

**The Maltese Falcon (Il mistero del falco) 1941 – John Huston**  
**Dialogue Transcript – Trascrizione dialoghi (Lux Radio)**

ANNOUNCER:

Lux presents Hollywood!

MUSIC:

LUX THEME

ANNOUNCER:

The Lux Radio Theatre brings you Edward G. Robinson, Gail Patrick and Laird Cregar in "The Maltese Falcon." Ladies and gentlemen, your producer, Mr. Cecil B. DeMille!

SOUND:

APPLAUSE

MUSIC:

OUT

DeMILLE:

Greetings from Hollywood, ladies and gentlemen. Some people like mystery stories because of the intellectual challenge they present. Personally, I'm seldom able to figure out "whodunit" without - without skipping to the back of the book. But give me a good detective story and -- like presidents, bankers, housewives and chorus girls the country over -- I find that my own troubles fold up their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away.

Tonight we point with pride to a triumph of the art, the Dashiell Hammett classic, "The Maltese Falcon." Brought to us by three of our favorite stars ... Edward G. Robinson, Gail Patrick and Laird Cregar. The Warner Brothers screenplay was masterfully written and directed by John Huston, who comes by his talent naturally because he's Walter Huston's son. For the next hour, we'll follow the eerie trail of this fabulous falcon which is coveted by many people, to their great ill-fortune, and to the great ill-health of a few.

I think most of us have a secret desire to be detectives. At least, that seems to be very true of this audience. Because you've done some good, practical detective work by discovering dozens of different ways to use Lux flakes. And that doesn't make any of us unhappy. Nowadays, many familiar materials are doing a wartime job. Nylon and silk are going into parachutes. Cotton, rayon and wool into uniforms. And many other wartime uses. That means that we on the homefront must make the things we have last longer so that our boys on the fighting front will have what they need. You're all trying to track down ways and means to make washable fabrics last. And the clue that's giving you domestic detectives the solution is Lux Flakes.

But now let's track down the Maltese Falcon, because here's the first act, starring Edward G. Robinson as Sam Spade, Gail Patrick as Brigid and Laird Cregar as Gutman.

MUSIC:

EERIE, FOR AN INTRODUCTION ... THEN, IN BG

DeMILLE:

At two o'clock in the morning, the city of San Francisco lies sleeping under a blanket of fog.

SOUND:

FOOTSTEPS ECHO ON SIDEWALK

DeMILLE:

Along a lonely street, a man walks slowly, his footsteps ringing hollowly against the wet pavement. He passes a deserted alley and stops.

SOUND:

FOOTSTEPS STOP

DeMILLE:

The man turns and peers for a long time into the shadows. Suddenly, one of the shadows moves. The man stumbles backward. His hands reach out to shield his body!

SOUND:

GUNSHOT

MAN:

(GROANS)

SOUND:

BODY FALLS TO GROUND

MUSIC:

UP, FOR AN ACCENT ... THEN OUT

SOUND:

KNOCKING AT DOOR, DOORBELL RINGING

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.

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS

SPADE:

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

DUNDY:

Yeah.

SPADE:

Four 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.

SOUND:

DOOR CLOSES

SPADE:

Sure. Hiya, Tom.

POLHAUS:

Hello, Sam.

DUNDY:

What d'you know about this killing, Spade?

SPADE:

Very little.

POLHAUS:

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.

SOUND:

SPADE MIXES A DRINK UNDER THE FOLLOWING

SPADE:

Oh, excuse me, will you have one, Lieutenant?

DUNDY:

No, I won't.

SPADE:

Okay. Mind if I have one, Lieutenant?

DUNDY:

(SCOFFS) No.

SPADE:

You don't like me, do you, Dundy?

SOUND:

FIXES DRINK UNDER FOLLOWING

DUNDY:

I don't like any cops who aren't 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? What for? (NO ANSWER) 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 don't like this, Dundy. What are you sucking around for? Tell me or get out!

DUNDY:

I asked you why you were 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, I can't tell you that.

POLHAUS:

Be reasonable, Sam. Give us a chance. How can we turn up anything on Miles' killing if you don't tell us what you've got?

MUSIC:

SNEAKS IN BEHIND AND UNDER

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)

MUSIC:

TOPS HIM, FOR A TRANSITION

EFFIE:

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

SPADE:

What is she, Effie? 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.

MUSIC:

OUT

EFFIE:

(EXITING) Will you come in, Miss Wonderly?

BRIGID:

(OFF) Thank you.

SOUND:

DOOR CLOSES

BRIGID:

(CLOSER) Mr. Spade?

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.

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 - 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, 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.

SOUND:

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-- Oh, 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:

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:

Good-bye, Miss Wonderly. See you tonight.

BRIGID:

(FADES) Yes, goodbye.

SOUND:

DOOR CLOSES

SPADE:

Well, Miles, what do you think of her?

ARCHER:

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



SPADE:

I wasn't talking about her figure. What about her story?

ARCHER:

Huh? Oh. What about it?

SPADE:

Well, you've got a great brain, Miles. Yes, you have.

MUSIC:

AN ACCENT, A TRANSITION ... FADES UNDER THE FOLLOWING

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!

SPADE:

Take your paws off me!

POLHAUS:

Easy, boss. Don't rough him up.

DUNDY:

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 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 get 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.

SPADE:

Well, fair enough. But I'd feel better about it if you'd have a drink with me. (NO ANSWER) No?

DUNDY:

No.

SPADE:

Well, good night, gentlemen. I'm tired.

MUSIC:

FOR A TRANSITION, THEN IN BG

SOUND:

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. Oh, by the way, what's your name this morning? ... Miss LeBlanc? ... Okay, Miss LeBlanc.

MUSIC:

FOR A TRANSITION, THEN OUT

BRIGID:

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

SPADE:

Yeah? Well, go ahead, Miss LeBlanc.

BRIGID:

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

SPADE:

Oh, that's all right. I didn't believe your story anyhow. I believed your two hundred dollars.

BRIGID:

Oh?

SPADE:

Ah, you paid too much for someone who was telling the truth.

BRIGID:

(CHUCKLES) Oh, I see.

SPADE:

Now, uh, let's clear up one thing first, Miss LeBlanc.

BRIGID:

What?

SPADE:

Your name. Now, what is it? Not LeBlanc?

BRIGID:

No. It's really Shaughnessy.

SPADE:

First name?

BRIGID:

Brigid.

SPADE:

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

BRIGID:

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

SPADE:

Well, you warned us that Thursby was dangerous. 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. 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.

SPADE:

You picked a nice playmate. ... 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:

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. 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.

MUSIC:

FOR A TRANSITION ... THEN OUT

SOUND:

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.

SPADE:

Gardenia, huh? Well, uh, shoot him in, Effie.

EFFIE:

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

CAIRO:

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

SPADE:

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

SOUND:

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 and the death of the man Thursby?  
May I ask that?

SPADE:

No.

CAIRO:

I beg your pardon. 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.

SOUND:

KNOCK AT THE DOOR

SPADE:

Come in.

SOUND:

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.

SOUND:

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.

SOUND:

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?

SOUND:

CAIRO STOPS STRUGGLING

CAIRO:

You-- Here. Take it.

SOUND:

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:

And I am 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:

LeBlanc?

CAIRO:

No.

SPADE:

Well, how 'bout Brigid Shaughnessy?

CAIRO:

The Hotel Belvedere, Mr. Spade. Room six-drei-five.

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

BRIGID:

Come in, Mr. Spade!

SOUND:

DOOR CLOSES

BRIGID:

Do you have any news for me?

SPADE:

Yeah, a little.

BRIGID:

I mean, 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, you won't, Mr. Spade?

SPADE:

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

BRIGID:

Do sit down, please.

SPADE:

(MOCKS HER) Do sit down, please. (BACK TO NORMAL) 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. (SUDDENLY SERIOUS) Now, 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:

Well, 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.

MUSIC:

FOR A TRANSITION, THEN OUT

SPADE:

Sit down, Mr. Cairo. Sit down, Miss Shaughnessy.

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 gunman, 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 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?

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:

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--

SOUND:

OF A STRUGGLE, GLASS BREAKS, FURNITURE OVERTURNED

SPADE:

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

SOUND:

SPADE PUNCHES 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; get out.

CAIRO:

Very well. Good night, Mr. Spade.

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

SPADE:

Well, you've got some fine friends, Miss 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:

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 hawk or 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.

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--

SPADE:

Now, 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 A CURTAIN

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

We'll hear Act Two of "The Maltese Falcon" -- starring Edward G. Robinson, Gail Patrick and Laird Cregar -- in just a moment.

Meantime, I have exciting news for you. The package of Lux you have in your home now looks just like the package you've always bought. But! The flakes inside have been improved -- so that they can help you more than ever to save washables in wartime. Washables that may be irreplaceable. Remember, the Lux your dealer has now, in the same familiar package, is NEW IMPROVED LUX. Improved three ways. The first way-- Er, Mrs. Burton? How would you like to have a Lux that's even milder and safer than ever?

MRS. BURTON:

Why, that would be wonderful. But it's hard to see how Lux could be milder.

ANNOUNCER:

Well, NEW IMPROVED LUX is the mildest, safest ever made. To give today's precious washables the super-safe care they need to make them last longer. Now, uh, Mrs. Johnson? Suppose I told you suds from NEW IMPROVED LUX are even richer, more cleansing than before?

MRS. JOHNSON:

Why, that's just what I need for the children's things -- a soap that's really mild - but that really gets after the dirt.

ANNOUNCER:

And Mrs., uh, Sutherland? How would you like a Lux made with suds that are even longer-lasting?

MRS. SUTHERLAND:

Even longer-lasting than before? Why, that would make Lux thriftier than ever.

ANNOUNCER:

Yes, NEW IMPROVED LUX is better than ever for every soap and water job you have to do. First, it's the mildest, safest Lux ever made. Second, its suds are richer, more cleansing. Third, they're longer-lasting suds - that do more work. Give more of your washables the super-safe Lux care. Not only silks and woolsens and rayons but gay cottons -- all your colored things. NEW IMPROVED LUX comes in the same familiar box. Your dealer has it now.

Now, our producer, Mr. DeMille.

DeMILLE:

Act Two of "The Maltese Falcon," starring Edward G. Robinson as Sam Spade, Gail Patrick as Brigid and Laird Cregar as Gutman.

MUSIC:

FOR AN INTRO, THEN IN BG

DeMILLE:

On the trail of the black falcon, Sam Spade has followed nothing but blind alleys. But now a call comes from his secretary.

EFFIE:

(FILTERED) He was here twice, Mr. Spade. He wouldn't leave his name though.

SPADE:

No place I can reach him?

EFFIE:

(FILTERED) He said something about the Hotel Berkeley.

SPADE:

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

EFFIE:

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

SPADE:

Yeah? (REALIZES) The fat man.

MUSIC:

FILLS A PAUSE, THEN IN BG

DeMILLE:

In the lobby of the Hotel Berkeley, Sam Spade watches for the fat man. But he sees only the boy who has followed him for the last three days.

MUSIC:

OUT

SOUND:

LOBBY CROWD BUZZES IN BG

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:

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, tell the fat man to call me and leave his name.

MUSIC:

A BRIEF BRIDGE, THEN IN BG

EFFIE:

Hello, Mr. Spade? Mr. Gutman called. He says the boy gave him the message. Room four-oh-seven, the Berkeley, this afternoon at three.

MUSIC:

UP FOR PUNCTUATION, THEN OUT

GUTMAN:

Ah, Mr. Spade! Delighted to see you, delighted.

SPADE:

How do you do, Mr. Gutman?

GUTMAN:

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

SOUND:

MIXING OF DRINKS

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. 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 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.

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 the-- 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 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 gunman of yours that you'd have to talk to me before you finished. Now, I tell you now 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!

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS

WILMER:

Anything wrong, boss?

GUTMAN:

Come in, Wilmer.

SPADE:

Oh, yeah. Yeah, come in, sonny. Keep your hat 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 gunsel 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!

SOUND:

DOOR SLAMS SHUT

MUSIC:



A BRIDGE, THEN OUT

D. A.:

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.]

D. A.:

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

SPADE:

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

D. A.:

Mr. Spade, I wish you wouldn't regard 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?

D. A.:

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

SPADE:

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

D. A.:

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

SPADE:

I thought this was an informal talk.

D. A.:

It is. But I--

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.

D. A.:

Now, just a minute, Mr. Spade--

SPADE:

And I don't want any more o' these informal talks. You want to see me again, pinch me or subpoena me or somethin' and I'll come down with my lawyer. (AS HE EXITS) See you at the inquest!

MUSIC:

A BRIDGE, IN AND OUT

SOUND:

TRAFFIC NOISE

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. Gutman ready to talk?

WILMER:

He's waitin' at the hotel. Get goin'.

SOUND:

TRAFFIC NOISE FADES OUT

GUTMAN:

(FADES IN) 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.

SOUND:

PHONE HANGS UP, A QUICK KNOCK AND DOOR IMMEDIATELY OPENS

SPADE:

Come on, get in, sonny.

GUTMAN:

Mr. Spade?

SPADE:

Here, Gutman. Here's your gunman's six shooter.

GUTMAN:

Well. Well, what's this?

SPADE:

I took it away from him. 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, sir, you're a chap worth knowing.

SOUND:

DOOR SHUTS

GUTMAN:

An amazing character. Here, I'll fix a drink for you.

SPADE:

Thanks.

SOUND:

DRINK FIXING IN BG

GUTMAN:

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.

GUTMAN:

These are facts, historical facts. They sent this jeweled bird to Charles who was then in Spain. But it never reached Spain. A famous admiral of buccaneers 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 found it in an obscure shop. No thickness of enamel could conceal value from his eyes. Drink up, sir.

SOUND:

BRIEF CLINK OF GLASSES

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, in Istanbul. I sent some - agents to get it. Well, sir, they got it ... and I haven't got it.

SPADE:

Where's Kemidov?

GUTMAN:

Oh ... Kemidov? He died.

SPADE:

Very suddenly.

GUTMAN:

Yes. His heart.

SPADE:

Was there a knife in it or a bullet?

GUTMAN:

Your glass, sir? Thank you.

SOUND:

POURS DRINK IN BG

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, here's to a fair bargain! Drink up!

SOUND:

BRIEF CLINK OF GLASSES, GUTMAN EXHALES HAPPILY, GLASSES ARE SET DOWN

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:

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 - what's the maximum?

GUTMAN:

What would you say to - a quarter of a million?

SPADE:

Well, then, you think the, er, the dingus is, uh, w-w-worth a million, hm?

GUTMAN:

At least.

SPADE:

That's - that's a lot of dough.

GUTMAN:

A lot of dough.

SPADE:

Minimum, huh? And the, um, er, mac-maximum? And the--?

GUTMAN:

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

MUSIC:

OMINOUS ... BUILDS QUIETLY IN BG

SPADE:

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--

SOUND:

SPADE'S BODY FALLS

GUTMAN:

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

SOUND:

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:

BUILDS TO A FINISH

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

We pause now for station identification. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC:

FOR STATION IDENTIFICATION, THEN OUT

ANNOUNCER:

After a brief intermission, Edward G. Robinson, Gail Patrick and Laird Cregar will return in the third act of "The Maltese Falcon."

Now, here's a question for the women in our audience.

WOMAN:

If you could make your stockings last far longer just by doing one very easy thing, would you do it? Of course you would. Then, listen to this.

ANNOUNCER:

Recent tests show how to cut down stocking runs over fifty per cent.

WOMAN:

Yes, a famous laboratory - the United States Testing Company, Incorporated - repeatedly washed rayon stockings different ways. Then tested them on an almost human machine -- a sort of mechanical leg that strains stockings the way you do in actual wear. Here's what they found. Washing with NEW IMPROVED LUX cuts down runs over fifty per cent. Yes, the Lux stockings tested on the machine didn't go into runs nearly as easily as stockings washed with a strong soap or rubbed with cake soap. They lasted ever so much longer!

ANNOUNCER:

You see, NEW IMPROVED LUX saves elasticity - so stockings can take extra strain without breaking into runs so easily. And here's what girls find in actual experience.

GIRL:

Why, I got over twice the wear from my Lux stockings. Lux cut my runs almost in half.

ANNOUNCER:

That means a lot now that stockings are so precious. Better stick to Lux and avoid those enemies of stockings: cake soap rubbing and strong soaps.

Uh, one special hint about rayons. They need twenty-four to forty-eight hours drying time. Get NEW IMPROVED LUX tomorrow. It's in the same familiar box and your dealer has it right now.

Now, Mr. DeMille returns to the microphone.

DeMILLE:

One of tonight's stars flew the Atlantic recently. We'll hear about it right after the play.

Now, the third act of "The Maltese Falcon" starring Edward G. Robinson, Gail Patrick and Laird Cregar.

MUSIC:

FOR AN OPENING, THEN IN BG

DeMILLE:

When Sam Spade woke up, he was alone in the hotel room. Pale and still shaking from the effects of the drug, he's gone to his office where Effie stares at him in alarm.

MUSIC:

OUT

EFFIE:

Mr. Spade, what happened to you.

SPADE:

I wouldn't know. I went visiting this afternoon with [...] knockout drops 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.



SOUND:

PHONE RINGS

EFFIE:

But I don't get it. You--

SOUND:

(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.

SOUND:

HANGS UP PHONE

SPADE:

Who's gone? Who?

EFFIE:

It was the Shaughnessy girl! She wants you! Here's the address.

SOUND:

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.

SOUND:

DISTANT DOOR OPENS

SPADE:

Listen, uh - was that the outside door?

EFFIE:

I'll see.

SOUND:

NEAR DOOR OPENS

EFFIE:

(OFF) Yes? What do you--? (STARTLED) Oh!

MAN:

(WEAKLY) Mister ... Spade?

SPADE:

Who is it, Effie?

EFFIE:

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

MAN:

(WEAKLY) Mister ... Spade?

SPADE:

Yes?

MAN:

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

SPADE:

What's the matter with you?

MAN:

(WEAKLY) For ... you. Uhhhh--

SOUND:

BODY FALLS TO FLOOR

EFFIE:

Mr. Spade! Mr. Spade, he--!

SPADE:

Shut up. Lock the door.

EFFIE:

Yes.

SOUND:

SHUTS AND LOCKS DOOR

EFFIE:

Here.

SPADE:

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

EFFIE:

Here.

SOUND:

CUTS AND UNWRAPS PAPER FROM PACKAGE DURING FOLLOWING

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:

Well, now we'll see. If this is what I think it is. ... Yeah. ... Yeah!

EFFIE:

What is it?

SPADE:

You'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. He must be Captain Jacoby.

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

GUTMAN:

Just keep your hands up, Mr. Spade, and come in. ... Wilmer, shut the door.

SOUND:

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 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.

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 a victim, 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 victim, 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.

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:

Yeah. Mighty funny.

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:

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

SPADE:

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

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!

SOUND:

STRUGGLE TO RESTRAIN WILMER

GUTMAN:

Stop it! Stop it, do you hear?!

SPADE:

Oh, let him go.

WILMER:

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

SOUND:

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.

SPADE:

Well, 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.

MUSIC:

A BRIDGE, IN AND OUT

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 Shaughnessy's ally. We believed that disposing of him would frighten Miss 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 Shaughnessy's fault.

BRIGID:

That's a lie.

SPADE:

Well, tell me what happened.

GUTMAN:



Well, Cairo saw in the newspaper that Jacoby's ship was arriving. He remembered that Jacoby and Miss 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 Shaughnessy. We persuaded Miss Shaughnessy to come to terms, or so we thought. Well, sir, we mere men 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?

SOUND:

DOORBELL BUZZES

SPADE:

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

GUTMAN:

You don't mind if I go to the door with you.

SPADE:

All right. Come on.

SOUND:

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.

SOUND:

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 Mr. Gutman's.

GUTMAN:

After twenty years!

SOUND:

UNWRAPPING THE FALCON

GUTMAN:

Twenty years!

SOUND:

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, 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 caught on how valuable it was! He put a fake in its place.

GUTMAN:

(SAVAGE) 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.

SOUND:

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. 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 Shaughnessy, I leave the lead falcon as a little memento. Adieu.

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

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

SPADE:

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

BRIGID:

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

SPADE:

I'm going to send you over.

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 great.

BRIGID:

But you can't--! You can't--!

SPADE:

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

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! You killed Miles and you're going over for it!

SOUND:

DOORBELL BUZZES

BRIGID:

Sam!

SPADE:

That's the cops.

BRIGID:

Don't let them in! Please!

SPADE:

(WALKS OFF) Sit tight, honey.

BRIGID:

Sam!

SOUND:

DOOR OPENS

DUNDY:

Hello, Spade.

SPADE:

Come in. You get the fat boy?

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 Shaughnessy? Can I prove it? Go on, tell them.

BRIGID:

Yes.

DUNDY:

All right. Come on.

SPADE:

So long, Miss Shaughnessy.

BRIGID:

This - this doesn't mean anything to you, does it?

SPADE:

Maybe. But you're going anyway. But chances are you'll get off with twenty years. If you do, I'll wait for you. And if they hang ya, angel ... I'll always remember you.

MUSIC:

FOR A CURTAIN

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

Our stars will return to the microphone in just a moment. But, now, listen a minute: ... Ammunition for attack!

SOUND:

SIRENS WAIL, MACHINE GUN FIRE

ANNOUNCER:

Shells for defense against the enemy!

SOUND:

BOMBS AWAY

ANNOUNCER:

Our boys must have these things to win the war. And you may be unknowingly throwing away material needed to help them win. Waste fats and greases from your kitchen contain glycerin, one of the things that goes into the making of explosives. No amount is too small to save. Think of it this way: one man doesn't make an army yet together millions of individual Americans make up the finest army in the world. If every American housewife turns in one pound of waste household fats a month, together that will make five hundred and forty million pounds of smokeless powder a year!

Now, here's what our government asks us to do -- Strain waste fats and greases into a can -- any clean, smooth-edged can. Don't use glass or paper containers because they break or leak. The cans you use will be salvaged later. Keep the can in a cool place. And when it's full, take it to your local meat dealer. He'll pay you cash for each pound of fat. Try to do this early in the week when he's not so busy as weekends. Remember, only waste fats and oils are wanted. Not anything you can use or re-use yourself. Every bit is precious. Save it carefully. Within twenty-one days of the time you turn it in to your butcher, it will be on its way to send YOUR message - to the Axis!

SOUND:

GUNS FIRING



ANNOUNCER:

Now, here's Mr. DeMille.

DeMILLE:

Next week's play asks a very vital question. So vital I'm taking it to the man on the street for an answer before I introduce our stars. The question: "Are Husbands Necessary?" ... Now, here's a man who's just come in from the street. What do you think, sir? Are husbands necessary?

MAN:

My wife says "yes." My draft board says "no." Me? I just do what they tell me. ...

DeMILLE:

Now, let's see what this young lady has to say. In your opinion, miss, are husbands necessary?

YOUNG LADY:

Are you kiddin'?! ...

DeMILLE:

Well, that's the way it goes. Nobody agrees. But we'll go into that matter later because the big news has to do with George Burns and Gracie Allen.

Tonight, "The Maltese Falcon" had its share of thrills. But in recent weeks, Edward G. Robinson has been on the road to adventure in real life. We'll get the inside story now as he and Gail Patrick and Laird Cregar come back for a curtain call.

GAIL:

Must have been pretty exciting crossing the Atlantic in wartime, Eddie.

EDDIE:

Well, we went over by plane, Gail, and as we approached the other side it was nip and tuck there for a few minutes. I wasn't sure whether I'd make it or not.

LAIRD:

Oh? Nazi planes go after you?

EDDIE:

No. We were playing bridge and I made the bid doubled and redoubled.

LAIRD:

(CHUCKLES) Did you fly back, too, Eddie?

EDDIE:

Oh, I came back on a ship, Laird. I was sure I'd get a chance to see a submarine but - nothing happened.

DeMILLE:

The word must have gone out that Little Caesar was aboard.

GAIL:

(CHUCKLES)

EDDIE:

Now, don't kid about that, C. B. Purely because of "Little Caesar" I received a great distinction. The fellows made me an honorary member of the gun crew.

DeMILLE:

(CHUCKLES) Seriously, Eddie, in entertaining our soldiers in England, how did you find them? Are they cheerful?

EDDIE:

Cheerful - and determined, C. B. As for the English people, nothing seems to bother them. They've had rationing so long it isn't a topic of conversation now. That great clock, Big Ben, was symbolic of the whole country to me. Every time it strikes, it seems to be saying, "It's later than you think, Adolf Hitler."

LAIRD:

I suppose you did some broadcasting yourself while you were there, Eddie.

EDDIE:

Well, one afternoon, I broadcast six messages to the continent in French, Spanish, Rumanian, German, Danish and Italian.

GAIL:

What, no Greek?

EDDIE:

Well, I'm working on Russian at the moment, Gail.

GAIL:

(LAUGHS)

EDDIE:

I want to be able to say "thank you" to all the Russians I meet from now on.

DeMILLE:

You've had many successes on the screen but, in years to come, I think you'll value most the success you achieved in this job for your country.

EDDIE:

Well, thank you, C. B. Uh, what are you doing here next week?

DeMILLE:

Well, that's when the big question comes up again, Eddie, because next week our play is the Paramount comedy hit, "Are Husbands Necessary?" And, in it, we'll present those eminent thespians, George Burns and Gracie Allen. In the play, George works in a bank and Gracie is secretly trying to help his career. So tune in next Monday night and get Gracie Allen's answer to that burning question, "Are Husbands Necessary?"

EDDIE:

Well, sounds like a lot of fun, C. B. Good night.

GAIL:

Good night.

LAIRD:

Good night.

DeMILLE:

Good night. Good night.

APPLAUSE

DeMILLE:

Don't miss George and Gracie.

MUSIC:

THEME ... THEN IN BG

DeMILLE:

Our sponsors, the makers of Lux Flakes, join me in inviting you to be with us again next Monday night when the Lux Radio Theatre presents George Burns and Gracie Allen in "Are Husbands Necessary?" This is Cecil B. DeMille saying good night to you from Hollywood.

APPLAUSE

ANNOUNCER:

Edward G. Robinson will soon be seen in the Columbia picture, "Destroyer." Gail Patrick is starred in the Republic production "Hit Parade of 1943." And Laird Cregar's next picture is the Twentieth Century-Fox Technicolor production "Hello, Frisco, Hello." Heard in tonight's play were Charlie Lung as Cairo, Bea Benaderet as Effie, Eddie Marr as Wilmer, and Warren Ashe, Charles Seel, Leo Cleary, Fred MacKaye and Norman Fields. Our music was directed by Louis Silvers. And this is your announcer, John M. Kennedy, reminding you to tune in next Monday night to hear George Burns and Gracie Allen in "Are Husbands Necessary?"

MUSIC:

OUT

APPLAUSE OUT

2ND ANNOUNCER:

Here's what Betty said:

BETTY:

(SPEAKS, ADMIRING) Hasn't Jane got a lot of pep and charm?

2ND ANNOUNCER:

But here's what Betty thought:

BETTY:

(THINKS, ENVIOUS) That woman gets in my hair. Where does she get all that energy?

2ND ANNOUNCER:

Do you envy others because they have more pep than you? Maybe your trouble is plain vitamin deficiency. VIMMS may help you feel better than you ever thought you could. VIMMS have the six-vitamin formula doctors endorse. Three vital minerals also. Get that VIMMS feeling! It's V-I for "vitamins"; double-M-S for "minerals"! VIMMS!

This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.