

**THE MALTESE FALCON**

a thriller in two acts by  
David Jacklin

based on the novel by  
Dashiell Hammett

8<sup>th</sup> DRAUGHT  
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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, Bryan*

DETECTIVE TOM POLHAUS

LT. DUNDY - *doubles Luke, Jacobi*

IVA ARCHER - *doubles Stenographer*

FREED - *doubled by Archer*

JOEL CAIRO

WILMER COOK

LUKE - *doubled by Dundy*

CASPER GUTMAN - *doubled by Narrator*

BRYAN - *doubled by Archer*

A Stenographer - *doubled by Iva*

CAPTAIN JACOBI - *doubled by Dundy*

Total cast: 5 men; 3 women

## SETTING

San Francisco, California, early December 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. Pools of angular light define each scene.

The scene moves freely from one place to another, with no breaks in between.

A pair of desks must move in and out, along with some chairs, a couple of tables and a bed.

A couple of doors that can be moved freely.

As a thought, this is hard-boiled/film noir. Can the whole be done in greys, black and white?

## 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 lanky 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.

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. The hair under her hat 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. No one I could go to. What could I do?

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

BRIGID: Yes, and Mama and Papa's return was drawing nearer and nearer. 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. (*She shudders.*) All I had was "General Delivery", so I waited at the Post Office until after dark. I went back this morning and 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.

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

BRIGID: I will. Mr. Spade, could either you or Mr. Archer look after it personally? I'm so afraid for Corinne. 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 and someone picks up the receiver. Lights up to show SPADE on the edge of a bed, in his rumpled clothes.)*

SPADE: Hello . . . Yes, speaking . . . Dead? . . . Yes . . . Fifteen minutes. Thanks.

*(He switches on a light. Lights up. Looks at alarm clock.)*

Two-oh-five. Why can't things happen at a reasonable hour?

NARRATOR: Spade made a cigarette and lifted it to his mouth. He used 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 (*SPADE does so.*) and looked down at the white shirt, green necktie and grey suit he had worn that day, shrugged his rounded shoulders and put on a loose tweed overcoat and a dark grey hat. He stuffed tobacco, keys, and money into his pockets and the cab arrived.

*(SPADE exits. Lights come down, then up on a street scene.)*

Where Bush Street roofed Stockton before slipping down to Chinatown, a man was hunkered on his heels before a billboard. Two other men peeped through between it and the building. Lights flickered and shadows moved. The alley was bounded by a fence and a length of it had been torn from a post 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. I figured you'd want to see before we took him away.

SPADE: *(Nods a greeting.)* Tom. What happened?

POLHAUS: *(Tapping his own chest with a finger.)* 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.

*(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 on the bed and got a glass and a bottle of Bacardi. The alarm-clock said three-forty. He drank some, sat on the bed and rolled a cigarette. The door-bell rang. The clock said four-thirty. Spade rose and pressed the button.

SPADE: Damn her.

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



SPADE: *(Opening 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.

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 taps Spade's chest with two fingers.)* 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.

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.

SPADE: I knew where he lived? I knew he'd go straight home from killing Miles?

DUNDY: You knew what you knew. What time did you get home?

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

DUNDY: Yeah. We came by at three-thirty. Where'd you do your walking?

SPADE: Out Bush Street and back.

DUNDY: See anybody?

SPADE: No, no witnesses. *(He laughs pleasantly.)* Sit down, Dundy. *(Pours a drink, then begins to roll a cigarette.)* 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: *(Holding the cigarette in one hand, his lighter in the other.)* You're not ready to pinch me yet, are you, Dundy? *(DUNDY is silent.)* Then, there's no particular reason why 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?

SPADE: Not tonight.

IVA: 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-sack and the 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: Her thin fingers finished shaping the cigarette. She 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. Could she have killed him?

SPADE: *(Lighting his cigarette.)* You're an angel; a nice rattle-brained angel.

EFFIE: 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.

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.

FREED: Thanks. Harriman was the house-dick last night. He's sure to have seen Archer. Shall I caution him not to mention it?

SPADE: Don't draw attention. 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.

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.

PLEASE CONTACT AUTHOR FOR  
RIGHTS  
*(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 on the left side and swept back in loose waves, somewhat tousled. Spade took off his hat and they both sat down. She looked at her fingers, working them together.

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: The hell of it is, Miss O'Shaughnessy, murders make everybody hard to handle and expensive. 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.

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 voice 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. **BERUSAL COPY ONLY**

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

NARRATOR: **PLEASE CONTACT AUTHOR FOR** Her heavy lashes wavered. She seemed smaller and very young.

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

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 o'clock. I suggested we walk – so Mr. Archer could see him. We ate, danced and came back about half-past twelve. I watched Mr. Archer follow Floyd down the street.

SPADE: Down? You mean towards Market Street?



BRIGID: Yes.

SPADE: 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 came here and 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 in my face. *(She puts the hat down and sits beside him.)* I need some idea of what it's all about. Thursby, for instance. Why did you want him shadowed?

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

SPADE: Did he kill Archer?

BRIGID: *(Surprised.)* Yes, certainly.

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?

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 though she couldn't hold the twitching muscles of mouth and chin still.

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.

*(Slowly, she puts her hand inside her bra and brings out a roll of bills. He takes the money from her 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.)*

SPADE: I'm going to see what I can do for you. I'll be back as soon as I can. 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.)*

SPADE: 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'd 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.

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 with a raised eyebrow.)* 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.)*

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

*(The sound of EFFIE leaving is heard. CAIRO takes a short compact, flat, black pistol out of an inner pocket.)*

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

NARRATOR: Spade did not look at the pistol. He 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 dark 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 the body into a chair, then searches and empties every one of CAIRO's pockets, making a pile of the contents on the desk. Only then does he sit at his desk, roll a cigarette and examine 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.

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

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

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: Who is he?

CAIRO: *(Shaking his head.)* You will forgive my not answering that question.

SPADE: Cairo, you tied yourself up plenty with last night's killings. Now you'll 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 make it 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?

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 and places his hands on the desk.)* All right. Go ahead. I won't stop you.

*(Lights down. They come up on 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 on the opposite corner 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 of the lobby. 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? Anyway, it's done. 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.

*(SPADE stops at a doorway and presses the buzzer – 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 that this afternoon: same words. Like you've practiced.

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: *(A long pause.)* You talked to him?

SPADE: Only for a minute or two.

*(She pokes the fire, re-positions an ornament on the mantel, gets a cigarette, straightens a curtain, and returns.)*

SPADE: *(Grinning.)* You're good. You're very good.

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

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: Surely you're not really considering it. 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. Far more than I could offer, if I must bid for 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? Haven't 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 right now.

BRIGID: But he can't come here! I'm afraid.

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?

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

NARRATOR: As their taxicab drew up, a dark sedan stood directly in front of Spade's street-door. Iva Archer was alone at the wheel.

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

NARRATOR: As Spade got to the car, 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.

NARRATOR: She started the sedan's engine, staring angrily ahead.

SPADE: Good night, Iva.

NARRATOR: He stood at the curb until she had driven away. Brigid 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.

SPADE: You don't have to tell me.

BRIGID: I'd never have placed myself in this position if I didn't trusted you completely. *(She plays with a button on his jacket.)*

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.

*(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: I should have guessed he'd show up. He saw you come in?

CAIRO: Naturally. And, since you already let him see us together –

BRIGID: What boy?

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

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

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.

*(They all sit.)*

BRIGID: Five thousand dollars for the falcon. You have the money ready? Now?

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.

BRIGID: Oh!

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.)* I'll have it in a week at the most.

CAIRO: Where is it?

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

CAIRO: Naturally.

BRIGID: *(Laughing softly.)* I should have liked to have seen that. After what happened to Floyd, I'm afraid to touch it.

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: The one you had in Constantinople.

CAIRO: 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.)*

BRIGID: Who is it?

SPADE: I don't know.

*(The bell rings again, more insistently.)*

SPADE: *(Motioning them off.)* Well, 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.)*

SPADE: You guys pick swell hours to do your visiting.

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 with us a little, Spade. You get away with this and you get away with that, but 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.

SPADE: That sounds like something you thought up yourself.

DUNDY: 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?

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

DUNDY: If you say there was nothing between you and Archer's wife, you're a liar.

SPADE: Take it easy.

DUNDY: 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: *(Over 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: Oh, you liar! You dirty filthy liar! They both attacked me and he went out to talk to you and she said they were going to kill me and she struck me with the pistol and I called for help.

DUNDY: What'd you come here for?

CAIRO: *(Wipes his forehead with his handkerchief.)* He said they wanted to see me.

*(POLHAUS sniffs the scent from the handkerchief and looks at SPADE, who winks.)*

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.

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 his leg. 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: *(Smiling.)* I dare you to take us in, Dundy. We'll laugh at you in every newspaper in San Francisco. Wake up. You've been kidded.

DUNDY: I bet you.

SPADE: 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. It looked funny so I wouldn't touch it. Then 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 to him 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 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 and shaking him.)* I'll take you along for packing the gun, anyway.

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

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

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

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

CAIRO: Joel Cairo, Hotel Belvedere.

SPADE: *(Quickly.)* You can get in touch with Miss O'Shaughnessy through me.

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

SPADE: 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 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?

BRIGID: I didn't have time to finish talking to him.

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.)*

SPADE: Well, I'm listening.



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

*(He lets his arm drop down behind her.)*

SPADE: 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 the machinery. 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: Can I touch you? *(After another silence.)* It's a 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.

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 hands up to Spade's cheeks, put her mouth hard against his mouth, her body flat against his body. Spade's arms went around her, holding her to him, a hand cradling her head, fingers half lost among red hair, a hand moving groping fingers over her slim back.

*(Lights down, then up on dawn. SPADE's bed is down and BRIGID sleeps in it, 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. Spade came quietly into the apartment, but before he had shut the corridor-door behind him, she woke with a start, a pistol in her hand.

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 to get stuff for breakfast.

BRIGID: Is he?

SPADE: No.

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

BRIGID: Sorry, angel. I thought you'd sleep. 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 cooked breakfast – and slipped the flat brass key to her apartment back into her coat-pocket – while she bathed and dressed. Their breakfast was on the table when she returned to the kitchen.

SPADE: Now, about the bird?

BRIGID: Don't ask me to talk 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?

WILMER: Shove off.

SPADE: You'll have to talk to me soon, sonny – and you can tell “G” I said so.

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

WILMER: . . . you.

SPADE: People lose teeth talking like that. If you want to hang around, be polite.  
*(He looks OFF and beckons to someone.)*

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.

SPADE: What about him?

LUKE: Never picked up his key. 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.

NARRATOR: It was twenty-one minutes past eleven by the clock over the elevator doors when Joel Cairo came in from the street. His forehead was bandaged, his face pasty, his clothes showed too many hours' consecutive 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: Not a single thing. I adhered to the course you indicated though I felt decidedly ridiculous repeating it.

SPADE: You'll hear more from Dundy. Don't worry about the story. A sensible one would've had us all in the cooler. You'll want sleep. See you later.

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

EFFIE: No, not yet. *(She whispers.)* Iva. *(He shakes his head.)* I'll have him call you as soon as he comes in. *(She hangs up.)* That's the 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'!

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

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

BRIGID: *(As SPADE enters.)* My apartment. It's all upside-down, every which way.

SPADE: Anything taken?

BRIGID: I don't know. 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 in the vestibule-register, 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. There are a lot of maybes. Joel Cairo. He told me the police had been grilling him all night. I wonder. *(He calls 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, whatever trouble she's in, she's all right, if that's what you mean.

SPADE: That's what I mean. *(Sits on the desk.)* Could you put her up for a few days?

EFFIE: You mean at my place?

SPADE: Yes. Her joint's been broken into, second time this week.

EFFIE: Is she in danger, Sam?

SPADE: I think she is.

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 on home. Make sure you aren't followed. I'll send her in a cab in a while. I've got some 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. I was crazy with jealousy. I told them they'd learn something about Miles's murder.

SPADE: What made you think that?

IVA: I didn't! But, 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. *(Pats her shoulder.)* It's done now. You'll be hearing from Dundy. You'd better see Sid Wise, first. *(He writes on a business card and holds it out.)* You can 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. On the next corner, room eight-twenty-seven.

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 down and up on a hotel room. SPADE approaches the door. 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 iron out of your navel.

SPADE: The cheaper the crook, the gaudier the patter. Well, let's go.

*(WILMER turns to go in. SPADE grabs him from behind, slides his hands into WILMER's coat pockets. He steps back, with a pistol in each hand. WILMER stares with hate at SPADE, hands in his pockets. SPADE pockets the pistols.)*

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

*(SPADE enters the room. As he speaks, the NARRATOR rises and becomes GUTMAN, crossing into the scene.)*

NARRATOR: The fat man 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.

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

SPADE: Mr. Gutman. *(SPADE takes the pistols out of his pocket and hands them 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". Well, here's to plain speaking and clear understanding. *(They drink.)* You're a close-mouthed man?

SPADE: I like to talk.

GUTMAN: Better and better! I distrust a close-mouthed man. He generally picks the wrong time to talk. We'll get along, sir, that we will. I'll tell you right out that I'm a man who likes talking to a man that likes to talk.

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

GUTMAN: *(Laughing uproariously.)* Will we? *(He stops laughing.)* We will. "Will we talk about the black bird?" I like that, sir. First, so we'll understand each other. You're here as Miss O'Shaughnessy's representative?

SPADE: *(After a pause.)* Nothing's certain, yet. It depends.

GUTMAN: *(After a sip at his drink.)* Who else is there?

SPADE: There's Joel Cairo. *(A thumb toward his own 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. Have you any conception of how much money that bird is worth?

SPADE: No.

GUTMAN: 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 the drinks, brings them back.)*

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.

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: *(Pushing his face close to GUTMAN's.)* Think again and think fast. I told that punk of yours that you'd have to talk to me. I can get along without you but you can't get along without me. In or out. And another thing –

*(During the above, WILMER enters and stands behind GUTMAN, hands pressed flat to his pockets. He stares at SPADE, who looks at him briefly, then continues.)*

Another thing – keep that gunsel away from me. I'll kill him.

GUTMAN: Well, sir, I must say you have a most violent temper. *(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. *(Lowering his voice.)* Have you any idea of the immeasurable wealth of the Order at that time?

SPADE: I imagine they were pretty well fixed.

GUTMAN: *(Smiling.)* They were rolling in wealth, sir. They hit on the idea of sending, for the first year's tribute, not a live bird, but a glorious golden falcon encrusted from head to foot with the finest jewels in their coffers. *(Looking closely at 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. *(A whisper.)* It never reached Spain. *(A normal voice.)* Algerian pirates took the bird. That's a fact. It appeared in Sicily in 1713, as a gift to the king of Naples. That is a fact. It appeared in Paris in 1840. By then, it had been covered with shiny black enamel to disguise it. In 1931 it appeared in Athens in the hands of a Greek dealer in antiquities. *(He picks up the glasses and refills them.)* You begin to believe me a little?

SPADE: I haven't said I didn't.

GUTMAN: You looked it. *(Passes one glass to SPADE, sits and sips.)* 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 emigre Russian general in Constantinople. It was but an enamelled figure to him but in my eagerness I was a little unskilful. 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?

GUTMAN: Your glass, sir. *(Refilling glasses.)* 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: *(He holds his glass up.)* Well, sir, here's to a fair bargain. *(They drink.)* What would you say to fifty thousand dollars now or twenty-five per cent of the total 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.

*(GUTMAN rises and steps warily back. SPADE tries to focus and 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**

**THE MALTESE FALCON**

*Act Two*

*(The scene as before. The upside down shadow now reads "Samuel Spade".)*

*(EFFIE PERINE sleeps at her typewriter, head on her forearms, coat on her shoulders. 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.

EFFIE: *(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 – after I'd told him he'd have to wait a couple of days, he fed me the junk. He figured he could get it without my help if I couldn't butt in. *(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.

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: Can do. 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. 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.

*(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: Yes, you are. What's that, the racing tips?

SPADE: From Joel Cairo's wastebasket. Same paper Miss O'Shaughnessy was reading yesterday.

EFFIE: *(Behind him, her hands on his shoulders to look at the paper.)* So?

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.

SPADE: I can't see anything here that relates.

EFFIE: 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.

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*(EFFIE goes to her desk and picks up the phone while SPADE looks in the phone book, sitting on EFFIE's desk.)*

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

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

*(Lights down on SPADE's office, then up on POLHAUS and SPADE eating at a restaurant table.)*

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

SPADE: Shall I go tell Dundy 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: *(Places his knife and fork on his plate, and puts his hands on the table.)* Every bull in town's working to give me grief. A little more won't hurt.

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: Thursby shot Miles. The slug in Miles came out of his Webley-Fosbery.

SPADE: Sure it was his?

POLHAUS: Dead sure. 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 business as you smart guys think I do!

POLHAUS: He was a St. Louis gunman. Went up once in New York for knocking over a row of stuss-games – his twist turned him in. A couple of years later, he did a hitch in Joliet for pistol-whipping another twist. Afterward, he was Dixie Monahan's bodyguard until Dixie got in trouble over some debts. Nobody's seen or heard of either of 'em 'til now.

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.

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

*(Lights down, then up on BRYAN seated at a desk and a STENOGRAPHER is 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.

SPADE: *(Leans back.)* Yeah? What's your theory?

BRYAN: 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 – welshes 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 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?

SPADE: His ex-bodyguard.

BRYAN: Ex?

SPADE: Ex.

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

SPADE: My client wasn't interested in him. 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: No, sir, I'm getting it all right.

SPADE: Good work. Why don't you tell the Board I'm obstructing justice and ask them to revoke my license. You've tried before and we had a good laugh.

BRYAN: Look here –

SPADE: I'm going to find whoever did it. And I don't want any more of these informal talks. 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.)*

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 instead of to your place 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: *(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 aboard, around four. She ate with him in his cabin. After, Jacobi had three more visitors: Gutman, Cairo and the kid. They did a lot of talking. The crew didn't hear a lot 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.

EFFIE: And the fire?

SPADE: *(Shrugging.)* Was discovered in the hold, this morning. The chances are it got started some time yesterday. 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 back 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 at the door.)* What makes you so hard to get along with, sweetheart?

EFFIE: Me?

SPADE: Yes, you.

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*(He puts a finger on the tip of her nose, puts his hands under her elbows, lifts her straight up, and kisses her, then sets her down again. The door opens and a man in seafaring 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.

EFFIE: Oughtn't we – call a doctor?

SPADE: It's too late for a doctor now and I've got to think before we do anything. *(He throws the towel OFF.)* He couldn't have come far with those in him. 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 steps over the body and picks up the package, showing*

*surprise at its weight. Placing it on his desk, he takes out his pocket-knife 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, then excelsior padding. As he pulls away each layer, 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 looks to SPADE, who nods and EFFIE picks up the receiver.)*

EFFIE: Hello . . . Yes . . . Who? . . . Oh, yes! Yes! . . . Hold the line. *(She suddenly looks surprised then fearful.)* Hello! Hello! Hello! *(She rattles the hook up and down.)* Hello! 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 with her fists.)* No, no – you've got to go to her. Don't you see, Sam? He had the thing and he came to you. Don't you see? He was helping her and they killed him and now she's – Oh, you've got to go!

SPADE: *(Hastily re-wrapping the statue.)* 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 yanks at the rope and clumsily re-ties it.)* This thing doesn't exist – unless they know about it. If they do, then I took it away but we never opened it. *(He picks up the bundle.)* Got that, now? Everything happened the way it did happen, but without this dingus unless they already know about it. And I got the phone-call – not you. Got it?

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 excelsior 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, leaving EFFIE with the body. Lights down, then up on SPADE's apartment 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.

*(He unlocks the door, still supporting her. As they step into the apartment, lights come on. BRIGID screams and clings to SPADE. GUTMAN steps into the light, smiling. WILMER is just in shadow, with his pistols in evidence. CAIRO, too, stands in shadow, 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 comes up close behind SPADE.)* Get away. Put your paws on me and I'm going to make you use that gun. Ask your boss if he wants me shot up before we talk.

GUTMAN: 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.)*



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 steps forward, raising his pistol. BRIGID and CAIRO both look at him sharply. After a moment, WILMER steps back and 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.)*

SPADE: 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.)* There are more of us to be taken care of now. *(He nods toward CAIRO.)* And – well, sir, in short – 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.

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: Listen. This is my city. I might land on my feet – this time, but next time, they'd stop me so fast I'd swallow my teeth. Hell with that. I can't. I won't. *(Suddenly pleasant.)* Give them a fall-guy and they'll stop right there.

GUTMAN: They are stopped right now. Shall we not leave well enough alone?

SPADE: They're not asleep, Gutman. Jesus! I'm in it up to my neck. That's all right as long as I give them a fall-guy. *(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.

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*(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!

SPADE: There's nothing funny about it.

GUTMAN: 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? Any better?

BRIGID: Much better, only – *(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. Bryan is more interested in getting re-elected than anything else. To convict one man, he'll let half a dozen others off. He'll be tickled pink to let me persuade him that anything the punk tells him is a load of – *(He looks at BRIGID.)* – chewing-gum. Thursby's easy. He was a gunman; so's your punk. Christ! they can only fry the punk once. Why try him for Jacobi's murder after he's been convicted of Thursby's? If he used the same

gun on both, the bullets will match up. *(To WILMER.)* Did you?

*(WILMER moves forward slowly, stiffly, until he stands between GUTMAN and SPADE. His gun remains hanging loosely 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.

WILMER: *(Staring at SPADE.)* Make him lay off me then 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? How about that if you're so set on giving them somebody?

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

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

SPADE: *(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 – ?

*(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, dangling both by the  
trigger guards. GUTMAN and CAIRO both attend to  
WILMER. SPADE examines WILMER's chin.)*

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

*(SPADE lays the guns on the table, picks WILMER up in a  
fireman's lift and drops him on the sofa. BRIGID moves  
away. SPADE searches his pockets and produces  
WILMER's second pistol. He turns cheerily to GUTMAN.)*

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 remains  
quiet.)* Say yes right now or I'll turn the whole God-damned lot of you in.

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, puts the third pistol on it, 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.

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: I can hold him here all day if you want. First, though. Why did he shoot Thursby? And why and where and how did he shoot Jacobi?

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

SPADE: A fall-guy is not a fall-guy unless he's a cinch to take the fall.

GUTMAN: Both men were shot with Wilmer's weapons. The police can prove that.

SPADE: Why did he kill Thursby?

GUTMAN: To make Miss O'Shaughnessy think it best to patch up her differences with us. He was quite loyal to the lady, so 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: Mr. Cairo saw the notice of the *Paloma*'s arrival and guessed 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 all three arrived while Miss O'Shaughnessy was there. En route to my hotel, she and Captain Jacobi and the falcon slipped through our fingers. *(He laughs merrily.)* By Gad, sir, it was neatly done.

SPADE: *(Looks long and hard at BRIGID, who looks pleadingly back at him. After a moment, to GUTMAN:)* You touched off the boat before you left?

GUTMAN: Wilmer was – careless with matches.

SPADE: How did Jacobi end up shot?

GUTMAN: We called at Miss O'Shaughnessy's apartment but Jacobi slipped out a window. Wilmer shot him – more than once – but Jacobi was tough. He ran. A policeman come up the block, so Wilmer re-joined us. *(He stops to smile.)* We persuaded – that is the word, sir – persuaded Miss O'Shaughnessy to – *(WILMER groans and rolls over on his side. His eyes open and close several times.)* – cooperate with us and draw you here.

*(WILMER sits up. Focused on SPADE, he stands slowly. BRIGID moves into the angle of table and wall again.)*

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.)*

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 sits and puts an arm around him. GUTMAN continues to smile.)*

When you're young, you simply 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. *(He fans the bills.)*

*(SPADE holds out a hand and GUTMAN passes him the bills. SPADE counts them. There are nine.)*

SPADE: *(To BRIGID.)* Well? *(BRIGID shakes her head. SPADE picks up the guns and speaks to GUTMAN. He nods at BRIGID.)* We are 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 and I'm not going to be held up by maidenly modesty.

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 . . .

SPADE: Take them off.

*(BRIGID goes off. Her clothing, a piece at a time, is thrown at SPADE, until it is apparent that she is naked, out of sight. SPADE examines each article minutely but fails to find the thousand dollar bill. He gathers the clothing and, holding them out, steps out of sight into the bathroom.)*

*(OFF.)* Thanks. Now, I know.

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

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. I really do. You're a character, sir. *(He takes a bill from his vest-pocket and it in with the others.)* Trust you to hit on such a simple way of getting at the truth.

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

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*(GUTMAN chuckles as BRIGID, dressed except for coat and hat, comes out of the bathroom.)*

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

SPADE: I had to find out, angel.

RIGHTS  
*(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? Anyway, that's my business.

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

SPADE: That's my business too.

GUTMAN: It certainly is, but – a word of advice. If give her some money and it's not as much as she thinks she ought to have – be careful.

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 as a gentleman that ten thousand dollars is all the money I've got – every penny – and all I can raise.

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

GUTMAN: *(Laughing.)* Positively.

SPADE: If it's positively the best you can do – give it to me. *(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 on the same scene. 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, drinking coffee, 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. He whistles softly between his teeth for a few moments.)* 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 the bundle and bring it to me – p. d. q. . . . Yes, I'm home . . . That's the girl. Hustle . . . 'Bye.

GUTMAN: How long?

SPADE: *(Shrugging.)* An hour?

*(BRIGID wakes, looks around, ends by looking at SPADE. 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..

*(The two cross to the outer door. EFFIE stand outside, carrying the parcel. She smiles at SPADE, gives one glance to GUTMAN, then back to SPADE, handing over the parcel.)*

SPADE: *(PLEASE CONTACT AUTHOR FOR* Sorry to spoil your day of rest, but this –

EFFIE: *(RIGHTS* It's not the first one you've spoiled. *(She looks closely at SPADE for a moment.)* Anything else?

SPADE: No, thanks.

EFFIE: *(Shrugging.)* Bye-bye.

*(EFFIE exits. SPADE shuts the door and carries the parcel to the table. GUTMAN, CAIRO and BRIGID follow, crowding closely. WILMER stands by the sofa, looking on through hooded eyes. SPADE sets the parcel on the table.)*

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. BRIGID and CAIRO stare. SPADE steps back to see them and WILMER as well. GUTMAN scrapes 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! *(He 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 slipped quietly out.)*

GUTMAN: *(After a moment, chuckles.)* Come, sir, there's no need for that. Everybody errs and this is as severe a blow to me as to anyone. Yes, this is the Russian's hand, no doubt. Well? Shall we stand here and shed tears? Or shall we – *(Looking at the others with a gleam.)* – 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 one thousand-dollar bill and hands the envelope to GUTMAN, who thinks, then shrugs.)*

GUTMAN: Now, sir, we will say 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. Of course, 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.

*(CAIRO stops to bow briefly before exiting. GUTMAN turns, chuckles on last time, and exits, closing the door. BRIGID stands silently. SPADE's face slowly becomes harder and more determined. At last, without looking at BRIGID, he 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.)*

SPADE: *(Very close to her.)* They'll talk when they're nailed – about us. 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 asked Cairo to help you get it from Kemidov?

BRIGID: Yes.

SPADE: For Gutman?

*(She hesitates and he grabs her shoulders.)*

BRIGID: No, not then. We thought we would 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? Something to hold him in jail there?

BRIGID: Yes.

SPADE: Right. So, you and Thursby are in Hong Kong with the bird.

BRIGID: I didn't trust him. There was someone named Dixie. I think Floyd killed him. Anyway, I asked Captain Jacobi to bring a package on his boat for me – the bird. That seemed safest.

SPADE: You and Thursby caught one of the fast boats. Then what?

BRIGID: Gutman had connections everywhere. I was afraid he'd find me – or find 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 him gone before Jacobi came. So you tried to spook him by having 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. 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 looked you up and down and licked his lips and gone up there grinning – and then you could've stood as close to him as you liked and put a hole through him with the Webley-Fosbery you got from Thursby that evening. *(He takes her wrists and pulls her straight.)* Talk!

BRIGID: I – I – 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 with your trunks 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.)*

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 when 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! Of you get a break, you'll be out of San Quentin in twenty years and you can come back to me, then. *(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 even in fun. Sam! *(She slumps on 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 didn't – don't – love me?

SPADE: *(His breathing, too, is ragged.)* Maybe I do. What of it? *(His smile freezes.)* I'm not Thursby. I'm not Jacobi. 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 – waited outside and 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 knocked off Miles. You double-crossed Gutman, Cairo, Thursby – one, two, three. You never played square with me for half an hour at a stretch. I won't walk in Thursby's and Christ knows who else's footsteps. You killed Miles and you're going over for it. I can't help you now.

BRIGID: *(Stepping closer again.)* Don't help me then, but let me go away.

SPADE: I won't play the sap for you.

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. *(A knock on the door. SPADE, left arm still around BRIGID, opens it. POLHAUS and DUNDY are outside it.)* She was in his arms when the police arrived.

*(Lights down, then up. The NARRATOR has left. 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.
- 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: 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: The corridor-door's knob rattled. Effie Perine turned quickly and went into the outer office. When she came in again, she shut it 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**