

The Maltese Falcon: A Musical Nightmare

based on Dashiell Hammett's novel

book and lyrics by Scott Guy
music by Ron Barnett

CAST:

Sam Spade, hard-boiled detective
Effie Perrine, his gal Friday
Brigid O'Shaunessey, femme fatale
Joel Cairo, unscrupulous treasure-seeker
Casper Gutman, gentleman mob boss

Cairo also plays various cameos
Gutman also plays Lieutenant Dundy

PLACE:

prosecution offices, San Francisco

TIME:

October, 1939

THE MALTESE FALCON

SAM SPADE directly addresses us.

1. Moody Spotlight.

SPADE

(to us)

Sam Spade, detective. Rugged, tough. And right now, accused of....

(Overly-dramatic light change, revealing that we're in a legal deposition room. There are several small desk lamps throughout the set, capable of causing overly-dramatic film noir lighting. There are grimy windows to one side and apparently along the fourth wall, useful for fog, rain, shuttery shadows, and blinking neon. Suddenly lit are EFFIE, CAIRO, GUTMAN, and BRIGID. **2. Murder!**)

ALL but SPADE

MURDER!

SPADE

I was going to say disarming handsomeness --

ALL but SPADE

MURDER!

YOUR PERSPECTIVE, DETECTIVE,
IS GRIM, GRIM, GRIM.
WHO KILLED MILES ARCHER?
HIM, HIM, HIM!

SPADE

(to us; trying to dismiss the interlopers)
It ain't true. Don't listen to th --

ALL but SPADE

WITH INVECTIVE, DETECTIVE,
YOU, YOU, YOU,
YOU KILLED YOUR PARTNER:
(miming shooting)
PW! PW! PW!

SPADE

There's more to it than meets the --

EFFIE

More to it! I'll say!

(Re-enactments/foreshadowing of flashbacks:)

CAIRO

(pulling out a pistol)

Put your hands behind your back!

BRIGID

(striking her most vulnerable pose; re-enactment)

You gotta help me, Sam!

GUTMAN

(offering money)

I'll offer you ten thousand dollars.

EFFIE

(grabbing the phone; re-enactment)

Don't make me do it, Sam!

ALL but SPADE

BE AFRAID, SAM SPADE.

TOO LATE TO LIE.

YOUR FATE IS MADE:

YOU'RE GONNA DIE.

AND ALL BECAUSE OF

MURDER!

MURDER!

MURDER!

SPADE

Why would I kill my partner!?

ALL but SPADE

THE FALCON!

THE FALCON!

THE MALTESE FALCON!

PRICELESS STATUE MADE IN MALTA.

SPADE

SWEAR TO GOD, IT'S NOT MY FAULT.

ALL but SPADE

A

LIE! A LIE!
 A LOCK-JAW LIE.
 MR. SPADE, PREPARE TO DIE.
 GRAB YOUR BIBLE, CLUTCH A PSALTER,
 WON'T ABSOLVE A CRIME IN MALTA.

BE ASSURED YOU'LL BE INTERRED
 CUZ MURDER, MURDER IS THE WORD.

(spooky wailing)

WOO...OO!
 WOO...OO!
 BE AFRAID, SAM SPADE.
 TOO LATE TO LIE.
 YOUR FATE IS MADE:
 YOU'RE GONNA DIE.
 AND ALL BECAUSE OF
 MURDER! WOO...OO!
 MURDER! WOO...OO!
 MURDER!

SPADE

(to the four of them)
 What's happening here?

EFFIE

You're asleep, Sam. You're having a nightmare.

SPADE

(indicating us)
 I'm giving my deposition.

CAIRO

It's the night before your deposition, and you're tossing and turning with second-guessing.

SPADE

I ain't second-guessing. I got it all figured out.

EFFIE

If you got it figured out....

BRIGID

Why're you accused of --

ALL but SPADE

MURDER!

SPADE

(giving up trying to be heard)
Lemme know when you're done.

ALL but SPADE

BE AFRAID, SAM SPADE.
TOO LATE TO LIE.
YOUR FATE IS MADE:
YOU'RE GONNA DIE.
AND ALL BECAUSE OF
MURDER! WOO...OO!
MURDER! WOO...OO!
MURDER!

(Music ends. Dramatic lighting lessens; but
still noir-shadowy.)

GUTMAN

You're tossing in your sleep because you can't figure out where
to start. Is it:

CAIRO

(pulling out pistol)
You will please clasp your hands together at the back of your
neck.

EFFIE

Or do you start where all your troubles start, Sam, with...a
femme fatale!

(BRIGID O'SHAUNESSEY, tousled hair, never-
say-no lips, makes quite a voluptuous
entrance. **3. Hot Drums.**)

SPADE

Hard to sleep with all those...tom-toms.

GUTMAN

Or me saying: "I will give you ten thousand dollars when you
find the falcon."

ALL but SPADE

The Maltese Falcon!

CAIRO

(caw!)

(EFFIE, BRIGID, and GUTMAN look at Cairo.)

GUTMAN

What -- was that?

CAIRO

Making a falcon sound.

BRIGID

Sounded more like a crow.

CAIRO

No, a crow is more like
(caw!)

EFFIE

Sounds the same to me.

GUTMAN

No, a falcon's more like --
(hchhhehh!)

BRIGID

It's more of a
(scree!!)

EFFIE

Don't they sort of --

ALL but SPADE
(free-for all bird sounds)

SPADE

Knock it off!

(THEY grow silent.)

SPADE

Now, look here. This might be a dream, but I gotta get a good night's sleep for my deposition. My partner's been killed.

EFFIE

But you can't say it like that, Sam. It has to be more like --

(EFFIE strikes a pose. **4. Killed!**)

EFFIE
MY PARTNER'S BEEN...KILLED!

BRIGID/GUTMAN/CAIRO
KILLED...KILLED...KILLED!

SPADE
Nix on all that. I got it all mapped out. I'll introduce each
of you when it's time.

EFFIE
Oh, it's time, Sam....

ALL but SAM
Your time!

SPADE
All right, siddown. Lemee rehearse this like I planned.
Wait'll I call you.

ALL but SAM
Whatever you say, Sam.

EFFIE
We'll sit over here.

BRIGID
We'll be real quiet.

(THE FOUR tiptoe to side seating.)

CAIRO
Caw!

BRIGID
Well, now that sounds like a chicken....

CAIRO
Who you calling a chicken?

BRIGID
If the pecking order fits....

CAIRO

(chicken threat)
B'kaw!

BRIGID

B'kaw? Like Lauren B'kaw?

EFFIE

Different Bogie movie.

SPADE

(throwing up his hands; *are you done?*)

GUTMAN

All right everyone, let Sam talk. Give himself just enough rope to hang himself with.

(Lights change; re-set. **5. Grafter Underscoring.**)

SPADE

(to us; beginning again)
Spade. Sam Spade. Rugged. Impossibly handsome. It all started when this grafter came into my office.

(CAIRO gets up; preens, as Spade describes.)

SPADE

His hair was black and smooth and very glossy. A square-cut ruby, its sides paralleled by four baguette diamonds, gleamed against the deep green of his --

EFFIE

(to us)
Wait!

(EFFIE leaps up. Lights un-re-set; underscoring stops awkwardly, then EFFIE addresses us. **6. Red Herrings.**)

EFFIE

(to us)

Before he starts...

RED HERRINGS! RED HERRINGS!
 HE'S TRYING TO DISTRACT.
 HE'LL OVERLOAD WITH PURPLE PROSE
 TO CAMOUFLAGE THE FACT
 HIS TESTIMONY TWISTS AND TURNS
 BECAUSE IN WHAT HE'S SAID
 ARE COVERT ACTS AND BURIED FACTS
 AND HERRINGS THAT ARE RED.

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHICH WHICH IS WHICH,
 AND WHICH A WHAT IS WHAT.
 HE'LL THROW YOU OFF YOUR STEADY BEARINGS
 SHARING
 RED RED HERRINGS.

ALL but SPADE
 RED HERRINGS, RED HERRINGS!
 HE'S TRYING TO DISSUADE.
 THE SCALES OF JUSTICE SWIM AWAY
 WITH FISHY MISTER SPADE.
 THE UNIMPORTANT SOUNDS IMPORTANT:
 HAS HE FOUND A CLUE?
 OR IS HIS PRATTLE FIDDLE-FADDLE
 MEANT TO RATTLE YOU?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHICH WHICH IS WHICH,
 AND WHICH A WHAT IS WHAT.
 HE'LL THROW YOU OFF YOUR STEADY BEARINGS
 SHARING
 RED RED HERRINGS.

SPADE

I SAY: WHO KNOWS WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT
 AND WHAT IS COMMONPLACE?
 ATTENTION! MENTION DETAILS:
 A SMELL, A SOUND, A FACE.
 A PRIVATE EYE LETS NOTHING BY,
 NOT WHILE HE'S ON THE CHASE.
 YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT'S GOSSAMER
 AND WHAT WILL CRACK THE CASE.

ALL but SPADE
 RED HERRINGS, RED HERRINGS!
 DELIBERATELY OBTUSE.
 BY PLYING YOU WITH INSIDE DOPE
 HE HOPES YOU WON'T DEDUCE
 THAT HE'S THE CON IN PRO AND CON:
 CONFOUND, CONFOUND, CONFOUNDER.
 WITH FISHY TALES AND HERRINGS, SEE,
 HE WANTS YOU ALL TO...FLOUNDER.

SPADE

(wincing)
 This is going to be a long night.

ALL but SPADE
 YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHICH WHICH IS WHICH,
 AND WHICH A WHAT IS WHAT.
 HE'LL THROW YOU OFF YOUR STEADY BEARINGS
 SHARING
 RED RED HERRINGS.

SPADE

But...the real Effie won't do that tomorrow.

EFFIE

You don't know that, do you? Who knows what I'm going to say tomorrow. That's why you're tossing and turning. You're really worried whether the prosecutors are going to believe your deposition. Really worried. Really really really worried.

(sits)

Sorry I'm done now.

(one more)

Really worried.

SPADE

I'll begin at the top.

(Lights change. SPADE faux-starts a few times, testing to see whether they are going to let him speak unfettered. HE finally begins again. **7. Grafter Underscore 2.**)

SPADE

(to us)

Spade. Sam Spade. Rugged. Egregiously handsome. And right now, accused wrongly of --

(they don't interrupt him; so:)

murdering his own partner. But you're going to put all that straight, see, once you know all the facts, see. Exoneration. That's what I'm after. It all started when this grafter walked into my office.

(JOEL CAIRO enters the central playing area.
NOTE: "Enter" in this script means coming into Spade's active narration; "exit" means sitting to the neutral side. All five actors are visible throughout.)

CAIRO

(pulling out a pistol)

You will please clasp your hands together at the --

SPADE

No, you can't -- you can't start with that. I first need to describe you.

(Underscoring dribbles away again.)

CAIRO

Disagree. Start with something dramatic! Get their attention.

SPADE

But...no...you won't be there. It's just me up there, no actors, so I have to describe everything.

CAIRO

It's your funeral.

SPADE

It's my partner's funeral. Anyway, this grafter walked into my office.

(JOEL re-enters, modeling and posing.

8. Grafter Underscore 3.)

SPADE

His hair was black and smooth and very glossy. A square-cut ruby, its sides paralleled by four baguette diamonds, gleamed against the deep green of his cravat. His black tie threatened to dominate under his slightly weak chin.

CAIRO

(offended)
Slightly weak --

EFFIE

Red herrings. Get to it, Sam.

SPADE

I gotta rehearse them; know which ones to put in, and which to leave out.

CAIRO

Leave out the weak chin.

SPADE

He came towards me with short, mincing, bobbing steps. The fragrance of chypre came with him. At first it was all pleasant.

(NOTE: In this script, "(in scene)" denotes a re-enactment of events, and "(to us)" means Sam is addressing the audience directly.)

CAIRO

(in scene)
Mr. Spade, my name is...Cairo! I am trying to recover an expensive ornament, a solid gold statuette of a falcon...a Maltese Falcon.

GUTMAN

Caw!

EFFIE

Shhh....

CAIRO

Which I have reason to believe you are hiding.

SPADE

And I believe you have no reason to have reason. I'm a gumshoe, I collect justice, not art.

(to us)

Oh, that's good. I'm going to have to remember that.

CAIRO

(in scene)

I am prepared to pay five thousand dollars for its return.

SPADE

I'm listening.

(to us)

Things turned darker when he pulled out a pistol, see, and said:

CAIRO

(pulling out pistol)

You will please clasp your hands together at the --

EFFIE

(leaping up; accusingly)

Only...that's not actually how it all began, Sam, is it?

(Underscoring stops.)

SPADE

Would you let me finish!

EFFIE

I probably won't, considering they're taking my deposition at the same time.

SPADE

Double-deposition. No such thing.

EFFIE

Stuff of nightmares, I get it. But honest, Sam, I don't think you should start with Joel Cairo.

CAIRO

C'mon, I'm dramatic!

GUTMAN

Even with your slightly weak chin?

CAIRO

Hey, you're not even in the scene.

GUTMAN

And who wears chypre, anyway?

SPADE

I am so not in control.

EFFIE

Start at the beginning of the case.

SPADE

Which is -- ?

EFFIE

Aww come on, Sam. Where do all cases begin with you?

(BRIGID makes a dramatic entrance. **9. Bad.**)

SPADE

Oh yeah. With a dame. They all begin with dame.

BRIGID

THERE'S SO MUCH BAD
 BAD
 BAD NIGHT AND DAY
 IT'S ALL YOU CAN DO
 TO
 FEND IT AWAY.
 O GOD HOW I TRY
 TO
 NOT BE A CAD.

BUT WE ALL HAVE BEEN A LITTLE BIT BAD.
 (YOU GOTTA HELP ME!)
 WE ALL HAVE BEEN A LITTLE BIT BAD.
 (O SAM YOU MUST!)
 CAN'T YOU GIVE A GIRL A
 CAN'T YOU GIVE A GIRL A
 TEENSIE WEENSIE ITTY BITTA TRUST?

(BRIGID makes her way over to one of the
 lamps; extreme noir lighting on her.)

BRIGID

It's horrible! I'm in trouble, I'm in trouble. No, I don't mean me, I mean my sister! She's in the hands a marauder! You gotta help me, Sam! I mean, my sister.

WE ALL HAVE BEEN A LITTLE BIT BAD.

(YOU GOTTA HELP ME!)

WE ALL HAVE BEEN A LITTLE BIT BAD.

(O SAM YOU MUST!)

YOU GOTTA --

(drums)

HELP ME!

(drums)

HELP ME!

HELLLLP ME.

CAN'T YOU GIVE A GIRL A

CAN'T YOU GIVE A GIRL A

TEENSIE WEENSIE ITTY BITTA TRUST?

SPADE

Nah, that's so confusing. It takes forever to figure out what she wants. I want to start with Cairo, with the moment when he first mentioned the falcon.

(Ensemble races to the nearest noir light.

10. Maltese Sting.)

ALL but SPADE

THE MALTESE FALCON!

GUTMAN

Caw!

CAIRO

You've got to stop doing that.

SPADE

Come back up here, Cairo. Right where you say --

(SPADE poses Cairo, pointing the pistol.
BRIGID takes her seat.)

CAIRO

(in scene)

I intend to search your offices, Mr. Spade.

SPADE

(nods; a good place to pick up)

CAIRO

I warn you that if you attempt to prevent me I shall certainly shoot you.

SPADE

Go ahead.

CAIRO

You will please stand.

(SPADE is already standing.)

CAIRO

(oblivious)

I shall have to make sure that you are not armed.

SPADE

I don't carry a gun.

CAIRO

(sticking to the line he's memorized)

Likely story. Stand up.

SPADE

(beat; *are you not noticing I'm standing?* Then, to us:) Now, what's going to happen here is I'm going to show you in real time what happened, and then I'm going to explain it. I did as this nervous fella told me, I stood up.

(SPADE realizes his mistake. HE sits, then stands.)

SPADE

And the next thing he knew -

(Action happens faster than we can follow: SPADE makes a move, and suddenly SPADE has Cairo's gun, with Cairo's arms twisted around his back. **11. Cairo's Gun underscore.**)

BRIGID, EFFIE, GUTMAN

(impressed!)

Ooh!

SPADE

See why I don't need to carry a gun, Mr. Cairo?

(to us)

Now here's that same move, only slow, so you can follow it, see?

(SPADE and CAIRO execute a goofy slow-motion re-enactment as SPADE explains. **12. Cairo's Gun Slo-Mo.**)

SPADE

As I stood up, I spun to the right, and dropped my elbow. Cairo's face jerked back

(CAIRO's voice is slo-mo; like an old 16rpm record.)

CAIRO

YOU CAN'T HURT M --

SPADE

not far enough.

(SPADE's elbow connects with Cairo's jaw.)

CAIRO

m-OWWWW

SPADE

My elbow struck him beneath the cheek-bone

CAIRO

DID

SPADE

staggering him so that he would have fallen

CAIRO

NOT

SPADE

had he not been held by my foot on his foot. See?

CAIRO

SEE

SPADE

Then my elbow went on past his astonished dark face

CAIRO

THAT

SPADE

and my hand struck down at the pistol.

CAIRO

COMING.

SPADE

Cairo let the pistol go the instant that my fingers touched it.

CAIRO

WAAA!

SPADE

With my left hand I gathered together the smaller man's coat-lapels

CAIRO

YOU'RE

SPADE

the ruby-set green tie bunching out over my knuckles

CAIRO

A

SPADE

while my right hand stowed the captured weapon away in a coat-pocket.

CAIRO

BULLY.

SPADE

There were tears in his eyes.

(in scene)

What do you have to say for yourself now, Mr. Cairo?

CAIRO

I NEED A CAIRO-PRACTOR.

(SPADE frowns, displeased.)

SPADE

Aw, I don't know, I don't know if that's the right way to start my deposition! I got to get them to believe me, that's the thing that's got me all twisted in knots! Maybe you're right, Effie, and I should start with Brigid. Let me try that again. Stand up, Cairo; I mean, sit down.

(SPADE turns to BRIGID; ushers her to her feet.)

SPADE

Lemme see once more what happens if I start with you. Show me that.

BRIGID

You want me to...play it again, Sam?

SPADE

(oblivious to the reference)
Yeah, let's take it from the moment you walk into my office.

EFFIE

(rushing over)
I'll set it up.
(in scene)
Sam. Woman here to see you. She says her name is Miss Wonderly.

(BRIGID enters; more bumping of hips.)
13. Hot Drums.)

SPADE

(smitten)
Wonderly is right, eh?

EFFIE

(rolling her eyes)
I'll be out here if you need me.

(EFFIE exits.)

BRIGID

(far too much drama)
I'm in trouble, Mr. Spade!

SPADE

(to us)

She advanced slowly, with tentative steps, looking at me with steely eyes that were both shy and probing. She was tall and pliantly slender, without angularity anywhere. She tortured her lower lip with glistening teeth; her dark eyes spoke, pleading.

(BRIGID is now finally at Spade's desk.)

SPADE

(in scene)

You're in trouble, you say?

BRIGID

Not me; my sister! She wrote me she's in trouble. A man's got her, and I'm her only hope of escaping him! Mama and Papa are in Europe. It would kill them to know. I've got to get her back before they come home.

SPADE

Your story stinks as much as the initials on your bag.

BRIGID

What do you, what do you mean?

SPADE

Your bag. Says B.O. Explain that, Miss Wonderly.

BRIGID

Oh, you detectives! You see through everything. My real name is LeBlanc.

SPADE

That don't explain the O.

BRIGID

Never mind that. What's important is that I do have a sister, and she really is in trouble. My sister's being held against her will by a cad named...Floyd Thursby.

SPADE

Thursby.

EFFIE, CAIRO, GUTMAN

Thursby!

SPADE

What kind of a name is that?

BRIGID

It's British.

(BRIGID enacts the following, writing,
begging, running, etc. **14. Run Run Run!**
Underscore.)

BRIGID

I wrote my sister

(writing pantomime)

begging her

(begging pantomime)

to run, run, run!

(running pantomime)

Thing is, her only address is General Delivery at the Post
Office.

(P.O. drama)

So yesterday afternoon I went there.

(goes there)

I stayed until after dark

(hides)

but I didn't see her.

(looking)

I went there again this morning, and guess who I did see?

ALL but SPADE

Floyd Thursby!

GUTMAN

Caw.

CAIRO

(gives a "must you?" look to Gutman)

GUTMAN

You started it.

EFFIE

Shhh!

(Underscore concludes.)

SPADE

(to Brigid)
Go on. Thursby's at the Post Office....

BRIGID

He wouldn't tell me where my sister was.

(CAIRO jumps up to enact Thursby.)

CAIRO

(in scene, as Thursby)
I won't tell you where your sister is!

BRIGID

You have to tell me.

CAIRO (as Thursby)

I won't tell you.

BRIGID

You have to tell me or I'll die.

CAIRO (as Thursby)

See, you have options.

BRIGID

Where's my sister, where's my sister?

CAIRO (as Thursby)

She doesn't want to see you.

BRIGID

I can't believe that.

CAIRO (as Thursby)

Believe it, sister. Your sister doesn't want to see you,
sister. But I'll tell you what

BRIGID

he said

SPADE

(to us)
Just to clarify. This is Cairo re-enacting Miss Wonderly
telling me what Miss Wonderly said Thursby said her sister said.

EFFIE

You might want to clarify that clarification.

SPADE

You're right. Sit down, Cairo.

(to Brigid)

Finish it up, would you?

(CAIRO sits, a little shut down.)

BRIGID

(in scene)

Thursby promised to tell my sister he had seen me, and to try to bring her to see me this evening at the hotel. He said he knew she wouldn't show, but he promised to come himself if she wouldn't. He --

SPADE

(to us)

Anyway, you could see as well as I can, her story had as many holes in it as Bonnie and Clyde. I could tell her up and up wasn't entirely on the up and up. But when she gave me

BRIGID

(in scene; handing him cash)

Two hundred dollars.

SPADE

(to us)

My scruples, let's just say, were aroused. The job itself was simple enough.

BRIGID

(in scene)

Mr. Spade, I need you to put a tail on this letch Floyd Thursby.

SPADE

A tail?

BRIGID

To spook him just long enough so he hangs back, and my sister can make a run for it.

SPADE

(to us)

I didn't like the smell of any of this. But I was willing to go. You know, to help out a dame in distress.

(EFFIE interrupts.)

EFFIE

Only you didn't, did you, Sam? You didn't tail this Thursby fellow, did you?

SPADE

I was just getting to that.

EFFIE

You put your partner in jeopardy, didn't you, Sam? You had Archer tail this Thursby fellow.

SPADE

(to us)

Effie thinks I don't notice her not-so-secret desire to be detective herself.

EFFIE

(to us)

You see what I mean about red herrings?

(to Sam)

Just the facts, Sam, just the facts.

SPADE

(to us)

I sent my partner, his name was Archer, to tail Thursby. You know what comes next, don't you? Right.

ALL including SPADE

Archer turns up dead.

(CAIRO rushes forward and collapses, playing the corpse. **15. The Cop and the Corpse Underscoring.**)

SPADE

Single bullet. From the back. I was nowhere near Archer when he died. Got a call from the coppers.

GUTMAN (as LIEUTENANT)

(miming phone)

Spade? We found your partner in an --

CAIRO

(knows a cue when he hears it)
I can do it!

(CAIRO leaps up from being the corpse; puts
on a policeman hat.)

CAIRO

(miming a phone)
Found your partner in an alley. Dead.

(CAIRO collapses; the corpse again.)

GUTMAN

(to Cairo)
I could be the corpse.

CAIRO

(to Gutman)
No, you got both Gutman and the Lieutenant coming up; I'll do
all the utility roles.

GUTMAN

I'm just sitting here.

CAIRO

And I'll just lie here.

GUTMAN

Fine; the less effort the better.

(CAIRO collapses as the corpse; sits right
back up.)

CAIRO

I get paid by the hat.

EFFIE

Nobody's getting paid. We're figments in his dream.

CAIRO

I'm calling my agent in the morning.

BRIGID

By the morning we'll just be hangovers.

(CAIRO collapses; sits right back up.)

CAIRO

Go ahead.

(collapses; sits up)

Sorry.

(collapses; sits up)

Won't do it again.

(collapses)

(Lights shift. **16. In the Notch.**)

SPADE

(to us; setting the scene; all shadows and tension)
 THE ALLEY WAS BOUNDED BY A WAIST-HIGH FENCE;
 HORIZONTAL STRIPS OF ROUGH BOARDING.
 FROM THE FENCE, DARK GROUND FELL STEEPLY AWAY,
 KEEPING THE STREET SCUM FROM HOARDING.

A TEN-FOOT LENGTH OF THE FENCE'S TOP RAIL
 HAD BEEN TORN FROM A POST AT ONE END.
 IT HUNG DANGLING, EXPOSING A BOULDER BELOW,
 WHILE MY PARTNER LAY CRUMPLED. GOD-SEND.

(clinical; unemotional)

MY PARTNER OF SEVEN YEARS
 SHOT IN THE BACK
 IN AN ALLEY
 IN AN INSTANT
 IN THE DARK.

IT DON'T COME MORE GRUESOME,
 MORE AWFUL THAN THAT.
 SOME THUG
 WITH A SLUG
 FOUND HIS MARK.

IN THE NOTCH TWEEN THE BOULDER AND STEEPENING SLOPE
 MILES ARCHER LAY DEAD AS A PULLET.
 I CROUCHED AND INSPECTED THE WOUND NEAR HIS HEART.
 A GLINT CAUGHT MY EYE FROM THE BULLET.

ON IT I COULD READ THE LETTERS "U.K."
 I SHIVERED. WITH TERROR WAS SMITTEN.
 A WEBLEY-FOSBERY AUTOMATIC GUN
 MILES ARCHER WAS KILLED BY A BRITON.

If only I knew someone British connected to the case.

BRIGID

(pops up; re-enactment)

My sister's being held against her will by a cad named...Floyd Thursby.

SPADE

Thursby. What kind of a name is that?

BRIGID

It's British.

(SPADE bows his head.)

SPADE

Rest in peace, Miles Archer.

(cool; emotions on ice)

MY PARTNER OF SEVEN YEARS

GONE IN A BLINK.

NO TIME

TO REACT,

TO DEFEND,

OR TO WEEP.

(even more steeled)

FIRST SOLVE THE CRIME

THEN LATER THERE'S TIME

AND MILES TO GO

BEFORE THE BIG SLEEP.

AND MILES TO GO

BEFORE THE BIG SLEEP.

SPADE

Anyway, I'm staring, looking down looking on the corpse, when this copper comes over, a guy I tangled with before. Name of Polhaus.

CAIRO

(needing to be both corpse and Polhaus; leaps up)

Shoot.

(to Gutman; *be the corpse?*)

Would you...?

GUTMAN

(shakes his head)

Too late now.

CAIRO

Fine. Don't think I can't do it.

(as Polhaus)

Tom Polhaus.

SPADE

He had shrewd small eyes. His shoes, knees, and hands were daubed with brown loam. His stiff white collar bowed out under his slightly weak chin.

CAIRO

(offended)

Really? Weak chin.

SPADE

(in scene)

Thanks for calling me, Tom.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

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

(CAIRO collapses to be the corpse.)

SPADE

Thanks, Tom. What happened?

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

(rising; shows gun)

Got him right through the pump -- with this. A Webley. Ain't that...English?

SPADE

Yeah. Webley-Fosbery automatic revolver. They don't make them any more. How many gone out of it?

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

One pill.

(SPADE walks through the crime scene, indicating Cairo re-enact it. This means that Cairo is forced to be the corpse on the ground as well as standing near the fence and he's Thursby, as Spade indicates.)

SPADE

(pacing through it; standing in each location)
He was shot up here, huh?

(Cairo stands near the fence)

Standing where you are

(Cairo leaps to Polhaus's place)

with his back to the fence.

(Cairo leaps to being Archer)

The man that shot him stands here.

(Cairo takes a new position)

Lets him have it.

(Cairo shoots, then outruns the bullet and as Archer, takes
it in the heart)

And my partner Archer goes back, taking the top off the fence
and going on through and down till the rock catches him.

(CAIRO takes the bullet; dies theatrically.)

SPADE

That it?

(More theatrics.)

CAIRO

That's it.

EFFIE

This is going so well.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

(leaps up, now observing the corpse)

The blast burnt his coat.

SPADE

(also observing the corpse)

You can see the angle the bullet entered.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

I didn't notice that.

SPADE

Who found him?

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

The man on the beat, Shilling.

(realizes he needs to be yet another character)

Hmmm.

(looks at Guman; *will you...?*)

GUTMAN

I'm enjoying watching Spade implicate himself. Less I have to do, the more fun it is.

(CAIRO races to another location.)

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

(running to Shilling's location)

Shilling saw an auto turning around which threw headlights up here, and he saw the top off the fence. So he came up to look at it, and found your partner.

(as Shilling)

Look at that!

(runs over to collapse as the corpse)

SPADE

(in scene)

What about the car that was turning around, Officer Polhaus?

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

(leaps up)

Shiller didn't know a damned thing about it, Sam.

(shifts to Shiller; shrugs)

SPADE

Any other witnesses?

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

Ye --

(panics at having to play another character; then:)

es just say there were no other witnesses.

SPADE

(to us)

I inspected my partner's body. His gun was tucked away on his hip.

(CAIRO drops; becomes the corpse.)

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

(leaps up)
It hasn't been fired.

SPADE

(to us)
His overcoat was buttoned.

(CAIRO drops; becomes the corpse.)

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

(leaps up)
There's a hundred and sixty-some bucks in his clothes.
(winded)
How about I ask you some questions?

SPADE

Fair enough.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

Was he working, Sam?

SPADE

(slight hesitation; then:)
He was supposed to be tailing a fellow named Floyd Thursby.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

What for?

SPADE

That's what I want to know. All right. Let me know if you find anything else. Now, I gotta break the news to Archer's wife.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

I don't envy that.

SPADE

Part of the job. Lemme know.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

Will do. Afternoon, Sam.

SPADE

Afternoon.

(CAIRO exits; then decides the corpse needs an exit as well, so HE collapses one final time, then rises, and takes a bow, then exits.)

SPADE

(to us)

I wasn't in a hurry to talk to Iva, that's my partner's wife. Iva.

(SPADE expects one of the women now to play Iva. EFFIE and BRIGID shrug.)

EFFIE

I'm just Effie.

BRIGID

I'm just Brigid.

(CAIRO comes forward to play Iva.)

SPADE

Sit down.

(CAIRO U-turns; but spins again, wanting to play Iva.)

CAIRO

I was going to offer --

SPADE

Yeah, I'll do without re-enacting Iva. I'll describe her if I need her.

CAIRO

Hurting me to the quick.

SPADE

Sit down, Cairo.

CAIRO

Live to regret it. My Iva...very sensuous.

(vamping it up)

Hehh?

EFFIE and BRIGID

Sit down, Cairo.

CAIRO

(sitting)
Paid by the hat...can't blame a man for trying.

GUTMAN

No, but we can blame you for bad acting.

CAIRO

(a snarl)
Caw!

SPADE

(to us)
Anyway, I need to re-set the mood here. After all, my partner had died, and I had to tell his widow.

(Music shifts the mood. Sadder. The foghorn outside the window becomes more prominent; light beams grow shaftier.

17. Afternoon Fog Underscore.)

SPADE

I'd known Iva Archer for seven years, see. So it was hard, see. I didn't want to have to tell her. A good woman; very good, if you know what I'm not saying. So I took the long way back to my office, feeling the weight of Saint Francisco himself on my shoulders. The late afternoon-fog, thin, clammy, and penetrant, blurred the street. I was pretty beat when I finally made it back to my office. Effie was getting ready to leave for the day, till I told her what had happened to Archer.

(SPADE joins Effie as SHE enters.)

EFFIE

(in scene)
Dead. Someone's gotta tell his widow.

SPADE

There's a doll.

EFFIE

Aww, don't make me do it, Sam.

SPADE

Well, I'm damned if I will.

EFFIE

Why do I always have to make the calls to the widow?

SPADE

Don't call her; go over yourself in person. C'mon. You're my gal.

EFFIE

Yeah. Not so you'd notice.

SPADE

One in a million.

EFFIE

All right. But this is the last million, Sam.

SPADE

You're a good man, sister.

EFFIE

(to us)

If I may take a moment, as part of my deposition. Sam and I were...how do I say this?

SPADE

I don't think you need to say it.

(Effie frets. **18. I'm His Gal.**)

EFFIE

(to us)

I'M HIS GAL.

I'M SUCH A JERK.

WHAT A PAL!

TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK.

DIRTY WORK, DIRTY WORK!

NEVER SAYING NO,

ALWAYS SAYING SURE,

DIRTY WORK, DIRTY WORK!

HOW MUCH SHOULD A GAL ENDURE?

TYPE, EFFIE, FILE, EFFIE,
 STEAL, EFFIE, LIE, EFFIE.
 EFFIE THIS, EFFIE THAT,
 EFFIE BUY MY GIRL A HAT.
 EFF HE SAYS EFFIE ONE MORE TIME,
 I'LL EFFIE HIM.
 EFFIE ME? EFFIE YOU!

I'M HIS GAL.
 I'LL GO BERSERK.
 NO BOUQUETS,
 JUST DIRTY WORK.
 DIRTY WORK, DIRTY WORK!
 NEVER SAYING NO,
 ALWAYS SAYING SURE,
 DIRTY WORK, DIRTY WORK!
 HOW MUCH SHOULD A GAL ENDURE?

EFFIE

One of these days....

(SHE broods; stops.)

SPADE

One of these days what?

EFFIE

(pause)

Never mind. I'll be fine.

SPADE

You're my gal.

EFFIE

Yes, I am, Sam. I am.

CAIRO

(sotto)

In a box, or with a fox.

SPADE

(to us)

For the record, I think tomorrow's Effie is going to be much quieter; you'll see she's much happier with me than this one.

EFFIE

In your dreams.

(EFFIE sits down.)

SPADE

The exact opposite, it turns out.

(to us)

Anyway, I ankled it straight home, looking forward to putting a little down, when, what do you know, but hanging outside my door, there's Tom Polhaus.

(CAIRO gets up, re-embodies policeman Polhaus.)

GUTMAN

And he's brought a city detective with him, a Lieutenant Dundy.

(GUTMAN rises; plays the Lieutenant.)

CAIRO

(tipping hat at Gutman)

Dundy.

GUTMAN

(tipping hat at Cairo)

Polhaus.

SPADE

(to us)

Now pay attention. Here's where things get all pointed at yours truly in a way I resent and you should too.

(in scene)

Hello, Tom. Lieutenant. Come in.

(to us)

They nodded together, neither saying anything.

(Schtick: nodding; then silence meant to menace Spade.)

SPADE

But they came in.

(Schtick; entering.)

SPADE

Polhaus sat on an end of the sofa
 (repositioning Cairo)
 by the windows. The Lieutenant sat on a chair
 (repositioning Gutman)
 beside the table.

(SPADE sizes up the Lieutenant, a new foe.)

SPADE

The Lieutenant had short-cut grizzled hair and a square face,
 with a broad very strong chin.

CAIRO

Aww, come on!

GUTMAN

(shrugs; *what can I say?*)

SPADE

He wore a five-dollar gold-piece pinned to his necktie and there
 was a small elaborate diamond-set secret-society-emblem on his
 lapel.

EFFIE

Just the facts, Sam.

SPADE

Secret society pin! Who knows what might lead to what?

EFFIE

Did it?

SPADE

What're you saying?

EFFIE

The secret society pin on the lieutenant. Did that help find
 your partner's killer?

SPADE

It might have.

EFFIE

But did it?

SPADE

(to us)

Anyway, I brought policeman Tom Polhaus and Lieutenant Dundy each some Bacardi, and raised my glass and said, "Success to crime!" Polhaus emptied his glass, set it on the floor beside his feet, and wiped his mouth with a muddy forefinger.

(CAIRO does all that.)

SPADE

Not looking up, he asked:

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

Did you break the news to Archer's wife, Sam?

SPADE

She knows now.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

How'd she take it?

SPADE

I don't know anything about women.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

The hell you don't.

EFFIE

(to us)

Note for the record Mr. Spade didn't mention that I was the one who called on Iva.

SPADE

(gesturing to us)

Note for the record I told the record you called on her.

EFFIE

Note for the record he told the record I told the record he made me call on her.

SPADE

Noted.

(EFFIE withdraws, but watchful.)

SPADE

(to us)

The Lieutenant put his hands on his knees and leaned forward. His greenish eyes were fixed on me in a peculiarly rigid stare, as if their focus were a matter of mechanics, to be changed only by pulling a lever or pressing a button.

GUTMAN

(attempts to act that; then:)

Wait, say it again?

SPADE

Greenish eyes were fixed on me in a peculiarly rigid stare.

GUTMAN

(stares)

SPADE

To be changed only by pulling a lever or pressing a button.

GUTMAN

(attempting)

I don't...I'm not sure what that means.

CAIRO

It's like this.

(CAIRO "stares".)

GUTMAN

(attempting an imitation; stares)

CAIRO

More like....

(stares)

GUTMAN

(stares rigidly!)

(Gutman's final stare is impressive; CAIRO, BRIGID, and EFFIE bill and coo. GUTMAN revels in the praise.)

BRIGID, CAIRO, EFFIE

(approving!; ad-lib)

Definitive staring! Could really feel that. Powerful!

GUTMAN

(preening; lording it over Cairo)
Stanislavsky.

SPADE

(to us)
What do you want, Lieutenant?, I asked, in a voice I hoped was
as hard and cold as his eyes.

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

I thought you'd never ask.

(GUTMAN and CAIRO rise, and circle Spade,
attempting intimidation. **19. You Can't Treat
a Cop That Way.**)

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

Sit down and listen.

SPADE

(discovers he's sitting)
I'll sit or stand as I damned please.
(then, awkwardly, stands, then sits again)
I'll work on that before tomorrow.

GUTMAN

TALK TURKEY, SAM, SPIT OUT WHAT YOU KNOW.
WITHHOLDING FACTS DON'T HOLD NO SWAY.
YOU CLAM UP, I'LL SLAM YOU DOWN.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A COP THAT WAY, SAM.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A COP THAT WAY.

CAIRO

I ASKED YOU, YOU KNOW THURSBY, HUH?
YOU SAID NONE OF MY BIZ TO SAY.
SERGEANT FRIDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSBY,
YOU CAN'T TREAT A COP THAT WAY.

GUTMAN and CAIRO

NO! YOU CAN'T TREAT A COP THAT WAY.

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

WHO'S THURSBY? HUH?
YOU TALK, YOU TALK.
WHY WERE YOU ON HIS TAIL?

CAIRO

WHAT FOR, WHAT FOR?
WE'LL MAKE YOU SQUAWK
OR SEE YOU ROT IN JAIL.

GUTMAN/CAIRO

YOU GOT A CHOICE:
YOU TALK TO COPS
OR ELSE YOU TALK IN COURT.
OUR JOB'S TO BE INQUISITOUS
NOT SAVE YOUR SORRY SORT.

SPADE

I told Tom here what I knew about Thursby.

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

You told Tom damned little.

SPADE

I know damned little.

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

Why were you tailing him?

SPADE

I wasn't. My partner Miles Archer was.

CAIRO (as Polhaus)

(butting in)
What for? What for?

SPADE

For the swell reason that we had a client who was paying good
United States money to have him tailed.

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

Who's the client?

SPADE

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

GUTMAN

YOUR CLIENT, SAM, DON'T MAKE YOU IMMUNE.
THE TRUTH'LL COME OUT AND SEIZE THE DAY.
DISRESPECT. YOU CHANGE YOUR TUNE.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A COP THAT WAY, SAM.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A COP THAT WAY.

CAIRO

TOUGH TALKING, SAM, AIN'T MAKIN' YOU FRIENDS.
ESPECIALLY WHEN THERE'S BEEN FOUL PLAY.

GUTMAN

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU KNOW.

CAIRO

WE DO WHAT WE DO.

GUTMAN and CAIRO

YOU CAN'T TREAT A COP THAT WAY, SAM.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A COP THAT WAY.

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

Here's the thing.

(tapping Sam on the chest emphatically)

Thursby was shot down in front of his hotel just thirty-five minutes after you left Burritt Street.

SPADE

Keep your paws off me.

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

(withdrawing his fingers, but not his tone)

Tom says you were in an awful hurry to leave the scene.

SPADE

(about to make an excuse, but:)

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

And you didn't go to Archer's house to tell his wife. We called up, and that girl in your office was there, and she said you sent her to break the news in person.

(EFFIE waves.)

SPADE

Course I sent her. How would you like telling a vibrant woman like Iva she's just become a widow?

GUTMAN (as Lieutenant)

Like don't enter into it.

GUTMAN/CAIRO

OUR JOB IS TOUGH, BUT AT THE END OF THE DAY
YOU CAN'T TREAT A WIDOW THAT WAY, SAM.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A WIDOW THAT WAY.

SPADE

HOW'D I KILL THIS THURSBY?
TELL ME! I FORGOT.
REMIND ME HOW IT HAPPENED,
BIZARRELY, I CANNOT.

SHOT HIM IN THE BACK, DID I?
WITH A GUN I DIDN'T OWN.
NO PRINTS, NO POWDER, WASN'T THERE,
YET I DID IT, I ALONE!

A TRICKY TRICK TO SHOOT HIM, HUH?
FROM NINETEEN BLOCKS AWAY.
AND ALL THE WHILE WITHOUT A GUN
BUT I'M THAT GOOD, YOU SAY.

NO MOTIVE, CHECK, NO WEAPON, CHECK.
WAS NOWHERE NEAR THE SCENE.
BUT BOTH YOU GUMSHOES GOT ME PINNED.
I MIGHT AS WELL COME CLEAN.

(to us)

You beat it out of me, fellas. You are brutal, brutal!

EFFIE

(to us; giving deposition)

For the record...Mr. Spade here was having an affair with
Archer's wife.

CAIRO, GUTMAN, BRIGID

Say it ain't so!

EFFIE

Dumped me for her.

BRIGID

You cad!

SPADE

No, this isn't going on the record.

EFFIE

I'll be there in person. You can't stop me.

SPADE

Irrelevant. Objection. S-something in Latin!

EFFIE

(to us)

TEN THOUSAND INSURANCE HE LEFT TO HIS WIFE.
HE MEANT FOR A RAINY DAY.
NEXT THING HE KNEW, YOU'VE TAKEN HIS LIFE.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A PARTNER THAT WAY, SAM
YOU CAN'T TREAT A PARTNER THAT WAY.

YOUR HANDSOMENESS DON'T MAKE YOU A SAINT.
THE LADIES'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY.
EFFIE, DO THIS; EFFIE DO THAT.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A WOMAN THAT WAY, SAM.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A WOMAN THAT WAY.

SPADE

What are you doing, Effie?

EFFIE

Goes to motive. Next is opportunity.

SPADE

All right, I think we've heard enough of this.

(Mood shifts; foreshadowing of the doom to come.)

EFFIE

ARCHER WAS KILLED AT EXACTLY 3:12.
BUT YOU DIDN'T COME BACK UNTIL SIX.
PLENTY OF TIME TO SHOOT THURSBY AND THEN
HIGHTAIL IT BACK FOR THE FIX.

GUTMAN/CAIRO

HOW D'YOU EXPLAIN THE THREE HOUR GAP?

SPADE

I told you! Late afternoon-fog, thin, clammy, and --

GUTMAN/CAIRO
YOU'RE SURE LOOKING GUILTY TO ME.

SPADE
I took the long way back to my office.

GUTMAN/CAIRO
YOUR ALIBI, SAM: AS THIN AS THE FOG.

SPADE
The weight of Saint Francisco himself --

GUTMAN/CAIRO
IT'S TIME THAT YOU COPPED UP A PLEA.

EFFIE
MOTIVE: THE MONEY, THE WIDOW!
OPPORTUNITY: NO WITNESS; AN ALLEY.
MEANS -- ENGLISH BULLETS AND THURSBY'S GUN.
ALL POINTS TO YOUR BIG GRAND FINALE!

SPADE
Oh my God, you're setting me up, sister! You're framing me for the murders.

EFFIE
I rest my case.

BRIGID
THERE'S SO MUCH BAD

GUTMAN/CAIRO
BAD!

BRIGID
BAD NIGHT AND DAY.

SPADE
Now see here, you recant.

EFFIE
I can't recant.

SPADE
You can't can't recant!

EFFIE
I can. What I wouldn't give to see you in the big house.

GUTMAN/CAIRO/BRIGID
IT'S ALL YOU CAN DO
TO
FEND IT AWAY.
O GOD HOW WE TRY
TO
NOT BE A CAD.
BUT WE ALL HAVE BEEN A LITTLE BIT
BAD.

SPADE

C'mon, Effie wouldn't say that.

EFFIE

Then why're you dreaming it, Sam?
What're you afraid of, Sam? Plenty
of room in the big house. Nice
furniture. They got a chair with
your name on it.

GUTMAN/CAIRO/BRIGID

(BUT THANKS FOR TRYING)
WE ALL HAVE BEEN A LITTLE BIT BAD.
(THERE'S ALWAYS NEXT TIME)
WE ALL HAVE BEEN A LITTLE
BIT...BAAAAD!

BRIGID

You going to marry Iva, Sam? The night before they fry you?

SPADE

I didn't do it, I didn't do it!

GUTMAN

Won't stop them from convicting you.

CAIRO

They're going to find you guilty. Who's got a weak chin now!!

ALL but SPADE

BE AFRAID, SAM SPADE.

TOO LATE TO LIE.

YOUR FATE IS MADE:

YOU'RE GONNA DIE.

AND ALL BECAUSE OF

MURDER!

MURDER!

MURDER!

BE ASSURED YOU'LL BE INTERRED

CUZ MURDER, MURDER IS THE WORD.

(THEY haunt him.)

ALL but SPADE

(spooky wailing)

WOO...OO!

WOO...OO!

BE AFRAID, SAM SPADE.

TOO LATE TO LIE.

YOUR FATE IS MADE:

YOU'RE GONNA DIE.

AND ALL BECAUSE OF

MURDER!

MURDER!

MURDER!

(The ensemble closes in on Spade.)

SPADE

(Screams!)

(NOTE: Optional intermission, for those who prefer one. Start Act Two by repeating the final beats of Act One, beginning with Spade's line "I didn't do it!")

EFFIE

Now you know how it feels.

SPADE

What.

EFFIE

Having someone play with your emotions. Like you do with me. Like you do with everyone.

SPADE

What are you talking about?

EFFIE

You're in my hands, Sam. Roles are reversed. Do what I say, and maybe I'll keep my mouth shut. Isn't that how it works? Call the widow, Effie, sure Sam, hide the cash, sure Sam, let the boss break your heart over and over again...not so sure, Sam.

SPADE

There's a big difference between you and me, Effie, between all of you and me. You think framing me for murder hurt? You think I was scared?

(SPADE's eyes turn to ice. **20. Nothing Gets In.**)

SPADE

THE WORLD'S A DARK PLACE, SWEETHEART.
 YOU GOTTA TURN A COLD FACE, SWEETHEART.
 YOU CAN'T LET IT GET TO YOU
 OR IT'S GONNA GET TO YOU.
 WE'RE ALL JUST TAKING UP SPACE.

A BROKEN HEART
 IS BAD FOR BUSINESS.
 WHICH IS BAD FOR DIGESTION.
 WHICH IS BAD FOR BUSINESS.
 SO HERE, SWEETHEART, IS MY SUGGESTION:

NOTHING GETS IN.
 NOTHING GETS OUT.
 BUT A SWIG OF GIN
 AND A LOTTA DOUBT.

A SEEDY HOTEL,
 A CIGARETTE SMOKE,
 A NAMELESS MAM'SELLE,
 TO FIX WHAT IS BROKE.

BUT EVERY LOVE'S FLAME
 ONE DAY WILL BURNOUT.
 TILL NOTHING GETS IN.
 AND NOTHING GETS OUT.

(off her looks)

You don't believe me. I'll show you.

(Lights shift; very melancholy. SPADE alone
 in a shaft of light, rolling a cigarette.)

SPADE

(to us)

Cold steamy air blew in through the open window, bringing with it half a dozen times a minute the Alcatraz foghorn's dull moaning. I took out a packet of brown papers and a sack of Bull Durham tobacco. My thick fingers made a cigarette with deliberate care, sifting a measured quantity of tan flakes down into curved paper, spreading the flakes so that they lay equal at the ends with a slight depression in the middle, thumbs rolling the paper's inner edge down and up under the outer edge as my forefingers pressed it over, thumbs and fingers sliding to the paper cylinder's ends to hold it even while my tongue licked the flap, left forefinger and thumb pinching their end while right forefinger and thumb smoothed the damp seam, right forefinger and thumb twisting their end and lifting the other to my mouth. I picked up the pigskin and nickel lighter that had fallen to the floor, manipulated it, and with the cigarette burning in a corner of my mouth, the world went away.

(HE drifts from us.)

SPADE

CUZ EVERY LOVE'S FLAME
ONE DAY WILL BURNOUT.
TILL NOTHING GETS IN.
AND NOTHING GETS OUT.

(The moment hangs in the air.)

EFFIE

Ouch.

SPADE

You can't hurt me.

EFFIE

I will tomorrow. I'll send you away.

SPADE

You won't turn on me, Effie.

EFFIE

If you believed that, you'd be snoring like a lamb right now.

CAIRO

(helpfully)

Though...not sure lambs actually snore.

EFFIE

Stay out of this.

CAIRO

(withdraws)
Got it.

EFFIE

You're doing this to yourself, you know. It's your dream. You're in control. Or at least your subconscious is. Which is why deep down, you're feeling guilt about me. Aren't you, Sam? Admit it. You know you done me wrong.

SPADE

Wake me when this is over. No, make it be over: wake me now.

EFFIE

You want me to pinch you? Here.

(SHE pinches him, hard.)

SPADE

I can't feel that. I'm still asleep.

EFFIE

Can you feel this?

(SHE slaps him, hard.)

SPADE

I can't feel anything. Even in my sleep.

EFFIE

How about this...or this....

(A slugfest; EFFIE whollops Spade over and over.)

SPADE

(shrugs; then:)
So here's how it's going to be tomorrow. I won't give you that opportunity to defame me. I'll skip over all that stuff with Iva and the insurance. Yeah. C'mere, Brigid.

BRIGID

Finally.

(BRIGID enters.)

SPADE

I have a different cue for you to burst in. Tomorrow, I'm going to stop after --

EFFIE

Big mistake, Sam.

SPADE

(barreling on)

-- after the moment I call them brutal, you know where that is, then I'll skip to you. Yeah, this is going to work. Won't even give Effie here a chance to testify against me. Watch. Ready, Brigid?

BRIGID

No. Where are we?

SPADE

Before Miss Perrine so rudely interrupted. Back when I say brutal, they were brutal, then we'll skip to the next morning when I phone you saying it's urgent, and your saying "terrible terrible confession."

BRIGID

(lost)

Show me?

SPADE

(back in scene)

You beat it out of me, fellas. You are brutal, brutal!

(BRIGID whirls in.)

BRIGID

(in scene)

I've a terrible terrible confess --

SPADE

(breaking)

Wait'll I say I phone you.

BRIGID

You said right after brutal brutal I go terrible terrible.

SPADE

After I say it's urgent.

BRIGID

Got to make these things clear, Sam.

SPADE

That's why we're going over this.

BRIGID

It's taking forever. I don't got all night.

SPADE

You have exactly all night. It's a nightmare, sweetheart.

BRIGID

Oh, so I'm a mare, now?

SPADE

(covering)

No, like Mayor -- of San Francisco.

BRIGID

Well, that's better. Where are we?

SPADE

Jump in after I say it's urgent.

BRIGID

(in scene)

I have a terrible, terrible confess --

SPADE

(breaking)

No, after I say it's urgent.

BRIGID

You just said urgent.

SPADE

I'm backing up. I'm starting a little earlier.

EFFIE

(snarky)

This is your better plan?

SPADE

Knock it off.
 (to Brigid)
 Ready, doll?

(BRIGID is confused; spins; bashes into
 Spade with a klonk.)

SPADE

Ow, my shin!

BRIGID

Right on the joint! Sorry, Sam.

SPADE

Watch where you're going.
 (rubbing his knee)
 Of all the shin joints, in all the towns, in all the world, she
 walks into mine.

(SAM re-sets; continues in the scene.)

SPADE

(back in the scene)
 Anyway, so the next morning I get a call from Miss Wonderly
 saying it's urgent and to come to her hotel room. I thought it
 odd she didn't say to meet in the lobby, but who am I to argue
 with a paying client? So....

(BRIGID re-enacts opening a hotel room door.

21. A Terrible Confession.)

BRIGID

(over-the-top)
 IT'S MY SISTER:
 SHE'S BEEN SHOT!
 I HAVE NO SISTER.
 I FORGOT.
 I KILLED MY SISTER.
 SHE KILLED ME.
 NO, I MISSED HER.
 LET IT BE.

I'M AN HEIRESS
 I'M A PAUPER
 I'M EMBARRASSED
 I'M A COPPER.

I'M AN ORPHAN.
 I'M A WIDOW.
 IT'S ENDORPHIN.
 I'M A WIDOW BIT CONFUSED.

MAYBE THE DETAILS IS GOTTEN ALL FUZZY
 MAYBE THE STORIES IS BLENDED TO ONE.
 BUT SOMEHOW SOMEWAY YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME.
 ELSE I'M ON THE LAM, ON THE RUN.
 HELP ME! I'M IN TROUBLE.
 HELP ME! ON THE DOUBLE.
 HELP ME! HELP ME, HELP ME!

I'M MY SISTER:
 SHE'S MY TWIN.
 I INSIST OR
 WE'RE NO KIN.

SHE'S ALIVE,
 SHE IS DEAD.
 SHE'LL SURVIVE.
 SHE HAS FLED.

I KILLED MY SISTER.
 YEAH, I TAUGHT HER
 WHO'S HER SISTER,
 WHO'S HER DAUGHTER.

(slaps herself)

WHO'S HER SISTER,
 WHO'S HER DAUGHTER,
 WHO'S HER SISTER
AND HER DAUGHTER!?

(wails)

AAAA!
 AAAA!

(big finish)

SISTER, DAUGHTER, MOTHER, AUNT!
 SHE'LL CONFESS. I CAN'T, I CAN'T!

EFFIE

(to Sam)

I don't understand where that gets you.

SPADE

I want to make the point she kept changing her story.

EFFIE

But...she was killed by her sister who killed her?

(to Brigid)

Nice schmacting, by the way.

BRIGID

Meisner.

(sniffs; for Gutman's benefit)

EFFIE

(to Sam)

I'm worried about you, Sam. All these jokes, all this sister-mother, detective-corpse, cigarette-rolling, it's all smoke and mirrors.

SPADE

Not all of it. Some of it's back-lighting.

EFFIE

I'm on your side, Sam. In spite of everything. For maybe one last time. You have to tell them the truth. Otherwise, I'll sing. Do you want the electric chair for something you didn't do? Is that what you want? Because that's what you're going to get if you don't wear your heart on your sleeve tomorrow.

SPADE

The only place I wear my heart is in five-card stud.

EFFIE

(explodes)

Will you be serious for one minute!?

SPADE

I'm just calling a Spade a spade.

EFFIE

(not quite in control)

You think you can trust me tomorrow. But you can't. All right, forget me. But tell them the truth. Tell them about her.

SPADE

(squirms for once; this is what he's avoiding)

I don't want to.

EFFIE

Tell them what actually happened between you and Miss Swivelhips here.

SPADE

I can't.

EFFIE

You can.

SPADE

(weakening)
It's embarrassing.

EFFIE

It's your only chance, Sam Spade.

(Mood shift. SPADE is vulnerable for the first time.)

SPADE

(to us)
The hell of it is...I loved her. Suckerpunched. Humiliating telling you this. I would've done anything for her. Even --

ALL but SPADE

Mmmur --

(SPADE holds up a fierce hand; stops them from their mockery.)

SPADE

Mmmarriage? Well, maybe I'd've come to my senses before that, but...

(cold-sweating)

This has got me rattled.

(plunging)

Truth is, before Brigid, I also loved Iva. Until, you know, the next one came along, Phyllis, I think she was. And Ilsa and Norma, though maybe not in that order, and Effie herself in there somewhere. I know, I know what you're thinking.

(SPADE broods. **22. Love 'Em and Leave 'Em.**)

SPADE

I OUGHTA KNOW BETTER.
 I BEEN HERE BEFORE.
 BUT MY HEART IS A GONER
 WHEN THEY WALK IN THE DOOR.
 BEGINS WITH A SMILE
 OR A WINK OR A FLIRT.
 AND THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW
 IS A WORLDFUL OF HURT.

I HONESTLY LOVE 'EM;
 I FATALLY DO.
 UNTIL THERE'S THE NEXT,
 THEN THE FIRST ONE IS THROUGH.
 DON'T MEAN TO BE MEAN,
 NOT MOST OF THE TIME.
 I LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM.
 BUT THAT AIN'T A CRIME.

You can't hang a guy for being a cad. Otherwise, y'know, you'd have to hang every guy.

I ONCE THOUGHT THAT LOVE WAS GRAND
 AND TAKING CARE OF SOMEONE, SWELL.
 UNTIL THAT SOMEONE TOOK CARE OF ME
 AND MADE MY LIFE A DYING HELL.
 LOVE IS A HOLE, LOVE IS A PIT.
 LOVE SUCKS AWAY WHAT YOU PUT INTO IT.
 LOVE GRIPS YOUR SOUL UNTIL IT SNAPS.
 IN SHORT, MY DEAR, LOVE IS FOR SAPS.

But still....

I HONESTLY LOVE 'EM;
 I FATALLY DO.
 UNTIL THERE'S THE NEXT,
 THEN THE FIRST ONE IS THROUGH.
 DON'T MEAN TO BE MEAN,
 NOT MOST OF THE TIME.
 I LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM.
 BUT THAT AIN'T A CRIME.

(SAM regroup; goes to Brigid.)

SPADE

(takes a deep breath; to us)

But all right, you want the truth about Miss Wonderly? I'll show you how it happened. And you watch...see if you can see where she got her teeth into me. My guess you would've been bitten too. Here goes.

(to Brigid)

From where you open the door.

(Mood settles down; more serious noir; less over-the-top.)

SPADE

(to us)

Miss Wonderly, in a belted green crepe silk dress, opened the door of apartment Ten-oh-one at the Coronet.

BRIGID

(in scene)

Come in, Mr. Spade. Everything is upside-down. I haven't even finished unpacking.

SPADE

What's this about a confession?

BRIGID

Yes. That -- that story I told you yesterday was all -- a story.

SPADE

Oh, that. Well, I didn't exactly believe your story.

BRIGID

Then why did you -- ?

SPADE

I believed your two hundred dollars.

BRIGID

I don't understand. Won't you sit down?

(Darned if SPADE isn't already sitting. HE has to stand then to sit.)

SPADE

What I mean is, that two hundred dollars is more than you'd pay me if you'd been telling the truth.

BRIGID

So are you dropping me, or keeping on the case?

SPADE

That depends, Miss -- ehh -- is your name Wonderly or Leblanc?

BRIGID

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

SPADE

The B.O. initials on your bag.

(to us)

She lifted herself a few inches from the settee, settled down again, smoothed her skirt, and leaned forward.

(in scene)

Listen. Miss O'Shaughnessy. When a man's partner is killed, he's supposed to do something about it. But everything can get hard to handle and expensive. And now the police are snooping --

BRIGID

The police! Do they think I am to blame for -- for last night?

SPADE

(to us)

She looked at me now with miserable frightened eyes.

(in scene)

Not unless there are things I don't know about.

BRIGID

Must they know about me at all? I think I'd rather die than that, Mr. Spade. I can't explain now, but can't you somehow manage so that you can shield me from the police, so I won't have to answer their questions? I don't think I could stand being questioned now. I think I would rather die. Can't you, Mr. Spade?

SPADE

Oh, you're good. You're very good. It's chiefly your eyes, I think, and that throb you get into your voice.

(Suddenly SPADE is hard as steel.)

23. Confrontation Underscore.)

SPADE

(hard as steel)
What happened last night?

BRIGID

Sam!

SPADE

What aren't you telling me?

BRIGID

You're scaring me.

SPADE

Did Thursby kill Archer?

BRIGID

Yes, certainly.

SPADE

I'm not so certain your certainly is as certain as you say it is. Thursby had a Luger in a shoulder-holster.

BRIGID

There's your proof.

SPADE

(gotcha)
Only, Archer wasn't shot with a Luger.

BRIGID

(reels! Gloria Swanson terror!)

SPADE

The only thing worse than a dame who lies...nah, that might be the worst thing.

(BRIGID tries to make light, skitters for the door. **24. Got to Be Going - Fragment.**)

BRIGID

(faux-calm; childish; bouncy)
GOT TO BE GOING.
THANKS, PRIVATE EYE.
I KNEW IT WAS HOPELESS
BUT I HAD TO TR --

(SAM makes a growling animal noise, then pursues her against his better judgment, getting between her and the door. Music stops abruptly.)

SPADE

How much money have you got?
(to us)

The question startled her, as I knew it would. Then she pinched her lower lip between her teeth and answered reluctantly:

BRIGID

I've about five hundred dollars left.

SPADE

Give it to me.

(SHE fumbles at the neck of her dress.)

SPADE

She looked pleadingly at me, but I made sure my eyes went hard and implacable.

(SHE hands him a sheaf of money.)

SPADE

I'm going out and see what I can do for you. I'll be back as soon as I can with the best news I can manage.

BRIGID

But wait, Sam, before you go....

(SHE makes a move of seduction towards him.)

25. Hot Drums 3/Love 'Em and Leave 'Em Tag.)

SPADE

(whirls away; through with her)

Where I'm going you can't follow. What I've got to do, you can't be any part of.

(to us)

I left her standing in the center of the floor looking after me with dazed blue eyes.

BRIGID

DON'T MEAN TO BE MEAN,
NOT MOST OF THE TIME.
I LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM.
BUT THAT AIN'T A CRIME.

(Scene shifts; SPADE walks back into his
office, where EFFIE is waiting for him.)

SPADE

Back at the office I didn't get half my story out to Effie when:

EFFIE

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

SPADE

You don't have any respect for me now.

(pause)

Here's the part where you say, "No, Sam, I got nothing but
respect for you; you're the greatest detective in all of San
Francisco."

EFFIE

Meant to tell you, the coffee maker's on the fritz.

SPADE

Yeah, that ain't all that's on the fritz.

EFFIE

Oh, and someone's here to see you. Says his name is Mr. Joel
Cairo.

SPADE

(not recollecting)
Cairo....

EFFIE

Fella with the weak chin?

SPADE

(remembers him)

CAIRO

(throws up his hands)

EFFIE

I'll let him in, then I'm gone for the day. But before I do -- I --

SPADE

What is it? Spit it out, Effie.

EFFIE

It's not nice to say this. Not nice even to think it. Mr. Archer's wife, Iva...I been thinking. What was she doing the night Mr. Archer was killed? You don't think she killed him, do you, Sam?

SAM

No, I don't, Effie.

EFFIE

So it's got to be Thursby. Or the dame.

SPADE

Just send in Cairo. You leave the detecting to me.

EFFIE

I mean, if looks could kill. Vava-vavoom....

SPADE

All right. That's enough.

(EFFIE exits; CAIRO prepares for his entrance.)

SPADE

(to us)

Which brings us to where I first tried to start my testimony, with the appearance of this man who

(CAIRO enters with a theatrical gesture.

26. Cairo's Gun 2 Underscore.)

CAIRO

(pulls out a pistol)

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

SPADE

And then I --

(There's a scurry, and suddenly SPADE has Cairo's gun.)

SPADE

But then he:

CAIRO

I am prepared to pay five thousand dollars for the return of the Maltese Falcon. Sorry, that's pronounced --

ALL but SPADE

MALTESE FALCON!

GUTMAN

Caw!

CAIRO

You have it?

SPADE

No. What makes you think I do?

CAIRO

Because of your connection to Floyd Thursby.

SPADE

My connection?

CAIRO

Yeah, you remember.

(CAIRO exits as BRIGID vamps over to open her hotel door to Spade. **Hot Drums 4.**)

SPADE

How could I forget?

(gawking; then to us, askance)

Any more of that'll cause another earthquake in San Francisco.

(in scene)

I just saw a fella by the name of Joel Cairo. He offered me five thousand dollars for a black statuette of a falcon.

BRIGID

Five thousand! Far more than I can ever offer you. I've given you all the money I have. I've thrown myself on your mercy, Told you that without your help I'm utterly lost. I can't pay you any more money. All I have left is my...

(she means her body)
jewelry. Would you take that?

SPADE

(to us)
Yeah, I took her...jewelry. That's not against the law. I mean, she offered it. I'll spare you the details, except to say --

(SPADE takes her face between his hands and kisses her mouth; a bit roughly and contemptuously. Then:)

SPADE

(a hint of cruelty)
I'll think it over.
(pulls away)
Christ! there's no sense to this. Look. If you want me to help you, you've got to tell me what this Maltese Falcon is all about, and why it's worth so much to everyone.

BRIGID

I must...I must talk to Joel Cairo. But I can't let him know where I am. I'm afraid of him.

SPADE

Call him, and tell him we'll meet back at my place. You get your business with him over, and then we'll see how we stand.

BRIGID

You're a godsend.

SPADE

Don't overdo it.
(to us)
So an uneventful cab ride later, Brigid O'Shaunessey and I are waiting back at my office, where it didn't take Cairo long to show up.

(CAIRO makes another flamboyant entrance, with flowers. **27. Dahlias!**)

CAIRO

I bring you dahlias, dahling!

SPADE

Which of us dahlings do you mean?

CAIRO

Heh-heh-heh.

DAHLIAS, DAHLING!
FLOWERS OF THE HOURS!
SCENTS FOR THE SENSIBLE
NON-SCENTS FOR THE GLOWERS.

CAN YOU SMELL MY CHYPRE?
CHYPRE; THAT'S FRENCH.
THEY DRENCH IT EVENTUALLY.
TOO MUCH IS A STENCH.

BUT I DAB IT LIGHTLY:
MY HABIT'S RELENTLESS.
AND I BRING YOU DAHLIAS;
THE DAHLIA'S SCENTLESS.

DAHLIAS, DAHLIAS, DAHLIAS
FOR ALL O' YA'S: DAHLIAS, DAHLIAS!
I KNOW THEY ENTHRALL YA'S.
WHAT ENCHANTMENT BEFALL YA'S
WHEN I BRING THE DAHLIAS.
DAHLIAS, DAHLIAS, DAHLIAS!

(CAIRO sets the flowers down halfway between
Brigid and Spade. THEY look at him with a
what was all that about? look then BRIGID is
all business; dramatic business.)

BRIGID

Sam told me about your offer for the falcon. How soon can you
have the money ready?

CAIRO

You don't mince words, do you?

BRIGID

You do enough mincing for the both of us.

CAIRO

Cruel.

BRIGID

Things are never so bad they can't be made worse. Sam has to find that falcon before someone kills us, thinking we have it. So the money. How quickly can you get it?

CAIRO

Let us say, half-past ten tomorrow morning, and you hand over the falcon.

BRIGID

Mmm. I don't have the falcon.

(off Cairo's gesture to leave)

But I'll have it in a week. At the most.

SPADE

Where is it?

BRIGID

Where Floyd hid it.

SPADE

Floyd. Floyd Thursby?

BRIGID

One and the same.

CAIRO

And you know where that is, where Thursby hid it?

BRIGID

I think I do.

CAIRO

Then why wait a week? Let's go tomorrow morning.

SPADE

(to us)

I propped on an elbow and looked at them, listening to see how much of this was for my benefit.

BRIGID

It's complicated. Involves a boat. Actually two boats, one of which is due in harbor any hour now. So I have to ask, Joel, who you're buying it for?

CAIRO

You know who. The man in the middle. Caspar Gutman.

SPADE

Caspar Gutman.

(CASPER GUTMAN sidewinds into the room; an imposing but gentlemanly thug. BRIGID and CAIRO recede. **28. Gutman's Entrance Underscore.**)

GUTMAN

Caspar Gutman. I'll come to the point, Spade. There's a very expensive statue, a Maltese falcon. It's been --

SPADE

Hold the phone.

(to us)

He wore a black cutaway coat, black vest, black satin Ascot tie holding a pinkish pearl, striped grey worsted trousers, and patent-leather shoes. His voice was a throaty purr, and his chin

(glances at Cairo)

CAIRO

Don't even.

SPADE

right between his jaws.

(in scene)

You were saying about this falcon?

GUTMAN

Let me put it like this:

(GUTMAN suddenly croons dramatically.
29. The Maltese Falcon.)

GUTMAN

MY GOLDEN GIRL
WE'LL FLY THE WORLD
ON WINGS OF LOVE
TO A GOLDEN ALTAR. (rhymes with malta)
IT'S MANIFEST,
I'LL NEVER REST
TILL I'M WITH MY FALCON OF MALTA.

HER LIPS ARE GOLD
 WELL, HER LIPS ARE A BEAK
 HER HANDS
 (makes a claw shape)
 SHE'S COVERED
 (trying to find a compliment)
 IN...COBALT...A --
 (back on track)
 I AM BLESSED
 IF A LITTLE OBSESSED
 WITH MY QUEST FOR THE FALCON OF MALTA.

I WANT HER.
 I WANT HER.
 I WANT HER.
 I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET HER.

THE CLOUDS WILL PART BEFORE US
 AS FALCONS ALL ADORE US
 THEY IMPLORE US, THEY ARE FOR US!
 AS THEY SING THEIR FALCON CHORUS.

(BRIGID, EFFIE, and CAIRO join, as a
 flapping back-up chorus.)

ALL but SPADE
 CHO-RUS. CAW-RUS. CAW CAW CHORUS.
 CAW!
 CAW!
 CAW!
 (gets out of control)
 OOH-AHH-OOH-AHH CAW!
 OOH-AHH-OOH-AHH CAW! &c.

MY GOLDEN GIRL
 WE'LL FLY THE WORLD
 ON WINGS OF LOVE
 TO A GOLDEN ALTAR.
 IT'S MANIFEST,
 I'LL NEVER REST
 TILL I'M WITH MY FALCON OF MALTA.
 MALTA.
 MALTA.
 CAW.

GUTMAN

And so, I sent two of my associates, Brigid O'Shaunessey and Joel Cairo, overseas to fetch my Maltese Falcon, and I think they're double-crossing me. Get that bird from them, and I'll give you ten thousand dollars. Twenty thousand. Twenty-five thousand.

SPADE

First things first. There's a goon of yours skulking in the street outside my window.

CAIRO

On it....

(CAIRO leaps up to portray the goon, skulking.)

SPADE

You keep that gunsel away from me, see? I'll kill him the first time he gets in my way.

(CAIRO ducks into shadows; lurking.)

GUTMAN

You're hiding a most violent temper.

SPADE

Takes one to know one.

GUTMAN

Touché.

SPADE

So this Maltese Falcon, what's the story behind this bird? Why's it worth so much to you?

GUTMAN

Under the black paint, it's encrusted with so many jewels it makes the Queen look undressed. I first saw it in the home of a blithering idiot collector who didn't know its worth.

(CAIRO leaps into the scene, playing the collector.)

CAIRO (as collector)

(British)

Oh, I say, how sparkly!

GUTMAN

A Russian.

CAIRO

Oh, that's right.
 (Russian accent)
 Vut sparkles, comrade!

GUTMAN

I offered him more than he was asking.

CAIRO (as Russian)

Is dat in rubles!!!?

GUTMAN

This aroused his suspicions.

CAIRO (as Russian)

Hmmm. Vy you offer me more than I ask?

GUTMAN

An egregious mistake on my part. The Russian did some sleuthing --

(CAIRO sleuths elaborately; finds something!)

GUTMAN

The Russian, after his sleuthing, countered my offer with a demand more than I was willing to pay.

CAIRO (as Russian)

I demand more, comradesky!

GUTMAN

That's more than I'm willing to pay.

CAIRO

(weird evil Russian laugh!)

GUTMAN

So I sent Cairo and Miss O'Shaunessey to Istanbul to --
 (hems for a euphemism)

(BRIGID gets up as though to join Cairo on a mimed journey, but Spade plows over it; Brigid sits back down.)

SPADE

To nick it. You had them steal it.

GUTMAN

I'd offered the Russian a fair price.

CAIRO (as Russian)

Nyet! Not fair, not fair!

GUTMAN

We're done with the Russian.

CAIRO (as Russian)

Do svidaniya!

(knows a cue when he hears one:)

And...pyat' shest' sem' eight!

(CAIRO makes an overly-theatrical exit.)

30. Do Svidaniya)

CAIRO

DO SVI'DAHNIAS, DAHLING!
A RUBLE FOR YOUR TROUBLE.
ASK HOW IN MOSCOW
A BOOB'LL DO WHAT A BOOB'LL.

DO SVI'DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS.
EVERY ONE O' YA'S, DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS.
THERE IS NONE O' YA'S
HALF AS FUNNY AS
SANCTIMAHNIAS
DO SVI'DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS!

Borscht!

(SPADE, GUTMAN, BRIGID, EFFIE just look puzzled. *Why does he do these things?*)

SPADE

(continuing as though Cairo exited normally)
So you say Miss O'Shaunessey isn't going to give the falcon to you.

GUTMAN

No. You're going to give it to me.

SPADE

I am, am I?

GUTMAN

I have two proposals to make, sir, and either is fair. Take your choice. I will give you either twenty-five thousand dollars when you deliver the falcon to me, or I will give you one quarter of what I realize on the falcon once I sell it.

SPADE

How much would that be?

GUTMAN

Who knows? A hundred thousand?

CAIRO, BRIGID, EFFIE

(gasp)

GUTMAN

Or a quarter of a million?

CAIRO, BRIGID, EFFIE

(bigger gasp)

GUTMAN

Perhaps as much as half a million?

CAIRO, BRIGID, EFFIE

(biggest gasp)

SPADE

You think the dingus is worth two million?

GUTMAN

Why not?

SPADE

Well then...give me a couple days to pry it out of Miss O'Shaunessey.

GUTMAN

You have until Friday.

SPADE

That is a couple of days.

GUTMAN

You drive a hard bargain.

SPADE

I drive a Chevy. Are we done here? How do I reach you?

GUTMAN

The fellow outside.

(CAIRO leaps up to resume goon-skulking.)

GUTMAN

What did you call him? My goon?

SPADE

Unless he has a name.

GUTMAN

Goon will be fine.

SPADE

I'd say it was a pleasure doing business with you, Mr. Gutman, only I'm a man of my word.

GUTMAN

Mutual. Good day, Mr. Spade.

SPADE

Good day, Mr. Gutman.

(GUTMAN exits; CAIRO makes a skulky scene-stealing exit.)

CAIRO

("aaaand scene!" then:)
Boleslavsky.

SPADE

(to us)

Turns out I didn't need until Friday to find the Maltese Falcon. You remember Brigid mentioning something about two ships entering the wharf. One was coming from Istanbul. Istanbul, where Gutman had sent O'Shaunessey and Cairo to pinch the bird?

So on that hunch, I went to the harbor. Stood right at the prow of the Istanbul ship and said to myself, "I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friend's ship."

And just in time. The boat was on fire, but there was a suspicious sea captain running away.

(CAIRO re-enacts the Sea Captain, running away. **31. Sea Captain - Underscore.**)

SPADE

I followed him

("Following" schtick.)

SPADE

Then lost him.

("Losing" schtick.)

SPADE

But damned if this sea captain doesn't show up at my door.

(CAIRO shows up at Spade's door.)

CAIRO (as Sea Captain)

(wheezing sounds)

SPADE

And what do you know, he gives me the falcon. Me!

(CAIRO gives Spade a wrapped package.)

SPADE

Only then he drops down dead.

(CAIRO clutches his heart, then collapses.)

SPADE

Shot, it turns out.

CAIRO

Oh, sorry, that's right.

(CAIRO gets up; dies again, this time not of a heart attack, but of a gunshot wound. SPADE lurks over him.)

SPADE

(to us; sharing his inspection)
Gutman, probably? Cairo? O'Shaunessey? All I know is I got a purloined hot potato, and a cooling corpse. Oh, Effie....

(EFFIE enters; disgusted at the sight of the corpse.)

EFFIE

A corpse. Are you kidding?

SPADE

You're a good man, si --

EFFIE

That's not always going to work on me, Sam.

SPADE

You're the best thing that ever happened to me, Effie Perrine.

EFFIE

(to us; with a sigh)
Add it to the evidence, folks, that I cleaned up the corpse.

(Corpse-exiting schtick. CAIRO exits.
EFFIE in a noir spotlight. **32. I'm His Gal - Reprise.**)

EFFIE

(broody)

I'M HIS GAL.
 I'LL GO BERSERK.
 NO BOUQUETS,
 JUST DIRTY WORK.
 DIRTY WORK, DIRTY WORK!
 NEVER SAYING NO,
 ALWAYS SAYING SURE,
 DIRTY WORK, DIRTY WORK!
 HOW MUCH SHOULD A GAL ENDURE?

SPADE

The following morning --

EFFIE

(to us; interrupting)

But watch close now what happens next. The following morning, I say to Sam,

(to Sam; one last chance)

So you gonna ask me what I did with the corpse? Or how Mr. Archer's wife is doing? Or me?

SPADE

(contemplates; then:)

Nah, none of that.

EFFIE

Thought not. So, Sam, we have some visitors I've invited. Maybe we can wrap all this up. Come on in, folks.

(GUTMAN and CAIRO enter, grinning.)

SPADE

Well, well, if it ain't

GUTMAN

Casper Gutman.

CAIRO

Joel Cairo.

BRIGID

And --

(BRIGID sultries in. **33. Hot Drums 4.**)

EFFIE

Good. We're all --

(Another round of sultriness from BRIGID.)

EFFIE

Are you finished?

BRIGID

One more. For the memories.

CAIRO

Memories, mammaries....

(One final bump of sultry. Then:)

GUTMAN

All right. Give me the falcon, Spade.

SPADE

What makes you think I...never mind. We all know by now I have it. But let's be civil, and least physically.

CAIRO

Not going to hit me this time?

SPADE

Everyone stays in line, and no one gets hit.

GUTMAN

Well, let's be seated.

(Exasperatingly, SPADE is already seated, and must stand in order to sit. GUTMAN thrusts an envelope at Spade. SPADE doesn't take it.)

GUTMAN

In exchange for the falcon. Ten one thousand-dollar bills. Smooth and stiff and new.

SPADE

We were talking about more money than that.

GUTMAN

Yes, sir, we were. But ten thousand dollars of actual cash can buy more than twenty thousand dollars of talk.

SPADE

Twenty-five thousand, and besides, the situation has changed.

(nods towards Effie)

There's one more of me to be taken care of. Not to mention the fact that now I actually have the falcon.

GUTMAN

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 that I can raise in cash. Or refuse the ten, and take your chances on that half-million once I sell it.

SPADE

That's not any too good. But if it's the best you can do -- give it to me.

(GUTMAN hands Spade the envelope. SPADE counts the bills, and proffers one to Effie.)

SPADE

A down payment on what I owe you.

EFFIE

(refusing it)

What you owe me you can never pay back.

SPADE

Suit yourself.

EFFIE

(shakes her head; refuses the money)

The only time I suit myself is in five-card stud.

(SPADE shrugs; puts the envelope inside his coat pocket.)

GUTMAN

Now the falcon.

SPADE

Before you get your falcon, there's another thing that's got to be taken care of first. As a matter of personal protection for all of us, we need ourselves a fall guy.

GUTMAN

I don't under --

SPADE

You will. It's like this, see....

(SPADE forces them to stew on their predicament. **34. Fall Guy.**)

SPADE

GOTTA HAVE A FALL GUY.
TOSS THE COPS A VICTIM.
THEY JUST WANT A SUSPECT
TO BOOK 'EM AND CONVICT 'EM.

CAIRO

I see.

IF WE GIVE 'EM NO ONE,
THEY WILL KEEP ON SNOOPING.
NEVER LET US GET AWAY
WITH LYING, CHEATING, DUPING.

GUTMAN

LET'S PIN IT ON CAIRO!
COPS'LL ASSUME
THE VICTIMS HE KILLED
ALL DIED OF PERFUME.

SPADE, BRIGID, GUTMAN

PIN IT ON CAIRO,
PIN IT ON CAIRO!

CAIRO

NO, PIN IT ON BRIGID!
COPS'LL ASSUME
THE VICTIMS ALL DIED
OF VA VA VA VOOM.

SPADE, GUTMAN, CAIRO

PIN IT ON BRIGID,
PIN IT ON BRIGID!

BRIGID

PIN IT ON EFFIE!
SHE WON'T SAY A WORD.

SPADE
 PIN IT ON GUTMAN
 HE GAVE YOU THE BIRD.

BRIGID
 PIN IT ON EFFIE,

SPADE
 PIN IT ON GUTMAN!

GUTMAN
 CAIRO!

CAIRO
 BRIGID!

BRIGID
 EFFIE!

SPADE
 GUTMAN!

GUTMAN
 CAIRO!

CAIRO
 BRIGID!

BRIGID
 EFFIE!

SPADE
 GUTMAN!

ALL but EFFIE
 GOTTA HAVE A FALL GUY.
 IT'S AS PLAIN AS THAT, SEE.
 WHO'S OUR ALL-IN-ALL GUY?
 GOTTA FIND A PATSY.
 PATSY, FALL-GUY, SIMPLETON, SAP.
 RATTATATTA TAT, SEE?
 SOMEONE TAKE THE RAP.

SPADE
 WAIT A MINUTE, WAIT A MINUTE.
 WHAT ABOUT...THE GOON?

GUTMAN
WHAT ABOUT THE GOON?

BRIGID/CAIRO
(the answer to our prayers)
WHAT ABOUT THE GOON!?

SPADE
LOW RANK RAT,
LET'S LET HIM TAKE THE DING.

GUTMAN
HONEST, SPADE?
I'D RATHER SEE YOU SWING.

SPADE
YOU'D NEVER GET YOUR FALCON.

GUTMAN
LET'S PIN IT ON THE GOON.
ALL AGREED?

BRIGID/CAIRO/SPADE
ALL AGREED!

GUTMAN/BRIGID/CAIRO/SPADE
WE'LL PIN IT ON THE GOON!

REPUGN, IMPUGN,
PIN IT ON THE GOON!
WORKS FOR ME, WORKS FOR YOU,
LONG AS WE'RE IMMUNE.
GOT OURSELVES A FALL GUY,
EVERYTHING'S IN PLACE.
I AM NOT THE FALL GUY,
WE HAVE SOLVED THE CASE.

EFFIE
You'd ruin an innocent man's life by framing him?

GUTMAN/CAIRO/BRIGID/SPADE

(beat; then; shrug ad-lib)

Guess so. Sure. Better him and me.

GOT OURSELVES A FALL GUY,
EVERYTHING'S IN PLACE.
SINCE I'M NOT THE FALL GUY,
WE HAVE SOLVED THE CASE.
WE...HAVE SOLVED...THE CASE.

SPADE

I stick my neck out for nobody!

GUTMAN/CAIRO/BRIGID/SPADE

NOO-WAAA(R)!

EFFIE

You're horrible.

SPADE

So. Effie.

EFFIE

No is the answer.

SPADE

You don't even know what I was going to ask.

EFFIE

You want me to call the cops and tell them we have the triple murderer waiting for them.

SPADE

All right, so you do know what I was going to ask.

EFFIE

That crosses the line.

SPADE

One call.

EFFIE

One line.

SPADE

You're refusing.

EFFIE

This is what that looks like.

SPADE

You're suddenly one in a thousand.

EFFIE

Make it one in ten and we'll call it even.

SPADE

One last chance.

(EFFIE brings the phone to Sam. HE processes; then dials.)

BRIGID

(to Effie)

Wish I had your gumption.

EFFIE

Yeah, and I wish I had your you-know, but we work with what we're given.

BRIGID

Ain't that the truth.

SPADE

(into the phone)

Ah, Tom Polhaus, just the guy! I'm sorry to tell you that you and your other flatfooted flatfoot are just a little too late solving the murders of Floyd Thursby and my late partner Miles Archer. You come by my office right away, and I'll hand you not only the murderer, but five folks willing to testify --

(EFFIE gives a hostile reaction.)

SPADE

Four folks willing to testify. And a bonus murder of an old sea captain thrown in for good measure. Only don't come crashing in; you'll scare the chickens. Just knock, and I'll take it from there. Yeah. See you and the Lieutenant soon!

(SPADE hangs up.)

GUTMAN

All right. We have our fall guy. There's the money. Now where's the falcon?

SPADE

Got it right here.

(SPADE pulls the falcon out its hiding place. HE hands it to Gutman. CAIRO eyes it, plotting something.)

SPADE

(to us)

Gutman went to work on the cord and paper and excelsior which wrapped the bird. Cairo licked his red lips

(CAIRO licks his lips.)

SPADE

and worked his hands together.

CAIRO

(working his hands together)

Work work work work work.

SPADE

Brigid was breathing heavily.

(BRIGID breathes.)

SPADE

We all were.

(EVERYONE breathes heavily, watching Gutman unwrap the package.)

SPADE

(to us)

The air in the room was chilly and stale, and thick with the putrid air of a den of thieves. At last Gutman had the black bird in his hands.

(GUTMAN holds up the statue. **35. Statue Reveal - Underscore.**)

GUTMAN

Ah. After seventeen years! The Maltese Falcon!

AHHH!

ALL

His eyes were moist.

SPADE

HMMMM....

ALL

Nearly there, nearly there. But wait, I need to be sure.

GUTMAN

(humming)

BRIGID/EFFIE/CAIRO

MMMM....

(Dramatic lighting on GUTMAN working at the statue's finish with a pocket-knife. Schtick with CAIRO leaning over.)

SPADE

His fingers twitched as he took out a gold pocket-knife and opened it. Gutman turned the bird upside-down and scraped the edge of its base with his knife. Black plaster, plaster of Paris, came off in tiny curls, exposing a layer of gold beneath.

GUTMAN

(triumph!)

BRIGID/EFFIE/CAIRO

HAAA...!

SPADE

Gutman's knife-blade bit into the metal, turning back a thin curved shaving. The inside of the shaving, and the narrow plane its removal had heft, had the soft grey sheen of lead.

GUTMAN

(defeat!)

Lead!

ALL but SPADE

Lead!?!

GUTMAN

(to Cairo)

It's a fake.

CAIRO

Fool! Imbecile! You and your stupid attempt to buy it from that Russian! You let him know it was valuable so he made a duplicate!

BRIGID

Plaster and lead. No wonder we had so little trouble stealing it!

CAIRO

Sucker! Dupe! Cully! Mug!

GUTMAN

(takes in an enormous breath of recomposure; then:)
Come, sir, Mr. Cairo. There's no need of going on like that. Everybody errs at times and you may be sure this is every bit as severe a blow to me as to anyone else. Yes, this is the Russian's hand, there's no doubt of it. But what do you suggest? Shall we stand here and shed tears and call each other names? Or shall we instead -- go to Istanbul?

CAIRO

You mean...steal it a second time?

GUTMAN

This time without tipping our hand. For seventeen years I have wanted that little item and have been trying to get it. If I must spend another year on the quest -- well, sir -- your commission as my accomplice will be five and fifteen-seventeenths percent.

CAIRO

Partner! I'll go with you!
(to Brigid; gloating)
We're going to Istanbul!

(THEY exit merrily. **36. Do Svidaniya
Reprise.**)

GUTMAN/CAIRO
 DO SVI'DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS.
 EVERY ONE O' YA'S, DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS.
 THERE IS NONE O' YA'S
 HALF AS FUNNY AS
 SANCTIMAHNIAS
 DO SVI'DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS, DAHNIAS!

Borscht!

(THEY're gone, leaving the statue.)

BRIGID
 I as well, Sam, will be taking my leave. Before those cops show up.

EFFIE
 Not so fast, sister.

(EFFIE bolts the door.)

EFFIE
 When the police arrive, you'll be telling them the truth.

BRIGID
 That Gutman's goon did it.

SPADE
 What's going on here, Effie?

EFFIE
 Miss O'Shaunessey's story doesn't add up.

BRIGID
 Doesn't have to. We all agreed to pin it on that goon on the street.

EFFIE
 Did we? I don't recall my agreeing to that.

BRIGID
 Stop her, Sam.

EFFIE

Stop her, Sam. You wanted exoneration. Here it comes. It's right in front of your eyes, you just have to look at it. I'm not going to let this woman gum it for you.

(to Brigid)

You've been working for Gutman this whole time. He sent you and Joel Cairo to Istanbul to bring back the falcon. Only you didn't, did you?

SPADE

(grilling Brigid)

Did you? Cops on their way. Answer the question.

(Melodramatic noir/confession music begins.
37. Confession - Reprise.)

BRIGID

(trapped)

Cairo and I thought we would get it for ourselves. Only then I began to be afraid that Cairo wouldn't play fair with me, and I was afraid of Gutman. I knew he had people, connections, everywhere, so I asked Floyd Thursby to help me. He told me about this sea captain whose boat was coming here to San Francisco, so I gave the package to the sea captain. But I was afraid Gutman would find me -- or find Thursby and buy him over. That's why I came to you and asked you to tail him.

EFFIE

(measured; the truth dawning)

You told Thursby he was being shadowed.

BRIGID

(to Sam)

Yes, I warned Thursby! I shouldn't have, it was wrong of me, but I pointed out where Archer was spying in the shadows of the alley, and Thursby panicked and shot him.

EFFIE

(to Brigid)

Another lie. Archer wouldn't've have fallen for that old alley trick. Unless you were that trick.

SPADE

The truth now. My partner hadn't many brains, but he wasn't clumsy enough to be spotted the first night of tailing.

BRIGID

(growing desperate; walls closing in)
I told him, yes, but please believe me, Sam, that I wouldn't have done it, if I had thought Thursby would kill him. I thought he'd be frightened into leaving the city. I didn't for a minute think he'd shoot him like that.

SPADE

Thursby didn't shoot him. Though that's what you wanted it to look like.

BRIGID

What're you saying?

SPADE

Your plan was to scare Thursby off. Then you could snuggle up as close to Archer as you liked in the dark and put a hole through him with the gun you had got from Thursby that evening.

BRIGID

Don't -- don't talk to me like that, Sam! You know I didn't! You know --

SPADE

Stop it! The police will be blowing in any minute now. Talk! Why did you shoot him?

BRIGID

(the confession at last)

I didn't mean to, at first. I didn't, really. I can't look at you and tell you this, Sam. I knew Thursby actually couldn't be easily frightened, but I thought that if he knew somebody was shadowing him either he'd -- oh, I can't say it, Sam!

EFFIE

You thought Thursby would tackle Archer, and one or the other of them would go down. If Thursby was the one, then you were rid of him. If Archer was, then you could see that Thursby was caught and you'd be rid of him.

SPADE

That it?

BRIGID

S-something like that.

EFFIE

Then you found out Cairo had tracked you down, and so you came back to Sam for protection?

SPADE

So that's it.

BRIGID

(to Sam)

Yes, but -- it wasn't only that. I would have come back to you sooner or later. From the first instant I saw you, I knew --

(SHE plies her wares one last time.

38. Love 'Em and Leave 'Em Reprise 2.)

BRIGID

I OUGHTA KNOW BETTER.
I BEEN HERE BEFORE.
BUT MY HEART IS A GONER
WHEN I WALKED IN THE DOOR.

DON'T MEAN TO BE MEAN,
NOT MOST OF THE TIME.
I LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM.
BUT THAT AIN'T A CRIME.

SPADE

Aww, you angel! Well, if you get a good break you'll be out of San Quentin in twenty years and you can come back to me then.

BRIGID

You've been playing with me? Only pretending you cared -- to trap me like this? You didn't -- care at all? You didn't -- don't -- love me?

SPADE

I think I do. What of it? I'm not Thursby. I won't play the sap for you. I hope to Christ they don't hang you, precious, by that sweet neck.

(BRIGID bolts for the door, but fumbles with the lock. EFFIE intercedes, and gets between Brigid and the door. BRIGID is wild-eyed, haggard, heaving, looking for options. Pause.)

SPADE

I'm going to send you over. The chances are you'll get off with life. That means you'll be out again in twenty years. I'll wait for you. If they do hang you, I'll always remember you.

(picks up the falcon)

We'll always have...Plaster of Paris.

(SHE comes to him, slowly. She puts her arms around him. THEY kiss, during which she reaches into his jacket and takes the envelope of cash. Then there's a knock on the door.)

BRIGID

(turning bravely)

I'm not going to look back, Sam. It'll just be easier.

(EFFIE opens the door; BRIGID surrenders. EFFIE closes the door; she has the envelope of cash.)

EFFIE

See you. Va-va-vamoose!

(Mood shift; honesty; hurt. EFFIE packs up a few things, and sets down the envelope of cash. Pause. Sam's at a loss.)

SPADE

You forgive me? Give me another chance?

EFFIE

You shouldn't treat people that way, Sam.

SPADE

C'mon. I have to pretend to be bad to deal with the bad guys. Hey, nice detective work there, Effie. You got some makings in you there.

EFFIE

Not with you.

SPADE

I wasn't asking.

EFFIE

Yes you were. Not going to happen, Sam. I resign. Goodbye.

SPADE

I'm lost without you!

EFFIE

I know. I'm considering that my severance bonus. I'll use it to start my own agency.

SPADE

You wouldn't.

EFFIE

You just watch. Or don't. See if I care.

(SHE spins in the doorway to deal him one final blow. **39. You Can't Treat a Cop That Way -- Reprise.**)

EFFIE

YOUR HANDSOMENESS DON'T MAKE YOU A SAINT.
THE LADIES'LL DO WHAT YOU SAY.
EFFIE, DO THIS; EFFIE DO THAT.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A WOMAN THAT WAY, SAM.
YOU CAN'T TREAT A WOMAN THAT WAY.

(SHE goes. SAM is alone, and looking very small suddenly. Noir music. Neon flickering from the window. Fog.)

SPADE

I think you do care. I think you always have.

(a beat of silence; then:)

No? Jeez. Quiet all of a sudden. I wish I'd....

(SPADE faces us; vulnerable.)

SPADE

All right, biggest confession of the evening. Ready for it? I'm sorry for the way I treat women; I got to fix that. Especially Effie. She didn't deserve it. She didn't deserve me. Anyway, thanks in advance for exonerating me tomorrow. It's about all I have left. Here's my solemn vow. In the future, I'll try not to be such a cad.

Meantime....

(HE narrates himself rolling a cigarette.)

SPADE

I picked up the pigskin and nickel lighter that had fallen to the floor, manipulated it, and with the cigarette burning in a corner of my mouth, the world went away.

(SPADE drifts. **40. Nothing Gets In Reprise.**)

SPADE

NOTHING GETS IN.
NOTHING GETS OUT.
BUT A SWIG OF GIN
AND A LOTTA DOUBT.

A SEEDY HOTEL,
A CIGARETTE SMOKE,
A NAMELESS MAM'SELLE,
TO FIX WHAT IS BROKE.

BUT EVERY LOVE'S FLAME
ONE DAY WILL BURNOUT.
TILL NOTHING GETS IN.
AND NOTHING GETS OUT.

(Lights fade to black. Curtain call; the ensemble bows. Then lights shift to a brighter, happier scene as the ensemble gathers center stage in an attention-getting pose.)

ALL

Three months later...!

(GUTMAN and CAIRO zip over to a discrete playing area.)

GUTMAN and CAIRO

Istanbul!

GUTMAN

The Russian!

(CAIRO spins, becomes the Russian.)

CAIRO

(as Russian)

You found me!

(spins, miming a pistol, as Cairo)

Hands up!

(spins; as Russian, hands in air; *I spit on you*)

Ya plyuyu na tebya!

GUTMAN

Where is the falcon?!

CAIRO

(as Russian)

I'll never tell you!

(spins)

Tell us!

(spins)

Nyet!

(spins)

Tell us!

(spins)

Nyet!

(spins)

Tell us!

(spins)

Nyet! Nyet! Nyet!

(EFFIE takes focus; on the phone.)

EFFIE

Detective Effie Perrine.

(SPADE whirls at this news.)

EFFIE

No ma'am, I won't take your dirty case. But I'll refer you to someone who will.

SPADE

(on phone)

Spade, Sam Spade. Reformed but still handsome. Sure, I take referrals. C'mon over in person.

(BRIGID enters as though at Spade's door.)

BRIGID

I'm Brigid's sister. Will you take my case?

SPADE

(melts; but then:)

Not so hasty. These days before I take a case, I measure all the angles first. Calculate the dangerous curves.

BRIGID

Measure the angles, calculate the curves! What is this, geometry?

SPADE

Yeah. Here's looking at Euclid.

(Blackout. Second set of bows. Then:)

ALL

THE CLOUDS WILL PART BEFORE US
AS FALCONS ALL ADORE US
THEY IMPLORE US, THEY ARE FOR US!
AS THEY SING THEIR FALCON CHORUS.
OOH-AHH-OOH-AHH CAW!
CAW!

THE END