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MURDER, MY SWEET

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FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

Screenplay by
John Paxton

PART I

FINAL

4/21/44

57

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Received from

RKO RADIO PICTURES, INC.

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FADE IN

INT. ROOM IN HOMICIDE BUREAU - NIGHT

1 CLOSE SHOT on spot of reflected glare made by an office lamp on a glass-topped desk. It is hot, raw -- like looking into a blinding searchlight. We HOLD on it as three voices punch out:

FIRST VOICE

(reasonably
sarcastic)

I remember you as a pretty noisy little fellow, son. All of a sudden you get quiet --

SECOND VOICE

(hitting
harder)

You lost your book of answers?
Or you just waiting for your lawyer?

THIRD VOICE

(still harder)

Maybe you don't think murder looks so good on you?

A moment's pause. Whoever is being questioned doesn't answer. Then the CAMERA PULLS UP and BACK, revealing the source of the glare and the three detectives, grouped around the desk, who have just spoken. We COME ON BACK until the head and shoulders of a man loom up, his back to the camera, silhouetted in the right f.g. When he speaks, his voice is even, tired:

MAN (MARLOWE)

Maybe I didn't do it.

The first detective glances sarcastically at the one who spoke last.

FIRST DETECTIVE

Maybe he didn't do it, Nulty.

2 CLOSE SHOT - Nulty, as he leans forward. He has a lean, pickled face, hard in the light of the lamp.

(CONTINUED)

2 (CONTINUED)

MULTY

Look, Harlowe -- we're arraigning you. It ain't personal. We don't like you, but it ain't personal. We just got a certain routine to follow after a killing.

3 WIDER ANGLE. Harlowe shifts in his chair, his back still to the camera.

HARLOWE

Where's Randall?

MULTY

He asked us to talk to you -- if that's all right.

HARLOWE

Is he holding the kid?

MULTY

I wouldn't know.

HARLOWE

Is she all right?

MULTY

I wouldn't know that, either. When did you see her last?

HARLOWE

I forget.

Multy makes an exasperated gesture, gets to his feet. A door opens o.s. Harlowe reacts, pokes vainly in his pockets for cigarettes while he listens to the footsteps crossing the room. The man who has entered comes into the shot, crosses to Multy, mumbles indistinctly. He has a tightly-drawn face, calm, scientific. Multy shakes his head.

HARLOWE (cont'd)

(cocking his
head toward
the mumble)

Randall?

Randall grunts affirmatively, steps over, CAMERA PANNING him, looks down at Harlowe without expression.

RANDALL

How do you feel?

HARLOWE

Like a duck in a shooting gallery.

(CONTINUED)

His back is still to the camera. He is still fishing for cigarettes, without success. Randall extends a pack.

RANDALL

Cigarette?

MARLOWE

Yeh -- thanks.

He reaches for the cigarette, misses it a foot, locates it finally. Randall strikes a kitchen match. Marlowe turns toward the sound. As he does, his profile comes to the camera and **TE MOVE IN.**

His eyes are completely bandaged; above the bandage and around the mouth are beads of perspiration. He takes Randall's wrist, guiding the match to the cigarette in his mouth.

RANDALL'S VOICE

(quietly)

Want to make a statement?

A cheek muscle below the bandage flickers. Waiting for an answer, Randall circles noiselessly to take a chair. The **CAMERA SWINGS WITH** him, slowly, studying Marlowe's bandaged face. The features are strong, even a little arrogant. Whatever happened to them wasn't a beauty treatment, but Marlowe is still good-looking in a hard-bitten way.

MARLOWE

(looking steadily
at the spot where
Randall was, but
isn't now, his
mouth serious)

The boys tell me I did a couple
of murders. Anything in, it?

No answer from Randall.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

You got a rope under my ears,
huh?

4 ANOTHER ANGLE. Randall's expression is non-committal.

RANDALL

I think you'd better let me
have it.

Marlowe corrects his bearings, turns toward the origin of Randall's voice.

RANDALL (cont'd)

I'll have to hold it on you,
but I think you'd better let
me have it.

Marlowe seems to be studying Randall's face thoughtfully; then he smiles, slowly, painfully.

MARLOWE

Okay, darling. Bring in your book.

Randall nods o.s.

5

WIDER ANGLE as a police secretary emerges from the shadows, takes a chair near the lamp.

RANDALL

We're all set.

MARLOWE

The works?

RANDALL

Yeh.

MARLOWE

(hesitating)
Some of it you know. If I misquote you --

RANDALL

Let's get it on the record, from the beginning.

MARLOWE

(with a shrug)
With Malloy, then. It was about seven. Anyway, it was dark --

RANDALL

What were you doing at the office that late?

6

ANOTHER ANGLE featuring Marlowe. His back is to a window through which we see the city sky line.

MARLOWE

(grinning)
I'm a homing pigeon. I always come back to the stinking coop no matter how late it is. I'd been out pecking under old Sunday sections for a barber named Dominic whose wife wanted him back. I forget why.

The CAMERA BEGINS MOVING IN.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

The only reason I took the job was because my bank account was trying to crawl under a duck. And I never found him. . .

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

7 LONG SHOT of city at night framed by the window. We MOVE THROUGH as Marlowe continues. Then the side of an unlighted building fills the screen.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
... I just found out all over again how big this city is. . .

8 A street car moves across the camera, the sign on the cab reading "LOS ANGELES," continues on, disclosing the Folies Burlesque.

My feet hurt. And my mind felt like a plumber's handkerchief..

9-11 SERIES OF SHOTS establishing Main Street, ending with a sign outside a Chinese restaurant -- three big Chinese characters flashing slowly on and off.

The office bottle hadn't sparked me up, so I'd taken out my little black book and decided to go grouse-hunting...

The CAMERA PANS from the sign UP TO an unlighted window on the second floor of a cheap office building.

12 We MOVE IN on the window, lettered "PHILIP MARLOWE, CRIMINAL AND CIVIL INVESTIGATIONS." The sign across the street goes off; we make out Marlowe, sitting on his spine in a swivel chair, feet on the window ledge, a 'phone under his ear. We can't hear the words, but it isn't business.

Nothing like soft shoulders to improve my morale. . .

We MOVE IN THROUGH the window as he hangs up.

The soft shoulders had a date. But she thought she could do something about that and was going to check right back.

INT. MARLOWE'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

13 CLOSE SHOT as he finds a cigarette, lights it, giving us a chance to study his face minus the bandages. It's a contradictory face; both tough and sensitive.

There's something about the dead silence of an office building at night -- not quite real -- the traffic down below was something that didn't have anything to do with me. . .

14 ANGIE WIDENS as he looks out of the window, tries to get comfortable. Something bothers him. He reaches inside his coat, pulls out a gun, puts it behind him on the desk. When he turns back to the window he freezes, swallows a mouthful of smoke, stares at the windowpane. The sign across the street has just gone on. When it goes off again the glass reflects a stolid, brutish face, the massive features carved by the dim light.

Marlowe turns slowly in his chair.

15 Marlowe's ANGIE. Standing quietly on the other side of the desk is a huge bulk of a man. From this angle he looks seven feet. Slowly, vaguely apologetic, he smiles. Then he speaks, his voice soft and straightforward.

THE BIG MAN

I seen your name on the
blackboard downstairs.

16 TWO SHOT. Marlowe just stares at him.

THE BIG MAN

I come up to see you.

Marlowe drops his eyes to his gun on the desk.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)

(smiling again;
looking around)

You're a private eye, huh?

He reaches down, pushes the gun aside as if it were an ashtray, sits on the desk.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)

I like you to look for somebody.

MARLOWE

(quietly)

I'm closed up, pal.

(returning

the gun to

his coat and

standing up)

Come around tomorrow and we'll
talk about it.

THE BIG MAN

(undeterred,
a far-away look
in his eye)

I looked for her where she
worked, but I been out of
touch.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

Okay, pal. Tomorrow.

He snaps on the light, glances impatiently at the 'phone. When he looks back, The Big Man has taken out a roll of bills and is peeling off a couple.

THE BIG MAN

I like to show you where she worked.

(shoves the
bills across
the desk)

The 'phone rings. Marlowe hesitates, looks from the 'phone to the money. He starts to answer the 'phone, then reaches for the bills, folds them carefully, puts them in his watch pocket.

MARLOWE

Okay. You show me where she worked.

The Big Man smiles. Marlowe gets his hat and coat, snaps off the light, and we PAN them out, SHOOTING THROUGH the bottle on the water cooler. The 'phone is still ringing.

DISSOLVE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

17

SHOT ANGLED UP at old neon sign reading: "BLONDIE'S"

MARLOWE'S VOICE

The joint looked like trouble.

We PAN DOWN to where Marlowe is standing beside the Big Man on the sidewalk, looking at the sign. Then he drops his eyes to study his companion.

But that didn't bother me. Nothing bothered me. The two twenties felt nice and snug against my appendix...

I tried to picture him in-love with somebody and it didn't work.

The ANGLED WIDE as the Big Man speaks sadly, reminiscently, without taking his eyes from the sign.

THE BIG MAN

They changed a lot. They had a little place where she worked and some booze. Pink flowers was in the flowerpot. She was cute as lace pants. A richard. Of the years since I seen her. But she didn't write. But she had a reason.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

What did she do -- sing?

The big fellow comes out of his reverie, turns an intent, suspicious stare on Marlowe, grabs his shoulder in his big paw.

THE BIG MAN

You know her?

Marlowe snorts indignantly, laughs.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)

You heard about Velma?

MARLOWE

(shaking
his head)

You practically told me.

The Big Man thinks a moment, then drops his hand, satisfied.

THE BIG MAN

Eeh...

He turns toward the door, through which we see a narrow stairway going up.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)

Let's you and me go up and
nibble a couple.

He starts up. Marlowe feels his shoulder to be sure it is still intact, follows.

INT. FLORENTINE - NIGHT

18 CAMERA PANS then up the stairway. The Big Man's shoulders almost touch the walls on both sides, so that a man coming down has difficulty passing past. There are heavy swinging doors at the top, lights beyond.

19 The doors from the opposite side, as The Big Man pushes through. Unconscious of the doors, he lets them come back, slam Marlowe on the shoulder. Marlowe follows him in, looking around as the CAMERA PANS.

The tables around what was once a dance floor are all unoccupied. A few are at a piano. In a moment we see that it's a man with his hat on -- a customer playing for his own morbid amusement. The only other activity is at the small bar in the b.g. for which The Big Man is heading.

20 MED. SHOT - the bar. Cozy, neighborhood stuff, uncordial to strangers. The Barman looks up, all conversation stops: he glances uneasily o.s. as the CAMERA PANS. He looks like the boss; probably an ex-fighter settled down.

21 CLOSE SHOT. He looks up, frowns slightly.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE as The Big Man squeezes in at the bar, makes room for Marlowe.

THE BIG MAN

Whiskey.
(prodding
Marlowe)
Call yours.

MARLOWE

Whiskey.

The Barman complies without enthusiasm.

THE BIG MAN

You never heard of Velma?

The Barman shuts up, catching a signal from the Boss, who has circled and now puts his arm on The Big Man's shoulder.

BOSS

(professionally
soothing)

Look, Joe, I'm sorry about your girl. I know how you feel. But she ain't here. No girls here since I had the place. No show. No noise. I got a reputation for no trouble.

The Big Man doesn't look at him. He just peels the arm off his shoulder, slowly, drops it, tosses off his drink.

23 ANGLE featuring the Boss. His face tightens a bit. The face of a customer over his shoulder is apprehensive, expectant.

THE BIG MAN

(staring moodily
at the Barman)

She used to work here.

He turns toward Marlowe, away from the camera.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)

You ask him about Velma.

(CONTINUED)

23 (CONTINUED)

BOSS

(with control;
still patient)We been over all that. Let's
drink up, Joe.

24 CLOSE SHOT - The Big Man. He is staring o.s., not listening. The ANGLE WIDENS as he brushes past the Boss, crossing to a girl several stools away. She's fairly pretty, showy. He smiles. The Boss steps in, takes his arm.

THE BIG MAN

(ignoring
him)

You remember Velma?

She is a little frightened.

BOSS

I'll have to request you
don't bother the customers.

The Big Man turns his head and stares at him for the first time, then turns back to the girl, smiles.

THE BIG MAN

So far you rate me polite, huh?
I don't bother you none?

She shakes her head uneasily. Satisfied, The Big Man smiles, thrusts out with the arm the Boss is holding. He does it effortlessly, but the Boss sails back against a table.

25 ANOTHER ANGLE as the Boss recovers his balance. His dignity has been impaired.

26 CLOSE SHOT. Marlowe watches objectively.

27 MED. SHOT. The Boss studies The Big Man's back, considers the situation.

28- SEVERAL SHOTS of the customers' faces, wondering what
30 happens now.

31 MARLOWE'S ANGLE. The Boss makes his decision, turns The Big Man around, shoves hard on his shoulder with his left to open him up for a right. The Big Man just raises his left slightly, takes the punch on the forearm, grabs the guy's wrist with his own right, and turns him around. Then he drops a big paw to the middle of the Boss's back and heaves. The Boss takes off.

32 ANOTHER ANGLE. He goes flailing and staggering across the room as the CAMERA PANS, crashing through tables, ends up against the baseboard, stirs, then lies quiet.

33 MED. SHOT as The Big Man turns back to the bar. The girl is gone; others are slipping quietly away in the b.g.

THE BIG MAN

(to no one
in particular)

Some guys has the wrong ideas
when to get fancy.

He sees his glass is empty, shoves it at the Barman,
who is trying to make himself inconspicuous.

MARLOWE

Come on, pal. Eight years is a
lot of gin. They don't know
anything about Velma here.

He turns and looks at Marlowe as if he has never seen
him before.

THE BIG MAN

Who asked you to stick your
face in?

MARLOWE

(a sweet
reassuring
smile)

You did. Remember me? I'm the
guy that came in with you,
Chunky.

The Big Man considers that a moment.

THE BIG MAN

(finally)

Moose. The name's Moose.
Account of I'm large. Moose
Malloy. You heard of me
maybe.

MARLOWE

Maybe.

Moose looks around vaguely. The CAMERA PANS.
Everybody else is gone, except the man at the piano,
playing softly. Against the wall across the room the
Boss is getting laboriously to his feet.

34 ANOTHER ANGLE, featuring Moose. His eyes grow soft
and sad.

(CONTINUED)

34 (CONTINUED)

MOOSE

They changed it a lot. They
used to be a stage where she
worked and some booths --

MARLOWE

(anxious
to go)

You said that --

MOOSE

(abruptly)

I begin not to like it here.

He scowls at the Barman, who is dallying with the
drinks. He reaches over, grabs the bottle from him,
thrusts it on Marlowe, takes another for himself,
throws a bill on the bar, and starts out, Marlowe at
his heels.

WIPE

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

35

TRUCKING SHOT. Moose strolls a few yards lost in
thought, stops suddenly and stares balefully at Marlowe.

MOOSE

Maybe I told you too much.

Marlowe laughs.

MOOSE (cont'd)

(regarding him
cagily, then
dissolving into
the reminiscent
daze again)

We was to be married.

MARLOWE

What happened?

MOOSE

Where you figure I been away
them eight years I said about?

MARLOWE

Catching butterflies.

Moose smiles slowly, starts on again, the CAMERA
FOLLOWING.

MOOSE

I put away a few grand before
I went up --

He stops again abruptly, regards Marlowe sternly.

(CONTINUED)

MOOSE (cont'd)

You been in the caboose ever?

MARLOWE

Just a couple of overnight stops.

Moose stuffs his bottle in his pocket, and shoves a couple more bills at him.

MOOSE

Okay, you find Velma, huh?

MARLOWE

She got a last name?

MOOSE

(nodding)

Velma. Velma Valento.

He starts off; Marlowe stops him.

MARLOWE

How do I get in touch with you?

MOOSE

(after an
impressive pause)

I get in touch with you.

And he is gone. Marlowe strolls off in the opposite direction, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. He has gone less than ten paces when Moose suddenly reappears out of the shadows, grabbing his arm.

MOOSE (cont'd)

I wouldn't want no Johns --

MARLOWE

Relax. I'm not cozy with the cops. They're competitors.

Satisfied, Moose ducks into the shadows again. The CAMERA TRACKS Marlowe on up the street until he stops, lights a cigarette, looks around.

36

Marlowe looks around the street, which seems to be deserted. He turns and starts back. The CAMERA TRACKS AHEAD on the Florian sign.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

I spent a buck in another bar for some history...Mike Florian ran the joint until 1939. He died in 1940 -- in the middle of a glass of beer. His wife Jessie finished it for him...

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

37 CLOSE SHOT - telephone book, as Marlowe runs his finger down a page of "F's," closes it as we:

MARLOWE'S VOICE
Tracing her was easy.
I could do that...

DISSOLVE

38 CLOSE SHOT - Los Angeles City Directory as Marlowe flips the pages. He finds what he wants, starts writing on an envelope as the CAMERA MOVES IN.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
A real bright third-grader could have done it. But not Malloy. He needed a private detective.

INSERT ITEM FROM DIRECTORY:

"FLORIAN, Mrs. Jessie (widow);
1644 West 54th Place."

The address and the directory
DISSOLVE as "FLORIAN, Mrs. Jessie"
BLOWS UP and CARRIES OVER TO:

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S PARLOR - NIGHT

39 CLOSE SHOT - of Mrs. Florian with the name superimposed, as she blows her nose. Her face is grey, puffy. The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY. She is wearing a shapeless outing flannel robe, sitting in a rocker.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
She was a charming, middle-aged lady with a face like a bucket of mud...

The ANGLE WIDENS to include Marlowe's back as he leans forward, refilling a glass in her hand.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I gave her a drink -- and she was a girl who'd take a drink -- if she had to knock you down to get the bottle...

She giggles.

MRS. FLORIAN
That liquor's been keeping the right company, all right. Just hold it careful, Mister. This ain't no time to drop anything.

(turning the glass in her hand)

What was it we was talking about?

40

REVERSE ANGLE as Marlowe sits back, the bottle in his lap.

MARLOWE

A redheaded girl named Velma Valento who used to work in your husband's place on Central Avenue.

MRS. FLORIAN

Who was it you said you was, Mister?

He gets up, hands her a card from his wallet.

MRS. FLORIAN (cont'd)

(reading it
with her lips)

Oh, a private cop. You didn't say that, Mister.

(wagging a
finger at him
in coy reproach)

I knew you wasn't no regular cop. No regular cop ever bought a drink of that stuff.

41

TWO SHOT. ANOTHER ANGLE.

MARLOWE

You remember Velma?

MRS. FLORIAN

(as if she
hadn't heard)

Mike ain't done nothing new has he? I don't get cops calling on me much now.

(titters)

A joke that was. But I hope he gets enough cheap blondes where he is now. Be sure never got enough of them here.

MARLOWE

Velma was a redhead.

MRS. FLORIAN

He could use that, too.

MARLOWE

Do you remember her?

MRS. FLORIAN

Who was that, copper?

MARLOWE

Velma.

Mrs. Florian considers.

7f

(CONTINUED)

MRS. FLORIAN

No... I don't seem to, right off. What was it you said you wanted her for?

MARLOWE

I'm tracing her for a client of mine.

This strikes her funny. She giggles, then frowns.

MRS. FLORIAN

I shouldn't ought to sit here and barber with you. But when I like a guy and he buys me a drink the ceiling's the limit --

(she struggles
to her feet)

Hold onto your chair and don't step on no snakes -- I got me an idea.

She sneezes, almost loses the bathrobe, stares at Marlowe coldly.

MRS. FLORIAN (cont'd)

No peekin'.

The CAMERA PANS her as she barrels from the room, hitting her shoulder on a doorjamb.

42

Marlowe gets up and looks around the shabby room, the CAMERA PANNING. A cheap radio is droning away. Suddenly, from the back of the house come a variety of crashing, thudding sounds, and thick muttered language. He slips through the door.

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S HALLWAY AND BEDROOM - NIGHT

43

SHOOTING PAST Marlowe from the hallway as he moves cautiously to where he can see into the disorderly bedroom. Swaying in front of an open trunk, Mrs. Florian is making grabs into it, throws back her hair in anger. Finally she comes up with a package tied with tape. Opening it clumsily, she takes out something, returns it to the depths of the trunk, starts retying the package. Marlowe slips back toward the parlor.

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S PARLOR - NIGHT

44

MED. SHOT. Marlowe has just resumed his seat when she returns, sways through the door, tosses the package at him inaccurately.

MRS. FLORIAN

Them's all Mike left me -- them and his old clothes.

Marlowe has started opening the package.

CLOSE SHOT as he takes a quick look at the contents --
a stack of 8 x 10 show-girl stills.

MRS. FLORIAN'S VOICE

Publicity, that is. But them
dolls didn't never get in the
paper --

46

MED. CLOSE - Mrs. Florian lowering herself laboriously
into her chair again.

MRS. FLORIAN

Least not in connection with
the place they didn't --

She simpers, looks around, alarmed. The CAMERA ANGLE
WIDENS. Marlowe is not in sight. She struggles up,
stumbles into the hallway, muttering.

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

47

MED. SHOT. Marlowe comes up out of the trunk with a
photograph just as Mrs. Florian dives toward him. He
steps back.

MARLOWE

Why did you hide this one?

She grabs at it; he pulls it out of reach and looks.

INSERT

PHOTOGRAPH in Marlowe's hand.
It's a pretty dime-a-dozen show kid in
a typical cheese-cake pose, mostly legs,
the face partially obscured by hair that
could be red. Across one corner is
written: "Always, Velma Valento."

MARLOWE'S VOICE

Why did you hide it?

48

ANOTHER ANGLE. Mrs. Florian blubbers, makes another
grab, loses her balance, sinks down on the bed.

MRS. FLORIAN

(breathing
heavily)

She's dead... She was a nice
kid... But she's dead.

MARLOWE

(quietly)

Moose will be sorry to hear that.

MRS. FLORIAN

(smiles
wryly)

Yeh, won't he though --

She breaks, gets to her feet unsteadily.

49 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Florian, terror in her face.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

Yeh. He's out. He's out and
he's looking for his girl. Why
did you hide her picture?

Her face is working

50 WIDER ANGLE as she drops back onto the bed, breathing
hard.

MRS. FLORIAN

I don't know anyone by the name
of Moose, copper -- beat it!

Her eyes dance crazily,
her face distorted with
fear. She starts mumb-
ling, half-crying, begins
to shake and laugh
hysterically. She stares
at the carpet, emits a
meaningless jumble of words.
Marlowe frowns at her a
moment and starts out.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

You could get fond of
her -- if you hung around
a couple hundred years.
But I decided not to

wait...

EXT. MRS. FLORIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

51 MED. SHOT as he comes out, closes the stained glass
door, leaves the porch. Then he pauses, looks back,
starts around toward the side. A door slams somewhere
in the house. He stops. A light goes on behind the
stained glass; something crashes to the floor. He
goes back to the porch, the CAMERA PANNING, looks
through a clear panel in the door.

INT. MRS. FLORIAN'S FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

52 MED. SHOT - masked by stained glass panels. Mrs.
Florian is careening about, trying to right a stand
she has knocked over. She looks around, grabs at the
receiver of a wall 'phone. She dials, waits, starts
talking to someone, consulting something clutched in
her hand. We can't understand the words.

EXT. MRS. FLORIAN'S FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

53 MED. SHOT as Marlowe gives up, unable to hear what she
is saying, and turns from the door.

(CONTINUED)

He pauses on the steps,
frowns back.

Then he stuffs the photo
in his pocket and starts
off.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
As far as I knew, she was
just calling her Aunt
Matilda about the price
of fish... But it could
have been important.
Wonderful thing, the
telephone. You don't
need a license. Call
anybody. Call your girl
for a nickle and get
married. Or call the
right number, at the
right time, and get a
guy murdered.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE BLDG. - LOBBY - DAY

54

MED. SHOT - FROM elevator interior. The little
operator is sitting on his stool reading a magazine as
Marlowe comes across the lobby reading a newspaper and
gets in. The operator puts away his magazine, closes
the door.

OPERATOR

I let in a guy couple hours ago.
He said it was important. Okay?

Marlowe smiles wryly without looking up, nods.

MARLOWE

He's in love and in a big hurry.
He'll get over that... Cute
little fellow, isn't he?

OPERATOR

(a lascivious
grin)

Yeh.

MARLOWE

Sober?

The Operator looks puzzled, opens the door.

OPERATOR

Yeh. He smelled real nice.

Preoccupied with the paper, not listening, Marlowe
steps out into the corridor.

INT. MARLOWE'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

55

MED. SHOT. Marlowe comes in, looks around. Empty.
He heads for the inner office.

INT. MARLOWE'S APARTMENT
 MED. SHOT. As he comes in a tall graceful young man whirls away from the desk toward him with a startled, flustered movement.

MARRIOTT

Mr. Marlowe --

Marlowe was expecting Moose, of course. He looks the guy over, nods slowly.

SHOT favoring the young man who steps toward him with a nervous rush of words. His voice is rich, well-modulated, effete.

MARRIOTT

I took the liberty of waiting here, Mr. Marlowe...

He fumbles for a card, which he hands to Marlowe. Marlowe reads it as he crosses.

MARRIOTT (cont'd)

The elevator attendant gave me the impression I could expect you soon. I took the chance, as --

MARLOWE

(interrupting)

Who put in the pitch for me, Mr. Marriott?

MARRIOTT

(startled)

I beg your pardon?

MARLOWE

How did you get my name?

MARRIOTT

Oh. As a matter of fact, I decided to employ a private investigator only today. Being Saturday afternoon, I failed to reach anyone by 'phone, and was somewhat at a loss --

Marlowe studies him critically, pulls the photo of Velma out of his pocket, sits at the desk.

MARRIOTT (cont'd)

The directory listed several in this neighborhood. So I took, as I say, a rather long chance, and --

MARLOWE

(studying the photo)

I'm in a clutch at the moment, Mr. Marriott.

(CONTINUED)

Marriott looks blank. Marlowe puts the photograph away in his middle drawer.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

I'm pretty busy. I couldn't take on anything big. What's the job?

Marriott dislikes this bluntness. He hesitates, sits on the opposite side of the desk.

MARRIOTT

I'll require your services for only a few hours this evening --

Marlowe says nothing, stares rudely. Marriott continues, begins nervously and abstractedly rearranging the desk. It could stand it.

MARRIOTT (cont'd)

I'm meeting some men shortly after midnight. I'm paying them some money --

Marlowe takes an inkwell from his hand, replaces it.

MARLOWE

(quietly)
Better get your flaps down, or you'll take off.

58

MARLOWE'S ANGLE. A muscle flickers at the corner of Marriott's mouth.

MARLOWE

What's the deal -- blackmail?

The muscle jumps. It's a moment or two before Marriott gets his features under control. Then he loosens a silk scarf he is wearing.

MARRIOTT

(cool)
I'm not in the habit of giving people grounds for blackmail... I have simply agreed to serve as the bearer of the money.

MARLOWE

How much and what for?

MARRIOTT

Well, really --
(the smile is still fairly pleasant)
I can't go into that.

He starts rearranging the desk again.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

You just want me to go along
and hold your hand?

Marriott jerks back his hand as if burnt.

59

ANOTHER ANGLE featuring Marriott as he feels inside his topcoat for an expensive cigarette case. His hand is shaking.

MARRIOTT

(acidly)

I'm afraid I don't like your
manner.

MARLOWE

I've had complaints about it,
but it keeps getting worse.
How much are you offering me
for doing nothing?

MARRIOTT

I hadn't really gotten around
to thinking about it.

MARLOWE

Do you suppose you could get
around to thinking about it now?

Marriott flushes, has trouble with his face again.

60

ANOTHER ANGLE as Marriott stands up, turns his face away from Marlowe, who is studying him cynically. Composed, he whirls -- like a husky ballet dancer doing a turn -- leans across the desk.

MARRIOTT

How would you like a swift punch
on the nose?

No change in Marlowe's expression. The CAMERA PANS UP as he stands, his face close to Marriott's, which registers a brief note of panic.

MARLOWE

(a slow
condescending
smile)

I tremble at the thought of
such violence.

He extends Marriott's card. Marriott takes it, turns away. The CAMERA PANS him toward the door, where he stops, turns back abruptly.

(CONTINUED)

MARRIOTT

(petulant;
trembling)

I'm offering you a hundred dollars
for a few hours of your time. If
that isn't enough, say so. There's
no risk. Some jewels were taken
from a friend of mine in a holdup.
I'm buying them back.

61 **ANGLE** featuring Marlowe as the two men study each
other for a moment.

MARLOWE

Where and when?

Marriott takes a step back into the room, hesitates.

MARRIOTT

The arrangements specify that
I drive my car to a rather
secluded canyon just above the
Beach Colony at Malibu---

Marlowe frowns, interrupts.

MARLOWE

Now, wait a minute. You drive
out to some nice, dark petting
spot -- hiding me in the back
seat -- to buy back some jewelry
for a lady friend --

MARRIOTT

(interrupting
petulantly)

I didn't say that --

MARLOWE

(ignoring him)

What you get for the lady's
money will be a package you
won't be allowed to open --
if you get anything at all--

62 **MARRIOTT'S ANGLE** as Marlowe gets up again; the **CAMERA**
PANNING WITH him as he strolls, getting a drink at the
water cooler.

MARLOWE

There's nothing to prevent
them from double-crossing you.
I certainly couldn't do
anything to stop them.

He comes back toward Marriott.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)

These jobs are cased the way
a dentist cases your mouth for
a gold inlay. By now every
move is planned. And they
aren't figuring on roughing you
up if you play ball. But they
wouldn't like you being twins.
That would complicate the
program. One of us might get
hurt --

63

He pauses, frowns at Marriott, who fidgets.

MARLOWE

(with finality)

I'm afraid I can't do anything
for you, Mr. Marriott.

Marriott flinches, adjusts his scarf carefully, gets
up and starts past Marlowe for the door.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(quietly, when
Marriott is
almost past)

But I'll take your hundred bucks
and tag along for the ride.

Marriott turns, tries not to look relieved. Marlowe
extends his hand. Marriott hands him a bill from his
wallet. Marlowe creases it precisely, puts it in his
watch pocket, extends his hand again.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

And I carry the shopping money,
too --

64

CLOSE SHOT. All sorts of things happen to Marriott's
face. He looks as if he is going to have some sort
of a fit. Then, as he gets himself under control,
he reaches inside his topcoat, hands Marlowe a heavy
manila envelope.

DISSOLVE

EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT

65

TRAVELLING SHOT THROUGH
windshield as Marriott's
car goes under the
pedestrian bridge near
Thelma Todd's old sidewalk
cafe. A big freight truck
grinds by in the opposite
direction.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

And I do the driving,
too --

EXT. CAR - NIGHT - (FOG)

66 SHOOTING THROUGH windshield on Marlowe at the wheel of a big English car. He scowls, turns on the wipers to cut the fog. Marriott is not in sight.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

After all, I'm getting a hundred fish for doing nothing --

EXT. COAST ROAD - NIGHT - (FOG)

67 TRAVELLING SHOT THROUGH windshield as car rounds a curve where the Pacific Palisades crowd the highway close to the sea.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

If anybody gets cocked, it ought to be me.

WIPE

EXT. COUNTRY - NIGHT

68 MED. SHOT as the car creeps along a dirt road cut into the side of a hill. There is a pale moon out; the fog is now close to the ground.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

69 MED. CLOSE on Marlowe at the wheel. He turns off the wipers, his eyes constantly on the move.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

(hushed).

We were watched. I didn't see anything. I felt it -- in my stomach...I was a toad on a wet rock. A snake was looking at the back of my neck --

Marriott's head comes up slowly from the back; his face in shadow.

MARRIOTT

(hushed;

taut)

There should be some white posts in a minute --

MARLOW

(between
his teeth)

Pull in your head.

Marriott obeys quickly.

70

SHOT through windshield - from the rear seat -
SHOOTING PAST Marlowe.

HARRIOTT'S VOICE

(from floor of car)

A path there goes down into the
hollow where we're to wait --

The car rounds a curve. The headlights fall across
some white posts on the edge of an embankment. Marlowe
inches the car toward them.

MARLOWE

(voicelessly)

Check. White posts.

He stops the car. There is an overgrown path going
down into the hollow between two of the posts. He
turns off the lights, cuts the motor, listens. Nothing.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Sit tight. I'll go down and
have a look see.

Silence from Harriott.

EXT. COUNTRY - NIGHT

71

MED. SHOT as Marlowe gets out, looks around, CAMERA
PANNING WITH him. The car is encircled by dark brush.
The hollow below is a dark bowl, half-full of fog.

72

ANOTHER ANGLE as he looks back at the car, avoids the
overgrown road, starts down into the hollow.

73

MED. FULL SHOT - a clearing in the brush at the bottom.
Foggy, silent. CAMERA PANS AROUND; a cricket pipes up.
Then a couple more. CAMERA MOVES IN ON a clump of
scrub oaks and we make out Marlowe standing there --
motionless, listening.

74

CLOSEUP - Marlowe, trying to see into the foggy darkness.
The crickets grow bolder, louder. ANGLE WIDENS. He
steps back and disappears into the brush.

75

MED. SHOT. The brush stirs. Marlowe steps out
cautiously, looks off.

76

MED. SHOT. The car is just as he left it -- outlined
by the watery moon, headed into the white posts. He
starts for it.

27
77 MED. SHOT. He hooks one heel on the running board by the driver's seat, an elbow on the sill.

78 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe in profile, his eyes roving the darkness.

MARLOWE
(just loud enough
for Marriott
to hear)
Looks like a tryout -- just to
see if you obey orders.

No answer. A vague sound from the back seat, as if Marriott were shifting around. ANGLE WIDENS SLIGHTLY, including the side of the car, as Marlowe consults his watch, looks off.

79 HIS ANGLE as the CAMERA PANS ACROSS the dark circle of brush.

80 PREVIOUS ANGLE. Suddenly his face tenses. He starts to turn. We catch a swift, shadowy flash of movement, an arm striking out, and hear a swish.

81 HIS ANGLE. The hills jump up, careen. The moon seems to explode.

82 MED. CLOSE SHOT - ANGLED DOWN ON the running board and his feet.

Darkness creeps up over
his feet toward his knees
as he begins to crumple.

The screen is completely
black.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I caught the blackjack
right behind my ear. I
didn't see it. I didn't
have to. The streak of
pain shot down my spine--
clear to my ankles...

A big black pool opened
up at my feet. I dived
in. It had no bottom...

I felt pretty good. Like
an amputated leg...

83 Out of the blackness emerges a pin-point of light. We
seem to fall toward it. It gets bigger and bigger,
resolving finally into:

84

CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, his eyes closed. He stirs, shifts, grimaces. CAMERA PULLS BACK a bit. He is lying on his back on the ground. He rolls over, cracks his chin, winces, tries to prop himself up. Suddenly a sharp circle of light from a flashlight hits his head and the ground around. No reaction for a moment. Then he studies it, holds his breath.

WOMAN'S VOICE (ANN GRAYLE'S)

(intense;
far-away)

Are you all right? What happened?

He starts to roll over.

85

HIS ANGLE - looking up into flashlight.

WOMAN'S VOICE (ANN GRAYLE'S)

Oh -- !

The light snaps off. We hear the woman hurrying away.

86

ANOTHER ANGLE as Marlowe struggles to his feet, tries to follow. In the b.g. we get a quick glimpse of a figure disappearing into the brush. He stumbles several feet, gives up.

87

MED. CLOSE SHOT. He feels inside his coat, finds his gun, and is a little surprised. Then he pats the pocket where he put the big envelope of money. Gone. He scowls, looks c.s., blinks painfully.

88

HIS ANGLE. The car is about ten yards away, just as he left it.

89

CAMERA TRACKS WITH him as he approaches cautiously, opens the rear door, automatically turning on the light inside.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

90

MARLOWE'S ANGLE. The rear of the car is absolutely empty. Then the ANGLE SHIFTS as he looks over into the front seat, FREEZES.

91

CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe. His lip curls with distaste. He backs out.

92

SHOT from rear seat as Marlowe comes around, opening front door and looking in.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE'S VOICE
He was doubled up on his face. In that bag-of-old clothes position that always means the same thing.

Marlowe half-sits in the front seat. The body itself is not in the shot, but as Marlowe comes up with keys and such it is apparent he is going through someone's pockets.

He had been killed by an amateur. Or by somebody who wanted it to look like an amateur job...Nobody else would hit a man that many times with a sap...

He comes up with a driver's license, holds it to the light to read it as the CAMERA MOVES IN.

INSERT LICENSE in Marlowe's hand. It reads:
"LINDSAY HARRIOTT"

LAP DISSOLVE

INT. ROOM IN HOMICIDE BUREAU - NIGHT

INSERT LICENSE in Lieutenant Randall's hand.

93 CLOSE SHOT - Randall frowning at the license. CAMERA PULLS BACK as he tosses it on a table with the rest of Harriott's effects. (NOTE: This is not the same room in which Marlowe was being questioned in opening sequence.)

RANDALL

(acidly)
The oftener you go over it,
the sillier it sounds.

94 WIDER ANGLE. Marlowe is in the b.g. at a wash basin slopping water on his head. Gully is sitting nearby staring at him dyspeptically, chewing tobacco.

RANDALL

You don't know anything about a Harriott, you don't know how much money you were carrying, you don't know what it was supposed to buy...Trusting soul, wasn't he? Letting you carry the pay-off --

Marlowe straightens up from the wash basin, comes in, holding a wet towel on the back of his neck.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

(a weary
shrug)

Sorry. I don't have it now.
Right after I beat Marriott's
brains out and just before I
hit myself on the back of the
head, I hid the money under a
bush --

Without taking his eyes from him, Multy shifts his cud
of tobacco, spits accurately into a wastebasket.

RANDALL

(to no one in
particular;
thoughtful)

Supposing a jewel outfit got
the bright idea of using a
private detective as a utility
man -- for contacts and pay-offs
...Supposing they ran out of
uses for him. Then they'd try
to hang a murder around his
neck, wouldn't they?

MARLOWE

(viciously,
turning on him)

Oh, great! Now I'm a finger for
a heist mob! Also I'm Jack the
Ripper!

95

ANOTHER ANGLE as he leans across the table toward
Randall.

MARLOWE

Look. I try to be helpful. I
get up off the nice cold ground
and walk five miles to a 'phone
right after having my head
treated. I lead you to the body
instead of letting you find it.
next Christmas. I tell you all
I know -- four times.

(shouting now)

It sounds screwy. Okay, it is
screwy -- sometimes I'm not
smart -- but it's all I know!
Now I'm tired of looking at you
and listening to your bum guesses.
Either book me or let me go home
to bed --

A slight pause.

96

REVERSE ANGLE as Randall gets to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

RANDALL

(between
clenched
teeth)

As long as you're going to get personal, I don't like looking at you, either. I don't like sitting here. I'd rather be home in bed, too. I'd rather be digging eggshells out of garbage cans than trying to pry information out of you --

97 TWO SHOT. Marlowe meets his eyes steadily.

MARLOWE

I get it. You don't like me.

RANDALL

(picking up
speed and force
as he goes)

I never have. And I never will. You're not a detective -- you're a slot-machine -- you'd slit your own throat for six-bits plus tax --

Marlowe opens his mouth, but that's as far as he gets.

RANDALL (cont'd)

-- All I want from you is silence. One false move and you'll be locked up as a material witness --

MARLOWE

(enlightened)

Oh, it's that kind of a case -- with the witnesses gagged and the papers crying for news --

RANDALL

They'll get the murder and I'll get the guy who did it.

MARLOWE

You'll get him, all right -- about the time you get your third set of teeth.

They stare at each other like a couple of loud-mouthed schoolboys who have run out of insults.

RANDALL

(finally; with
control)

Okay. Go on home to bed ---

Marlowe grins, reaches for his coat.

ANOTHER ANGLE as Randall circles him, watching his expression carefully as he talks.

RANDALL

And stick to your story if you want to. Play dumb. Play it anyway.

(with menace)

But stay out of my way. Stay clear of Marriott's pals. I've been after these boys for a long time. I'm getting close. I'm going to get them.

Marlowe is holding his breath, guarding his expression.

RANDALL (cont'd)

(carefully)

So watch your step, or I may have to pick you up in the same basket with Jules Amthor.

Marlowe reacts sharply, but the reaction could mean that he is surprised to hear the name -- or that he has never heard it before. He turns away for a moment while he gets into his coat, hiding his expression from Randall.

MED. SHOT. He is composed and cagey when he turns back.

MARLOWE

Yeh? Is Amthor mixed up in this?

Randall thinks he has him.

RANDALL

You know him then?

MARLOWE

I know lots of people in this town -- but I never heard of Jules Amthor.

(grins)

Bad guess.

He goes out.

DISSOLVE

INT. ELEVATOR - MARLOWE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

MED. SHOT as the Operator opens the door and Marlowe steps in. He looks tired and preoccupied. The Operator glances at him anxiously as he closes the door.

OPERATOR

You okay?

(CONTINUED)

Marlowe finds an old envelope in his pocket, lifts a pencil from the Operator's handkerchief pocket.

MARLOWE

(writing)

I was sapped last night -- it
always makes me a little dark
under the eyes the next day.

INSERT

ENVELOPE, as Marlowe finishes writing
"JULES AMTHOR" and adds two question marks.

BACK TO SCENE as he returns the pencil. The Operator
opens the door, nods off.

OPERATOR

Business is getting better --
and prettier, huh?

Marlowe pauses, looks off, preoccupied and puzzled. The
Operator nods off again, clicks loudly.

INT. MARLOWE'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

101 MED. SHOT. As he steps in, the girl comes up from
behind a tattered magazine.

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)

Mr. Marlowe? I'm Miss Allison.
The Post --

He studies her rudely. She's pretty, but no doll. She
looks smart. Glasses.

MARLOWE

Yeah -- ?

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)

The police haven't been very
helpful on the Harriott business.
I was wondering --

His eyes narrow as he interrupts.

MARLOWE

How'd you know about me?

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)

(a nice
smile)

I have friends at the City Hall,
naturally. That's my business.

MARLOWE

(shakes his
head)

I'd just get you in trouble.

(CONTINUED)

101 (CONTINUED)

He starts for the inner office. She hurries to make a final plea as he opens the door.

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)

They'll never know where it came from. But if I know something, I'm in a much better bargaining position down there. Did Harriott tell you who owned the jade he was buying back?

He stops suddenly, his back to the camera, turns slowly, looks at her, holds the door.

MARLOWE

Come in, Miss Allison.

INT. MARLOWE'S INNER OFFICE - DAY

102 MED. SHOT. He holds the door for her to come through, waves her to a chair near the desk. While she crosses he talks and locks the door at the same time.

MARLOWE

No. I wasn't told who owned the jade, Miss Allison. It didn't seem to be any of my business.

He pockets the key, strolls toward her.

103 ANOTHER ANGLE. She is getting settled, preparatory to taking notes.

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)

Had you known Harriott some time?

MARLOWE

A couple of weeks. Why?

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)

I just wondered if you had any theories. I mean about what happened -- or was supposed to happen?

MARLOWE

One or two --

He reaches down casually, takes the hand with which she was starting to write. She is startled but uncertain about pulling away.

104 CLOSE SHOT - her hand in his. It is well cared for, the nails long.

(CONTINUED)

104 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE'S VOICE

You do your own typing, Miss
Allison?

The ANGLE WIDENS. He hangs on.

GIRL (ANN GRAYLE)

(uncertainly)

Why, yes --

He smiles pleasantly, reaches across with his other hand
for her handbag. She tries to stop him, pulls back,
wincing in pain.

105 CLOSE SHOT. He has the old finger-hold on her pinkie.

106 TWO SHOT. She holds herself in rigid anger, biting her
lip, while he holds her purse upside down over the desk.
An assortment of feminine paraphernalia clatters out.

MARLOWE

I'm not always this brilliant,
Miss --

He finds a bank book in the mess, opens it.

INSERT BANK BOOK, reading: "PACIFIC BANK,
in account with Ann Grayle."

MARLOWE'S VOICE

-- Miss Grayle. But I'm improving.

BACK TO SCENE as he releases her, starts around the
desk, the CAMERA SWINGING WITH him.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

What do you do -- besides playing
reporter?

She whips off her glasses in murderous silence, starts
repacking her bag. He shrugs, sits at the desk, unlocks
the drawer of his desk to put away the envelope on which
he wrote Jules Amthor's name.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

You're a hot rock, anyway, dear.
I should toss you to the cops.

107 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Putting the envelope away, he sees the
picture of Velma in the drawer, brings it out.

108 ANGLE PAST Marlowe. He holds the photo up, comparing
it with Miss Grayle as he talks.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

All I could tell them last night was that Marriott was buying back some jewelry. You'd knock their hats off with that line about the jade --

Without breaking his rhythm, he extends the photo toward her.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Have you ever known a Velma Valento, Miss Grayle? A singer?

Despite herself, she takes a quick angry glance at it, jams the last item into her handbag, gets up and starts for the door.

109 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe shrugs, reaches for the 'phone.

MARLOWE

It's another case, anyway. I was just hoping.

She finds the door locked, of course, and turns angrily. He pauses, takes his hand away from the 'phone.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Did your friends at the City Hall tell you about the jade, too?

Angry silence.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Who does it belong to?

Still silence. He shrugs again, reaches for the 'phone again. That changes her mind. She takes a step in.

ANN

What's your interest in it?

He shakes his head like a schoolteacher getting the wrong answer, drops the 'phone, goes to her.

MARLOWE

(reasonably)

We won't get any place at all if we start answering questions with more questions.

She relaxes a little.

ANN

I'll take my answer first.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

Okay. I'm interested in the jade -- now that I know about it -- because I'd like to know who besides me might have killed Marriott... He paid me a hundred bucks to take care of him, and I didn't. I'm just a small business man in a very messy business, but I like to follow through on a sale.

She looks at him suspiciously, unsatisfied, as if she felt cheated, looks away.

ANN

The jade belongs to my father.

MARLOWE

Oh -- ?

ANN

Now unlock the door.

MARLOWE

I gathered from Marriott that it belonged to a lady --

She turns back toward the door.

ANN

My father happens to be married.

110 TWO SHOT as he follows her.

MARLOWE

Oh. Yes...

(studying her)

Of course, he would be. Your mother, then, was wearing it out the night of the hold-up?

A peculiar look crosses her face, she hesitates, then:

ANN

(biting)

She's not my mother.

Marlowe opens his mouth, closes it again.

MARLOWE

Which one sent you here to feel me out?

She is standing miserably by the door like a pussy cat waiting to be let in out of the rain; her face is bitter.

ANN

It was my own brilliant idea.

Marlowe looks at her thoughtfully, crosses in the b.g. for his hat and coat, comes back.

111 TWO SHOT. His face is close to hers as he puts the key in the lock, pauses.

MARLOWE

(quietly)

Before I see the police I think
I'll have a talk with your
father -- and your father's wife.

Her eyes flash. She starts to say something, changes her mind, studies his face.

ANN

Open the door.

He opens the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. GRAYLE ESTATE - DAY

112 MED. CLOSE SHOT on heavy wrought-iron gates opening. The ANGLE WIDENS as a caretaker steps back for a convertible to drive through.

INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAY

113 SHOT of Ann at the wheel as Marlowe studies her grim expression, glances out of the window.

EXT. GRAYLE ESTATE - DAY

114 PANORAMIC SHOT of the vast, park-like expanse.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

That was a nice little front yard. Cozy. Okay for the average family. Only you'd need a compass to go to the mailbox.

EXT. GRAYLE HOUSE - DAY

115 MED. LONG SHOT - a huge, rambling stone structure. The car comes up the winding drive, disappears under an archway at the side.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

The house was all right, too. But it wasn't as big as Buckingham Palace....

WIFE

INT. GRAYLE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

116 LOW SHOT. Marlowe is a small figure seated at the far end of the long, richly appointed corridor.

WIFE'S VOICE

I had to wait while she sold me to the old folks. It was like waiting to buy a crypt in a mausoleum....

(CONTINUED)

Ann comes out of a door at one side in the f.g., beckons to him. He starts trekking down, his footsteps echoing.

She nods for him to precede her.

INT. GRAYLE HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

117 MED. SHOT as Ann crosses with Marlowe, the CAMERA PANNING, to present him to a thin, scholarly man of perhaps sixty-five.

ANN

Mr. Marlowe, father --

Mr. Grayle extends his hand.

MR. GRAYLE

(an almost
imperceptible
voice)

How do you do... Good of you to come.

The old man extends his hand, nods o.s.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)

Mrs. Grayle --

Marlowe looks, does a slight take.

118 MARLOWE'S ANGLE. Mrs. Grayle is curled up comfortably in a big chair. She's blonde. Thirty, maybe more, maybe less. No man would ask too many questions. She's beautiful. The rich, lazy beauty of a magnificent, well-cared-for animal -- with nothing much else on her mind than staying beautiful. She nods without moving, her eyes intimate.

MR. GRAYLE'S VOICE

Are you familiar with jade,
Mr. Marlowe?

119 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe is still looking at her. He comes to, stares vaguely at Mr. Grayle.

MARLOWE

Hummmh?

MR. GRAYLE

What do you know about jade --

Marlowe absently accepts a drink from the butler; his eyes stray back to Mrs. Grayle.

MARLOWE

It's green, isn't it?

Mr. Grayle smiles vaguely, without offense, refuses a drink from the butler, who refills Mrs. Grayle's glass.

MR. GRAYLE

Jade, Mr. Marlowe, is not widely or sufficiently appreciated in this country --

He indicates a chair for Marlowe, who sits, his eyes returning to Mrs. Grayle.

120 * Marlowe's ANGLE. Mrs. Grayle meets his eyes with a faint, enigmatic smile.

MR. GRAYLE'S VOICE

The great rulers of the East, however, have treated it with a reverence accorded no other stone. They have spent years searching for a single piece, lavished unlimited patience on its carving --

121 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe glances at Ann. She is staring moodily into her drink, never once acknowledging her stepmother's presence in the room.

MR. GRAYLE

Feitsui jade in particular -- in which I as a collector have specialized -- is extremely valuable. So valuable that even people with no appreciation of its beauty are sometimes interested in it. An unfortunate fact, but it accounts for our little meeting --

(a wan smile)

Like all old men with a hobby, I'm afraid I'm inclined to be a bore.

MARLOWE

Keep going --

MR. GRAYLE

But since Ann has brought you into this affair, injudiciously perhaps, I --

MARLOWE

I was already in -- up to my eyebrows --

MARLOWE

I take it the whatchamacallit
you lost was this stuff --
Feitsuey?

She nods, lets her husband go on.

MR. GRAYLE

A necklace, Mr. Marlowe. Sixty
beads of about six carats each.

MARLOWE

Worth how much?

MR. GRAYLE

That's difficult to say,
depending upon who is in
possession of it --

MARLOWE

In my possession, say --

MR. GRAYLE

The Chinese Government has a
somewhat larger necklace that
once brought 125,000 dollars.

Marlowe is impressed. He looks up again at Mrs. Grayle.
She smiles, stirs herself languorously.

MRS. GRAYLE

You're about to ask, Mr. Marlowe,
why I would be so reckless as
to go out in the evening wearing
an irreplaceable necklace of
such great value.

Her voice is rich, warm; the sort of voice that is
seductive even when saying, "Please pass the butter."

MARLOWE

(throaty)
Something like that.

MRS. GRAYLE

(a shrug)
It's unanswerable. I shouldn't
have. I should never have worn
it out.

MARLOWE

Where was the stick-up?

Mr. Grayle stands up, interrupting.

MR. GRAYLE

Would you excuse me? I'm
rather tired. Mrs. Grayle can
tell you anything else you'd
like to know.

122 (CONTINUED)

Marlowe gets to his feet. Mr. Grayle gives his wife a weak, affectionate smile. She returns it, nodding, and he starts out, the CAMERA PANNING. He stops, turns back to Marlowe.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)

We are naturally anxious to locate the necklace, Mr. Marlowe...I only hope it can be managed without publicity.

MARLOWE

Yeh. So do I.

He exits. Marlowe watches him out, thoughtful, turns back.

123 -MED. SHOT. Ann gets up without looking at Marlowe and follows her father. Mrs. Grayle rises, strolls toward a sofa.

MRS. GRAYLE

(an intimate smile)

Let's dispense with the polite drinking, shall we?

She tosses off her drink, gestures for Marlowe to push the table with the drinks within reach. He does and the CAMERA MOVES IN. She starts refilling the glasses.

MRS. GRAYLE

I hadn't supposed there were enough murders these days to make detecting very attractive to a young man.

He meets her eyes evenly.

MARLOWE

I stir up trouble on the side. How much of your money was in Marriott's envelope?

MRS. GRAYLE

Eight thousand.

She is making it very clear, without actually saying so, that she wants him to sit beside her on the sofa. He does.

MARLOWE

Cheap at the price.

(CONTINUED)

123 (CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE

Dirt cheap. We guessed they didn't know its real value.

She puts her head back, displaying her neckline to good advantage. The tone of the scene begins to get gradually more and more seductive -- in contrast to the content of the speeches.

MARLOWE

Who could have known you were going to wear it this particular night?

MRS. GRAYLE

My maid, perhaps. But she's had a hundred chances. And I trust her.

MARLOWE

Why?

She turns her head slowly, bringing their faces closer together.

MRS. GRAYLE

I don't know. I trust some people. I trust you.

MARLOWE

Did you trust Marriott?

She drops her eyes to his mouth.

MRS. GRAYLE

Not in some things. In others, yes. There are degrees --

She veers away from intimacy by noticing that he has scarcely touched his drink.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

I thought detectives were heavy drinkers.

MARLOWE

Some of them are. Some of them just encourage other people to drink.

124 ANOTHER SHOT. She smiles, leans across to freshen up his drink anyway.

MRS. GRAYLE

Shall I tell you about the holdup?

MARLOWE

It might help.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE

I had been out dancing with
Marriott. He was bringing me
home.

MARLOWE

Where were you stopped?

MRS. GRAYLE

Near here. Does it matter a lot?

MARLOWE

Not too much at the moment. How
many other Marriotts are there?
Pretty guys who take you out
dancing?

She reacts sharply. He has over-played his hand.

MRS. GRAYLE

(a rebuke)

I'm very fond of my husband --

MARLOWE

Only his two-step's getting a
little stiff --

125

ANOTHER ANGLE. Having stated her position by rebuking
him, she relaxes again.

MARLOWE

(casually)

Do you know Jules Anthor?

MRS. GRAYLE

(no hesitation)

I've heard Lin speak of him.
Why?

MARLOWE

I don't know. But the cops
told me to leave him alone.
That makes me want to look
him up. Is he a bad boy?

She shrugs tolerantly.

MRS. GRAYLE

A lot of Lin's friends were,
I'm afraid. Lin was rather a
heel himself... Most of one's
friends are, I find -- including
mine... But he was a nice heel.

She pauses, bites her lip. Something unpleasant has
crossed her mind.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

The papers didn't say much,
except that he wasn't shot...
How was he -- ?

She can't say it.

MARLOWE

With a sap, only good. If an
elephant had stepped on his head.
Same effect --

She seems genuinely affected by the image, covers her
face with her hands for a moment.

MRS. GRAYLE

It's awful...

126 TWO SHOT. She speaks emotionally, her face still
covered.

MRS. GRAYLE

I feel so responsible now. But
it seemed quite simple to buy
it back... I don't understand....
I've tried to put it all together --
with the holdup -- but I can't --

She lowers her hands to look at him.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

There was something funny about
the holdup. They gave me back
one of my rings. A rather good
one, too --

She leans toward him, drops one hand behind him on the
back of the sofa -- the one with the ring into Marlowe's.

127 ANOTHER ANGLE. She lets it linger there; Marlowe
studies it thoughtfully.

MARLOWE

What's Amthor's racket?

MRS. GRAYLE

(easy, relaxed)

I'm not sure. He's some sort
of psychic consultant.

She puts her head back again, her eyes moving over
Marlowe's face as she talks.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

A quack, probably. Lin fancied himself a sculptor, but he was mixed up about it. . .

Marlowe is turning the ring slowly on her finger.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

He couldn't get started for fear of failure. I think that's why he went to him originally.

Marlowe is studying her lips critically. An embrace seems to be imminent.

MARLOWE

(quietly)

I wonder. . . if he would take my case---

A door opens o.s. Marlowe glances up past Mrs. Grayle. She doesn't move.

128 SHOOTING PAST Marlowe and Mrs. Grayle to the door. Ann has stepped in, stopped dead. She takes in the situation, smiles contemptuously at Marlowe and starts backing out.

129 REVERSE. Mrs. Grayle hasn't turned. She studies Marlowe's reaction. The door closes o.s.

MRS. GRAYLE

(lazily)

Who was that?

MARLOWE

Ann.

MRS. GRAYLE

(a vague smile)

Strange child. . .

Marlowe has no objection to taking up where they left off, but the spell is broken. Mrs. Grayle withdraws her hand and gets up. There are cigarettes with the drinks, but she makes a trip to a tray on another table.

130 ANOTHER ANGLE. As she turns back, lighting the cigarette.

MRS. GRAYLE

You will help me, won't you?

MARLOWE

Is this for love, or are you paying me something in money?

She laughs softly, comes back to him.

MRS. GRAYLE
I've never hired a detective
before. What are the rates?

MARLOWE
As much as the traffic will
bear.

She smiles.

MRS. GRAYLE
When can you start?

MARLOWE
I've already started. How
do I find Amthor?

MRS. GRAYLE
I'll have to see if I can smoke
him out for you---

A door opens o.s. as she is about to sit beside him
again. She looks off.

131 ANGLE TOWARD THE DOOR. The Butler has entered and
paused uncertainly.

MRS. GRAYLE
Yes?

BUTLER
Mr. Amthor is here.

132 TWO SHOT. Marlowe looks at her sharply. For a brief
second she almost loses her composure, but doesn't.
She nods for the Butler to show him in.

133 ANOTHER ANGLE. As the Butler goes out, Marlowe gets to
his feet, looks at her with cynical insinuation. She
meets his eyes frankly, calmly. His expression and the
situation strike her funny. She laughs softly.

MRS. GRAYLE
Don't look so judicial. It's
all right. He is inaccessible.
I didn't have the faintest idea
he was coming here. I haven't
seen him in months.

She starts for the door, comes back.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)
(quickly: low)
How do you spend your evenings?

MARLOWE

Recently I've been playing
button-button with the cops.

MRS. GRAYLE

Where do you go then?

MARLOWE

I'm in the book.

She smiles, pats his arm.

MRS. GRAYLE

Let's see what's on his mind.

She starts for the door, as the Butler shows Amthor
through in the b.g.

134

ANOTHER ANGLE. She is cool, charming as she crosses
to meet him. Amthor looks toward Marlowe, pleasantly
flustered.

AMTHOR

Oh... I'm sorry --

She shakes her head, a perfect hostess putting him at
his ease, leads him toward Marlowe.

MRS. GRAYLE

This is Mr. Marlowe, Mr.
Amthor --

He almost bows. Marlowe barely nods.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

Mr. Marlowe is a private detective.
He was with Lin --

135

ANGLE featuring Amthor. His manners and his tailoring
are perfect. There is something finely-wrought about
him. He could be a bank president, a doctor, or an
attache. The grey hair is in character.

AMTHOR

(respectful
interest)

Oh -- ?

MARLOWE

(bluntly)

I was hired as a body guard. I
bungled the job. I'm investigating
myself.

(CONTINUED)

155 (CONTINUED)

Author disregards the humor, turns solicitously to Mrs. Grayle.

AUTHOR

You must forgive me for not coming sooner. It was such a shock.

He turns back to Marlowe.

AUTHOR (cont'd)

These things are always so difficult to believe... A close friend... Someone you know so well... What could have happened?

MARLOWE

I've got a couple of notions. When would you like to help me work them out?

Author demurs pleasantly, like a foreigner baffled by crude American humor.

AUTHOR

I'm afraid I wouldn't make a very good detective, Mr. Marlowe. And I --

MARLOWE

I know, you're inaccessible.

136 ANOTHER ANGLE. Mrs. Grayle's expression is slightly uncomfortable, apprehensive.

AUTHOR

(still pleasant)

In what way do you think I could help you?

Marlowe takes a step toward him, pauses impressively.

MARLOWE

(clipped)

I spent last night with the police. It was their idea. They took it for granted that if I had known Harriett, I knew you, too.

Author looks helplessly at Mrs. Grayle. This is an amusing mystery, incredible.

137 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe

MARLOWE

They told me not to get too close to you. They said you bite. You look harmless to me.

138

CLOSE SHOT - Author. His expression sobered a bit. Something happens behind his eyes. Then he smiles again.

AUTHOR

I shall be happy to arrange an interview. If you will --

The ANGLE WIDENS as Marlowe interrupts.

MARLOWE

Just leave the number with Mrs. Grayle --

He is on his way out, CAMERA PANNING WITH him.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

-- and don't go to any special trouble. I'll bring my own crystal ball --

He bangs through the door.

INT. GRAYLE HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

139

MED. SHOT as he comes out. Ann is scurrying away from the door. He catches a quick glimpse of her disappearing around a corner.

MARLOWE

Hey!

His voice echoes. He hurries after her.

140

MED. SHOT - another part of the corridor. When he rounds the corner, Ann seems to have vanished into thin air. He looks around, baffled. There are at least four doors through which she might have gone. He scowls, turns to retrace his steps, stops dead, face to face with the Butler.

MARLOWE

How do I get out of this fun house, Colonel?

The Butler nods discreetly, turns to lead the way.

FADE OUT

INT. MARLOWE'S APT. - NIGHT

141 MED. SHOT - as Marlowe comes out of the bathroom with water in his eyes, groping for a towel. He has on his pants and a GI undershirt. He finds a towel. THE CAMERA PANS him toward a mirror.

His apartment indicates his preoccupation with his work and a disdain for housekeeping. It isn't filthy -- just in that gradually accumulated state of disorder characteristic of writers, college boys, and geniuses.

There is a knock at the door as he starts to comb his hair. He starts for it.

142 ANOTHER ANGLE - as he opens the door to admit a boy of about twelve. Preoccupied, Marlowe thumbs the kid toward a big bundle of laundry tied in a sheet on the pull-down bed. The kid goes to get it as Marlowe goes back to the mirror. The kid starts out with it. It's pretty heavy for him.

KID

This is six weeks since you sent your laundry out -- you must be in love.

Marlowe is thinking about something else.

143 ANGLE TOWARD DOOR. The kid struggles through with the bundle and is about to close the door after him when Mrs. Grayle steps into the door and past him. He gives her an appreciative look. She's dressed for Ciro's or Mocambo. And she's pretty beautiful. Inside the door, she stops, looks toward Marlowe.

143A ANOTHER ANGLE. He doesn't see her. She stands there a moment watching him.

MRS. GRAYLE

(quietly)

You know, you've got a very nice build for a private detective.

He looks up at her in the mirror without surprise, without turning, but impressed by the way she looks.

MARLOWE

It gets me around.

She closes the door behind her, comes on in.

1453 ANOTHER ANGLE. There doesn't seem to be any other place,
so she sits on the bed.

MRS. GRAYLE

How does one get to be a private
detective? You don't mind my
sizing you up a little?

MARLOWE

Most of us are ex-cops. I used
to work for the D. A. I got fired.

MRS. GRAYLE

Not for incompetence, surely?

He leaves the mirror, begins reloading his pockets with
change, etc.

MARLOWE

For talking back.

She starts to ask another question, but he interrupts.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Had an interesting childhood
too. But you didn't drop in
on me to get a biography--

She pouts slightly.

MRS. GRAYLE

I thought you might like to know
what Amthor said.

MARLOWE

Yeh?

She goes into her purse.

MRS. GRAYLE

And I wanted to make it
official.

She hands him an envelope.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

Shall we call this a retainer?

He looks inside.

MARLOWE

(evidently
satisfied)

Yeh. Let's call that a retainer.

He goes to the dresser for his wallet.

143C ANOTHER ANGLE.

MARLOWE

If the cops get to you, you
sent for me. I didn't want to
have anything to do with the
case, but you talked me into
it. You hired me.

Her expression has sobered. She crosses to him.

MRS. GRAYLE

Do they have to know about me?

MARLOWE

Would that bother you?

MRS. GRAYLE

(an
indifferent
shrug)

We live pretty much by ourselves
out there. My husband has a
morbid fear of any kind of
publicity. And he's not strong---

MARLOWE

I'll manage it. How'd it go
with Amthor?

145D TWO SHOT. She frowns. And then she smiles provocatively.

MRS. GRAYLE

I'm very stubborn. I don't
like being rushed.

MARLOWE

I figured the way you were
dressed you were on the town
tonight and just stepping off
here ---

MRS. GRAYLE

Oh? I was hoping you would like
to buy me a drink somewhere.
Or don't you ever relax when
you're on a case?

MARLOWE

Not in public. It's too
crowded ---

She smiles, thinks a moment.

MRS. GRAYLE

Do you like the Coconut Beach
Club?

143D (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

I don't know. I've never been there. I'm the Drive-in type.

MRS. GRAYLE

The light should be very flattering to you. It might even mellow you a little.

143E TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. They are very close. An embrace is hanging in the balance. He has just about made up his mind to kiss her when she speaks.

MRS. GRAYLE

It's the sort of place where you have to wear a shirt.

They study each other for a moment more. The embrace is still possible. Then Marlowe steps back, takes a shirt from a chair, starts getting into it.

MARLOWE

Be right with you.

DISSOLVE

INT. COCONUT BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

144

MED. CLOSE SHOT. The screen is dark for a moment. Then when a spotlight is turned on, we are SCOOTING INTO it. There is a ripple of introductory music -- wacky, Hawaiian style -- and applause. The CAMERA PANS ALONG the smoke laden beam of light to the graceful hands of a dancer held over her head. The ANGLE WIDENS as she begins a sensuous island dance. Then the CAMERA PANS ON to Marlowe and Mrs. Grayle at the edge of the dance floor. A head-waiter in a white suit comes up, nods to Mrs. Grayle in recognition, starts to lead the way. She holds back, stops Marlowe with a hand on his arm.

MRS. GRAYLE

(nodding for
him to go with
the waiter)

I'll put some powder on my nose.

MARLOWE

You've got powder on it---

She smiles warmly, slips away toward the Powder Room in the b.g. and he goes on with the headwaiter.

144A ANOTHER ANGLE. The waiter leads the way, with dignity, the CAMERA FOLLOWING. We see the orchestra and the rest of the club -- with an atmosphere something like the Hollywood Beachcomber. They go on, skirting the edge of the dance floor and the CAMERA HOLDS ON the dancer as she continues.

145 MED. SHOT as the head-waiter ushers Marlowe into a dark booth opposite the bar. He is all the way in and has got out a cigarette when he looks across, freezes with the match in mid-air. The ANGLE WIDENS. Ann is sitting opposite. She leans into the light of a small lamp.

ANN
(intensely)
Mr. Marlowe --

MARLOWE
Look. I like you. But I'm
too old to play games --

She isn't able to interrupt.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
If you're jealous of your
step-mother, okay. We can talk
about it tomorrow at the office.
But she'll be here in a minute
and I wouldn't want you two
tangling in public ---

Ann shakes her head, smiles cynically.

ANN
There's no danger. You're
being side-tracked.

Marlowe reacts, starts to get up.

ANN (cont'd)
Helen's gone by now -

MARLOWE
(interrupting;
confused)
Helen? Oh, yes. I didn't
catch her name-

ANN
And I'm staying just long
enough to speak my piece.

rh

150 ANGLE ACROSS Ann. She starts digging in her purse. Searching his memory, he closes his eyes, concentrates. When he opens them, he focuses slowly, incredulously, on something beyond her.

151 Marlowe's ANGLE, OVER Ann's shoulder toward the bar. Moose Malloy is sitting there regarding Marlowe solemnly, a drink looking very tiny in his hand. He looks cleaner, his clothes pressed.

ANN
Would it be worth a thousand dollars?

Marlowe isn't listening. Moose looks away, nods, strolls off.

152 MED. SHOT. Marlowe is getting up.

ANN
Well?

MARLOWE
Right back, stick around.

He goes off after Moose.

EXT. SUMMER TERRACE - COCONUT BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

153 MED. SHOT. Moose is staring out to sea. Marlowe comes out from the cocktail lounge in the b.g.

MOOSE
Ditch the babe.

MARLOWE
What's the matter with you?
Don't you want me to have any
love life at all?

Moose turns and looks at him, takes a good grip on his wrist.

MOOSE
Ditch the babe.

MARLOWE
Look. I'm a big boy now. I
blow my own nose and everything.
You hired me. Now stop following
me or I'll get mad.

The grip on the wrist tightens.

MOOSE
Ditch the babe. I like you to
meet a guy.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
Take it easy---another ten seconds
and gangrene will set in in those
fingers---

MOOSE
I like you to meet a guy.

MARLOWE
Okay. Okay.

Moose lets go. Marlowe heads back toward the bar,
wiggling his fingers and rubbing his wrist.

154 MED. SHOT. The booth is empty. He comes up, looks
around, scowls. Then he sees something at his place,
reaches for it.

INSERT BEACH CLUB COASTER in Marlowe's hand,
reading: "I'll keep the offer open,"
followed by a hurriedly scrawled address
and 'phone number.

BACK TO SCENE. He pockets the coaster, looks off,
reacting with amusement.

155 SHOOTING PAST Marlowe. Moose is standing over the
dancer (she has changed her costume), staring at her
in dull fascination. Marlowe heads for them.

156 REVERSE. Moose is regarding the girl so solemnly he
almost breaks her up. Marlowe comes in from the b.g.
to stand beside Moose, looking from the girl to him.

MARLOWE
You go for the showgirl type,
son?

A muscle flicks in Moose's face. He stares at the
dancer for a moment more, turns away and goes out
with Marlowe, THE CAMERA FOLLOWING.

MOOSE
(nodding back
expressionless)
Cute, huh?

We PAN them toward the door.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SUNSET TOWERS - NIGHT -

157 Establishing shot.

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE - NIGHT

158 MED. SHOT. A big expensive sedan comes up the ramp. THE CAMERA MOVES IN as it stops. A Chauffeur gets out, opens the rear door; he looks tough. Moose gets out, then Marlowe, who looks around. Moose nods seriously for him to follow. They go off toward the elevators, the Chauffeur bringing up the rear.

159 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe hesitates, thinking they are going up in the elevators, but Moose and the Chauffeur urge him on. They go on back, into a passageway.

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

160 TRUCKING SHOT. We can hear the boilers, and perhaps catch a glimpse of them. Anyway, this is obviously a devious entrance. Moose stops by an elevator marked "SERVICE," opens the door.

MARLOWE

(nodding back toward the passenger elevators)

What's the matter with going up the front way? Your friend behind in his rent?

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

161 MED. SHOT. Moose is holding the door open, urging Marlowe in. The Chauffeur crowds in with him, managing to bump him. When Moose closes the door and punches the button, the Chauffeur extends his hand. Marlowe plays dumb, turns to Moose, reacts.

162 CLOSE THREE SHOT. Moose is holding a gun on Marlowe. Marlowe studies him a moment, grins, turns back toward the Chauffeur.

CHAUFFEUR

Come on----

He still has his hand out and is staring at Marlowe's breast pocket. Marlowe drops his eyes to the spot.

MARLOWE

Oh, that. That's just part of my clothes, fellas. I hardly ever shoot anybody with it --

Moose prods him with the gun. He shrugs, reaches inside his coat and hands over his automatic.

WIPE OUT

WIPE IN

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - SERVICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

163 MED. SECT as Moose opens the elevator door, steps out and leads the way. The CAMERA TRUCKS them down to a door. The Chauffeur comes around and unlocks it.

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

164 MED. SHOT. Marlowe barely has time to look around. They hurry him across to another door as the CAMERA PANS.

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

165 MED. SHOT. Moose and the Chauffeur fall back slightly. Marlowe steps into the room and looks around. The room is lush, vaguely modern; deep carpets, subdued lighting, heavy draperies.

166 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, alert, puzzled.

167 MED. SHOT. Marlowe steps toward a big window overlooking the city. It's a long way up.

AUTHOR'S VOICE

(quiet)

On clear days, Mr. Marlowe,
one can see the ships in the
harbor at San Pedro --

Marlowe turns quickly, squints into the darkness.

168 REVERSE. Author is standing there quietly in the shadows, smiling pleasantly.

AUTHOR

I trust you brought your
crystal ball?

169 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe's ANGLE - on Moose.

170- CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe's ANGLE - on the Chauffeur.

171 MED. SHOT as Marlowe turns back to Author.

MARLOWE

I don't get it --

(CONTINUED)

AUTHOR

(a shrug)

I merely wanted to take you on the wing, so to speak. An old psychological trick -- it helps us get closer to the real man.

MARLOWE

Where did you pick up Malloy?

AUTHOR

My dear Mr. Marlowe. I notice in you an unpleasant tendency toward abrupt transitions. A characteristic of your generation, but in this case I must ask you to follow some sort of logical progression.

(he makes himself comfortable)

Now, about the police --

Marlowe leans forward, clipping his words.

MARLOWE

They've either got something on you -- or they're trying to get it. I didn't expect you to tell me which. I was just baiting you -- an old psychological trick, Grandma. What's your

AUTHOR

(pausing, as if
be hurried)

I'm in a very sensitive profession, Mr. Marlowe...I am a quack.

(smiles agreeably)

Which is to say, I am ahead of my time in the field of psychic treatment. Naturally, there are certain elements that would like to show me in a bad light. It is entirely possible they have discussed me with the police.

(pausing, a shrug)

That is it. I am sorry if it upsets your theories about me -- which I imagine are much more elaborate, but --

MARLOWE

My theory's pretty simple --

171 (CONTINUED)

AUTHOR

You mean there are some things
you do not understand?

(clucks
chidingly)

I had always credited the
private detective with a high
degree of omniscience. Or is
that true only in rental
fiction?

Moose steps in, impatient but subservient.

MOOSE

Okay, I like you to ask him now.

AUTHOR

(nodding
agreeably)

Don't be impatient.

MARLOWE

(quickly
to Moose)

Ask me what? What's the matter
with you doing your own asking?

Moose is confused. The Chauffeur steps to his side.

CHAUFFEUR

(soothing)

Take it easy, big boy. The
boss wants a nice quiet talk
with your friend.

He nods off; Moose follows him reluctantly, pocketing
his gun.

172

ANOTHER ANGEL as Author assumes his bedside manner.

AUTHOR

Now...

He waves Marlowe to a good chair, puts cigarettes
near-by.

AUTHOR (cont'd)

I believe you wanted to discuss
my relationship with the police.
You --

MARLOWE

Lock. I usually come right in
through the front door, big as
life --

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

It goes like this. Marriott was a blackmailer of women. He was good. Women liked him around. His interest in clothes and jewelry came easy. But he wasn't the whole works --

174

REVERSE ANGLE. Author's expression changes but slightly.

MARLOWE

Somabody told him which women to cultivate, so he could load them up with ice, take them out dancing, then slip to the 'phone and tell the boys where to operate.

Author frowns, considers Marlowe for a full second.

AUTHOR

(carefully)

That.....is your picture of Marriott -- and me.

He gets up, looks down at Marlowe thoughtfully.

AUTHOR (cont'd)

I am slightly disgusted -- and very disappointed.

He turns away, strolling. Marlowe watches him, looks off.

175

MARLOWE'S ANGLE. The Chauffeur is standing in the shadows by the door.

176

MED. SHOT. Marlowe nods toward him.

MARLOWE

Don't look now, but Gussie the Gun Collector is back --

Concentrating, Author strolls back, disregarding the crack.

AUTHOR

I am very disappointed in you. Your thinking is untidy -- like most so-called thinking today. You depress me.

(he pauses,
studying Marlowe
again)

Supposing your theory were correct. Then I would have Mrs. Grayle's jade now, wouldn't I?

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
(slowly,
insinuating)
Unless something went wrong and
you haven't got it --

177 CLOSE TWO SHOT. This has an effect on Amthor. He
moves in a little.

AMTHOR
(cautiously
sparring)
What could have gone wrong?

MARLOWE
Marriott could have lost his
nerve and rung in a private dick --
Amthor has nothing to say; he just looks, stoically.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Take a private dick who would
risk his neck for a hundred bucks.
He might get ambitious. He might
figure an expensive necklace
would be a nice thing to have in
the bank --

178 ANOTHER ANGLE. The speeches begin to gather momentum
and tension as they spar cautiously.

AMTHOR
This hypothetical detective of
yours... He might even part with
such a necklace -- for a
consideration --

MARLOWE
Could be. If he had it... How
big a consideration?

AMTHOR
It would be difficult to
discuss that until he produced
the necklace. He might be
bluffing, hoping to gain
information by obscurity and
clumsy indirection. In which
case---

MARLOWE
In which case a great thinker
might get the bright idea of
trying to shake something out
of him.

AMTHOR
You wouldn't suggest that?

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

Only if you wanted to wear your
face backwards for a while --

The tension snaps as Amthor relaxes, smiles.

179 ANOTHER SHOT.

AMTHOR

There's no need for us to be at
each other's throats, Mr. Marlowe.
And there is really no need for
subterfuge.. I want the jade. I
am prepared to buy it from you. If
you have it, or if you can get it.

MARLOWE

'Supposing I don't have it?

A curious look crosses Amthor's face, harder; he
comes closer.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Or supposing I don't want to
sell?

180 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Amthor's eyes narrow. His hand goes
into his pocket, lingers there.181 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, alert, ready for anything. The
tension has built again. Then he reacts to a door
opening o.s., the sound of a scuffle.182 Marlowe's ANGLE. Moose is pushing in past the Chauffeur,
who is trying to keep him out. Amthor nods for the
Chauffeur to let him come. He comes straight for Amthor.

MOOSE

You get him to tell you yet?

Amthor's hand comes out of his pocket, empty.

AMTHOR

(shaking
his head)

He refuses to tell me where she is.

183 REVERSE ANGLE. Marlowe reacts sharply, looks from
Amthor to Moose, puzzled. Moose is coming at him.

MOOSE

I give you some dough to find
Velma. I don't like you not
telling where you got her.

MARLOWE

Who says I got her?

Moose looks disappointed, turns slowly on Amthor. Amthor holds his ground but he is cautious. His hand goes into his pocket again.

MOOSE

Look. I don't like nobody to kid with me.

AMTHOR

He's lying. He knows where your girl is.

2
184 ANGLE ON Moose. He is getting confused again. The Chauffeur closes in, ready to protect the boss, takes Moose's arm. Moose shakes him off, but he takes the arm again.

CHAUFFEUR

Take it easy, big boy. We'll get it outa him.

Moose turns and looks at him. He doesn't like what he sees. He shakes off the hand, plants his paw in the middle of the guy's chest and pushes. The Chauffeur sails backwards across the room, taking some furniture with him, ends up in the corner.

185 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe is favored with Moose's attention again.

MARLOWE

(thinking
fast)

How'd you get mixed up with these cookies? What's the connection?

Moose looks at Amthor, thinks, looks back.

MOOSE

He's okay. He tells me about you.

MARLOWE

If he told you I know where Velma is, he's nuts. He just picked you up to do his dirty work. He's after some jewelry. He thinks I've got it. Why don't you ask him about Velma.

186 MED. CLOSE SHOT on Moose SHOOTING PAST Marlowe. Moose seems to be trying to follow all this. But it's too much for him. He takes Marlowe's lapels in both hands, as if trying to make him understand.

(CONTINUED)

MOOSE

(plaintive)

I give you some dough to find
her --

Marlowe tries to shake him off.

MARLOWE

Well, keep your shirt on --

The harder he tries to pry himself loose from the big
guy, the harder Moose hangs on.

MOOSE

(shifting from
plaintiveness
to crazy
anxiety)

Where you got her?

MARLOWE

I ain't got her, you dim-wit --

Now Moose is completely crazed.

187 LOW ANGLE as he lifts Marlowe clear of the floor, shakes
him like a rag doll.

188 CLOSE SHOT. Marlowe works an elbow up between Moose's
arms, drives it in under his chin. His Adam's apple
rattles, he lets go.

189 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe lands on his heels, hard.
Moose has reeled back a step, feeling his throat.
Anchor steps in close. He has a gun now.

ANCHOR

Where is the necklace? Tell
me and I'll stop him.

Moose elbows Anchor aside, coming at Marlowe slowly,
murderously, feeling his throat.

MOOSE

(softly)

You shouldn't of done that --
you shouldn't of hit me --

He's still coming. Marlowe swings with everything he's
got. It lands on Moose's chin, moves the big man's
head not more than an inch, just barely glazes his eyes.
He shakes his head to clear it, grabs Marlowe by the
neck. Marlowe tries to get at Moose's throat again.
But as the CAMERA MOVES IN on Moose's face, Marlowe's
hands fall away. He is being pushed down out of the
shot as Anchor's face comes in.

TWO SHOT - LOW ANGLE. Anthor and Moose are beginning to go out of focus, as --

ANTHOR

Let him breathe a little --

Moose relaxes slightly. Anthor smiles viciously.

ANTHOR (cont'd)

Where is the jade?

MARLOWE'S VOICE

(with
difficulty)

I haven't got it.

We hear his heavy breathing. Anthor shrugs.

ANTHOR

Choke him a little more.

Moose obliges. Anthor pats his arm.

ANTHOR (cont'd)

Let him go -- he's tame.

Marlowe comes back up into the shot, feeling his throat, his back to the camera, as the ANGLE WIDENS. Anthor's features are sadistically cruel.

ANTHOR (cont'd)

I could teach you. But to what purpose? A dirty, stupid little man in a dirty, stupid world. One spot of brightness on you and you would still be that. Is it not so?

Marlowe raises his head, looks at him, and swings. It's a pretty good punch, considering his condition. It sends Anthor back a step.

ANOTHER SHOT. There is a spurt of blood in the corner of Anthor's mouth. He recovers, steps back in, unsmiling.

ANTHOR

(slowly)

I'm glad you hit me... It helps me. It helps me a great deal --

His arm flashes up and across as he takes a vicious cut at Marlowe's face with his gun, the butt glinting in the light. It rocks Marlowe's head and he begins to slump.

MARLOWE'S ANGLE as the CAMERA PANS DOWN on Moose and Anthor's legs, grayness creeping up around them as the narration comes in.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE'S VOICE

This time I saw what hit me. It was a gun butt, shiny, as hard and bitter as death. Something warm trickled. I licked, and tasted iron and salt...

The screen blacks out completely.

That black pool opened up at my feet again, and I dived in... The next thing I remember I was going somewhere.

The darkness rolls back; it is the door of the service elevator opening.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

MONTAGE begins as Marlowe is lugged into the elevator and dumped on to the floor.

It wasn't my idea. I wasn't having any ideas right then. I was a bag of dirty laundry going to the cleaners...

193

MONTAGE SEQUENCE (CONT'D): Marlowe is dumped on to the floor of Amthor's car. (The faces of Moose and the Chauffeur are SUPERIMPOSED occasionally. They are unreal, their voices far-away. All perspectives are exaggerated.) The car door is opened and Marlowe is bundled out. He steps from the running-board, feels for the ground. The ground isn't there; he tumbles into space. He struggles up a stairway. It is baroque, manorial -- a distortion of the stairway we will see later at Senderberg's. At the landing he swings around a newel post; it is a carved figure, alive, vaguely resembling Amthor. He struggles on up, step by step, and begins to tire. Mrs. Grayle appears above him, her arms open. He goes toward her; she becomes Moose, who reaches for Marlowe's neck. The treads of the steps turn into putty or pastry. His feet sink into them, the edges sluff away. He steadies himself on the railing; it bends under his touch, squirms like a snake. He loses his balance, begins to fall. The railing wraps itself around him. He is going through a series of doors, each smaller than the others. A man we will later identify as Dr. Senderberg is following him with an exaggerated hypodermic needle. Marlowe closes each door behind himself, but each time he looks back, Dr. Senderberg is still coming as if the doors evaporated for him. Marlowe squeezes through the last door into a sort of desert. He struggles toward a small white iron bed beside a Saguaro cactus in the distance -- in the middle of nowhere, in the middle of nothing. Just a pale moon overhead, and crickets. He reaches the bed, throws himself on it, exhausted, his head hanging over the edge. Now the moon is far below. He turns over to see Ann sitting beside him. She reaches out to touch him. He reaches for her, but he falls away from her, bed and all turning over and over in space. Then darkness.

194

Out of the darkness emerges a translucent bowl, spinning fast. It runs down, spins a couple of times in the opposite direction, then stops, resolving into:

MARLOWE'S VOICE

I knew what that thing was. It was the moon. It wasn't the right shape for the moon and it was going too fast. But I decided it was the moon.

195

CLOSE SHOT - an ordinary porcelain chandelier, hung on three chains. As it comes into better focus, the CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY, as if through smoke or fog, to:

INT. ROOM IN DR. SONDERBORG'S - NIGHT

196

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Marlowe, in shirt and shorts, is lying on a white iron bed. He stares through the smoke at the chandelier a moment, stirs himself painfully, looks around as the CAMERA PANS.

It is a small, ugly room. His clothes are on a chair nearby. There is a wash basin, a barred window. And everywhere the smoke.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

The window was open, but the smoke didn't move... It was a gray web woven by a thousand spiders. I wondered how they got them to work together...

197

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe. An alarmed look crosses his face. He takes a deep breath and yells:

MARLOWE

Help!

His voice echoes. It strikes him funny. He laughs. A crazy laugh.

198

ANGLE ACROSS Marlowe - TOWARD a door, as he laughs. The door opens, he turns his head. A short, thick man in a white coat steps in, followed by Moose. They come toward the bed, through the smoke, without having any effect on it. They stand and look down at him, Moose over the Short Guy's shoulder, solemnly.

SHORT GUY

What strikes you funny, pally?

MARLOWE

The smoke.

The Short Guy glances back at Moose.

SHORT GUY

Oh, the smoke strikes you funny, does it?

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

Where am I?

SHORT GUY

You like also to know where you
are. Anything else, pally?

MARLOWE

(very serious
about it)

The doors are too small.
The stairs are made of dough.

SHORT GUY

I think this guy is nuts. Do
you think he's nuts?

He glances at Moose again, who looks confused, unhappy,
starts to say something, but doesn't get a chance.

MARLOWE

Skip it --

(turning over)

I think I'll take me a short
nap again.

SHORT GUY

Better make it just that, Jack.

He goes out, taking Moose with him. Moose looks like
he has something on his mind.

199

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Alone again, Marlowe passes his hand
through the smoke to disturb it. It doesn't disturb.
He frowns.

He feels his throat.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

The throat felt sore but
the fingers feeling it
didn't feel anything. They
were just a bunch of
bananas that looked like
fingers...

He looks at the fingers.

200

ANOTHER ANGLE as he manages
with great effort to sit up
on the edge of the bed. He
feels his arm, studies it.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

I wondered what I was shot
full of -- something to
keep me quiet, or something
to make me talk. Maybe
both...

201

LOW ANGLE as he starts to stand. The floor rocks like
the deck of a ship under fire. He changes his mind about
getting up, lowers himself carefully on to the bed again,
closes his eyes.

ANOTHER SHOT. He lies quietly for a moment.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
Okay, Marlowe, I said to myself. You're a tough guy. You've been sapped twice, choked, beaten silly with a gun butt, and shot in the arm until you're as crazy as a couple of waltzing mice... Now let's see you do something really tough -- like putting your pants on --

203

²
WIDER ANGLE. He gets to his feet again, sways, sits down. The second time he makes it, gets across to the chair, struggles into his pants, goes through the pockets. No gun, no nothing. Just the crumpled Beach Club coaster with Ann's address. He tries to read it, hangs on to the chair for dear life, grits his teeth.

He starts walking.

The bed has a magnetic attraction for him; he drifts toward it. It begins to look soft, inviting.

He reacts to his command, then drifts toward the bed again. It looks even more inviting, but he jerks himself up and forces himself to keep walking.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
Okay, you cuckoo. Walk. And talk. What about? Anything. Everything. Just talk---and keep walking. You're getting out of here. . . .

That's a beautiful bed. . .

(sharply)
Stay off it!

Walk!

204-
208

A SERIES OF LAP DISSOLVES on his feet as he walks. On the final shot in the series, the ANGLE WIDENS and he is doggedly trudging through the smoke.

The smoke has begun to clear. Suddenly he looks around and it is completely gone, the room in sharp detail. He grins.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I walked. I don't know how long. I didn't have a watch. They don't make that kind of time in watches anyway.

MARLOWE'S VOICE
I was ready to talk to somebody.

THE CAMERA PANS as he tries the door. Locked. And a couple of closet doors. Locked. He goes back to the bed, throws off the mattress and begins working on a spring.

WIPE

209 MED. SHOT. He has torn out one of the big coil springs. He swings it to test it for balance, grins, steps over against the wall near the door.

MARLOWE

(shouting)

Help! Help!

Quick footsteps down the hall. A key in the lock. The Short Guy steps in, a nice little leather-covered sap swinging in his hand. He takes a step toward the bed, starts to turn. Marlowe lets him have the spring right behind the ear. He dives on to his face. Marlowe follows him, down, puts his shoulder.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

That'll quiet your nerves,
sonny.

He switches the bedspring for the sap, starts for the door.

INT. UPPER HALLWAY - SONDERBERG'S - NIGHT

210 MED. SHOT as he comes out, looks around. The key is in the lock. He turns it, pockets it, starts off.

211 TRUCKING SHOT down a dreary, old-fashioned hallway. Nothing stirring. Just doors. All silent, all closed. He reaches the stairway and starts down.

212 ANOTHER ANGLE as he comes down. He pauses to rest, thinks before he leans on the railing, grins. Rested, he goes on down.

INT. LOWER HALLWAY - SONDERBERG'S - NIGHT

213 MED. SHOT as he crosses to the front door, tries the key from the room upstairs. No good. He looks around.

214 A door under the stairway is partly open, showing a crack of light. He starts for it.

215 MED. SHOT at door. Marlowe pushes it open cautiously. We see into the room beyond -- a small office with a neat professional look. A bookcase, a glass sterilizing cabinet with hypo needles. He opens the door a little more. At a desk, just staring into space, sits a man in a white coat. He looks unhealthy, as if he had been sitting there too long. He could have come with the house.

216

MED. SHOT. Marlowe steps in. It is several seconds before the man at the desk sees him. Then he barely moves, except to drop his hand near a buzzer system.

MARLOWE

(quickly)
The buzzer won't buy you
anything tonight---

He steps toward the desk, exhibiting the sap. The man studies it sleepily.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(indicating
the sap)
I gave nurse a sleeping
tablet.

The hand retreats slowly from the buzzer system, moves almost imperceptibly toward a set of keys on the desk as the man speaks.

MAN (SONDERBORG)

You have been a very sick
man, sir. A very sick man.
I cannot recommend your being
up and about yet----

217

CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe slams the sap down on the desk just ahead of the hand and picks up the keys. THE ANGLE WIDENS as he pockets them. At the same moment, the man makes a quick grab toward one of the desk drawers. The sap lands again and the hand recoils. Then Marlowe leans across, feels into the drawer the man was reaching for, comes up with a gun.

218

ANOTHER ANGLE. He checks it, stands there, swaying slightly.

MARLOWE

(smiling
painfully)
I had a nightmare. A lot of
crazy stuff. I slept. I woke
up and the room was full of
smoke. I was a sick man.
Instead of pink snakes I had
smoke. But here I am. All
cured. What were you saying?

MAN (SONDERBORG)

I made no remark.

Marlowe is supporting himself on the desk, waving the gun unsteadily.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

Remarks want you to make them.
They have their tongues hanging
out waiting to be said.

The man is keeping his eye on the gun.

MAN (SONDERBORG)

I am Dr. Sonderborg. You are
suffering from narcotic poisoning---

MARLOWE

On account of you pumped this
poisoning into me, huh, Doc?

No answer.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Speak out, Dr. Jekyll. I'm in
a wild mood tonight. I want to
go dance in the foam. I hear
the banshees calling. I haven't
shot a man in a week---

He looks as if he might shoot, too. His hand is so
unsteady anything might happen. Sonderborg is scared
silly, in his quiet way. He talks fast.

SONDERBORG

You very nearly died, sir. I
had to give you digitalis.

MARLOWE

Also a little something to
make me talk?

219

ANOTHER ANGLE. He has to steady himself on the desk and
concentrate.

MARLOWE

What was I supposed to talk about?

No answer. Sonderborg watches him cagily.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Maybe about a jade necklace I
haven't got? How was I? Was I
good telling you about what I
don't have to tell you about?
Did the customers like me---or
will Amthor be disappointed in
you? Never disappoint Mr. Amthor.
It depresses him---

He tries to clear his head.

220

HIS ANGLE as he looks up. Sonderborg is out of focus.
The smoke is back.

SONDERBORG

(hypnotically)

You are not well, Mr. Marlowe.

You may collapse at any time.

221 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe works hard to stay on his feet. With a great effort he gets the set of keys out of his pocket and throws them on the desk near Sonderborg.

MARLOWE

Tie a ribbon on the one to the front door, Doc ---

Sonderborg is motionless.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

When you got a gun in your hand, Doc, people are supposed to do what you tell them ---

SONDERBORG

(slowly,

suggestively)

I am afraid you are going to faint, Mr. Marlowe.

He closes in and the CAMERA MOVES IN on Marlowe, who wavers and then suddenly, by sheer will power, snaps out of it, holds the gun steady.

MARLOWE

(snarling)

Tie a ribbon on it, Doc.

222 REVERSE - featuring Sonderborg. He hesitates a brief second, separates one key as he extends the bunch to Marlowe. Marlowe takes it, starts backing out, comes toward Sonderborg again. Sonderborg holds his breath. Marlowe reaches in, grabs the phone, yanks it out by the roots, backs away toward the door again as the CAMERA PULLS BACK, staggers through the door.

WIPE

223 EXT. SONDERBORG'S - NIGHT

MED. SHOT as Marlowe comes out, locks the door behind him, throws the keys into some shrubbery, tries to clear his head, and starts off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

224 MED. CLOSE - ANGLED UP at street sign, reading:

"DESCANSO STREET, 2800 W."

225 REVERSE - on Marlowe. He blinks his eyes, shakes his head, looks around.

226 He sees a cab parked in the middle of the block outside an apartment house, and starts for it.

227 MED. SHOT on the cab as Marlowe comes up, steadies himself with his hand on the door handle. He looks drunk.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

228 MED. CLOSE - ANGLED ACROSS Marlowe -- at the Driver, who looks up from his magazine, inhospitably.

DRIVER

I'm booked, Captain.

229 REVERSE as Marlowe starts to protest. The Driver nods toward the meter, with the flag up.

DRIVER

(firm)

I'm booked, Captain --

Marlowe is too weak to argue. He backs off. The Driver goes back to his reading.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

230 MED. SHOT. Marlowe stops to rest on an iron fence. The CAMERA MOVES IN. He gets his breath and looks up, freezing.

231 MED. CLOSE - ACROSS Marlowe -- on Moose's torso. The CAMERA PANS UP to the big man's face. He smiles.

232 TWO SHOT. Marlowe sneers, ready to do battle, reaches for his gun. But Moose quietly takes his shoulder in a powerful grip, immobilizing his arm. He swings wildly, impotently, at Moose's face with his left. Moose doesn't bother to block the punch, quietly takes his left arm.

MOOSE

(solicitously)

You ain't in good shape.

Marlowe growls something, gets a hand free and swings again. Moose catches the arm -- saves him from falling on his face.

MOOSE (cont'd)

You shouldn't ought to fight with me --

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

(snorting)

I'll murder you --

Moose looks hurt, hangs on.

MOOSE

I don't like fighting with
nobody ---.

Marlowe struggles.

MARLOWE

Maybe you were just making love
to me ---

MOOSE

I like you to keep looking for
Velma.

Marlowe stops struggling, breaks out laughing. Moose
holds him up with one hand, digs into a pocket for
some money, shoves it at Marlowe, closes his fist on it.

MARLOWE

You're nuts. You're crazy as a
rabbit.

Moose smiles agreeably, then his face grows serious.

MOOSE

He sent after me.

233 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE

MARLOWE

(reacts)

Who sent after you? The smart
thinker? Anthor?

MOOSE

(thinks, nods)

He was kidding with me.

MARLOWE

He was kidding the pants off you,
son. He was waving a fish in
front of your nose. So you
wouldn't find your girl. Nobody's
supposed to find her. I think
he's got other plans for her.

234 ANGLE favoring Moose. He reacts, forgets to hold up
Marlowe, catches him just in time.

(CONTINUED)

(solicitously, but
preoccupied)
You ain't in good shape. I
better help you.

MARLOWE

Get me into a cab then, you
dopey ape.

Moose looks around.

235 MOOSE'S ANGLE - the cab at
the curb down the street.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

I said something wrong
there. I shot off my
face. I knew it. The
big stir-bug was too
anxious to get rid of me.
His brain was working.
I don't know what happened
to it. But it was working
-- at the wrong time.

236 BACK TO SCENE as Moose
starts for it, half-carrying
Marlowe.

237 MED. SHOT. Moose reaches
the cab, throws the door
open, bundles Marlowe in.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

238 MED. SHOT SHOOTING PAST Marlowe - toward the front seat
as Moose slams the door. The Driver jumps, turns
angrily.

DRIVER

Hey, listen --

He sees who it is, gets ready to be tough. Moose's
head appears in the window by the meter.

MOOSE

I like you to take my friend --

The Driver leans toward him, belligerently, indicates
the ticking meter.

DRIVER

Look, I got a fare. I'm on
waiting time. I got my flag up --

Moose looks at the meter, reaches in, pushes the flag
down, shoves on the meter. It comes loose from its
moorings, clatters to the floor. The Driver looks at
where it was, then down at the floor, then back up at
Moose.

MOOSE

I like you to take my friend.

(CONTINUED)

(pale)
Yeh. Sure.

He shoves it into gear. Moose smiles as the cab jumps away from the curb.

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

239 CLOSE SHOT on sign, reading:

"BARCELONA COURT
Studio Apartments
No Vacancies"

ANGLE FILMS to include the cab just pulling away from the curb. Marlowe comes in, THE CAMERA PANNING him as he consults a name-plate by a door, goes on up an outside stairway to a balcony overlooking the fountain and patio.

240 MED. SHOT on balcony. He consults another name-plate, punches the bell, straightens up to wait. There is a soft glow from a curtained window. Ann opens the door, steps back, startled, frightened by his appearance. But before she recovers he has a foot in the door.

ANN
What do you want?

INT. ANN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

241 REVERSE ANGLE on Marlowe. Ann is blocking his path.

MARLOWE
Two cups of black coffee, four
three-minute eggs with hard
toast, and a scotch and soda.

242 Favoring Ann. She hesitates. He looks beyond her, spots a decanter on a table.

243 MED. SHOT as he squeezes past.

MARLOWE
Excuse me --

The CAMERA PANS WITH him as he heads for the decanter, helps himself. She follows, glaring at him while he unlaces his collar, reaches the craster on to the table, looks around appreciatively.

(CONTINUED)

243 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Nice place, but why? Isn't there
room for you in the Palace? A
little old ballroom or something
where you could sleep? Or don't
you like it out there?

No answer. She just glares.

244 ANOTHER ANGLE. He goes to the sofa, tests the springs.

MARLOWE

I'm all broke out with cops,
honey. They're hanging all over
my place and the office. They
may just want to chat, but I'm
not ready for them yet.

(stretching
out)

I may have to live here for a
couple of days.

ANN

You're drunk. Get out.

MARLOWE

(looks hurt)

That's no way to talk to your
loved one when he comes home to
you from the brink of the grave --

Her anger fades. She comes in, stands looking down at
him past a lamp on a table at the foot of the sofa.

245 TWO SHOT favoring Marlowe. He smiles, seeing he has her
attention and raises his drink.

ANN

What happened -- are you all
right?

MARLOWE

(downing
his drink)

Helen fixed me a blind date --
with Amthor and a couple of his
whipping boys. I don't think
I'm supposed to be alive now. They --

He breaks off, tenses, stares up into the light.

246 SHOOTING PAST Marlowe UP TOWARD the light. Ann is
somewhere beyond it, indistinct.

MARLOWE

Say that again.

246 (CONTINUED)

ANN

Say what again?

MARLOWE

The last thing you said.

A pause, then:

ANN

I said, what happened and are
you all right.

The ANGLE WIDENS as he gets slowly to his feet, goes
around to her, stands staring at her.

ANN (cont'd)

(uncomfortable,
a little
frightened)

What's the matter? Why do you
keep looking at me as if I had
a hole in my head?

247 Ann's ANGLE. His face is hard, his voice is cold.

MARLOWE

What were you doing out there in
the canyon the night Harriett
was killed?

248 Marlowe's ANGLE. Ann tries to look puzzled; she just
looks scared.

249 TWO SHOT.

MARLOWE

I just remembered how it happened.
I was lying on my face. Because
I had been banged on the head...
Somebody turned a flashlight on
me and asked me if I was all
right--

She has nothing to say.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Then she asked me what happened.
Yeh -- it was a girl. A girl with
red hair, a crooked nose, and --
(looking her over)
-- a nice figure.

She turns away from him into the camera, confused and
pained.

ANOTHER ANGLE. He studies her back, gives her plenty of time. She turns back.

ANN

(flat)

I didn't kill Marriott.

MARLOWE

You weren't just taking a hike.
You found out something was
going to happen there.

She looks away.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Knowing your methods, I'll say
you overheard Marriott and Helen
making some sort of arrangements
about the jade --

A guilty silence.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

You knew Marriott had been holding
hands with her, at least. You
didn't like that --

ANN

I didn't kill him --

MARLOWE

But you didn't like him. You
don't like anybody that has
anything to do with Helen. What
are you trying to do - reform
her?

ANN

I hate her.

MARLOWE

That doesn't make sense.

ANN

(a bitter smile)

I hate her. But she's married
to my father and she means a lot
to him --

251

ANOTHER SHOT. Marlowe is thoughtful and interested.

ANN

I'm fond of my father. It's more
than being fond, but it's not the
sort of thing I'd expect you to
understand because it doesn't have
anything to do with money. I just
don't want anything to hurt him.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE
A guy playing around with his
wife -- a guy like Marriott --
that would hurt him. And if he
decided to kill Marriott, you'd
protect him.

Ann reacts violently. Marlowe goes to her.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
It's been done before. There's
no age limit on jealous husbands.

ANN
Oh, no, not father --

He shrugs.

MARLOWE
I don't buy it, either -- yet. I
was just trying it on for size.
A lot of things still don't fit.
I still don't know how you were
able to show up at my office the
next day making like a reporter.

She hesitates a moment, turns and goes to a desk.

252 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe watches her curiously, sits
on the sofa. She comes back, silently hands him a
crumpled slip of paper. He looks puzzled, starts
to uncrumple it.

INSERT SLIP OF PAPER in his hands, with his name,
office address, and telephone written in a
cultured hand.

BACK TO SCENE. He looks up.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Whose handwriting is this?

ANN
(shakes her head)
I found it on Marriott.

MARLOWE
You went through his pockets?

She nods.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
That took a strong stomach. How
would you like to work for me?

ANN
(smirking)
I'm flattered. I'm also tired of
you and I have a date. Go home.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

I told you -- I can't. There's a little bundle on my doorstep by the name of Nulty. He's playing at not looking like a cop, but he's terrible at it.

He smiles pleasantly. She glares. They are deadlocked. The doorbell rings. She jumps.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(whispering)
Get rid of him. Tell him you've decided to have a quiet little supper here with me.

He steps out of range. She gives him a murderous look, starts for the door.

253 MED. SHOT as Ann opens the door, Marlowe in the b.g. It's Randall.

ANN

(uncertainly)

Yes?

Randall exposes a badge in the palm of his hand.

RANDALL

I'd like to have a word with your boy friend.

Marlowe reacts, comes around into sight with resignation.

MARLOWE

Come in, Lieutenant.

254

ANOTHER ANGLE. Ann grits her teeth. After all, it's her apartment. But there's nothing she can do about it. Randall comes on in. She starts to close the door behind him, almost closes it on Nulty, who pushes in, stands holding the door.

MARLOWE

(to Nulty)

Between you and some other guys I know, my love life's going all to pieces --

Randall is in a vicious mood; he cases the room.

RANDALL

I've been looking for you for three days.

(jerking
his head)

Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

Mr. McCormick

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FAREWELL, MY LOVELY

FINAL

PART II

MARLOWE

(stalling)

We were just sitting down to
some soft-boiled eggs and
Scotch. You wouldn't join us?

Randall is not amused; he comes closer, pauses.

RANDALL

I gave you some good advice the
last time I saw you. I guess
it didn't take.

MARLOWE

I didn't bother your little pal
Amthor.

Randall looks cagey, hesitates. Maybe he's interested.

255 Marlowe seizes the initiative, talks fast.

MARLOWE

I was going to, but I didn't get
around to it. He got to me. He
gave me quite a party.

Randall is definitely interested. He motions for
Multy to close the door.

RANDALL

How did it go?

MARLOWE

(now he's
cagey)

What'll it buy me?

Randall considers. Marlowe presses his advantage.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

This is straight. You'd like to
get Amthor. I'd like to help.
He annoyed me a little.

Randall is weakening, but he hates to be out-bargained
like this.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

I'll let you off cheap--I just
get to finish my dinner.

He smiles sweetly at Ann; she looks away, murderously.

RANDALL

(sitting)

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

Amthor's a tough cookie. He works some sort of complicated jewel routine on the gals who come to him with broken-down libidos. I think Marriott was his contact man.

RANDALL

(unimpressed)

Get to the new part.

256 ANOTHER ANGLE

MARLOWE

The jewelry Marriott was supposed to be buying back was a jade necklace worth about \$100,000. belonging to one of Amthor's patients. Maybe he was crossing up Amthor, I don't know. Anyway he fumbled the ball---

RANDALL

That's just a lot of theory.

(he starts
to get up)

Let's go.

MARLOWE

(talking fast)

Amthor figured I must have picked it up. He figured wrong. I disappointed him. I didn't have the necklace and I didn't talk. But he has a little rest home where you learn to talk. It's run by a guy who calls himself Dr. Sonderborg. He's a whiz with a hypo---

(exposing
his arm)

It's at Twenty-third and Descanso---

Randall shows no emotion, starts for the door Multy is holding for him.

257 ANOTHER SHOT. Randall stops, glances speculatively at Ann a moment, then turns back to Marlowe.

RANDALL

Who owns this jade?

Ann reacts, alarmed.

MARLOWE

I told you. One of Amthor's patients.

RANDALL

By the name of?

MARLOWE'S VOICE

I don't know.

She exhales with relief.

259 MED. SHOT. Randall looks back at her, starts for the door.

RANDALL

Sorry to bother you, Miss Grayle.

Ann does a slight take, gives Marlowe a quick glance. Randall catches it.

RANDALL (cont'd)

When were you out last---to your father's place in Brentwood?

ANN

(faltering)

Not---not for several days. Is something wrong?

Randall disregards the question, turns back to Marlowe.

RANDALL

(hard)

I'm buying your information this time. But don't make a habit of trying to help me. I might get grateful and lock you up.

(he goes out)

260 Ann comes quickly to Marlowe, worried.

ANN

How could he know....about me?

MARLOWE

(thoughtfully)

I don't know. But that's what happens when you let a cop go to college -- he gets too smart.

He makes a decision, starts for his stuff on the table, the CAMERA PANNING.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Fix your face, We're on our way to Buckingham Palace---

He falters, almost faints, steadies himself on the table. Ann comes up quickly, almost solicitously.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(grinning

at her)

Funny thing...about every third day I get hungry. I always have to stop and eat something before I go on working.

(CONTINUED)

She almost smiles, but not quite, turns and hurries from the room. Marlowe settles himself on to the sofa again, puts his feet up, closes his eyes.

261 ANOTHER ANGLE. Ann comes back in with a jar of coffee. The cap is stuck. She has evidently hurt her wrist a little trying to open it. The CAMERA PANS her across. She sits beside Marlowe on the sofa, facing him. He opens his eyes, takes the coffee jar and starts working on it.

262 MED. CLOSE as Ann watches him. She's beginning to have a good feeling about this guy, but she's fighting it.

ANN

(abruptly, as
if suddenly
illuminated)

You know -- I think you're nuts.

Marlowe has her hold the jar while he turns the cap.

ANN (cont'd)

You go barging around without a very clear idea what you're doing, everybody bats you over the head, smacks you down, and fills you full of stuff, but you keep right on hitting between tackle and end --
(irritably)

I don't think you even know which side you're on!

263 TWO SHOT. The cap unscrews. He takes the jar, inhales the aroma with satisfaction.

MARLOWE

I don't know which side anybody's on. I don't even know who's playing today.

He hands her the jar. She takes it; her eyes grow very earnest; very worried.

ANN

Whatever's happening, you must believe in father. He's no match for...for anybody. Please --

MARLOWE

Take it easy. Randall probably picked up a scent leading from Harriott to Helen. He may not have gotten to your father. Anyway, we'll know soon.

He smiles reassuringly to cheer her up, calls her attention to the coffee, which she has forgotten, thumbs her toward the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)
Skip the water. Make it with
Scotch. Save time.

She grins despite herself, hurries toward the kitchen.

. FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. GRAYLE HOUSE - NIGHT

264 MED. CLOSE - a chubby little marble statue of Cupid on a pedestal. The ANGLE WIDENS, SHOOTING PAST Cupid, as Ann comes quickly out on to the terrace, Marlowe at her heels.

ANN

He must be in his workshop --

The CAMERA PANS as she leads the way across the terrace at a fast clip, dives into the garden.

EXT. GRAYLE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

265 MED. SHOT - the entrance of a converted coach house as Ann hurries up the gravel walk, tries the door. It is unlatched. She steps in, Marlowe close behind.

INT. GRAYLE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

266 MED. SHOT - a sharp DOWNWARD ANGLE on a ladder-stairway as Ann and Marlowe come up.

267 MED. SHOT FROM head of stairway into the old harness loft, which has been fitted out as a workshop. A shaded globe over a workbench throws a sharp circle of light. Mr. Grayle is standing at the bench, his back to the camera, as Ann steps from the stairway into the loft. He hears her, jumps, turns. He has a small, old-fashioned gun in his hand. He looks years older, hunted and tired.

268 REVERSE ANGLE as Ann reacts, stepping into the light.

ANN

Father -- !

269 MED. SHOT. The tense expression leaves Mr. Grayle's face. Then he stiffens again slightly when Marlowe follows Ann into the circle of light.

ANN

Father, what were you --

(CONTINUED)

She is staring at the gun. Grayle drops his eyes toward it, shakes his head, smiles vaguely, as if unable to remember what the gun is doing in his hand.

MR. GRAYLE

I don't know... I was frightened
... I'm frightened...

MARLOWE

The police been here?

MR. GRAYLE

(nodding weakly)

They...they...what does it mean?

Marlowe has his eye on the gun, anxious to relieve the old man of it if it can be done casually.

MARLOWE

We don't know yet. Did they
talk to your wife?

MR. GRAYLE

(shaking his
head limply)

She hasn't been here since
yesterday morning. I thought --
Has she been with you?

MARLOWE

(shaking
his head)

What did they have to say?

MR. GRAYLE

(confused)

They seemed interested, principally,
in our beach house...It was rented to
Mr. Harriott.

Marlowe reacts, interested, looks quickly at Ann.

270 ANOTHER ANGLE. Ann corroborates her father with a nod.

MR. GRAYLE

It was rented indirectly --
through my bank.

Marlowe looks back at Ann.

MARLOWE

(smiling
thoughtfully)

That probably held Randall up
a couple of days.

(serious again;
to Ann)

Okay, let's have a look at it.

Grayle interposes, agitated.

MR. GRAYLE

I must ask you not to go to the
Beach House, Mr. Marlowe --

MARLOWE

(slowly,
suspiciously)
Yeh? Why not?

MR. GRAYLE

(hysterically)
Because it must stop! The whole
thing has gone too far!

MARLOWE

Or maybe it's coming too close?

271 ANOTHER SHOT. Grayle reacts, frightened, struggling
for words. Ann gives Marlowe a vicious look, steps
quickly to her father's side to quiet him.

MARLOWE

I don't say you killed Harriett,
but you could have -- for a good
old-fashioned motive.

(calm, reasonable)

Look, Pop. The cops are moving
now. They're mad. They're going
to tag somebody. So as long as
I'm on the payroll here, we'd better
understand each other. I don't
work by push-buttons. I stop and
I go, but I've got to have reasons.

Suddenly Grayle relaxes, runs his hands over his eyes.

MR. GRAYLE

Forgive me, Mr. Marlowe...
Forgive me.

(he turns away)

272 ANOTHER ANGLE. When Grayle has collected himself, he
sits wearily in an old chair, absently studies the
hand limply holding the gun in his lap.

MR. GRAYLE

(low)

It is perhaps unnecessary to say
that I am an old man. You can see
that. I have but two interests in
life -- my job, and my wife.

(a glance
toward Ann)

And, of course, my daughter... Of
the two, my wife is the more
important.

Marlowe sits quietly nearby. Ann stands motionless in
the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)

(looking up
at Marlowe)

Do you find her beautiful?

MARLOWE

Why not?

Grayle smiles sadly, nods his head.

MR. GRAYLE

Yes. She is beautiful. And
desirable.

(hesitantly)

Perhaps you feel it improper
for an old man to have a young
and desirable wife?

Marlowe shrugs, impatient for the point.

273 ANOTHER SHOT. Grayle gets slowly up, turns to the
workbench, the CAMERA PANNING WITH him. From a shelf
he takes down a box for the gun, and opens it, taking
out a chamois case, polishing the gun lovingly with
the chamois as he talks.

MR. GRAYLE

I have played a little game with
myself. I have pretended that she
would have become my wife even if
I had not been able to give her
wealth.

He smiles, returns the gun to the box.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)

I have enjoyed pretending that.
It has made me very happy.
Price, of course.He returns the box to the shelf; a shadow passes
across his face.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)

And now I am losing her --

274 MARLOWE'S ANGLE as Grayle turns to him, his voice
taking on an hysterical intensity again.

MR. GRAYLE

I do not understand why. I do
not understand what has happened.
But I am losing her! It is ironic
...that it should be because of my
jade -- and that because of it a
man has died --

(CONTINUED)

He moves into the camera. His eyes grow hard. He almost sneers.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)

A paltry, foppish man of no consequence, who is better dead ... He is dead, nevertheless, because of a necklace.

(irrationally)

I do not know why. But it must stop!

He is right on top of the camera now.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)

It must stop, Mr. Marlowe! It must stop!

He pauses, exhausted by the emotion, perspiring. The CAMERA ANGLE WIDENS as he sinks into the old chair again.

275 - Marlowe studies him, glances at Ann and back again.

MARLOWE

(a cynical smile)

What do you want me to do about it?

MR. GRAYLE

(breathing heavily)

You must go no further. The matter must be closed. I will pay you well.

Marlowe frowns, gets slowly to his feet.

MARLOWE

Now this begins to make sense -- in a screwy sort of way.

The CAMERA PANS as he turns to Ann.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(sing-song)

I get dragged in, I get money shoved at me. I get pushed out, I get money shoved at me. Everybody pushes me in, everybody pushes me out. Nobody wants me to do anything --

He breaks off, laughs. Ann's expression is a desperate plea for him to do as her father says. He stops laughing, looks at her, shrugs.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Okay, let's skip it.

Ann reacts with immense relief, turns to her father, whose head is bowed wearily.

MARLOWE

Put a check in the mail.

Grayle nods without looking up. Marlowe stops, has an after-thought.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

I cost a lot not to do anything.
I get restless. Throw in a trip
to Mexico.

Grayle nods again. Marlowe goes on. Ann starts after him, patting her father's shoulder as she passes.

ANN

I'll be right back, Father.

The CAMERA PANS her across, as she follows Marlowe down the stairway.

EXT. GRAYLE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

277

MED. SHOT. Marlowe comes out, starts up the walk, concentrating. Ann comes out, closes the door behind her, falls in beside him. The CAMERA TRUCKS WITH them a few paces as she looks up at him with neither warmth nor malice. He stops, frowns at her.

MARLOWE

You got a key to the Beach House?

278

TWO SHOT. She is stunned and revolted.

ANN

But -- you --

MARLOWE

Sure. I bowed out. I stopped --
as far as he's concerned, it's
over --

Unable to express her fury and distaste, she turns away to leave him. He grabs her, holds her, makes her listen

MARLOWE (cont'd)

But that doesn't stop anything.
These things don't work like
that. Okay. So I go hide under
the covers. Do the police stop?
Does Helen stop? Do you stop?

ANN

(quickly)

What do you mean? Does Helen --

(CONTINUED)

MARLOWE

I don't know. If I always knew what I meant I'd be a genius. But I know this. A cancer doesn't stop growing because somebody asks it to.

ANN

(with
disgust)

You're vicious. You take some horrible sort of satisfaction in seeing people torn apart.

She tries to go again, he still holds her, tries to make her understand.

MARLOWE

They're headed for it, anyway. You're headed for it. You're hanging on to something that's going to smack you. If I fold now, it smacks you later. If I stick, it smacks you sooner -- and cleaner. Maybe that's why I'm sticking. I don't know. I'd stick anyway. Because a guy who hired me got killed. I wouldn't want my kids to think I had to hit a guy twenty times to kill him --

She looks suddenly faint, and very tired. He lets her go, drops his voice.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

I could bust in. But a key would make it simpler.

ANN

(without
looking up)

I'll tell Father I'm driving you back to town...

She starts back for the workshop.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

279

MED. LONG SHOT. A windy, deserted stretch of beach as the surf breaks over it. The moon is full. THE CAMERA PANS inland to a low, sandy bluff -- the sort common around Santa Monica.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

280

LONG SHOT. It is isolated, set back away from the beach, with a stairway up the bluff.

281

MED. SHOT. At the door, Ann is digging into her purse for the key while Marlowe holds her flashlight. He frowns off into the wind. The sound of surf comes over. She finds the key, opens the door. He steps past her, throwing the light ahead.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

282

MED. SHOT as they come in, Ann closing the door behind her, and as the CAMERA PANS WITH the flashlight. It is a big, rambling studio living room, built on several levels. They have come in on an intermediate level where there is a grand piano, some modern sculpture, and a rare easel. On their left are a couple of steps down into the living room proper, which branches off in an "L" toward the sea. Part of a big fireplace is visible. On the back of the house, steps go up into a dark alcove where the flashlight falls across part of a big studio bed. On the whole, the place has a comfortable, slightly decadent look.

283

MED. CLOSE - Ann and Marlowe. Marlowe sniffs the air.

MARLOWE

Is that you?

ANN

Is what me?

MARLOWE

That nice, expensive smell --

Ann shakes her head, derisively. The CAMERA PANS as the flashlight falls on a portrait of Marriott and HOLDS.

MARLOWE'S VOICE (cont'd)

Quite a lad --

284

REVERSE ANGLE as Marlowe sniffs the air again, distastefully, and goes on across the room, Ann tagging close. She grabs his arm.

ANN

Someone's been here --

He throws the flash in the direction she is looking.

285

MED. SHOT - a desk in disarray as they go toward it.

MARLOWE

(smiling)

Sure. That's the first thing Randall does after a man's murdered -- mess up his house.

They go on, down to the lower level.

ANOTHER ANGLE as Marlowe throws the light around. It falls on the telephone stand. Beside the telephone is one of those scratch pads with perforated sections. He turns on a table lamp that throws a feeble glow, brings the scratch pad under it. He brings out the slip of paper Ann found on Harriott and places it on the scratch pad. THE CAMERA MOVES IN.

INSERT

It fits perfectly; it's a section torn from the pad. The writing is similar to some doodling on the rest of the pad.

BACK TO SCENE. Ann studies Marlowe's reaction.

ANN

Does that prove something?

Marlowe is thinking, doesn't answer immediately.

MARLOWE

(finally)

No.

He puts the pad back beside the phone, studies it.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Maybe he found my name in the classified section. That's what he said he did. Or maybe somebody called him and told him about me.

ANN

But you didn't have anything to do with all this until he came to see you -- or did you?

MARLOWE

(slowly)

I don't know...

ANOTHER ANGLE as he strolls around toward the big sofa in front of the fireplace, Ann following. The end of the "L" toward the sea is hung with heavy draperies.

MARLOWE

I don't know a lot of things about this. And some things I'll never know. The only man who could tell me is dead.

ANN

Harriott?

MARLOWE

(nods)

All I can do is keep guessing.

ANN

(uneasily)

Well, let's get out of here and go guess some place else --

He goes to her, ignoring that.

MARLOWE

All I can do about you is guess.
You still haven't told me much --
except that you went out to the
canyon because you like your
father --

She avoids his eyes, anxious to leave.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

I could guess you thought he
might kill Harriott. And that
when you found me out there with
my face in the dirt, you thought
I was your father.

She looks up at him, but her expression is hard to read.
He studies her to see if he has guessed right, then she
looks down, holds her head in her hands for a moment.

ANN

Please, let's go. I'm awfully
tired.

MARLOWE

Okay.

He lifts her chin. She smiles wearily, affectionately,
makes no effort to pull away. The CAMERA MOVES IN
slightly. She knows what's going to happen. He's going
to kiss her. And she doesn't care. He runs his finger
down her nose.

MARLOWE

(softly)

That's a nice nose. Even if it
is crooked.

ANN

It isn't really crooked. It's
just got a little bump where a
baseball hit me --

Their lips are close.

ANN (cont'd)

I was playing short stop for
the seventh grade, and --

Their lips meet.

289

TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. He holds her for a moment. She clings to him as if she very badly needed someone, something to hang on to.

MARLOWE

(softly)
I guess pretty good, huh?

Her head bobs affirmatively.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(still softly)
Your father really loves Helen. I can see that. And Harriett did hurt him. When I came along, you were afraid I might become another Harriett. So you tried to buy me off --

- Her face is hidden from the camera, but we see her stiffen slightly in his arms.

290

TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. He hangs on.

MARLOWE

That didn't work. And I began to suspect your father. A real tough guesser might say that when he couldn't buy me off, either, you decided to be nice to me --

(CONTINUED)

She wrenches suddenly out of his arms, stares at him with incredulous, speechless anger, turns away.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(gently)

I don't always guess right. I might be wrong. I think maybe I am wrong --

She wheels on him, lashes out, bitterly.

ANN

Sometimes I hate men! All men! Old men, young men, football players, opera tenors, smart millionaires, beautiful men who use rose water, and almost-heels who are...private detectives --

She turns away again, almost ready to cry. Marlowe shrugs helplessly. There is a moment's silence. Then the silence is shattered by a ringing, sarcastic laugh. Ann freezes. Marlowe slowly turns his head.

291 MED. SHOT. Mrs. Grayle, wrapped up in a polo coat, is sitting quietly on the steps leading up to the sleeping alcove, like someone watching a football game. She smiles, gets slowly to her feet, comes down toward Ann.

MRS. GRAYLE

(to Ann)

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have laughed, but I couldn't help it. I always laugh at the wrong places in the theatre, too. The big serious, ringing speeches always strike me funny -- and that was a very good speech, darling. I've felt the same way about men, myself -- for short periods.

She turns toward Marlowe.

292 ANOTHER SHOT. She smiles at him, indulgently.

MRS. GRAYLE

That really wasn't fair of you -- taking advantage of a young, sentimental, and very romantic girl --

Ann steps in, interrupting.

ANN

That was only the first half of the speech --

ANGLE featuring Ann. She picks up right where she left off and gathers speed.

ANN

The rest of it goes like this:
I hate their women, too.
Especially the Big League
Blondes. The silky, selfish
ones. The beautiful, expensive
babes, who know what they've got.
All bubble bath and dewy morning
and moonlight. And inside,
watchworks, blue diamonds and blue
steel. Cold like that -- only --
(groping
for words)
-- only not that clean.

It is anti-climatic. She stands there, spent, miserable.

294

ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe looks at her with a hint of admiration. Mrs. Grayle regards her with silent, tolerant interest.

MRS. GRAYLE

(quietly)

Your slip shows, dear.

Ann bites her lip furiously, ducks her head, and starts for the door. Marlowe starts to stop her, changes his mind.

295

MED. SHOT. Ann fumbles blindly with the latch, then turns, looks in the general direction of her step-mother.

ANN

(flat)

Father's worried. I'll tell him you're here, and all right.

She goes quickly, letting the door slam shut behind her in the wind.

296

REVERSE ANGLE. Marlowe looks after her a second, turns and stares at Mrs. Grayle with calm insinuation.

MARLOWE

How long you been here?

MRS. GRAYLE

(smiling
warmly)

Since yesterday. I --

MARLOWE

Smart thinking. The cops won't be back. Good place to hide --

She seems innocently baffled by the insinuation, makes an affectionate overture. He avoids it.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

You're good at throwing stray lambs to the wolves, aren't you? Or did you just happen to leave before the cops dropped in on your husband?

MRS. GRAYLE

(tries again)

Please --

297 ANOTHER SHOT. He peels her off again.

MARLOWE

Look. I'd like to get a few things straight. You hired me to find your necklace. You were going to help me. Okay. So you stand me up in a corny run-joint and --

MRS. GRAYLE

(contrite)

I'm sorry, I --

MARLOWE

And you tell Author to pick me up there and see if he can shake the necklace out of me. I don't get it.

She looks down, humble, apologetic.

MRS. GRAYLE

I'm sorry. I thought you might have it --

MARLOWE

What gave you that idea?

She looks up, urgently, appealing for understanding.

MRS. GRAYLE

Please, don't blame me. You could have had it.

He just stares at her cynically, coldly for a moment, looks away. She goes to him, tenderly.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

Was it bad?

She is perfectly ready to go into his arms and comfort him, but he's holding her off.

MARLOWE

It almost made me mad. How long have you really known Author?

TWO SHOT. She evidently decides to be candid.

MRS. GRAYLE

I don't lie very well, do I?

He waits for her to go on, but she doesn't.

MARLOWE

Well -- ?

She looks up at him, very unhappy, very appealing.

MRS. GRAYLE

It's a long story. And not very pretty --

MARLOWE

I got lots of time. And I'm not squeamish.

She shrugs wearily, turns away as the ANGLE WIDENS. She crosses toward the steps opposite the fireplace on which she was discovered, unbelted the polo coat as she goes. Marlowe follows -- watching her easily and keeping her within range.

299 ANOTHER ANGLE. She goes on up the steps, switches on a light, disclosing an alcove with a large studio bed. She starts sliding back a wardrobe door built into one wall.

300 MED. SHOT - several of her dresses, gowns, and coats in the wardrobe. She reaches for a satin housecoat.

301 MED. CLOSE. Marlowe reacts with interest as he watches, leaning comfortably against the wall at the foot of the steps.

302 Marlowe's ANGLE. Carrying the housecoat, she crosses to a spot near the bed just above him, pauses and looks down at him evenly.

MRS. GRAYLE

Amthor is blackmailing me.

She casually throws off the polo coat: she is in negligee.

303 ANGLE PAST her on Marlowe. His eyes stray ever so slightly to her figure, but his expression doesn't soften. It grows harder, if anything.

MARLOWE

(evenly)

I more or less figured that.

She starts slipping into the housecoat.

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PART III - THE END

FINAL

304

ANOTHER SHOT. Tying up the housecoat, she crosses to switch out the light and starts down past Marlowe.

MARLOWE

How does it work?

She gives him a quick look, goes on, evidently getting up courage to begin as the CAMERA PANS.

305

She goes to a bar near the fireplace, starts getting out drinks. Marlowe sits on the arm of the sofa, watches every movement with sadistic satisfaction.

MRS. GRAYLE

My husband is sixty-five. He's in love with me. I'm fond of him. I'm grateful -- he's been understanding. But I've gone out with other men.

She brings the drinks to a coffee table near the sofa. She isn't calm; this is difficult for her to talk about -- or else she's just putting on a show.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

I find men very attractive.

MARLOWE

I imagine they meet you half-way.

She looks at him, thoughtfully, as if about to smile. But she doesn't. Instead, it's that vaguely provocative look again. She sits on the opposite end of the sofa.

MRS. GRAYLE

I didn't realize when I first met Lin just how close he was to Amthor ... And it took me a while to discover just how insidious Amthor is, because he did me a lot of good.

306

ANOTHER ANGLE. It's clear that she wants Marlowe to sit beside her. He comes around, pats into position one of the sofa pillows that has been disarranged. She watches him, tensing for a moment.

MARLOWE

What kind of good?

MRS. GRAYLE

He treated my centers of speech.

Marlowe snorts viciously, sits down.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

There's something in it. I had a psychological impediment.

lk

MARLOWE

He did a swell job -- you talk as good as I do now.

TWO SHOT -- ANOTHER ANGLE. She reacts with only a slightly quizzical expression, goes on.

MRS. GRAYLE

His system's partly mumbo-jumbo, partly the real thing. But he flatters you, he gets into your past, and you talk. . .

Her eyes are roving his face in that fond way again, reeling him in. He isn't struggling.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

It's the awful way he works -- unearthing a basis for blackmail...

They are close. An embrace seems inevitable. But suddenly she retreats, gets to her feet.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

Finally he asked for the jade...

ANOTHER ANGLE. She crosses to the lamp Marlowe turned on by the telephone, speaking as she goes.

MRS. GRAYLE

I agreed. I had no choice. He knew too much about me. He threatened to go to my husband.

MARLOWE

Sounds like quite a past.

She gives him a peculiar look, turns off the light.

CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, trying to follow her movements in the dark.

MRS. GRAYLE'S VOICE

A younger man than my husband might accept it, or get drunk, or divorce me. But he's not young. I think it would kill him --

We hear the sudden, rasping swish of a traveller curtain being opened. Moonlight falls on Marlowe's face.

MED. SHOT. She has jerked back the drapes, so that moonlight is streaming through the French windows. Beyond is part of the bluff and a foggy hint of sea. She stands there a moment, pats the drapes back into position, opens one of the windows slightly.

MRS. GRAYLE

Anyway, I couldn't risk it. And I agreed. But before I could turn the jade over to Amthor it was stolen --

ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe reacts, thoughtfully. She comes back toward him, takes up her drink, adds to it. He isn't touching his.

MRS. GRAYLE

The man who took it made it clear that if I called the police...well, that my husband would know.

She shrugs, as if finished with her story, sits beside him, and leans back. The moonlight under her chin is very becoming. Marlowe takes it all in, aware that she is setting the stage.

MARLOWE

(thinking aloud)

That makes it an outfit that knew Amthor's methods, doesn't it? Or an outfit tipped off by somebody close to him -- somebody who knew what he knew...

She nods, takes a long drink.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(a sudden thought)

It could have been Harriott?

She nods again, shudders from the drink.

MRS. GRAYLE

I think it must have been.

MARLOWE

If he helped them arrange the holdup, then managed a trick pay-off --

He breaks off, disappointed in the idea.

MARLOWE

He wouldn't have needed me for that.

MRS. GRAYLE

He rattled easily. If he thought Amthor suspected him, he might have decided to take someone along for protection.

MARLOWE

(thoughtful)

Yeah. Could be.

MRS. GRAYLE

(intently)

I'm sure of it. I'm sure Amthor decided to kill him out there. He may even have known about you -- and counted on you taking the blame.

312

TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLES. Marlowe thinks it all over in his mind a moment.

MARLOWE

Okay. It's rough, but I'll buy it up to there.

He takes her empty glass from her hand, turns to the coffee table to refill it.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Amthor was going to hand your husband your past on a platter if you didn't fork over the jade. You decided to play ball, but the jade was stolen. With Marriott's help. Amthor caught on, killed him. What happens now?

313 CLOSE SHOT - coffee table. He is adding water to the whiskey. A slight pause.

MRS. GRAYLE'S VOICE

I want you to help me kill Amthor.

He spills part of the water, puts the pitcher down slowly.

314 MED. CLOSE. Marlowe stares dully at the spilled drink for a moment. Then he turns to look at Mrs. Grayle as the CAMERA PANS, HOLDS ON her. She is deadly serious, taut, and strained.

315 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe, staring at her.

316 CLOSE TWO SHOT. She presses closer, pain and suffering in her face, her voice husky, pleading.

MRS. GRAYLE

Don't you see? It's the only way I'll ever have peace. Once these things get started they go on and on. He'll never be satisfied, even if he gets the jade. He has started killing now. I --

317 REVERSE. Marlowe's eyes grow hard, calculating, as he interrupts.

MARLOWE

Why me? Because I'm handy and I know how to use a gun -- or just because I wear pants?

318 CLOSE TWO SHOT. She bites her lip, shakes her head in passionate denial.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE

Oh, no --

She throws herself forward across his chest; he holds her stiffly.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

(her face buried)

Please...I need you so...I'm lost...
I haven't been good...not halfway
good...

His expression as he holds her is distasteful.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

I haven't even been very smart...
But don't say that... I need help
... and peace...

She turns her face up to him, beseechingly.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

I need you...

He studies her face, smooths her hair back from her forehead. Then he kisses her.

319 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. As they break and she buries her face on his shoulder.

MARLOWE

(throaty)

You got anything worked out?

She slumps in his arms, as if relieved to have it settled, and then nods.

MRS. GRAYLE

(calm, weary)

But I haven't been able to find
him.

MARLOWE

(a wry smile)

That's probably my fault. The
cops had a half-nelson on me.
I tossed them Sonderborg. Amthor
may have skipped.

(frowning)

Even if we find him we've still
got to be good to sell the
butcher a steak -- he works at
this stuff --

Mrs. Grayle sits up, businesslike for a moment.

MRS. GRAYLE

Make it simple. Tell him you're
ready to sell. You've got the
jade --

MARLOWE

Have I?

MRS. GRAYLE

(smiles, shrugs
meaninglessly)

He won't expect you to have it on
you, and he'll need a few hours
to get the money. You name a spot
to meet later. He'll object, pick
one of his own. You object, make
another suggestion and insist.

MARLOWE

For instance?

MRS. GRAYLE

Here.

MARLOWE

(considers)

Then he sends a stooge --

MRS. GRAYLE

(shrugs again)

We just don't play that way. We
wait.

MARLOWE

Okay. He comes. Then what?

She hesitates, disturbed, seems to steel herself.

MRS. GRAYLE

That's my part.

They look at each other steadily for a moment; her
expression softens and she smiles fondly.

MARLOWE

Okay. I'll dig him up --

He starts to get up, she protests, pulls him down to her.

MRS. GRAYLE

In the morning...

MARLOWE

I'd better get in a lick before
daylight.

She looks at him fondly, reluctant to let him go.

MRS. GRAYLE

You're wonderful... How would
you like not having to earn a
living?

MARLOWE

Wouldn't bother me. Got any ideas?

She nods, smiles.

MRS. GRAYLE

When will you be back?

MARLOWE

(shrugs)

He's slippery. It may not be easy. And I better not come out 'till tomorrow night.

She pulls him down. They kiss.

321 ANOTHER ANGLE. They break. He gets up and heads for the door, disappearing into the darkness. She stretches out her hand lazily for her drink.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. SUNSET TOWERS - NIGHT

322 MED. SHOT. Marlowe pauses on the sidewalk, goes up the ramp, hugging the wall, disappears into the garage.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

I went in the way I knew about. It was simpler. And I had a psychological trick to try out on Foxy Grandpa. I thought it would give him a bang. I thought it would kill him. . .

WIPE

INT. SUNSET TOWERS - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

323 MED. SHOT. The room in which Marlowe interviewed Amthor. It is dark, lighted only by light from the big window. The CAMERA PANS AROUND slowly. There doesn't seem to be anybody here.

324 ANOTHER ANGLE. The CAMERA MOVES IN ON Marlowe, motionless against the wall as he looks around, his gun ready. Satisfied, he moves away from the wall, finds a lamp and turns it on. We see now that the room is messed up. There has been a fight here. Marlowe looks around.

325 MED. CLOSE as he reacts.

326 WIDER ANGLE as he walks around a sofa, the CAMERA PANNING him. He stops, looks down at something out of sight, frowns slightly, then looks up again, and heads across the room.

ANOTHER ANGLE as he comes to the phone, dials. The CAMERA MOVES IN.

MARLOWE

(into phone)
Lieutenant Randall.

There's an indistinct growl on the other end.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Okay, take a message. Tell him to send a basket for a body by the name of Jules Anthor. Top floor of the California Towers.

MAN'S VOICE

(filter)
Who is this?

MARLOWE

(into phone)
Jack the Ripper, Sergeant, Jack the Ripper.

He hangs up, starts out.

328

ANOTHER ANGLE as he comes back to turn out the light. We see the lower half of Anthor's body, which was previously masked by the sofa.

Marlowe pauses, looks down at him coolly, lights a cigarette.

He turns out the light, leaving the room dark as he goes out.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

He wasn't hurt much. He was just snapped. The way a pretty girl would snap a stalk of celery. . .

Only for this job you'd have to be a big man -- with a big pair of hands...

DISSOLVE

INT. MARLOWE'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT

329

MED. SHOT as he comes in, closes the door, crosses to his desk, and sits down, before he turns on the light. He unlocks the center drawer, takes out the photo of Velma.

330

MED. CLOSE. He pushes back his hat, stares gloomily at the photo a moment, turns toward the window, thinking, puzzled. The CAMERA PULLS BACK slowly until we are SHOOTING PAST Moose, who is standing on the other side of the desk. Suddenly Marlowe senses his presence, turns his eyes, and then turns slowly in the chair, looking up at him.

331 REVERSE - on Moose: unsmiling, menacing.

MOOSE

I got to find her now. I got
to go away.

332 TWO SHOT.

MARLOWE

Sounds like a good idea. You
might get unpopular with the
police here, breaking guys off
at the neck --

Moose reacts, leans across, grabs Marlowe, and yanks him
to his feet; his eyes narrow.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(evenly;
recklessly)

I know you didn't mean to kill
him. You just shook him too
hard because he wouldn't tell
you --

Moose hangs on.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

You don't know your own strength.
Now, relax, or I won't be able to
help you.

333 ANOTHER ANGLE. Moose is losing his first crazy impulse
to throttle the guy, but his hands are still around his
neck.

MOOSE

You find her?

Marlowe manages to turn his head a little, indicates
the photo on the desk.

MARLOWE

Is that your girl?

Moose looks, slowly relaxes his grip, reaches to pick
up the picture.

INSERT THE PHOTOGRAPH in Moose's hand.

334 MED. CLOSE as Moose studies it laboriously.

335 REVERSE as Marlowe watches his expression.

MARLOWE

That's your girl, isn't it?
That's Velma?

TWO SHOT as Moose looks up from the photograph, his eyes dull and bewildered. He slowly shakes his head. Marlowe's eyes narrow.

MARLOWE

It says, "Love -- Velma" -- doesn't it?

Moose looks back at the photograph, reads the inscription with his tongue and lips, looks up at Marlowe again, very confused. Then the bewildered look hardens into suspicion; he reaches suddenly for Marlowe's lapels.

MOOSE

I don't like nobody to kid with me.

MARLOWE

Nobody's kidding with you. Somebody was kidding with me. I thought that was a phony. I had to be sure... It was supposed to nip up anybody who started looking for Velma.

ANOTHER ANGLE. Moose doesn't understand all this. He is confused, disappointed.

MOOSE

She wasn't like that. Tell you how she was. Cute. Cuter than that --

He makes a move for Marlowe. Marlowe sidesteps him, barks at him.

MARLOWE

Okay! Okay! She was cute as a cap pistol! She's still cute! Do you want to see her before you go away, or don't you?

Moose sobers suddenly as it sinks in. He blinks, his face works for an instant, resolves into a reverent smile.

MOOSE

(slowly)
You mean you find her now?

MARLOWE

Yeh. I find her. Just now.

Moose has an anxious thought.

MOOSE

She's okay, huh?

MARLOWE

That depends on what you got in mind --

(CONTINUED)

MCCSE
She done all right, huh?

MARLOWE
(shrugs)
That depends, too --

Moose has an even more serious thought, looks at Marlowe suspiciously.

MCCSE
You tip the johns off on her? I
wouldn't want little Velma to
serve no stretch --

338 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe reacts sharply.

MARLOWE
What stretch?

MCCSE
(beside himself)
I tell you how it was eight years
ago. How we --
(breaks off,
confused)
I forget what I tell you.

MARLOWE
You two mixed up in something
together?

He grabs Marlowe again suddenly, roughly.

MCCSE
You tip off the johns on her.
The johns got her --

Marlowe gets loose again, manages once more to shout
him down.

MARLOWE
Listen to me, will you, and stop
dancing with me! The johns ain't
got her!

Moose relaxes.

MARLOWE (cont'd)
(reasonably)
Nobody's got her. She's got herself.
She wants to talk to you... Things
have changed a little in eight years.

Moose thinks about that, assimilates it, and accepts it
quietly. He starts for the door.

(CONTINUED)

MOOSE

Okay.

MARLOWE

(stops him)

Tomorrow --

Moose is disappointed. But he thinks it over, and accepts that, too.

MOOSE

Okay... I like to pay you some more for finding her --

He goes into his pocket and a peculiar look comes across his face. His money's gone.

339 ANOTHER ANGLE.

MARLOWE

Skip it.

He hands Moose a coin.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Buy yourself a hamburger---
and lay low. See you here
tomorrow as soon as it gets
dark.

Moose stares at the coin, looks up at Marlowe for a moment. Then he turns and ambles out, disappearing into the darkness out of the outer office.

DISSOLVE

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

340 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe pouring sand out of his shoe. The CAMERA PULLS BACK. He is sitting on a rock. Moose watches solemnly, his back to the sea. Marlowe starts putting his shoe back on.

MARLOWE

You got that?

Moose looks vague.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

What do you do?

After some thought Moose indicates the spot he is standing on.

MOOSE

I wait here. Then I come up.

(CONTINUED)

When do you come up?

Moose thinks, looks up toward the bluff.

MOOSE

You open the window.

MARLOWE

I open the curtains. You'll see the light. I've got to get set, so don't jump the gun. Don't move. I'll leave the door open --

Moose nods. Marlowe convinces himself the guy understands, starts for the stairway. Moose looks after him. The surf runs up, spreads out over his shoe-tops. He doesn't notice; he doesn't move.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

That was like lighting a stick of dynamite and telling it not to go off. But I had to take the chance. I had to know one more thing. I had to know how the jade figured. I hoped he wouldn't snarl me up.

WIPE

INT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

341 ANGLE PAST the sofa, TOWARD the French windows. There are no lights on, just the moonlight from outside. Marlowe comes past on his way to the front door.

The CAMERA SWINGS WITH him as he continues on out of sight, until he knocks. Nothing happens inside. There doesn't seem to be anybody here. He knocks again. Then Mrs. Grayle materializes from the deep shadows of the sofa, hurries swiftly and quietly to the door, throws it open. Marlowe steps in, she goes into his arms.

342 MED. CLOSE in the light from the partly open door. She raises her face to be kissed, then clings to him.

MARLOWE

(softly)
You're trembling...

MRS. GRAYLE

I was afraid something had happened.

(looking up)
Did you find Jules?

MARLOWE

(nodding)
He'd gone under cover... He'll be here about twelve. Let's get set. What's the program?

Without answering, she slips out of his arms, starts back across the unlighted room. He stays behind to close the door, slipping the catch so it won't lock, and then follows her.

343

MED. SHOT PAST the fireplace TOWARD the windows, as he comes down. She pulls the drapes across the windows and for a moment the scene is completely dark. When she turns on the lamp he is standing beside her. She gets out a cigarette, nervously; he lights it for her; she avoids his eyes, starts for the sleeping alcove. He calculates the relationship of the windows and the lamp, moves the lamp a little, lights a cigarette himself.

344

ANOTHER ANGLE as she comes back, carrying a neatly-wrapped package about the size of a necktie box, extends it to him with a mysterious smile. He looks from the package to her face, and back again, takes it. She smiles, answering his unasked question.

MRS. GRAYLE

You told Jules you'd have it
for him, didn't you?

She shrugs, comes around to sit in a chair. He looks at her again, takes the package under the lamp and starts hurriedly unwrapping it.

345

MED. CLOSE - Mrs. Grayle watching him with a smug smile.

346

MED. CLOSE - the package. As he tears the wrappings off they hide the contents from the camera. The ANGLE WIDENS including Mrs. Grayle in the b.g., as he stares inside, expressionless.

MRS. GRAYLE

(after a
moment)

Well? Don't you like it?

MARLOWE

(slowly, not
looking up)

I don't know...I've never seen
a necklace worth a hundred
thousand bucks before.

She laughs softly.

347

ANOTHER ANGLE. He begins re-wrapping the package thoughtfully.

MARLOWE

Where did you get it?

MRS. GRAYLE

(casually,
smiling)

From the lower left hand drawer
of my dressing table --

348

CLOSE SHOT. Marlowe stares at her for a full ten seconds, genuinely dazed.

TWO SHOT. She enjoys his surprise. He takes a step in.

MARLOWE

(thinking
aloud)

It was never stolen...

She shakes her head.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

There wasn't any hold-up...

She shakes her head again.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

You faked the whole thing...

MRS. GRAYLE

(getting
down to
business)

I wasn't going to let him get it. It would have just whetted his appetite. I'm not going to let him get it now.

ANOTHER ANGLE as she crosses to him. He's still a little dazed.

MRS. GRAYLE

Give him a look at it. He'll quibble --

MARLOWE

The last time, he tossed his gun at me. He may know how to shoot it --

MRS. GRAYLE

He won't get that far, but let's not talk about it now. It's very simple, and --

(dropping
her eyes to
the package)

Well, then, this is yours.

(affectionately,
ready for an
embrace)

You're much too nice to be a grubby detective all your life.

He avoids the embrace, concentrates. He seems to be balancing the value of the jade against the risk.

MARLOWE

You told Marriott this thing was stolen?

She nods.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Why?

MRS. GRAYLE

(impatient with
this ancient
history)

He was close to Jules and it had
to look real. They both had to
believe it was really stolen. I
had to go through the motions of
buying it back --

MARLOWE

He fell for all that?

MRS. GRAYLE

(shrugging)

Why not?

She falters, takes refuge in his arms; this time he
doesn't avoid her, holds her for a moment. She steadies
herself, looks up, smiles weakly.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

I really didn't like him. He
wasn't any good. But remembering
does something to my stomach --

MARLOWE

(quietly)

You still think Anthor killed him
then?

MRS. GRAYLE

(shrugging)

Who else?

351

MED. CLOSE. He holds her closer, looks down at the
top of her head, his eyes growing hard.

MARLOWE

(softly)

You.

She stiffens, twists slowly to look up at him with
tortured disbelief.

MRS. GRAYLE

Oh, no...

His expression isn't kidding. She tears herself out
of his arms, turns toward the sofa as the ANGLE WIDENS.
She sits back in one corner of the sofa, miserably.
He follows, looking down at her, and the CAMERA MOVES
IN. She looks up, desperate, hopefully.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

You can't mean that...

He nods.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

But why---?

MARLOWE

Because I think the picture was a little different. I think he was scared because he had agreed to help you kill a nosey detective. Yeh--the one Mrs. Florian called him about---

352 MED. CLOSE. She looks up at him, catches her breath.

MARLOWE

He had to help you---you knew that---to protect his interest. You belonged to him---and to Amthor, and to Mrs. Florian in her modest way. You supported them. They didn't want me cutting in anymore than you did. You wouldn't be worth blackmailing if I found you for Moose---

353 CLOSE SHOT as she reacts, but without losing her composure, the look of one being unrighteously accused.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

He might even hurt you.

354 TWO SHOT. She opens her mouth, but he jumps her.

MARLOWE

If Marriott hadn't been scared silly he might have realized you were pushing us both in a corner---

He pauses, smiles down at her cynically. For a moment she has nothing to say.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

That was nifty thinking, darling. One of us would leave the car. It didn't matter which. Either way, you had us separated. You could tag us one at a time--and get Amthor later.

She looks down, miserable, submissive.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

It might have worked, too--if it hasn't been for Ann. Of course my head's pretty hard. And killing a man with a sap's quiet, but no work for a lady --

MRS. GRAYLE

(tortured)

Please -- don't --

ANOTHER ANGLE as she gets up, goes to him, trying frantically to make him believe her.

MRS. GRAYLE

Oh, it's all true -- don't make me say it. Suddenly I was trapped -- everyone was closing in on me -- I didn't know where to strike -- I didn't know what I was doing --

MARLOWE

You almost did it, anyway. I almost ended up as dead as Marriott --

She takes his shoulders, trying to make him see the truth in her face as she drives on with great effort.

MRS. GRAYLE

I didn't know what you would do -- I didn't know what Moose would do -- But I can't go back now -- and I'm so close to peace, so close -- just Amthor... I don't like killing--I can't face it alone--don't desert me now --

Her look would tear the heart out of a stone lion.

356 TWO SHOT. He slowly shakes his head.

MARLOWE

Sorry. It won't work twice. It's a good technique, but it won't work twice.

She turns away, sinks back in the corner of the sofa.

357 ANOTHER SHOT. He pauses, carefully.

MARLOWE

I don't count the first time, eight years ago. You were just learning. Moose was in love with you. And I don't know what you talked him into---

358 CLOSE SHOT - Mrs. Grayle. This is the one that really hits her.

359 CLOSE SHOT - Marlowe.

MARLOWE

Was it murder---or something serious?

TWO SHOT. He smiles, lets it sink in, starts for the windows, turns back.

MARLOWE

You almost had me, sister, because you almost told me the truth. Sure, Amthor's blackmailing you. But you gave the wrong reason.

He starts for the windows again as he talks, watching her. She doesn't move or look up--a miserable, beaten figure huddled back in the far corner of the sofa.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

It wasn't just men. Pop understood the men--that was part of the set-up, an understanding Grandpa. No, it was the clink coming up. And it's no good understanding the clink---

361

ANOTHER ANGLE. His eyes leave her for an instant as he starts to pull back the drapes. At the same instant her hand comes up from behind her in the sofa. It's holding a small business-like gun.

MARLOWE

You still don't get silk sheets---

He sees the gun out of the corner of his eye, makes a quick grab for his own, but she barks out at him, hard, like a top-sergeant.

MRS. GRAYLE

Don't do that!

He's too late. His hand stops in mid-air. With the gun she gestures for him to get them both all the way up. When he has them up, she smiles -- a small, bitter, regretful smile.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

(slowly as
she gets to
her feet)

I've kept forgetting to tell you -- you shouldn't kiss a girl when you're wearing that gun.

She caresses her right shoulder with her left hand, lets it linger there while she circles him, slowly, the CAMERA SWINGING WITH her.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

It leaves a bruise.

MARLOWE

I'll try to remember that.

She comes on around. Beyond her are the windows. One of them is open slightly, stirring the drapes.

(CONTINUED)

He has backed up toward the steps leading to the unlighted area around the front door.

MRS. GRAYLE

I could like you. I could like you a lot.

362 CLOSE SHOT. He is plenty worried.

363 CLOSE SHOT. The gun in her hand as her finger tightens slightly on the trigger.

MRS. GRAYLE'S VOICE

I'm sorry it has to be like this --

There is a shattering crash. Her hand jumps, but she hasn't fired.

364 LOW ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST Marlowe. In the f.g. beside him and somewhat behind him are the shattered remains of the plaster head we saw earlier on a pedestal. One big chunk of the skull is still rolling, like a dying top. He turns slightly, trying to see what has happened. She barks at him.

MRS. GRAYLE

Don't move!

Her eyes snap past him, then back again.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

(quietly,
smiling at him)

Come in. Come in.

Ann comes slowly into the shot, stepping carefully down to the lower level past the pieces of plaster skull, into the light, and into Marlowe's range.

365 ANGLE ACROSS Marlowe. He turns to look at her, a muscle flicks in his cheek. She refuses to look at him, or at Mrs. Grayle, just stands there miserably, trying to shrink into herself. Then Mr. Grayle steps down into the light. Marlowe reacts again, glances from the old man to his wife.

366 GROUP SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. Mr. Grayle looks up at his wife, his eyes dull and old. She meets them briefly, glances at Ann, maneuvers a little to command the situation, keeping Marlowe covered.

MRS. GRAYLE

(to Ann,
smiling)

Your sense of timing gets worse and worse, dear --

MR. GRAYLE

(shaking his
head)I'm to blame. I insisted on
coming. I was worried---He takes a step toward his wife, his manner solicitously
affectionate.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)

Why didn't you tell me? Why
didn't you tell me you were in
such serious trouble? I---

MRS. GRAYLE

I wanted to spare you---

MR. GRAYLE

I might have been able to help.
To prevent all this. . .

He trails off, sadly, looks at Marlowe.

MR. GRAYLE (cont'd)

Now. . . it is too late. If
Mr. Amthor is coming, I suggest
it be done quickly---367 CLOSE SHOT - Ann, reacting with horror, realizing her
father is urging her to kill Marlowe.

368 CLOSE - Marlowe, also reacting sharply.

369 GROUP SHOT featuring Mrs. Grayle, smiling confidently,
seeing the control she has over the old man.

MRS. GRAYLE

Get his gun.

370 ANOTHER ANGLE as Mr. Grayle crosses to comply. Ann in
the b.g. watches with horror.

MRS. GRAYLE

(smiling)

You know, this will be the first
time I've ever killed anyone I
knew so little about or liked so
well --

Grayle finds the gun.

371 TWO SHOT. Grayle holds it, studies Marlowe a moment.

MRS. GRAYLE'S VOICE

What's your first name?

MARLOWE

(eyeing

Mr. Grayle)

Philip for short.

MRS. GRAYLE

Philip...Philip Marlowe.

(laughs)

That's a name for a duke, and
you're just a nice mug... I've
got a name like a duchess, Mrs.
Lewin Lockridge Grayle... A
couple of mugs...

She waves Grayle out of the line of fire. He puts the
gun on the coffee table near her and sits in a chair,
studying his lap.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

We could have gotten along.

Her expression tightens, she raises her gun.

373 CLOSE SHOT - Ann, terrified.

374 MED. CLOSE - Marlowe, stalling desperately.

MARLOWE

What's stopping us now? I can
handle Moose---he's in love with
you. He broke Anthor's neck
yesterday because he's in love
with you---

375 ANOTHER ANGLE - SHOOTING PAST Ann, at the back of the
chair in which Mr. Grayle is sitting. Mrs. Grayle
reacts, with a slow smile.

MRS. GRAYLE

Then that leaves only you.

MARLOWE

There's nothing I want to do
about you. I know enough.

She shakes her head.

MRS. GRAYLE

You know too much. It's gone
too far---

She raises her gun. Ann makes a tense, abortive
movement, stifles a scream. Mr. Grayle barely raises
his head. Mrs. Grayle looks steadily at Marlowe.

MRS. GRAYLE (cont'd)

I'm too tired---

Two shots crash out, from close range, into her side.
Her own shot is wild. She staggers, looks toward the
chair in which Grayle is sitting. She can't believe
it. She starts to crumple.

376

MED. CLOSE. Mr. Grayle sitting in the chair, Marlowe's gun in his hand, his expression vacant and sad. Marlowe dives in, catches Mrs. Grayle as she falls, the CAMERA PANNING as he carries her to the sofa. Ann in the b.g. has stepped back against the wall, holding her head in her hands.

377

MED. CLOSE as Marlowe lowers Mrs. Grayle on to the sofa. She tries to smile, reaches up, gets her hand in his hair, pulls him down to her. Ann's sobbing comes over.

MRS. GRAYLE

(weakly)

The next time...you kiss a girl.
...take off your gun...

378

REVERSE on Marlowe, as he nods. Her hand in his hair relaxes, she slips back.

379

LOW ANGLE on Marlowe's back as he raises up from the sofa and steps away, shielding her from the camera. His voice comes over, hushed, reverently - narrating.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

There's not much difference in killers. They all die -- some sooner than others, that's all. But she was the only really lovely murderer I had ever known. I had a feeling I should make her a farewell speech...

He raises his right hand in a sort of vague salute. The ANGLE WIDENS to include Ann, still sobbing. She hasn't moved.

380

ANOTHER ANGLE - featuring Mr. Grayle. He stares at the gun in his hand, speaks softly, almost to himself.

MR. GRAYLE

I couldn't. . . I couldn't let her go on. . . I loved her too much. . .

Marlowe snaps out of it, glances at him, then across to the phone, starts for it.

381

ANGLE SHOOTING PAST Marlowe on Ann. He picks up the phone dials the operator.

MARLOWE

(into phone,
quietly)

Let's have the police---

Ann looks up, chokes back a sob, horror-stricken,
dives for the phone, grabs it away from him.

ANN

(defiantly)

Don't you realize he saved your
life? Why must he suffer for
that? Why must he suffer more?

MARLOWE

(quietly;
reaching for
the phone)

The cops always like to solve
murders done with my gun.

ANN

(hysterically)

She's dead---isn't that enough?
She was evil! All evil! What
difference can it possibly make
who killed her?

There is a sudden splintering of wood and glass. They
all start, turn toward the windows.

382 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING PAST Marlowe. Moose is standing
just inside the French windows. He has evidently plowed
blindly through and stands there now like a bewildered
bull.

383 MED. SHOT. Ann and Grayle look slowly toward Marlowe,
frightened, having no idea who this is.

384 ANOTHER ANGLE. Moose takes a step in, as he sees Marlowe,
the back of the sofa screening Mrs. Grayle's body from
him.

MOOSE

(accusingly,
suspicious)

You don't call me. I hear it,
so I come up --

(looks around
disturbed)

I like to talk to Velma now.

He takes another step in. Marlowe pauses, glances down
at Mrs. Grayle.

MARLOWE

(slowly)

It didn't work out the way I
planned, pal... You got a refund
coming.

Moose looks puzzled, follows Marlowe's glance, starts
slowly and cautiously around the sofa as the CAMERA
SWINGS. He sees her, freezes, and for a moment just
stares. Ann and Grayle slip back out of the way.

385 LOW ANGLE UP at Moose. He is in another world, has completely forgotten Marlowe and the others. Slowly his eyes begin to fill with tears and he begins to sink down to his knees. He begins to smile a little, sadly, approvingly, as he looks at her.

MOOSE

She ain't hardly changed... Just like always... Only more fancy... Cute as lace pants, always...

386 ANOTHER ANGLE. Marlowe hasn't moved. He looks down, as if he had a very bitter taste in his mouth.

MOOSE

I wasn't going to bother her none if she done all right... I...

He wipes his nose with his fist. Ann suddenly throws herself into her father's arms, crying.

387 MED. SHOT. He holds her limply for a moment, scarcely aware of her, looks at Moose, drops his arms, takes a step toward him.

MR. GRAYLE

(softly)

It was the only way. It was the only thing to do. You must try to understand. I loved her very much. She was very beautiful--

Moose looks up at him slowly, focuses on him, begins getting to his feet, starts advancing on him.

388 ANOTHER ANGLE. Ann looks up, her crying catches in her throat.

MOOSE

You shouldn't of killed her.

Grayle backs away. Moose keeps coming, blind, without reason.

MOOSE (cont'd)

You shouldn't of killed Velma --

Marlowe throws himself at the big man's back. Moose throws him off like a lion shedding a hunting dog, advances again.

389 ANOTHER ANGLE. Grayle backs toward the coffee table, terrified, sees the gun there. He reaches for it, Marlowe recovers and throws himself toward it at the same time.

390 MED. SHOT. Grayle grabs the gun as Marlowe stumbles forward across the coffee table, grabs the old man's arm.

391

MED. CLOSE SHOT ON Mr. Grayle. As he fires across Marlowe, Marlowe throws his hand up into the shot to protect his face, but too late. The gun itself seems to explode, the shot goes out of focus. the CAMERA PANS ANGLED DOWN, as Marlowe gropes out with his hand to steady himself. The screen grays down. There are two more shots. Ann screams.

The screen goes completely black.

MARLOWE'S VOICE

That old black pit opened up right on schedule. It was blacker than the others -- and deeper. I didn't expect to hit bottom. I thought I was full of lead...

Out of the darkness emerges a blinding light. It comes into focus, resolves into:

INT. ROOM IN HOMICIDE BUREAU - NIGHT

392

CLOSE SHOT - desk lamp. The CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM the lamp as in the opening scene. Marlowe is concluding his statement. Randall, Nulty, the secretary, and the others are grouped around much as before, only sleepier.

MARLOWE

And that's all I know, on account of I don't see so well with my eyeballs scorched---

393

ANOTHER ANGLE ON Marlowe. His eyes are bandaged, of course. Nulty glances dubiously at Randall, yawns. Randall gets up quietly, nods for the stenographer to follow him.

MARLOWE

I heard the shots, I didn't fire 'em. I don't know who got hit.

He thinks he is still talking to Randall.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

(anxiously)

It wasn't the kid, was it? It wasn't Ann?

Nulty shifts uneasily. Marlowe hears him, seems to realize now that Randall is gone.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

That you, Nulty?

Nulty grunts affirmatively.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

How soon do I get to take these wrappings off?

NULTY

(yawning)

Couple of months. If you live that long---

394

ANOTHER ANGLE as Randall returns, carrying a gun, a wallet, a package, and some other personal effects. He pauses for a moment on his way to the table, glances off. Marlowe listens as he dumps the things on the table, tries to figure what is happening. Randall pushes the gun toward him. His hand touches it. He freezes.

395

MED. CLOSE SHOT. His face works as he fingers the gun for a moment.

MARLOWE

(slowly)
You mean I'm sprung?

RANDALL

(sharply)
Just get the blazes out of here
and out of my hair. I'll have
the statement for you to sign
22227722.

Marlowe slowly pushes the gun away.

396

TWO SHOT. He stares toward Randall.

MARLOWE

Who backed me up?

No answer.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Who got shot? I heard two.

RANDALL

(hesitating)
Malloy --

MARLOWE

Dead?

RANDALL

Yeh.

Marlowe chews his lip a moment, waiting for the next one. Randall hesitates a little longer.

RANDALL (cont'd)

-- and Grayle.

MARLOWE

(thoughtfully,
rhetorically)
Yeh? He did it himself?

No answer is necessary. He thinks for a moment, calculating. Then he relaxes, satisfied, begins stuffing things into his pockets.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

She okay, then. She skipped,
thought it over, came around,
and backed me up, huh?

RANDALL

I didn't say.

Marlowe looks around, as if trying to see through the bandages. The CAMERA PANS as he looks ACROSS Nulty and a couple of other cops, HOLDING finally ON Ann sitting quietly, apart from the group in the shadows.

MARLOWE

(looking
right at her)

She here now?

She gives Randall a high sign.

397

ANOTHER ANGLE. Randall looks from her to Marlowe.

RANDALL

No.

(getting to his feet)

Okay, Nulty. See that he
gets home.

Nulty comes around to take Marlowe's arm. Marlowe has put everything on the table into his pockets and now his hand touches the package. He feels it, puzzled, holds back.

398

ANOTHER ANGLE. He shakes it.

MARLOWE

You give going-away presents here?

RANDALL

It's yours. She gave it to you,
didn't she?

Marlowe reacts, realizing what it is.

MARLOWE

She was going to, but I didn't
finish the job.

(throws it on the
table near Randall)

Anyway, I tried it on. It's
wrong for my complexion.

He starts out, Nulty catches up with him. Randall picks up the jade.

RANDALL

(tough)

What do you expect me to do
with it?

MARLOWE

(also tough)
Give it to your girl-friend.
Or give it back to China --

Randall glances at Ann.

399: ANGLE featuring Ann. She looks at Randall with a suggestion of a smile.

MARLOWE

Or strangle yourself with it.
I don't care.

He goes out, guided by Nulty. Ann trails along, several paces behind.

INT. POLICE STATION CORRIDOR - NIGHT

400: TRACKING SHOT as Nulty guides Marlowe across the corridor and rings for the elevator. Ann brings up the rear.

MARLOWE

(thoughtful)
What do you know about the
redhead pitching for me?
How'd she take it -- about the
old man?

NULTY

I wouldn't know.

MARLOWE

(smiling
reminiscently)
Cute figure, huh?

Despite himself, Nulty takes a doubtful glance at Ann's figure. She smiles.

NULTY

I didn't notice.

The elevator arrives, Nulty steers him in.

MARLOWE

You must be low on vitamins.

Ann crowds in with them, her shoulder cramped against Marlowe's. The doors close.

WIPE OUT

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

401 MED. SHOT as Nulty and Ann start down the steps with Marlowe. CAMERA MOVES IN and FOLLOWS.

MARLOWE

She had more than a figure, too.
Not a beautiful face. But a
good face... A face like a
Sunday School picnic --

He stops on the steps, looks toward Nulty as if studying his reaction.

MARLOWE (cont'd)

Any idea what kind of face that
is, Nulty?

402 ANGLE featuring Ann. Nulty forcibly restrains himself from looking at her. She is looking toward Marlowe, touched.

NULTY

I wouldn't know.

He urges Marlowe on down the steps.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

403 TRUCKING SHOT as they reach the foot of the stairs. Nulty heads for a cab stand.

MARLOWE

Too bad I had to push her around.
I wonder how she figured me,
anyway... Not much, probably....
I guess she thought I liked the
blonde chewing on my face...
She probably thought there was
more....

(shrugging)

I'd like to tell her --

(he stops
thinking)

404 MED. SHOT. Nulty is getting pretty impatient. The cab stand is in the b.g.

MARLOWE

There wouldn't be much
percentage in that, would
there, Nulty?

NULTY

I wouldn't know.

He starts Marlowe up again, taking him toward a cab.

405

MED. SHOT - the cab at the curb. The driver, anticipating them, comes around and holds the door. Nulty guides Marlowe in.

406

TWO SHOT. Ann stops Nulty from following Marlowe into the cab by taking his arm, pantomiming that she will take over now. Happy to be relieved, Nulty steps back.

NULTY

(to driver)

820 South Kingsley.

The driver nods, starts around. Nulty holds the door for Ann.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

407

MED. SHOT. Marlowe hasn't left a lot of room. Ann comes in, decides there is more room on the other side of him, crawls carefully across. Nulty closes the door quickly, sighs, and backs off.

408

ANOTHER ANGLE. The cab starts. She almost flies into Marlowe's lap, but braces herself, holds her breath.

409

MED. CLOSE. Marlowe tenses slightly as she comes close to him, sniffs the air.

410

ANOTHER SHOT as she sits back carefully, looks at him, wondering if he has caught on. He relaxes, sits back in the corner.

MARLOWE

Oh, well... Anyway, she made swell coffee, Nulty.

She exhales, relieved, sits back in the opposite corner.

411

ANGLE ACROSS Marlowe. He looks straight ahead. She studies him as they ride a block or so in silence.

412

TWO SHOT. He's still looking straight ahead.

MARLOWE

(suddenly)

Nulty --

She jumps.

(CONTINUED)

412 (CONTINUED)

MARLOWE (cont'd)

I haven't kissed anybody in a
long time --

(turning
toward her)

Would it be all right if I
kissed you, Nulty?

She catches her breath, stares at him. His mouth is very serious. Then she bites her lip, begins to smile, her eyes get a little moist, and she slips over into his arms.

413 TWO SHOT - ANOTHER ANGLE. He holds her for a moment. Then she raises her head. He finds her face. Their lips are about to meet. Then he stops, pushes her away a little. She reacts, startled, hurt. He reaches inside his coat, brings out his gun, reaches around to put it on the seat beside her, and pulls her into his arms again. They kiss.

FADE OUT

THE END