

THE MALTESE FALCON

a thriller in two acts by
David Jacklin

based on the serialization of the story by
Dashiell Hammett

FINAL

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance.)

NARRATOR - *doubles Gutman*

SAM SPADE

EFFIE PERINE

BRIGID O'SHAUGHNESSY (*aka Miss Wonderly*)

MILES ARCHER - *doubles Freed, Dundy, Bryan, Jacobi*

DETECTIVE TOM POLHAUS - *doubles Luke*

LT. DUNDY - *doubles Archer, Freed, Bryan, Jacobi*

IVA ARCHER - *doubles Stenographer*

FREED - *doubles Archer, Dundy, Bryan, Jacobi*

JOEL CAIRO

WILMER COOK

LUKE - *doubles Tom Polhaus*

CASPER GUTMAN - *doubles Narrator*

BRYAN - *doubles Archer, Dundy, Freed, Jacobi*

A Stenographer - *doubled by Iva*

CAPTAIN JACOBI - *doubles Archer, Dundy, Freed, Bryan*

Total cast: 6 men; 3 women (*or 5 men, 4 women in the original production*)

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San Francisco, California, fall, 1948.

THE STAGING

A nearly open stage, with either a painted background of San Francisco of the period, or projections that can change with each scene. The scene moves freely and rapidly from one place to another. For the original production, to facilitate movement, we created a set of modular pieces on wheels, that doubled as nearly all of the furniture, moving very quickly from scene to scene and set by the actors playing Dundy, Polhaus and Wilmer.

Layout A: general Spade & Archer office

Layout B: Sam's apartment for late night phone call only (news of Miles's death)

Layout C: Miles's fence (street scene)

Layout D: general street scene (for pay phone calls, Wilmer tails Sam, Sam talks to Iva, etc.)

Layout E: Sam's apartment full (other Sam's apartment scenes)

Layout F: hotel lobbies

Layout G: Apartment 1001, The Coronet

Layout H: Sam's apartment special (Brigid wakes in bed) (note: sofa folds open to bed)

Layout I: Gutman's hotel room

Layout J: restaurant scene

Layout K: D.A. Bryan's office (stenographer only seen from the thighs down)

Layout L: Sam's office, final scene

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THE MALTESE FALCON

Act One

SETTING: A background of mean city streets, San Francisco circa 1940. Set units are isolated and moveable: a door; a suspended window that allows light to shine through; a desk, with a swivel chair behind it. A couple of other chairs are also nearby. Light through the window, throws an upside down shadow on the floor that reads "Spade And Archer".

(Lights up on Sam SPADE at his desk. EFFIE Perine, at the doorway, looks toward him. The NARRATOR, heavy-set in a white suit, addresses the audience.)

NARRATOR: *(Standing at a lectern.)* Samuel Spade's jaw was long and bony, his chin a jutting v under the v of his mouth. Thick brows rose from twin creases above a hooked nose, and his pale brown hair grew down – from high flat temples – in a point on his forehead. He said to Effie Perine:

SPADE: Yes, sweetheart?

NARRATOR: She was a suntanned girl whose thin dress clung to her. Her eyes were brown and playful. She leaned against the door behind her and said:

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

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SPADE: A customer?

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

SPADE: *(Chuckling.)* Shoo her in, darling, shoo her in.

NARRATOR: Effie opened the door, standing with a hand on the knob.

EFFIE: Will you come in, Miss Wonderly?

NARRATOR: A voice said:

BRIGID: *(Off.)* Thank you.

NARRATOR: *(As BRIGID enters.)* Eyes shy but probing; tall, slender, high-breasted; legs long, hands and feet narrow. Her hair was darkly red, her full lips more brightly red. Spade indicated the chair beside his desk.

BRIGID: Thank you.

NARRATOR: Spade sank into his chair, made a quarter-turn to face her, smiled without

separating his lips. The tappity-tap-tap of Effie's typewriting came through the closed door. Miss Wonderly sat on the very edge of the chair.

SPADE: What can I do for you, Miss Wonderly? (*BRIGID doesn't speak. SPADE nods.*) Tell it from the beginning, and then we'll know what needs doing.

BRIGID: She's five years younger than me – seventeen. Mama and Papa are in Europe. I've got to get her back before they return – the first of the month.

SPADE: (*Smiling.*) Then we've two weeks.

BRIGID: I didn't know what she had done until her letter came. I was frantic. I was alone in New York. What could I do?

SPADE: Nothing, of course, but then her letter came?

BRIGID: Yes, so I came to San Francisco. I wrote her I was coming. Should I have?

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

BRIGID: No, I told her I'd be at the St. Mark, but she didn't come. All I had was "General Delivery", so I waited at the Post Office then went back this morning. Floyd Thursby was there. He said she was well and happy. But he'd tell me that anyhow, right?

SPADE: Sure, but it might be true.

BRIGID: He promised to bring her – if she would come – this evening to my hotel.

NARRATOR: She broke off with a hand to her mouth as the door opened.

ARCHER: (*Entering.*) Oh, excuse me!

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

NARRATOR: Archer was solidly built, wide shoulders, heavy jaw with grey in his hair.

SPADE: Miss Wonderly's sister ran away from New York with a fellow named Floyd Thursby. He's to meet Miss Wonderly tonight, maybe bring the sister. She wants us to find the sister and get her back home. Right?

BRIGID: (*Head down, hands in her lap.*) Yes. (*Archer makes a silent whistle.*)

SPADE: We'll send a man to shadow this Thursby until he leads us to your sister.

BRIGID: Oh, but be careful! She's so young and I don't think he'd stop at anything.

SPADE: You didn't threaten him, did you?

BRIGID: I told him that I just wanted to get her home. He can't marry her. Corinne wrote me he has a wife and children in England.

SPADE: They usually do, though not always in England. *(He picks up a pencil.)* What does he look like?

BRIGID: Oh, thirty-five years old, perhaps, and as tall as you, and quite dark. Dark hair and thick eyebrows. He gives the impression of – of violence.

SPADE: *(Without looking up.)* What color eyes?

BRIGID: They're blue? Grey? Broad-shouldered, light grey suit and a grey hat.

SPADE: What time is he coming to see you?

BRIGID: After eight o'clock.

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SPADE: All right, we'll have a man there. It'll help if you meet Thursday downstairs.

BRIGID: I will. Mr. Spade, could either you or Mr. Archer look after it personally? I'd expect to be charged more, of course.

NARRATOR: She opened her handbag and put two hundred-dollar bills on Spade's desk.

BRIGID: Would that be enough?

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

BRIGID: *(Shakes his hand.)* Thank you! *(Shakes SPADE's hand.)* Thank you!

ARCHER: And don't look for me. I'll see you. *(He winks at her. SPADE ushers BRIGID out as ARCHER examines a bill. SPADE returns.)* They're good. *(He tucks it into a pocket.)* And they had brothers in her bag.

SPADE: *(Pocketing the other bill.)* Well, don't play hell with her too much.

ARCHER: *(Grinning as he exits.)* You saw her first but I spoke first.

NARRATOR: Spade grinned wolfishly, showing the edges of teeth far back in his jaw.

SPADE: You've got brains, yes, you have.

NARRATOR: He began to make a cigarette.

(Lights down. A phone rings three times, something falls to the floor. Lights up. SPADE sleepily answers the phone.)

SPADE: Hello . . . Yes, speaking . . . Dead? . . . Yes . . . Fifteen minutes. Thanks. *(He looks at his watch.)* Two-oh-five. Why can't things happen at a reasonable hour?

NARRATOR: Spade lit a cigarette with the lighter that had fallen to the floor, then dialled the phone.

SPADE: Hiya, doll, Sam Spade. Can you send a cab around? Thanks, angel.

NARRATOR: He hung up the phone and looked at the white shirt, green necktie and grey suit he had worn that day, shrugged and put on a tan overcoat and a dark grey hat. He stuffed keys and money into his pockets and the cab arrived.

(SPADE exits. Lights come down, then up on a street scene.)
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Where Bush Street roofed Stockton before slipping down to Chinatown, a man was hunkered on his heels before a billboard. Lights flickered and shadows moved. The alley was bounded by a fence and a length of it had been torn free and hung dangling. Spade crossed the sidewalk and looked down. Fifteen feet down the slope, Miles Archer lay sprawled on his back.

POLHAUS: Hello, Sam.

SPADE: *(Nods a greeting.)* Tom.

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

SPADE: What happened?

POLHAUS: *(Tapping his own chest with a thumb.)* Got him right through the pump – with this. *(He takes a revolver from his coat-pocket.)*

SPADE: *(Not touching it.)* A Webley-Fosbery. Thirty-eight. How many gone?

POLHAUS: One pill. Dead when he cracked the fence. Ever seen this before?

SPADE: I've seen Webley-Fosberys – during the war. He was shot where you are,

back to the fence. Shooter stands here. *(In front of POLHAUS, levels a finger at him as if shooting.)* Miles goes through and down. That it?

POLHAUS: That's it. Burnt his coat. His gun was on his hip; overcoat buttoned. The man on the beat saw the broken fence and had a look. Coming down?

SPADE: No. You'd see everything I could. Anybody hear the shot?

POLHAUS: For the love of God, Sam, we only just got here. Was he working?

SPADE: *(Hesitates, nods.)* Yeah. Tailing a fellow named Floyd Thursby. Thirty-five, dark hair, thick eyebrows. Blue-grey eyes; cleft chin. Englishman, maybe.

POLHAUS: Uh-huh. What was Archer following him for?

SPADE: *(Grinning and patting POLHAUS's shoulder.)* Don't crowd me, Tom. I'm going to break the news to Miles's wife.

POLHAUS: Miles had his faults, but I guess he had some good points, too.

SPADE: I guess.
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(Lights down, up on SPADE in a phone booth.)

NARRATOR: In an all-night drug-store at Bush and Taylor, Spade used a telephone.

SPADE: *(Into the phone.)* Precious, Miles has been shot . . . Dead . . . Now, Effie, don't get excited . . . I want you to break it to Iva . . . No, I'm damned if I will. You've got to do it . . . That's a good girl . . . Tell her I'll see her – uh – some time . . . And keep her away from the office . . . You're an angel. 'Bye.

(Lights down, then back up on SPADE's apartment.)

NARRATOR: Spade dropped his hat and overcoat and got a glass and a bottle of rum. The alarm-clock said three-forty. He sat on the bed and lit a cigarette. The door-bell rang. The clock said four-thirty. Spade rose to press the button.

SPADE: Damn her.

NARRATOR: – and scowled. Heavy footsteps of two men sounded on the floor outside.

SPADE: *(He chuckles and opens the door.)* Hello, Tom. Hello, Lieutenant. Come in.

NARRATOR: Tom sat on the sofa; the Lieutenant on a chair. Spade filled glasses, gave one to each of his visitors, sat down on the bed, raised his glass.

SPADE: Success to crime.

NARRATOR: And drank it. Tom emptied his glass, set it on the floor. The Lieutenant took a very small sip and put the glass on the table. He looked at Tom.

POLHAUS: How'd Miles's wife take it?

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

POLHAUS: The hell you don't.

DUNDY: What kind of gun do you carry?

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

DUNDY: You have one here?

SPADE: Turn the dump upside-down, I won't squawk — if you've got a warrant.

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POLHAUS: Oh, hell, Sam!

SPADE: *(Standing.)* What do you want, Dundy?

DUNDY: All right! Sit down and listen.

SPADE: I'll sit or stand as I damned please

DUNDY: *(Rising.)* I warned you you were going to slip. Everybody slips sometime.

SPADE: Tell me what you want or get out and let me go to bed.

DUNDY: *(Close to SPADE.)* Who's Thursby?

SPADE: I told Tom everything I knew about him.

DUNDY: You told Tom damned little.

SPADE: I knew damned little.

DUNDY: Why were you tailing him?

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? *(A pause.)* This is murder and don't you forget it.

SPADE: It's a long while since I burst out crying because a policeman didn't like me.

POLHAUS: Sam, how can we find Miles's killer if you won't give us what you've got?

SPADE: You needn't get a headache over that. I'll bury my dead.

DUNDY: *(He smiles.)* That's exactly what I said to Tom. I said: "Tom, I've got a hunch that Sam Spade's a man to keep family-troubles in the family."

SPADE: *(To POLHAUS.)* What's itching your boy-friend now?

DUNDY: *(He places two fingers on SPADE's chest.)* Just this. Thursby was shot in front of his hotel thirty-five minutes after you left Burritt Street.

SPADE: *(After a pause.)* Keep your Goddamned paws off me.

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DUNDY: *(Lowers his fingers.)* Tom says you didn't even stop for a look.

POLHAUS: When I asked you who Thursby was, you gave me the brush off.

DUNDY: And you didn't go to tell Archer's wife. That Effie girl was there.

NARRATOR: Spade nodded. His face was stupid in its calmness.

DUNDY: *(Raises his fingers, lowers them.)* Ten minutes on the phone. Ten minutes to Thursby's hotel – Geary near Leavenworth – you could do it easy. What time did you get home?

SPADE: Twenty minutes to four. I walked around a while.

DUNDY: Yeah. We came by at three-thirty. See anybody?

SPADE: No, no witnesses. *(He laughs pleasantly.)* Sit down, Dundy. *(Pours a drink.)* Sorry I got up on my hind legs, but having Miles knocked off bothered me, and then you birds made me nervous. That's all right now, though, now I know where I stand. Thursby die?

POLHAUS: *(DUNDY says nothing, so:)* Yes.

DUNDY: And I think you know he died before he could tell anybody anything.

SPADE: *(A cigarette in one hand, his lighter in the other.)* You're not ready to pinch me yet, so there's no particular reason I should give a damn what you think, is there? *(Lights the cigarette.)* How did I kill Thursby? I've forgotten.

DUNDY: Four times in the back, a forty-four or forty-five, from across the street.

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

SPADE: What do the hotel-people know about him?

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

SPADE: Alone?

DUNDY: We thought you could tell us that.

SPADE: *(Carefully.)* I've never seen Thursby, dead or alive.

DUNDY: *(Rising.)* Spade, if you did or you didn't, you'll get a square deal. I wouldn't blame you a hell of a lot if you did – but that won't stop me nailing you.

SPADE: Fair enough, but I'd feel better about it if you'd drink your drink.

(DUNDY slowly empties his glass. They exit. SPADE watches them. Lights down, then up on EFFIE in the office.)

EFFIE: *(Speaking softly, as SPADE enters.)* She's in there.

SPADE: *(Also softly.)* I asked you to keep her away.

EFFIE: Yes, but you didn't tell me how. Don't be cranky, Sam, I had her all night.

NARRATOR: Spade put a hand on her head, and smoothed her hair.

SPADE: Sorry, angel, I haven't – *(IVA enters from his inner office.)* Hello, Iva.

IVA: Oh, Sam!

NARRATOR: A few years past thirty, her facial prettiness as many past its best, her body still exquisite. Black clothes from hat to shoes. Once in Spade's office – *(SPADE and IVA enter to the inner office.)* – Iva raised her sad face for his

kiss, her arms around him before his held her, face to his chest, sobbing.

SPADE: Poor darling.

NARRATOR: His voice was tender but his eyes over her shoulder were angry.

SPADE: Did you send for Miles's brother?

IVA: *(Sobbing into his coat.)* Phil came this morning. *(SPADE sneaks a surreptitious look at his watch.)* Sam – did you kill him?

SPADE: *(Lets go and sits at his desk.)* Who put that bright idea in your head?

IVA: I thought –

NARRATOR: Fresh tears came to her eyes. She moved to his desk with easy grace in black shoes whose smallness and heel-height were extreme.

IVA: Be kind to me, Sam.

SPADE: *(Laughs.)* You killed my husband, Sam, be kind to me. *(He claps once.)* Jesus Christ. *(As she cries, he puts his arms around her from behind and kisses her neck.)* Iva, don't. *(She controls her crying.)* You shouldn't have come here today, precious. It wasn't wise. You ought to be home.

IVA: *(Turning in his arms to face him.)* You'll come tonight? *(He shakes his head.)* Soon?

SPADE: As soon as I can.

NARRATOR: He kissed her mouth, led her to the door, opened it.

SPADE: Goodbye, Iva.

(IVA exits. SPADE returns to his desk and sits.)

EFFIE: *(Looking in.)* Well? How did you and the widow make out?

SPADE: *(Rolling a cigarette.)* She thinks I shot Miles. *(The tobacco spills.)*

NARRATOR: The girl took his hat from his head and put it on the desk. Then she leaned over and took the tobacco and papers from his inert fingers.

SPADE: The police think I shot Thursby.

EFFIE: *(Rolling the cigarette.)* Who's he?

SPADE: Miles was tailing him for the Wonderly girl. Who do *you* think I shot?

NARRATOR: She finished shaping the cigarette, licked it, smoothed it, twisted its ends, and placed it between Spade's lips.

SPADE: *(Placing an arm around her waist, head on her hip.)* Thanks, honey.

EFFIE: Are you going to marry Iva?

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

EFFIE: Sam, you know I think she's a louse, but I'd be a louse too for a body like hers. 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: *Are you telling me?*

EFFIE: In her bedroom – clothes dumped on a chair, hat and coat underneath. Her slip, on top, still warm. The wrinkles in the bed weren't mashed down.

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SPADE: You're a detective, darling, but – *(He shakes his head.)* – she didn't kill him.

EFFIE: *(Offhand, moving away.)* Were you with her last night?

SPADE: No. Don't act like Dundy, sweetheart. It ill becomes you.

EFFIE: Has Dundy been after you?

SPADE: Uh-huh. He and Tom Polhaus dropped in for a drink – at four o'clock.

EFFIE: *(Coming back close to him.)* Look at me, Sam. You're too slick for your own good, and some day you're going to find that out.

SPADE: *(Rubs his cheek against her arm.)* Keep Iva away from me, sweet. *(He stands and puts on his hat. He turns at the door.)* Have Spade & Archer taken off and Samuel Spade put on. I'll be back or phone.

(Lights down, up on an hotel lobby.)

NARRATOR: In the St. Mark's lobby, Spade found a plump man in dark clothes.

SPADE: Morning, Freed.

FREED: Spade. I just read about Archer in the paper. Awfully sorry.

SPADE: Was he here last night?

FREED: He was in the lobby when I came in early in the evening. I thought he was probably working, so I left him alone. Did that have to do with – ?

SPADE: We don't know yet. We won't mix the house up in it if it can be helped. Can you give me some dope and then forget I asked?

FREED: Surely.

SPADE: A Miss Wonderly is a guest here.

FREED: Ex-guest. Checked out this morning. *(Thinking back.)* Came in last Tuesday from New York. Bags only. I saw her with a tall dark man, thirty-six or so. Went out half-past nine this morning, came back an hour later, paid her bill. Oh, she left a forwarding address – uhm, the Ambassador, Los Angeles.

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SPADE: Thanks a lot, Freed.

(Lights down and back up on the office. EFFIE types.)

EFFIE: *(As SPADE enters.)* Dundy was in. He wanted to look at your guns. I told him to come back when you were here.

SPADE: Good girl but if he comes back again, let him look at them.

EFFIE: And Miss Wonderly called up.

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

EFFIE: *(Reading from a note.)* She's at the Coronet, on California Street, apartment one thousand and one. Ask for Miss Leblanc.

SPADE: Give me. *(He takes the note, sets fire to it and drops into an ashtray. Seeing EFFIE's frown of disapproval.)* That's the way it is, dear. If Dundy asks, I'm *not* at the Coronet, California Street, apartment one thousand and one.

(Lights down. A door bell chimes, then chimes again. The lights come up and BRIGID opens the door.)

NARRATOR: Miss Wonderly opened the door of apartment one thousand and one at the Coronet, face flushed, dark red hair parted and swept back in loose waves, somewhat tousled. Spade took off his hat and they both sat down.

BRIGID: Mr. Spade, I've a confession. The story I told you yesterday was – a story.

SPADE: We didn't exactly believe you. We believed your two hundred dollars.

BRIGID: Meaning – ?

SPADE: Meaning you paid us more than if it was the truth, and enough more to make it all right. The hell of it is, Miss – Is it Wonderly or Leblanc?

BRIGID: *(Murmuring.)* O'Shaughnessy – Brigid O'Shaughnessy.

SPADE: Miss O'Shaughnessy, murders make everybody hard to handle. It's not –

BRIGID: Mr. Spade, tell me the truth. Am I to blame for – for last night?

SPADE: *(He shrugs.)* You warned us that Thursby was dangerous. Of course you lied to us about your sister but that doesn't count: we didn't believe you.

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BRIGID: Was he married?

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

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

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

NARRATOR: He moved to the settee beside her. His smile was pleasant but firm.

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

SPADE: *(Grinning.)* I forgot to ask you that. Did you?

BRIGID: No.

SPADE: Good. Now what are we going to tell the police?

NARRATOR: Her heavy lashes wavered. She seemed smaller and very young.

BRIGID: Mr. Spade, must they know about me?

SPADE: Maybe, maybe not, but I'll have to know what it's all about.

NARRATOR: She went down on her knees at his knee and held her face up to him.

BRIGID: Look at me, Mr. Spade. I've been bad – worse than you could know – but I'm not all bad. I can't tell you now. Later I will, when I can. I've no right to ask, but I've nobody else. Be generous, Mr. Spade. Help me.

SPADE: You're good. You're very good. It's chiefly your eyes, I think, and that throb you get in your voice when you say things like "Be generous, Mr. Spade."

BRIGID: *(Rising.)* I deserve that. Oh! It's my own fault.

SPADE: *(Pause.)* Now you *are* dangerous.

NARRATOR: She picked up his hat, holding it for him to take if he wished.

SPADE: What happened last night?

BRIGID: Floyd came at nine. I suggested we walk – so Mr. Archer could see him. We ate, danced, got back half past twelve. I watched Mr. Archer follow Floyd down the street.

SPADE: You mean towards Market Street? Then why was Archer shot near Bush and Stockton? What next?

BRIGID: I went to bed. This morning, I saw the headlines, so I checked out of the hotel. I found this place yesterday because my room had been searched. Then I telephoned you.

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

NARRATOR: She nodded. He frowned. She moved his hat a little. He laughed.

SPADE: Stop waving the hat. *(She puts the hat down and sits beside him.)* I need some idea of what it's all about. Why did you want Thursby shadowed?

BRIGID: To find out what he was doing, whom he was meeting, things like that.

SPADE: He had a Luger in a shoulder-holster. Archer wasn't shot with a Luger.

BRIGID: He had a revolver, too. He never wears an overcoat without it.

SPADE: Why all the guns?

BRIGID: He was bodyguard to a gambler. In Hong Kong.

SPADE: You picked a nice sort of playmate. How bad a hole are you actually in?

BRIGID: Bad as can be.

SPADE: Worse than death?

BRIGID: *(She looks straight at him.)* I don't think there's anything worse than death.

SPADE: *(He looks at his watch.)* Give me something. Who killed Thursby?

BRIGID: *(Suddenly fearful.)* I don't know.

SPADE: How was he supposed to be helping you? *(She shakes her head. SPADE gets his hat.)* I can't do anything for you if I don't know what you want.

BRIGID: You won't go to the police?

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SPADE: Go to them! All I've got to do is stand still and they'll be swarming all over me. I've made myself God knows what trouble. I can't help you. I won't.

NARRATOR: She rose and held her white panic-stricken face up high.

BRIGID: You've tried to help me. I thank you. I – I'll have to take my chances.

SPADE: *(A long pause.)* How much money have you got?

BRIGID: *(Startled.)* I've about five hundred dollars.

SPADE: Give it to me. *(She puts her hand inside her bra and brings out a wad of bills. He takes the money and counts it.)* There's only four hundred here.

BRIGID: I have to live.

SPADE: Hock your jewellery. The Remedial's the best place – Mission and Fifth. *(He holds out his hand. She takes more bills from the other side. He counts them, returns two and pockets the rest.)* I'll see what I can do for you. I'll be back. I'll ring four times – long, short, long, short. I'll let myself out.

(He exits and BRIGID stands gazing after him. Lights down. Up on SPADE in a phone booth, talking on the phone.)

Hello, Sid. Sam Spade . . . Yeah, he was a swell guy; I'll miss him . . . Listen, I'm going to have to tell a coroner to go to hell . . . Yeah . . . Can I hide behind client privilege, all the same priest or lawyer? . . . Well, it may be a little thick this time . . . Put your thinking cap on, Sid. Let me know.

(Lights down. Up on EFFIE as she sits at SPADE's desk reading a magazine. SPADE enters and sits on the desk.)

SPADE: Anything stirring?

EFFIE: Not here. You look like you swallowed the canary.

SPADE: We've got a future. I always said if Miles would go off and die somewhere, we'd stand a better chance of thriving.

EFFIE: I sent flowers for you.

SPADE: You're an invaluable angel. What do you think of Wonderly?

EFFIE: I'm for her.

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SPADE: Too many names. Wonderly, Leblanc, and now she says O'Shaughnessy.

EFFIE: I don't care. That girl is all right. Woman's intuition.

SPADE: She's given up seven hundred smacks in two days, and that's all right.

EFFIE: Sam, if you let her down, I'll never forgive you as long as I live.

(SPADE smiles then frowns at the sound of someone's entrance through the hall door. EFFIE goes out. SPADE sits. EFFIE returns with a card which she gives to SPADE.)

SPADE: *(Reading it.)* Mr. Joel Cairo. *(He sniffs the card and looks at EFFIE.)*

EFFIE: Gardenia.

SPADE: *(Chuckling.)* In with him, darling!

NARRATOR: Mr. Joel Cairo's hair was black and glossy. A ruby gleamed in a deep green cravat, black coat and trousers fitting snugly, patent-leather shoes hidden by spats, a black derby in a gloved hand. He moved with short mincing steps.

SPADE: Sit down, Mr. Cairo.

CAIRO: *(Bowing over his hat and sitting.)* I thank you. *(CAIRO turns his hat over, drops his gloves into it, and places it bottom-up on the corner of the desk nearest him.)* May a stranger offer condolences for your unfortunate loss?

SPADE: Thanks.

CAIRO: Mr. Spade, the newspapers inferred a certain – relationship between that and the death of the man Thursby. *(SPADE says nothing.)* I beg your pardon. I am trying to recover an – ornament that has been – shall we say? – mislaid. *(SPADE lifts his eyebrows but says nothing.)* A statuette, the black figure of a bird. *(SPADE nods.)* I am prepared to pay, on behalf of its rightful owner, the sum of five thousand dollars for its recovery.

SPADE: *(EFFIE knocks lightly on the door.)* Come in.

EFFIE: *(Putting her head in, with coat and hat on.)* Is there anything else?

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

EFFIE: Good night. *(She goes out, closing the door.)*

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SPADE: *(To CAIRO.)* Five thousand is a lot of money. It

(CAIRO takes a small pistol out of an inner pocket.)

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

NARRATOR: Spade raised his arms and, leaning back in his chair, intertwined the fingers of his two hands behind his head. His eyes, holding no particular expression, remained focussed on Cairo's face.

CAIRO: I intend to search your offices. If you attempt to prevent me, I shall certainly shoot you. Please stand. I must make sure that you are not armed.

NARRATOR: Spade stood up. Cairo went behind him, transferring the pistol to his left hand. Holding the pistol close, he put his right hand around Spade's side and patted his chest, his face inches behind Spade's right elbow.

(SPADE spins to his right, standing on CAIRO's right foot as his right elbow connects with CAIRO's right cheek. He grabs CAIRO's left wrist with his right hand and pulls the gun from it. He grabs CAIRO's shirt with his left hand while placing the gun in his right-hand coat pocket.)

Cairo's face was twisted by pain, as Spade smiled, a gentle, even dreamy smile. His right shoulder raised a few inches. The fist struck Cairo's face.

(CAIRO's head rocks back and he slumps, still in SPADE's grip. SPADE lowers him into a chair, searches and empties CAIRO's pockets, making a pile of the contents on the desk. He sits at his desk, rolls a cigarette and examines his finds.)

There was a wallet with three hundred and sixty-five dollars; a Greek passport in Cairo's name; a clipping of the story about Archer's and Thursby's murders; a dozen of Mr. Joel Cairo's engraved cards; and a ticket for an orchestra seat at the Geary Theatre that evening. There was also a silk handkerchief, fragrant of perfume; a handful of coins; a ring with half a dozen keys; and a sheet of Hotel Belvedere stationery with Spade's name, his office and his apartment addresses. Spade settled back in his chair. Joel Cairo awakened slowly. His eyes opened; he shut his mouth and swallowed, then touched his face where Spade's fist had struck.

CAIRO: I could have shot you, Mr. Spade.

SPADE: You could have tried.

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CAIRO: Why did you strike me after I was disarmed?

SPADE: Imagine my embarrassment to find that offer of five g's was just hooey.

CAIRO: You are mistaken, Mr. Spade. I am prepared to pay five thousand dollars for the figure. You have it?

SPADE: No.

CAIRO: Then, why should you have risked injury to prevent my searching?

SPADE: I should sit around and let people stick me up? *(He points to CAIRO's things.)* You've got my apartment-address. Been there yet?

CAIRO: Yes. Surely, I should try to spare the owner expense if possible.

SPADE: And, who is that? *(CAIRO shakes his head.)* Cairo, you're tied up plenty with last night's killings. Now, play with me – or else.

CAIRO: *(Smiling.)* You are far too reasonable for that. I have offered you five . . .

SPADE: *(Thumps CAIRO's wallet.)* There's nothing like five thousand dollars here.

CAIRO: I see. You wish a retainer? *(CAIRO puts his hand out towards his wallet, hesitates, withdraws the hand.)* You will take, say, one hundred dollars?

SPADE: Let's say two hundred. *(He takes the money and puts the wallet back.)* Your first guess was that I had the bird. What's your second?

CAIRO: That you know where it is.

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

CAIRO: There is no authentic proof. If you know as much as I suppose, you know his right to it is more valid than anyone's – more valid than Thursby's.

SPADE: It might be better all around if we put our cards on the table.

CAIRO: I do not think it would. If you know more than I, I shall profit, and so will you to the extent of five thousand dollars. If you do not, then I have made a mistake and would simply make that mistake worse.

SPADE: *(Indifferently.)* There's your stuff. *(CAIRO returns his belongings to his pockets.)* You pay my expenses plus five thousand dollars when it's done?

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CAIRO: Less whatever moneys have been advanced to you – five thousand in all.

SPADE: And I'm simply to get it back, if possible, in an honest and lawful way.

CAIRO: If possible. And in any event with discretion. *(Rises and picks up his hat.)* I am at the Hotel Belvedere – room six-thirty-five. May I have my pistol?

SPADE: Sure. I'd forgotten it.

(SPADE takes out CAIRO's pistol and hands it to him, who immediately points the gun at SPADE.)

CAIRO: You will please place your hands on the desk. I intend to search your office.

SPADE: I'll be damned. *(He chuckles.)* All right. Go ahead. I won't stop you.

(Lights down. They come up on a street scene.)

NARRATOR: A youth of twenty in a grey cap and overcoat was standing on the corner when Spade walked up Sutter Street to Kearny. He was one of four waiting for a street-car when Spade stopped to buy tobacco. Spade ate dinner in Powell Street. When he left, the youth was looking at a nearby window.

Spade went to the Hotel Belvedere and was told that Cairo was not in. The youth sat in a chair in a corner. Spade went to the Geary Theatre. The youth loitered before Marquard's restaurant. At ten minutes past eight, Joel Cairo appeared. Spade touched his shoulder.

CAIRO: *(Turning, startled.)* Oh, yes, of course, you saw the ticket.

SPADE: Uh-huh.*(He draws CAIRO aside and points.)* The kid in the cap down by Marquard's. He's been tailing me around town. Who is he?

CAIRO: I do not know him. Do you think it was wise to let him see us together?

SPADE: How do I know? If he gets to be a nuisance, I may have to hurt him.

CAIRO: Do as you think best. He is not a friend of mine.

SPADE: That's good. There goes the curtain. Good night.

NARRATOR: Spade boarded a street-car. The youth boarded the same car. Spade left the car at Hyde Street and went up to his apartment. His rooms had been searched. He went out again and boarded another car. The youth was still there. Spade left the car and went into a tall brown apartment building. He pressed three bell-buttons together, went in when it buzzed. He went straight out the rear of the building, walked for two blocks. He crossed over to California Street and went to the Coronet. The youth did not follow.

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(Lights change. A buzzer sounds – long, short, long, short. BRIGID opens the door and lets him in.)

She had on a satin nightgown with thin shoulder-straps and her legs, above slippers, were bare. Spade watched them as she put away his hat and coat.

SPADE: We won't have to make anything public that isn't already public.

BRIGID: You won't get into trouble? *(She pats the settee beside her.)*

SPADE: I don't mind a reasonable amount of trouble.

NARRATOR: Just when it was plain he meant to ignore her invitation, he sat beside her.

SPADE: *(Sitting.)* You aren't exactly the sort of person you pretend to be, are you?

BRIGID: I'm not sure I know what you mean.

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

BRIGID: I told you this afternoon that I've been bad – worse than you could know.

SPADE: You told me: same words. Same inflection. Like you've practised.

BRIGID: Very well, Mr. Spade, I'm not at all the sort of person I pretend to be. I'm eighty years old, incredibly wicked, and an iron-molder by trade.

SPADE: Oh, it's all right. If you *were* that innocent, we'd never get anywhere.

BRIGID: *(She looks him in the eye again.)* I won't be innocent.

SPADE: I saw Joel Cairo tonight

BRIGID: *(She rises and pokes the fire before speaking.)* You talked to him?

SPADE: Only for a minute or two. *(She re-positions an ornament on the mantel, gets a cigarette, straightens a curtain, and returns.)*

BRIGID: What did he say? *(SPADE stares at her.)* About me.

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SPADE: *(Lighting her cigarette.)* Nothing.

BRIGID: Well, what *did* he say?

SPADE: He offered five thousand for the black bird. *(She pulls her head back.)* You're not going to go around straightening up the room again, are you?

BRIGID: *(Laughing.)* I won't. And what did you say?

SPADE: Five thousand dollars is a lot of money.

BRIGID: Mr. Spade, you promised. *(Her hands on his arm.)* I trusted you.

SPADE: You didn't say anything about black birds.

BRIGID: But you must've known or – you won't – you can't – treat me like that.

SPADE: Five thousand dollars is a lot of money.

BRIGID: *(Defeated.)* It is. More than I could offer, if I must bid for your loyalty.

SPADE: *(Laughs sharply.)* That is good coming from you. What have you given me

besides money? Have you given me any of your confidence? Any of the truth? You tried to buy my loyalty with money and nothing else.

BRIGID: I've given you all the money I have. I've thrown myself on your mercy. What else is there? *(She moves close to him.)* Can I buy you with my body?

NARRATOR: Their faces were inches apart. Spade took her face between his hands and he kissed her roughly and contemptuously. Then he sat back.

SPADE: I'll think it over.

NARRATOR: She sat still, holding her numb face where his hands had left it.

BRIGID: *(After a pause.)* Can't you trust me just a little longer?

SPADE: How much longer?

BRIGID: *(A pause, then softly:)* I must talk to Joe Cairo.

SPADE: Let's call him.

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SPADE: My place.

BRIGID: Do you think he'd go there? *(SPADE nods.)* All right. *(Suddenly bright and energetic. She jumps up.)* Shall we go now?

SPADE: Don't you think you'd better change, first?

(Lights down, then up on a street scene.)

NARRATOR: As their cab drew up, Iva Archer stood in the shadows near Spade's door.

SPADE: *(To BRIGID, off.)* Do you mind waiting here a moment? I won't be long.

NARRATOR: As Spade drew near, Iva spoke quickly.

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

SPADE: Not now.

IVA: Who is *she*?

NARRATOR: On the corner, a youth in a grey cap loafed with his back against a wall.

SPADE: You oughtn't to be here at this time of night.

IVA: You told me I oughtn't to come to the office, and now I oughtn't to come here. Do you mean I oughtn't to chase after you? Why don't you say it?

SPADE: What was it you wanted to see me about?

IVA: I can't talk here, Sam. Can't I come in?

SPADE: Not now.

IVA: Sam!

SPADE: Not now.

NARRATOR: She turned on her heel and walked up Post Street, staring angrily ahead.

SPADE: Good night, Iva.

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NARRATOR: He stood at the curb until she turned right onto Leavenworth. Bridget O'Shaughnessy smiled cheerfully and they went up to his apartment.

(Lights down and up on SPADE's apartment. SPADE and BRIGID wait. The phone begins to ring. SPADE picks it up.)

SPADE: Hello . . . Mr. Cairo? You got the message. Can you come up to my place – now? . . . Miss O'Shaughnessy wants to see you. *(He hangs up.)* He'll be up.

(She stands in front of him.)

BRIGID: You will have me utterly at a disadvantage, with him here, if you choose. *(She plays with a button on his jacket.)*

SPADE: Trust me.

BRIGID: I'd never have placed myself in this position if I didn't.

SPADE: Don't let's confuse things. You don't have to trust me as long as you can persuade me to trust you. *(He covers her hand with his.)* Get your business with him over, and then we'll see how we stand.

BRIGID: *(She turns her hand to take his and looks up at him.)* You're a God-send.

SPADE: Don't overdo it.

(Lights dim and return. SPADE and BRIGID are waiting. There is a knock at the door. SPADE opens it. CAIRO stands outside and he pushes past SPADE immediately.)

CAIRO: That boy you showed me in front of the theatre is out there, Mr. Spade.

SPADE: Around the corner on Hyde Street. He saw you come in?

CAIRO: Naturally.

BRIGID: What boy?

CAIRO: I am delighted to see you again, Miss O'Shaughnessy.

BRIGID: I was sure you would be, Joe. What boy?

SPADE: A kid who's been trying to tail me all evening. I shook him but he likely came back here to pick me up.

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(They all sit.)

BRIGID: Five thousand dollars for the falcon, Joe. You have the money?

CAIRO: Excuse me. I do not have the money in my pockets, but I can get it on a very few minutes' notice at any time during banking hours.

SPADE: That's probably right. He had only a few hundred on him when I frisked him this afternoon. *(He grins as BRIGID looks at him in surprise.)*

CAIRO: I can give you the money at, say, half-past ten in the morning?

BRIGID: I haven't got the falcon. *(She holds up a hand.)* A week at the most.

CAIRO: Where is it?

BRIGID: Where Floyd hid it. You went back to him? To - G?

CAIRO: Naturally.

BRIGID: I should have liked to have seen that. After what happened to Floyd . . .

CAIRO: What happened to Floyd? *(Pointing slightly to SPADE.)* It might make a world of difference.

BRIGID: *(Seeing his pointing.)* Or me or you.

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

BRIGID: *(Smiling nastily.)* The one you had in Constantinople.

CAIRO: *(Smiling nastily.)* The one you couldn't make?

NARRATOR: Brigid O'Shaughnessy's right hand cracked sharply against his cheek. Cairo grunted and slapped her back. Spade caught Cairo by the throat. Cairo's hand went inside his coat but Spade twisted it until the black pistol fell to the rug. Brigid O'Shaughnessy picked it up.

CAIRO: This is the second time you've put your hands on me.

SPADE: When you're slapped, you'll take it and like it.

(He slaps CAIRO three times. The door-bell rings.)
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BRIGID: Who is it?

SPADE: I don't know.

(The bell rings again, more insistently.)

SPADE: *(Motioning them off.)* Go in there – and keep quiet.

(SPADE opens the door to DUNDY and POLHAUS.)

POLHAUS: Hello, Sam. Figured you hadn't gone to bed yet. *(DUNDY nods.)*

DUNDY: We want to talk to you, Spade.

SPADE: *(SPADE stands in the doorway, blocking it.)* Go ahead and talk.

POLHAUS: Standing here?

SPADE: You can't come in.

POLHAUS: What the hell, Sam? *(He puts a hand playfully on Spade's chest.)*

SPADE: Going to strong-arm me, Tom?

POLHAUS: Aw, for God's sake. *(And takes his hand away.)*

DUNDY: Let us in.

SPADE: You're not coming in. You want to try to get in? Or go to hell?

DUNDY: *(Face close to SPADE's.)* Play along, Spade. You can't keep it up forever.

SPADE: Stop me when you can.

DUNDY: *(Puts his hands behind him.)* You and Archer's wife were cheating on him. She tried to divorce him, but he wouldn't give it to her. Anything to that?

SPADE: I thought I knocked Thursby off because *he* killed Miles.

DUNDY: *(He steps back.)* You haven't heard me say you killed anybody.

SPADE: Uh-huh. I killed Miles for his wife, then Thursby to hang Miles's killing on him and somebody else to hang Thursby's on. How long do I keep that up?

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POLHAUS: Aw, cut the comedy, Sam. We got our work to do.

DUNDY: You say there was nothing between you and Archer's wife, you're a liar. Let us in.

(SPADE slowly shakes his head.)

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

SPADE: Drop in again, Lieutenant. If I'm not busy, I'll let you in.

CAIRO: *(Sounds of a scuffle, off.)* Help! Help! Police! Help!

DUNDY: I guess we're going in.

SPADE: *(Smiling grimly and standing aside.)* I guess you are.

NARRATOR: Brigid O'Shaughnessy huddled in the armchair, forearms over her cheeks, knees drawn up until they hid her face. Joel Cairo held the pistol in one hand, the other on his forehead. A small trickle of blood ran down from it.

DUNDY: *(Grabbing CAIRO's pistol.)* What are you up to here?

CAIRO: *(Showing a bleeding cut.)* This is what she has done. Look at it.

BRIGID: He attacked me. I tried to keep him off.

CAIRO: *(Using his handkerchief to accent his protests.)* Oh, you dirty filthy liar! They both attacked me and he went to talk to you and she said they were going to kill me and she struck me with my pistol and I called for help.

(POLHAUS sniffs the scent from the handkerchief.)

SPADE: *(Winks.)* Gardenia.

DUNDY: What'd you come here for?

CAIRO: *(Wipes his forehead with his handkerchief.)* He said they wanted to see me. Then she struck me and he choked me and took my pistol.

BRIGID: *(Trying to slap CAIRO.)* Why don't you make him tell the truth?

DUNDY: *(Holding her off with one arm.)* None of that now.

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~~SPADE: *(To POLHAUS.)* She's impulsive.~~

POLHAUS: *(Chuckling.)* Yeah.

DUNDY: How come he did the squawking for help, and not you?

BRIGID: Oh, he was frightened to death when I struck him.

CAIRO: Pfoo! Another lie!

(She kicks at him. POLHAUS pulls her back.)

POLHAUS: Behave, sister.

DUNDY: *(To CAIRO.)* Just swear out a complaint and we'll throw them in the can.

SPADE: Yeah, Cairo. Then we'll swear one against you, and he'll have the lot of us.

DUNDY: Get your hats.

SPADE: I dare you to take us in, Dundy. We'll laugh at you in every paper in San Francisco. Miss O'Shaughnessy, meet Lieutenant Dundy and Detective-Sergeant Polhaus. Miss O'shaughnessy is an operative in my employ.

CAIRO: That isn't so. She –

SPADE: This is Joel Cairo. He tried to hire me to find something Thursby had when he was bumped off. I wouldn't touch it so he pulled a gun – well, never mind that unless it comes to laying charges. We had a few questions for him. Maybe we put the questions a little rough, but he wasn't hurt enough to have to cry for help. I'd already taken his gun away from him – again. When the bell rang, I said to them both: "It's those damned bulls again. Let's play a joke on them. When you hear them going, one of you scream, and then we'll see how far we can string them along."

POLHAUS: Cut it out, Sam.

NARRATOR: Brigid O'Shaughnessy bent forward in her chair and began to laugh hysterically. Cairo started and smiled, the smile fixed on his face.

DUNDY: Horse feathers.

SPADE: That's our story, Dundy. You haven't got anything on anybody here.

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

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SPADE: Don't be a sap, Dundy. The gun's one of mine. And, before you ask, it's a thirty-two, so it can't be the one Thursby and Miles were shot with.

NARRATOR: Dundy spun on his heel, and his right fist clicked on Spade's chin. Brigid O'Shaughnessy uttered a short cry. Spade's smile flickered out but returned immediately with a dreamy quality. Before his fist could come up, Tom Polhaus pushed himself between the two men.

POLHAUS: No, no, for Christ's sake!

DUNDY: *(He and SPADE stare at each other. Then:)* Get their names and addresses.

CAIRO: Joel Cairo, Hotel Belvedere.

DUNDY: *(Stepping in front of BRIGID.)* Where do you live?

SPADE: *(Quickly.)* You can get in touch with Miss O'Shaughnessy through me. *(To POLHAUS.)* Get him out of here. I've had enough of this.

POLHAUS: Take it easy, Sam. *(To DUNDY.)* Well, is that all?

CAIRO: I'll go out with you if you don't mind.

SPADE: *(To POLHAUS.)* Tell him to leave the gun.

NARRATOR: Dundy took Cairo's pistol from his overcoat-pocket and put it on the table. He went out first, with Cairo at his heels. Tom halted in front of Spade.

POLHAUS: I hope to God you know what you're doing

NARRATOR: – and followed the others out. Spade looked at the girl.

SPADE: By God, I do hate being hit without hitting back. *(He laughs and sits back on the sofa, crossing his legs.)* A cheap enough price to pay.

BRIGID: *(Standing over him.)* You're absolutely the wildest person I've ever known.

SPADE: I let him hit me, didn't I? Did you really smack Cairo with the gun?

BRIGID: I had to. He attacked me. I'm sorry . . . *(Sitting beside him.)* Sam.

SPADE: Sure, you are. You've had your talk with Cairo. Now you can talk to me. *(She smooths her dress but doesn't speak.)* Well?

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SPADE: *(Laughing.)* Want me to ask him to come back? *(She shakes her head. SPADE puts his arm around her, holding her off-side shoulder. She leans back into his arm.)* Well, I'm listening.

BRIGID: *(Looks at his arm. Quietly.)* You're altogether unpredictable.

SPADE: *(He lets his arm drop down behind her.)* I'm still listening.

BRIGID: *(Lightly.)* Am I a prisoner?

SPADE: The kid's still outside.

BRIGID: *(Suddenly frightened.)* Do you think so?

SPADE: He's still there. So we have time to talk.

BRIGID: You're the most insistent person.

SPADE: Yes, and wild and unpredictable. What's this bird, this falcon?

BRIGID: If I don't tell you? Would you do something wild and unpredictable?

SPADE: Maybe. My way of learning is to heave a wild and unpredictable monkeywrench into things. Give me another day like this, I'll know things about it that you don't know.

BRIGID: *(Quietly, after a long silence.)* I know two men I'm afraid of and I've seen both of them tonight.

SPADE: I can understand your being afraid of Cairo. You can't touch him. *(He slides a finger under her shoulder strap.)* Not this way.

BRIGID: And you? *(After another silence.)* It's a black figure of a hawk or a falcon, smooth and shiny, about that high. *(Holding her hands about a foot apart.)*

SPADE: What makes it important?

BRIGID: I don't know. They promised me five hundred pounds if I helped them get it. Then Floyd said that he'd give me seventy-five hundred dollars.

SPADE: It's worth more than seventy-five hundred dollars?

BRIGID: Oh, much more than that.

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SPADE: They wanted your help how?

BRIGID: *(Slowly.)* To get it from a Russian named Kemidov.

SPADE: How were you going to do that?

BRIGID: *(She looks at him for a long moment.)* That's none of your business.

SPADE: In Constantinople?

BRIGID: Marmora. I . . . helped them and then Joe Cairo took the falcon. So Floyd and I got it back. Floyd said he'd sell it in New York and give me my share but he just took it. And I came to you to help me learn where the falcon is.

SPADE: What's it made of?

BRIGID: Porcelain or black stone. Floyd showed it to me when we got hold of it.

SPADE: Was there any truth at all in that?

BRIGID: Some.

SPADE: How much?

BRIGID: *(Lowering her face.)* Not – not very much.

NARRATOR: Spade put out a hand and lifted her head. He laughed into her wet eyes.

SPADE: We've got all night.

BRIGID: Oh, I'm tired. Tired of lying and not knowing what is a lie and what's not –

NARRATOR: She put her mouth hard against his mouth, her body flat against his body. Spade's arms went around her, a hand cradling her head, fingers half lost in red hair, a hand moving groping fingers over her slim back.

(Lights down, then up on dawn. BRIGID sleeps in SPADE's bed, bare shoulders visible.)

NARRATOR: Beginning day had reduced night to a thin smokiness. Brigid O'Shaughnessy's soft breathing had the regularity of utter sleep but before Spade had shut the corridor-door behind him, she woke with a start, a pistol in her hand.

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BRIGID: Who is that?

SPADE: Young Spade bearing breakfast.

BRIGID: Oh, you frightened me!

NARRATOR: The girl sat up, trembling, a blanket clutched around her. Spade put his packages down, sat by her and kissed her smooth shoulder.

SPADE: I wanted to see if that kid was still on the job, and get stuff for breakfast.

BRIGID: Is he?

SPADE: No.

BRIGID: *(Leaning against him.)* I heard someone coming in. I was terrified.

SPADE: Sorry, angel. Did you have that gun under your pillow all night?

BRIGID: You know I didn't. I woke up earlier and you were gone. I was frightened.

NARRATOR: He went to cook breakfast – and slip the flat brass key to her apartment

back into her coat-pocket – while she dressed.

SPADE: Now, about the bird?

BRIGID: *(Exiting.)* Don't ask me about that this morning of all mornings. I won't.

SPADE: *(Smiling.)* It's a stubborn damned hussy.

(Lights down, then up on an hotel lobby.)

NARRATOR: In the Belvedere lobby, the youth sat, reading a newspaper. Spade sat not more than a foot from him.

SPADE: Where is he?

NARRATOR: The boy lowered his paper and looked around with a purposeful slowness. He looked at Spade's chest. His voice was as colorless and cold as his face.

WILMER: What?

SPADE: Where is he?

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WILMER: Shove off.

SPADE: He'll have to talk to me soon, sonny – and you can tell him I said so.

NARRATOR: The boy spoke two words, the first a short guttural verb, the second . . .

WILMER: . . . you.

SPADE: *(Chuckling.)* People lose teeth talking like that. *(He beckons OFF.)*

LUKE: *(Entering.)* Hello, Sam.

SPADE: Hello, Luke.

LUKE: Say, that's too bad about Miles.

SPADE: Yeah, a bad break. *(SPADE jerks his head to WILMER.)* Do you let cheap gunmen hang out in your lobby, with their tools bulging their clothes?

LUKE: Yes? *(To WILMER.)* What do you want here?

NARRATOR: The boy stood up. Spade stood up. The boy looked at the two men, at their

neckties, from one to the other.

WILMER: I won't forget you guys.

(He walks off slowly, hands in pockets.)

LUKE: What's that about?

SPADE: Damned if I know. I just spotted him. What about Joel Cairo – 6-35?

LUKE: Oh, that one!

SPADE: How long's he been here?

LUKE: Four days. This is the fifth. Say, if there's anything wrong . . .

SPADE: Nothing like that. As a matter of fact, I'm doing a little work for him.

LUKE: Want me to kind of keep an eye on him?

SPADE: Thanks. It wouldn't hurt. *(LUKE exits; SPADE sits.)*

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NARRATOR: It was twenty-one minutes past eleven when Joel Cairo came in, forehead bandaged, face pasty, clothes showing too many hours' wear.

SPADE: Good morning.

CAIRO: *(Looking sullenly at him.)* Good morning.

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

CAIRO: Our conversations have not been such that I am anxious to continue them.

SPADE: You mean last night? Listen. I've got to throw in with her. I don't know where that damned bird is. You don't. She does.

CAIRO: You have always a smooth explanation ready.

SPADE: I should learn to stutter? How long did Dundy work on you?

CAIRO: Until a very little while ago. I shall certainly talk to the Greek consulate.

SPADE: Go ahead and see what it gets you. What did they shake out of you?

CAIRO: I adhered to the course you indicated though I felt decidedly ridiculous.

SPADE: A sensible story would've had us in the cooler. You want sleep. See you.

(Lights down, then up on SPADE's office. SPADE enters as EFFIE is on the phone. BRIGID waits in the inner office.)

EFFIE: No, he's not in yet. *(She whispers.)* Iva. *(He shakes his head.)* I'll have him call you as soon as he comes in. *(She hangs up.)* Third time this morning. *(She nods toward the inner office.)* Miss O'Shaughnessy's in there.

SPADE: *(Nodding.)* What else?

EFFIE: Sergeant Polhaus called up. He didn't leave any message.

SPADE: Get him for me.

EFFIE: And 'G' called up.

SPADE: 'G'!

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EFFIE: That's what he said. When he comes in, tell him that 'G' got his message.

SPADE: Thanks, darling. Get Tom Polhaus. *(He goes into the inner office.)*

BRIGID: *(As SPADE enters.)* My apartment. It's all upside-down, every which way. I was afraid. I came as fast as I could. That boy followed you!

SPADE: No, angel. I shook him. *(He shows her a newspaper headline.)* See that? "Scream routs burglar." I went into that building and ducked out the back door. He tried every apartment that had a woman's name, hunting for you. Must have taken him half-an-hour.

BRIGID: But *somebody* found my apartment.

SPADE: Maybe he went to your place after he decided you were going to stay all night at my place. Maybe he's got help. Joel Cairo. He told me the police had been grilling him all night. I wonder. *(To EFFIE.)* Got Tom, yet?

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

BRIGID: You saw Joe this morning? Why?

SPADE: *(He smiles.)* Because, my own true love, I've got to keep hold of all the

loose ends of this dizzy affair if I'm going to make heads or tails of it. *(He puts an arm around her, kisses the tip of her nose and sets her down in the swivel chair, sits on the desk.)* Now we've got to find a new home for you, haven't we? Got it. Wait a minute. *(He goes to the outer office. To EFFIE.)* Your woman's intuition still tell you that she's a madonna or something?

EFFIE: I believe she's all right, if that's what you mean. Is she in danger, Sam?

SPADE: I think she is. *(Sits on the desk.)* Could you put her up for a few days?

EFFIE: I'll have to cancel a few dates. There'll be some disappointed Romeos.

SPADE: I'll bet there will. You're a darling.

(The telephone rings. EFFIE picks it up.)

EFFIE: Samuel Spade . . . One moment. *(She holds the phone out, mouthing "G".)*

SPADE: *(Into the phone.)* This is Spade . . . Yes, I've been waiting to hear from you, Mister – Gutman? . . . The sooner the better . . . The Alexandria, twelve C .

Right. *(He hangs up. To EFFIE.)* Go home. Make sure you aren't followed. I'll send her in a cab. I've got things to do, people to see. Once she's settled, come back here and wait until I get back. Or call.

NARRATOR: Spade's mouth was a hard complacent v. His eyes smoldered as the door opened and Iva Archer came in.

SPADE: *(Smiling at her.)* Hello, honey.

IVA: Oh, Sam, forgive me! Forgive me!

SPADE: *(Not rising from the desk.)* Sure. That's all right. Forget it. Effie, you go explain things in there. *(Hooking his thumb toward the inner office.)*

EFFIE: All right. *(She goes into the inner office and talks to BRIGID.)*

IVA: *(After EFFIE leaves.)* Sam, I sent the police last night.

SPADE: You thought I had something to do with Miles's murder?

IVA: I didn't! I was crazy with jealousy, Sam. I wanted to hurt you.

SPADE: *(He puts an arm around her.)* It made things damned awkward.

IVA: You weren't nice to me last night. I came to warn you –

SPADE: Warn me?

IVA: About Phil. Phil thinks you killed his brother. He went to the police.

SPADE: That's nice. Because I was busy, you helped Phil Archer stir things up.

IVA: I'm sorry. I'm sorry, sorry, sorry.

SPADE: You ought to be. You'll hear from Dundy. You'd better see Sid Wise. *(He writes on a business card.)* Tell Sid everything – *(He pulls the card back.)* – almost. *(Gives her the card.)* Where were you when Miles was shot?

IVA: Home. *(He shakes his head, grinning at her.)* I'm not lying to you, Sam.

SPADE: Like hell, you're not. *(He kisses her.)* Go see Sid.

IVA: *(Putting her arms around him.)* Won't you go with me?

SPADE: I can't. *(He gives her a little push toward the door.)* Beat it. *(She exits. He looks from the outer door to the inner door and shakes his head.)* Jesus, you women. *(He looks at his watch.)* I'm late.

(Lights on a corridor. SPADE approaches; WILMER steps out of the shadows behind him.)

WILMER: Come on. He wants to see you. *(His pocketed hands are holding guns.)*

SPADE: I hope I haven't kept you waiting.

WILMER: Keep on riding me and you're going to be picking lead out of your navel.

SPADE: The cheaper the crook, the gaudier the patter. Shall we?

(WILMER turns. SPADE grabs him, slides his hands into WILMER's coat pockets, steps back, with a pistol in each hand. WILMER stares with hate, hands in his pockets.)

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

(Lights on a hotel room. As he speaks, the NARRATOR rises and becomes GUTMAN, crossing into the scene.)

NARRATOR: Gutman was fat – with bulbous pink cheeks and lips and chins and neck, with a great egg of a belly. His eyes, made small by fat puffs around them, were dark and sleek. He wore a cutaway coat, black vest, black satin Ascot tie holding a pearl, striped grey trousers, and patent-leather shoes. (*Ed. Italicized may be cut.*)

GUTMAN: Ah, Mr. Spade. (*He holds out his hand.*)

SPADE: Mr. Gutman. (*SPADE hands the pistols to GUTMAN.*) You shouldn't let him run around with these. He'll get hurt.

GUTMAN: (*Laughing.*) Well, well, what's this?

SPADE: A crippled newsboy took them from him.

(WILMER takes the pistols and exits. GUTMAN put his other hand to SPADE's elbow, and guides him to a chair.)

GUTMAN: (*Laughing.*) By Gad, sir, you're a chap worth knowing. Sit down. (*GUTMAN pours whiskey. SPADE sits and watches.*) We begin well, sir. I distrust a man that says "when". Here's to plain speaking and clear understanding. (*They drink.*) You're a close-mouthed man.

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SPADE: I like to talk.

GUTMAN: Better and better! I distrust a close-mouthed man. We'll get along, sir, that we will. I'm a man who likes talking to a man that likes to talk.

SPADE: Swell. What'll we talk about? The black bird?

GUTMAN: (*Laughing uproariously.*) Will we? (*He stops laughing.*) We will. First: you're here as Miss O'Shaughnessy's representative?

SPADE: It depends. There's Joel Cairo. (*A thumb toward his chest.*) There's me.

GUTMAN: (*Chuckling.*) That's wonderful, sir. I like a man that tells you he's looking out for himself. The man that says he's not is an ass.

SPADE: Uh-huh. Let's talk about the black bird.

GUTMAN: Let's. Miss O'Shaughnessy didn't tell you what it is? A lovely girl, sir.

SPADE: Uh-huh. No.

GUTMAN: And Cairo didn't either?

SPADE: Cairo is cagey. He'll buy it, but won't tell me anything I don't know.

GUTMAN: How much is he willing to buy it for?

SPADE: Ten thousand dollars.

GUTMAN: *(Laughing.)* Ten thousand – and dollars, mind you, not even pounds. Do they know what the bird is, sir? What was your impression?

SPADE: Cairo didn't say. She said no but I took it for granted she was lying.

GUTMAN: By Gad, sir, your glass is empty. *(He refills SPADE's drink.)*

SPADE: *(Raising his glass.)* Here's to plain speaking and clear understanding.

GUTMAN: *(Chuckling and drinking.)* Sir, it may be that nobody in the whole world knows what the bird is, save only Casper Gutman, Esquire.

SPADE: Swell. You know what it is, I know where it is.

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GUTMAN: Yes. I must tell you what I know, but you will not tell me what you know. I do not think we can do business along those lines.

SPADE: *(Rising.)* Think again and think fast. I can get along without you but you can't get along without me. In or out. *(WILMER enters behind GUTMAN.)* And another thing! Keep that gunsel away from me. I'll kill him.

GUTMAN: *(He waves away WILMER, who exits.)* Now, sir, let me apologize for –

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

GUTMAN: All right, sir. What do you know about the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem?

SPADE: Not much – Crusaders or something.

GUTMAN: They were chased out of the Holy Land to Crete until 1530 when the Emperor Charles V gave them Malta. They were to pay, each year, one falcon to acknowledge that Malta was still Spain's. Have you any idea of the immeasurable wealth of the Order at that time?

SPADE: I imagine they were pretty well fixed.

GUTMAN: For the first year's tribute, they hit on the idea of, not a live bird, but a glorious golden falcon encrusted from head to foot with their finest jewels. (*Closely to SPADE.*) These are facts, historical facts, I am telling you.

SPADE: All right.

GUTMAN: All right, sir. This foot-high, golden, jewelled bird was sent in a galley. It never reached Spain. Algerian pirates took it. That's a fact. It appeared in Sicily in 1713, a gift to the king of Naples. That is a fact. It appeared in Paris in 1840, disguised with shiny black enamel. In 1931, it appeared in Athens in the hands of a Greek dealer in antiquities. (*He refills SPADE's glass.*) The day after I contacted him, he was murdered, the bird gone. By Gad, sir, I was wild. Seventeen more years to trace it to an emigré Russian general in Constantinople. He would not sell it, so I sent some – agents to get it. Well, sir, *they* got it and I *haven't* got it. But I'm going to get it.

SPADE: Then the bird belongs to this general?

GUTMAN: Kemidov, by name, but it belongs to nobody except by right of possession.

SPADE: *So it's Miss O'Shaughnessy's?*

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GUTMAN: Your glass, sir. (*Refilling it.*) Mr. Spade, where is the bird now?

SPADE: Safely tucked away.

GUTMAN: (*Smiling.*) Trust you for that, sir. How soon are you willing to produce it?

SPADE: A couple of days.

GUTMAN: Here's to a fair bargain. (*They drink.*) I offer fifty thousand dollars now or twenty-five per cent within, say, a couple of months. Say, half a million?

SPADE: (*Empties his glass and blinks.*) You think the dingus is worth two million?

GUTMAN: That is the absolute rock-bottom minimum.

SPADE: (*Shakes his head.*) The – the mim-mum, huh? And the mack-shmum?

GUTMAN: I refuse to guess. There's no telling, sir, and that's the only truth about it.

(SPADE rises unsteadily and steps toward GUTMAN.)

SPADE: God damn you.

(SPADE steps uncertainly toward the door.)

GUTMAN: Wilmer!

(WILMER enters, hands in his pockets. SPADE takes a few shaky steps. WILMER trips him. He falls face down. WILMER deliberately kicks him in the head. SPADE flips over, tries to rise and falls unconscious. Lights down.)

END OF ACT ONE

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THE MALTESE FALCON

Act Two

(The scene is as at the top of Act One, except the upside down shadow now reads "Samuel Spade".)

(EFFIE PERINE sleeps at her typewriter, head on her forearms. SPADE, face bruised, enters, sees EFFIE and puts a hand on her shoulder. She rouses, sees SPADE, smiles, and sits up.)

EFFIE: So you finally got back? What time is it?

SPADE: Six o'clock. What are you doing here?

EFFIE: *(Waking and shivering.)* You told me to stay till you got back or phoned. *(He touches his bruise gingerly.)* Oh, your head! What happened?

SPADE: I fell or was slugged. Hurts like hell. *(He smiles sheepishly.)* I went visiting and came to twelve hours later all spread out on a man's floor.

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SPADE: *(Taking off his hat.)* You'll have to get to a doctor.

SPADE: *(Shakes her off.)* Mostly a headache – from whatever drug they gave me.

(EFFIE takes the handkerchief from his pocket and exits.)

EFFIE: *(OFF.)* The District Attorney's office phoned. He wants to see you.

SPADE: Himself? *(He whistles softly.)* Anything else?

EFFIE: *(Returns, handkerchief wet.)* Miss O'Shaughnessy didn't get to my place.

SPADE: *(Catching EFFIE by the shoulders.)* She didn't get there?

EFFIE: I waited and she didn't come and I couldn't get you on the phone, so –

SPADE: *(Letting her go.)* Another merry-go-round!

EFFIE: Did you send her out in a taxi? *(A grunt that might mean yes. She tries to apply the handkerchief.)* Somebody must have followed her!

SPADE: Do you think I'm a schoolboy? I rode a dozen blocks with her to be sure.

EFFIE: But –

SPADE: But she didn't get there. I believe you. And you sat here all night? *(He grins again.)* Don't pay any attention to me when I talk like that.

EFFIE: If you think I pay any attention to you, you're crazy, only – *(She crosses her arms and cradles her shoulders.)* – I won't be able to wear an evening gown for two weeks, you big brute.

SPADE: I'm no damned good, darling.

EFFIE: Who is this "G" who phoned?

SPADE: *(As if sorting out the details.)* He thinks I've got something he wants. Then – uh-huh – sure – he figured he could get it without my help if I couldn't butt in, so he fed me the junk. *(He frowns.)* I hope to Christ he was wrong.

EFFIE: And this thing he wants belongs to Miss O'Shaughnessy?

SPADE: Or to the King of Spain. Sweetheart, you've got an uncle at the University.

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EFFIE: *(A cousin, teaches history. Why?)*

SPADE: If we promised him an alleged historical secret four centuries old, could we trust him to keep it dark awhile?

EFFIE: Oh, yes, he's good people.

SPADE: Fine. Get your pencil and book. *(She does.)* Now – what do you know about the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem?

(EFFIE looks up at him. Lights down, up on a hotel lobby. LUKE, the house dick, greets SPADE as he comes in.)

LUKE: Morning, Sam. *(Seeing the bruise.)* God, somebody maced you plenty!

SPADE: It looks worse than it is. How's Cairo?

LUKE: He went out half an hour behind you yesterday and I ain't seen him since.

SPADE: He's getting bad habits.

LUKE: Well, a fellow like that alone in a big city. Who slugged you, Sam?

SPADE: It wasn't Cairo. How's chances of giving his room a casing while he's out?

LUKE: Sure. I'll go all the way with you. But I got a hunch you ain't, with me.

SPADE: I gave it to you straight, Luke. I'm doing a job for him, but I'm a little leery of him and he's got some friends that look wrong to me.

LUKE: Was the kid we chased out yesterday one of his friends?

SPADE: Yeah, he was.

LUKE: And one of them put a slug in Miles.

SPADE: *(Shaking his head.)* No. Thursby killed Miles.

LUKE: And who killed Thursby?

SPADE: Well, it's a secret but I did – *(He smiles.)* – according to the police.

LUKE: You're a tough one to figure out, Sam. *(He takes a pass-key out of his pocket.)* Come on, we'll have that look-see.

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(Lights down, then up on SPADE at his desk, with a newspaper. EFFIE comes in, having changed clothes.)

SPADE: Where have you been?

EFFIE: Talking to my cousin at the university.

SPADE: And then?

EFFIE: I went home. *(SPADE opens his mouth.)* A girl's got a right to leave the office. I can't be here all day, every day.

SPADE: Sorry, angel. I'm a lousy boss.

EFFIE: *(Behind him, her hands on his shoulders to look at the paper.)* Yes, you are. What's that, the racing tips?

SPADE: From Joel Cairo's wastebasket. Same paper Miss O'Shaughnessy was reading yesterday. *(He sniffs the paper, then holds it out EFFIE.)*

EFFIE/SPADE: Gardenia.

SPADE: So, what's on these particular pages that has them both interested?

EFFIE: *(Lowering her head beside his and sliding her arms further around his neck.)* Weather – births – marriages – divorces – deaths. Turn it over. *(He does.)* Financial. Shipping news. “Arrived: 12:20 A. M. – *Capac* from Astoria. 5:05 A. M. – *Helen P. Drew* from Greenwood. 8:05 A. M. – *Paloma* from Hong Kong. 8:17 A. M. – *Silverado* from San Pedro. 9:03 A. M. – *Daisy Gray* from Seattle.”

SPADE: And look, a little fingernail indentation. Cairo's interested in a boat.

EFFIE: Well, there's no law against that.

SPADE: Phone calls, sweetheart.

(They cross to EFFIE's desk. Sam looks at the Rolo-dex.)

Kearny one four oh one. *(EFFIE dials and hands him the phone.)* The *Paloma*, from Hong Kong yesterday morning, where is she docked? . . . The *Paloma* – Hong Kong . . . Thanks. *(He presses the hook, releases it. To EFFIE.)* Davenport two oh two oh *(She dials.)* Detective bureau Sergeant Polhaus . . . Thanks . . . Hello, Tom, Sam Spade. . . I tried to get you yesterday. Look, suppose you have lunch with me . . . Right. *(He presses the receiver-hook down, releases it. To EFFIE.)* Davenport oh one seven oh. *(She dials.)* Hello, this is Samuel Spade. My secretary got a message yesterday that Mr. Bryan wanted to see me. Will you ask him what time's convenient for him? . . . Yes, Spade, S-p-a-d-e. *(A pause.)* Yes . . . Two-thirty? All right. Thanks. *(He presses the hook, releases it. To EFFIE.)* Sid Wise. *(She dials from memory.)* Hello, darling . . . *(EFFIE pokes him in the leg with her pencil.)* . . . let me talk to Sid . . . Hello, Sid – Sam. I've got a date with the District Attorney at half-past two this afternoon. Will you ring me – here or else there – around four, just to see that I'm not in trouble? . . . Hell with your Saturday afternoon golf: your job's to keep me out of jail . . . Right, Sid. 'Bye. *(EFFIE hangs up the receiver. He rubs his bruised forehead and goes in to sit at his desk.)* All right, darling. What did your cousin say?

EFFIE: *(Following him.)* Ted's not a specialist in that field, but at least none of your authorities are out-and-out fakes. He's all excited over it.

SPADE: The whole Perine family's excited – including the smudge on your nose.

EFFIE: He's not a Perine, he's a Christy. *(She looks at her face in her compact mirror.)* I must've got that from the fire. *(She scrubs at the smudge.)*

SPADE: The Perine-Christy enthusiasm ignite Berkeley?

EFFIE: *(Sticking her tongue out at him while she powders.)* There was a ship on fire when I came back and the smoke blew all over our ferry-boat.

SPADE: *(Suddenly interested.)* Were you near enough to see the name of the boat?

EFFIE: Yes. It . . . *(In surprise.)* Sam! It was the *Paloma!* What's it mean?

SPADE: *(Chuckling ruefully.)* I'm damned if I know, sister.

(Light down, up on POLHAUS and SPADE at a restaurant.)

POLHAUS: Sam! Dundy was dead wrong, but you were riding him hard.

SPADE: Shall I apologize to him? I hope my chin didn't hurt his fist.

POLHAUS: Grow up. He didn't hurt you. You're just making grief for yourself.

SPADE: Every bull in town's working to give me grief. A little more won't hurt.

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POLHAUS: That's a swell thing to say to me.

SPADE: *(Eats in silence. At length.)* See the boat on fire in the bay?

POLHAUS: I saw the smoke. Sam, Dundy was wrong and he knows it.

SPADE: Phil Archer been in with any more hot tips?

POLHAUS: Dundy didn't think you shot Miles, but he had to run down the lead.

SPADE: Yeah? What made him think I didn't do it?

POLHAUS: The slug in Miles came out of Thursby's Webley-Fosbery. A bellhop at Thursby's hotel noticed it particular because he'd never saw one like it before. I never saw one. They don't make them any more. It ain't likely there'd be another around. Thursby killed Miles.

SPADE: Then I guess I only killed Thursby.

POLHAUS: He never really thought you'd – we dug up the record on Thursby.

SPADE: Yes? Who was he? *(POLHAUS smiles sardonically in turn.)* I wish to God

I knew half as much about this as you smart guys think I do!

POLHAUS: He was a St. Louis gunman. Went up once for knocking over a row of stuss-games – his twist turned him in. A couple of years later, he did a hitch for pistol-whipping another twist. Afterward, he was Dixie Monahan's bodyguard until Dixie got in trouble over some debts and they disappeared.

SPADE: Dixie's turned up?

POLHAUS: No. Just Thursby.

SPADE: You get all that from Cairo?

POLHAUS: *(Putting down his coffee cup.)* Not a word.

SPADE: *(Laughing.)* You mean a couple of high-class sleuths like you and Dundy worked on that lily-of-the-valley all night and couldn't crack him?

POLHAUS: All night? We worked on him for a couple of hours and let him go.

SPADE: *(Laughing, looks at his watch.)* I've got a date with the D. A.

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POLHAUS: Oh, yeah? *(He stands.)* You won't be doing me any favors by telling him I've talked to you like this.

(Lights down, then up on BRYAN seated at a desk and a STENOGRAPHER, seen from the legs down, nearby. SPADE enters.)

BRYAN: How do you do, Spade? *(Leaning back in his chair. To SPADE.)* You and the police haven't been hitting it off so well, have you?

SPADE: Dundy gets enthusiastic. *(Glancing to the STENOGRAPHER.)* Anything I say will be used against me?

BRYAN: That always holds good. *(He cleans his glasses.)* Who killed Thursby?

SPADE: I don't know.

BRYAN: Make a guess.

SPADE: Mrs. Spade didn't raise any children dippy enough to make guesses in front of a district attorney and a stenographer.

BRYAN: Oh, don't regard this as a formal inquiry at all. Who was Archer working for? (*SPADE laughs.*) I don't say your client did it, but if I know who your client is, I'll soon know who did.

SPADE: I don't exactly get that.

BRYAN: Let me put it this way: what happens when a gambler like Dixie Monahan – or his bodyguard – welsches on a debt?

SPADE: Did I kill him for the guys he owed? Or did I just find him for them?

BRYAN: You might not have known you were even involved.

SPADE: Oh! I see! I ain't naughty. I'm just dumb.

BRYAN: If someone gave you a false story, you certainly wouldn't be responsible unless – (*With emphasis.*) – you concealed your knowledge of it.

SPADE: All right. No hard feelings. Nobody hired me to find Dixie Monahan.

BRYAN: What about Monahan's bodyguard?

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SPADE: His ex-bodyguard.

BRYAN: Ex?

SPADE: Ex.

BRYAN: You're positive Thursby was no longer associated with Monahan?

SPADE: I heard Thursby lost him in the Orient – one way or another.

BRYAN: So, Thursby was killed by Monahan's friends.

SPADE: Dead gamblers don't have any friends.

BRYAN: Or he was killed by Monahan's creditors.

SPADE: Or he died of old age.

BRYAN: If you're withholding evidence . . .

SPADE: (*He leans toward BRYAN.*) You and the police have both accused me of being mixed up in these murders. I think my only chance of clearing myself

is to keep away from you *and* the police, because neither of you know what in hell it's all about. *(He turns to the stenographer.)* Getting this all right, sweetheart? Or am I going too fast for you?

STENOGRAPHER: *(Re-crossing her legs.)* No, sir, I'm getting it all right.

SPADE: Good work.

BRYAN: Look here –

SPADE: I'm going to find whoever did it. If you want to see me, pinch me or subpoena me and I'll come down with my lawyer. *(He stands.)* See you at the inquest – maybe.

(He exits. Lights down, then up on SPADE's office. EFFIE is waiting inside. SPADE enters through the door.)

EFFIE: You haven't found her yet?

(Shaking his head, SPADE sits and rubs his temple lightly. EFFIE goes behind him and gently strokes his head.)

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SPADE: You're an angel.

EFFIE: *(Bending over to look into his face.)* Sam. It's more than a day and she –

SPADE: If you'll let me rest this damned head a minute, I'll find her!

(The telephone rings. SPADE answers it as EFFIE rubs.)

SPADE: Sam Spade . . . hello, Sid . . . Yes, it's all right, thanks . . . He got snotty, but so did I . . . Well, we didn't kiss when we parted . . . Right. 'Bye.

(He puts the phone down and leans back. EFFIE has come around to sit on the side of the desk.)

EFFIE: Do you know where she is, Sam?

SPADE: I know where she went.

EFFIE: Where?

SPADE: Down to the boat you saw burning.

EFFIE: Sam, she – !

SPADE: She *went* down there. She wasn't *taken* down there. She went there when she learned the boat was in. She knows where to come for help.

EFFIE: That's spite and that's all it is! If you don't go down there this very minute, Sam, I will and I'll take the police, too! (*Changing her tone.*) Oh, Sam, go!

SPADE: (*Rising and sitting her in his chair.*) She stopped the cab I put her in down at Polk and got a newspaper. Then she told the cabbie to take her to the Ferry Building. She got to the *Paloma* a little after noon yesterday. The Captain wasn't aboard. His name's Jacobi. She asked for him by name.

EFFIE: You did track her!

SPADE: 'Course I did. He came back around four. She "ate" with him in his cabin. Jacobi had three more visitors: Gutman, Cairo and the kid. They did a lot of talking. The crew didn't hear much but, around eleven o'clock, a gun went off. The watchman beat it down there, but the Captain told him everything was all right. There's a fresh bullet-hole in one corner of the cabin, high enough to make it unlikely the bullet went through anybody first. They left around midnight – all five together. The Captain hasn't been back since.

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EFFIE: And the fire?

SPADE: Discovered in the hold, this morning. They got it out but it did some damage.

EFFIE: Sam Spade, you can be the most contemptible man God ever made. You knew all that and you didn't say word!

SPADE: Christ! I'll go out and look for her. It'll be easier on my head than listening to you squawk. (*He looks at his watch.*) You might as well go home.

EFFIE: I won't. I'm going to wait right here till you come back.

SPADE: Do as you damned please. (*He starts to stomp out, but stops.*) What makes you so hard to get along with, sweetheart?

EFFIE: Me?

SPADE: Yes, you.

(He puts a finger on the tip of her nose, tilts her head up and kisses her. The door opens and a man in sea-faring

clothing, carrying a football-ish shaped package, stands in the doorway.)

MAN: Where's Spade?

EFFIE: *(Starting.)* Sam!

MAN: You know – *(He chokes and falls forward. SPADE catches him, but he sags to the floor, the package dropping from his arms.)*

SPADE: Lock the hallway door.

(EFFIE runs to do it. SPADE looks over the man, holding his lighter up to check his eyes, rolling him partway over. EFFIE returns and SPADE exits, returning a few seconds later, wiping his hands on a towel. She stares at the body.)

EFFIE: *(Backed against the desk and holding it.)* Is – is he – ?

SPADE: Yeah. Shot through the back, maybe half a dozen times.

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~~EFFIE: Oughtn't we – call a doctor?~~
SPADE: It's too late for a doctor now and I've got to think. *(He throws the towel OFF.)* If he – *(He sees EFFIE's fright and frowns.)* For Christ's sake, don't go feminine on me! Pull yourself together. Let's look at that bundle.

(He picks up the package, showing surprise at its weight, puts it on his desk and cuts the twine holding it wrapped.)

EFFIE: *(Realization growing in her eyes.)* Do you think that's it?

SPADE: We'll soon know.

(SPADE unwraps paper, then newspaper, then cloth. He and EFFIE become more and more excited. At last, SPADE pulls out a foot-high figure of a falcon, black and shiny. SPADE laughs and lifts the statue with one hand, putting his other arm around EFFIE and pulling her to his side.)

We've got the damned thing, angel!

EFFIE: Ouch! You're hurting me.

(He lets go of EFFIE and lifts the bird to eye-level with both hands, laughing. The telephone rings. EFFIE goes to her desk and picks up the receiver.)

EFFIE: Hello . . . Yes . . . Who? . . . Oh, yes! Yes! . . . *(She suddenly looks surprised then fearful.)* Hello! Hello *(She rattles the hook up and down.)* Hello! *(She turns to SPADE.)* It's Miss O'Shaughnessy! She's at your apartment. Her voice was – oh, it was awful, Sam! – and something happened before she could finish. Go help her, Sam!

SPADE: *(Hooking at thumb at the corpse.)* I've got to take care of this fellow first.

EFFIE: *(Hitting his chest.)* No, no – you've got to go to her. Don't you see? He was helping her and they killed him and now – Oh, you've got to go!

SPADE: All right. Phone the police. Tell them what you saw, but nothing else. *I got the phone-call and went out. I didn't say where. Damn it! (He clumsily re-wraps the bird.)* This doesn't exist – unless they know about it. If they do, I took it away; we never opened it. *(He picks up the bundle.)* Got that? Everything happened the way it did, but without this dingus unless they already know about it. And *I got the phone-call – not you. Got it?*

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EFFIE: Yes, Sam. Who is he?

SPADE: *(Grinning wolfishly.)* My guess? Captain Jacobi, of the *Paloma*.

EFFIE: Oh! Hurry, Sam!

SPADE: Sure, I'll hurry. *(He puts on his hat and looks around the room.)* Clean up that scrap off the floor before the police come. And get hold of Sid. No, wait! We'll leave him out of it. It'll look better. Keep the door locked. *(He strokes EFFIE's cheek.)* You're a damned good man, sister.

(SPADE exits. Lights down; up on a hallway. SPADE enters without the package. BRIGID enters behind him.)

BRIGID: Sam! *(She puts her arms around him.)* Oh, I thought you'd never come!

SPADE: *(Half-supporting her.)* You've been waiting?

BRIGID: Yes. In a – doorway – up the – street.

SPADE: Can you make it all right or shall I carry you?

BRIGID: *(Still leaning on him.)* I'll be – all right when I get where – I can sit down.

(Lights down. As they step into the apartment, lights come on. BRIGID screams and clings to SPADE. GUTMAN steps into the light, smiling. WILMER is in shadow, pistols in evidence. CAIRO stands, his own pistol in his hand.)

GUTMAN: Well, sir, we're all here. Now let's sit down and talk.

SPADE: Sure, we'll talk. *(WILMER steps behind SPADE.)* Get away or I'll make you use that gun. Ask your boss if he wants me shot up before we talk.

GUTMAN: Never mind, Wilmer. Let's be seated.

SPADE: I told you I didn't like that punk.

(SPADE seats BRIGID on the sofa and sits beside her. She leans on his shoulder and SPADE puts his arm around her. GUTMAN sits in an armchair, CAIRO at a table, his pistol on it. WILMER stands, one pistol out, staring at SPADE.)

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SPADE: I've been all over town to no purpose, tonight, Gutman. Too bad Wilmer here was so thorough when he plugged the sailor.

(WILMER raises his pistol. BRIGID and CAIRO both look at him sharply. WILMER lowers his weapon.)

GUTMAN: Yes, sir, that was a shame, but you must admit that it served its purpose.

SPADE: Naturally, I wanted to see you as soon as I had the falcon but I didn't know you were blundering around, still trying to find Jacobi before he found me.

GUTMAN: *(Chuckling.)* Well, sir, in any case, here we are having our little meeting.

SPADE: That's what I wanted. How soon are you ready to take the falcon off my hands? *(BRIGID looks at him in surprise; SPADE pats her shoulder without taking his eyes off GUTMAN.)*

GUTMAN: Well, sir, as to that . . . *(He tosses an envelope to SPADE.)*

SPADE: *(He counts the bills in it.)* We were talking about more money than this.

GUTMAN: Yes, sir, we were, but this is actual money – genuine coin of the realm, sir. A dollar of this will buy more than ten dollars of talk. *(He chuckles silently)*

at his own joke.) And, sir, in short – *(He nods toward CAIRO.)* – the situation has changed.

SPADE: *(Places the bills back.)* Sure, you're together now but I've got the falcon.

CAIRO: Mr. Spade, though you may have the falcon, yet we certainly have you.

SPADE: I'll try not to let that worry me. *(To GUTMAN.)* Another thing. We've got to have a fall-guy. *(GUTMAN starts to speak, but SPADE cuts him off.)* The police need somebody they can stick for three murders. We –

CAIRO: Two! Two murders, Mr. Spade. Thursby undoubtedly killed your partner.

SPADE: All right, two. What difference does that make? The police –

GUTMAN: You can't expect us to believe that you are the least bit afraid of the police.

SPADE: One time or another I've had to tell everybody from the Supreme Court down to go to hell. I got away with it because I marched into headquarters pushing a victim in front of me, saying: "Here, chumps, is your criminal."

The first time I can't, my name's mud. There hasn't been a first time yet.

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GUTMAN: You're being very well paid for a first time. Maybe it will be a little more trouble but – *(He chuckles.)* – you're not afraid of a little trouble.

SPADE: They're not asleep, Gutman. Jesus! Listen. I'm in it up to my neck. This is my city and I might land on my feet – this time, but next time, I won't. *(Suddenly pleasant.)* Give them a fall-guy and they'll stop right there. *(Persuasively.)* Let's give them the gungel. *(He nods amiably toward WILMER.)* He actually did kill both Thursby and Jacobi – didn't he? He's made to order for the part.

(CAIRO stares open-mouthed; BRIGID twists away and stares with amusement at him; WILMER smiles faintly.)

GUTMAN: *(After a long moment, he begins to laugh.)* By Gad, sir, you're a character! My dear man, I feel towards Wilmer just as if he were my own son. *(He suddenly laughs again.)* What do you think, Wilmer? It's funny, eh?

WILMER: *(In a low voice.)* Yes, it's funny – the son of a bitch.

SPADE: How do you feel now, angel?

BRIGID: *(In a very small whisper.)* I'm frightened.

SPADE: Don't be.

GUTMAN: *(He chuckles again.)* I shouldn't laugh. I apologize. I have the greatest respect and admiration for your astuteness. I'll consider it a sign that you've accepted my apology if you'll outline the rest of your . . . plan.

SPADE: Fair enough. The D.A. is more interested in getting re-elected than anything else. He'll be tickled pink to let me persuade him the punk did both. Thursby's easy. Christ! If he used the same gun on Jacobi, the bullets will match up. *(To WILMER.)* Did you?

(WILMER moves slowly forward to SPADE. His gun remains at his side, but his face is filled with hatred.)

WILMER: You bastard, I've taken all the riding from you I'm going to take. *(SPADE smiles at him.)* Get up on your feet and go for your heater!

GUTMAN: Now, now, Wilmer, we can't have any of that.

SPADE: *(Still smiling. To GUTMAN.)* Young Wild West. Shooting me before you get your hands on the falcon would be bad for business.

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WILMER: *(Staring at SPADE.)* Make him lay off me or I'm going to fog him.

GUTMAN: Now, Wilmer. *(WILMER, still staring at SPADE, slowly returns to his place. To SPADE.)* Your plan is not at all practical..

SPADE: All right. Give them Cairo.

(CAIRO picks up his pistol and holds it in his lap.)

GUTMAN: *(Discomposed for the first time.)* Well, by Gad, sir!

CAIRO: Suppose we give them you, Mr. Spade, or Miss O'Shaughnessy?

SPADE: *(Smiling.)* You want the falcon? A fall-guy is part of the price. Kill me, you don't get the bird. As for Miss O'Shaughnessy – *(He looks at her and shrugs a little.)* – I'm willing to discuss it. *(BRIGID pulls further away.)*

(CAIRO whispers in GUTMAN's ear. SPADE smiles at BRIGID, who smiles faintly back.)

(To WILMER.) Two to one they're selling you out. *(To GUTMAN.)* I hope you're not influenced by the guns these pocket-desperadoes are waving.

I've practiced taking them away from both of them. The gungel is –

WILMER: All right!

(He jerks his pistol at SPADE. GUTMAN grabs his wrist, pulling the gun down. CAIRO grabs WILMER's other hand and holds it. They struggle, forcing WILMER's arms down. We hear fragments of words from the struggle.)

| – right . . . go . . . bastard . . . smoke . . .

GUTMAN: | Now, now, Wilmer! Now, now, Wilmer! Now, now, Wilmer!

CAIRO: | No, please, don't! Don't do that, Wilmer.

(SPADE steps in and hits WILMER with a left uppercut and a right cross. WILMER slumps against GUTMAN.)

GUTMAN: *(Holding WILMER up.)* Here, what – ?

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(CAIRO springs at SPADE, who cuffs him with an open hand to his face. CAIRO drops his pistol.)

SPADE: Stop it. I'll hurt you. *(He picks up CAIRO's pistol.)*

CAIRO: *(Backing away.)* Oh, you big coward!

(SPADE picks up WILMER's gun. GUTMAN and CAIRO both attend to WILMER. SPADE examines WILMER's chin.)

SPADE: Nothing cracked. We'll spread him on the sofa.

(SPADE picks WILMER up in a fireman's lift and drops him on the sofa. He pockets WILMER's second pistol.)

SPADE: Well, there's our fall-guy. *(GUTMAN doesn't reply.)* You held the kid while I pasted him. He won't let you laugh that off.

GUTMAN: *(With resignation.)* You can have him.

SPADE: Swell. Cairo. We're giving him to the police. Are you in? Or out? If the answer is out, we give you to the police with your boy-friend.

GUTMAN: Oh, come, Mr. Spade, that is not –

SPADE: Jesus God! Is this the first thing you guys ever stole? Well? Which?

CAIRO: You give me no choice. I am in.

SPADE: Good. Sit down.

(BRIGID sits at WILMER's feet, GUTMAN in the padded chair, CAIRO in a different chair from his first. SPADE sits on the table, checks his watch.)

Two o'clock. I can't get the falcon till daylight. We've got plenty of time.

GUTMAN: I suggest we do not get out of each other's sight until then. The envelope?

SPADE: Miss O'Shaughnessy has it.

BRIGID: Yes, I picked it up.

SPADE: Hang on to it. *(To GUTMAN,)* I can have the falcon brought here.

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GUTMAN: Excellent. Then, sir, in exchange for ten thousand dollars and Wilmer, you will give us the falcon and time to get out of the city before . . .

SPADE: First, though. Why did he shoot Thursby?

GUTMAN: *(Shaking his head.)* Come, sir, we've given you the money and Wilmer.

SPADE: Why did he kill Thursby?

GUTMAN: To make Miss O'Shaughnessy think it best to patch up her differences with us. Wilmer followed him back to his hotel and . . . did what he did.

SPADE: *(Nodding after a moment.)* Now Jacobi.

GUTMAN: Captain Jacobi's death was entirely Miss O'Shaughnessy's fault.

BRIGID: *(Hand to her mouth.)* Oh!

SPADE: Tell me what happened.

GUTMAN: She had given the bird to Jacobi, who did not know what it was, of course. Miss O'Shaughnessy is too good at . . . what she does . . . for that. *(He*

beams at BRIGID.) We three arrived while Miss O'Shaughnessy was there.

SPADE: You touched off the boat before you left?

GUTMAN: Wilmer was – careless with matches.

SPADE: How did Jacobi end up shot?

GUTMAN: Jacobi slipped out a window. Wilmer shot him – more than once – but Jacobi was tough. He ran. *(He stops to smile.)* We persuaded – that is the word, sir – persuaded Miss O'Shaughnessy to – *(WILMER groans and his eyes open and close several times.)* – cooperate with us and draw you here.

(WILMER sits up. Focussed on SPADE, he stands slowly.)

SPADE: Listen, kid, if you come over here and start cutting up, I'm going to kick *you* in the face. Sit down and behave. You'll last longer.

(WILMER turns to GUTMAN, who smiles at him.)

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GUTMAN: Wilmer, I couldn't be fonder of you if you were my own son, but, if you lose a son it's possible to get another – there's only one Maltese Falcon.

(SPADE laughs. WILMER sits on the sofa, not taking his eyes off SPADE. CAIRO puts an arm around him.)

(Still smiling.) When you're young, you don't understand these things.

SPADE: *(To BRIGID.)* I need coffee. Will you? I don't like to leave my guests.

(BRIGID starts toward the kitchen.)

GUTMAN: Just a moment. Leave the envelope here. We don't want grease-spots on it.

SPADE: *(BRIGID looks to him.)* It's still his. *(She takes the envelope out, tossing it to GUTMAN.)* Sit on it if you're afraid of losing it.

GUTMAN: You misunderstand me. Business should be transacted in a business-like manner. *(He opens the envelope and counts the bills inside it.)* For instance, there are only nine bills here now.

(SPADE counts the bills. There are nine.)

SPADE: Well? (*BRIGID shrugs. To GUTMAN, indicating BRIGID.*) We're going into the bathroom. I'll be able to see her – and you. Don't try to leave.

GUTMAN: Really, sir, you must know that we've not the least desire to leave.

SPADE: There's a lot I must know. (*He gently pushes BRIGID.*) Come on.

BRIGID: (*At the door, she presses close to SPADE.*) I did not take that bill, Sam.

SPADE: I don't think you did, but I've got to know. (*At the bathroom door, he pushes her in, out of sight of the rest.*) Take your clothes off.

BRIGID: (*OFF.*) I won't.

SPADE: All right. I'll take them off.

BRIGID: (*OFF.*) You wouldn't!

SPADE: I will. I've got to know what happened to that bill.

BRIGID: (*Comes into sight and presses close to him.*) I'm not ashamed to be naked before you, but not like this. If you make me...

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SPADE: Take them off.

(BRIGID goes off. Her clothing, a piece at a time, is thrown at SPADE. SPADE examines each article minutely. He gathers the clothing and steps into the bathroom.)

(OFF.) Thanks. Now, I know.

(There is the sound of a slap. SPADE reappears, chuckling and rubbing his chin. CAIRO sits beside WILMER, who stares at the floor. SPADE turns to GUTMAN.)

You palmed it. Admit it or I'm going to search you. There's no third way.

GUTMAN: (*Laughing merrily.*) By Gad, sir, I believe you would. You're a character, sir. (*He takes a bill from his vest-pocket and puts it in with the others.*)

SPADE: That's the kind of trick I'd expect from somebody the punk's age.

(GUTMAN chuckles as BRIGID, dressed again, comes out of the bathroom.)

BRIGID: You shouldn't have done that to me, Sam.

SPADE: I had to find out, angel.

(He kisses her lightly. She goes into the kitchen. CAIRO still sits beside WILMER, murmuring to him.)

GUTMAN: *(Offering envelope)* This will soon be yours; you might as well take it now.

SPADE: *(Not taking it, sits.)* I ought to have more than ten thousand.

GUTMAN: Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money to be picked up so easily.

SPADE: You think it's been so damned easy?

GUTMAN: *(Nodding toward the kitchen.)* Are you sharing with her?

SPADE: That's my business.

GUTMAN: It certainly is, but – a word of advice – be careful.

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SPADE: Bad?

GUTMAN: Bad.

(SPADE begins to roll a cigarette. WILMER pushes CAIRO away and raises a fist. CAIRO cries out, then pulls away.)

WILMER: Keep away from me. *(He goes back to sitting with his head in his hands.)*

SPADE: *(Jerks a thumb over his shoulder to CAIRO as BRIGID comes out to see what the noise was.)* The course of true love. How's it coming?

BRIGID: *(Going back into the kitchen.)* It's coming.

SPADE: *(Lighting his cigarette. To GUTMAN:)* I ought to have twenty.

GUTMAN: Ten thousand is every cent I can manage. Of course, later –

SPADE: *(Laughing.)* I know, you'll give me millions. Fifteen thousand?

GUTMAN: *(Smiling and shaking his head.)* Mr. Spade, I tell you frankly and candidly and on my word of honor that ten thousand dollars is all I can raise.

SPADE: But, you didn't say "positively".

GUTMAN: *(Laughing.)* Positively.

SPADE: If it's positively the best you can do – *(GUTMAN hands him the envelope. SPADE counts the bills and pockets them. BRIGID comes in carrying a tray.)* Well, folks, let's settle in. It's going to be a long night.

(Lights down, then up. WILMER sleeps in a corner of the sofa, sitting up; CAIRO at the other end. GUTMAN ostensibly sleeps in his chair; BRIGID tries to sleep in another chair; SPADE sits at the table, wary. After a few moments, SPADE checks his watch and crosses to the telephone, at which WILMER stirs and sits up, and GUTMAN looks at his watch..)

GUTMAN: Can you get it now?

SPADE: That's what I'm doing. *(He dials a number and whistles softly as he waits.)* Hello, angel. Did I get you up? . . . Yes, very. Here's the plot: in our box at the Post Office, you'll find an envelope addressed in my scribble. There's a parcel room check in it – for the bundle we got yesterday. Get it and bring it to me – p. d. q. . . . Yes, I'm home . . . That's the girl. Hustle . . . 'Bye.

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GUTMAN: How long?

SPADE: *(Shrugging.)* An hour?

(Lights down, then up. WILMER sits with his head in his hands; CAIRO is now in BRIGID's chair. BRIGID sits by the table. GUTMAN is still in his chair, reading, and SPADE looks out a window. There is a knock at the door.)

GUTMAN: You don't mind if I go to the door with you?

SPADE: O.K.

(SPADE opens the door. EFFIE is outside. She hands over the parcel, glances to GUTMAN, then back to SPADE.)

SPADE: Sorry to spoil your day of rest, but this –

EFFIE: – is not the first one you've spoiled. *(Meaningfully.)* Anything else?

SPADE: No, thanks.

EFFIE: *(Shrugging.)* Bye-bye. *(She exits.)*

(SPADE shuts the door and sets the parcel on the table. All crowd closely, WILMER near the door.)

SPADE: There you are.

GUTMAN: *(Tearing at the wrapping.)* Ah! Now, after seventeen years! *(He extracts the figure, placing it reverently on the table.)* That's it, but we'll make sure. *(He scrapes at the figure with a pen-knife, more and more desperately.)* It's a fake! It's lead! *(He pushes the figure over on the table.)*

SPADE: *(Grabs BRIGID's wrist and pulls her to him, roughly grasps her chin in his hand.)* All right, you've had your little joke. Now tell us about it.

BRIGID: No, Sam, no! That is the one I got from Kemidov. I swear –

CAIRO: That's it! That's it! It was the Russian! I should have known! What fools he made of us! *(Screams at GUTMAN.)* You bungled it! You fat fool! He made a duplicate! No wonder we had so little trouble stealing it! You imbecile! You bloated idiot! *(He sinks into a chair and weeps. Meanwhile, WILMER has quietly slipped out.)*

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GUTMAN: *(Presses a hand to his temples then, after a moment, chuckles.)* Come, sir, there's no need for that. This is as severe a blow to me as to anyone. Shall we stand here and shed tears? Or shall we – go to Constantinople?

CAIRO: *(Looking at him in amazement.)* Constantinople?

GUTMAN: For seventeen years I have been trying to get it. Another year will be an additional expenditure in time of only – five point one five seven per cent.

CAIRO: *(Suddenly laughing.)* I go with you!

(SPADE suddenly runs to the door and looks down the hallway. He shuts the door with disgust and turns back.)

SPADE: Well, I must say you're a swell lot of thieves!

GUTMAN: We've little enough to boast about but we're none of us dead yet. *(He holds out his left hand to SPADE.)* I'll have to ask you for that envelope, sir.

SPADE: You got your dingus. It's your hard luck that it wasn't what you wanted.

GUTMAN: Now come, sir, we've all failed and there's no reason for expecting any one of us to bear the brunt of it, and – *(He holds up a pistol in his right hand.)* – in short, sir, I must ask you to return my ten thousand dollars.

(SPADE takes the envelope out of his pocket. He opens it and takes out a single thousand-dollar bill and hands the envelope to GUTMAN, who thinks, then shrugs.)

Now, sir, good-bye, unless you care to undertake the Constantinople expedition? You don't? Frankly I'd like to have you along. You're a man to my liking. We know you appreciate that any legal difficulties that come to us would come equally to you and the charming Miss O'Shaughnessy.

SPADE: I understand. I'll make out all right.

GUTMAN: I was sure you would. Well, sir, the shortest farewells are the best. Adieu. *(He bows to BRIGID.)* And to you, Miss O'Shaughnessy, adieu. I leave you the rare avis on the table as a memento.

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(CAIRO stops to bow briefly before exiting. GUTMAN turns, chuckles one last time, and exits, closing the door. BRIGID stands silently. At last, without looking at BRIGID, SPADE picks up the phone and dials.)

SPADE: Yeah, is Sergeant Polhaus there? . . . Tell him it's Sam Spade. *(He waits again, deliberately not looking at BRIGID.)* Hello, Tom, here it is: Thursby and Jacobi were shot by a kid named Wilmer Cook. Young. Dark hair. Soft features. He's working for a man named Casper Gutman. About 50, overweight, slight accent. That fellow Cairo you met is in with them, too . . . Yeah, that's it . . . Gutman's at the Alexandria, suite twelve C, or was. They're blowing town, so you'll have to move fast. Watch yourself when you go up against the kid. I took his guns away from him, but he might have another – and he's supposed to be pretty good . . . That's right, I've got them here for you. They're the ones he used to kill Thursby and Jacobi . . . Step on it – and luck to you!

(SPADE slowly hangs up, looks at his shaking hands, clasps them together, takes a slow deep breath and crosses the room to BRIGID, who gasps at his fast approach.)

(Very close to her.) We've only got minutes before the police get here. Gutman sent you and Cairo to Constantinople. *(She doesn't reply.)* God damn you, talk! I'm in this with you and you're not going to gum it. Talk.

He sent you to Constantinople?

BRIGID: Y-yes. I met Joe there and – and asked him to help me. Then we –

SPADE: Wait. You and Cairo were to get the bird from Kemidov? For Gutman?

(She hesitates and he grabs her shoulders.)

BRIGID: No, we thought we could get it for ourselves.

SPADE: Then?

BRIGID: I was afraid of Joe, so – so I asked Floyd Thursby to help me.

SPADE: Well?

BRIGID: We got it and went to Hong Kong.

SPADE: You ditched Cairo before that?

BRIGID: Yes.

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SPADE: So, you and Thursby are in Hong Kong with the bird.

BRIGID: There was someone named Dixie. Floyd killed him. Anyway, I asked Captain Jacobi to bring the bird on his boat for me. That seemed safest.

SPADE: While you and Thursby caught one of the fast boats. Then what?

BRIGID: I was afraid Gutman'd find me – or Floyd. That's why I came to you –

SPADE: That's a lie. Thursby was a sucker for women. The only falls he ever took were over women. You wanted to spook him so you had us tail him.

BRIGID: I didn't think –

SPADE: Miles hadn't many brains, but he wasn't clumsy enough to be spotted the first night. You pointed Miles out to Thursby.

BRIGID: Sam, I didn't think Floyd would kill him!

SPADE: *(With a cold smile.)* And you were right, angel. He didn't. Miles had too much experience to go up a blind alley with his gun on his hip and his coat buttoned. He was dumb, but not that dumb. *(He smiles affectionately, lifting her chin with his knuckle.)* But he'd have gone up there with you,

angel. He'd have licked his lips and gone up there grinning – and then you put a hole through him with the Webley-Fosbery you got from Thursby. *(He takes her wrists and pulls her straight.)* Talk!

BRIGID: H – H – How did you know he – he licked his lips and – ?

SPADE: *(Laughing harshly.)* I knew Miles. *(Stops laughing.)* The police will be here any minute. Talk! Why did you shoot him?

(She pulls her hands away and puts them around his neck, lips almost touching his, looking deeply into his eyes.)

BRIGID: I didn't mean to. Really – but, when I saw Floyd couldn't be frightened, I –

SPADE: *(Pushing her away.)* Another lie. You got the gun from Thursby that *night*. You already had the apartment at the Coronet. Your trunks were there and not at the hotel. You thought it all out.

BRIGID: *(Head against his chest, arms around him.)* Yes, Sam, I lied. If Floyd knew somebody was shadowing him, either he'd – oh, Sam! *(She sobs.)*

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SPADE: ~~If Miles killed Thursby, you'd be rid of him. If Thursby killed Miles, then you could see that Thursby fried for it – and you'd be rid of him.~~

BRIGID: *(Whispering.)* Yes.

SPADE: But Thursby didn't bite. You killed Miles yourself. Right?

BRIGID: *(Whispering.)* Yes.

SPADE: Then Thursby got killed and you knew Gutman was here, so you came back to me. Right?

BRIGID: Sweetheart! I'd have come back. From the first instant I saw you, I knew –

SPADE: *(Lifting her face and looking down into her eyes.)* Angel! *(His hands caress her neck.)* I hope to Christ they don't hang you by that sweet neck, precious, but, if they do, I'll always remember you.

BRIGID: Don't, Sam! Don't say that. Sam! *(She slumps over the table.)*

SPADE: You're taking the fall. One of us has to and they'd hang me, sure.

BRIGID: But – after what we've been to each other. You can't –

SPADE: Like hell I can't.

BRIGID: *(With a long trembling intake of breath.)* You – don't – love me?

SPADE: *(His breathing, too, is ragged.)* Maybe I do. What of it? *(His smile freezes. He decides.)* I won't play the sap for you. You came into my bed to stop my questions. You set me up for Gutman with that phoney call for help – had your arms around me when the trap was sprung – I couldn't have made a fight of it if I wanted to.

BRIGID: *(Wiping tears and standing straight.)* Down in your heart you know, in spite of anything I've done, I love you.

SPADE: You never played square with me for half an hour at a stretch. You double-crossed Gutman, Cairo, Thursby – you knocked off Miles. I won't walk in Thursby's and Jacobi's and Christ knows who else's footsteps. You killed Miles and you're going over for it and I can't help you now.

BRIGID: *(Stepping closer again.)* Don't help me, then, but let me go away.

SPADE: *(Stopping himself from relenting.)* I won't play the sap for you.

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BRIGID: Surely, Mr. Archer wasn't as much to you as –

SPADE: Miles was a son of a bitch. I found that out the first week we were in business together. You didn't do me a damned bit of harm by killing him.

BRIGID: Then why?

SPADE: When a man's partner is killed, he's supposed to do something about it. It doesn't make any difference if you liked him; you're supposed to do something. It's bad for business to let the killer get away with it. If I let you go – even if I got away with it – you'd have something on me whenever you wanted to. And, since I've also got something on you, I couldn't be sure you wouldn't decide to put a hole in me some day. On the other side, we've got what? The fact that maybe you love me and maybe I love you.

BRIGID: *(Her mouth close to his.)* If you loved me, you'd need nothing more.

SPADE: *(He bends her back so that she must look up.)* I won't play the sap. Sure, I'll be sorry as hell – I'll have some rotten nights – but that'll pass.

NARRATOR: *(Returning to his lectern.)* She came into his arms and put her mouth to his, slowly, her arms around him. *(The door opens. POLHAUS and*

DUNDY are outside it.) She was in his arms when the police arrived.

(Lights down, then up. EFFIE sits in SPADE's chair, reading a newspaper. SPADE enters.)

EFFIE: *(Puts down the paper and rises.)* Sam!

SPADE: Morning, angel.

EFFIE: Is that – is what the papers have – right?

SPADE: Yes, ma'am.

NARRATOR: He dropped his hat on the desk and sat down. His face was pale, but his eyes were clear. The girl stood beside him, staring down.

SPADE: *(Grinning at her.)* So much for your woman's intuition.

EFFIE: Cairo is under arrest? And Gutman is – dead?

SPADE: *(Wilmer had just finished killing him when the police kicked in the door. Then he tried to shoot it out with them. Never ends well.)*

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EFFIE: And you – sent her up, Sam? You did that to her?

SPADE: She killed Miles, angel, offhand – *(He snaps his fingers.)* – like that.

NARRATOR: He looked up sharply and put his arm around her waist, hand on her hip.

SPADE: *(He puts his arm around her waist.)* Your Sammy's a detective.

EFFIE: *(Pulling away from him.)* Don't, please. Don't touch me. I know – I know you're right. You're right. But don't touch me now – not now.

NARRATOR: In the outer office, the door-knob rattled. Effie Perine turned quickly and went out. When she came in again, she shut the door behind her.

EFFIE: *(Leaning against the door.)* Iva is here.

SPADE: *(Nodding.)* Yeah. Well – send her in.

(EFFIE exits. SPADE leans back. Lights down. "Samuel Spade" on the floor is the last thing to be seen.)

END OF PLAY