

" THE MALTESE FALCON "

From the Novel

by

DASHIELL HAMMETT

----

Screen Play

by

JOHN HUSTON

FILE COPY -  
RED

Producer: Henry Blanke

Released as..... THE MALTESE FALCON On October 18, 1941

Screen Play by John Huston  
Based upon the Novel by Dashiell Hammett  
Photography by: Arthur Edson  
Directed by John Huston

Samuel Spade  
Brigid O'Chaughnessy  
Iva Archer  
Joel Cairo  
Lt. of Detectives Dundy  
Effie Porino  
Kasper Gutman  
Detective Tom Polhaus  
Kiles Archer  
Wilmer Cook  
Luko  
Frank Richman  
Bryan  
Kate of the La Paloma

Humphrey Bogart  
Mary Astor  
Gladys George  
Peter Lorre  
Barton MacLane  
Leo Patrick  
Sydney Greenstreet  
Ward Bond  
Jerome Cowan  
Elisha Cook, Jr.  
James Burke  
Murray Alper  
John Hamilton  
Emory Parnell

BITS

Policeman  
Stenographer  
Reporter  
Reporter  
Reporter  
Announcer

Robert Henness  
Creighton Hale  
Charles Drake  
Bill Hopper  
Hank Mann  
Jack Mower

First released version was "Maltese Falcon" in May, 1931.  
First re-make was entitled "Satan Was A Lady" was released in July, 1936.  
Different casts in each.

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

In the order of their appearance

- SAMUEL SPADE**.....His thickish brows, hook nose, high flat temples and widow's peak give him the look of a rather pleasant Satan. He is over six feet tall. The steep rounded slope of his shoulders makes his body seem almost conical -- no broader than it is thick and keeps his clothes from fitting very well. He is what most private detectives would like to be, a hard, shifty fellow, able to take care of himself in any situation, able to get the best of anybody he comes in contact with whether criminal, innocent bystander or client.
- EFFIE PERINE**.....Spade's secretary. A lanky, sunburned girl of twenty-two or three, with a shiny boyish face, bright, direct, unspoiled.
- BRIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY**.....alias Miss Wonderly. Tall, pliantly slender. Her body is erect and high-breasted. Her legs long, her hands and feet narrow. She has dark, soft, wavy hair, full lips. Her eyes are timid, childlike at times in their apparent innocence.
- MILES ARCHER**.....Spade's partner. Medium height, solidly built, wide in the shoulders, thick in the neck, with a heavy-jawed red face. He's about as many years past forty as Spade is past thirty.
- DETECTIVE TOM POLHAUS**....A barrel-bellied, tall man with shrewd, small eyes, a thick mouth and carelessly shaven dark jowls.
- LT. OF DETECTIVES DUNDY**...Compactly built man with a round head under short-cut grizzled hair and a square face behind short-cut grizzled moustache. His eyes are hard as pebbles and so deliberate as to make their focus seem a matter of mechanics.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

- IVA ARCHER.....Miles's wife. Blonde, a few years more than thirty. Her facial prettiness is perhaps five years past its best moment. Her body is finely modelled and exquisite in a full-blown way.
- MR. FREED.....Hotel Manager. Plump, middle-aged, in well fitting clothes. He has the ingratiating-yet-slightly-skeptical manner of the professional host.
- JOEL CAIRO.....Dark, small-boned, of medium height. His hair is black, smooth, glossy. He has narrow shoulders, plump hips. Jewels twinkle on the fingers of both hands. He speaks the rather too-perfect English sometimes heard out of foreigners. He is elaborately formal and polite.
- WILMER COOK.....A boy of nineteen or twenty, under-sized, pale-faced with small regular features and light colored small eyes that stare bleakly under long, curling lashes.
- LUKE.....House detective. Round and sallow of face, compactly built, tidily dressed in dark clothes.
- KASPER GUTMAN.....Flabbily fat with bulbous pink cheeks and lips and chins and neck with a great soft egg of a belly that is all his torso and pendant cones for arms and legs. His eyes, made small by fat puffs around them, are dark and sleek. Dark ringlets thinly cover his broad scalp. He wears a black cutaway coat, black vest, black satin Ascot tie holding a pinkish pearl, striped grey worsted trousers and patent-leather shoes. His manner, or rather the manner he affects, is benevolently paternal. Good humor, tolerance, bonhomie echo in his every

CAST OF CHARACTERS (Cont.)

BRYAN.....District Attorney. He has a lofty forehead, an orator's wide mouth and a wide dimpled chin. His voice in conversation has the latent power and deep resonance of the orator.

MATE OF THE "LA PALOMA"....A thickly-set figure in dark uniform. He carries himself stiffly erect. His watery blue eyes are candid and his slow speech carries a slight Scandinavian accent.

CAPTAIN JACOBY.....Tall, gaunt, with a deeply-lined weather-beaten face.

FRANK RICHMAN.....Chauffeur. Thick-set, youngish man with a plaid cap and a tough, cheery face.

Policemen, Detectives, Cab Drivers,  
Asst. Dist. Attorney, Stenographer  
(Male), Hotel Clerk, etc. etc.....

FADE IN

1. CLOSE SHOT ON A WINDOW

upon which the words - SPADE AND ARCHER - appear in reverse, in big black letters. Through the window we see to the left tall buildings that front San Francisco's Market Street, to the right, a section of the Bay Bridge.

CAMERA PULLS  
BACK TO:

2. INT. OFFICE CLOSE SHOT SAM SPADE

behind his cheap office desk, back to the window. His jaw is long and bony, his chin a jutting V under the more flexible V of his mouth. The V motif is picked up again by thickish brows rising upward from twin creases above a hooked nose. His dark hair grows down to a point on his forehead. He looks rather pleasantly like Satan. Spade is rolling a cigarette. OVER SCENE the SCOUND of the office door opening. He does not look up.

SPADE:

Yes, sweetheart?

3. INT. OFFICE MED. SHOT

EFFIE PERINE, a lanky, sunburned girl with eyes brown and playful and a shiny, boyish face, shuts the door behind her, leans against it.

EFFIE:

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

SPADE:

A customer?

EFFIE:

I guess so. You'll want to see  
her anyway. She's a knockout.

SPADE:

(licking his cigarette)  
Shoo her in, Effie darling - shoo  
her in.

(he puts the cigarette  
in his mouth, sets  
fire to it)

3 (Cont.)

The door opens again. Effie Ferino stands with her hand on the knob.

EFFIE:  
Will you come in, Miss Wonderly?

OVER SCENE a voice murmurs something, then Miss Wonderly appears, advances slowly with tentative steps, looks at Spade with eyes that are both shy and probing. Spade rises, bows, indicates with a thick-fingered hand, the oaken armchair beside his desk.

MISS WONDERLY:  
(softly)  
Thank you.

She sits down on the edge of the chair's wooden seat. Spade sinks back into his swivel chair, makes a quarter turn to face her. OVER SCENE the tappoty-tap-tap of Effie Ferino's typewriter. Spade smiles politely. White teeth glisten in the crescent Miss Wonderly's answering smile makes. She remains erect in the chair as if she expected to stay seated for only a moment. Her hands in dark gloves clasp and unclasp the flat, dark handbag in her lap.

SPADE:  
(rocking back in chair)  
Now what can I do for you, Miss Wonderly?

She catches her breath, looks at him, swallows.

MISS WONDERLY:  
(hurriedly)  
Could you -? I thought - I - that is...

She tortures her lower lip. Only her dark eyes speak now, pleading. Spade smiles and nods.

SPADE:  
(after several moments)  
Suppose you tell me about it from the very beginning.

MISS WONDERLY:  
That was in New York.

Yes? SPADE:

And now the words tumble out.

MISS WONDERLY:  
I don't know where she met him in New York. She's much younger than I - only seventeen - we didn't have the same friends. Father and mother are in Europe. It would kill them. I've got to get her back before...

3 (Cont.1)

He nods as though the rush of words made perfect sense to him.

Yes ...

SPADE:

MISS WONDERLY:

They're coming home the first of the month.

SPADE:

(reassuringly)

That gives us two weeks.

MISS WONDERLY:

I didn't know what she had done until her letter came. I was frantic.

(her lips tremble)

I didn't know what to do.

(pathotically)

What could I do?

SPADE:

(in the gentle tones

one uses to a child

one the verge of tears)

Nothing, of course...But then, her letter came?

MISS WONDERLY:

Yes.

(again the words  
tumble forth)

And I sent her a telegram asking her to come back home. I sent it to General Delivery here. That was the only address she gave me... I waited a whole week but no answer came - and mother's and father's return was growing nearer and nearer, so I came out here to get her. I wrote her I was coming. I shouldn't have done that, should I?

SPADE:

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

MISS WONDERLY:

No, I haven't. I wrote her that I would go to the St. Mark and I begged her to meet me there and let me talk to her. I waited three days. She didn't come .. didn't even send a message.

Spade nods, frowns sympathetically.

MISS WONDERLY:

It was horrible! Waiting...!



MISS WONDERLY: (Cont.)

...Not knowing what had happened to her -- what might be happening to her. (she stops trying to smile - shudders)

I wrote her another letter General Delivery. Yesterday afternoon I went to the postoffice. I stayed there until after dark but I didn't see her. I went there again this morning and still didn't see Corinne -- but I saw Floyd Thursby.

Spade's frown goes away. In its place comes a look of sharp 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 he'd say that anyway, wouldn't he?

... SPADE:

It might be true.

MISS WONDERLY:

(tremblingly)

I hope it is.. I do hope it is. But .. but .. he said she didn't want to see me. I can't believe that. He promised to tell her he had seen me, and to bring her to see me, if she would come, this evening, at the hotel. He said he knew she wouldn't. He promised to come himself if she didn't ...

The office door opens. She breaks off with a startled hand to her mouth. The man who opened the door, comes in a step.

ARCHER:

Oh, excuse me -  
(hastily, he takes off his brown hat, starts to back out)

SPADE:

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

Archer ducks his head, smiling at Miss Wonderly, shuts the door behind him and makes a vague gesture with the hat in his hand. He is of medium height, solidly built, wide in the shoulders, thick in the neck with a heavy-jawed, red face. He is about as many years past forty

3 (Cont.3)

SPADE:

Miss Wonderly's sister ran away from New York with a fellow named Floyd Thursby. They are here in San Francisco. 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.

(he looks at Miss Wonderly)

Right?

MISS WONDERLY:

(indistinctly)

Yes.

Archer comes forward to the corner of the desk. While the girl looks at her bag, he looks at her. His little brown eyes run their bold appraising gaze from her lowered face to her feet and up to her face again. Then he looks at Spade and makes a silent whistling mouth of appreciation. Spade winks at him.

SPADE:

It's simply a matter of having a man at the hotel this evening to shadow him when he leads us to your sister. If she doesn't want to leave him after we've found her - well, there are ways of managing that.

ARCHER:

(his voice heavy,  
coarse)

Yeah..

Miss Wonderly looks up quickly. Fear shows on her face.

MISS WONDERLY:

Oh, but you must be careful.

(her voice shakes a  
little and her lips  
shape the words with  
nervous jerkiness)

I'm deathly afraid of him - of what he might do. She's so young and his bringing her here from New York is such a serious-- mightn't he -- mightn't he do something to her?

Spade smiles, pats the arms of his chair.

SPADE:

Just leave that to us. We'll know  
how to handle him.

MISS WONDERLY:

(earnestly)

But I want you to know that he's a dangerous man. I honestly don't think he'd stop at anything. I don't believe he'd hesitate to -- to kill Corinne if he thought it would save him.

ARCHER:

Can he cover up by marrying her?

MISS WONDERLY:

(blushes in confusion)

He has a wife and three children in England.

SPADE:

They usually do though not always in England.

(reaching for pencil and pad)

What does he look like?

Spade makes notes as she talks.

MISS WONDERLY:

He has dark hair and thick eyebrows. He talks in a loud blustery way. He gives the impression of being -- a violent person.

SPADE:

Thin, medium or heavy-built?

MISS WONDERLY:

Quite athletic. He's broad-shouldered and has what could be called a military carriage. He was wearing a light gray suit and a gray hat when I saw him this morning.

SPADE:

(laying down the pencil)

What does he do for a living?

MISS WONDERLY:

I haven't the slightest idea.

SPADE:

At what time is he coming to see you?

(CONTINUED)

MISS WONDERLY:  
After eight o'clock.

SPADE:  
All right, Miss Wonderly. We'll  
have a man there.

ARCHER:  
(interjects)  
I'll look after it myself.

Spade gives him a glance of concealed amusement.

MISS WONDERLY:  
(pathetically grate-  
ful)  
Thank you ... Thank you.

She opens her handbag with nervous fingers, brings out  
two bills, puts them on Spade's desk.

MISS WONDERLY:  
Will that be enough?

Spade nods. She gives Spade her hand. Then, in the  
same grateful tone:

MISS WONDERLY:  
Thank you .. Thank you.

SPADE:  
Not at all ... It'll help some  
if you meet Thursby in the lobby.

MISS WONDERLY:  
I will.

ARCHER:  
You don't have to look for me.  
I'll see you all right.

She nods. Spade goes to the door with Miss Wonderly.

MISS WONDERLY:  
(repeats once again)  
Thank you...

When she is gone, Spade comes back to his desk. Archer  
has picked up one of the bills, is examining it.

(CONTINUED)

ARCHER:

(growls complacently)  
They're right enough.  
(he folds it and  
tucks it into his  
vest pocket)

And they have brothers in her bag.

Spade pockets the other bill before sitting down.

SPADE:

What do you think of her?

ARCHER:

Sweet.

(guffaws suddenly)

Maybe you saw her first, Sam, but  
I spoke first.

Ho puts his hands in his trousers pockets and teeters  
on his heels. Spade, behind his desk, grins wolfishly  
at Archer, showing the edges of his teeth far back in  
his jaws.

SPADE:

You've got brains. Yes, you have.

He begins to make a cigarette.

DISSOLVE TO:

4. DARKNESS

A telephone is RINGING. It rings three times. Then  
the SOUND of bed-springs creaking and of the instrument  
being lifted.

SPADE'S VOICE:

Hello ... Yes, speaking ....  
Dead? ... Yes ... Fifteen minutes  
... Where? ... Bush and Stockton ...  
Thanks ....

The SOUND of the instrument being replaced, followed  
by the click of a switch.

5. INT. SPADE'S ROOM

Spade, barefoot in checked pajamas, sits on the side  
of his bed scowling at the telephone. The hands of  
a tinny alarm clock, which sits on a volume of  
"Duke's Celebrated Criminal Cases of America", are  
at five minutes past two. Spade scratches the back

5 (Cont.)

of his neck, reaches for a packet of brown papers and a sack of tobacco by the telephone, makes a cigarette with deliberate care, licks it, puts it in his mouth. The curtains at the two open windows flutter. From across the bay comes the dull moaning of the Alcatraz fog horn. Spade sits for several moments with the cold cigarette in his mouth. Then he reaches for the telephone again, dials a number. Waiting for the answer, he shivers.

SPADE:

(into telephone)

Send a cab to ....

DISSOLVE TO:

6. MED. SHOT FRONT OF SECOND CLASS APARTMENT BLDG. NIGHT

The overhead arc throws light on faces at the windows. CAMERA PULLS BACK past a uniformed policeman, who is chewing gum, to include the sign on the lamp post: BUSH STREET. Cars are parked helter-skelter on either side of the street. A taxi comes into scene, stops in the middle of the street. Spade gets out, gives the driver money. As he starts across the street toward CAMERA, the policeman puts out an arm.

POLICEMAN:

What do you want here?

SPADE:

I'm Sam Spade. Tom Polhaus phoned me.

POLICEMAN:

(recognizing him -  
his arm goes down)

I didn't know you at first. They're  
back there.

(he jerks a thumb  
over his shoulder)

CAMERA PANS with him toward an alley-way in which a dark ambulance stands.

7. MED. SHOT THE ALLEY-WAY

as Spade enters. It is bordered on one side by a waist-high fence. Spade crosses to a place where a ten-foot length of the top rail of the fence has been torn from a post at one end and hangs dangling from the other. He looks down.

8. LONG SHOT THE HILLSIDE NIGHT

SHOOTING over Spado's shoulder. From the foot of the fence the hillside drops steeply away. Fifteen feet down the slope a flat boulder sticks up. Two men stand in the angle between the boulder and slope. One is pointing a camera. A bulb flashes and we get a momentary glimpse of a body lying on the boulder. Other men with lights move up and down the slope. One of them raises a torch so the beam strikes Spade in the face.

POLHAUS:

(calls)  
Hello, Sam.

Lowering the beam, Tom Polhaus clammers up to the alley, his shadow running before him. Stepping over the fence, he joins Spado by the broken rail. He is a barrel-bollied, tall man with shrowd, small eyes. His shoes, his hands and his knees, are covered with mud.

POLHAUS:

I figured you'd want to see it before we took him away.

SPADE:

Thanks, Tom. What happened?

Polhaus points at his own left breast with a muddy finger.

POLHAUS:

Got him right through the pump with this.

He takes a flat revolver from his coat pocket, holds it toward Spado but Spado doesn't take it. After a moment Polhaus flashes his light on it. Mud inlays the depressions in the revolver's surface.

POLHAUS:

A Webloy. English, ain't it?

Spado takes his elbow from the fence post, leans down to look at the weapon but does not touch it.

SPADE:

Yes. Webloy-Fosbery Automatic Revolver, thirty-eight, eight shot. They don't make them anymore. How many gone out of it?

POLHAUS:

One pill.  
(he pokes his left breast again)

SPADE:

(speaking quickly)

He was shut up here, huh? ....  
standing like you are with his back  
to the fence. The man that shot him  
stands here.

(he goes in front of  
Polhaus and raises his  
hand chest high with a  
levelled fore-finger)

Milos goes back, taking the top off  
the fence and going on through and  
down till the rock catches him.  
That it?

POLHAUS:

That's it.

(he works his  
brows together)

The blast burnt his coat.

SPADE:

Who found him?

POLHAUS:

Man on the beat.

SPADE:

Anybody hear the shot?

POLHAUS:

Somebody must've. We only just got  
here, Sam.

(turning he puts a  
leg back over the fence)

Coming down for a look at him before  
he's moved?

SPADE:

(shortly)

No.

Polhaus, astride the fence, looks at Spade with sur-  
prised, small eyes.

SPADE:

You've seen everything I could.

Polhaus nods doubtfully, withdraws leg from the fence.

POLHAUS:

His gun was tucked away on his hip.  
It hadn't been fired. His overcoat  
was buttoned. There was a hundred  
dollar bill in his vest pocket and  
thirty some bucks in his pants....  
Was he working Sam?



8 (Cont.)

After a moment's hesitation, Sam nods.

POLHAUS:  
Well?

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

POLHAUS:  
What for?

Spade puts his hands into his overcoat pocket, blinks  
sleepy eyes at Polhaus:

POLHAUS:  
(impatiently)  
What for?

SPADE:  
We were trying to find out where  
he lived.

He grins slightly, takes his hand from his pocket, pats  
Polhaus' shoulder.

SPADE:  
Don't crowd me.  
(his hands go back  
into his pockets)  
I'm going out to break the news  
to Miles's wife.  
(he turns away)

Polhaus, scowling, opens his mouth, closes it, with-  
out having said anything, clears his throat, puts the  
scowl off his face and speaks with a husky sort of  
gentleness.

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

SPADE:  
I guess so.

He goes toward the mouth of the alley. The brick wall  
to his left reflects the light of another flash bulb.

9. MED. SHOT BUSH STREET

NIGHT

Spade comes out of the alley, turns down Bush Street.  
The uniformed policeman is on the sidewalk now.

POLICEMAN:  
(as Spado passes)  
Bad business.

SPADE:  
Bad enough.

Another car pulls up. Two men get out, one in uniform, and cross toward the alley. The first policeman salutes the one who is not in uniform. Spade goes on down the street.

WIPE TO:

10. INT. DRUG STORE CLOSE SHOT SPADE

in telephone booth, receiver to his ear. The receiver repeats the ringing sound four times. Then:

SPADE:  
(into phone)  
Effie - it's me... Listen, Precious  
...Miles has been shot... Yes...  
He's dead... Now don't get excited...  
Yes... You'll have to break it to  
Iva - I'll fry first - and keep her  
away from me... That's a good girl -  
get right over there... You're an  
angel.... Bye.

He hangs up, opens the door, leaves the booth. CAMERA PANS as he goes out of drug store and up the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

11. INT. SPADE'S ROOM

The tinny alarm clock on the volume of "Celebrated Criminal Cases" says 3:40 when Spade turns on the light. He drops his hat and overcoat on the bed and exits into the kitchen, returns after a moment with a tall bottle of Bacardi. He pours a drink, drinks it standing, pours another. OVER SCENE the SOUND of the street-door buzzer. Spade's face becomes ugly. He makes no move until the buzzer SOUNDS again. Then, sighing, he goes to the telephone box beside his bedroom door, presses a button that releases the street-door lock, stands scowling at the black telephone box. OVER SCENE the grating and rattling of the elevator door in the corridor opening and closing. Spade sighs again, moves into the corridor.

12. CLOSE SHOT INT. CORRIDOR

as Spade opens the door on the barrel-bellied detective Polhaus, and Lieutenant Dundy. Spade's face brightens. His eyes lose their harassed expression.

SPADE:  
(to Polhaus)  
Hello, Tom.  
(to Dundy)  
Hello, Lieutenant. Come in.

They nod together, neither saying anything, and enter. Spade shuts the door as they go toward his bedroom.

13. MED. SHOT INT. SPADE'S BEDROOM SPADE, POLHAUS, DUNDY

as Polhaus sits on an end of the sofa and Spade on the side of the bed. The Lieutenant takes a chair beside the table. Lieutenant Dundy is a compactly-built man with a round head and short-cut grizzled hair and a square face behind a short-cut grizzled moustache. A five-dollar gold piece is pinned to his necktie and there is a small elaborate diamond-set secret society emblem on his lapel. He examines the room with hard, deliberate eyes. Then he looks at Polhaus, who shifts uncomfortably on the sofa.

POLHAUS:  
Did you break the news to Milos's wife, Sam?

Uh-huh. SPADE:

How'd she take it? POLHAUS:

SPADE:  
(shaking his head)  
I don't know anything about women.

(CONTINUED)

POLHAUS:

(softly)

Since when, don't you?

The Lieutenant puts his hands on his knees, leans forward, fixes his eyes on Spade in a peculiarly rigid stare as if their focus were a matter of mechanics - to be changed by pulling a lever.

DUNDY:

What kind of gun do you carry?

SPADE:

(easily)

None. I don't like them much.  
Of course, there are some at the office.

DUNDY:

You don't happen to have one here?

Spade shakes his head.

DUNDY:

You sure of that?

SPADE:

Look around.

(smiling, he waves  
his empty glass)

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

Polhaus shifts his seat on the sofa again, blows a deep breath out through his nose.

POLHAUS:

(plaintively)

We're not wanting to make any trouble, Sam.

SPADE:

(ignoring Polhaus -  
to Dundy)

I don't like this. What are you sucking around for? Tell me or get out!

(he rises)

POLHAUS:

(pleading)

You can't treat us that way, Sam. It ain't right. We got our work to do.

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont.1)

Dundy jumps up, stands close to Spade, thrusts his square face up to the taller man's.

DUNDY:  
Why were you tailing Thursby?

SPADE:  
I wasn't.. Miles was.. For the swell reason that we had a client who was paying good United States money to have him tailed.

DUNDY:  
Who's the client?

SPADE:  
Sorry - can't tell you that.

POLHAUS:  
(begging)  
Be reasonable, Sam. Give us a chance.. How can we turn up anything on Mike's killing if you won't tell us what you've got?

DUNDY:  
Tom says you were in too much of a hurry to even stop for a look at your dead partner.

Polhaus growls something, hangs his head.

DUNDY:  
And you didn't go to Archer's house to tell his wife.. Wo called up and the girl in your office was there and she said you told her to go..

Spade's face is stupid in its calmness..

DUNDY:  
I give you ten minutes to get to a phone and do your talking to the girl. I give you ten minutes to get to Thursby's joint - Coary near Leavenworth - You could do it easily in that time..

(CONTINUED)

SPADE:

(to Polhaus)

What's your boy friend getting  
at, Tom?

DUNDY:

Just this.

(he taps Spade's  
chest with the  
knuckles of  
two bent  
fingers)

Thursby was shot down in front  
of his hotel about half an  
hour after you left Bush Street.

SPADE:

(separating his  
words)

Keep - your - paws - off -  
me!

DUNDY:

(his eyes are  
pale disks)

What time did you get home?

Spade reaches for his tobacco and papers, starts  
making a cigarette.

SPADE:

(candidly)

I came in just a few minutes  
ahead of you. I was walking  
around thinking things over.

DUNDY:

We knew you weren't here.  
We tried to get you on the  
phone. Where'd you walk  
to?

SPADE:

(licks his  
cigarette)

Out Bush Street a way.

DUNDY:

See anybody that ....?

(CONTINUED)

SPADE:

No - no witnesses.  
(he laughs pleasantly)  
Sit down, Dundy. You haven't  
finished your drink.  
(to Polhaus)  
Another one, Tom?

POLHAUS:

No thanks, Sam.

Dundy sits down but pays no attention to his glass.  
Spade fills his own glass, drinks. Then himself sits  
down again on the side of the bed.

SPADE:

I know where I stand now.  
(he looks with friendly  
eyes from one man to  
the other)

Sorry I got up on my hind legs, but  
you birds trying to rope me made me  
nervous. Miles getting knocked off  
bothered me and then you birds crack-  
ing foxy. That's all right how  
though - now that I know what you're  
up to.

POLHAUS:

Forget it.

SPADE:

Thursby die?

POLHAUS:

Yes.

SPADE:

How did I kill him? I forget.

POLHAUS:

(grunts disgustedly -  
then)

He was shot four times in the back  
with a .44 or .45 from across the  
street. Nobody saw it but that's  
the way it figures.

SPADE:

Hotel people know anything about  
him?

POLHAUS:

Nothing except he'd been there a  
week.

(CONTINUED)

Alone?

SPADE:

(nods)

POLHAUS:

Alone.

SPADE:

(makes a careless gesture  
with his cigarette)

Did you find out who he was? ...  
What his game was? ... Did you?

DUNDY:

We thought you could tell us that.

Spade regards the Lieutenant with eyes that hold an exaggerated amount of candor.

SPADE:

I've never seen Thursby - dead or  
alive.

Dundy gets up again. His lower lip pushes the words  
out.

DUNDY:

You know me, Spade. If you did it  
or you didn't, you'll get a square  
deal out of me, and most of the  
breaks. I don't know that I'd blame  
you a lot - the man that killed your  
partner.

(his eyes become  
hard as pebbles)

But that wouldn't keep me from nail-  
ing you.

SPADE:

(evenly)

Fair enough ... but I'd feel better  
about it if you'd have a drink with me.

Spade pours Bacardi into the three glasses, gives one  
to each of the detectives, then raises his own.

SPADE:

Success to crime!

Dundy barely touches his lips to the glass, puts it  
down and starts out. Polhaus drinks his off, puts  
his hand out awkwardly. Spade shakes the hand. Then  
Polhaus follows his superior into the vestibule and  
the hall. As Spade starts to undress -

FADE OUT.



FADE IN

14. CLOSE SHOT A GLASS PANELED DOOR  
On it in black gold-edged letters:

SPADE AND ARCHER

Spade enters scene, opens the door, goes into the outer office.

15. INT. OUTER OFFICE

as Spade enters. Effie Perine is at her desk opening the morning mail. She puts down a handful of envelopes and a brass paper knife, frowns at Spade.

EFFIE:

(voice low and warning)  
She's in there.

Spade makes the face of one who has an ugly taste in his mouth.

SPADE:

(his voice low)  
I told you to keep her away!

EFFIE:

(irritably)  
Yes - but you didn't tell me how.  
(her shoulders droop  
wearily)  
Don't be cranky, Sam. I had her  
all night.

Spade puts his hand on the girl's head, smooths her hair.

SPADE:

Sorry, angel. I didn't mean --  
(he breaks off as the  
door to the inner  
office opens)  
-- Hello, Iva.

IVA:

Oh, Sam.

She is a blonde woman of a few more years than thirty. Her facial prettiness is perhaps five years past its best moment. Her body in black clothes from hat to shoes, is finely modeled and exquisite. She steps back from the door and stands waiting for Spade. He takes his hand from Effie Perine's head, enters the inner office.

as she shuts the door. Iva comes to him quickly, putting out her arms and raising her face for his kiss. After the kiss, he makes a little movement as if to release her but she presses her face to his chest and begins sobbing. Spade strokes her shoulder saying:

SPADE:

Poor darling!

His voice is tender but his eyes, on the desk across the room from his own - the desk that had been his partner's - are angry. He turns his chin aside to avoid contact with the crown of her hat:

SPADE:

Did Effie attend to everything?

IVA:

Yes, I think so ... Oh, Sam ...

Spade's teeth show in an impatient grimace. He bends his head for a surreptitious look at the watch on his wrist. The woman stirs in his arms, raises her face. Her eyes are wet, round and white-ringed. Her mouth is moist.

IVA:

Oh, Sam ...  
(she moans)  
Did you kill him?

Spade takes his arms from around her, steps back, stares at her with bulging eyes, his bony jaw hanging loose. She keeps her arms up as he left them. Anguish clouds her eyes. Her soft, damp red lips tremble. Spade laughs - a harsh syllable, goes to the window, stands there looking out until she starts towards him. Then he turns quickly, goes to his desk, sits down and looks at her with eyes that glitter between narrow lids

SPADE:

(coldly)  
Who put that bright idea in your head?

IVA:

I thought...

She lifts a hand to her mouth and fresh tears come to her eyes. She moves with easy, sure-footed grace to a place beside the desk.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

IVA:  
(humbly)  
Be kind to me, Sam.

He laughs again, his eyes still glittering.

SPADE:  
You killed my husband, Sam. Be  
kind to me!  
(he claps his  
hands together)

Iva begins to cry audibly. Spade's jaw muscles bulge, then he takes a deep breath, makes his face expressionless, gets up, goes around the desk to stand behind her, put his arms around her.

SPADE:  
(softly)  
Now .. don't... Iva... don't...  
(he puts his mouth  
to her ear and  
whispers)  
You shouldn't have come here today,  
darling. You ought to be home.

Iva turns around in his arms to face him.

IVA:  
You'll come soon?

SPADE:  
As soon as I can.  
(he leads her to  
the door, opens it)  
Goodbye, Iva.

He bows her out, shuts the door, returns to his desk. He takes tobacco and cigarette papers from his vest pocket but does not roll a cigarette. He sits holding the papers in one hand, tobacco in the other, and looks with brooding eyes at his dead partner's desk. Presently Effie Porino opens the door, comes in.

EFFIE:  
(quietly)  
Well?

Spade says nothing. His brooding gaze does not move from his partner's desk.

EFFIE:  
(in a louder voice)  
How did you and the widow make out?

SPADE:  
(only his lips move)  
She thinks I shot Miles.

EFFIE:  
So you could marry her?  
Spade makes no reply to that. The girl leans over, takes the papers and the tobacco sack.

SPADE:  
The police think I shot Thursby... the guy Miles was tailing for the Wonderly girl -- Who do you think I shot?

Effie's thin fingers shape the cigarette. She licks it, smooths it, bites the end and places it between Spade's fingers.

SPADE:  
Thanks, honey.

He puts an arm around her slim waist, rests his cheek wearily against her hip.

EFFIE:  
Are you going to marry Iva?  
(she snaps his desk lighter)

SPADE:  
Don't be silly.  
(he puts the end of his cigarette to the flame)  
I wish I had never laid eyes on her.

EFFIE:  
Maybe you do now.  
(a trace of spitefulness comes into her voice - leans over for a view of his face)  
Do you suppose she could have killed him?

Spade sits up straight, takes his arm from her waist, smiles at her.

SPADE:  
(tenderly - through the smoke)  
You're an angel ... 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 o'clock this morning?

Spade's eyes are immediately alert.

SPADE:

EFFIE:

(nods)

She kept me waiting at the door while she undressed. Her clothes were on a chair where she had dumped them - hat and coat underneath. Her singlet on top was still warm. She had wrinkled up the bed but the wrinkles weren't mashed down.

SPADE:

(pats Effie's hand)

You're a detective, darling, but ...

(shaking his head)

She didn't kill him.

EFFIE:

Do the police really think you shot this what's-his-name?

He brushes the ashes off his cigarette.

EFFIE:

(insisting)

Do they?

Spade shrugs.

EFFIE:

Look at me, Sam.

He obeys with elaborate seriousness.

EFFIE:

You worry me. You always think you know what you're doing but you're too slick for your own good, and some day you're going to find it out.

Spade grins mockingly at her. The telephone RINGS. Effie takes up the receiver.

EFFIE:

(into phone)

Spade and Archer... Oh, yes, Miss Wonderly ...

Spade takes the phone from her hand.

SPADE:

(into phone)

Hello... Yes, this is Sam Spade... I was just going to call you ... Oh ...

(after a short pause)

How's that?... Oh ... Where are you?... The Coronet on California Street, Apartment 1001...

As Spade repeats the address, Effie writes it down on a slip of paper.

SPADE:  
Have Hilos's desk moved out and have  
the "Spade and Archer" taken off the  
door and windows and "Samuel Spado"  
put on.

He turns to the door, hesitates, then goes back to the  
desk, picks up the slip of paper on which the address is  
written, takes out his lighter, snaps on the flame,  
and sets fire to the slip of paper. He holds it until  
all but one corner is curling black ash, then drops it  
on the linoleum and mashes it out with his foot.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY CORONET APARTMENTS CLOSE SHOT SPADE

pressing the buzzer of Apartment 1001. Miss Wonderly,  
in a belted green crepe dress, opens the door immediate-  
ly. Her face is flushed. Her hair parted on the left  
side sweeping back in loose waves over her right temple,  
is somewhat tousled.

SPADE:  
(taking off his hat)  
Good morning.

MISS WONDERLY:  
(lowers her head - then in  
a hushed timid voice)  
Come in, Mr. Spado.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Several bags stand open on the floor. Miss Wonderly and  
Spade enter from the hall.

MISS WONDERLY:  
Everything is upside-down. I haven't  
even finished unpacking.

She lays his hat on a table, sits down on a walnut set-  
tee. Spade sits on a brocaded oval-backed chair, facing  
her. She looks at her fingers, working them together.  
Then:

MISS WONDERLY:  
Mr. Spade, I've a terrible, terrible  
confession to make.

He smiles a polite smile.

MISS WONDERLY:  
That -- that story I told you yesterday  
was all -- a story.  
(she stammers, looks at  
him with miserable frighten-  
ed eyes)

SPADE:

Oh, that ...

(lightly)

We didn't exactly believe your story  
Miss -- Miss -- Is your name Wonderly  
or Leblanc?

MISS WONDERLY:

(working her fingers again)

It's really O'Shaughnessy -- Brigid  
O'Shaughnessy.

SPADE:

We didn't exactly believe your story,  
Miss O'Shaughnessy. We believed your two  
hundred dollars.

BRIGID:

You mean ...?

SPADE:

I mean, that you paid us more than if  
you had been telling us the truth ...

(blandly)

.. and enough more to make it all right.

BRIGID:

(bites her lip)

Mr. Spade, tell me ...

(her face becomes  
haggard, eyes  
desperate)

Am I to blame -- for last night?

SPADE:

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.

(he shrugs his sloping  
shoulders)

I wouldn't say it was your fault.

BRIGID:

(very softly)

Thank you.

(she puts her hand  
to her throat)

Mr. Archer was so - so alive yester-  
day, so solid and hearty and ...

SPADE:

(sharply)

Stop it. He knew what he was  
doing. Those are the chances  
we take.

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID:  
Was -- was he married?

SPADE:  
Yes, with ten thousand insurance,  
no children and a wife who didn't  
like him.

BRIGID:  
Oh, please don't!

SPADE:  
(shrugging again)  
That's the way it was.

He glances at his watch, gets up.

SPADE:  
Anyway, there's no time for worry-  
ing about that now.  
(nods his  
head toward  
the window)

Out there a flock of policemen  
and assistant district attorneys  
are running around with their  
noses to the ground.

Brigid moves over on the sofa, making a place for him  
beside her - but Spade remains standing.

BRIGID:  
(her voice thin  
and tremulous)  
Mr. Spade, do they know about me?

SPADE:  
Not yet. I've been stalling them  
until I could see you.

BRIGID:  
Must they know about me at all,  
Mr. Spade? Couldn't you somehow  
manage to shield me from them?  
So I won't have to answer their  
questions?

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

She rises, puts a timid hand to his coat sleeve.

BRIGID:  
I can't tell you -- I can't tell  
you now -- later I will -- when I  
can. You must trust me --



BRIGID: (Cont.)

Oh, I'm so alone and afraid!  
I've got nobody to help me if  
you won't help me.

(begging)

Be generous, Mr. Spade. You're  
strong. You're brave. You can  
spare me some of that strength  
and courage, surely.

(she drops to her  
knees, her hand  
touching his,  
clings pitifully)

Help me, Mr. Spade! I need help  
so badly. I've no right to ask  
you but I do ask you. Help me!

Spade empties his lungs with a long sighing exhalation.

SPADE:

You won't need much of anybody's  
help. You're 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."

She jumps to her feet. Her face blanching painfully,  
but she holds her head erect and she looks Spade  
straight in the eye.

BRIGID:

(voice chilled)

I deserve that. But -- Oh -- The  
lie was in the way I said it and  
not at all in what I said.

(lips trembling  
slightly, but  
head still erect)

It's my own fault that you can't  
believe me now.

Spade's face darkens. He looks down at the floor.

SPADE:

(muttering)

Now you are dangerous.

Brigid O'Shaughnessy goes to the table, picks up his  
hat. She comes back and stands in front of him, holding  
the hat for him to take if he wishes. Her face is thin,  
haggard.

(CONTINUED)

SPADE:

(looking at  
his hat)

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 line on your Floyd Thursby.

She puts his hat on the table, slips down onto the settee again.

BRIGID:

I met him in the Orient.  
(tracing with  
pointed fingers  
a figure eight on  
a sofa pillow)

We came here from Hongkong last week. He had promised to help me. He took advantage of my dependence on him to betray me.

SPADE:

Betray you how?

Brigid O'Shaughnessy shakes her head and says nothing.

SPADE:

(taking a new  
tack)

Why did you want him shadowed?

BRIGID:

I wanted to learn how far he had gone, whom he was meeting. Things like that.

SPADE:

Did he kill Archer?

BRIGID:

(surprised)

Yes, certainly.

SPADE:

He had a Luger in his shoulder holster. Archer wasn't killed with a Luger.

BRIGID:

Floyd always carried an extra revolver in his overcoat pocket.

SPADE:

Why all the guns?

BRIGID:

He lived by them. The story in Hongkong is that he first came to the Orient as bodyguard to a gambler who had to leave the States - that the gambler had since disappeared and that Floyd knew about his disappearance. I don't know. I do know that he always went heavily armed and that he never went to sleep without covering the floor around his bed with crumpled newspapers so nobody could come silently into his room.

SPADE:

You picked a nice sort of playmate.

BRIGID:

(simply)

Only that sort could have helped me -- if he had been loyal.

SPADE:

(pinching his lower lip between finger and thumb)

How bad a hole are you actually in?

BRIGID:

(the chill coming back into her voice)

As bad as could be.

SPADE:

Physical danger?

BRIGID:

I'm not heroic. I don't think there is anything worse than death!

SPADE:

Then it's that?

BRIGID:

It's that as surely as we're sitting here....

(she shivers)

.... unless you help me.

Spade releases his lower lip, runs his fingers through his hair.

SPADE:

Who killed Thursby? Your enemies  
or his?

Brigid puts a crumpled handkerchief to her mouth, speaks  
through it.

BRIGID:

I don't know. His, I suppose.  
But I'm afraid... I don't know.

Spade makes a growling animal noise in his throat.

SPADE:

This is hopeless. I don't know  
what you want done. I don't even  
know if you know what you want.  
(he reaches for  
his hat)

BRIGID:

(begging in a  
somewhat choked  
voice)

You won't go to the police?

SPADE:

(his voice loud  
with rage)

Go to them?

(puts his hat  
on his head,  
pulling it down  
tightly)

All I've got to do is stand still  
and they'll be swarming all over  
me. Well, I'll tell them all I  
know and you'll have to take your  
chances.

The girl rises from the settee and stands very straight  
in front of him, holding her white, panic-stricken face  
high, though she cannot hold the twitching muscles of  
mouth and chin still.

BRIGID:

You've been patient. You've tried  
to help me. It's hopeless and use-  
less, I suppose.

(she stretches out  
her right hand)

I thank you for what you have done.  
-- I -- I'll have to take my chances.

Spade makes the growling, animal noise in his throat  
again. Then:

SPADE:  
(abruptly)  
How much money have you got?

The question startles her.

BRIGID:  
(reluctantly)  
I've about five hundred dollars  
left.

SPADE:  
Give it to me.

She hesitates, looking timidly at him. He makes an angry gesture. She goes into her bedroom, returning almost immediately with a sheaf of paper in one hand. He takes the money from her, counts it. Then:

SPADE:  
(scowling)  
There's only four hundred here.

BRIGID:  
(mockly)  
I had to keep some to live on.  
(she raises a  
hand to her  
breast)

SPADE:  
(brutally)  
Can't you get any more?

BRIGID:  
No.

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

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

SPADE:  
You'll have to hock them.  
(he holds out  
his hand)

Brigid looks pleadingly at him. His eyes are hard and implacable. Slowly she puts her hand into the neck of her dress, brings out a slender roll of bills, gives them to him. He smooths the bills out, counts them, gives her back two of the five bills, puts the others in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

SPADE:

I'll be back as soon as I can with the best news I can manage. I'll ring four times -- long-short-long-short -- so you'll know it's me. You needn't come to the door with me. I can let myself out.

He leaves her standing in the center of the floor looking after him with dazed blue eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

19. INT. SPADE'S OUTER OFFICE MED. SHOT EFFIE PERINE

at her desk, her elbows on an open newspaper. She is looking at the corridor door. Through the frosted glass panel we see the shadowy form of a man who is at work there. The word "Samuel" and "Sp" and most of the "a" show through in reverse. As Effie watches, the "a" is completed and the "d" begun. It is interrupted to allow for the opening of the door and the passing of Spade into the room.

SPADE:

Anything stirring?

Effie shakes her head.

SPADE:

Did you send flowers for me?

She nods.

SPADE:

You're invaluable, angel. Get my lawyer on the phone for me.

She picks up the phone, dials a number. Spade goes into the inner office.

(CONTINUED)

EFFIE:

(into phone)

Mr. Wise for Samuel Spade please...

One moment, Mr. Wise.....

She presses a button on her desk. Then, her gaze returning to the reverse lettering on the door, she hangs up.

20. INT. SPADE'S INNER OFFICE MED. CLOSE SHOT SPADE

seated behind his desk with the phone clamped between his shoulder and ear so that his hands are free to make a cigarette.

SPADE:

(into phone)

I think I'm going to have to tell a coroner to go to blazes, Sid. Can I hide behind the sanctity of my client's secrets and identities and what-not, all the same priest or lawyer?

(listening, he licks the cigarette, Then:)

I know... but Dundy's getting rambunctious - and maybe it is a little bit thick this time....

(lights cigarette)

How much will it cost to be on the safe side?... Okay... I guess it's worth it. Go ahead... Bye.

He leans back in his chair, surveys the office through smoke. Miles Archer's desk is gone and the windows say simply "Samuel Spade" now. Effie comes in, closing the door behind her, comes over to his desk, puts a card down before him.

INSERT: ENGRAVED CARD

Mr. Joel Cairo

BACK TO SCENE:

Spade picks up the card, lifts it to his nose, looks at Effie with arched brows.

EFFIE:

(nods)

Gardenial

SPADE:

Quick! In with him, darling!

She goes to the door, opens it.

EFFIE:

Will you come in, Mr. Cairo.

Cairo comes in and she goes out. Mr. Joel Cairo is a small-boned, dark man of medium height. His hair is black and smooth and very glossy. A square-cut ruby surrounded by baguette diamonds gleams against his dark cravat. His black coat cut tight to narrow shoulders, flares a little over plump hips. His trousers fit his legs more snugly than the current fashion. The uppers of his patent leather shoes are hidden by fawn spats. He holds a black derby hat in a chamois-gloved hand, and he comes toward Spade with short mincing, bobbing steps. Spade inclines his head at his visitor and then at a chair.

SPADE:

Sit down, Mr. Cairo.

Cairo bows elaborately over his hat.

CAIRO:

I thank you.

He sits down, primly placing his hat on his knees and begins to draw off his chamois gloves.

SPADE:

(precisely as he addressed the same question to Brigid O'Shaughnessy when she first appeared)

Now, what can I do for you, Mr. Cairo?

Cairo turns his hat over, drops his gloves into it and places it, bottom up, on the corner of the desk. Diamonds twinkle on the second and third fingers of his left hand. A ruby, surrounded by diamonds, like the one in his cravat, is on the third finger of his right hand. Cairo rubs his palms together, then, in a high-pitched thin voice:

CAIRO:

May a stranger offer condolences for your partner's unfortunate death?

SPADE:

Thanks.

CAIRO:

May I ask, Mr. Spade, if there is, as the newspapers infer, a certain -- ah -- relationship between that unfortunate happening and the death a little later of the man Thursby?

Spade does not reply. When it is obvious to Cairo that Spade does not mean to answer, he rises and bows.



CAIRO:  
(punctiliously)  
I beg your pardon.

He sits down and puts his hands side-by-side flat on the corner of the desk.

CAIRO:  
More than idle curiosity prompted my question, 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.

Spade nods once, briefly.

CAIRO:  
The ornament is a statuette - the black figure of a bird.

Spade nods as before.

CAIRO:  
I am prepared to pay on behalf of the figure's rightful owner, the sum of five thousand dollars for its recovery.

He raises one hand from the desk corner and touches a spot in the air ever so lightly with his fore-finger.

CAIRO:  
I am prepared to promise that -- what is the phrase? -- "No questions will be asked."

(he puts his hand back on the desk beside the other and smiles blandly)

SPADE:  
(thoughtfully)  
Five thousand dollars is a lot of money.

OVER scene there is a light rapping on the door.

SPADE:  
(calls)  
Come in:

The door opens enough to admit Effie Perine's head and shoulders. She is wearing a small dark felt hat and a dark coat with a gray fur collar.

EFFIE:  
Is there anything else?

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

EFFIE:  
Goodnight.

20 (Cont. 2)

She disappears behind the closing door. Spade turns in his chair to face Cairo again.

SPADE:

It's an interesting figure...

The SOUND of the corridor door closing comes OVER scene. Smiling, Cairo takes a short, compact, flat black pistol out of an inner pocket.

CAIRO:

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

Spade raises his arms, leaning back in his chair, intertwining the fingers of his two hands behind his head. His eyes, holding no particular expression, remain focused on Cairo's dark face. Cairo coughs, a little apologetic cough, smiles nervously. His dark eyes are humid and bashful and very earnest.

CAIRO:

I intend to search your offices, Mr. Spade. I warn you that if you attempt to prevent me, I shall certainly shoot you.

SPADE:

(in a voice as empty  
of expression as his face)

Go ahead.

CAIRO:

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

Spade gets up, pushing his chair back with his calves as he straightens his legs. Cairo comes around behind him. He transfers the pistol from his right hand to his left. He lifts Spade's coat-tail, looks under it. Holding the pistol close to Spade's back, he puts his right hand around Spade's side, pats his chest. His face is no more than six inches below and behind Spade's right elbow.

Spade's elbow drops as Spade spins to the right. Cairo's face jerks back but not far enough. Spade's right heel on the patent leathered tow anchors the smaller man to the elbow's path. The elbow strikes him beneath the cheek-bone.

Spade's right hand closes on the pistol. Cairo lets the pistol go the instant Spade's fingers touch it. Spade makes an about-face. With his left hand he gathers together the smaller man's coat lapels while his right hand stows the captured weapon away in a coat pocket. His face is wooden with a trace of sullenness around the mouth. Spade, by means of his grip on Cairo's lapels, turns him slowly, pushes him back until he is standing

(CONTINUED)

close in front of the chair no longer occupied. A puzzled look replaces the look of pain and chagrin on Cairo's face. Spade smiles. His smile is gentle, even dreamy. His right shoulder raises a few inches. Then his fist strikes the edge of Cairo's jaw-bone. Cairo shuts his eyes and is unconscious.

Spade lowers the limp body into the chair where it lies with sprawled arms and legs, the head lolling back, the mouth open. Spade empties the unconscious man's pockets, one by one, working methodically, making a pile of the pockets' contents on the desk. When the last pocket has been turned out, he returns to his chair, rolls and lights a cigarette and begins to examine his spoils.

21. CLOSEUP SPOILS

Spade's fingers open the wallet. It contains several hundred dollars in United States bills, two five-pound notes, three much-worn Greek passports bearing Cairo's name and portrait, five folded sheets of onion-skin paper covered with what looks like Arabic writing, a thin sheaf of Mr. Joel Cairo's engraved cards, and a ticket for an orchestra seat at the Geary Theatre. Besides the wallet and its contents, a wafer-thin platinum watch, a handful of United States, British, French and Chinese coins, a package of violet pastille and a large silk handkerchief with a florid design.

22. CLOSE SHOT SPADE AND CAIRO

Spade takes the unconscious man's wrist between finger and thumb. Then, after a moment, he rocks back in his chair and smokes his cigarette. Cairo moans, flutters his eyelids presently. Several moments pass before the eyes remain open, and several more moments before they focus properly. Then he raises his head from the back of the chair, looks around the office in confusion, sees Spade, and sits up. There is a dark bruise where Spade's fist struck him.

SPADE:

Sorry.

(he grins wolfishly)

But imagine my embarrassment when I found that five thousand dollar offer was just hooey.

CAIRO:

(through his teeth -  
painfully)

You're mistaken, Mr. Spade. That was, and is, a genuine offer.

SPADE:

(his surprise is genuine)

CAIRO:

I am prepared to pay five thousand dollars for the figure's return.  
(he takes his hand away from the bruised head, grim and businesslike again)  
You have it?

SPADE:

No.

CAIRO:

(politely skeptical)  
If it is not here, why did you risk serious injury to prevent my searching for it?

SPADE:

I should sit around and let people come in and stick me up.

CAIRO:

Surely, it is natural enough that I should first try to spare the owner such a considerable expense, if possible.

SPADE:

Who is he?

CAIRO:

(smiling demurely)  
You will have to forgive my not answering that question.

SPADE:

(blinking his eyes sleepily)  
It might be better all around if we put our cards on the table.

CAIRO:

(his voice 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 do as you suggest would be simply to make that mistake worse.

Spade nods indifferently, waves a hand at the articles on the desk.

SPADE:

There's nothing like five thousand dollars there.

(CONTINUED)

CAIRO:

You wish some assurance of my sincerity?  
... A retainer?... Would that serve?

SPADE:

It might.

Cairo puts his hand out toward his wallet, hesitates, withdraws his hand.

CAIRO:

You will take, say, one hundred dollars?

*Spade picks up the wallet, takes out bills.*

SPADE:

(frowning)

Better make it two hundred..

(he does make it two hundred,  
then rocks back in his  
chair again)

Your first guess was that I had the bird..

(shakes his head)

There's nothing to that. What's your  
second guess?

CAIRO:

That you know where it is. Or, at least,  
that you know it is where you can get it.

SPADE:

(his face solemn except  
for wrinkles at the  
corners of his eyes)

You're not hiring me to do any murders  
or burglaries for you but simply to get  
it back, if possible, in an honest,  
lawful way.

CAIRO:

(also solemn-faced)

If possible. And, in any event, with  
discretion.

(he puts his bills back  
into his pockets, then he  
picks up his hat)

I am at the Hotel Belvedere when you wish  
to communicate with me - Room 635. I  
confidently expect the greatest mutual  
benefit from our association, Mr. Spade.

(he hesitates)

May I have my pistol?

SPADE:

Sure. I'd forgotten it.

Spade takes the pistol out of his coat pocket, hands it  
to Cairo. Cairo points the pistol at Spade.

CAIRO:

(earnestly)

You will please keep your hands on top of the desk. I intend to search your office.

SPADE:

Well, I'll be ...!

(then he laughs  
in his throat)

All right - go ahead. I won't stop you.

Spade, looking on, smiles pleasantly as Cairo moves quickly to his task. Drawers and filing cabinets are opened. He looks behind curtains and under the seats of the three office chairs and into the wastebasket. He even opens the window and looks along the lighted window ledge. Finding nothing, he sighs a little sigh of disappointment. Then, turning back to Spade, he bows politely.

CAIRO:

Thank you very much, Mr. Spade...  
I shall await your call.

And he is gone. Among other things that Cairo's search uncovered is a bottle of Eacardi. Spade reaches for it, fills a lily cup two-thirds full, drinks.

SPADE:

(to himself)

Anyway, they're paying for it.

He fills the cup again, drinks, returns the bottle to the drawer, then, rising, puts on his hat and overcoat and starts turning off the lights.

WIPE TO:

23.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO OFFICE BUILDING

NIGHT

Spade comes out. CAMERA PANS with him as he turns on to the sidewalk past an undersized youth of twenty or twenty-one in neat gray cap and overcoat. CAMERA HOLDS on Spade's retreating figure. The youth walks into the picture after Spade.

24.

FULL SHOT CIGAR STORE ON THE CORNER NIGHT

Spade goes into the store. CAMERA PULLS BACK to four people who are standing on the curb waiting for a street car. The gray-dressed youth is one of them. Spade comes out of the cigar store and cuts across the street. The youth's face turns slightly.

25. MOVING SHOT SPADE

as he starts down street. A flashing electric mobile sign makes Spade's shadow race ahead, and another shadow, the youth's, overtakes him. CAMERA PANS with Spade as he cuts across the street toward a taxi stand.

26. MED. SHOT TAXI

as Spade gets in, motions the driver to go forward.

SPADE:

(to driver)

Up the hill.

27. INT. TAXI

as it moves through traffic. Spade looks out of the rear window.

SPADE:

(to driver)

Do a left turn... Okay ... That does it.

28. EXT. A GEARY STREET APARTMENT BUILDING

as the cab pulls up. Spade gets out, pays the driver. As he climbs the steps to the outer vestibule of the building, another cab pulls over to the curb a dozen yards behind. Nobody gets out.

29. CLOSEUP ROW OF BELL-BUTTONS INT. APT. BLDG.

Spade's fingers press three different buttons all at once. The street door lock buzzes.

30. INT. CORRIDOR APARTMENT BUILDING

as Spade enters. He passes the elevator and stairs, goes down the corridor toward the rear of the building.

## 31. DOOR AT END OF CORRIDOR

It is fastened by a padlock. Spade's keys are already in his hand. He works briefly at the lock. When it opens, he lets himself out. We glimpse a narrow court which opens on to an alley-way.

## 32. INT. CORRIDOR APARTMENT BLDG. LONG SHOT

The boy is looking at the names beside the buttons. Spade enters scene in f.g., watches until the lock at the door clicks and the boy enters. Spade grins slightly, then goes quickly up the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 33. INSERT: BRONZE PLAQUE

"CORONET APARTMENTS"

DISSOLVE TO:

## 34. INT. HALLWAY CORONET APARTMENTS OUTSIDE ROOM 1001

as Brigid O'Shaughnessy opens the door on Spade.

BRIGID:

(as though she had not been entirely certain of his coming)

Oh! Mr. Spade! Come in.

## 35. INT. LIVING ROOM SPADE AND BRIGID

as they enter.

BRIGID:

(taking Spade's hat and coat)

Do you bring me any news?

(anxiety looks through her eyes and she holds her breath)

I mean, did you manage it so that the police won't have to know about me?



35 (Cont.)

SPADE:

They won't for a while anyway.

Brigid sighs happily, sits on the walnut settee, her face relaxed and her body relaxed. She smiles up at him with admiring eyes, then at another thought, the admiration goes out of her eyes and the anxious worried look returns.

BRIGID:

You won't get into any trouble?

SPADE:

I don't mind a reasonable amount of trouble.

She makes room for him on the settee, just as she did on the last occasion.

BRIGID:

Do sit down.

But Spade remains beside the fireplace, looking at her with eyes that frankly study, weigh and judge her. She flushes with becoming shyness under his scrutiny. He stands until it seems plain that he means to ignore her invitation - then he crosses to the settee.

SPADE:

You aren't exactly the sort of person you pretend to be, are you?

She starts slightly, then averts her face.

BRIGID:

I'm not sure I know what you mean.

SPADE:

School girl manner, stammering, blushing and all that.

Her face turns slowly until her eyes meet his.

BRIGID:

(voice hushed almost to a whisper)

I haven't lived a good life. I've been bad - worse than you could know.

SPADE:

That's good...! Because if you actually were as innocent as you seemed to be, we'd never get anywhere.

BRIGID:

I won't be innocent.

SPADE:

Good.

(then in the manner  
of one making polite  
conversation)

I saw Joel Cairo tonight.

Brigid's eyes focused on his profile, become frightened, then cautious. Spade's legs are stretched out and he is looking at his crossed feet. His face has a blank expression.

BRIGID:

(uneasily)

You -- you know him?

SPADE:

(maintaining his  
light conversational  
tone)

Only slightly.

She gets up from the settee, goes to the fireplace to poke at the fire. She changes the position of an ornament on the mantelpiece, crosses the room to get a box of cigarettes from a table in the corner, straightens a curtain, and returns to her seat.

SPADE:

(grins sideways  
at her)

You're good. You're very good.

BRIGID:

What did he say?

SPADE:

About what?

BRIGID:

(hesitatingly)

About me.

SPADE

Nothing.

(he turns to hold  
his lighter under  
the end of her  
cigarette)

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID:  
(with half playful  
potulance)  
Well, what did he talk about?

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

Brigid starts, throws a swift alarmed look at Spade,  
then rises again.

SPADE:  
You're not going to go around  
poking at the fire and straighten-  
ing the room again, are you?  
(he laughs lazily)

Brigid's laughter mingles with his. She drops her  
cigarette into a tray and looks at him with clear,  
merry eyes.

BRIGID:  
No, I won't ... and what did you  
say?

SPADE:  
Five thousand dollars is a lot  
of money.

She smiles but instead of smiling too, he looks gravely  
at her. Her smile becomes faint, confused. Then she  
stops smiling, lifts her shoulders and hands and lets  
them fall in a gesture that accepts defeat.

BRIGID:  
It is. It is far more than I could  
ever offer you if I must bid for  
your loyalty.

Spade laughs. His laughter is brief and somewhat bitter.

SPADE:  
That's good - coming from you.  
What have you given me beside money?  
Have you given me any of your con-  
fidence? Any of the truth? Haven't  
you tried to buy my loyalty with  
money and nothing else?

BRIGID:  
I've given you all the money I have.  
(tears glisten in her eyes.  
Her voice is hoarse, vibrant)

BRIGID: (Cont.)

I've thrown myself on your mercy --  
told you that without your help I'm  
utterly lost.

(she turns on him suddenly  
- cries in a vibrant voice)

What else is there that I can buy you  
with?

Spade takes her face between his hands, kisses her  
mouth roughly and contemptuously, then releasing her,  
he sits back. She sits, holding her face where his  
hands left it. Spade gets up, takes two steps towards  
the fireplace, halts. Brigid doesn't move. He turns  
to face her.

SPADE:

I don't care what your secrets are -  
but I can't go ahead without more  
confidence in you than I have now.  
You've got to convince me that you  
know what it's all about - that you  
aren't simply fiddling along hoping  
it'll all come out right in the end.

BRIGID:

Can't you trust me a little longer?

SPADE:

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

She bites her lip, looks down.

BRIGID:

(almost inaudibly)

I must talk to Jool Cairo.

SPADE:

You can see him tonight.

(looks at his watch)

He's at the theatre. It'll be out  
soon. I'll call his hotel.

(crosses room - picks  
up telephone)

BRIGID:

(eyes alarmed)

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

SPADE:

(dials a number)

My place then.

She hesitates, working her lips together.

BRIGID:

(finally)

All right.

SPADE:

(into phone)

A dark sedan is parked directly in front of the entrance.  
A taxicab pulls up behind the dark sedan.

37.

CLOSE SHOT TAXICAB

As Spade and Brigid get out. She walks a little ahead, stands waiting for him while he pays the driver. CAMERA DOLLIES with Spade as he comes up beside her. Iva Archer is alone in the dark sedan, sitting at the wheel. Spade lifts his hat to her but says nothing. He and Brigid go into the apartment house. Looking after them, Iva's face is strained, tense. Spade comes back out of the apartment house, crosses quickly to the sedan.

38.

CLOSE SHOT SPADE AND IVA

Frowning, Spade returns his gaze to Iva's insistent face.

SPADE:

What's the matter? Has anything happened? You oughtn't to be here at this time of night.

IVA:

(quarrelsome)

I'm beginning to believe that. You told me I oughtn't to come to your office. 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?

SPADE:

(with a certain false emphasis)

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

He looks away from her down the street, frowns slightly.

39.

LONG SHOT STREET

In front of the garage on the corner, an undersized youth in a neat gray cap and overcoat is loafing back against a wall.

40.

CLOSE SHOT SPADE AND IVA

IVA:

I know I haven't. I haven't any rights at all, it seems, where you're concerned. I thought I did. I thought you pretended to love me...

SPADE:

(wearily)

This is no time to be arguing about that, Precious. What was it you wanted to see me about?

IVA:

I can't talk to you here, Sam. Can't I come in?

Spade shakes his head.

IVA:

Who is she ...?

Spade says nothing. She makes a thin line of her mouth, squirms around behind the wheel and starts the engine.

SPADE:

Goodnight, Iva.

She engages the gears violently, the car jumps ahead. Spade turns back toward the apartment house.

41.

INT. LOBBY APARTMENT HOUSE

Brigid rises from the bench as Spade enters. He goes to the run-yourself elevator, opens the door for her to pass in.

42.

CLOSE SHOT INT. ELEVATOR SPADE AND BRIGID

BRIGID:

I don't have to tell you how utterly at a disadvantage you'll have me with Cairo if you choose.

Spade smiles slightly.

SPADE:

No, you don't have to tell me.

He opens the elevator door, holds it while she passes out.

43. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SPADE'S APARTMENT

as Spade takes out his keys.

BRIGID:

You know, I never would have placed myself in this position if I hadn't trusted you completely.

SPADE:

(with mock resignation as he turns the key in the lock)

That again?

44. INT. SPADE'S APARTMENT

BRIGID'S VOICE:

(over scene - from the hall)

But you know that's so.

They enter from the hall, Spade ahead. He switches on the lights.

SPADE:

You don't have to trust me as long as you can persuade me to trust you.

She studies his face. Her nostrils quiver. Spade laughs, pats her hand.

SPADE:

Don't worry about that now. He'll be here in a moment. Get your business with Cairo over and then we'll see how we stand.

BRIGID:

And you'll let me go about it - with him - in my own way?

SPADE:

Sure.

She reaches out impulsively, engages his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

44. (Cont.)

BRIGID:

(softly)

You're a God-send!

SPADE:

Don't overdo it.

She gives him a hurt, reproachful look. Spade goes to the window, looks out.

45. LONG SHOT STREET

NIGHT

SHOOTING through window. The undersized youth, hands in pockets, strolls idly by a street lamp. OVER SCENE the SOUND of the buzzer.

46. INT. HALL

as Spade opens the door on Joel Cairo. Cairo's dark eyes seem all irises and his high-pitched, thin-voiced words start tumbling out as he enters.

CAIRO:

There is a boy outside who seems to be watching the house, Mr. Spade.

SPADE:

I know. I spotted him.

The girl comes into the passageway behind Spade.

BRIGID:

(anxiously)

What boy? What is that?

SPADE:

(unconcerned)

I don't know -- a kid -- he's been tailing me around town all evening ... Come on in, Cairo.

Brigid grasps Spade's arm above the elbow tensely.

BRIGID:

(breathlessly)

Did he follow you to my apartment.

SPADE:

No. I shook him before that.

She breathes again.

47. INT. LIVING ROOM SPADE'S APARTMENT

as Spade loads the way in. Cairo, holding his black hat



to his belly with both hands, bows stiffly.

CAIRO:

I'm delighted to see you again,  
Miss O'Shaughnessy.

BRIGID:

(offering him her hand)

I was sure you would be, Joe.

He takes her hand, makes another formal bow over it, then releases it quickly. She goes to the padded rocker she had occupied before. Cairo takes the armchair by the table. Spade, after hanging Cairo's hat and coat up, sits on the edge of the sofa in front of the window, begins to roll a cigarette.

BRIGID:

(to Cairo)

Mr. Spade told me about your offer for the Falcon. How soon can you have the money ready?

CAIRO:

(eyebrows twitching)

It is ready.

He smiles, showing teeth too white and too even, then he looks at Spade. Spade is lighting a cigarette.

BRIGID:

In cash?

CAIRO:

(primly)

Oh yes.

BRIGID:

You are ready to give us five thousand dollars if we turn over the Falcon to you?

CAIRO:

(holding up a wriggling hand)

Excuse me, I expressed myself badly. I did not mean to say that I have the money in my pocket but that I am prepared to get it on a few minutes notice at any time during banking hours.

BRIGID:

Oh.

SPADE:

(grins wolfishly through smoke)

That's probably right. He had only a few hundred in his wallet when I frisked him this afternoon.

Brigid's eyes open wide.

CAIRO:

(trying, and failing, to keep eagerness out of his voice)

I shall be able to give you the

CAIRO: (Cont.)  
money at, say, half-past ten in  
the morning.

BRIGID:  
But I haven't got the Falcon.  
Cairo puts a hand on either arm of his chair, holds  
his small-boned body erect and stiff.

BRIGID:  
(quickly)  
I'll have it in another week at  
the most though.

CAIRO:  
(with bitter skepticism)  
Where is it?

BRIGID:  
Where Floyd hid it.

CAIRO:  
Floyd? Thursby?

She nods.

CAIRO:  
And you know where he hid it?

She nods again.

CAIRO:  
Then why must we wait a week?

BRIGID:  
Perhaps not a whole week.

Cairo rubs the back of one hand with the palm of the  
other. His lids lower to shake his eyes.

CAIRO:  
Why, if I may ask another question,  
are you willing to sell it to me?

BRIGID:  
I'm afraid -- after what happened to  
Floyd. I'm afraid to touch it except  
to turn it over to somebody else right  
away.

If Spade feels either excitement or curiosity, he does  
not betray it. Lounging on the sofa, he takes an  
occasional drag at his cigarette between occasional  
sips of rum.

CAIRO:  
(leaning forward -  
his voice low)  
Exactly what did happen to Floyd?

(CONTINUED)

BRIGID:

The fat man.

CAIRO:

(clicks his pearly  
tooth)Is he here?

BRIGID:

I don't know. I suppose so.  
What difference does it make?

Cairo rearranges his hand in his lap so that, intentionally or not, a forefinger points at Spade.

CAIRO:

It might make a world of difference.

The girl glances at the pointed finger, makes an impatient motion with her head.

BRIGID:

... Or me or you.

CAIRO:

Precisely... And shall we add,  
more certainly the boy outside.

BRIGID:

Yes.

(laughs)

But you might be able to get around  
him, Joel, as you did that one in  
Istanbul -- What was his name...?

Cairo's face is suddenly distorted. He cries in a shrill, enraged voice.

CAIRO:

You mean the one you couldn't get  
to come to...

Before he can finish, Brigid is out of her chair. As Cairo starts to rise, her right hand goes out, cracks sharply against his cheek. Cairo grunts, raises his hand to strike back. Spade, wooden of face, is up from the sofa by now and close to them. He catches Cairo by the throat, chokes him. Cairo gurgles, puts a hand inside his coat. Spade grasps the Greek's wrist, twists it until the fingers open and the black pistol drops to the rug. Brigid quickly picks up the pistol.

(CONTINUED)

CAIRO:

(hoarsely)

This is the second time you've put  
your hands on me!

Cairo's eyes bulge slightly as Spade tightens the throttling pressure on his throat.

SPADE:

(growling)

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

He releases Cairo's wrist and with a thick, open hand strikes the side of his face three times savagely. Cairo tries to spit in his face. Spade slaps him again across the mouth. OVER SCENE the buzzer SOUNDS. Cairo's eyes jerk to the passageway that leads to the corridor door. The girl gasps and turns to face the passageway. Spade stares gloomily for a moment at the blood trickling from Cairo's lip, then steps back, taking his hand from the Greek's throat. Brigid comes close to Spade, whispers.

BRIGID:

Who is it?

Cairo's eyes jerk back from the passageway to Spade and ask the same question.

SPADE:

(irritably)

I don't know.

The buzzer SOUNDS again, more insistently.

SPADE:

Well, keep quiet.

CAMERA TROLLIES ahead of him as he enters the passageway, shutting the door behind him.

48.

CLOSE SHOT ON CORRIDOR DOOR

as Spade opens it. Lieutenant Dundy and Tom Polhaus stand there.

SPADE:

(good-naturedly)

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

(CONTINUED)

DUNDY:

(quietly)

We want to talk to you, Spade.

Spade remains in the doorway, blocking it.

SPADE:

Go ahead and talk.

POLHAUS:

We don't have to do it out here  
in the hall, do we?

SPADE:

(in a slightly  
apologetic tone)

You can't come in.

POLHAUS:

(putting his big  
hand playfully on  
Spade's chest)

Come off it, Sam.

Spade braces himself against the hand, grins wolfishly.

SPADE:

Going to strong-arm me, Tom?

POLHAUS:

(grumbling)

Be reasonable, Sam.

DUNDY:

(through his teeth)

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

SPADE:

(arrogantly)

Stop me when you can.

DUNDY:

That's what I intend to do!

He puts his hands behind him, thrusts his hard face  
up toward Spade's.

DUNDY:

There's talk going around about you  
and Archer's wife. Anything to it?

(CONTINUED)

SPADE:

Not anything.

DUNDY:

The talk is that she tried to get a divorce out of him so she could put in with you but he wouldn't give it to her. Anything to that?

SPADE:

No.

DUNDY:

(stolidly)

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

SPADE:

Don't be a hog, Dundy. Your first idea that I killed Thursby off because he killed Miles, falls to pieces if you blame me for killing Miles too.

DUNDY:

You haven't heard me say you killed anybody. You're the one who keeps bringing that up.

SPADE:

Haven't you anything better to do than popping in here early every morning with a lot of fool questions?

DUNDY:

(adds deliberately)

--- And got lying answers!

SPADE:

(warningly)

Take it easy....

Dundy looks him up and down, then straight in the eye.

DUNDY:

If you say there was nothing between you and Archer's wife, you're a liar and I'm telling you so!

SPADE:

(moistening  
his lips)

Is that the hot tip that brought you here at this ungodly time of night?

48 (Cont.2)

SPADE:

And the others?

DUNDY:

(in a cold,  
level voice)

Let us in!

Spade frowns, shakes his head.

DUNDY:

(starts buttoning  
his overcoat)All right, Spade, we'll go. Maybe  
you're right in bucking us. Think  
it over.

OVER SCENE Joel Cairo's voice, high and thin, cries.

CAIRO'S VOICE:

(over scene)

Help! Police! Help!

Dundy, who was turning away, confronts Spade again.  
OVER SCENE the SOUND of a brief struggle, of a blow,  
of a subdued cry.

DUNDY:

(decisively)

I guess we're going in!

SPADE:

I guess you are.

Dundy and Polhaus push past him into the passageway.  
CAMERA TROLLIES after them as they open the door to the  
living room, enter.

49. INT. LIVING ROOM.

Brigid O'Shaughnessy is huddled in an armchair by the table, her arms over her face. Her eyes are white-circled, terrified. Joel Cairo stands in front of her, bending over her, holding in one hand the flat, black pistol. His other hand is clapped to his forehead. Blood runs through the fingers of that hand and down into his eyes. Cairo does not heed the detectives. He is glaring at the girl huddled in front of him. His lips are working spasmodically but no coherent sound comes from between them. Dundy, the first of the three into the living room, moves swiftly to Cairo's side, puts a hand on his own hip under his overcoat and a hand on Cairo's wrist.

DUNDY:

(growling)

What are you up to here?

Cairo takes the red-smearred hand from his head, flourishes it.

CAIRO:

(cries)

This is what she has done. Look at it!

Uncovered, his forehead shows a three-inch ragged tear.

DUNDY:

(to the girl)

Did you do that?

She looks at Spade with appealing eyes. He does not in any way respond, but leans against the door frame with the polite, detached air of a disinterested spectator.

BRIGID:

(to Dundy - in a low throbbing voice)

I had to. I was all alone in here with him. He attacked me. I tried to keep him off. I -- I couldn't make myself shoot him.

CAIRO:

(cries)

Oh, you dirty, filthy liar!  
(facing Dundy)

I came here in good faith and was attacked by both of them. And when you came, he went out to talk with 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.

BRIGID:-

(shrilly)

Make him tell the truth - why don't you?

She takes two steps to Cairo and Dundy, slaps Cairo on the cheek. Cairo yells inarticulately. Dundy pushes the girl back into the chair, growls:

DUNDY:

None of that now!

(CONTINUED)



49 (Cont.1)

Brigid puts her leg out and kicks Cairo, the high heel of her blue slipper striking him just below the knee. Polhaus comes over to stand close beside her.

POLHAUS:

(grumbling)

Behave, sister. That's no way to act.

Dundy stares at Spade. His eyes are hard, bright discs.

DUNDY:

(to Polhaus)

Well, Tom, I don't guess we'll go wrong pulling the lot of them in.

Polhaus nods gloomily. Spade leaves the door, advances to the center of the room, dropping his cigarette in a tray on the table as he passes. His smile is amiable, his manner composed.

SPADE:

Don't be in a hurry, boys. Everything can be explained.

DUNDY:

(sneering)

I bet.

Spade bows to the girl.

SPADE:

Miss O'Shaughnessy, may I present Lieutenant Dundy and Detective Sergeant Polhaus.

(he bows to Dundy)

Miss O'Shaughnessy is an operative in my employ -- since yesterday.

CAIRO:

(interrupting indignantly)

That isn't so. She --

SPADE:

(in a loud voice)

This is Mr. Jool Cairo, an acquaintance of Thursby's. He came to my office this afternoon 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 the point of laying charges against each other. Anyway, after talking it over with Miss

SPADE: (Cont.)

O'Shaughnessy, I thought maybe I could get something out of him about Miles's and Thursby's killings so I asked him up here. Maybe we put the questions to him a little rough, but he wasn't hurt enough to cry for help.

As Spade talks, anxiety comes into Cairo's blood-stained face. His eyes move jerkily up and down, shifting their focus uneasily between the floor and Spade's bland face.

DUNDY:

(to Cairo - brusquely  
- demanding)

Well, what have you to say to that?

Cairo stares at the Lieutenant's chest for a long moment. When he lifts his eyes, they are sly and wary.

CAIRO:

(murmurs)

I don't know -- what to say.

DUNDY:

Try telling the facts.

CAIRO:

(fidgeting)

The facts?

DUNDY:

Quit stalling! All you gotta do is swear to a complaint that they took a poke at you and we'll throw them into the can.

SPADE:

(affably)

Go ahead, Cairo. Tell him you'll do it - and then we'll swear to a complaint against you and he'll have the lot of us.

Cairo clears his throat, looks nervously around the room.

DUNDY:

Get your hats!

Spade winks at Cairo broadly, crosses to the padded rocker, sits down. He laughs.

SPADE:

(nothing but delight  
in his voice)

Well, boys and girls, we put it over nicely.

DUNDY:  
(peremptorily)  
Get your hats!

SPADE:  
Don't you know you're being kidded?

DUNDY:  
(rises, moving  
stiffly)  
No, but we'll let that wait till  
we get down to the station.

SPADE:  
Wake up -- you're being kidded.  
When the bell rang, I said to Miss  
O'Shaughnessy here and Cairo --  
It's those bulls again. They're  
getting to be nuisances. When you  
hear them going, one of you scream  
and then we'll see how far we can  
string them along until they tumble.

Brigid O'Shaughnessy bonds forward in her chair, laughs  
merrily. Cairo starts, then smiles. He holds the smile  
fixed on his face.

POLHAUS:  
(grumbling)  
Cut it out, Sam.

DUNDY:  
(scornfully)  
The cut on his head -- where'd it  
come from?

SPADE:  
Ask him. Maybe he cut himself shaving.

CAIRO:  
I fell -- we intended to be struggling  
for the pistol when you came in and I  
tripped on the end of the rug and fell.

DUNDY:  
Horse feathers!

He pulls Cairo roughly around, holding him now by one  
wrist and the nape of his neck.

DUNDY:  
I'll take you along for packing the  
gun anyway.

(CONTINUED)

SPADE:

Don't be a sap, Dundy. The gun was part of the plant. It's one of mine.

(he laughs)

Too bad it's only a .32 or maybe you could find it was the one Tim-shy and Miles were shot with.

Dundy releases Cairo, spins on his heel, his right fist clicks on Spade's chin. The girl utters a short cry. Spade's smile flickers out. He steadies himself with a short, backward step and his thick, sloping shoulders writhe under his coat. Before his fist can come up, Tom Polhaus has pushed himself between the two men.

POLHAUS:

(boggling)

No, Sam -- no.

After a long moment of motionlessness, Spade's muscles relax.

SPADE:

(sullenly)

Then get him out of here quick!

Dundy's fists are clenched in front of his body, his feet are planted firm, a little apart on the floor.

DUNDY:

Get their names and addresses.

Polhaus turns toward Cairo.

CAIRO:

(quickly)

Joel Cairo -- Hotel Belvedere.

SPADE:

Miss O'Shaughnessy's address is in care of my office.

Dundy takes a step forward, halting in front of the girl.

DUNDY:

Where do you live?

SPADE:

(to Tom - flinging the words out)

Get him out of here! I've had enough of this.

POLHAUS:

(mumbles)

Take it easy, Sam.

POLHAUS: (Cont.)

(buttoning his coat,  
he turns to Dundy)

Woll, is that all?

Dundy's scowl fails to conceal indecision.

CAIRO:

(moving suddenly  
toward the door)

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

SPADE:

What's the hurry?

CAIRO:

No hurry -- but it's quite late  
and....

Spade goes to the closet in the passageway, takes out  
Cairo's hat and coat, hands them to him, then to Polhaus:

SPADE:

Tell him to leave the gun.

Dundy takes Cairo's pistol from his overcoat pocket, puts  
it on the table. He goes out first, with Cairo at his  
heels. Polhaus halts in front of Spade.

POLHAUS:

(muttering)

I hope you know what you're doing,  
Sam.

Getting no response, he follows the others out. Spade  
waits at the door of the passageway until the corridor  
door closes, then turns back into the room. He sits on  
the sofa, elbows on knees, checks in hands, looking at  
the floor. Brigid leaves her chair and comes over to the  
sofa to sit beside Spade.

BRIGID:

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

Spade turns on the sofa to face her.

SPADE:

Now you've had your talk with  
Cairo. Now you can talk to me.

BRIGID:

Oh, yes -- of course.

She smooths her dress down over her knees, then she frowns at her knees. Spade puts an arm across her back, cupping his hand over the small, bare shoulder farthest from him.

SPADE:

Well? I'm listening.

She turns her head to smile up at him with playful impudence.

BRIGID:

Do you need your arm there for that?

SPADE:

No.

(he takes it away)

BRIGID:

(murmurs)

You're altogether unpredictable.

SPADE:

I'm still listening.

Brigid wriggles a finger at the alarm clock perched on top of the book. Its clumsy hands say 2:50.

BRIGID:

Oh, look at the time!

(rising)

I must go.

SPADE:

(shaking his head)

Not until you've told me about it.

BRIGID:

(gaily)

Am I a prisoner?

SPADE:

Maybe that kid outside hasn't gone home yet.

BRIGID:

(her gaiety vanishes)

Do you think he's still there?

SPADE:

It's likely.

She shivers.

SPADE:

You can start now.

(CONTINUED)

49 (Cont.7)

BRIGID:

You're the most insistent person.  
(sips her drink)

SPADE:

Yes... and wild and unpredictable.  
What's this bird, this Falcon - that  
everybody's all steamed up about?

Brigid studies a small crescent her lips have left on  
the brim of the glass. Then:

BRIGID:

Suppose I wouldn't tell you anything  
at all about it? What would you do?  
(mockery ripples  
in a smile on her  
face)

Something wild and unpredictable?

SPADE:

Maybe.

BRIGID:

(wrinkles her  
pale forehead)

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

SPADE:

What makes it so important?

BRIGID:

(shakes her head)

I don't know. They wouldn't tell  
me. But they promised me five  
hundred pounds if I helped them  
get it from the man who had it.

SPADE:

That was in Istanbul?

BRIGID:

(hesitates - then:)

Marmora.

SPADE:

Go ahead.

BRIGID:

But that's all. They promised me  
five hundred pounds to help them  
and I did. And then we found that  
Joel Cairo meant to desert us, taking

BRIGID: (Cont.)

the Falcon with him and leaving  
Floyd and me nothing. So we did  
exactly that to him. But then I  
wasn't any better off than before  
because Floyd hadn't any intention  
of keeping his promise to me about  
sharing equally. I had learned that  
by the time we got here.

(indignation darkens  
her eyes)

SPADE:

(scowling at her)

What's the bird made of?

BRIGID:

Porcelain or black stone - I don't  
know. I only saw it once for a few  
minutes. Floyd showed it to me  
when we first got hold of it.

SPADE:

(casually)

You are a liar.

She gets up and stands at the end of the table looking  
down at him with dark abashed eyes.

BRIGID:

I am a liar. I've always been a liar.

SPADE:

(good humoredly)

Don't brag about it. Was there any  
truth at all in that yarn?

BRIGID:

(lowers her head

slightly - whispers)

Some... Not very much.

Spade rises, crosses to her. He puts his hand under her  
chin, lifts her head. Her eyes are damp. He laughs  
into them.

SPADE:

We've got all night before us. I'll  
put some coffee on and we'll try again.

BRIGID:

(her eyelids droop)

Oh - I'm so tired.

(then tremulously)

So tired... of lying and thinking up  
lies and not knowing what is a lie  
and what is the truth. I wish I....

She puts her hands up to Spade's cheeks, her mouth hard  
against his mouth - her body flat against his body.  
Spade's arms go around her, holding her to him. Muscles



PAGE IN

50.) Omitted  
51.)

52. CLOSEUP CURVED BRONZE PLAQUE

on a stone pillar which reads:

HOTEL BELVEDERE

53. INT. BELVEDERE LOBBY

as Spade enters, goes toward the desk past a large divan. The undersized youth, in gray clothes, is sitting on the divan apparently reading a newspaper.

54. CLOSE SHOT DESK

as Spade picks up the house telephone.

SPADE:

(into phone)

Mr. Joel Cairo, please.

Waiting, he shifts around to face the divan. The boy appears to be altogether engrossed in his newspaper. A few moments more and Spade says "Thank you" into the phone, puts it down and starts across the lobby.

Spade comes into scene, sits down beside the youth. The youth does not look up from his newspaper although Spade, who is no more than a foot away from the young man, stares openly at him. His features are small, in keeping with his stature, and regular. His skin is very fair. His clothing is neither new nor of better than ordinary quality. Spade takes out papers and tobacco.

SPADE:

(casually)

Where is he?

(he packs tobacco  
into the paper  
curved to catch it)

The boy lowers his newspaper with a purposeful sort of slowness, looks with small eyes at Spade's chest.

BOY:

(in a voice as color-  
less and composed and  
cold as his young face)

What?

SPADE:

(busy with his  
cigarotto)

Where is he?

BOY:

Who?

SPADE:

Cairo.

The boy's gaze goes up Spade's chest, to the knot in his tie, rests there.

BOY:

What do you think you're doing.  
Jack? Kidding me?

Spade licks his cigarette, smiles amiably.

SPADE:

I'll tell you when I am... New York,  
aren't you?

The boy stares at Spade's tie for a moment longer, then goes back to his newspaper.

BOY:

(from the side  
of his mouth)

Shove off.

55 (Cont.)

Spade lights his cigarette, leans back comfortably on the divan.

SPADE:

You'll have to talk to me before you're through, Sonny -- some of you will -- and you can tell the fat man I said so.

The boy puts his paper down quickly, faces Spade, stares at his necktie with small, bleak eyes. His small hands are spread flat over his belly.

BOY:

Keep asking for it and you're going to get it -- plenty.

(his voice is low,  
flat and menacing)

I told you to shove off -- shove off.

SPADE:

People lose teeth talking like that. If you want to hang around, you'll be polite.

Spade drops his cigarette into a tall stone jar beside the divan, lifts his hand, catching the attention of a man standing beside the cigar stand.

56. MED. LONG SHOT CIGAR STAND.

The man nods, comes towards them. He is middle-aged, medium height, round and sallow of face, compactly built.

57. TWO SHOT SPADE AND LUKE

LUKE:

(coming up)

Hello, Sam.

Spade rises.

(CONTINUED)

SPADE:

Hollo, Luke.

They shake hands.

LUKE:

Say, that's too bad about Miles.

SPADE:

Uh-huh. A bad break.

He jerks his head toward the boy on the divan.

SPADE:

What do you lot these cheap gun-  
men hang out in your lobby for  
with their tools bulging in their  
clothes?

Luke examines the boy with crafty, brown eyes set in a  
suddenly hard face.

LUKE:

(to boy)

What do you want here?

The boy rises, looks at the neckties of the two men -  
from one to the other. He looks like a school boy stand-  
ing in front of them.

LUKE:

(belligerently)

Well, if you don't want anything,  
beat it - and don't come back.

BOY:

(quietly)

I won't forget you guys.

He walks away from them toward the swinging door. Spade  
removes his hat, wipes his damp forehead with a handker-  
chief.

LUKE:

(his eyes on the  
boy's retreating  
figure)

What is it?

SPADE:

No idea.

(takes a deep  
breath - lets  
it out)

I just happened to spot him.

57 (Cont. 1)

SPADE:

See you, Luke.

He turns away from the house detective, goes quickly toward Cairo.

58. CLOSE SHOT CAIRO

Seeing Spade, he halts, draws his body up straight. His forehead is bandaged, his clothes limp and unfresh. His face is pasty with sagging mouth and eyelids.

59. MED. SHOT

as Spade walks directly to him.

SPADE:

Good morning.

CAIRO:

(without enthusiasm)

Good morning.

There is a pause.

SPADE:

Let's go somewhere where we can talk.

CAIRO:

(raises his chin)

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

SPADE:

You mean last night?

(makes an impatient gesture)

What else could I do? I had to throw in with her. I don't know where that bird is. You don't. She does. How are we going to get it if I don't play along with her?

CAIRO:

(dubiously)

You have always, I must say, a smooth explanation ready.

59 (Cont.)

SPADE:

(scowling)

What do you want me to do? Learn to stutter?

He leads the way over to the divan. CAMERA TROLLIES AHEAD of them.

SPADE:

Dundy take you down to the station?

CAIRO:

Yes.

SPADE:

How long did they work on you?

CAIRO:

(pain and indignation mix in face and voice)

Until a very little while ago...

SPADE:

What did they get out of you?

CAIRO:

(prinly)

Not a single thing. I adhered to the course you indicated earlier in your rooms... I certainly wish you had devised a more reasonable story. I felt distinctly ridiculous repeating it.

SPADE:

(grins)

Don't worry about the story's goofiness. A sensible one would have had us all in the cooler... You sure you didn't give them anything?

CAIRO:

You may rely upon it. I did not.

SPADE:

(rising)

You'll want sleep if you've been standing up under a police storm all night. See you later.

He turns abruptly away.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. SPADE'S OFFICE

Effie Perine is on the telephone as Spade enters.

EFFIE:  
(into telephone)  
No, not yet.

She looks around at Spade and her lips shape a silent "Iva". Spade shakes his head.

EFFIE:  
(into telephone)  
Yes, I'll have him call you as soon  
as he comes in.  
(she replaces the  
receiver on prong -  
to Spade)  
That's the third time she's called  
this morning.

Spade makes an impatient, growling noise.

EFFIE:  
(moves her eyes to  
indicate the inner  
office)  
Miss O'Shaughnessy's in there.

Spade nods as if he expected that.

SPADE:  
What else?

EFFIE:  
The District Attorney's office  
called. Bryan would like to see  
you ...

Spade grunts as if he'd expected that, too.

EFFIE:  
(continuing)  
... And a Mr. Gutman called. When I  
told him you weren't in, he said -  
"Will you please tell him that the  
young man gave me his message, and  
that I phoned and will phone again."

Spade works his lips together, as if tasting something  
he likes.

SPADE:  
Gutman, huh? Thanks, darling.

He opens the door to his private office and goes in.

Brigid O'Shaughnessy, dressed as on her first visit to the office, rises from a chair beside his desk, comes quickly towards him.

BRIGID:

(exclaims)

Somebody's been in my apartment!  
It's all upside down - every which-  
way. I changed as fast as I could  
and came away. Oh, you must have  
let that boy follow you there.

SPADE:

(shakes his head)

No, angel -- I shook him before I  
went to your place.

(he frowns)

I wonder if it could have been Cairo?  
He wasn't at his hotel all night. He  
told me he'd been standing up under a  
police grilling all night. I wonder!

She looks at him with cloudy eyes.

BRIGID:

You went to see Joe this morning?

SPADE:

Yes.

BRIGID:

(hesitates)

Why?

SPADE:

(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.

He puts an arm around her shoulders, leads her over to his swivel chair, lightly kisses the tip of her nose and sets her down.

SPADE:

Now, we've got to find a new home for  
you, haven't we?

BRIGID:

(emphatically)

I won't go back there.

SPADE:

(after a moment's thought)

I think I've got it. Wait a minute.



62. INT. OUTER OFFICE

Spade opens the door, enters, shuts the door.

SPADE:

(to Effie)

What does your woman's intuition  
tell you about her?

(he cocks a head  
at the door marked  
"Private")

EFFIE:

(immediately)

She's all right. Maybe it's her own  
fault for being in whatever the  
trouble is - but she's all right --  
if that's what you mean.

SPADE:

That's what I mean .... Are you  
strong enough for her to put her up  
for a few days?

EFFIE:

You mean at home?

Spade nods.

EFFIE:

(leans forward)

Is she in any danger, Sam?

SPADE:

I think she is.

Effie scratches her lip with a fingernail.

EFFIE:

That would scare Men into a green  
hemorrhage. I'll have to say she's  
a surprise witness or something that  
you're keeping undercover until the  
last minute.

SPADE:

(pats her head)

You're a darling!

He opens the door to his inner office, smiles across  
the threshold at Brigid.

SPADE:

Effie here, is going to put you up  
for a few days, darling.

Brigid, coming out of the door, turns grateful eyes on  
Effie.

BRIGID

That's very kind of you.

Spade opens the door, enters, shuts the door.

SPADE:

(to Effie)

What does your woman's intuition tell you about her?

(he cocks his head at the door marked "Private")

EFFIE:

(immediately)

She's all right. Maybe it's her own fault for being in whatever the trouble is - but she's all right -- if that's what you mean.

SPADE:

That's what I mean .... Are you strong enough for her, to put her up for a few days?

EFFIE:

You mean at home?

Spade nods.

EFFIE:

(leans forward)

Is she in any danger, Sam?

SPADE:

I think she is.

Effie scratches her lip with a fingernail.

EFFIE:

That would scare Mom into a green hemorrhage. I'll have to say she's a surprise witness or something that you're keeping undercover until the last minute.

SPADE:

(pats her head)

You're a darling!

He opens the door to his inner office, smiles across the threshold at Brigid.

SPADE:

Effie here, is going to put you up for a few days, darling.

SPADE:  
(to Effie)  
Better start now.

Effie starts putting on her hat.

SPADE:  
Go out the back entrance. There's  
usually a cab parked by the alleyway.  
(to Effie)  
You ride part way with her, - over  
the bridge - and make sure you aren't  
followed. Better change cabs a couple  
of times just to be on the safe side.

EFFIE:  
(reaching for the phone)  
I'll give Mom a ring.

SPADE:  
Time enough for that when you get back.

Effie puts down the telephone.

SPADE:  
(to Brigid)  
Call you later.

Effie and Brigid go out. Spade goes into his inner  
office.

3. INT. PRIVATE OFFICE

Spade sits down at his desk, dials a number on the tele-  
phone.

SPADE:  
(after a short pause -  
into phone)  
Hello ... This is Samuel Spade. My  
secretary got a phone message that  
Mr. Bryan wanted to see me. Will you  
ask him what time is the most conven-  
ient for him? ... Yes...Spade ... S-p-a-d-e.

There is the SOUND of the outer office door opening,  
followed by footsteps. Then Iva Archer enters, closes  
the door to the private office behind her.

SPADE:  
(into phone)  
Yes ... two-thirty? ... All right,  
thanks.  
(hangs up)

He pushes the telephone away - rises.

SPADE:

Hello, honey.

Iva stands just inside the door wadding a black-bordered handkerchief in her small gloved hands, peering into his face with frightened, red and swollen eyes.

IVA:

(in a choked voice)

Oh, Sam! Forgive me! ... Forgive me!

Spade starts to frown, then makes his face a blank.

IVA:

(wails)

I sent those policemen to your place last night. I was mad - crazy with jealousy - and I phoned them that if they'd go there, they'd learn something about Miles's murder.

SPADE:

What made you think of that?

IVA:

I was mad, Sam ... I wanted to hurt you.

SPADE:

Did you tell them who you were when you phoned?

IVA:

No ... Oh, Sam, dearest ... I .....

SPADE:

Where did you phone from?

IVA:

The drugstore across from your place.

SPADE:

(pats her shoulder)

It was a dumb trick all right but it's done now. You'd better run on home and think of things to tell the police. You'll be hearing from them... By the way, where were you the night Miles was shot?

IVA:

(with no hesitation)

Home.

Spade shakes his head, grinning at her.

IVA:

I was.

SPADE:

No. But if that's your story, it's all right with me.

IVA:

I'm not lying to you, Sam.

Spado's face wears an expression of polite doubt. Iva wads her handkerchief, opens it, wads it again, then:

IVA:

(voice husky)

When he came home for dinner that evening, he told me he had a date with a girl at the St. Mark and that this was my chance to get the divorce I wanted. At first I thought he was just making it up to try and hurt me. But .. well .. you knew Miles.. It would have been like him to .....

SPADE:

I knew Miles ...

IVA:

I drove down to the St. Mark and just as I got there, he came out and started up the street. I followed him. In a little while I could see he was shadowing a man and a girl -- so I went back and got in the car and went up to your apartment but you weren't home.

SPADE:

What time was that? .

IVA:

About half-past nine... the first time.

SPADE:

The first time?

IVA:

I went to a movie and when it was over, I went home. Miles hadn't come in yet so I took the car out of the garage again and went back to your place but you weren't in.

SPADE:

(smiling)

I was looking down at Miles's corpse, precious .....

Go on.

IVA:

Then I went home and while I was undressing, your secretary came with the news of his death.

SPADE:

What a swell lot of worry-go-round riding that was!

She puts the wadded handkerchief to her eyes. Spade reaches out, pats her arm. She puts her arms around him.

IVA:

Do you forgive me for what I did?

SPADE:

Sure I do. Now run along.  
(turns her around  
to face the door)

Beat it.

Iva goes out. Spade goes behind the partition in the corner of the office.

64:

CLOSE SHOT SPADE

as he starts the water running in the lavatory, washes his mouth, then dries it roughly with a hand-towel. OVER SCENE the SOUND of the telephone ringing. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Spade comes out from behind the partition, picks up the telephone.

SPADE:

(into phone)

Hello... Yes... This is Spade...  
Yes... I got it... I've been waiting to hear from you... Now, the sooner, the better... Say fifteen minutes... Right... Twelve-C...

DISSOLVE TO:

65. INT. HALEY AY ALEXANDRIA HOTEL.  
CLOSE SHOT MAHOGANY DOOR OF SUITE 12-C

Spade enters scene, touches buzzer. The door is immediately opened by an undersized youth. The youth says nothing, stands aside for Spade to enter. CAMERA FOLLOWS Spade through the door into -

66. INT. LIVING ROOM

A flabbily fat man struggles breathlessly to raise up out of a plush armchair, finally succeeds. He has bulbous pink cheeks and lips and chins and neck, with a great soft egg of a belly that is all his torso, and pendent cones for arms and legs. As he advances to meet Spade, all his bulbs rise and shake and fall separately with each step. His eyes, made small by fat puffs around them, are dark and lustrous. Dark ringlets thinly cover his broad scalp. He wears a black cutaway coat, black vest, black satin Ascot tie holding a tear-shaped pearl, striped grey worsted trousers, and patent-leather shoes. His voice is a throaty purr.

GUTMAN:

Ah, Mr. Spade.

He extends a hand that is like a fat, pink star. Spade takes the hand, smiles.

SPADE:

How do you do, Mr. Gutman.

Holding Spade's hand, the fat man turns, puts his other hand to Spade's elbow, guides him across the rug to the plush armchair beside which is a table that holds a siphon, glasses, a bottle of Scotch whiskey and a box of cigars. Spade sits down. The fat man begins to fill two glasses from bottle and siphon. The boy opens the door to an adjacent bedroom, withdraws. Gutman proffers Spade one of the glasses.

GUTMAN:

(purring)

We begin well, sir. 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.

Spade takes the glass, smiling. The fat man raises his glass, holds it against the window's light, nods approvingly.

(CONTINUED)

GUTMAN:

Well, sir, here's to plain speaking  
and clear understanding.

(he regards Spade  
shrewdly)

You're a close-mouthed man?

SPADE:

(shakes his head)

I like to talk.

GUTMAN:

(exclaims delightedly)

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.

He picks up the box of cigars, holds it out to Spade. Spade takes one, trims the end of it, lights it. The fat man pulls another plush armchair around to face Spade's, takes a cigar from the box, lowers himself into the chair. His bulbs stop jouncing and settle into flabby rest. Gutman smiles comfortably.

GUTMAN:

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 that likes to talk.

SPADE:

Swell ... Will we talk about the  
black bird?

Gutman's bulbs ride up and down on his laughter. His pink face is shiny with delight.

GUTMAN:

You're the man for me, sir. No  
beating about the bush but right to  
the point. Let us talk about the  
black bird by all means... But first,  
sir, answer me a question. Are you  
here as Miss O'Shaughnessy's repre-  
sentative?

Spade frowns thoughtfully at the ash-tipped end of his  
cigar.

SPADE:

There is nothing certain about it  
either way yet ... It depends.



86 (Cont.1)

GUTMAN:

It depends on - - ?

Spade blows a slanting plume of smoke over the fat man's head, says nothing.

GUTMAN:

Maybe it depends on Joel Cairo?

SPADE:

(noncommittally)

Maybe.

GUTMAN:

(purrs ingratiatingly)

The question is, then, which you'll represent ... It will be one or the other.

SPADE:

I didn't say so.

GUTMAN:

(voice sinking to a throaty whisper)

Who else is there?

SPADE:

(pointing his cigar at his chest)

There's me.

The fat man sinks back into his chair, blows his breath out in a long contented gust.

GUTMAN:

That's wonderful, sir, 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.

SPADE:

(exhales smoke)

Uh-huh. Now let's talk about the black bird.

GUTMAN:

(benevolently)

Let's.

(squinting at Spade, his eyes are but two dark gleams)

Mr. Spade, have you any conception of how much money can be got for that black bird?

No.

SPADE:

GUTMAN:

(leans forward, puts his bloated hands on the arm of Spade's chair)

Well, sir, if I told you - if I told you half - you'd call me a liar.

SPADE:

(smiles)

No - not even if I thought so. But you just tell me what it is and I'll figure out the profits.

Gutman's bulbs jostle one another as he laughs again. Then he stops laughing abruptly, stares at Spade with an intentness that suggest myopia.

GUTMAN:

(sibilantly)

You mean you don't know what the bird is?

Spade makes a careless gesture with his cigar.

SPADE:

I know what it's supposed to look like. I know the value in human life you people put on it ...

GUTMAN:

(in amazement)

She didn't tell you what it is? And Cairo didn't either?

SPADE:

He offered me ten thousand for it.

GUTMAN:

(scornfully)

Ten thousand - and dollars, mind you, not even pounds.

(he grunts in disgust)

Humph!

(rests the glass on his belly. Then half aloud)

They must know what it is -- must -- but do they?

(CONTINUED)

GUTMAN: (Cont.)

(clears his throat,  
then in his former  
voice)

Do they know what the bird is, sir?  
What is your impression?

SPADE:

(shakes his head)

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  
she was lying.

GUTMAN:

That was not an injudicious thing  
to do.

(he shuts his eyes, opens  
them suddenly wide, cries:)

If they don't know, I'm the only one  
in the whole wide, sweet world who  
does!

SPADE:

Swell! When you've told me, that  
will make two of us.

Gutman cocks his head at Spade - eyes a-twinkle.

GUTMAN:

Mathematically correct, sir -- but  
I don't know for certain that I'm  
going to tell you.

SPADE:

(grins indulgently)

Don't be foolish. You know what  
it is. I know where it is. That's  
why I'm here.

GUTMAN:

Well, sir, where is it?

Spade ignores the question. The fat man bunches his  
lips, raises his eyebrows, cocks his head even further.

GUTMAN:

(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 don't think we can  
do business along those lines.

Spade's face becomes hard. He gets slowly to his feet.

SPADE:

(voice low, furious)

Think again and think fast. I told that gunman 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 are through. What are you wasting my time for? I can get along without you.

He tosses his glass at the table. The glass strikes the wood, breaks apart, splattering its contents and glittering fragments over table and floor. Spade wheels to confront Gutman again. The fat man pays no more attention to the glass's fate than does Spade. Lips pursed, eyebrows raised, head cocked, he has maintained his pink-faced blandness throughout Spade's angry speech - and he continues to maintain it.

SPADE:

Another thing. I don't want ....

The door at Spade's left opens and the boy comes in, shuts the door, stands in front of it, hands flat against his flanks. His gaze runs over Spade's body from shoulders to knees, then up again to settle on the knot in Spade's tie.

SPADE:

(glaring at the boy - repeats)

Another thing. Keep that gunsel away from me while you're making up your mind. I'll kill him.

The boy's lips twitch in a shadowy smile. He neither raises his eyes nor speaks.

GUTMAN:

(laughs tolerantly)

Well, sir, I must say you've a most violent temper.

Spade crosses to the chair in which he dropped his hat, picks it up and sets it on his head.

SPADE:

Think it over! You've got till five-thirty. Then you're either in or out for keeps.

He lets his arm drop, scowls at the bland fat man, scowls at the boy, goes to the door through which he had entered, opens it. He goes out, slamming the door.

67. INT. HALL ALEXANDRIA

CAMERA TROLLIES down the hall ahead of Spado. He puts two blunt fingers inside his collar, pulls it away from his throat. He licks his lips as though they were dry. Then he takes out his handkerchief, wipes his face. Reaching the elevator, he presses the button, then raises his hand, looks at it. The hand is trembling. Spade grins. The elevator door opens. Spade enters. As the door is closing another elevator door opens and Cairo steps out. Neither man sees the other.

DISSOLVE TO:

68. INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE MED. SHOT BRYAN,  
SPADE, AN ASSISTANT D.A. AND A STENOGRAPHER

Bryan's dark walnut desk is handsomely outfitted with bronze clock, inkwell, blotter and a small vase of flowers. He is a blonde man of medium stature, perhaps forty-five years old. His eyes peer aggressively thru black ribboned nose glasses. He has the over-large mouth of an orator and a wide, dimpled chin. Spade sits in a leather easy chair to the left and a few feet away from the desk. The Assistant D.A. in a straight-back chair, faces Bryan across the desk. The stenographer, also in a straight-back chair, is about ten feet away.

BRYAN:

(to Spade - his voice  
resonant with latent  
power)

Who killed Thursby?

SPADE:

I don't know.

The D.A. rubs his black eyeglass ribbon between thumb and fingers.

BRYAN:

(knowingly)

Perhaps you don't but you could  
make an excellent guess.

SPADE:

(serenely)

My guess might be excellent or it  
might be crummy but Mrs. Spade didn't  
raise any children dippy enough to  
make guesses in front of a district  
attorney and a stenographer.

BRYAN:

Why shouldn't you if you've nothing  
to conceal?

SPADE:

(mildly)

Everybody has something to conceal.

BRYAN:

And you have --?

SPADE:

My guesses, for one thing.

The D.A. looks down at his desk, then up at Spade. He settles his glasses more firmly on his nose.

BRYAN:

If you prefer not having the stenographer here, we can dismiss him. It was simply a matter of convenience that I brought him in.

SPADE:

I don't mind him a bit. I'm willing to have anything I say put down and I'm willing to sign it.

BRYAN:

(reassuringly)

We don't intend asking you to sign anything. I wish you wouldn't regard this as a formal inquiry at all. And please don't think I have any belief in those theories the police seem to have formed.

SPADE:

(feels in his pockets  
for tobacco and papers)

I'm glad of that. What's your theory?

Bryan leans forward in his chair, his eyes are hard and shiny as the lenses over them.

BRYAN:

Tell me who Archer was shadowing Thursby for and I'll tell you who killed Thursby.

Spade laughs briefly.

BRYAN:

Don't misunderstand me, Spade.  
(he knocks on the desk  
with his knuckles)

I don't say your client killed Thursby or had him killed but I do say, knowing who your client is, or was, I'll mighty soon know who killed Thursby.

SPADE:

That's where you're mistaken --

BRYAN:

Whether or not I'm mistaken isn't for you to judge.

SPADE:

(interrupting)

I thought this was an informal talk.

BRYAN:

(sits up straight and squares his shoulders)

I am a sworn officer of the law twenty-four hours a day and neither formality or informality justifies your withholding from me evidence of crime except, of course --

(he nods meaningly)

-- on constitutional grounds.

SPADE:

You mean if it might incriminate me? Oh, I've got grounds that suit me better. My clients are entitled to a decent amount of secrecy.

(he rises, comes forward, leans over the desk, his weight on his knuckles)

Both you and the police have as much as accused me of being mixed up in the other night's murders. Well, I've had trouble with both of you before. As far as I can see, my best chance of clearing myself of the trouble you are trying to make for me is by bringing in the murderers all tied up, and my only chance of ever catching them and tying them up and bringing them in is by keeping away from you and the police because you'd only gum up the works.

(turns his head over his shoulder to address the stenographer)

Getting this all right, son, or am I going too fast for you.

STENOGRAPHER:

(looks up at Spade with startled eyes)

No, sir, I'm getting it all right.

SPADE:

Good work.

(turning to Bryan)

SPADE: (Cont.)

Now, if you want to go to the board and tell them I'm obstructing justice and ask them to revoke my license, hop to it. You've tried it before and it didn't get you anything but a good laugh all around.

(he picks up his hat)

BRYAN:

(half rises)

But, look here ...

SPADE:

And I don't want any more of these informal talks. I've got nothing to tell you or the police and I'm tired of being called things by every crackpot on the city payroll. If you want to see me, pinch me or subpoena me or something and I'll come down with my lawyer ...

(puts his hat on)

... See you at the inquest, maybe.

He stalks out.

DISSOLVE TO:

69. EXT. SPADE'S OFFICE BUILDING

Spado enters scene, starts to go in, comes face to face with the undersized youth who puts himself directly in Spado's path.

BOY:

Come on .. He wants to see you.

The youth's hands are in his overcoat pockets. His pockets bulge more than his hands need make them bulge.

SPADE:

(grinning)

I didn't expect you until five twenty-five. I hope I haven't kept you waiting.

The youth raises his eyes to Spado's mouth.

BOY:

(in a strained voice of one in physical pain)

Keep on riding me and they'll be picking iron out of your liver!



SPADE:

(chuckles)

The cheaper the crock, the gaudier  
the patter ... Well, let's go.

FAN with them as they start up the street side by side.  
The boy's hands remain in his overcoat pockets.

WIFE TO:

70.

INT. GUTMAN'S FLOOR THE ALEXANDRIA MED. SHOT  
ON ELEVATOR DOOR

As it opens, Spade and the boy step out. CAMERA TROLLIES  
AHEAD of them as they come up the hall. Spade lags be-  
hind a little as they approach Suite 12-C. When they are  
within fifteen feet of the door, he leans sideways sud-  
denly and grasps the boy from behind by both arms just  
beneath the boy's elbows. The boy struggles and squirms  
but he is impotent in the big man's grip. The boy kicks  
back his feet but they go between Spade's spread legs.  
Spade lifts the boy up from the floor, brings him down  
hard on his feet again. At the moment of impact, Spade's  
hands slide down, get a fresh grip on the boy's hands in  
his overcoat pockets. The two are tense and motionless  
for a long moment. Then the boy's arms become limp.  
Spade releases him and steps back. In each of Spade's  
hands, when they come out of the overcoat pockets, there  
is a heavy automatic pistol. Spade puts the pistols in  
his own pockets.

SPADE:

(grinning derisively)

Come on. This will put you in solid  
with your boss.

They go to the door of 12-C. Spade presses the buzzer.  
The boy keeps his hands in his overcoat pockets. Gutman  
opens the door. A glad smile lights his fat face. He  
holds out a hand.

GUTMAN:

Ah, come in, sir! Thank you for  
coming. Come in.

Spade shakes the hand, enters. The boy goes in behind him.

71.

INT. GUTMAN'S LIVING ROOM

As the fat man shuts the door, Spade takes the boy's pis-  
tols from his pocket, holds them out toward Gutman.

(CONTINUED)

SPADE:  
Here .. You shouldn't let him go  
around with these. He'll get him-  
self hurt.

The fat man laughs merrily, takes the pistols.

GUTMAN:  
Well - well! What's this?  
(he looks from  
Spade to the boy)

SPADE:  
A crippled newsie took them away  
from him but I made him give them  
back.

The boy takes the pistols out of Gutman's hands, pockets  
them. He does not speak.

GUTMAN:  
(after another merrily  
laugh)  
By gad, sir, you're a chap worth  
knowing. An amazing character!  
Give me your hat ... Sit down.

As before, the boy withdraws into the adjoining bedroom,  
and, as before, the fat man leads Spade to the green  
plush chair by the table.

GUTMAN:  
(mixing whiskey and  
soda)  
I owe you an apology, sir, for --

SPADE:  
Never mind that! Let's talk about  
the black bird.

The fat man cocks his head to the left, regards Spade  
with fawned eyes.

GUTMAN:  
All right, sir, let's.

He puts a glass in Spade's hand, points to the open box  
of cigars, sits.

GUTMAN:  
(repeats)  
Let's.  
(he leans his weight  
forward in the chair)  
This is going to be the most astound-  
ing thing you ever heard of, sir, and  
I say that knowing that a man of your  
caliber, in your profession, must have

Spade nods politely. The fat man screws up his eyes.

GUTMAN:

What do you know, sir, about the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, later called the Knights of Rhodes and other things?

SPADE:

(lighting a cigar)

Crusaders or something, weren't they?

GUTMAN:

(approvingly)

Very good ... In 1539 these Crusading Knights persuaded the Emperor Charles V to give them the Island of Malta. He made but one condition. They were to pay him, each year, the tribute of a falcon in acknowledgment that Malta was still under Spain. Do you follow me?

Spade grunts. The fat man looks over his shoulder at the three closed doors, then lowers his voice to a husky whisper.

GUTMAN:

Have you any conception of the extreme, the immeasurable wealth of the Order of that time?

SPADE:

I imagine they were pretty well fixed.

GUTMAN:

(smiles indulgently)

Pretty well is - is putting it mildly.  
(his whisper becomes lower and more purry)

They were rolling in wealth, sir. For years they had taken from the East, nobody knows what spoils of gems, precious metals, silks, ivories, sir. We all know that the Holy Wars to them were largely a matter of loot...

Spade nods.

GUTMAN:

(continuing)

..The Knights were profoundly grateful to the Emperor Charles for his generosity toward them. They hit upon the happy thought of sending him for the first year's tribute not an insignificant live bird but a glorious golden falcon encrusted from head to foot with the finest jewels in the East.

GUTMAN: (Cont.)

(he leans his weight  
back in his chair, takes  
a sip out of his glass,  
then rests it on his belly)  
Well, sir, what do you think of that?

SPADE:

(shrugs slightly)  
I don't know.

GUTMAN:

(complacently)  
These are facts, historical facts,  
not school book history, not Mr.  
Wells's history, but history never-  
theless.

Spado nods again, drinks.

GUTMAN:

They sent this foot-high jeweled  
bird to Charles, who was then in  
Spain. They sent it in a galley  
commanded by a member of the Order.  
(his voice sinks to a  
whisper again)

It never reached Spain. A famous  
admiral of buccaneers took the  
Knights' galley and the bird. In  
1713 it turned up in Sicily. In 1840  
it appeared in Paris. It had, by that  
time, acquired a coat of black enamel  
so that it looked like nothing more  
than a fairly interesting black statu-  
ette. In that disguise, sir, it was,  
you might say, kicked around Paris for  
more than three score years by private  
owners too stupid to see what it was  
under the skin ... Then in 1923 a Greek  
dealer named Charilaos Konstantinidos  
found it in an obscure shop.

(he chuckles)

No thickness of enamel could conceal  
value from his eyes.

The fat man raises his glass, smiles at its emptiness,  
rises to fill it and Spado's.

GUTMAN:

(working the siphon)  
You begin to believe me a little?

SPADE:

I haven't said I didn't.

The fat man sits down again, drinks generously, pats his mouth with a white handkerchief.

GUTMAN:

Well, sir, to hold it safe while pursuing his researches into its history, Charilaos re-enamelled the bird. Despite that precaution, however, I got wind of his find.

(he sighs deeply)

Ah, sir, if I had only known a few days sooner. I was in London when I heard. I packed a bag and took the boat train immediately. On the train I opened a paper, the Times, and read that Charilaos's establishment had been burglarized and him murdered. Sure enough, upon arriving there, I discovered that the bird was gone.

(he shakes his head sadly - then he shuts his eyes, smiles complacently at inner thoughts)

That was seventeen years ago. Well, sir, it took me seventeen years to locate that bird - but I did.

(he opens his eyes suddenly)

I wanted it and I'm not a man that's easily discouraged when I want something.

(his smile grows broad - he drains his glass, dries his lips, returns his handkerchief to his pocket)

I traced it to the home of a Russian general - one Kemidov - in an Istanbul suburb. He didn't know a thing about it. It was nothing but a black onameled figure to him, but his natural contrariness kept him from selling it to me when I made him an offer. So I sent some - ah - agents to get it. Well, sir, they got it and I haven't got it.

(he stands up again, carries his empty glass to the table)

But I'm going to get it ... Your glass, sir ...

SPADE:

Then the bird doesn't belong to any of you but to a General Kemidov?

GUTMAN:

(filling Spado's glass)  
Well, sir, you might say it belonged to the King of Spain but I don't see how you can honestly grant anybody else clear title to it -- except by right of possession.

(he leans forward, puts his hand on Spado's knee)  
Well now, before we start to talk prices, how soon can you -- or how soon are you willing to produce the Falcon?

SPADE:

A couple of days.

GUTMAN:

(nods)  
That is satisfactory.  
(he holds up his glass)  
Well, sir, here's to a fair bargain and profits large enough for both of us.

They both drink.

SPADE:

What's your idea of a fair bargain?

GUTMAN:

I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars when you deliver the Falcon to me and another twenty-five thousand later on. Or, I'll give you one quarter of what I realize on the Falcon. That would amount to a vastly greater sum.

SPADE:

How much greater?

GUTMAN:

Who knows? Shall I say one hundred thousand? Will you believe me if I name the sum that seems the probable minimum?

SPADE:

Why not?

GUTMAN:

(lowers his voice to a purring murmur)  
What would you say to quarter of a million?

SPADE:  
(narrowing his eyes)  
Then you think the dingus is worth  
a million?

GUTMAN:  
(soberly)  
In your own words, why not?

Spade empties his glass, sets it on the table, puts his  
cigar in his mouth, takes it out, looks at it distaste-  
fully, lays it on the ash tray.

SPADE:  
That's a lot of dough.

GUTMAN:  
A lot of dough.

SPADE:  
The minimum, huh? And the maximum?

There is an unmistakable "sh" following the "x" in  
maximum as Spade says it. The fat man leans forward,  
pats Spade's knee.

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.

Spade pulls his lower lip tight against the upper,  
shakes his head, raises his right hand, presses his  
palm against the base of his head. Then he stands up  
helping himself up with his hands on the arms of his  
chair. He shakes his head again, takes an uncertain  
step forward. Gutman jumps up, pushes back his chair.  
His fat globes jiggle. His eyes are dark holes in an  
oily face. Spade swings his head from side to side  
until his dull eyes are pointed to the door. He takes  
another uncertain step.

GUTMAN:  
(calls sharply)  
Wilmer!

The door to the bedroom opens and the boy comes in.  
Through the door we see a row of cases and bags closed  
and ready for traveling on the floor. Spade takes a  
third step. His jaw muscles stand out like tumors  
under his ears. His legs do not straighten again after  
his fourth step and his dull eyes are all but covered by

(CONTINUED)

11 (Cont. 6)

their lids. He takes a fifth step. The boy comes over, stands close to Spade, hands inside his coat over his heart. The corners of his mouth twitch. Spade essays a sixth step. The boy's leg darts out in front of Spade's leg. Spade trips and crashes, face downward, on the floor. The boy, keeping his right hand under his coat, looks down at Spade. Spade tries to get up. The boy draws his right foot far back, kicks Spade's temple. The kick rolls Spade over on his side. Once more he tries to get up - cannot - goes to sleep. Jool Cairo appears in the bedroom door, hat in hand, looks down at Spade as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

12. INT. GUTMAN'S LIVING ROOM

NIGHT

The room is in complete darkness save for a pale rectangle that is the window ... There is the SOUND of a groan, followed by low mumbling. After a short silence, the groan is repeated, then the sound of scuffling. A form rises, stands in silhouette against the rectangle. Staggering slightly, the form moves away from CAMERA toward the window. Enroute it knocks over a piece of furniture. It reaches the window, opens it, drinks in air with gasps that are like sobs. Then it leaves the window, disappearing into darkness.

The lights come on and we see Spade standing, one hand on the switch, the other to his head where neck and skull join. His right temple is dark and swollen. He turns away from the switch to look with dazed, heavy-lidded eyes around the room. It is exactly as it was when he lost consciousness except for an over-turned side table and the door to a closet being open. The closet is empty. Spade walks unsteadily into the bedroom.

13. INT. BEDROOM

as Spade crosses, enters the bathroom. He bends over the lavatory, turns on the water, splashes it over his face, groans again, makes a cup of his hands, fills the cup with water, drinks, or rather, takes the water into his mouth and spits it out. He does not use a towel, turns back into the bedroom, leaving the water tap running. In a fumbling, but completely methodical way, he starts searching the room. He takes the covers off the twin beds, turns the mattresses over, pulls the beds away from the wall to look behind them, removes the cushions from the chairs, turns the chairs over to look at the undersides.



73 (Cont.)

As he starts opening the empty drawers of the chiffonier -

DISSOLVE TO:

74. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE SPADE'S OFFICE

The glass panel on the door with "Samuel Spade" on it glows with a warm light. Spade tries the knob. The door is locked. He takes out his keys, puts one into the door, opens it quietly, steps silently in.

75. INT. SPADE'S OUTER OFFICE EFFIE PERINE

raises up from the couch, rubs her eyes as though she had been asleep. Her coat, which was tucked around her legs, slips to the floor.

EFFIE:

Oh, Sam...

SPADE:

Who are you? The boy who stood on the burning deck?

EFFIE:

I couldn't get you on the phone, so I came back down.

SPADE:

What's up?

EFFIE:

Miss O'Shaughnessy -- she never got there.

Spade takes two long steps, catches Effie by her shoulders, lifts her up from the couch.

SPADE:

She didn't get there?

Effie shakes her head violently.

SPADE:

(voice loud, enraged)  
Another merry-go-round!

EFFIE:

(tremblingly)  
Do you think something's happened to her, Sam? You said she was in real -- danger.

SPADE:  
Nobody followed you, did they?

EFFIE:  
(shakes her head -  
brushes her hair away  
from her eyes in a  
nervous gesture)  
We changed cabs twice like you told  
us to and when I got out, I told  
her to change once again.

SPADE:  
Then she didn't show up because  
she didn't want to.

Effie opens her mouth to say something, closes it  
again as she sees the bruise on Spade's temple.

EFFIE:  
Oh! Your head! What happened?

He barely touches his temple with his fingers, flinches,  
turns his grimace into a grim smile.

SPADE:  
I wouldn't know. I went visiting  
this afternoon, was fed knockout  
drops and came to just a little  
while ago all spread out on a  
man's floor.

She reaches up, removes his hat.

EFFIE:  
You can't walk around with a head  
like that!

SPADE:  
It's not as bad as it looks.

EFFIE:  
Did what happened this afternoon  
have anything to do with her?

SPADE:  
Something.

Spade takes his hat away from her, makes a harsh noise  
in his throat, goes to the corridor door.

SPADE:  
I'm going out to find her if I have to  
dig up sewers. Stay here till I come  
back or you hear from me. Let's do  
something right for a change.

He goes out.

Luke, the house detective, is leaning one elbow on the counter reading a newspaper when Spade enters scene. Spade touches him on the arm.

SPADE:

Evening, Luke.

LUKE:

Hello, Sam.

(he folds the paper,  
puts it into his  
coat pocket)

SPADE:

Want to do me a favor?

LUKE:

Sure.

(he stares at  
Spade's temple)

Say! Somebody riced you plenty.

SPADE:

Looks worse than it is.... You've  
got a guest name of Cairo.

LUKE:

(leers)

Oh, that one! I saw you talking to  
him this morning.

They turn away from the cigar stand.

SPADE:

How's chances of giving his room a  
casing?

LUKE:

(nods)

Can do.

CAMERA TROLLIES AHEAD of them as they walk toward the desk.

WIPE TO:

INT. CAIRO'S SINGLE HOTEL BEDROOM SPADE AND LUKE

Nothing about the room is remarkable except perhaps the  
presence on the dresser of a cut-glass bottle of perfume  
and an atomizer in juxtaposition to military hair  
brushes. Spade is closing a trunk.

SPADE:

No dice so far.

Luke locks the trunk.

LUKE:

Any particular thing you're supposed  
to be looking for?

SPADE:

No. He's supposed to have come here from Turkey. I'd like to know if he did. I haven't seen anything that says he didn't.

He crosses the room, bends down over the waste basket.

SPADE:

Well, this is our last shot.

He takes a newspaper out of the basket. It is folded with a classified advertising page outside. He opens the paper, turns it over. From the lower left-hand corner a little more than two inches of the second column has been torn out. Immediately above the tear is a small caption:

INSERT: NEWSPAPER CAPTION

Steamships Arriving Today

followed by:

- 12:20 A.M. - Capac from Astoria
- 5:05 A.M. - Holan P. from Greenwood
- 5:06 A.M. - Abarado from Bandon

BACK TO SCENE:

SPADE:

Looks like the gent's interested in a boat.

LUKE:

No law against that, is there?

SPADE:

Is that an "Express" in your pocket?

Luke nods, gives Spade the paper. Spade turns to the shipping news, compares the page taken from the waste basket. That which was missing from the other paper reads:

INSERT: NEWSPAPER

- 5:17 A.M. - Tahaiti from Sydney and Papeet
- 6:05 A.M. - Admiral Peoplos from Astoria
- 8:07 A.M. - LaPaloma from Hongkong
- 8:17 A.M. - Silerado from San Pedro

BACK TO SCENE:

Spade's thumbnail stops below "LaPaloma from Hongkong".

DISSOLVE TO:

78.

LONG SHOT

The vague outline of a moving ship's bow behind a wall of heavy billowing smoke. OVER SCENE the SOUND of sirens and bells. The smoke clears for a brief moment and we see no letters...

79. LONG SHOT THE WATERFRONT

High-arched ribbons of water from a dozen fire hose are playing on the dock away from which the burning ship is being towed.

80. MED. SHOT TAXICAB

as Spade gets out, runs into the crowd that is watching the fire.

81. CLOSE SHOT SPADE

as he pushes headlessly through the crowd toward the police line.

82. MED. LONG SHOT POLICE LINE

Spade starts through, but a policeman stops him. Spade says something to the policeman, which we do not hear, then he takes out his wallet, opens it, shows it to the policeman. The policeman lets him pass. CAMERA PANS with Spade as he goes to a group of men.

83. FULL SPOT GROUP

of reporters, a couple of policemen and the mate of the La Paloma. The mate is talking.

MATE:

(with a slight  
Swedish accent)

It started in the hold aft in  
the rear basement ....

REPORTER:

What insurance was she carrying?

The mate shakes his head. Unnoticed, Spade joins the group.

SPADE:

Anybody burnt?

AD LIES:

Nope ...

Nobody ...

Only the harbor watch was aboard ...

Spade draws the mate aside.

SPADE:

Someone I knew came aboard this afternoon. I haven't heard from her since. I'm worried.

MATE:

No reason to be, Mister.... Everybody got off all right.

SPADE:

I wonder if you saw her. She was about five feet five with red hair....

MATE:

(shaking his head)

Couldn't tell you, Mister, but if she came aboard, she got off all right. Only the harbor watch was aboard when the fire started.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SPADE'S PRIVATE OFFICE SPADE AND EFFIE PERINE

Spade leans back in his chair talking with his eyes closed. Effie, sitting on the desk, is bathing his temple with a wet handkerchief. Her face is flushed with excitement and her eyes brilliant.

SPADE:

And now you know as much about it as I do, Precious. Maybe they went down to the ship -- maybe not....

EFFIE:

The part about the bird -- is thrilling.

SPADE:

Yes - or ridiculous.

OVER SCENE the SOUND of the corridor door opening and closing. Spade sits up straight in his chair, waiting, listening. Effie gets down from the desk, starts toward the connecting door but before she can reach it:

SPADE:

Hold on....

She stops in the middle of the floor, turns her head to look at Spade. He gets up, goes to the door, opens it.

65. ANGLE ON CONNECTING DOOR

A tall, thin man in a black overcoat buttoned from throat to knees, takes two steps forward. Hold tight against his left side he holds a paper-wrapped parcel bound with thin rope - an ellipsoid, somewhat larger than a football. CAMERA DOLMIES FORWARD TO:

66. CLOSE SHOT THE MAN

His bony face, weather coarsened, is the color of wet sand and his eyes are dark and bloodshot and mad. There is nothing in them to show that he sees Spade.

MAN:

You know.....

A bubbling sound starts in his throat, chokes his words. He puts his right hand over the hand holding the ellipsoid, then falls. He does not put his hands out to break his fall - he falls as a tree falls.

67. MED. CLOSE SHOT SPADE, MAN, EFFIE

Spade catches him. The paper-wrapped parcel drops from the man's hands, rolls across the floor. In Spade's arms the man's body becomes limber. Spade lowers him to the floor. The man's eyes, dark and bloodshot, are mad no longer but wide open and still.

SPADE:

(to Effie)

Lock the door.

Effie, her teeth chattering, moves to obey. Spade kneels beside the thin man, turns him over on his back, runs a hand down inside his overcoat. When he withdraws the hand, it is smeared darkly. The sight of his bloody hand brings not the least nor briefest of changes to Spade's face. Holding the hand up so that it will not touch anything, he takes out his lighter with his other hand, snaps on the flame and holds it close to first one, then the other of the man's eyes.

68. CLOSEUP MAN'S FACE

Eids, eyeballs, irises and pupils remain frozen immobile.

89. MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

Spade extinguishes the flame, returns the lighter to his pocket. Spade, moving on his knees around to the dead man's side, uses his clean hand to unbutton and open the overcoat. The jagged lapels where they cross over the man's chest, are pierced by soggy, ragged holes - Spade draws a large wallet from the inside jacket pocket - it too is soggy. Spade opens the wallet - takes out papers - looks at them - then places wallet and paper on the floor beside the body.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

90. MED. FULL SHOT OFFICE

as Spade rises, goes behind the partition in the corner of the office. OVER SCENE the SOUND of running water. Effie Perine, wan, teeth chattering, walks around the body on the floor back into the private office, goes to the partition.

91. CLOSE SHOT SPADE AND EFFIE

He is washing his hands.

EFFIE:

Is -- is -- he --?

SPADE:

Yes ... He couldn't have come far with those in him.

(he rinses his hands picks up a towel)

Why couldn't he have stayed alive long enough to say something?

(he turns to face Effie, who is swaying on her feet)

Pull yourself together.

(he throws down the towel, takes her by the elbows tightly)

You mustn't go to pieces on me now.

Effie's eyelids flutter, she takes two deep breaths, then she opens her eyes, nods.

EFFIE:

All right, Sam.

Releasing one elbow, he turns her around.



as they come out from behind the partition. Spade goes over to the desk beside one leg of which the paper-wrapped parcel lies. He bends over, picks it up. When he feels its weight, his eyes glow. He puts it on the desk, turns it over so the knotted part of the rope is uppermost, takes out his pocket knife and cuts the knot. Effie comes to the corner of the desk, watches him pull the rope loose and push aside the brown paper. Excitement begins to supplant terror and nausea in her face.

EFFIE:

(whispers)

Do you think it's.....?

SPADE:

(putting wrapping  
paper out of the  
way)

We'll soon know.

His fingers tear apart an egg-shaped mass of excelsior to reveal the foot-high figure of a bird. He holds the bird out at arm's length.

CAMERA MOVES  
UP TO:

CLOSEUP THE MALTESE FALCON

in Spade's hand. It is shiny and black as coal.

SPADE'S VOICE:

(over scene)

We've got it, Angell! We've got it!

CLOSE SHOT SPADE AND EFFIE

Laughing, he puts his arm around Effie, crushing her body against his.

EFFIE:

(whispers)

You're hurting me!

He takes his arm away from her, holds the bird in both hands, blows on it to dislodge clinging excelsior and dust, then places it on the desk, takes a step back and regards it triumphantly. Effie makes a horrified face, screams, points at his foot.

95. CLOSING SPADE'S FEET

His left heel is on the dead man's hand. Spade jerks his foot away from the hand. OVER SCENE the SOUND of the telephone ringing.

96. TWO SHOT SPADE AND EFFIE

Spade nods at Effie. She turns to the desk, puts the receiver to her ear.

EFFIE:

(into phone)

Hello... Yes... Who?... Oh, Yes...

(her eyes become large)

Where?... Yes, Yes... Hold the line....

(her eyes open wide and fearful - she cries)

Hello... Hello... Hello....

She rattles the prong up and down, then she sobs and spins around to face Spade, who is close beside her now.

EFFIE:

(wildly)

It was Miss O'Shaughnessy! She wants you! She's in danger!

SPADE:

Where is she?

EFFIE:

Burlingame - 26 Ancho - Oh, Sam!.. Her voice -- it was awful! And something happened to her before she could finish. Go help her, Sam.

Spade picks up the Falcon from the desk, turns it around, scowls gloomily at the thin corpse on the floor, points his thumb at it.

SPADE:

I've got to take care of this fellow first.

Effie comes around in front of him, starts beating his chest with her fists.

EFFIE:

(crying)

No, No!... You've got to go to her. Don't you see, Sam!

96 (Cont.)

EFFIE: (Cont.)  
 (her wide terrified  
 eyes behold the dead  
 man briefly)

He was helping her and they killed  
 him - and now she's -- Oh, you've  
 got to go!

SPADE:  
 (after a moment)  
 All right.

He pushes her away, bends over his desk putting the black  
 bird back into its nest of excelsior, picks up the  
 wrapping paper from the floor and, working rapidly,  
 makes a large clumsy package.

SPADE:  
 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  
 and I told you I had to go but I  
 didn't say where.

He untangles the rope and starts binding the package.

SPADE:  
 Forget this thing. Tell it as it  
 happened but forget I had a bundle.  
 Get it straight now. Everything  
 happened the way it did happen but  
 without this dingus and I got the  
 phone call, not you.

He puts on his hat, picks up the bundle.

EFFIE:  
 Yes, Sam... Who -- do you know who  
 he is?

SPADE:  
 He was Captain Jacoby, Master of  
 the La Paloma.

EFFIE:  
 (imploringly)  
 Hurry, Sam.

SPADE:  
 (slowly as though  
 his thoughts were  
 elsewhere)  
 Sure - I'll hurry. Might not hurt  
 to get these few scraps of excelsior  
 off the floor before the police come,  
 and keep the door locked.

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont. 1)

SPADE: (Cont.)

(puts his hand  
on her cheek)

You're a good man, sister.

He smiles at her and goes, the bundle under his arm.

WIFE TO:

97. INT. HALLWAY OFFICE BUILDING

As Spade comes out of his office CAMERA TROLLIES ahead of him down the hall toward the stairs. At intervals of three or four feet, dark spots about the size of a penny show on the white tile flooring. He turns into the service stairway.

98. EXT. OFFICE BUILDING ALLEY-WAY NIGHT

as Spade opens the door to the delivery entrance, comes out, looks to right and left, then walks quickly through the stripped shadows the fire escape casts, toward the mouth of the alley-way.

WIFE TO:

99. EXT. STREET MED. LONG SHOT BUS TERMINAL

as Spade comes out of f.g., starts across the street.

100. INT. BUS TERMINAL MED. SHOT BAGGAGE COUNTER

A loud speaker is announcing the departure of a bus:

ANNOUNCER:

All aboard for Burlingame, San  
Mateo, Redwood City, Palo Alto....

Spade enters scene, puts his parcel on the counter. The baggage clerk hangs the check on the parcel, tears off the stub, gives it to Spade. He takes an envelope and pencil out of his pocket, puts the check inside the envelope, seals it, then bending over the counter, addresses it.

101. CLOSEUP ENVELOPE

as Spade's hand prints the address:

BOX 539  
P.O. STATION C  
CITY

102. MED. SHOT INT. BUS TERMINAL

Spade carries the envelope to a mail box, drops it in and goes out into the street.

103. EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BUS TERMINAL

as Spade comes out, turns to the right, goes quickly up the street.

104. EXT. UNION SQUARE

NIGHT

CAMERA TROLLIES with Spade as he walks quickly along the line of cars for hire. He goes up to a group of hack drivers, taps one of them on the arm.

SPADE:

Hello, Frank.

FRANK:

Oh, hello, Mr. Spade.

They turn away from the group.

SPADE:

Got plenty of gas?

FRANK:

Sure thing.

CAMERA DOLLIES WITH them to a dark sedan parked at the curb. Spade gets into the front seat. Frank runs around the car, climbs in behind the wheel.

105. INT. CAR CLOSE SHOT SPADE AND FRANK (PROCESS)

SPADE:

Know where Ancho Avenue or road  
or boulevard is in Burlingame?

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

FRANK:

(nosing out into street)

Nope - but if she's there, we can find her.

SPADE:

Twenty-six is the number we want and the sooner, the better.

FRANK:

Correct.

They drive a little way in silence, then:

FRANK:

Your partner got knocked off, didn't he, Mr. Spade?

SPADE:

Uh-huh.

FRANK:

(shakes his head)

She's a tough racket! You can have it for mine.

SPADE:

Well, hack drivers don't live forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

106. A SUBURBAN STREET LONG SHOT NIGHT

fronted by middle class residences.

107. INT. CAR SPADE AND FRANK

FRANK:

One-sixty - it's in the next block.

SPADE:

Park on the corner.  
(Frank nods)

108. LONG SHOT STREET NIGHT

The dark limousine pulls over to the curb. Spade gets out, walks along the pavement looking at the house numbers. He passes 32 - 30 and 28. Next to 28 is a vacant lot with a "For Sale" sign showing in the weeds. Spade takes a few steps into the lot, then stands muttering to himself. Presently he turns back, crosses the pavement, steps off the curb, holds up his arm, whistles. OVER SCENE the SOUND of a motor starting. Headlights flash on silhouetting Spade, then the car moves forward to where Spade stands. Spade gets in beside the driver.

## 109. INT. CAR CLOSE SHOT SPADE AND FRANK

Frank looks at him questioningly. Spade says nothing. All the V's in his face are accentuated. The corners of his mouth turn up but he is not smiling.

FRANK:

(eyes on the vacant lot)  
Dum steer, Mr. Spade?

Spade makes no immediate reply. When he does speak, it is not to answer the driver's question.

SPADE:

Stop when you see a drug store  
that's open.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 110. CLOSE SHOT SPADE IN TELEPHONE BOOTH

He has the receiver to his ear.

SPADE:

Hello, Mrs. Perrine?... Is Effie there?...  
Yes, please. Thanks... Hello, Precious!  
What's the good word?... No, I ran into a  
plant. Are you sure it was her voice?  
(he makes an unpleasant  
face at her answer)

Well, it was hooley... Everything go  
okay?... Nothing said about the bundle?  
... Swell... Did they take you down  
to the Hall?... Uh-huh... All right,  
Precious, you better hit the hay. You  
sound all in... Get a good night's rest.  
(we hear a voice in the  
receiver. Spade interrupts)

Save it till tomorrow. Bye.  
(he hangs up)

DISSOLVE TO:

## 111. EXT. SPADE'S APARTMENT HOUSE NIGHT

The dark limousine enters picture, pulls up to the curb. Spade gets out.

SPADE:

(to driver)  
Thanks. Night, Frank.

FRANK:

Goodnight, Mr. Spade.

Spade climbs the steps to the street-door. The car moves out of scene. Spade puts his key in the lock. OVER SCENE the SOUND of heels clicking rapidly on the sidewalk.

111 (Cont.)

He releases the key and wheel. Brigid O'Shaughnessy runs up the steps, puts her arms around him, clings to him.

BRIGID:

(panting)

Oh! I thought you'd never come!

Her face is haggard, distraught. Tremors shake her from head to foot. With the hand not supporting her, Spade feels for the key again, opens the door, half carries her inside. CAMERA ROLLIES BEHIND them into the vestibule...

112. INT. VESTIBULE

SPADE:

You've been waiting?

BRIGID:

(gasps painfully)

Yes..In a --doorway -- up the street.....

They walk to the elevator, Spade supporting her.

113. INT. AUTOMATIC ELEVATOR SPADE AND BRIGID

Spade touches the button with his free hand.

SPADE:

Can you make it all right or shall I carry you?

BRIGID:

(her head against his shoulder)

I'll be -- all right -- when I -- get where -- I can -- lie down.

He opens the elevator door, helps her out.

114. HALLWAY INT. SPADE'S APARTMENT

As Spade and Brigid are about to enter the living room, the living room light goes on. Brigid cries out, clings to Spade. Fat Gutman stands in the entrance to the living room smiling benevolently at them. The boy Wilmer comes out of the kitchen, a black pistol in either hand. The door to the bathroom opens and Cairo appears, pointing his flat, black automatic at Spade's feet. Spade keeps his arm around Brigid. His look travels from one face to another.

GUTMAN:

(volubly)

Well, sir, we're all here. Now let's come in and sit down and be comfortable and talk.



Well, sir, we're all here. Now let's come in and sit down and be comfortable and talk.

SPADE:  
(smiling bleakly)

Sure.

Gutman's bulbs jounce as he takes three waddling backward steps into the living room. Spade and Brigid go in together. Cairo stops in the doorway.

115. INT. SPADE'S LIVING ROOM GROUP

The boy puts away one of his pistols; comes up behind Spade. Spade turns his head around to look over his shoulder at the boy.

SPADE:  
Get away. You're not going to frisk me.

WILMER:  
Stand still. Shut up!

SPADE:  
(voice level)  
Put your paw on me and I'm going to make you use that gun. Ask your boss if he wants me shot up before we talk.

GUTMAN:  
(after a pause)  
Never mind, Wilmer.  
(he chuckles at Spade)  
You are certainly a most headstrong individual ... Well, let's be seated.

Spade takes Brigid to the sofa by the window, sits down with her. They sit close together, her head resting against his shoulder. She has stopped panting but she is still trembling. Gutman lowers himself into the padded rocking chair. Cairo chooses the armchair by the window. The boy remains standing, one pistol huge looking in his small hand, dangling by his side, looking under curling lashes at Spade's body. Cairo puts his pistol on the table beside him. Spade takes off his hat, tosses it at the other end of the sofa, then he grins at Gutman.

SPADE:  
Well! Are you ready to make the first payment and take the Falcon off my hands?

Brigid sits up straight, looks at Spade with surprised eyes. He pats her shoulder. His eyes remain on Gutman's.

GUTMAN:  
(puts his hand to his inside breast pocket)  
Well, sir, as to that...

Cairo, hands on table...

(repeats)  
Well, sir, as to that ...

He takes a white envelope from his pocket, turns it over in his swollen hands, studies for a moment its blank white front, then cocks his wrist, jerks his hand forward. Spinning, the envelope sails into Spade's lap. Spade takes his arm from around the girl. Using both hands, he opens the envelope, takes out stiff, new bills, counts them.

SPADE:

(mildly)

Ten thousand.. We were talking about more money than this.

GUTMAN:

(eyes twinkling merrily)

Yes, sir, we were... But this is genuine coin of the realm, sir. With a dollar of this you can buy ten dollars of talk.

(he puts a serious expression on his face)

There are more of us to be taken care of now.

Spade taps the edges of the bills into alignment, returns them to the envelope, tucking the flap in over them.

SPADE:

That may be but I've got the Falcon!

CAIRO:

(primly)

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.

SPADE:

(turning his grin on Cairo)

I'm trying not to let that worry me.

He sits up straight, places the envelope on the arm of the sofa, addresses Gutman.

SPADE:

We'll come back to the money later. There's another thing to be taken care of first. We've got to have a fall-guy.

Gutman raises his eyebrows to express inquiry.

SPADE:

The police have got to have a victim

SPADE: (Cont.)

somebody they can stick for these murders.

CAIRO:

(voice brittle - excited)

Two -- Only two murders, Mr. Spade. Thursby undoubtedly killed your partner.

SPADE:

(growling)

All right, two. What difference does it make? The point is, we've got to give the police ...

GUTMAN:

(interrupting)

Come, 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 hand ...

SPADE:

(in restrained tone)

I'm in up to my neck, Gutman. I've got to come through with somebody -- a victim - when the time comes. If I don't I'll be it.

(his voice becomes persuasive)

Let's give them the punk.

(he nods pleasantly toward the boy)

He actually did shoot Thursby and Jacoby, didn't he? Anyway, he's made to order for the part. Let's turn him over to them.

The boy tightens the corners of his mouth. Spade's proposal seems to have not other effect on him. Joel Cairo's dark face is open-eyed, amazed. Brigid moves away from Spade, twists herself around on the sofa to stare at him. Gutman remains still, expressionless, for a long moment. Then he decides to laugh. He laughs heartily and at length.

GUTMAN:

By Gad, sir, you're a character - that you are.

(takes a white handkerchief from his pocket and wipes his eyes)

There's never any telling what you'll say or do next except that it is bound to be something astonishing.

SPADE:

(in the manner of one reasoning with a recalcitrant friend)

It is our best bet. With him in their hands, the police will ...

GUTMAN:

(interrupting)

But, my dear man, can't you see if I even for the moment thought of doing such a thing -- but that's ridiculous. I feel toward Wilmer just exactly as if he were my own son. Really, I do. But if I even for a moment thought of doing as 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?

SPADE:

Let him take his head off. I promise you nobody will do anything about it.

GUTMAN:

(laughs uproariously -

turns to look at the boy)

What do you think of this, Wilmer?  
It's mighty funny, eh?

The boy's eyes are cold, pale gleams under his lashes.

WILMER:

(voice low - distinct)

Mighty funny ...

SPADE:

(to Brigid)

How do you feel now, Angel, any better?

BRIGID:

Yes, much better, only ...

(she lowers her voice  
to a whisper)

I'm frightened!

SPADE:

(puts a hand on her knee)

Don't be. Nothing very bad's going to happen. Want a drink?

BRIGID:

(shakes her head)

Be careful, Sam.

Spade grins, looks at Gutman.

GUTMAN:

(clears his throat,  
laughs, then)

Well, sir, if you're really serious about this, the least we can do in common politeness, is to hear you out ...  
Now, how would you be able to fix it...

(laughs again)

... So that Wilmer couldn't do us any harm?

SPADE:

Reverend like next district attorney

GUTMAN: (Cont.)

a thing -- but that's ridiculous. I feel toward Wilmer just exactly as if he were my own son. Really, I do. But if I even for a moment thought of doing as 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?

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Well, sir, if you're really serious  
about this, the least we can do in  
common politeness, is to hear you out...  
Now, how would you be able to fix it...  
(laughs again)  
... so that Wilmer couldn't do us any  
harm?

115 (Cont.4)

SPADE: (Cont.)

To be sure of convicting one man, he'll let half a dozen equally guilty accomplices go free. I can show him that if he starts fooling around trying to gather up everybody - he's going to have a tangled case, while, if he sticks to Wilmer here, he can get a conviction standing on his head.

Walking, stiff-legged, the boy advances from the doorway until he is in the center of the floor. He halts there, leans forward slightly from the waist, hand and pistol still dangle at his side but his knuckles are white over the pistol's grip. The indelible youngness of his face gives an indescribably vicious and inhuman turn to the white, hot hatred and the cold white malevolence in his face.

BOY:

(to Spade in a voice  
cramped by passion)

Get up on your feet!

Spade smiles at the boy. His amusement seems genuine and unalloyed.

BOY:

I've taken all the riding from you  
I'm going to take.. Get up and  
shoot it out.

SPADE:

Young wild West!

(glances at Gutman)

Maybe you ought to tell him that shooting  
me before you get your hands on the  
Falcon will be bad for business.

Gutman's voice is too hoarse and gritty for the paternally admonishing tone he tries to achieve.

GUTMAN:

Now, now, Wilmer. We can't have any of  
that. You shouldn't let yourself attach  
such importance to these things.

BOY:

(eyes on Spade's face as  
before)

Make him lay off me then!

GUTMAN:

Now, Wilmer...

(to Spade)

Your plan is, sir, not at all practical, sir.  
Let's not say anything more about it.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.5)

SPADE:

All right - 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.

SPADE:

Give them Cairo.

Gutman tries to laugh, cannot, then:

GUTMAN:

(in an uncertain tone)  
Well, by Gad, sir ...

CAIRO:

(voice shrill with indignation)  
Suppose we give them you, Mr. Spade?  
Or Miss O'Shaughnessy? How about that?

SPADE:

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 ...  
(his dispassionate gaze moves to the girl)

If you think she can be rigged for the part, I'm perfectly willing to discuss it with you.

The girl puts her hands to her throat, utters a short, strangled cry.

CAIRO:

(his face and body twitching with excitement)  
You seem to forget you are not in a position to insist on anything!

Spade laughs - a harsh, derisive laugh.

GUTMAN:

Come now, gentlemen, let's keep our discussion on a friendly basis. But there certainly is ....  
(cocks his head at Spade)  
...something in what Mr. Cairo says.

SPADE:

If you kill me, how are you going to get the bird? If I know you can't afford to kill me, how are you going to scare me into giving it to you?

Gutman's eyes twinkle between puckered lips.

GUTMAN:

Well, sir, there are other means of persuasion besides killing and threaten- ing to kill.

SPADE:

Sure. But they aren't much good unless the threat of death is behind them. See what I mean? If you start anything I'll make it a matter of your having to kill me or call it off.

GUTMAN:

(chuckles)

That's an attitude, sir, that calls for the most delicate judgment on both sides - because, as you know, sir, in the heat of action men are likely to forget where their best interests lie and let their emotions carry them away.

SPADE:

(all smiling blandness)

The trick from my angle would be to make my play strong enough to tie you up, yet not make you mad enough to bump me off - against your better judgment.

GUTMAN:

(fondly)

By Gad, sir, you are a character!

Joel Cairo gets up from his chair, walks around behind the boy to Gutman's chair, bends over, screens his mouth and whispers into the fat man's ear. Gutman listens attentively, nodding from time to time. Spade grins at Brigid O'Shaughnessy, then turns to the boy.

SPADE:

Two to one they're selling you out, son.

The boy says nothing. A muscular spasm seizes the hand that is holding the gun, hand and gun jerk convulsively.

SPADE:

(to Gutman)

I hope you're not letting yourself be influenced by the guns these pocket edition desperadoes are waving...

Cairo stops whispering, makes himself erect behind the fat man's chair.

SPADE:

I've practiced taking them away from both of them so there'll be no trouble there. Wilmer here is ...

BOY:



He jerks his pistol up in front of his chest. Gutman flings a fat hand out to the boy's wrist. Joel Cairo scurries around to the boy's other side, grasps his other arm holding onto the boy's wrist; Gutman struggles to get his fat body out of the rocking chair, succeeds. Then he and Cairo wrestle with the boy, forcing his arms down. Words come out of the struggling group. Fragments of the boy's incoherent speech: "Fog... Go... Riding... Smoke... Gutman repeats, "Now, now, Wilmer" many times and Cairo, "No, please don't" and "You mustn't, Wilmer." Woodon-faced, dreamy-eyed Spade gets up from the sofa, goes over to the group. The boy, unable to cope with the weight against him, has stopped struggling. Spade drives his left fist against the boy's chin. The boy's head snaps back. When it comes forward Spade drives his right fist against the boy's chin. Cairo drops the boy's arm letting him collapse against Gutman's round belly. Cairo springs at Spade, clawing at his face. Tears are in the Greek's eyes and his lips work angrily but no sound comes from between them.

SPADE:

(laughing)

Cairo, you're a pip!

He cuffs the side of Cairo's face with an open hand, knocking him over against the table. Cairo regains his balance, springs again. Spade stops him with a long rigid arm, the palm flat against Cairo's face. Cairo, failing to reach Spade, flails his shorter arms at empty air.

SPADE:

(growls)

Stop it! I'll hurt you!

Cairo backs away. Spade stoops to pick up Cairo's pistol from the floor and then the boy's. He straightens up, holding them in his left hand, dangling them upside-down, by their trigger guards, from his fore-finger. Gutman, who has put the boy in the rocking chair, stands looking down at him with troubled eyes. Cairo goes down on his knees, beside the chair, begins to chafe the boy's limp hands. Spade crosses to the chair, feels around the boy's jaw with his fingers.

SPADE:

Nothing cracked... We'll spread him out on the sofa.

He lifts the boy without apparent effort, carries him to the sofa. Brigid O'Shaughnessy gets up quickly. Spade places the boy on the sofa. With his right hand he pats the boy's clothes, finds his second pistol, adds it to the others in his left hand, then turns his back on the sofa. Cairo comes over and sits down beside the boy's head. Spade clicks the pistols together in his hands, smiles cheerfully at Gutman.

(Cont. 3)

Gutman's eyes are clouded, troubled. He does not look at Spade but at the floor.

SPADE:

Either you'll say yes right now or I'll turn the Falcon and the whole lot of you in.

Gutman's eyes dart from the floor to Spade's face, then there.

GUTMAN:

(sharply)

I don't like that, sir.

Spade rattles the guns together impatiently.

SPADE:

You won't like it ... Well ...?

The fat man sighs, makes a wry face.

GUTMAN:

(sadly)

You can have him.

SPADE:

That's swell!

Cairo, sitting on the sofa, rubs the boy's temple and wrists, smooths his hair back from his forehead, peers anxiously at his white, still face. Except for his breathing, the boy's small figure is altogether corpse-like. Spade puts his handful of pistols on the table, takes a chair at a corner of the table, glances at the tinny alarm clock atop the "Celebrated Criminal Cases".

SPADE:

Two o'clock. I can't get the Falcon till daylight or maybe later.

GUTMAN:

It strikes me that it would be best for all concerned if we did not get out of each others sight until our business has been transacted.

(he looks at the sofa)

... You have the envelope?

Spade shakes his head, glances over at the sofa, then looks around at the girl.

SPADE:

Miss O'Shaughnessy has it.

BRIGID:

Yes. I have it.

(puts a hand inside her jacket)

I picked it up.

115 (Cont. 9)

SPADE:

That's all right - hang onto it.

(to Gutman)

We won't have to lose sight of each other. The dingus will be brought to us here.

GUTMAN:

Excellent, sir! Excellent!... Then in exchange for the ten thousand dollars and Wilmer, you will give us the Falcon and an hour or two of grace.

Spade takes out tobacco and paper, starts rolling a cigarette.

SPADE:

Let's get the details fixed. Why did he shoot Thursby and why and where and how did he shoot Captain Jacoby? I've got to know all that happened so I can be sure the parts that won't fit are covered up.

Gutman interlaces his fingers over his belly, rocks in his chair.

GUTMAN:

(forthrightly)

I shall be candid with you, sir... Thursby was Miss O'Shaughnessy's ally. We believed that disposing of him in the manner we did would cause Miss O'Shaughnessy to stop and think that perhaps it would be best to patch up her differences with us regarding the Falcon.

SPADE:

You didn't try to make a deal with him before giving him the works?

GUTMAN:

(emphatically)

We did -- Yes, sir. We most certainly did. I talked to him myself that very night but I could do nothing with him. He was quite determinedly loyal to Miss O'Shaughnessy... so Wilmer followed him back to his hotel and did what he did.

SPADE:

(after a moment's thought)

That sounds all right.... Now Jacoby.

GUTMAN:

(gravely)

Captain Jacoby's death was entirely Miss O'Shaughnessy's fault.

Brigid gasps, puts her hand to her mouth.

SPADE:  
Toll me what happened.

GUTMAN:  
(rocking throughout)  
Well, Cairo, as you must have surmised, got in touch with me after he left police headquarters yesterday night - or morning. He recognized the mutual advantage of pooling forces.

(directs his smile at Cairo)  
Mr. Cairo is a man of nice judgment. The Paloma was his thought. He saw the notice of its arrival in the papers and remembered that he had heard in Hongkong that Jacoby and Miss O'Shaughnessy had been seen together. Well, sir, he saw that notice and putting two and two together, guessed the truth - she had given the bird to Jacoby to bring here for her ...

SPADE:  
And at that juncture you decided to slip me the mickey, huh?

GUTMAN:  
(nods, then apologetically)  
There was no place for you in our plans, sir, so we decided to spare ourselves any possible embarrassment ... Mr. Cairo and Wilmer and I went to call on Captain Jacoby. We were lucky enough to arrive while Miss O'Shaughnessy was there. In many ways it was a difficult conference but we finally persuaded Miss O'Shaughnessy to come to terms, or so we thought. We then 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. En route she and Captain Jacoby and the Falcon slipped completely through our fingers.

(he laughs merrily -  
then turns to beam at Brigid)  
It was neatly done, sir. Indeed it was!

Spade looks at the girl. Her eyes, large and dark with pleading, meet his.

SPADE:  
(to Gutman)  
You touched off the boat before you left?

GUTMAN:  
Not intentionally, though I dare say we, or Wilmer at least, were responsible for one fire. While the rest of us were talking in the cabin, Wilmer went about the ship ...

115 (Cont.11)

S. J. E.:

All right ... Now about the shooting.

GUTMAN:

We caught up with Miss O'Shaughnessy and Jacoby at her apartment. I sent Wilmer downstairs to cover the fire escape before ringing the bell. And, sure enough, while she was asking us who we were through the door and we told her, we heard a window go up. Wilmer shot Jacoby as he was coming down the fire escape - shot him more than once. But Jacoby was too tough either to fall or drop the Falcon. He climbed the rest of the way down, knocked Wilmer over and ran off.

(he breaks off to smile at a memory)

We persuaded - that is the word, sir, we... Ah ... persuaded Miss O'Shaughnessy to tell us where she had told Captain Jacoby to take the Falcon. And we... Ah... further Ah .. persuaded her to phone your office in an attempt to draw you away before Jacoby got there. But, unfortunately for us, it had taken too long to persuade Miss O'Shaughnessy ...

The boy on the sofa groans, rolls over on his side. His eyes open and close several times.

GUTMAN:

(concludes hurriedly)

And you had the Falcon before we could reach you.

The boy puts one foot on the floor, raises himself on an elbow, opens his eyes wide, puts the other foot down, sits up and looks around. When his eyes focus on Spade, bewilderment leaves them. Spade gets up from his chair to sit on the corner of the table. The boy looks at Gutman. Gutman smiles benignly.

GUTMAN:

Well, Wilmer, I am 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!

Spade laughs. The boy's eyes remain on Gutman's face.

GUTMAN:

(sighs - then to Spade)

When you're young you simply don't understand these things.

Spade grins at Gutman.

SPADE:

(to Brigid)

How about some coffee? Put the pot on, will you? I don't like to leave my guests.

BRIGID:

(quickly)

Surely.

She starts toward the door.

GUTMAN:

(stops rocking)

Just a moment, my dear.

(holds up a thick hand)

Hadn't you better leave the envelope in here?

Brigid's eyes question Spade. Spade nods. She puts her hand inside her coat, takes out the envelope, gives it to Spade. He tosses it into Gutman's lap.

SPADE:

Sit on it if you are afraid of losing it.

GUTMAN:

(suavely)

You misunderstand me. It is not that at all but business should be transacted in a business-like manner.

(he opens the envelope, takes out and counts the bills, then chuckles)

For instance, there are only nine bills here now.

(he spreads them on his knee)

There were ten when I handed it to you, as you very well know.

(his smile is broad, jovial and triumphant)

SPADE:

(looks at Brigid)

Well?

She shakes her head. Her lips move slightly. Her face is frightened. Spade holds out his hand to Gutman and the money is put into it. Spade counts the money - nine bills - and returns it to Gutman. Spade picks up the three pistols from the table, rises.

SPADE:

(matter-of-factly)

I want to know about this.

Cairo looks at Spade with questioning eyes. The boy beside him does not look up. He is leaning forward, head between hands.

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 LOS ANGELES

SPADE:  
(to Gutman)  
You palmed it.

GUTMAN:  
(chuckles)  
I palmed it?

SPADE:  
Yes.  
(he jingles the pistols  
in his hand)  
Do you want to say so or do you want  
to stand for a frisk?

GUTMAN:  
Stand for ...?

SPADE:  
You're going to admit it or I'm going  
to search you. There's no third way.

Gutman rocks back in his chair, laughs delightedly.

GUTMAN:  
By Gad, sir, I believe you would. I  
really do. You are a character, sir -  
if you don't mind my saying so.

SPADE:  
You palmed it.

GUTMAN:  
Yes, sir, that I did.

He takes a crumpled bill from his vest pocket, smooths  
it on his thigh, then, opening the flap of the envelope  
puts the smoothed bill in with the others.

GUTMAN:  
I must have my little joke now and then.  
And I was curious to know what you'd do in  
a situation of that sort. I must say  
that you passed the test with flying  
colors, sir. It never occurred to me that  
you'd hit on such a simple and direct way  
of getting at the truth.  
(he booms at Spade)

SPADE:  
(sneering)  
That's the kind of thing I'd expect  
from somebody Wilmer's age.

Gutman chuckles. Brigid exits into the kitchen. Gut-  
man offers Spade the white envelope. Spade looks at  
the pistols in his hand, then at Gutman, goes into the  
passage to the closet, opens the closet door, puts the  
pistols on top of a trunk, shuts the door, locks it.

GUTMAN:

This will soon be yours. You might as well take it.

Spade does not take it. He sits on the arm of the arm-chair.

SPADE:

I ought to have more than ten thousand.

GUTMAN:

Of course, sir, you understand this is the first payment. Later ...

SPADE:

(laughing)

I know you'll give me millions later. But how's about fifteen thousand now?

GUTMAN:

Frankly and candidly and on my word of honor as a gentleman, ten thousand is all the money I can raise.

SPADE:

But you didn't say positively.

GUTMAN:

(laughs - repeats)

Positively!

Spade puts out his hand. The fat man lays the envelope in it, then screws up his eyes, moves his head to indicate the kitchen.

GUTMAN:

I'd like to give you a word of advice.

SPADE:

Go ahead.

GUTMAN:

I dare say you'll give her some money but if you don't give her as much as she thinks she ought to have, my word of advice is - be careful.

SPADE:

(mockingly)

Dangerous?

GUTMAN:

(nods slowly)

Very.

Spade calls toward the kitchen.

SPADE:

How's the coffee coming?

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BOY'S VOICE:

(over scene)

It's coming.

Gutman glances at his watch.

GUTMAN:

It is six o'clock, Mr. Spade. Can you start getting it now?

SPADE:

I guess so.

He gets up, stretches, goes to the telephone, dials number. Gutman stops rocking and Cairo takes the kerchief away from his mouth while Spade is waiting for the number to answer. The boy lies down with his feet toward Cairo, turns his face to the window. Ericid comes to the door carrying a tray with coffee pot, cups sugar and cream. Seeing Spade at the telephone, she stops in the threshold, stands waiting. Spade whistles two lines of "En Cuba" softly.

SPADE:

(into phone)

Hello, Precious... Sorry to get you up... Yes, very ... Here's the plot ... In our Holland box at the Post Office you'll find an envelope in my scrawl. There's a bus-station parcel room check in it for the bundle we got yesterday ... Will you get the bundle and bring it to me P.D.Q? ... Yes, I'm home... That's the girl -- Hustle... Bye.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 116. INT. LIVING ROOM SPADE'S APARTMENT

A strip of daylight shows between the drawn curtains at one of the windows. The electric lights are still on. The clock on the side table says ten minutes of eight. The air in the room is thick with tobacco smoke. Gutman is in his rocker smoking a cigar and reading from "Celebrated Cases." The boy is fast asleep on the sofa. Cairo, at the farthest corner of the sofa, is nodding. The girl is curled up in the arm chair, her cheek resting against the back of the chair. She's not asleep. Spade sits at a corner of the table smoking and drinking coffee. Coffee pot and dirty cups and saucers stand on the table. He mashes the last of his cigarette in his saucer, stretches, gets up, goes to the window, opens the curtains. Sunlight shows on the panes. He leaves the window, goes to the wall switch, turns off the electricity. Gutman's eyes raise from his book now and then as Spade moves around the room.

(CONTINUED)

116 (Cont.)

Brigid's eyes never leave Spade. OVER scene the street door bell rings. Cairo jerks to wakefulness. Gutman puts down his book. Spade goes to the telephone box and presses the button releasing the street door lock. Brigid puts her legs down from the chair, sits up.

GUTMAN:

(to Spade)

You don't mind if I go to the door with you?

Spade nods - Gutman struggles out of his chair - follows Spade into corridor. CAMERA TROLLIES after them.

117. THE CORRIDOR DOOR

Spade opens it. OVER scene the SOUND of the elevator. Presently the elevator door opens and Effie Perino comes out carrying the brown-wrapped parcel. Her boyish face is gay and bright. She comes forward quickly. After one quick glance, she does not look at Gutman. Smiling, she gives Spade the parcel.

SPADE:

Thanks a lot, lady. I'm sorry to spoil your day of rest but this ..

EFFIE:

(laughing)

It is not the first one you've spoiled ... Anything else?

SPADE:

(shaking his head)

No thanks.

EFFIE:

Bye-bye then.

She turns and goes back to the elevator. Spade shuts the door. CAMERA TROLLIES AHEAD of Spade and Gutman as they carry the parcel into the living room.

118. INT. LIVING ROOM

Gutman's face is dark, his cheeks quivory. Cairo and Brigid come to the table as Spade puts the parcel there. The boy rises, pale and tense, but he remains by the sofa staring under curling lashes at the others.

SPADE:

(stepping back  
from the table)

There you are!

118 (Cont.)

Gutman's fat fingers make short work of cord and paper and excelsior.

GUTMAN:

(huskily)

Now - after seventeen years!

He takes out the black bird, holds it in both hands, looks at it with eyes that are moist.

GUTMAN:

(softly)

Ah...!

Cairo licks his lips, works his hands together. The girl's lower lip is between her teeth. Everyone, including Spade, is breathing heavily. Gutman puts the bird down on the table, rumbles in a pocket.

GUTMAN:

It is it! But we will make sure.

Sweat glistens on his round cheeks. His fingers twitch as he takes out a gold pocket-knife, opens it. Cairo and the girl stand close to him, one on either side. Spade stands back a little where he can watch the boy as well as the group at the table. Gutman turns the bird upside-down, scratches an edge of its base with his knife. Black enamel comes off in tiny curls exposing grey metal beneath.

CAMERA MOVES  
TO:

119. CLOSEUP THE BIRD

as Gutman's blade bites into the metal, turning back a thin curving shaving. Gutman's hands twist the bird around and the knife hacks at its head.

120. CLOSE SHOT GROUP

Gutman's breath hisses between his teeth. His face becomes turgid with hot blood. He hacks wildly at the bird... Its head, throat, breast. Then suddenly he lets knife and bird bang down on the table, whorls to confront Spado.

GUTMAN:

(hoarsely)

It's a fake!

Spado's face is somber. His nod is slow. His eyes detach themselves from the scarred black bird, travel to Brigid's.

SPADE:

(growls into her face)

All right. You've had your little joke. Now tell us about it.

BRIGID:

(cries)

No, Sam, no! That's the one I got from Kemidov, I swear.

Joel Cairo thrusts himself between Spade and Gutman, omits words in a shrill, spluttering strain.

CAIRO:

(screaming -- to Gutman)

You bungled it! You and your stupid attempt to buy it. Kemidov caught on to how valuable it was!

(tears run down his face

and he dances up and down)

No wonder we had so little trouble stealing it! You imbecile! You bloated idiot!

(he puts his hands to

his face and blubbers)

Gutman's jaw sags. He blinks with vacant eyes, then he collects himself -- again becomes the jovial, smiling fat man.

(CONTINUED)

GUTMAN:

(good-naturedly)

Yes... that is the Russian's hand.  
There's no doubt of it.

(to Cairo)

Well, sir, what do you suggest?  
Shall we stand here and shed tears  
and call each other names or shall  
we ----

(smiling like a cherub)

... go to Istanbul?

The Greek takes his hands from his face. His eyes  
bulge.

CAIRO:

(stammers)

You are ...

(amazement makes  
him speechless)

The fat man pats his fat hands together and his eyes  
twinkle.

GUTMAN:

(voice a throaty purr)

For seventeen years I have wanted  
that little item and have been try-  
ing to get it. If I must spend  
another year on the quest -- well,  
sir -- that will be an additional  
expenditure in time of only....

(his lips move  
silently as he  
calculates)... five and fifteen-seventenths  
percent...

Cairo giggles, then cries:

CAIRO:

I go with you.

Spade starts slightly, looks from right to left.  
The other, observing Spade's movements, also look  
around. The boy is gone.

GUTMAN:

Wilmer!... What...?

Spade goes to the corridor.

SPADE:

(sourly)

A swell lot of thieves!

GUTMAN:

We have little enough to boast about, sir, but the world hasn't come to an end just because we've run into a little set-back.

(he extends his hand -  
palm up)

I'll have to ask you for that envelope, sir.

SPADE:

(wooden faced)

I held up my end - you got your dingus. It's your hard luck, not mine, it wasn't what you wanted.

GUTMAN:

(persuasively)

Now come, sir, we've all failed and there's no reason for expecting any of us to bear the whole brunt.

He brings his right hand from behind him. In it is a small pistol ornately engraved and inlaid with silver and gold and mother-of-pearl.

GUTMAN:

In short, sir, I must ask you to return my ten thousand.

Spade's face does not change. He shrugs, takes the envelope from his pocket. He starts to hold it out to Gutman, hesitates, opens the envelope, takes out one of the bills. He puts it into his trouser pocket. Then he tucks the envelope's flap in over the other bills and holds the envelope out to Gutman.

SPADE:

That will take care of my time and expenses.

Gutman, after a little pause, imitates Spade's shrug and accepts the envelope.

GUTMAN:

Now, sir, we will say goodbye to you unless you care to undertake the Istanbul expedition with us ... You don't? ... Well, sir, frankly, I'd like to have you along. You're a man of nice judgment and many resources. Now that there is no alternative, I am sure that you'll somehow manage the police without a

SPADE:

I'll make out all right.

GUTMAN:

Well, sir, the shortest farewells  
are the best... Adieu.

(he makes a portly  
bow)

And to you, Miss O'Shaughnessy,  
I leave the Rara Avis there on the  
table...

(he waves toward  
the bird)

... as a little memento.

Gutman and Cairo withdraw, Cairo preceding him down the short hall into the corridor door. Spade does not look at Brigid but stands motionless, his eyes gloomy under a forehead drawn down until the SOUND of the elevator comes OVER SCENE. Then he goes to the telephone.

122. CLOSE SHOT SPADE AT TELEPHONE

takes the receiver off the hook and dials a number. Brigid watches him, a slight frown on her face.

SPADE:

(into phone)

Hello ... Is Sergeant Polhaus there?

... Please ... This is Samuel Spade.

(he stares into  
space, waiting,  
then)

Hello, Tom ... I've got something for you ... Here it is ... Thursby and Jacoby were shot by a kid named Wilmer Cook, about twenty years old, five feet six inches tall. In gray woolen suit, gray single-breasted overcoat and hat, shirt with soft attached collar and a light crepe silk tie. He's working for a man named Casper Gutman. You can't miss Gutman. He must weigh three hundred pounds... That fellow Cairo is in with them too ... Right ... They just left here for the Alexandria Hotel, but they're blowing town so you'll have to move fast ... I don't think they're expecting a pinch ... Watch yourself when you go up against the kid ... That's right, Tom ... and good luck.

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122 (Cont.)

Spade slowly replaces the receiver on the prong. He fills his chest with air and exhales. His eyes are glittering between narrowed lids. He turns, takes three swift steps toward Brigid O'Shaughnessy. The girl, startled by the suddenness of his approach, lets her breath out in a little gasp. Spade, face to face with Brigid, looks at her hard of jaw and eye.

SPADE:

They'll talk when they're nailed - about us. We're sitting on dynamite. We've only got minutes to get set for the police. Give me all of it fast.

She starts to speak, hesitates, bites her lip. Spade takes her by the shoulder, cries angrily:

SPADE:

Talk.

BRIGID:

(uncertainly)

Where ... shall ... I ... begin?

SPADE:

The day you first came to my office ... Why did you want Thursby shadowed?

BRIGID:

I told you, Sam, I suspected him of betraying me and I wanted to find out.

SPADE:

That's a lie! You had Thursby hooked and you knew it. You wanted to get him out of the way before Jacoby came with the loot. Isn't that so?

Brigid lowers her eyes shame-facedly.

SPADE:

What was your scheme?

BRIGID:

(timidly)

I thought that if he saw some one following him, he might be frightened into going away.

SPADE:

Miles hadn't many brains but he wasn't clumsy enough to be spotted the first night. You must have told Thursby he was being followed.



BRIGID:

I told him.  
(catches her breath,  
tortures her lower  
lip.)

I told him ... Yes... But please  
believe me, Sam. I wouldn't have  
told him if I had thought Floyd  
would kill him. I wouldn't for  
a minute ...

SPADE:

(interrupting)  
If you thought he wouldn't kill  
Miles, you were right, Angel.

BRIGID:

(her upraised  
face holds utter  
astonishment)  
Didn't he?

SPADE:

Miles hadn't many brains but he  
had too many years experience  
as a detective to be caught like  
that -- by a man he was shadow-  
ing -- up a blind alley with his  
gun tucked away in his hip and  
his overcoat buttoned.

(he takes his  
hand away from  
her shoulder,  
looks at her for  
a long moment  
smiling, then:)

But he would have gone up there  
with you, Angel. He was just  
dumb enough for that. He'd have  
looked you up and down and licked  
his lips and gone grinning from  
ear to ear. And then you could  
have stood as close to him as you  
liked in the dark and put a hole  
through him with the gun you had  
gotten from Thursby that evening.

Brigid shrinks back from him until the edge of the  
table stops her.

BRIGID:

(staring with  
terrified eyes)  
Don't -- don't talk to me like  
that, Sam. You know I didn't ..  
you know --

SPADE:

Stop it!

(he glances at  
the clock)

The police will be blowing in  
any minute now. Talk!

BRIGID:

(puts the back  
of her hand to  
her forehead)

Oh, why do you accuse me of such  
a terrible ... ?

SPADE:

(very low -  
impatient)

This isn't the spot for the  
school-girl act. The pair of  
us are sitting under the gallows.

He grasps her wrists forcing her to stand up straight  
in front of him. Her face becomes suddenly haggard.

SPADE:

Why did you shoot him?

BRIGID:

(voice hushes  
and troubled)

I didn't mean to at first. I  
didn't really but when I saw that  
Floyd couldn't be frightened, I  
-- I can't look at you and tell  
you this, Sam.

(she starts to  
sob, clings to  
him)

SPADE:

You thought Thursby would tackle  
him and one or the other of them  
would go down. If Thursby was  
the one, then you were rid of him.  
If it was Miles, then you could  
see that Thursby was caught and  
you'd be rid of him. That it?

BRIGID:

S -- something -- like -- that.

SPADE:

And when you found that Thursby  
didn't mean to tackle him, you  
borrowed the gun and did it your-  
self. Right?

She nods mutely.

SPADE:

You didn't know then that Gutman was here hunting for you... You didn't suspect that or you wouldn't have been trying to shake your protector. But you know Gutman was here when you heard Thursday had been shot and you know you needed another protector -- So you came back to me.

She puts her hands up around the back of his neck pushing his head down until his mouth all but touches hers.

BRIGID:

Yes, but -- Oh, sweetheart, it wasn't only that. I would have come back to you sooner or later. From the very first instant I saw you I knew...

He puts his arms around her holding her tight to him.

SPADE:

(tenderly)

You Angol! 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.

She draws away from him slightly, throws her head far back to stare up at him, uncomprehending.

SPADE:

(tenderly)

I hope they don't hang you, Precious, by that sweet neck.

He puts his hand up and caresses her throat. In an instant she is out of his arms back against the table crouching, both hands spread over her throat. Her face is wild-eyed, haggard. Her mouth opens and closes.

BRIGID:

(in a small  
parched voice)

You're not ... ?

(she can get  
no other words  
out)

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.4)

Spade's face is damp with sweat now. His mouth smiles and there are smile wrinkles around his glittering eyes.

SPADE:

(gently)

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.

(he clears his throat)

If they hang you, I'll always remember you.

Brigid drops her hands, stands erect. Her face become's smooth and untroubled except for the faintest of dubious glints in her eyes. She smiles back at him.

BRIGID:

Don't, Sam. Don't say that - even in fun. Oh, you frightened me for a moment. I really thought --- you do such wild and unpredictable things....

She breaks off, thrusts her head forward and stares deep into his eyes. The flesh around her mouth shivers and fear comes back into her eyes. She puts her hands to her throat again. Spade laughs - His laugh is a croak.

SPADE:

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!

(she takes 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 -- don't -- I -- love me.

The muscles holding his smile stand out like walls.

SPADE:

I think I do. What of it? I won't play the sap for you.

(CONTINUED)

122 (Cont.5)

BRIGID:

(tears come  
to her eyes)You know it is not like that! You  
can't say that!

SPADE:

I am saying it. You've never played  
square with me for half an hour at  
a stretch since I've known you.Brigid blinks her tears away, takes a few steps back-  
ward, stands looking at him, straight and proud.

BRIGID:

You know, down deep in your heart  
you know that in spite of anything  
I've done, I love you.He puts his hand back on her shoulder, the hand shakes  
and jerks.

SPADE:

I don't care who loves who. I'm  
not going to play the sap for  
you. I won't walk in Thursby's -  
and I don't know how many others -  
footsteps. You killed Miles and  
you're going over for it.She takes his hand from her shoulder, holds it close  
to her face.

BRIGID:

Why must you do this to me, Sam?  
Surely Mr. Archer wasn't as much  
to you as --He is no longer smiling. He pulls his hand away from  
her. His wet face is set hard and deeply lined. His  
eyes burn madly.

SPADE:

(hoarsely)

Listen....This won't do any good.  
You'll never understand me but  
I'll try once and then give it  
up. Listen.... when a man's part-  
ner is killed, he's supposed to  
do something about it. It doesn't  
make any difference what you  
thought of him. He was your part-  
ner and you're supposed to do some-  
thing about it. Then it happens  
we're in the detective business.  
Well, when one of your organization  
gets killed, it's bad business to

(CONTINUED)

SPADE: (Cont.)

let the killer get away with it -  
bad all around - bad for every  
detective everywhere.

BRIGID:

You don't expect me to think that  
these things you're saying are suf-  
ficient reason for sending me to  
the ... ?

SPADE:

Wait till I'm through. Then you  
can talk. Third. I've no earth-  
ly reason to think I can trust you  
and if I did this and got away with  
it, you'd have something on me you  
could use whenever you wanted to.  
Next: since I've got something on  
you, I couldn't be sure you wouldn't  
decide to put a hole in me some day.  
Fifth. I wouldn't even like the idea  
of thinking that there might be one  
chance in a hundred that you'd played  
me for a sucker. And, seventh: But  
that's enough. All those are on one  
side. Maybe some of them are unim-  
portant. I won't argue about that.  
But look at the number of them. Now,  
on the other side we've got what?  
All we've got is that maybe you  
love me, and maybe I love you.

BRIGID:

(whispers)

You know whether you love me or  
not.

SPADE:

Maybe I do.

He looks hungrily from her hair to her feet and up to  
her eyes again.

SPADE:

What of it? Maybe next month I  
won't. I've been through it be-  
fore. I'll have some rotten  
nights after I've sent you over  
but that'll pass.

(he takes her by  
the shoulders,  
bends her back  
leaning over her)

(CONTINUED)

SPADE: (Cont.)

If all I've said doesn't mean anything to you, forget it and we'll make it just this. I won't because all of me wants too - regardless of consequences -- and because you've counted on that with me the same as you counted on that with the others ...

(he takes his hands from her shoulders, lets them fall to his side)

She puts her hands up to his cheeks, draws his face down toward her again.

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?

SPADE:

Don't be too sure I'm as crooked as I'm supposed to be. That kind of reputation might be good business bringing in high priced jobs and making it easier to deal with the enemy.

She looks at him, saying nothing. Spade moves his shoulders a little.

SPADE:

But a lot of money would have been at least one more item on your side of the scales.

BRIGID:

(whispers)

If you loved me you'd need nothing more on that side.

SPADE:

(his voice a hoarse creak)

I won't play the sap for you.

She puts her mouth to his slowly and is in his arms when the doorbell RINGS. Before he releases her he calls:

SPADE:

Come in.

Lieutenant Dundy, Tom Polhaus and two other detectives enter. They look back and forth from Spade to the girl.

SPADE:

Hello, Tom... Got them?

POLHAUS:

(nods)

Got them.

SPADE:

Well... Here's another one for you.

(he pushes Brigid forward)

She killed Miles - and I've got some exhibits....

He goes to the closet, unlocks the door, steps into the closet.

SPADE'S VOICE:

(from closet)

... The boy's guns and one of Cairo's -- and a thousand dollar bill I was supposed to be bribed with.

He comes out of the closet, gives the guns to Polhaus.

SPADE:

And that black statuette on the table there that all the fuss was about...

He turns to Dundy, draws his brows together, leans forward to peer into the lieutenant's face, starts to laugh.

SPADE:

What's the matter with your little playmate, Tom? He looks heart-broken. I bet when he heard Gutman's story he thought he had me at last.

POLHAUS:

(grumbles)

Cut it out, Sam.

(he looks uneasily at his superior)

(CONTINUED)



123 (Cont.)

POLHAUS: (Cont.)

Anyway, we got it from Cairo.  
Gutman's dead. The kid had just  
finished shooting him when we got  
there.

SPADE:

(nods)

Ought to have expected that.

(picks up his  
hat, puts it  
on)

Shall we be getting down to the  
Hall?

Polhaus nods. He picks up the Falcon. Spade leads  
the way out of the apartment. Dundy takes out hand-  
cuffs, snaps them on the girl's wrists. They follow  
Spade out. Brigid's face and movements are like a  
sleepwalker's.

124. INT. SPADE'S OUTER OFFICE

MORNING

Effie is not behind her desk. The door opens and  
Spade enters. His face is dull, pasty in color but  
its lines are strong. The door to the inner office,  
is open and Spade goes in CAMERA FOLLOWING.

125. INT. INNER OFFICE

Effie stands by the window. The girl's brown eyes  
are peculiarly enlarged and there's a queer twist  
to her mouth. She watches him put his hat on the  
desk.

SPADE:

Morning, Angel.

There's a copy of the "Morning Express" on the desk.  
Spade points to it, grins.

SPADE:

(mockingly)

So much for your woman's intuition.

EFFIE:

(in a queer, tight  
voice)

You did that, Sam, to her?

SPADE:

125 (Cont.)

He looks sharply at her, then goes over to her, puts his arm around her waist, his hand on her hip.

SPADE:

She did kill Miles, Angel ...  
 (snaps the fingers  
 of his other hand)  
 ... off-hand, like that.

The girl escapes from his arm.

EFFIE:

(brokenly)  
 Don't, please .. don't touch me.'

She goes to the door, halts with her hand on the knob,

EFFIE:

You're right .. I know you're right ..  
 but anyway .....

Spade's face becomes lumpy. Dull before, it is leaden now. OVER SCENE the SOUND of the corridor door knob rattling. Effie Perine goes quickly into the outer office, shutting the door. Spade remains standing by the window leaden-faced, staring - at nothing. After a moment, the door opens and Effie comes in again, shutting it behind her.

EFFIE:

(in a small flat  
 voice)  
 Iva is here.

Spade, looking at nothing, nods almost imperceptibly.

SPADE:

Yes...

(he shivers - then:)  
 Well .. send her in.

FADE OUT.

THE END