

The Maltese Falcon

Adapted, Produced, and Hosted by

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THE MALTESE FALCON

A live performance by Re-Imagined Radio and Metropolitan Performing Arts, January 22, 2020, Kiggins Theatre, Vancouver, WA. Our last before the COVID-19 pandemic.

Adapted from the novel by Dashiell Hammett (1930), the movie (1941), and the radio broadcast (3 July 1946).

CHARACTER descriptions

Sam SPADE (hard-boiled detective with a comeback for everything)

Lieutenant DUNDY (police detective)

Tom POLHAUS (police detective)

EFFIE Perine (Spade's secretary)

Miles ARCHER (Spade's partner)

BRIGID O'Shaughnessy (femme fatale, beautiful but treacherous, changes loyalty at the drop of a dime)

Joel CAIRO (a criminal for sure, but he smells of gardenias)

Casper GUTMAN (The Fat Man, wealthy, cunning, obsessed with a falcon statue)

WILMER Cook (a thug, employed by GUTMAN)

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (driven by personal career interests)

Captain JACOBY (delivers a package and dies)

ACT 1: PARTNER IS MURDERED

MUSIC: UP FOR INTRODUCTION, THEN
FADE UNDER

NARRATOR Our story tonight is about Sam Spade, a private detective with his own code of ethics. He's tough enough to bluff the toughest thugs and hold off the police, risking his reputation when a beautiful woman begs for his help with a heartbreaking story, all the while knowing that betrayal may deal him a new hand in the next moment.

SPADE (NARRATES) My name is Spade, Sam Spade. License number three-five-seven-eight-nine-six, issued by the police department of San Francisco. Occupation: private detective, sometimes known as "private eye." My files in the case of the Maltese Falcon are closed, but I've got the Maltese Falcon. I got it and some dough. My partner got murdered and a very slick chick went up for life. I'll tell you about it. The story begins early one morning . . .

MUSIC: UP, THEN OUT

SFX: KNOCKING AT DOOR

NARRATOR When he heard the knocks on the front door of his San Francisco apartment, at four-thirty in the morning, Spade knew it was the police. He was dressed for them. A thin white union suit, gray pants and socks, black garters, and brown shoes. He wore a green-striped

white shirt, a soft white collar, a green necktie. His rounded shoulders kept his freshly pressed gray jacket from fitting well.

SFX: KNOCKING AT DOOR

DUNDY All right, Spade, open up! We know you're in there, Spade! Come on!

SPADE (MUFFLED, BEHIND DOOR) Who is it?

DUNDY Dundy and Polhaus. Wanna speak to ya.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SPADE Come in, Lieutenant Dundy. Nice time to make a call.

DUNDY Yeah.

SPADE Four-thirty in the morning. Or did your watch stop?

DUNDY We don't have any hours on the force, Spade. Got a couple o' questions to ask you.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SPADE Sure. Hiya, Tom. Fix you a drink, take the edge off before breakfast?

POLHAUS Hello Sam. No thanks.

DUNDY What d'you know about this killing, Spade?

SPADE Very little.

POLHAUS Miles Archer was your partner, wasn't he?

SPADE That's right.

POLHAUS Spade and Archer, private detectives. Heh. I guess you'll have to change that name.

SPADE Yeah. From now on, it's just Sam Spade.

POLHAUS Yeah.

DUNDY You don't seem very broken up over this, Spade. Miles Archer gets shot dead two hours ago and you toss it off like a Scotch-and-soda.

SPADE Haven't you anything better to do than popping in here early in the morning and asking a lot of fool questions.

DUNDY And gettin' a lot of lyin' answers.

SPADE You don't like me, do you, Dundy? Well listen, it's been a long time since I burst into tears because a policeman didn't like me.

DUNDY I don't like private detectives, cops not on the force. I asked you what you knew about Miles Archer getting killed.

SPADE Well, once again, very little. Your boys called me at ten after two. I understand they found a Webley automatic in the alley with one bullet out of it.

DUNDY Yeah. Was Archer out on a job last night?

SPADE Well, sure. He was supposed to be tailing a fellow named Floyd Thursby.

DUNDY Thursby? He was a St. Louis gunman who got in trouble with the law several times for petty crime and battery charges. Why were you tailing him? (PAUSE) Come on, Spade! What for?

SPADE We were trying to find out where he lived.

DUNDY Spade, suppose you answer once without thinking so hard.

SPADE I'll tell it or not as I damned please. I don't like this, Dundy. Why are you coming in here trying to rope me? Tell me or get out and let me get to bed!

DUNDY We're trying to learn why you were tailing Thursby.

SPADE My way of learning is to heave a wild and unpredictable monkey-wrench into the machinery. It's all right with me, if you're sure none of the flying pieces will hurt you.

DUNDY So why were you tailing Thursby?

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

DUNDY Who's the client?

SPADE Well, I'm sorry. You know I can't tell you that until I've talked it over with the client.

POLHAUS Be reasonable, Sam. Give us a chance.

SPADE My clients are entitled to a decent amount of secrecy. Maybe I can be made to talk to a Grand Jury or even a Coroner's Jury, but I haven't been called before either yet, and it's a cinch I'm not going to advertise my clients' business until I have to.

POLHAUS How can we turn up anything on Miles' killing if you don't tell us what you've got?

SPADE Okay. It was a girl who wanted us to tail Thursby.

DUNDY What girl?

SPADE She came into the office yesterday afternoon. I didn't know who she was. Effie announced her about three o'clock. Said there was a girl to see me, a girl named Wonderly. (FADES OUT)

SFX: DOOR OPENS

EFFIE There's a girl to see you, Mr. Spade. She says her name's Wonderly.

NARRATOR That's Effie Perine, Spade's secretary. She's a lanky, sunburned woman. Her eyes are brown and playful. Her face shiny,

boyish. Spade treats her like a little girl, but, as Spade will admit, he does not know how to talk to women.

SPADE What is she, angel? A customer?

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

SPADE Well, shoo her in, Effie, darling.

EFFIE (EXITING) Will you come in, Miss Wonderly?

BRIGID (OFF) Thank you.

SFX: DOOR CLOSSES

BRIGID (CLOSER) Mr. Spade?

NARRATOR The woman in Spade's office was indeed, as Effie described her, attractive. Her dress and coat, two shades of blue, matched her cobalt eyes. Dark red hair curled from under her blue hat. Her full lips were more darkly red, contrasting nicely with her white teeth

SPADE Yeah, that's right. What can I do for you, Miss Wonderly?

BRIGID Well, I, I don't know where to start. I asked at the hotel for the name of a reliable private detective and they mentioned yours.

SPADE I see. Well, now, suppose you tell me about it from the very beginning.

BRIGID Well, I'm from New York. I've come here to find my sister, Corinne.

SPADE Mm hm. Well, are you sure she's in San Francisco?

BRIGID Well, she was two weeks ago. I have a letter from her. She, she came here with a man named Thursby, Floyd Thursby.

SPADE You mean she ran away with him?

BRIGID Yes. Oh, Mr. Spade, I've got to find her! Mother and Father are in Honolulu and it would kill them. I've got to get her back before they come home.

SPADE Well, what did she say in the letter?

BRIGID Nothing, except that she was all right. I sent her a note begging her not to do anything foolish. I sent it to general delivery. I told her I was coming out to get her. I shouldn't have done that, should I?

SPADE Well, it's not always easy to know what to do. You haven't found her?

BRIGID No. No, I told her I'd be at the St. Mark Hotel, for her to meet me there. But I've waited three whole days. She didn't come, didn't even send a message.

SPADE Well, go on.

BRIGID Oh, it was horrible. Waiting. Yesterday afternoon I went to the post office.

Corinne didn't come for her mail, but
Floyd Thursby did.

SPADE Well, did you speak to him?

BRIGID Yes. He wouldn't tell me where Corinne
was. But he promised to bring her to the
hotel this evening.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

ARCHER (COMING IN) Hiya, Sam. Say, I, er . . .
Oh. Excuse me.

SPADE Oh, it's all right, it's all right,
Miles, uh . . . Miss Wonderly, this is
Mr. Archer, my partner.

ARCHER (ATTRACTED) Well . . . How do you do?

BRIGID (MEEKLY) Mr. Archer.

ARCHER Anything I can do, Sam?

SPADE Well, uh, Miss Wonderly's sister ran
away from New York with a fellow named
Thursby.

ARCHER Mm hm.

SPADE Miss Wonderly has seen Thursby and has a
date with him tonight at the St. Mark.
Maybe he'll bring the sister with him
but the chances are he won't. Miss
Wonderly wants us to find the sister and
get her away from him and back home.
Right?

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

SPADE What time is he coming to see you?

BRIGID Between eight and ten.

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

ARCHER (BRIGHTLY) Oh, no, Sam, no. This is too important for that. I'll look after it myself, Miss Wonderly.

BRIGID Oh, thank you.

ARCHER Not at all.

BRIGID Oh, oh, here. I . . . I've brought some money. Will two hundred dollars be enough?

SPADE Well, to begin with, yes. Oh, uh, by the way, it would help some if you'd meet Thursby in the lobby.

BRIGID Oh, I will.

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

BRIGID Thank you. Goodbye.

SPADE Goodbye.

ARCHER (HOPEFULLY) Good-bye, Miss Wonderly. See you tonight.

BRIGID (FADES) Yes, goodbye.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

(PAUSE)

SPADE Well, Miles, what do you think of her?

ARCHER (CHUCKLE) You saw her first, Sam, but I spoke first.

SPADE I wasn't talking about her as a person. What about her story?

ARCHER Huh? Oh. What about it?

SPADE Well, you've got a great brain, Miles. Yes, you have. But maybe you're not thinking with your brain. Get out of here and get to work. Be careful.

SFX: DOOR OPENS, THEN CLOSES

DUNDY (FADES IN) So Miles went out to tail Thursby last night?

SPADE Yeah.

DUNDY And Thursby shot him? Is that what you think?

SPADE No, that's what you think, Dundy. I don't know.

DUNDY Tom, get on the phone. Call the St. Mark and ask for a girl named Wonderly.

SPADE I thought of that myself, Lieutenant. She was never registered. The whole story's probably a fake.

DUNDY Oh, was it? How 'bout yours, Mr. Spade?

SPADE Uh, Tom, what's your boyfriend gettin' at?

DUNDY I'll tell you what I'm getting at! Floyd Thursby was shot down in front of his hotel an hour ago! Where were you tonight, Spade?

SPADE I was right here, all night long.

DUNDY Got any proof?

SPADE No. So you think I shot Thursby, huh?

DUNDY Yeah. I think you did.

SPADE (LAUGHS) Well, I know where I stand now. Did, uh, Thursby die?

DUNDY Yes.

SPADE How did I kill him? I forget.

DUNDY He was shot three times in the back with a .44.

SPADE Hotel people know anything about him?

DUNDY Nothing. Except he'd been there a week.

SPADE Alone?

DUNDY Alone.

SPADE Well, did you find out who he was? What his game was?

DUNDY Nope. We thought you could tell us that.

SPADE I've never seen Thursby, dead or alive.

DUNDY Now, look, Spade. If you did kill Thursby, you'll get a square deal and most of the breaks. Don't know that I'd blame you a lot, the man that killed your partner, but that wouldn't keep me from nailin' ya.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

SPADE Well, fair enough. Now, good night, gentlemen. I'm tired.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SPADE (NARRATES) That's how it began. This slick dame comes to see me, gives me a song-and-dance about her sister and a guy called Floyd Thursby. She wants me to get her sister back before her mother and father get in from Hawaii. I put my partner, Miles Archer, on the case. That night, he gets murdered. And so does this guy Thursby.

ACT 2: "I BELIEVED YOUR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS"

MUSIC: UP FOR A TRANSITION, THEN IN BACKGROUND

SFX: PHONE RINGS TWICE, PICKS UP

SPADE Hello? . . . Yes . . . Oh, hello, Miss Wonderly. Where are you? What? . . . Coronet Apartments, one-oh-one, huh? I'll be there in a few minutes.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

NARRATOR Spade went round to the apartment of the woman calling herself Wonderly. Despite using a false name, she had something Spade seemed to go for.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

SFX: DOOR OPENS

BRIGID (GLAD TO SEE HIM) Oh, uh, Mr. Spade. Come in.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SPADE Thank you.

NARRATOR She led down the hallway and into a cream and red living room, which was in some disarray.

BRIGID Everything is upside down. I haven't finished unpacking.

SPADE You're not gonna go around the room straightening things and poking the fire, are you?

BRIGID (TROUBLED) No, not that. Mr. Spade, I've a terrible confession to make.

SPADE Yeah? Well, go ahead, Miss Wonderly.

BRIGID Well, that . . . that story I told you yesterday was all . . . a story.

SPADE Oh, that's all right. Of course, you lied to us about your sister and all that, but that doesn't count. I didn't believe your story.

BRIGID Then. . .?

SPADE I believed your two hundred dollars.

BRIGID You mean . . .

SPADE I mean you paid too much for someone who was telling the truth, and enough more to make it all right.

BRIGID (CHUCKLES) Oh, I see.

SPADE No, angel. You have no idea. I don't care what kind of tricks you're up to, what your secrets are, but I've got to have something to show that you know what you're doing.

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

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

BRIGID Where can we start?

SPADE Let's clear up one thing first, Miss Wonderly.

BRIGID What?

SPADE Your name. Now, what is it? Not Wonderly?

BRIGID No. It's really O'Shaughnessy.

SPADE First name?

BRIGID Brigid.

SPADE Brigid O'Shaughnessy. Well, that's one I can believe.

BRIGID Mr. Spade, tell me, am I to blame for last night?

SPADE Well, not unless there are things I don't know about. You warned us that Thursby was dangerous. So, I wouldn't say it was your fault.

BRIGID Oh, thank you. Mr. Archer was so, so alive yesterday, so solid and hearty . . .

SPADE Now, stop it. He knew what he was doing. Those are the chances we take. Anyway, there's no time for worrying about that. Right now there's a flock of cops running around with their noses to the ground.

BRIGID Mr. Spade, do they know about me?

SPADE Well, so far all they know is that there's a girl somewhere.

BRIGID But must they know about me at all, Mr. Spade? Couldn't you manage to shield me from them?

SPADE Well, maybe, but, uh, I'll have to know what it's all about.

BRIGID Well, I can't tell you now. Later I will. You'll have to trust me. (SHIFTS TONE, BECOMES IMPLORING, AND DRAMATIC) Oh, I'm so alone and afraid. I . . . I've got nobody to help me if you won't. Please trust me. Help me. Be generous, Mr. Spade.

SPADE Hm. You don't need much of anybody's help. You're good. It's chiefly your eyes, I think, and that throb you get into your voice when you say things like, uh, "Be generous, Mr. Spade."

BRIGID All right. I deserve that. But the lie was in the way I said it, not in what I said. You can leave if you like.

SPADE Oh, no, no. Not yet. I've got nothing against trusting you blindly but, uh, I can't do you any good if I don't know what it's all about. For instance, I've gotta have some sort of a line on your friend Thursby.

BRIGID I met him in Hong Kong. We came here just last week.

SPADE Where? Not from Hong Kong?

BRIGID No.

SPADE Where?

BRIGID Well, I, I can't tell you.

SPADE Well, go on.

BRIGID I needed him. I was completely dependent on him. He knew it. He took advantage of it to double-cross me.

SPADE How?

BRIGID I can't tell you that either.

SPADE (CHUCKLES) Well, uh, why'd you want him shadowed?

BRIGID I wanted to learn how far he'd gone, whom he was meeting.

SPADE Did he kill Archer?

BRIGID Yes, certainly.

SPADE Well, Thursby had a Luger in his shoulder holster. Archer wasn't killed with a Luger.

BRIGID Floyd always carried an extra revolver in his overcoat pocket.

SPADE Why all the guns?

BRIGID He lived by them. There was a story in Hong Kong that he had come there as a bodyguard for a gambler who had to leave the United States. The gambler

disappeared and people said Floyd knew about his disappearing. I don't know. I do know that he was always heavily armed and that he never went to sleep without covering the floor with crumpled newspaper so that nobody could come silently into his room.

SPADE You picked a nice playmate.

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

SPADE Yes, IF! All right, let's have it now. How bad a spot are you in?

BRIGID As bad as bad could be.

SPADE Physical danger?

BRIGID Yes. And I'm not heroic. I don't think there's anything worse than death.

SPADE Oh, shut up. You mean someone might kill you?

BRIGID (IMPLORING) Yes, and they'll get me unless you help. You've got to help, do you hear? You've got to!

SPADE I said shut up. (PAUSE) All right, I'll help you. And they'll probably give it to me, too, huh? All right, so what? I guess I won't be the first guy who let a dame make a sucker out of him.

BRIGID Mr. Spade! How dare you speak to me with that tone.

SPADE Forget it! I never know what to do or say to women except that way.

MUSIC: FOR A TRANSITION ... THEN
OUT

ACT 3: "HE SMELLS LIKE GARDENIAS"

SFX: DOOR OPENS

EFFIE He's back again, Mr. Spade.

SPADE Who, Effie?

EFFIE The fella that was here this morning. Here's his card.

SPADE (READS) Joel Cairo. (TO EFFIE) What is he, a character?

EFFIE Mm hm. Foreign type. He smells like gardenia flowers.

SPADE Gardenias, huh? Well, uh, show him in, Effie.

EFFIE Right. (MOVING OFF) Will you come in, Mr. Cairo?

CAIRO (FADES IN) You're very kind; thank you.

NARRATOR Joel Cairo was a dark man of medium height. His hair was black, and smooth, and glossy. A square cut ruby gleamed against the deep green of his cravat. His black coat flared slightly over his hips. His trousers fitted his leg slightly more tightly than was currently the fashion. The uppers of his patent

leather shoes were hidden by fawn spats. He held a black derby hat in a yellow chamois-gloved hand. His teeth were very white. He was foreign.

SPADE Now, uh, sit down, uh, Mr. Cairo.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

CAIRO Thank you.

SPADE I'm Sam Spade. Something I can do for you, Mr. Cairo?

CAIRO Yes, thank you, but first, may a stranger offer condolences for your partner's unfortunate death?

SPADE Thank you.

CAIRO And may I ask, Mr. Spade, if there, is a certain relationship between that unfortunate happening and the death later of the man Thursby? May I ask that?

SPADE No.

CAIRO I beg your pardon. (SHIFTING TONE, NOW BUSINESS) Mr. Spade, I'm trying to recover a . . . a . . . an ornament that has been, shall we say, mislaid. I thought and hoped you could assist me.

SPADE Yeah?

CAIRO The ornament is a statuette, a black figure of a bird.

SPADE Yeah?

CAIRO And I'm prepared to pay, on behalf of the figure's rightful owner, the sum of five thousand dollars for its recovery and, er, what is the phrase? Er, "No questions will be asked."

SPADE Well, five thousand dollars is a lot of money.

SFX: KNOCK AT THE DOOR

SPADE Come in.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

EFFIE (OFF) Is there anything else for me, Mr. Spade?

SPADE Oh, no. Uh, good night, Effie. And lock the door when you go, will you?

EFFIE (OFF) Good night.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

SPADE Yes, Mr. Cairo, five thousand dollars is a very . . . (SHARP) What do you think you're doing?

CAIRO I am pointing a revolver at a spot directly between your eyes. You will please clasp your hands together at the back of your neck and do not move. I intend to search your office and, if you attempt to prevent me, I shall certainly shoot you.

SPADE All right. Go ahead.

CAIRO You will please stand; I shall make sure you are not armed.

SPADE Certainly.

SFX: SCUFFLE

CAIRO (GRUNTS IN PAIN)

SPADE All right, Mr. Cairo, drop the gun, please. Drop it!

CAIRO (GRUNTS)

SPADE Drop it! Or do I twist your arm off at the elbow?

SFX: CAIRO STOPS STRUGGLING

CAIRO You . . . Here. Take it.

SFX: GUN DROPS TO FLOOR

SPADE Yeah. Thanks. Now sit down over there and behave yourself.

CAIRO You . . . you have bruised me, Mr. Spade.

SPADE Well, I'm sorry. I guess I got a little annoyed. I don't like guys who make a phony offer of five thousand dollars.

CAIRO You are mistaken, Mr. Spade. That was and is a genuine offer.

SPADE Yeah?

CAIRO

I am indeed prepared to pay five thousand dollars for the figure's return. You have the figure?

SPADE

No.

CAIRO

Then why did you risk serious injury to prevent my searching for it?

SPADE

Well, I should sit around and let people come in and stick me up? So the offer still goes, huh?

CAIRO

Most certainly.

SPADE

Well, all right. Now, let's put the cards on the table. Your first guess was that I had the bird. Now there's nothing to that. Now what's your second guess?

CAIRO

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

SPADE

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

CAIRO

If possible. And, in any event, with discretion. I'm at the Hotel Belvedere when you wish to communicate with me. Good evening, Mr. Spade.

SPADE

So long. Oh, uh, wait, uh . . . You know a girl named Wonderly?

CAIRO No, I do not.

SPADE Well, how 'bout Brigid O'Shaughnessy?

CAIRO The Hotel Coronet, Mr. Spade. Room one-oh-one.

SPADE Okay.

CAIRO Oh, by the way . . . may I have my revolver back please?

SPADE Oh, yeah, sure, sure. I'd forgotten it. Here. Here you are.

CAIRO Thank you. Now, you will please keep your hands behind your head! I still intend to search your office!

SPADE Well, I'll be . . . (LAUGHS) All right, go ahead.

CAIRO Thank you!

MUSIC: FOR A TRANSITION, THEN OUT

ACT 4: MEETING JOEL CAIRO

NARRATOR After Cairo left, Spade started for Brigid O'Shaughnessy's hotel.

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR . . . DOOR OPENS

BRIGID (SURPRISED) Oh, Mr. Spade!

NARRATOR The eagerness with which Miss O'Shaughnessy greeted Spade suggested she was not entirely certain of his visit.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

BRIGID Do you have any news for me?

SPADE Yeah, a little.

BRIGID Did you manage it so that the police won't have to know about me?

SPADE No, they won't . . . for a while, anyway.

BRIGID (RELIEVED) Oh. Well, you won't get into any trouble, will you, Mr. Spade?

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

BRIGID Do sit down, please.

SPADE Now, look, 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 Oh, schoolgirl manner, stammering, blushing and all that. Because if you are, honey, we'll never get anyplace. Now stop acting.

BRIGID All right, I'm sorry.

SPADE Good. (ABRUPT) I saw Joel Cairo tonight.

BRIGID (SURPRISED) You . . . you know him?

SPADE Only slightly.

BRIGID What did he say?

SPADE About what?

BRIGID About me.

SPADE Nothing.

BRIGID Well, what DID he talk about?

SPADE Well, he offered me five thousand dollars for the black bird.

BRIGID Oh, did he? And what did you say?

SPADE Well, I said five thousand dollars is a lot of money.

BRIGID It is. It's a lot more than I could ever offer you if I must bid for your loyalty.

SPADE (CHUCKLES) Well, that's good. (CHUCKLES) Coming from you. Give me another day like this, I'll soon be knowing things that you don't know. (SUDDENLY SERIOUS) Now, you've got away with this and . . . that, but you can't keep it up forever. What have you given me besides two hundred dollars? Have you given me any of your confidence, any of the truth?

BRIGID Can't you trust me a little longer?

SPADE Well, how much is a little? What are you waiting for?

BRIGID Well, I, I must talk to Joel Cairo.

SPADE Well, you can see him tonight.

BRIGID He can't come here. I can't let him know where I am. I'm afraid.

SPADE He gave me your address. Well, we can meet at my place, then. What about it?

BRIGID (All right. Your place.)

SPADE Good.

BRIGID But wait! You'll have to let me go about this in my own way. You mustn't interfere.

SPADE Well, I'll just sit and listen while you talk over old times.

BRIGID (CHUCKLES) You're a strange person. I like you.

SPADE Yeah? Well, don't overdo it.

BRIGID Oh, yes, right. Thank you.

NARRATOR Later that night Spade welcomed Miss O'Shaughnessy to his apartment. He took her hat and coat, both gray kidskin. Spade telephoned the Hotel Belvedere, left his address and a request that Joel Cairo stop by for a visit. Cairo arrived shortly.

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR . . . DOOR OPENS

SPADE Hello Mr. Cairo. Come in. Sit down. You know Miss O'Shaughnessy I presume.

CAIRO I might advise you, Mr. Spade. There is a boy outside who seems to be watching the house.

SPADE Yes, I know. I spotted him.

BRIGID (NERVOUS) What boy? Who is he?

SPADE Oh, I don't know. A wanna be tough guy, I guess. He's been tailing me around town all evening.

BRIGID Did he follow you to my apartment?

SPADE No, I shook him before that. Well, uh, let's start the meeting.

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

BRIGID I was sure you would be, Joel.

SPADE (MOVING OFF) Well, I'll mix a drink. Uh, just go ahead, Brigid.

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

SFX: GLASSES CLINKING

CAIRO It is ready.

BRIGID In cash?

CAIRO Oh, yes.

BRIGID You're ready to give us five thousand dollars if we turn over the falcon to you?

CAIRO I should be able to give you the money at, say, half past ten in the morning.

BRIGID But I haven't got the falcon.

CAIRO What?

BRIGID Oh, don't worry, I'll have it in another week at the most.

CAIRO Why must I wait a week?

BRIGID Well, perhaps not a whole week.

CAIRO And why, if I may ask, are you willing to sell it to me at all?

BRIGID I'm afraid. After what happened to Floyd, I'm afraid to touch it except to turn it over to somebody else right away.

CAIRO Tell me, exactly what DID happen to Floyd?

BRIGID He was murdered . . . by The Fat Man.

CAIRO (INCREDULOUS, WORRIED) The Fat Man? Is he here?

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

CAIRO Might make a world of difference.

BRIGID Yes. You might be able to get around The Fat Man, Joel, as you did that one in Istanbul. What was his name? The one you did away with?

CAIRO It's a lie! You dirty, little . . .

SFX: STRUGGLE, BRIGID SCREAMS,
CAIRO GRUNTS

SPADE Get away from her! Get away, do ya hear?

SFX: SPADE SLAPS CAIRO

CAIRO (GRUNTS IN PAIN)

SPADE Now, cool down.

CAIRO This . . . this is the second time you've put your hands on me, Mr. Spade!

SPADE Well, try and make it the last. Now, you better get out, Cairo. I'll call you tomorrow.

CAIRO You're working for her now, is that it?

SPADE I'm working for myself. You want to withdraw your offer, just say so.

CAIRO The offer still stands.

SPADE Well, all right. Now, get out.

CAIRO Very well. Good night, Mr. Spade.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

SPADE Well, you've got some fine friends, Miss O'Shaughnessy. Do they always try to throttle you?

BRIGID

I suppose I ought to thank you.

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

BRIGID Well, it didn't work out the way I hoped. I'll have to go now.

SPADE Oh, no, no. Not until you've told me about it.

BRIGID Am I a prisoner?

SPADE Mm, maybe. Or maybe that kid outside hasn't gone home yet.

BRIGID (WORRIED) Do you think he's still there?

SPADE Mm, likely.

BRIGID I'll stay . . . for a while anyhow.

SPADE Okay. Now, uh, what's this bird, this falcon, that everybody's all steamed up about?

BRIGID It's a black figure of a bird, a falcon, about a foot high.

SPADE Well, what makes it so important?

BRIGID I don't know. They wouldn't tell me. But they promised me five thousand dollars

if I helped them get it from the man who had it.

SPADE That was in Istanbul?

BRIGID Yes.

SPADE Well, go ahead.

BRIGID That's all. They promised me the money to help them, and I did. Then we found out that Joel Cairo meant to desert us, taking the falcon with him and leaving Floyd and me nothing. So we did exactly that to Mr. Cairo. We took the bird and left him with nothing.

SPADE Mm.

BRIGID But then I wasn't any better off than before because Floyd hadn't any intention of keeping his promise to me about sharing equally. I learned that by the time we got here.

SPADE What's the bird made of?

BRIGID Porcelain or black stone. I don't know.

SPADE You're a liar.

BRIGID What?

SPADE A liar.

BRIGID Yes, I am. I've always been a liar.

SPADE Well, don't brag about it. (BEAT) Is there any truth at all in that yarn?

BRIGID Some. Not very much.

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

BRIGID Oh! Oh, I'm so tired. I'm so tired of lying and thinking up lies and not knowing what is a lie and what's the truth. Don't ask me. Please, don't. If there's any kindness in you at all . . .

NARRATOR Spade never knows what to do or say to women except be straight ahead. Some might think of Spade as a man with stunted social skills. But Spade never let that bother him.

SPADE What are you trying now? That's right, turn on the beauty. Let your eyes get nice and starry. Put your arms around my neck and look pleadingly at me. Now, you're great. You think it's going to get you anyplace?

BRIGID Aw, it couldn't . . . with you.

SPADE No? (BEAT) Well, don't be so sure.

MUSIC: FOR TRANSITION

ACT 5: THE FAT MAN

SFX: DOOR OPENS

NARRATOR When he arrived at his office later that morning, the new sign had been painted on the glass: Sam Spade, Private Detective. Inside, Effie waited for Spade.

EFFIE Well, you were with Miss Wonderly last night. How was she?

SPADE What do you think of her?

EFFIE I'm for her.

SPADE She's got too many names. She says the right one is O'Shaughnessy.

EFFIE I don't care if she's got more names than a phone book. That girl is all right, and you know it.

SPADE I wonder. (CHANGING DIRECTION) Anyway, she's given me two hundred dollars and that's all right.

EFFIE Now you listen to me Sam Spade! 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 Well, right. What else?

EFFIE He was here twice, Mr. Spade.

SPADE Who?

EFFIE He wouldn't leave his name.

SPADE No place I can reach him?

EFFIE (He said something about the Hotel Berkeley.)

SPADE Well, what did he look like, Effie? Can you describe him?

EFFIE Well, that's easy enough. A big fellow. About two hundred and seventy pounds.

SPADE Yeah? (REALIZES, THEN WITH EMPHASIS) The Fat Man!

MUSIC: FILLS A PAUSE, THEN IN BG

SFX: LOBBY CROWD BUZZES IN BG

NARRATOR In the lobby of the Hotel Berkeley, Spade watched for The Fat Man. But he saw only the boy who had followed him for the last three days.

SPADE All right, all right, son. Where is he?

WILMER What?

SPADE Come on. Where is he? You work for him, don't you?

WILMER Who?

SPADE Caspar Gutman. The Fat Man. I want to speak to him.

WILMER What d'you think you're doin', jack . . .
. kiddin' me?

SPADE I'll tell you when I am. You've been tailing around after me for three days

and I'm getting a little sick of it. You can tell The Fat Man I said so.

WILMER Shove off.

SPADE You'll have to talk to me before you're through, sonny. So will he.

WILMER I said shove off.

SPADE And you can take your hand out of your pocket. Guns don't scare me much.

WILMER Keep askin' for it and you're gonna get it . . . plenty.

SPADE People lose their teeth talking like that. If you want to hang around, be polite. Now, how do I get in touch with The Fat Man.

WILMER Room four-oh-seven. This afternoon at three. He's expecting you.

SFX: LOBBY AMBIENCE FADES OUT

NARRATOR Spade walked around, killing time. He got his shoes shined. He went to John's Grill and ordered chops, a baked potato, and sliced tomatoes. He eat slowly. Thinking. Waiting to meet The Fat Man.

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR . . . DOOR OPENS

GUTMAN Ah, Mr. Spade! Delighted to see you, delighted. Please come in.

SPADE How do you do, Mr. Gutman.

NARRATOR Caspar Gutman, The Fat Man, was true to both his given and nickname. His great egg-shaped body was propelled efficiently by his short, stout legs. His eyes were like his hair, dark and sleek, peering out from the rolls of flesh surrounding them. He wore a black cutaway coat, an iridescent vest of many colors shiny and glittery like an opium dream, an Ascot tie with a pinkish pearl, gray-striped worsted trousers, and patent leather shoes. He was exuberant in voice and manners as he greeted Spade.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

GUTMAN Sit down, my friend. We'll have a little drink.

SPADE Well, I can't stay long. Sorry. I've got an appointment at the District Attorney's office.

GUTMAN So? Interesting. Say when, Mr. Spade.

SPADE I'll leave it to you.

GUTMAN (LAUGHS) Excellent, excellent! I distrust a man who says "when." If he's got to be careful not to drink too much, it's because he's not to be trusted when he does. (BEAT) You're a . . . close-mouthed man?

SPADE No, I like to talk. I enjoy it.

GUTMAN Better and better. I distrust a close-mouthed man. He generally picks the

wrong time to talk and says the wrong things.

SPADE Talking is something you can't do judiciously unless you keep in practice.

GUTMAN Well, sir. We'll talk.

SPADE That's swell. Will we talk about the black bird?

GUTMAN You're the man for me, sir. No beating about the bush but right to the point. But, first, sir, answer me a question. Are you here as Miss O'Shaughnessy's representative or Mr. Cairo's?

SPADE Well, there's nothing certain about it either way yet. It depends.

GUTMAN But which will you represent? It will be one or the other.

SPADE Not necessarily.

GUTMAN Who else is there?

SPADE Well, there's me.

GUTMAN Ah! That's wonderful, sir, wonderful! I do like a man who tells you right off that he's looking out for himself. Don't we all? I don't trust a man that says he's not. And the man that's telling the truth when he says he's not I distrust most of all, because he's an ass that's going contrary to the laws of nature.

SPADE Uh, let's talk about the black bird.

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

SPADE No.

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

SPADE No. Not even if I thought so.

GUTMAN (CHUCKLES) You, uh, know what the bird is, of course?

SPADE No, I don't.

GUTMAN You don't? They didn't tell you that?

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

GUTMAN But Miss O'Shaughnessy didn't tell you what it is? And Cairo didn't either?

SPADE (NEGATIVE) Mm mm.

GUTMAN But they must know what it is. Or do they? What is your impression, sir?

SPADE Well, there isn't much to go by. Cairo wouldn't talk. The girl said she didn't know but I took it for granted she was lying.

GUTMAN Then they don't know. I am the only one in this whole wide wonderful world who does.

SPADE Well, that's great. When you've told me, that'll make two of us.

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

SPADE Now, don't be foolish. You know what it is. I know where it is. That's why I'm here.

GUTMAN Well, sir, where is it? (BEAT) There, you see? I must tell things, but you refuse. That is hardly equitable, sir. No, no, no, no. I don't think we can do business along these lines.

SPADE You don't, huh? Well, think again, and think fast. I told that tough guy of yours that you'd have to talk to me before you finished. Now, I tell you that you'll do your talking today, or you're through! Now, what are you wasting my time for? I can get along without you! Now talk! Talk!

SFX: DOOR OPENS

WILMER Anything wrong, boss?

GUTMAN Come in, Wilmer.

SPADE Oh, yeah. Yeah, come in, sonny. Keep your hat on and your hand off your gun or I'll knock your ears down.

WILMER Listen, you!

GUTMAN (CAUTIONS) Wilmer. (BEAT) Just stand over there, Wilmer. (CHUCKLES) Excitable young man, Mr. Spade.

SPADE Well, make up your mind, Gutman. While you're doing it, keep that punk away from me. I'll kill him!

GUTMAN Mr. Spade . . . (LAUGHS) . . . I must say you've a most violent temper.

SPADE Well, think it over. You've got till five-thirty. Then you're either in or out, for keeps! I'm off to see the District Attorney.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

ACT 6: THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

NARRATOR The District Attorney was man who saw himself going places, all expenses paid by taxpayers. He was blond, medium stature, perhaps forty five with aggressive eyes behind black eyeglasses. He wore a Brooks Brothers suit with a club tie, black cap toed shoes. He started right in with Spade, as soon as he was seated in front of his attorney's desk, large enough to accommodate a landing airplane.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY Now, look, Mr. Spade, I've got a murder on my hands. The boss is yelling for a conviction. We need your help. Now, who killed Floyd Thursby?

SPADE I don't know.

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

SPADE Well, my guess might be excellent or it
might be crummy. Either way Mrs. Spade
didn't raise any children dippy enough
to make guesses in front of a District
Attorney and a stenographer.

DISTRICT Mr. Spade, I wish you wouldn't regard
ATTORNEY this as a formal inquiry. And please
don't think I have any belief in those
theories the police seem to have formed.
You see, they think you killed Thursby.

SPADE Yeah? Well, what's your theory?

DISTRICT Simple. Tell me who Archer was shadowing
ATTORNEY Thursby for and I'll tell you the
murderer.

SPADE (CHUCKLES) Well, that's where you're
wrong.

DISTRICT Whether I'm wrong isn't for you to
ATTORNEY judge. I'm a sworn officer of the law,
Mr. Spade. My duties . . .

SPADE I thought this was an informal talk.

DISTRICT It is. But I . . .
ATTORNEY

SPADE Well, then listen. The police think I'm
mixed up in those killings. Well, my
best chance of clearing myself is to
bring in the murderers all tied up. My

only chance of ever tying them up is by keeping away from you and the cops because you'd only gum up the works.

DISTRICT
ATTORNEY

Now, just a minute, Mr. Spade . . .

SPADE

I've got nothing to tell you or the police and I'm tired of being called things by every crackpot on the city payroll. If you want to see me, pinch me or subpoena me or something and I'll come down with my lawyer. (AS HE EXITS) See you at the inquest!

MUSIC: TRANSITION

ACT 7: THE HISTORY OF THE FALCON

SFX: TRAFFIC NOISE, FADE DOWN AND
CONTINUE UNDER

WILMER

(AFTER A PAUSE) Hey. You.

SPADE

Well. Hiya, son. Didn't expect to see you until five-twenty-five. I hope I haven't kept you waiting.

WILMER

Keep on ridin' me and they'll be pickin' iron out of your liver.

SPADE

(CHUCKLES) The cheaper the crook, the gaudier the patter. I'm here to see Gutman.

WILMER

He's upstairs. Tell the operator to call him.

SFX: TELEPHONE PICKUP

GUTMAN (FADES IN) Hello . . . Oh? . . . They're on their way up now? Thank you.
(QUICKLY) Oh, hello, Operator? I don't want to receive any calls for about an hour . . . Yes, thank you.

SFX: TELEPHONE HANG UP

SFX: QUICK KNOCK AT DOOR

SFX: DOOR OPENS IMMEDIATELY

SPADE Come on, get in, sonny.

GUTMAN Mr. Spade?

SPADE Here, Gutman. Here's your boy's six shooter.

GUTMAN Well. Well, what's this?

SPADE A crippled newsie took this away from him. I kept it. I was afraid he might hurt himself.

GUTMAN (LAUGHS UNDER FOLLOWING)

WILMER (ANGRY, HUMILIATED) I'll get you, Spade! Some day I'll let you have it right in the face . . .

SPADE Aw, get out of here.

GUTMAN Wait outside, Wilmer. (BEAT) By gad, Mr. Spade, you're a chap worth knowing.

SFX: DOOR SHUTS

GUTMAN An amazing character. Oh, by the way, I owe you an apology . . .

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

GUTMAN All right, sir, let's. Mr. Spade, this is going to be the most astounding thing you ever heard.

SPADE Yeah?

GUTMAN What do you know, sir, about the Knights of Rhodes?

SPADE Nothing.

GUTMAN Well, they were Crusaders, Mr. Spade. In 1539, these crusading Knights persuaded the Emperor Charles V to give them the island of Malta.

SPADE Yeah?

GUTMAN He made but one condition. They were to pay him each year the tribute of a falcon in acknowledgment that Malta was still under Spain. Do you follow me?

SPADE Yeah, so far.

GUTMAN Good. Well, sir, the Knights were profoundly grateful to the Emperor for his generosity toward them.

SPADE Mm hm.

GUTMAN The very first year they sent him—not an insignificant live bird—but a glorious

golden falcon, encrusted from head to foot with the finest jewels in their coffers. Well, sir! What do you think of that?

SPADE I don't know.

NARRATOR Inspired by Spade's lack of response, Gutman waxed academic about his subject. If Spade was not impressed, he had only to wait a moment. Gutman would fire his imagination with inspired storytelling.

GUTMAN These are facts, sir, historical facts! They sent this jeweled bird to Charles who was then in Spain. But it never reached Spain. A famous buccaneer, Barbarossa, know more familiarly as Redbeard, took the Knights' galley and the bird.

SPADE Mm hm.

GUTMAN In 1713 it turned up in Sicily. In 1840 it appeared in Paris.

SPADE Oh.

GUTMAN It had, by that time, acquired a coat of black enamel so that it looked like nothing more than a fairly interesting black statuette. Then in 1922 a Greek dealer named Charilaos Konstantinides found it in an obscure shop. No thickness of enamel could conceal value from his eyes.

SPADE Yeah. Well, er, go on.

GUTMAN Well, sir, to hold it safe Charilaos re-
enameled the bird.

SPADE I see.

GUTMAN I got wind of his find. But when I
arrived in Athens I discovered that the
bird was gone . . . and Charilaos
murdered. That was over twenty years
ago. Well, sir, it took me twenty years
to locate that bird, but I did. I traced
it to the home of a Russian general, one
Kemidov, living in exile in
Constantinople. I sent some . . . agents
to get it. Well, sir, they got it . . .
and I haven't got it.

SPADE Where's Kemidov now?

GUTMAN (BLITHELY) Oh . . . Kemidov? He died.

SPADE Very suddenly.

GUTMAN Yes. His heart.

SPADE Was there a knife in it or a bullet?

GUTMAN And now, uh, before we start to talk
prices, how soon are you willing to
produce the falcon?

SPADE Couple of days.

GUTMAN Ah, that's quite satisfactory. Well,
sir, let's drink to a fair bargain!

SFX: GLASSES CLINK

SPADE Well, uh, what's your idea of a fair bargain?

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

SPADE (GROGGY) Well, uh, how much greater?

GUTMAN Who knows? Shall I say one hundred thousand? That would be the minimum.

SPADE (INCREASINGLY GROGGY) Mm. And, uh, what, uh, what . . . what's the maximum?

GUTMAN What would you say to . . . a quarter of a million?

SPADE (EVEN MORE GROGGY) Well, then, you think the, er, the dingus is, uh, worth a million, hm?

GUTMAN At least.

SPADE (HAVING DIFFICULTY TALKING) That's . . . that's a lot of dough.

GUTMAN A lot of dough.

SPADE (SLURRING HIS SPEECH) Minimum, huh? And the, um, er, maximum? And the . . .?

GUTMAN What's the matter, Mr. Spade? Are you feeling ill?

SPADE (ALMOST INCOHERENT) I feel, uh . . .
What was, er, what was in that, er, that
drink?

GUTMAN The drink? Oh, I drugged it.

SPADE Yeah?

GUTMAN You'll be unconscious very shortly, Mr.
Spade. You'd better lie down. I wouldn't
want you to fall.

SPADE (CHUCKLES) Well, that's, heh, that's v-
very good. Heh. That's very . . .

SFX: SPADE'S BODY FALLS

GUTMAN Oh, dear, dear. (CALLS OUT) Oh, Joel?!
Joel? Come in!

SFX: DOOR OPENS

CAIRO Is he . . . unconscious?

GUTMAN Yes. You know, he's a very interesting
person, Joel. The kind of a man I enjoy
dealing with.

MUSIC: TRANSITION

ACT 8: A DEAD MAN DELIVERS THE
FALCON

NARRATOR Spade woke up on the floor, a crumple of
arms and legs right where he had fallen.

SPADE (NARRATES) My first thoughts were about
three characters and a black bird. My
partner was dead and the cops were

getting very uncooperative about the whole thing, including "who killed Floyd Thursby?" The name of Sam Spade was a cinch for the back page obituaries, but I came out of it somehow and managed to get up and stagger out of that apartment.

I went around to the hotel where Joel Cairo had a room and made a deal with the house dick to let me search it. All I could find was a newspaper in the wastebasket folded back to the steamship news. There was a list of arrivals and one was marked. It said, "Eight seven A. M. the La Paloma from Hong Kong." That was good enough for me. I got a cab and rode to the docks. The La Paloma was on fire and burning beautifully. I went back to my office to hold my aching head and think things over . . .

SFX: DOOR OPENS

EFFIE Mr. Spade, what happened to you?

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

EFFIE Who did it?

SPADE The Fat Man.

EFFIE But why?

SPADE Didn't have a chance to ask. Evidently, he wanted to get me out of the way for something.

EFFIE But I don't get it. You . . .

SFX: PHONE RINGS

SFX: PICKS UP PHONE

EFFIE Hello? . . . Yes? . . . What?! I can't hear you.

SPADE Who is it?

EFFIE Give it to me again . . . Yes, I've got that . . . Captain who? . . . Jacoby? Yes, I . . . Hello? Hello? . . . She's gone.

SFX: HANGS UP PHONE

SPADE Who's gone? Who?

EFFIE It was the O'Shaughnessy woman! She wants you! Here's the address.

SFX: RIPS PAGE FROM NOTEPAD

SPADE (READS) Twenty-six Ancho Street.

EFFIE She's in some kind of trouble, Mr. Spade. She was telling me something about a captain. A ship captain named Jacoby. And then . . . and then something happened to her.

SPADE What happened?

EFFIE I don't know. Like . . . like she was being choked.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

EFFIE Yes? What do you . . .? (STARTLED) Oh!

CAPTAIN JACOBY (WEAKLY) Mister . . . Spade?

SPADE Who is it, Effie?

EFFIE (TERRIFIED) It's . . . I don't know. It's . . .

JACOBY (WEAKLY) Mister . . . Spade?

SPADE Yes?

JACOBY (WEAKLY) This package . . . for you. She told me . . . for you.

SPADE (NARRATES) He was a tall guy in a long black overcoat, with a package in his hands, making gurgling noises, before he fell like a tree.

JACOBY (WEAKLY) For . . . you. Uhhhh . . .

SFX: BODY FALLS TO FLOOR

EFFIE Mr. Spade! Mr. Spade, he . . .!

SPADE Shut up. Close the door.

EFFIE Yes.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

NARRATOR Spade took a good look at the dead man on his office floor. He was Captain Jacoby off the La Paloma..

EFFIE Is he . . .? Is he dead?

SPADE Got about four slugs in him, that's all.

EFFIE Ohhhh.

SPADE Come on, pull yourself together.

EFFIE I'm all right.

SPADE Uh, give me the scissors from the desk, will ya? I want to see what's in this package.

EFFIE Here.

SFX: CUTS AND UNWRAPS PAPER FROM PACKAGE DURING FOLLOWING

EFFIE What is it?

NARRATOR Spade unwrapped the package Captain Jacoby had carried and there it was. The black bird.

SPADE We've got it, angel. We've got it! The Maltese Falcon.

EFFIE The falcon?

SPADE Look at it. The black bird. A million bucks under a coat of enamel.

EFFIE She said there was a . . . That's what she tried to tell us.

SPADE Now, listen, I've got to get to her.
Soon as I've gone, phone the police.
Tell 'em how it happened but forget he
brought a bundle. Here, get it straight
now.

EFFIE Yes.

SPADE I'll leave the bird in the safe. When I
call you, bring it to that Ancho Street
address. Got it?

EFFIE Yeah.

SPADE And after you bring it to me, go out and
call Dundy. Tell him to come on the run
with about six cops. No mistakes, Effie,
I may need 'em!

MUSIC: A FAST AND FURIOUS BRIDGE,
IN AND OUT

ACT 9: THE FALL GUY

NARRATOR Spade took a cab to Ancho Street, the
address Brigid O'Shaughnessy had given.
The house was the second from the
corner, a white stucco, one-story
bungalow. A "For Sale or Rent" sign hung
on a post out front. Judging by the
neglected yard, now full of weeds, the
house had been available for months.
Spade stepped on the front porch and
tried the front door, amused that it
opened to his first touch. Inside, he
searched each room, looking for Brigid
O'Shaughnessy. He found her shivering in
the dark corner of the back bedroom. He
carried her to the living room, put her

on the couch, switched on the lights . .
. and found a surprise party waiting to
greet him.

GUTMAN Just keep your hands up, Mr. Spade, and
sit down . . . Wilmer, shut the door.

SFX: DOOR SHUTS

GUTMAN Well, sir, we're all here . . . waiting
for you. And now, let's sit down, Mr.
Spade, and be comfortable.

SPADE Sure.

BRIGID Sam, I tried to call you, I wanted to
tell you . . .

SPADE Oh, it's all right, honey. Take it easy.

BRIGID But they've been holding me here all
last night and today.

GUTMAN But you've come to no harm, Miss
O'Shaughnessy. As yet. Oh, Mr. Spade, I
believe you know Mr. Cairo.

SPADE Yeah.

CAIRO How do you do?

GUTMAN (CHUCKLES) And, uh, Wilmer, of course.

WILMER You carryin' a rod? Lemme see.

SPADE Ah, get away. You're not going to frisk
me.

WILMER Stand still!

SPADE Put your paw on me and I'm gonna make you use that gun. Ask your boss if he wants me shot up before we talk.

GUTMAN Sit down, Wilmer. (CHUCKLES) Mr. Spade, you're certainly a most headstrong individual. Well, er, let's talk.

SPADE Yeah. Are you ready to make the first payment and take the falcon off my hands?

GUTMAN You're sure you have it?

BRIGID Sam! Have you?

SPADE I didn't this afternoon but I have now. Put the pot on, will you angel. I don't like to leave our guests.

GUTMAN Then I am willing to pay. Joel? The money, please.

SPADE Er, wait. Er, there's another thing to be taken care of first. We've got to have a fall guy.

GUTMAN I beg your pardon?

SPADE Well, the police have got to have somebody they can stick for those three murders.

GUTMAN Two. Only two murders, Mr. Spade. Thursby undoubtedly killed your partner.

SPADE All right, two. The point is I've got to come through with somebody, a perpetrator, when the time comes. If I don't, I'll be it.

GUTMAN And whom do you recommend as this victim?

SPADE Oh, well, I'm not fussy. How about giving them Wilmer here? He'll do.

WILMER Why, you . . .!

GUTMAN (LAUGHS)

SPADE Get away, punk. Look Gutman, if you kill me how you going to get the bird? And if I know you can't afford to kill me, how you going to scare me into giving it to you?

GUTMAN Well, sir, there are other means of persuasion besides killing and threatening to kill.

SPADE Yes, that's . . . that's true. But, there're none of them any good unless the threat of death is behind them. You see what I mean? If you start something, I'll make it a matter of your having to kill me or call it off.

GUTMAN That's an attitude, sir, that calls for the most delicate judgment on both sides. Because, as you know, sir, in the heat of action men are likely to forget where their best interests lie and let their emotions carry them away.

SPADE Then the trick from my angle is to make my play strong enough to tie you up, but not to make you mad enough to bump me off against your better judgment.

GUTMAN (LAUGHS) By gad, Mr. Spade, you are a character!

SPADE Well, it's our best bet. If we turn him over, the cops'll be happy. We'll be free as the air.

GUTMAN Well, what do you think of this, Wilmer? Mighty funny, mm?

WILMER (SARCASTICALLY) Yeah. Mighty funny. Big laugh.

SPADE Well, anyway, he killed Thursby, didn't he? He's made to order for the part.

WILMER Get up on your feet!

SPADE Go 'way, punk.

WILMER I've taken all the ridin' from you I'm gonna take! Get up and shoot it out!

GUTMAN Calm yourself, Wilmer. Mr. Spade, your plan is not at all practical. Let's not say anything more about it.

SPADE Well, all right. I've got another suggestion. Want to hear it?

GUTMAN Most assuredly.

SPADE Well, give them Joel Cairo.

CAIRO You always have a smooth answer, don't you.

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

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

SPADE Well, if you think she can be rigged for the part I'm perfectly willing to discuss it with you. But look, you people want the falcon. I've got it and the fall guy's part of the price.

BRIGID Sam!

SPADE What's the matter?

BRIGID You don't mean it! You couldn't!

SPADE No, because I don't think the cops will be happy, angel. Well, personally, I see only one guy who's really right. And that's Wilmer.

WILMER I'll kill him! I'll kill him!

SPADE Sit down punk! Maybe you'll make more of an impression. You standing there in your cheap suit isn't working.

GUTMAN Stop it! Stop it, do you hear?!

WILMER I told him to lay off me! I warned him!

SFX: SPADE SMACKS WILMER ... WILMER
FALLS TO FLOOR

SPADE

I hated to do that but the punk had it coming to him . . . There's your fall guy, Mr. Gutman. What do you say?

GUTMAN I don't like it, sir. I feel towards Wilmer exactly as if he were my own son. I really do. But if I even for a moment thought of doing what you propose, what in the world do you think would keep Wilmer from telling the police every last detail about the falcon and all of us?

SPADE (GROWLING) When you're slapped you'll take it and like it. So, either you'll say yes right now or I'll turn the falcon and the whole lot of you in.

GUTMAN (SLOW, RELUCTANT) Mmmmm. All right. You can have Wilmer . . . (DECISIVE) Carry him inside, Joel.

WILMER Mr. Gutman, boss, please . . .!

GUTMAN Wilmer, I'm sorry indeed to lose you, and I want you to know that I couldn't be any fonder of you if you were my own son. But . . . well, by Gad! . . . If you lose a son it's possible to get another . . . but there's only one Maltese falcon! Where is it, Mr. spade?

SPADE My, er, secretary left an hour ago with the falcon. She ought to be here in a few minutes. What about the money, Gutman?

GUTMAN In a few minutes. When she gets here.
SPADE

Good enough. Now, uh, let's get the details fixed. Now, why did Wilmer kill Thursby and why and where did he shoot Captain Jacoby?

GUTMAN Well . . . I shall be candid with you, sir. Thursby was Miss O'Shaughnessy's ally. We believed that disposing of him would frighten Miss O'Shaughnessy into patching up her differences with us.

SPADE Well, that sounds all right. Now, uh, Jacoby?

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

BRIGID That's a lie!

SPADE Well, tell me what happened.

GUTMAN Cairo saw in the newspaper that Jacoby's ship was arriving. He remembered that Jacoby and Miss O'Shaughnessy had been seen together in Hong Kong. Well, sir, he put two and two together and guessed the truth. She had given the bird to Jacoby to bring here.

SPADE Yes, and at that juncture you decided to slip me the mickey, huh?

GUTMAN Well, I'm sorry. There was no place for you in our plans, Mr. Spade. Mr. Cairo and Wilmer and I went to the boat to call on Captain Jacoby and Miss O'Shaughnessy. We persuaded Miss O'Shaughnessy to come to terms, or so we thought. Well, sir, we should have known

better. En route to my hotel, Captain Jacoby and the falcon slipped completely through our fingers. Except that Wilmer put a few bullets in him while he was running away. Oh, by the way, you said Jacoby died?

SPADE Yes. But, er, not until after he brought me the falcon.

GUTMAN Ah! Well, there's a bright side to everything, isn't there?

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR

SPADE I'll get it. It's my secretary.

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

SPADE All right. Come on.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

EFFIE Mr. Spade?

SPADE Well. Uh, thanks a lot, Effie.

EFFIE I . . . I wrapped it up again. Is there anything else?

SPADE No, thanks. Er, bye, Effie.

EFFIE Goodbye, Mr. Spade.

SFX: DOOR SHUTS

GUTMAN Let me have it, Mr. Spade!

SPADE Now, easy, easy.

GUTMAN Let me see it quickly.

SPADE Here. I guess the pleasure ought to be yours Mr. Gutman.

GUTMAN After twenty years!

SFX: UNWRAPPING THE FALCON

GUTMAN Twenty years!

SFX: UNWRAPPING STOPS

GUTMAN Yes! There it is! There you are, beauty.

CAIRO Is it . . . is it the falcon? The original?

GUTMAN We will make sure. Your knife, Joel.

CAIRO Here.

GUTMAN Thank you. Just a tiny cut in the enamel. And underneath we find . . .
(HARSH EXCLAMATION)

CAIRO Gutman! What's the matter?

GUTMAN It's a fake! It's lead! It's a fake!

BRIGID But it can't be!

SPADE All right, O'Shaughnessy, you've had your little joke. Now, tell us about it.

BRIGID But no, Sam! No! That's the one I got from Kemidov. I swear!

CAIRO You bungled it, Gutman! You and your stupid attempt to buy it. Kemidov found out how valuable it was. No wonder we had such an easy time stealing it. You . . . you imbecile! You bloated idiot! You stupid fat-head you! He put a fake in its place.

GUTMAN (SAVAGELY) Yes, that is Kemidov's hand. There's no doubt of it. (BRIGHTLY) Well, Joel?! What do you suggest? Shall we stand here and shed tears and call each other names? Or shall we go to Istanbul?

CAIRO Istanbul? You . . . you are still going to look for the falcon?

GUTMAN For twenty years I have wanted that little item, and have been trying to get it. I'll go on trying.

CAIRO Very well. I'll . . . I'll go with you!

GUTMAN Get Wilmer! We'll start tomorrow.

CAIRO Yes. Tomorrow.

SFX: DOOR OPENS

CAIRO Wilmer, we . . . Why, he's gone!

GUTMAN What?

CAIRO The window's open! He's gone!

SPADE Ah. Swell lot of thieves.

GUTMAN We have little enough to boast about, sir. That is true. But the world hasn't

come to an end just because we've run into a little setback. I'm sorry about your money, Mr. Spade, but of course you didn't earn it.

SPADE Well, I held up my end. You got your falcon. Your hard luck, not mine, that it wasn't what you wanted.

GUTMAN My hat, Joel.

SPADE Now, wait a minute! Wait a . . .!

GUTMAN Mr. Spade, it will do no good to argue. I haven't the money with me anyhow.

SPADE Well, I had an idea that was it.

GUTMAN Now, sir, we'll say goodbye to you. And since the shortest farewells are the best: Adieu. And to you, Miss O'Shaughnessy, I leave the lead falcon as a little memento. Adieu.

SFX: DOOR SHUTS

MUSIC: TRANSITION

ACT 10: THE RECKONING

NARRATOR With everyone gone, it was just Spade and Brigid O'Shaughnessy, alone in the vacant house. Time for a reckoning.

BRIGID Sam? Sam? What are you going to do?

SPADE Nothing.

BRIGID But those murders. You're mixed up in them. You said yourself the police needed a victim. Call them now. Tell them about Gutman.

SPADE I don't have to call them. Gutman will be nailed before he goes a block. But when he's nailed, he'll talk . . . about you. Now, we're sitting on dynamite and we've only got a couple of minutes to get all set for the cops. Now give me all of it fast! Talk!

BRIGID Where shall I begin?

SPADE Well, the day you first came to my office, why did you want Thursby shadowed?

BRIGID I told you, Sam. I suspected him of betraying me and I wanted to find out.

SPADE Now, that's a lie! You had Thursby hooked and you knew it! You wanted to get him out of the way before Jacoby came with the bird. Isn't that so?

BRIGID Yes.

SPADE What was your scheme?

BRIGID Well, I thought that if he saw someone following him, he might be frightened into going away.

SPADE Well, then you must have told Thursby that Archer was following him.

BRIGID Yes, I told him. But please believe me, Sam. I wouldn't have told him if I thought Thursby would kill him.

SPADE Well, if you thought he wouldn't kill Archer, you were right, angel.

BRIGID He didn't?

SPADE No! Archer'd been a cop too long to be caught like that up a blind alley with his gun tucked away on his hip and his overcoat buttoned. But he would have gone up there with you, angel. He was just dumb enough for that.

BRIGID Sam!

SPADE And then you could have stood as close to him as you liked in the dark and put a hole through him with a gun you'd gotten from Thursby that night.

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

SPADE Oh, shut up! This isn't the spot for the schoolgirl act! Why did you shoot him?

BRIGID Oh, I didn't mean to at first. I didn't, really. But . . . but when I saw that Thursby couldn't be frightened, I . . . Oh, Sam, darling . . .

SPADE Go on, go on. When you found that Thursby didn't mean to tackle Archer, you borrowed the gun and did it yourself, right?

BRIGID Yes.

SPADE You didn't know then that Gutman was here hunting for you until you heard Thursby had been shot, and then you knew you needed another protector, so you came back to me.

BRIGID Yes. But . . . but, Sam, it wasn't only that. I would have come back to you sooner or later.

SPADE Don't give me that. The pair of us are sitting under the gallows.

BRIGID From the very first minute I saw you, I knew that I . . .

SPADE Oh, you angel. I hope they don't hang you, precious, by that sweet neck.

BRIGID What?! Oh, no. You're not going to . . .

SPADE Yes, angel, I'm going to send you over. The chances are you'll get off with life. If you get a good break, you'll be out of San Quentin in twenty years. You can come back to me then. If they hang you I'll always remember you.

BRIGID Oh, no, don't, Sam. Don't say that.

SPADE You're taking the fall, darling.

BRIGID You're doing this to me? Don't you understand, Sam? I'm in love with you.

SPADE (LAUGHS) That's the stuff that dreams are made of. I want to believe you. All

of me wants to say the hell with the consequences and believe you. You counted on that from me just as you counted on that with the others. But I won't do that.

BRIGID But you can't! You can't!

SPADE Yes, I can. You killed a man, darling. Remember?

BRIGID I haven't lived a good life, Sam. It's true. I've been bad, worse than you could know. But I'm not all bad. Look at me, Sam. You know I'm not all bad, don't you? You can see that, can't you? Then can't you trust me just a little?

SPADE You know, that's good, because if you actually were as innocent as you pretend to be, we'd never get anywhere.

BRIGID You know deep down in your heart, you know that in spite of anything I've done, I love you.

SPADE I don't care who loves who. I'm not going to play the sucker. I won't walk in Thursby's, and I don't know how many others' footsteps! When a man's partner is killed, he's supposed to do something about it. It doesn't make any difference what you thought of him. He was your partner and you're supposed to do something about it. And it happens I'm in the detective business. Well, when one of my organization gets killed, it's bad business to let the killer get away

with it. Bad all around, bad for every detective everywhere. You killed Miles and you're going over for it!

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR

BRIGID Sam!

SPADE That's the cops.

BRIGID Don't let them in! Please!

SPADE (WALKS OFF) Sit tight, honey.

BRIGID Sam!

SFX: DOOR OPENS

DUNDY Hello, Spade.

SPADE Come in. You get The Fat Man?

DUNDY We got them. The kid, too.

SPADE Oh, swell. Here's another one for you. She killed Miles.

DUNDY Can you prove it?

SPADE Can I, Miss O'Shaughnessy? Can I prove it? Go on, tell them.

BRIGID Yes.

DUNDY All right. Come on.

SPADE So long, Miss O'Shaughnessy.

BRIGID This . . . this doesn't mean anything to you, does it? Don't you love me Sam? And what about the money. I could have steered you into a lot of money!

SPADE Well, a lot of money would have been at least one more item on the other side of the scales.

BRIGID If you loved me you'd need nothing more on that side.

SPADE Maybe. But I won't play the sap for you. You're going away. I'll have some rotten nights, but that'll pass.

MUSIC: UP FOR ENDING

EPILOGUE

SPADE (NARRATES) So that's the story of The Maltese Falcon. Every bit of it true. I'm still a private eye, but working alone. No more partners. It's easier this way. I can pick and choose my clients, always knowing that I've got the gold bird hidden away safely. Someday, maybe when the case is even colder, I'll sell it, take the money and buy a small bar up in North Beach. I'll sit at one end, drink one for Miles, and talk to customers. One day another slick chick will walk in with an improbable story but she'll have to convince me that she knows what her story is all about and not just fiddling around, hoping it will all come out all right in the end. I don't mind a reasonable amount of trouble, but I'll have to be

careful not to drink too much because if she's as innocent as she pretends to be, we'll never get anywhere, especially if she tries to buy my loyalty with money and nothing else.

MUSIC: UP AND SUSTAIN FOR A
CLOSING, THEN DOWN AND OUT

ANNOUNCER

That's our performance tonight ladies and gentlemen. We hope you have enjoyed our re-imagination of *The Maltese Falcon*.

You were entertained tonight by . . .

Kellan Connolly = Lieutenant DUNDY and
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Jack McCracken = Tom POLHAUS and Caspar
GUTMAN

Arianna Dorenbosh = EFFIE Perine

Bob Meek = Miles ARCHER and WILMER Cook

Greg Shilling = Joel CAIRO

Barbara Richardson = BRIGID
O'Shaughnessy

Larry Taylor = Sam SPADE

Dean Lyon created live sound effects

Ahri Nicholas designed the lighting

Laine Keniston was our stage manager

Dan Wyatt, Jr. was technical producer

I am John Barber, producer and director of Re-Imagined Radio.

Re-Imagined Radio is a collaborative between Kiggins Theatre, Metropolitan Performing Arts, and the Creative Media & Digital Culture Program at Washington State University Vancouver. My colleagues and I are all volunteers, seeking to provide arts and entertainment for our community.

Thank you for joining us for an evening of storytelling. Please watch the Kiggins website, and our social media under #reimagined radio for news of our next performance.

Good night everyone, and thank you again for joining us tonight. This has been Re-Imagined Radio with our performance of *The Maltese Falcon*.