(calls to BRIGID)* Find everything?

BRIGID: *(off, cooly)* Yes. *(enters with some coffee things)* You shouldn't have done that to me, Sam.

SAM: I had to find out, angel. *(kisses BRIGID's mouth)*

(BRIGID goes off again; SAM turns to the others.)

GUTMAN: *(holds up the envelope)* This will soon be yours. You might as well take it now.

SAM: *(does not take the money)* About the money-end. I ought to have more than ten thousand.

GUTMAN: Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money.

SAM: You're quoting me.

GUTMAN: It's a lot of money to be picked up so easily.

SAM: You think it's been easy? Well, maybe, but that's my business.

GUTMAN: It certainly is. *(laughs and lowers his voice)* Are you sharing with her?

SAM: That's my business too.

GUTMAN: It certainly is. But—*(hesitates)*—I'd like to give you a word of advice.

SAM: Go ahead.

GUTMAN: If you don't give her as much as she thinks she ought to have, my word of advice is—careful.

SAM: *(looks mockingly)* Bad?

GUTMAN: Bad.

(SAM grins and gets a cigarette.

CAIRO's arm has been around COOK, who suddenly pushes CAIRO away, his eyes full of distrust and anger; COOK makes a small fist and punches CAIRO in the mouth.

CAIRO cries out like a woman and draws back to the end of the sofa, dabbing his mouth with a silk handkerchief; it comes away daubed with blood; the scent of the handkerchief fills the room; CAIRO looks disapprovingly at COOK.)

COOK: *(snarls)* Keep away from me. *(puts his face between his hands again)*

(CAIRO's cry brings BRIGID from the kitchen.)

SAM: *(to BRIGID, thumbing at COOK at CAIRO)* The course of true love.

BRIGID: The coffee's coming. *(goes off to the kitchen again)*

SAM: *(to GUTMAN)* Talk about money now. *(exhales smoke)* I ought to have twenty.

GUTMAN: I wish you could. Of course, sir, you understand this is simply the first payment. Later—

SAM: *(laughs)* I know you'll give me millions later. But let's stick to the first payment now. Fifteen thousand?

GUTMAN: *(shakes his head)* Ten thousand is all the money I've got.

SAM: *(gloomily)* That's not any too good, but if it's the best you can do—give it to me.

(GUTMAN hands SAM the envelope.

SAM goes to the phone.)

SAM: (cont.) Hello, Mrs. Perine?

…This is Mr. Spade. Will you let me talk to Effie, please?

…Yes it is, very early.

…Thanks.

(SAM whistles two lines of En Cuba, softly.

BRIGID enters with coffee; sets it down and listens.)

SAM: (cont.) …Effie? Hello, angel. Sorry to get you up. Here's our plot: in the care of Mr. Freed at the St. Mark Hotel, you'll find a parcel room check—for the bundle we received. Will you get the bundle and bring it to me—p.d.q.?

…Yes, I'm home.

…That's the girl—hustle. Bye.

(hangs up)

She'll be a few minutes.

(CAIRO takes a cup of coffee.

COOK lies down, facing away from CAIRO, as if going to sleep.

GUTMAN picks up a book: Celebrated Criminal Cases of America.

BRIGID and SAM each get coffee.

They all wait.)

GUTMAN: *(chuckles at the book)* This amuses me.

(The doorbell rings; SAM goes to answer; GUTMAN follows SAM;

SAM opens the door to EFFIE's cheerful face; he does not let her come in.)

SAM: *(to EFFIE)* Thanks a lot, lady. I'm sorry to spoil your day, but this—

EFFIE: *(gives SAM the parcel)* It's not the first one you've spoiled. *(laughs, then, when it's clear she's not invited in)* Anything else?

SAM: *(shakes his head)* No, thanks.

EFFIE: *(after a glance at GUTMAN, looks at no one else)* Bye-bye. *(goes)*

(SAM shuts the door and brings the parcel inside.

GUTMAN, CAIRO, and BRIGID gather around as SAM places the parcel on a table.

Even COOK sits up on the sofa, staring at them under his eyelashes.

SAM steps back from the table.)

SAM: There you are.

GUTMAN: *(makes short work of the wrapping; huskily)* Ah, now, after seventeen years! *(eyes are moist)*

CAIRO: *(licks his lips; works his hands together)* Is it?

(GUTMAN sets the bird down on the table.

All breath heavily; the air is chilly and stale with smoke.)

GUTMAN: It's it. But we'll make sure.

(GUTMAN fumbles in his pocket for a gold pocket-knife.

CAIRO and BRIGID stand close, on either side.

SAM stands back a bit, where he can watch COOK.

GUTMAN turns the bird upside down and scrapes an edge of the base.)

GUTMAN: *(hisses between his teeth)* It's a fake. *(bangs the bird and knife down on the table; wheels to confront SAM, hoarsely)* It's a fake.

SAM: *(somber; slowly nods while quickly catching BRIGID by the wrist; he pulls her to him and grasps her chin; raising her face to his roughly)* All right. You've had YOUR little joke. Now tell us about it.

BRIGID: *(cries)* No, Sam, no! That's the one that I got from the Russian man, I swear—

CAIRO: *(his words a shrill, sputtering stream[2])* That's it! That's it! It was the Russian! I should have known! What a fool we thought him, and what fools he made of us! *(tears streaming, he dances up and down)* You bungled it! *(screams)* You and your stupid attempt to buy it from him! You fat fool! You let him know it was valuable and he found out how valuable and made a duplicate for us! No wonder we had so little trouble stealing it! You imbecile! You bloated idiot! *(covers his face and blubbers)*

GUTMAN: *(sags vacantly; then shakes himself; again a jovial man)* Come, sir. There's no need of going on like that. Everybody errs at times and you may be sure this is every bit as severe a blow to me as to anyone else. Yes, it's the Russian, no doubt of it. Well, sir, what do you suggest? Shall we stand here and shed tears and call each other names? Or shall we—*(a cherubic smile)*—go to Constantinople?

CAIRO: *(takes his hands from his face in amazement)* You are—

GUTMAN: For seventeen years I have wanted that little item and have been trying to get it. If I must spend another year on the quest—well, sir—

CAIRO: *(giggles and cries)* I go with you!

(SAM releases BRIGID; looking around—COOK is not there;

SAM goes to the hall and looks; returns looking dissatisfied.)

SAM: *(mimics GUTMAN's speech)* Well, sir, I must say you're a swell lot of thieves.

GUTMAN: *(chuckles)* We've little enough to boast about right now and that's a fact, sir. But, well, we're none of us dead yet and there's not a bit of use thinking the world's come to an end just because we've run into a little setback.

(holds out an open hand to SAM) I'll have to ask you for that envelope, sir.

SAM: *(does not move; wooden)* I held up my end. You got your dingus. It's your hard luck, not mine, that it wasn't what you wanted.

[2] Wilmer COOK must get away through the front door somewhere here and leave the door open behind him.

GUTMAN: *(persuasively)* Now, come sir, we've all failed and there's no reason for expecting any one of us to bear the brunt of it, and—*(in his other hand appears an ornate pistol)*—In short, sir, I must ask you to return my ten thousand dollars.

(SAM's face does not change. He shrugs; starts to hand the envelope to GUTMAN; hesitates; takes out one $1,000 dollar bill; pockets it; closes the envelope nicely and hands it to GUTMAN.)

SAM: That'll take care of my time and expenses.

GUTMAN: *(pauses; mimics SAM's shrug; accepts the envelope)* Now, sir, we will say goodbye to you, unless—*(eyes crinkle)*—you care to undertake the Constantinople expedition with us. You don't? Well, sir, frankly I'd like to have you along. You're a man to my liking, a man of many resources and nice judgement. But, because we know you're a man of nice judgement we know we can say good-bye with every assurance that you'll hold the details of our little enterprise in confidence. We know we can count on you to appreciate the fact that, as the situation now stands, any legal difficulties that come to us in connection with these last few days would likewise and equally come to you and the charming Miss O'Shaughnessy. You're too shrewd not to recognize that, sir, I'm sure.

SAM: I understand that.

GUTMAN: I was sure you would. I'm also sure that, now there's no alternative, you'll somehow manage the police without a fall-guy.

SAM: I'll make it out all right.

GUTMAN: I was sure you would. Well, sir, the shortest farewells are the best. I was ever brief. Adieu. *(bows)* And to you, Miss O'Shaugnessy, I leave the 'rare bird' on the table, as a little memento.

(Casper GUTMAN and Joel CAIRO exit; door closes behind them.)

2.14 IF THEY HANG YOU

(As before, in SAM SPADE'S APARTMENT; SAM stares at the door knob, gloomily.

BRIGID looks at SAM uneasily; SAM does not look at her;
he pulls himself together; picks up the telephone.)

SAM: Hello, is Sergeant Polhaus there?

…Will you call him please, this is Samuel Spade. *(stares into space, waiting)*

Hello, Tom, I've got something for you.

…Yes, plenty. Here it is: Thursby and Jacobi were shot by a kid named Wilmer Cook. He's working for a man named Casper Gutman. That fellow Cairo you met is with them too.

…Yes, that's it. Gutman's staying at the Alexandria, suite 12-C, or was. They've just left here and they're blowing town, so you'll have to move fast, but I don't think they're expecting a pinch. Watch yourself when you go up against the kid, he's supposed to be pretty good with a gun.

…That's right, Tom, and I've got some stuff here for you. I've got the guns he used.

…That's right. Step on it—and luck to you!

(SAM slowly replaces the receiver; wets his lips; dries his hands; fills his chest with air; then SAM swiftly approaches BRIGID, so swiftly, she laughing-gasps.)

SAM: (cont.) *(face to face)* They'll talk when they're nailed—about us. We've only got minutes to get set for the police. Give me all of it—fast. Gutman sent you and Cairo to Constantinople?

BRIGID: *(starts to speak; hesitates; bites her lip.)*

SAM: (cont.) God damn you, talk! I'm in this with you and you're not going to gum it. Talk. He sent you to Constantinople?

BRIGID: Y-yes, he sent me. I met Joe there and—and asked him to help me. Then we—

SAM: Wait. You asked Cairo to help you get it from the Russian man?

BRIGID: Yes.

SAM: For Gutman?

BRIGID: No, not then. We thought we would get it for ourselves.

SAM: All right. Then?

BRIGID: Oh, then I began to be afraid that Joe wouldn't play fair with me, so—so I asked Floyd Thursby to help me.

SAM: And he did. Well?

BRIGID: Well, we got it and went to Hongkong.

SAM: With Cairo? Or had you ditched him before that?

BRIGID: We left him in Constantinople, in jail—something about a check.

SAM: Something you fixed up to hold him there?

BRIGID: *(looking shame-faced at SAM whispers)* Yes.

SAM: Right. Now you and Thursby are in Hongkong with the bird.

BRIGID: Yes, and then—I didn't know him very well—I didn't know whether I could trust him. I thought it would be safer—anyway, I met Captain Jacobi and I knew his boat was coming here, so I asked him to bring a package for me—and that was the bird—and—and that seemed the safest plan.

SAM: All right. Then you and Thursby caught one of the fast boats over. Then what?

BRIGID: Then—then I was afraid of Gutman. I knew he had people—connections—everywhere. He was in New York. We were in Hongkong. If he learned about what we had done, he would have plenty of time to get here to San Francisco by the time we did, or before. He did. I didn't know that then, but I had to wait here until the Paloma arrived. I was afraid Gutman would find me—or find Floyd and buy him over. That's why I came to you and asked you to watch him for—

SAM: That's a lie. You had Thursby hooked and you knew it. He was loyal to you.

BRIGID: *(blushes and says nothing.)*

SAM: (cont.) You wanted to get him out of the way before Jacobi came with the loot. What was your scheme?

BRIGID: I—I knew he'd left the States with a gambler after some trouble. I didn't know what it was, but I thought that if it was anything serious and he saw a detective watching him he'd think it was on account of the old trouble, and would be frightened into going away. I didn't think—

SAM: You told him he was being shadowed. Archer hadn't many brains, but he wasn't clumsy enough to be spotted the first night.

BRIGID: I told Floyd, yes. When we went out for a walk, I pretended to discover Mr. Archer following us and pointed him out to Floyd. *(sobs)* But please believe, Sam, that I wouldn't have done it if I had thought Floyd would kill him. I thought he'd be frightened into leaving the city. I didn't for a minute think he'd shoot him like that.

SAM: *(smiles wolfishly)* If you thought he wouldn't you were right, angel.

BRIGID: *(looks at SAM with utter astonishment.)*

SAM: (cont.) Thursby didn't shoot him.

BRIGID: *(incredulity joins astonishment on her face.)*

SAM: (cont.) Archer hadn't many brains, but, Christ! he had too many years' experience as a detective to be caught like that by the man he was shadowing. Up a blind alley with his gun tucked away on his hip and his overcoat buttoned? Not a chance. And you'd told us that Thursby was a bad actor? He couldn't have tricked Archer into an alley like that, and he couldn't have driven him in. He was dumb as any man ought to be, but not dumb enough for that.

(runs his tongue over the inside of his lips and smiles affectionately at the girl) But he'd've gone up there with you, angel.

You were his client, so he would have had no reason for not dropping the shadow on your say-so, and if you caught up with him and asked him to go up there he'd've gone. He was just dumb enough for that. He'd've looked you up and down and licked his lips and gone grinning from ear to ear—and then you could've stood as close to him as you liked in the dark and put a hole though him with the gun you had got from Thursby that evening.

BRIGID: *(shrinks back until the table stops her)* Don't—don't talk to me like that, Sam! You know I didn't! You know—

SAM: Stop it. *(looks at his watch)* The police will be blowing in any minute and we're sitting on dynamite. Talk!

BRIGID: Oh, why do you accuse me of such a terrible—?

SAM: Will you stop it? This isn't the spot for the schoolgirl act. Listen to me. *(takes hold of her wrists)* Talk!

BRIGID: I—I—How did you know he—he licked his lips and looked—?

SAM: *(laughs)* I knew him. But never mind that. Why did you shoot him?

(BRIGID twists her wrists free and pulls SAM's face close to hers; their mouths all but touch; her body flat against his; SAM puts his arms around her, holding her tight to him;)

BRIGID: *(her voice hushed, throbbing)* I didn't mean to, at first. I didn't, really. I meant what I told you, but when I saw Floyd couldn't be frightened I—

SAM: *(holds her out by the shoulders)* That's a lie! You asked Archer and me to handle it ourselves. You wanted to be sure the shadower was somebody you knew and who knew you, so they'd go with you. You got the gun from Thursby that day—that night.

BRIGID: Yes, that's a lie, Sam. I did intend to if Floyd—I—I can't look at you and tell you this, Sam.

(pulls his face back beside her cheek) I knew Floyd wouldn't be easily frightened, but I thought that if he knew he was shadowed he'd—Oh, I can't say it, Sam! *(clings to SAM, sobbing)*

SAM: You thought Floyd would tackle Archer and one or the other of them would go down. If Thursby was the one then you'd be rid of him. If Archer was, then you could see that Floyd was caught and you'd be rid of him. That it?

BRIGID: S-something like that.

SAM: And when you found that Thursby didn't mean to tackle him you borrowed the gun and did it yourself. Right?

BRIGID: Yes—though not exactly.

SAM: But exact enough. And you had that plan up your sleeve from the first. You thought Floyd would be nailed for the killing.

BRIGID: I—I thought they'd hold him at least until after Captain Jacobi arrived with the falcon.

SAM. And you didn't know then that Gutman was here hunting for you, or you wouldn't have shaken your gunman; you knew Gutman was here when you heard Thursby had been shot. Then you knew you needed another protector, so you came back to me. Right?

BRIGID: Yes, but—oh, sweetheart!—it wasn't only that. I would have come back sooner or later. From the first instant I saw you I knew—

SAM: *(tenderly)* You angel! Well, if you get a good break you'll be out of San Quentin in twenty years and you can come back to me then.

BRIGID: *(draws her head far back to stare up at him, without comprehension.)*

SAM: (cont.) I hope to Christ they don't hang you, precious, by that sweet neck. *(carresses her throat)*

BRIGID: *in an instant she is out of his arms, her hands at her throat; her face wild.)* You're not—*(can get no other words out)*

SAM: *(face yellow-pale; mouth smiles; smile wrinkles around glittering eyes)* I'm going to send you over. The chances are you'll get off with life. That means you'll be out again in twenty years. You're an angel. I'll wait for you.

(clears his throat) If they hang you I'll always remember you.

BRIGID: *(drops her hands; her face untroubled; her eyes slightly dubious; she smiles gently)* Don't, Sam, don't say that even in fun. Oh, you frightened me for a moment. I really thought you— You know you do such wild and unpredictable things that—*(breaks off; stares deeply into his eyes)* What—? Sam! *(puts her hand to her throat)*

SAM: *(laughs; his face damp; his voice croaks)* Don't be silly. You're taking the fall.

BRIGID: But—but, Sam, you can't! Not after what we've been to each other. You can't!

SAM: Like hell I can't.

BRIGID: *(a long trembling breath)* You've been playing with me? Only pretending you cared— to trap me like this? You didn't care at all? You didn't—don't—l-love me?

SAM: I think I do. What of it? *(his smile rigid)* I won't play the sap for you.

BRIGID: That is not just. *(tears in her eyes)* It's unfair. It's contemptible. You can't say that!

SAM: Like hell I can't. You came into my bed to stop me asking questions. You led me out for Gutman with that phooey call for help. Last night you came here with them and waited outside for me and came in with me. You were in my arms when the trap was sprung—I couldn't have gone for a gun or made a fight of it if I had wanted to. And if they didn't take you away with them it was only because Gutman's got too much sense to trust you except when he has to—and because he thought I'd play the sap for you.

BRIGID: *(blinking away tears, steps toward SAM)* You called me a liar. Now you are lying. You're lying if you say you don't know down in your heart that, in spite of anything I've done, I love you.

SAM: *(makes a short abrupt bow; his eyes becoming bloodshot in his fixedly smiling face)* Maybe I do. What of it? I should trust you? You who double crossed Gutman, Cairo, Thursby—one, two, three? You who knocked off Archer, a man you had nothing against, in cold blood, just like swatting a fly, for the sake of double-crossing my predecessor Thursby? You who've never played square with me for half an hour at a stretch since I've known you? I should trust you? No, no, darling. I wouldn't do it even if I could. Why should I?

BRIGID: *(eyes steady under SAM's; voice hushed)* Why should you? If you do not love me, there is no answer for that. If you did, no answer would be needed.

SAM: *(long held smile becoming a frightful grimace)* Making speeches is no damn good now. *(puts a hand on her shoulder; the hand shakes and jerks)* I don't care who loves who I'm not going to play the sap for you. You killed Archer and you're going over for it. I can't help you now. And I wouldn't if I could.

BRIGID: Don't help me then, but don't hurt me. Let me go away now. *(takes his hand from her shoulder and holds it to her face)*

SAM: No.

BRIGID: Why must you do this to me, Sam? Surely Mr. Archer wasn't as much to you as—

SAM: *(hoarsely)* Archer was a son of a bitch. I found that out the first week of doing business together and I meant to kick him out as soon as the year was up.

BRIGID: Then what?

SAM: *(pulls his hand out of hers)* Listen. This isn't a damned bit of good. You'll never understand me, but I'll try once more and then we'll give it up. One. When a man's partner is killed he's supposed to do something about it. It doesn't make any difference what you thought of him. Two. It happens we were in the detective business together. Well, when one of your organization gets killed it's bad business to let the killer get away with it. It's bad all around—bad for the organization, bad for detectives everywhere. Three. I'm a detective, and expecting me to run criminals down and then let them go free is like asking a dog to catch a rabbit and let it go. It can be done, all right, and sometimes it is done, but it's not the natural thing. That's—

BRIGID: You're not serious.

SAM: Wait till I'm through and then you can talk. Four, if you go I'll be dragged to the gallows. Five, because you'd have something on me, you could use this against me whenever you wanted to. Six, because I'd have something on you, you might decide to shoot a hole in me one day. Seven, I don't even like the idea of thinking there was one chance in a hundred that you'd played me for a sucker. And eight—but that's enough. All those on one side—maybe some of them are unimportant, I won't argue about that. But look at the number of them. And on the other side we've got what? All we've got is the fact that maybe you love me and maybe I love you.

BRIGID: You know, whether you do or not.

SAM: I don't. It's easy enough to be nuts about you—*(looks her hungrily up and down)*—but I don't know what that amounts to. Does anybody ever? Listen. If that doesn't mean anything to you forget it and we'll make it this: all of me wants to—wants to say to hell with the consequences and do it because—God damn you—you've counted on that with me, the same as you counted on that with the others. *(arms drop from her and fall to his sides)*

BRIGID: Look at me. And tell me the truth. Would you have done this to me if the falcon had been real and you had been paid your money?

SAM: What difference does that make now? Don't be too sure I'm as crooked as I'm supposed to be. Maybe that kind of reputation's good for business—bringing in high-priced jobs and making it easier to deal with the enemy.

BRIGID: *(looks at him; saying nothing.)*

SAM: (cont.) *(moves his shoulders a little)* Well, a lot of money would have been at least one more item on the other side of the scales.

BRIGID: *(puts her face up to his)* If you loved me you'd need nothing more on that side.

(BRIGID puts her mouth to SAM's slowly; she is in his arms when the doorbell rings.

SAM, an arm around BRIGID, answers the door for Lieutenant DUNDY and TOM Polhaus.)

SAM: Hello, Tom. Get them?

TOM: Got them.

SAM: Swell. Come in. Here's another for you. *(presses BRIGID forward)* She killed Archer. And I've got some exhibits—the kid's guns, one of Cairo's, a black statuette that all the hell was about, and a $1,000 dollar bill that I was supposed to be bribed with. *(looks at DUNDY; bursts out laughing)* What in hell's the matter with your little playmate, Tom? He looks heartbroken. *(laughs again)* I bet, by God! When he heard Gutman's story he thought he had me at last.

TOM: *(grumbles)* Cut it out, Sam. We didn't think—

SAM: *(merrily)* Like hell he didn't. He came up here with his mouth watering; thought you'd have sense enough to know I was stringing Gutman.

TOM: *(grumbles again)* Cut it out. *(looks uneasily at his superior)* Anyways we got the story from Cairo. Gutman's dead. The kid had just finished shooting him up when we got there.

SAM: *(nods)* He ought to have expected that.

(TOM and DUNDY take BRIGID by the arms—as BRIGID looks back at SAM.

Lights out.)

2.15 FINALE, YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT DON'T TOUCH ME NOW

(Lights up on SAM SPADE'S OFFICE, a little after 9 on Monday morning.

EFFIE is sitting in SAM's chair reading a newspaper, she jumps up as SAM enters.)

SAM: Morning, angel.

EFFIE: Is that—what the papers have—right?

SAM: Yes, ma'am. *(drops his hat on his desk and sits down)* So much for your woman's intuition.

EFFIE: *(a voice queer as her expression)* You did that, Sam, to her?

SAM: *(nods)* Your Sam's a detective. *(looks sharply at her; puts an arm around her waist)* She did kill Archer, angel. *(gently)* Offhand, like that. *(snaps the fingers of his other hand)*

EFFIE: *(escapes from his arm as if it hurt her)* Don't, please, don't touch me. I know—I know you're right. You're right. But don't touch me now—not now.

(SAM goes pale as his shirt.

The outer office door rattles; EFFIE goes quickly into the outer office, shutting the door behind her; she comes in again and shuts the door behind her.)

EFFIE: (cont.) *(in a small flat voice)* Iva is here.

SAM: *(looks down at his desk; nods almost imperceptibly)* Yes. *(shivers)* Well, shoo her in. *(reaches for a cigarette)*

(Lights out.)

THE END.

~Dashiell Hammett's 24 Rules For Detective Stories~

1. There was an automatic revolver, the Webley-Fosbery, made in England some years ago. The ordinary automatic pistol, however, is not a revolver. A pistol, to be a revolver, must have something on it that revolves.

2. The Colt's .45 automatic pistol has no chambers. The cartridges are put in a magazine.

3. A silencer may be attached to a revolver, but the effect will be altogether negligible. I have never seen a silencer used on an automatic pistol, but am told it would still make quite a bit of noise. "Silencer" is a rather optimistic name for this device which has generally fallen into disuse.

4. When a bullet from a Colt's .45, or any firearm of approximately the same size and power, hits you, even if not in a fatal spot, it usually knocks you over. It is quite upsetting at any reasonable range.

5. A shot or stab wound is simply felt as a blow or push at first. It is some little time before any burning or other painful sensation begins.

6. When you are knocked unconscious you do not feel the blow that does it.

7. A wound made after death of the wounded is usually recognizable as such.

8. Fingerprints of any value to the police are seldom found on anybody's skin.

9. The pupils of many drug addicts' eyes are apparently normal.

10. It is impossible to see anything by the flash of an ordinary gun, though it is easy to imagine you have seen things.

11. Not nearly so much can be seen by moonlight as you imagine. This is especially true of colours.

12. All Federal snoopers are not members of the Secret Service. That branch is chiefly occupied with pursuing counterfeiters and guarding Presidents and prominent visitors to our shores.

13. A sheriff is a county officer who usually has no official connection with city, town or state police.

14. Federal prisoners convicted in Washington, D.C., are usually sent to the Atlanta prison and not to Leavenworth.

15. The California State prison at San Quentin is used for convicts serving first terms. Two-time losers are usually sent to Folsom.

16. Ventriloquists do not actually "throw" their voices and such doubtful illusions as they manage depend on their gestures. Nothing at all could be done by a ventriloquist standing behind his audience.

17. Even detectives who drop their final g's should not be made to say "anythin'" an oddity that calls for vocal acrobatics.

18. "Youse" is the plural of "you".

19. A trained detective shadowing a subject does not ordinarily leap from doorway to doorway and does not hide behind trees and poles. He knows no harm is done if the subject sees him now and then.

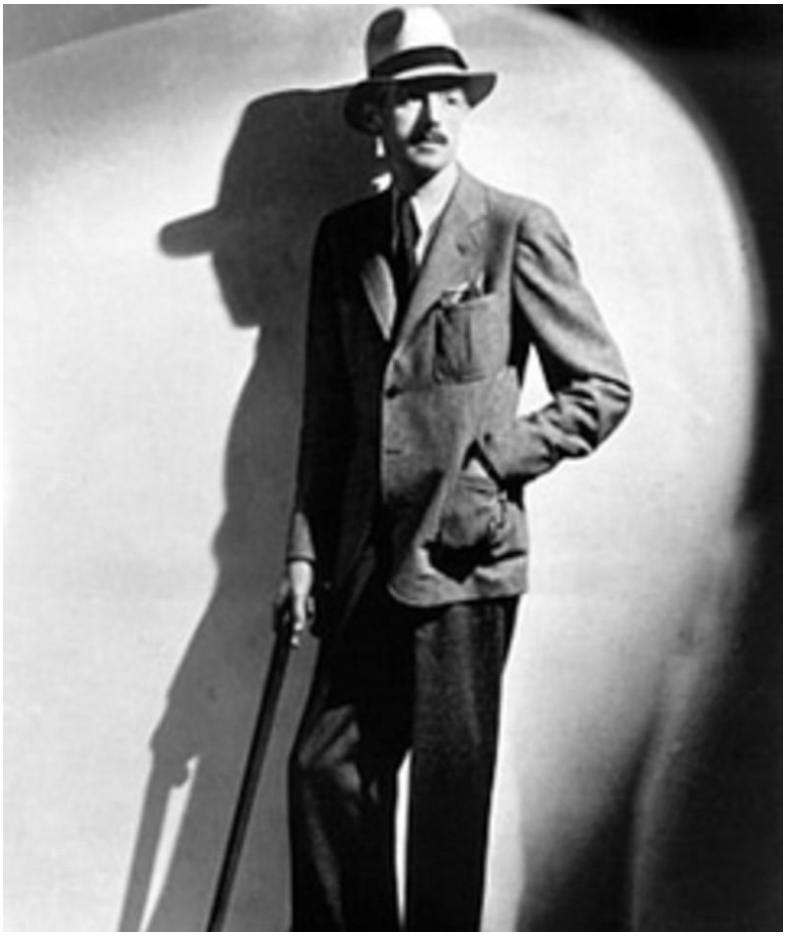
20. The current practice in most places in the United States is to make the coroner's inquest an empty formality in which nothing much is brought out except that somebody has died.

21. Fingerprints are fragile affairs. Wrapping a pistol or other small object up in a handkerchief is much more likely to obliterate than to preserve any prints it may have.

22. When an automatic pistol is fired the empty cartridge shell flies out the right-hand side. The empty cartridge case remains in a revolver until ejected by hand.

23. A lawyer cannot impeach his own witness.

24. The length of time a corpse has been a corpse can be approximated by an experienced physician, but only approximated, and the longer it has been a corpse, the less accurate the approximation is likely to be.



Dashiell Hammett served as an operative for the Pinkerton National Detective Agency from 1915 to February 1922 (with time off to serve in WWI). While working for Pinkerton in Baltimore, he learned the detective trade. He worked in the Continental Trust Building (now One Calvert Plaza). He said that while with the Pinkertons, he was sent to Butte, Montana, during the miners' union strikes. The agency's role in strike-breaking seems to have left him disillusioned. Hammett wrote most of his detective fiction while he was living in San Francisco in the 1920s. Streets and other locations in San Francisco are frequently mentioned in his stories. He said, "I do take most of my characters from real life." His novels were some of the first to use dialogue that sounded authentic to the era ("I distrust a man that says when"). Hammett embarked on a 30-year romantic relationship with the playwright Lillian Hellman. Though he continued to write sporadically, he finished his final novel in 1933, more than 25 years before his death. The Thin Man is dedicated to Hellman. Why he moved away from fiction is not certain. Hellman speculated in a posthumous collection of Hammett's novels, "I think, but I only think: he wanted to do new kind of work…"