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Fenady

THE MAN

WITH

BOGART'S FACE

by

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MELVIN SIMON PRODUCTIONS

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PRODUCTIONS

THE MAN WITH BOGART'S FACE

INT. CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

1

A MAN, with bandaged face, sits watching a TV set. The SOUND is turned down. From time to time we SEE snatches of the TV picture, but not enough to identify the film. DOCTOR INMAN is removing the bandages from the man's face. A NURSE assists, but the man keeps looking at the TV set.

DR. INMAN

I've worked on thousands of patients, all kinds - movie stars, charity cases. Never had a request like this. I did check with the Board. Medically, ethically, there was no reason not to comply. Your face - your money. Well, I did the best I could from the photographs...

ANGLE - DR. INMAN HANDS THE MAN A MIRROR

2

DR. INMAN

... hope you're satisfied.

We still do not reveal the man's new face. The man takes the mirror - doesn't look yet - instead he leans forward, turns up the VOLUME - we are now WATCHING AND LISTENING to the closing moments of the motion picture THE BIG SLEEP with BOGART and BACALL on the TV set.

BOGART

You'll have to send Carmen away. There are places for people like that. I think General Sternwood's strong enough to take it.

(SOUND OF SIREN)

That'll be the police. Let me do the talking.

(pause)

What's wrong with you?

BACALL

Nothing you can't fix.

MUSIC BUILDS. The film ends on a shot of Bogart and now we REVEAL the face of Dr. Inman's patient as he looks into the mirror. THE MAN LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE HUMPHREY BOGART and when he speaks it's with that same sibilant slight lisp.

MAN

Swell.

FREEZE FRAME FOR TITLE ONLY - THE MAN WITH BOGART'S FACE

UNDER CREDITS:

EXT. - DAY - MOVING SHOTS

3

following a 1939 Plymouth Coupe on a busy Los Angeles street. All other cars are sixties and seventies models. The vintage Plymouth's exhaust spews a smoke cloud toward a tailgating Mercedes convertible driven by a MAN in his fifties who repeatedly HONKS and tries to pass the Plymouth.

ANOTHER ANGLE - NEAR A BUSY INTERSECTION

4

The Mercedes' driver pulls alongside and passes the Plymouth. He HONKS again and gives the finger sign to the Plymouth.

MERCEDES DRIVER

You dumb bastard! Why don't you  
junk that heap. It's a menace to...

CLOSE UP - MERCEDES DRIVER REACTS -

5

then stares at:

CLOSE UP - THE PLYMOUTH DRIVER

6

who is the man with Bogart's face - complete with trench coat, grey felt hat and twitch. OVER THIS there is the SOUND of a horrendous CRASH!

ANOTHER ANGLE - STREET

7

The Mercedes has piled grill to grill into an oncoming black and white L.A. Police car. Bumpers are mangled, hoods are twisted and gaping, glass is shattered and radiators are erupting. So are the Police Officers. The Plymouth just keeps on going.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - TILT SHOT - DAY

8

from tower to entrance. The man with Bogart's face wearing a trench coat and grey felt hat exits City Hall. Everybody else is in shirtsleeves and summer dresses since the temperature is 93 this July day in L.A.

MAN (V.O.)

I had my name legally changed to Sam  
Marlow. And you'd be surprised how  
easy it is to become a private eye.

CUT TO:

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

9

Sam Marlow inspects some pistols, as the dealer rubs his chin while staring at the man with Bogart's face.

SAM (V.O.)

I bought two guns. A Luger and  
a derringer. And plenty of lead.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNER OF LARCHMONT AND BEVERLY BLVDS - DAY 10

Sam walks to the middle doorway of the corner building  
and starts up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY 11

Two women walk down the steps and stare as Sam goes by.

SAM (V.O.)

I had rented a second-story office  
on the corner of Larchmont and  
Beverly in Hollywood. Two rooms  
plus a kitchenette and toilet.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS 12

SAM (V.O.)

Across the hall there was a  
Ladies' Gymnasium.

Sam looks at painted sign on the frosted glass of his door.

CLOSE UP - SIGN: SAM MARLOW 13  
Private Investigator  
"I don't sleep"

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE HALLWAY 14

Sam unlocks the door, leaves it open and enters.

INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE - UNOCCUPIED 15

Sam walks through, opens a set of double doors to the  
inner office.

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - SAM LOOKS AROUND. 16

On the wall, a poster of Gene Tierney - that portrait of  
her as LAURA. Black leather chair, matching sofa, ceiling  
fan, windows with wooden shutters, swivel chair and roll-  
top desk. Sam fires up a Lucky Strike.

SAM (V.O.)

The office was just about ready  
for the Private Eye business...  
and so was Sam Marlow.

END CREDITS.

CUT TO:

INT. - DAY - ANGLE AT OPEN FROSTED GLASS DOOR

with "I don't sleep" sign. A SHADOW (female) passes across the motto.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Sam asleep in his swivel chair. A female hand knocks on the rolltop desk. Reflexively Sam pulls the Luger out of his trenchcoat and points it at:

MED SHOT

A beautiful LADY - the gun right between her full moon breasts. She's a honey blond with flowing hair that falls in unstudied waves. Big blue-green eyes and luscious wet pink lips. A small circle of waist that valentines into healthy hips tapering down long well-turned legs. She wears a spaghetti-strap polka dot dress consisting of just about enough material to make a pillow case. Her voice is high pitched, quavery but sexy.

BLOND

I'm here about the ad you put in the paper.

Sam lowers his weapon and twitches his upper lip.

SAM

Which ad, Duchess? I put in more than one.

DUCHESS

In response to being a secretary.

SAM

Oh, I thought maybe you were a client. I get two hundred a day plus expenses.

DUCHESS

That's terrific. How much do you pay for a secretary.

SAM

One hundred twenty-five a week.

DUCHESS

That don't seem right.

SAM

Why don't it?

DUCHESS

Well... you get two hundred a day.

SAM  
Plus expenses. But then I take  
the chances.

ANOTHER ANGLE

20

The blond shrugs and the movement sends out ripples all  
over her glossy polka dot dress.

DUCHESS  
Well, my unemployment's run out,  
so I'll take the job.

SAM  
I decide that.

Sam eyes the blond up and down.

SAM  
You're hired.

DUCHESS  
Thanks. Could I ask you something?

SAM  
Ask.

DUCHESS  
Aren't you hot in that trenchcoat?

SAM  
Naw. I don't wear underwear.

DUCHESS  
Neither do I.

SAM  
I noticed that.

DUCHESS  
You know, you remind me of somebody.

SAM  
Yeah, who?

DUCHESS  
I can't quite place it. But maybe  
it'll come to me while I sleep.  
Things come to me in bed.

ANOTHER ANGLE

21

She bends to pick up a paper clip from the floor. Her honey-blond hair tumbles over her shoulders; her full-blown breasts heave against the spaghetti-straps converging across her bosom. Sam holds his breath - as somehow the resilient polka dot corral manages to contain her breastwork. Duchess puts the paper clip on his desk.

DUCHESS  
See you in the A.M.

ANOTHER ANGLE

24

She starts out the office. It's a Marilyn Monroe exit.

SAM (twitches)  
Good night, Duchess.

CUT TO:

INT. - A SERIES OF SHOTS - SAM'S OFFICE INTERCUT WITH  
DUCHESS' OFFICE (NOTE: Use old fashioned WIPES to  
separate SHOTS.)

25-28

- A) Sam at his desk as Duchess enters and exits.
- B) Duchess pecking at typewriter with one finger.
- C) Sam smoking, taking a hit from the office bottle.
- D) Duchess eating a banana.

SAM (V.O.)  
More than a month of 'good nights'  
went by with no calls and no clients.  
Duchess was built like Marilyn Monroe  
and made as much sense as Gracie Allen.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

29

Sam, feet on desk, takes a hit from the office bottle.

SAM (V.O.)  
I guess it all started that summer  
night. The fan pushed the thick  
hot air around the room while I sat  
there thinking about this and that.  
And then...

Sam looks out the window to Beverly Blvd.

SAM'S P.O.V. THRU WINDOW - A SCREECHING CAT

30

It's reflection fills the window. Sam swivels around.

ANGLE ON A HUGE WOMAN

31

standing in the office, holding the cat. The corner street  
light from outside illuminates the left half of the woman's  
face while the circling blades of the overhead fan send  
shadows slashing down all seven feet of her.

SAM (V.O.)  
 She was the biggest woman I ever  
 saw. In fact, she was the biggest  
anything I ever saw.

WOMAN  
 (a voice like a hungry seal)  
 I'm Mother.

SAM  
 Want a hit from the office bottle?

MOTHER  
 I don't drink and neither should you.

Sam pours himself another - a double.

SAM  
 Is this business - or what?

MOTHER  
 It ain't "or what".

SAM  
 I get two hundred a day plus expenses.

Mother produces a polaroid photo.

MOTHER  
 Nicky's my boy friend. He's dis-  
 appeared. Here's a picture of us.

Sam snaps on the desk lamp and takes a hinge at the photo.

CLOSE UP - PHOTO

32

Mother and a short, dark-complexioned man - about up to  
 Mother's elbow. He has curly hair and a walrus mustache.

SAM (V.O.)  
 Nicky photographed short, tired and  
 frightened. Mother photographed like  
 a suit of armor. But then, that's  
 what she looked like.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM FIRES UP A LUCKY STRIKE

33

MOTHER  
 Can you find him?

SAM  
 Be careful how you move, Mother.

He points to the blades of the overhead fan.

SAM  
 Those blades are just inches away  
 from your hairdo.

MOTHER

Your rent is past due.

SAM (twitches lip)

How do you know?

MOTHER

I own the building - and the Ladies' Gym across the hall. Find Nicky and we'll work something out.

SAM

I can't use a body building course.

MOTHER

Can you use three months free rent?

SAM

Sounds okay.

MOTHER

His name's on the back of the picture. He's Greek and I can't pronounce it. Find him fast. I'm lonesome.

SAM

I'll have Duchess draw up a contract in the morning.

MOTHER

Who's Duchess?

SAM

My secretary. Private.

MOTHER

Yeah - I saw her going down the stairs. There's not much about her that's private.

SAM

When did you notice Nicky was gone?

MOTHER

I went up to Frisco on business. When I got back he was gone, but all his stuff is still there.

SAM

Still where?

MOTHER

At our place. A little house on North Gower, 444.

SAM

Okay. I'll drop around tomorrow. Don't wash anything.

MOTHER

What?

SAM

Shirts, shorts - stuff like that.  
Might be evidence.

MOTHER

All right. Nicky does all the  
washing anyhow.

SAM

I'll see if I can have him back  
before too much laundry piles up.

Mother turns abruptly and walks out the door.

ANOTHER ANGLE

34

As Sam takes a hit from the bottle, the phone rings. Sam  
pulls the Luger out of his trenchcoat, lays it on the desk  
and picks up the receiver.

SAM

Sam Marlow.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Oh, Mr. Marlow, thank heavens you're  
there... I need your help.

SAM

I get two hundred a day plus expenses.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Mr. Marlow, I don't know where to turn.

SAM

You just turned right, sister. What's  
the case?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Not over the phone. Please, can you be  
at the Hollywood Bowl in half an hour?

SAM

Okay. What's playing?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Nothing.

SAM

Well, then why don't you save the  
tickets until there's something  
you want to see?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Please. I'll be in the center section  
of the Bowl waiting. Please hurry.

The phone goes dead.

SAM (V.O.)

She sounded desperate and lovely -  
probably a brunette.

ANOTHER ANGLE - (with MUSIC faintly reminiscent of THE 35  
BIG SLEEP theme) - SAM

rises, sticks the gun in his right coat pocket and walks  
toward the portrait of LAURA. He lights up a Lucky.

SAM (V.O.)

Dana Andrews was swell in LAURA -  
but what if Bogart had played Lt.  
McPherson? Yeah, Bogart... thinking  
Laura was dead - but still in love  
with her.

CUT TO:

INT. PLYMOUTH - SERIES OF SHOTS SEPARATED BY WIPES - NIGHT 36

Sam driving thru Hollywood - Sunset and Vine - freeway -  
Cahuenga offramp - to Hollywood Bowl entrance - past the  
statue-fountain that hunkers at the entrance and parking lot.

SAM (V.O.)

Well, this was it. Clients. Cases.  
Danger. Dough. Just like the old  
days - when there were causes and  
flags and dames worth fighting for.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM PARKS THE PLYMOUTH 37

He flips down the sun visor and lifts the derringer from  
its custom holster. He slips the derringer into his left  
coat pocket. Then he snaps open the glove compartment and  
takes out a bag of unshelled peanuts.

SAM (V.O.)

Maybe the lovely, desperate brunette  
would turn out to look like Gene  
Tierney. I'd find out in a few minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL ENTRANCE - NIGHT 38

Sam walks up the slanting pavement toward the Hollywood  
Bowl. He cracks the shells of a couple peanuts.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL - NIGHT 39

A concrete cup seating 17,256 spectators. Now there is only  
one spectator - sitting in Section H, Row 9, Seat 15.

Sam walks up the extreme aisle, cracks and drops the peanut shells. He even eats a couple peanuts.

SAM (V.O.)

The brunette was sitting where she said she'd be. Only she was a redhead.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BOWL

40

Sam approaches the REDHEAD, extends a hand.

SAM

Have a peanut?

REDHEAD

Thank you.

SAM

That's okay. I got plenty.

REDHEAD

No, I mean thank you for coming.

SAM

I didn't catch your name.

Sam spits out the skin of a peanut.

REDHEAD

Borsht.

SAM

Once again?

REDHEAD

Borsht. Elsa Borsht.

Elsa stares at Sam.

ELSA

I saw your ad in the paper. Did anyone ever tell you that you look like...

SAM

A detective - yeah. What's the caper?

ELSA

It's about my father. He's been acting strange. Upset. Unstable.

SAM

Sounds like he needs a doctor, not a detective.

ELSA

No. He's been getting phone calls and he's being followed by several men.

SAM  
Does he owe any bills? Or wife  
trouble, maybe?

ELSA  
No. Dad's a widower and retired...  
a prop man for motion pictures.

SAM  
Uh, huh. Why did you pick this  
spot for the meet?

ELSA  
I work here in the office.

SAM  
You know, the acoustics here are  
among the finest in the world.

ELSA (confused)  
Yes, I know. About my father...

SAM  
What's his first name, Miss Borsht?

ELSA  
Horst.

SAM  
Horst Borsht?

ELSA  
That's right.

SAM  
These men who've been following him -  
I wonder if one of them looks any-  
thing like the fellow who's creeping  
up the aisle toward us?

ANOTHER ANGLE - AS ELSA'S HEAD JERKS AROUND

41

SAM  
He's been crawling on my peanut  
shells for the last few minutes.

Sam unpockets the Luger, turns quickly with the weapon aimed.

SAM  
Stand right up, Buster, and make  
yourself known.

A slight pause. Then BUSTER stands up aiming a .38.

SAM  
Well, I got one and you got one.  
Want to negotiate?

BUSTER

I think not. Look behind you.

SAM

That chestnut's older than Nero's  
uncle.

VOICE

Meet Nero's uncle.

ANOTHER ANGLE - A SECOND GUNMAN FLANKS SAM AND ELSA

42

The two gunmen start to converge.

SAM

Such a lot of guns.

BUSTER

Yeah, put yours down on the seat  
in front of you. You wouldn't want  
the lady to get hurt.

SAM

I wouldn't want anybody to get hurt -  
on our side.

Sam puts the Luger on the seat. The two men come closer.  
Buster and Nero's Uncle both wear ski masks - both still  
point their .38's.

BUSTER

I intend to search you.

SAM

Go ahead.

BUSTER

Miss Borsht, step into the aisle  
above you.

SAM

Do it.

VARIOUS ANGLE - THE GROUP

43-46

Elsa climbs over the row of seats displaying her shapely  
white thighs. All three men take notice.

Buster lays his .38 on the seat away from Sam, as: Sam, his  
hand still in the left pocket, fires the derringer thru the  
trenchcoat hitting Nero's Uncle in the gun arm - the gun drops.

Instantly, Sam backhands Buster who bangs against the seats.  
As Sam grabs for his Luger, both men vanish into the darkness...  
Buster backtrailing over the peanut shells.

TWO SHOT - SAM AND ELSA

He turns to her as she stands shaking in the hot summer night. Her birdlike hands covering most of her face.

SAM

It's all right. I'll take the case.

ELSA

Oh, thank you. Thank you.

Sam helps her over the seat, and once again notices her shapely white thighs.

SAM

On one condition - besides the money.

ELSA

Whatever you say.

SAM

That's it. Whatever I say. I do the thinking for both of us.

Elsa nods and stands close. Sam touches her cheek with the tips of his fingers. The kiss is soft, moist, long. Sam pulls away.

SAM

I think we better go see your father, the prop man.

Elsa nods "yes". Sam starts collecting the guns.

CUT TO:

INT. PLYMOUTH - DRIVING IN LOS FELIZ AREA - NIGHT

Elsa sits close to Sam as he shifts gears.

SAM

This area hasn't changed all that much since they shot DOUBLE INDEMNITY.

ELSA

Shot who?

SAM

DOUBLE INDEMNITY, right around this neighborhood. Paramount, 1944. Edward G. Robinson, Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray.

ELSA

I think I saw it on television.

SAM  
Yeah, Stanwyck's ankle bracelet  
coming down the stairs. I remember...

ELSA  
The house.

SAM  
What house?

ELSA  
Our house. You just passed it.

SAM  
I know.

ELSA  
Why?

SAM  
In this business, Elsa, it's best  
not to park in front of the place  
you're going into.

ELSA  
I see.

SAM  
I said I'd do the thinking for  
both of us.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT 49

Sam and Elsa exit Plymouth and walk toward the house.

ANOTHER ANGLE - MED. SHOT - A PARKED CAR 50

A MAN smoking a cigarette - we can't see his face - he  
HONKS the horn... one short, two longs.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM AND ELSA 51

nearing the house. SOUND of two gunshots from inside the  
Borsht house. Sam shoves Elsa to the ground, runs up the  
stairs and kicks in the door.

CUT TO:

INT. BORSHT HOUSE - NIGHT - THE DOOR BUSTS OPEN 52

Sam enters - ONE MAN (BORSHT) - is bleeding in an overstuffed  
chair, a gun still in his hand. ANOTHER MAN holds a gun now  
pointed at Sam. GUNFIRE. A bullet tears a hole through the  
sleeve of Sam's coat as Sam fires the Luger twice through  
his trench coat pocket.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

The first slug hits the man's heart. The second slug hits the first slug. The man drops deader than a can of corned beef. Elsa runs in, looks at her bleeding father and screams. Horst Borsht looks up at Elsa and mumbles.

HORST (dying)

Ein... schlag...

SAM

What did he say?

ELSA

I'm not sure, but I think he said 'ein schlag' ... 'I'm hit'.

SAM

Okay, I'm going to call the police. When they get here, I'll do the talking. You better go into another room - this isn't pretty - make some coffee.

ELSA (sobbing)

All right, Sam.

Sam starts to dial the phone.

SAM

Oh, and Elsa - you're aces. You got moxie. I take mine black with a dollop of sugar.

WIPE TO:

INT. BORSHT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

54

Sam, Elsa, LT. MARION BUMBERA, SGT. HORACE HACKSAW and ASSORTED REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS reporting and photographing - concentrating on the Bogart look-alike.

SAM (V.O.)

In short order, Horst Borsht's house was swarming with cops, reporters and photogs.

ANGLE ON BUMBERA AND HACKSAW

55

Bumbera's face looks like sometime or other it had been hit hard by an iron frying pan.

SAM (V.O.)

Lt. Marion Bumbera, Homicide, was in charge. Second in command was Sgt. Horace Hacksaw.

Hacksaw is a Nat Pendleton type, not quite as tall as a lamp post or wide as a Frigidaire, cherry popsicle for a nose, fists like cement cantaloupes.

SAM (V.O.)

The reporters blazed away with cameras and questions - mostly at me.

REPORTER #1

Were you ever in the movies?

REPORTER #2

Are you related to anyone who was ever in the movies?

Sam just smiles at the unimaginative queries.

REPORTER #3

Weren't you scared when this gungel pointed his rod at you?

SAM

Mine's bigger.

Sam hefts his Luger. Cameras go off again.

LT. BUMBERA

That's all. Out! Everybody who's not in my department - OUT!

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ROOM

56

As the reporters exit, another OFFICER enters carrying two .38s by the trigger guards.

HACKSAW

These the guns from the Bowl?

SAM

They are if he got 'em from my car.

BUMBERA

(points at other guns)

Add 'em to the collection. All right, the party's over.

(to Sam)

Stop by headquarters tomorrow morning. And try not to shoot anybody else unless it's absolutely necessary.

WIPE TO:

INT. ELSA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

57

Elsa asleep, but white thighs showing. Sam covers her thighs with a sheet.

SAM (V.O.)  
I gave Elsa a couple of seconals,  
told her I'd see her tomorrow and  
put her to bed.

WIPE TO:

INT. BORSHT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAM IN CHAIR

58

SAM (V.O.)  
I took a couple of hits of Horst  
Borsht's schnapps, and fell asleep  
where he died.

WIPE TO:

INT. STAIRWAY TO SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

59

Sam in a brand new trench coat walking up the stairs.  
Several ladies from the gym - some with newspapers - watch  
and whisper as Sam strides by.

SAM (V.O.)  
The next morning I ran a couple  
errands, then stopped by to see  
Bumbera. He told me the dead  
gungsel's name was Joe Kango plus a  
lot of A.K.A.'s. Bumbera was still  
waiting for prints on the .38's.

CUT TO:

INT. DUCHESS' OFFICE - DAY - SAM ENTERS

60

Duchess is secretarying. The phone rings while she tries  
to type with one hand and write something with the other.

DUCHESS  
Oh, Sam, this place is a beehive.  
I don't know what to do first.

SAM  
Don't do anything.

Sam lifts the receiver from the cradle and places it on  
her desk. Duchess holds up the newspaper with Sam's picture  
and the caption: "MINE'S BIGGER SAYS BOGART LOOK-ALIKE...  
PRIVATE EYE GUNS DOWN KILLER".

DUCHESS  
Gee, that's a swell picture of you  
in the paper. You're famous.

SAM (twitches)  
Not bad.

DUCHESS

I see you got a new coat.

SAM

Yeah, the old one was full of bullet holes and powder burns.

DUCHESS

A lady came to see you. I shoed her into your office.

SAM

Yeah, the redhead.

Sam moves to his office and doesn't hear Duchess.

DUCHESS (nods)

Except the redhead's a brunette.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - THE BRUNETTE SITS IN SAM'S CHAIR 61

Sam enters, starts to close the door. SHE swivels around, legs first, to face Sam.

SAM (V.O.)

She didn't look exactly like Gene Tierney - but close. Close enough.

BRUNETTE

Mr. Marlow, I've come to you because I'm quite desperate.

Sam licks his lips and closes the door. He looks from the portrait of LAURA to the brunette.

BRUNETTE

I'm Gena Anastas. My father is Alexander Anastas. You've heard of him?

SAM

The Commodore?! Yeah. He's one of those Greek shipping tycoons the world is full of lately.

Sam pulls out the polaroid of Nicky and Mother.

SAM

Ever see this fellow before? He's the one on the left.

GENA

No, I haven't

SAM

Well, it's another case anyhow. Tell me about your case.

GENA  
There are some photographs...

SAM  
There always are.

GENA  
Please.

SAM  
I shouldn't have said that, Laura -  
I mean, Gena. Go ahead.

GENA  
It was at a party. There was this  
handsome athletic fellow... I can't  
remember much... he must've put some-  
thing in my drink ... I woke up in  
that horrible motel. They had taken  
pictures...

SAM  
They?

GENA  
Yes, there are others involved.  
Petey Cane of Cane's Club has pos-  
session of the pictures.

SAM  
How much do they want... and when?

GENA  
Ten thousand. Today.

SAM  
You have the ten grand on you?

GENA  
Yes. I thought if you came along...  
it might scare them. I wouldn't want  
father to find out.

SAM  
Sure, kid. I'll go along.

GENA (gratefully)  
Thank you.

Gena puts her arms around Sam, pressing her face and hair  
against the side of his cheek and throat. Sam looks up  
at the portrait of LAURA.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S PLYMOUTH - MOVING DOWN SANTA MONICA - DAY

62

Sam flips down the visor, lifts out the derringer, and slips it into the left pocket of his new trench coat.

GENA

You shot a man last night.

SAM

Two.

GENA

Were you protecting a beautiful girl?

SAM

I was protecting myself.

CUT TO:

EXT. CANE'S CLUB - SANTA MONICA BLVD. - DAY

63

The Plymouth parked. Sam and Gena walk to the entrance. A "CLOSED" sign on window. Sam knocks on the front door and a TORPEDO opens it.

TORPEDO

Da lady's expected. You're not.

SAM

It's a package deal.

Sam pushes his way by the brute.

TORPEDO

Okay, turkey. You can come as far as the next door.

SAM

I'll think it over.

CUT TO:

INT. CANE'S CLUB - DAY

64

They walk into the joint. The place looks like it hasn't been swept the night before - or the week before.

SAM

Where's Petey Cane?

TORPEDO

Mr. Cane's in his private office. Da lady enters. You don't.

SAM

I'll think it over.

Sam nods for Gena to go in.

GENA (worried)  
But I thought...

SAM  
Go in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

65

Gena enters Cane's office. The Torpedo closes the door and eyes Sam. Sam pulls a Lucky Strike from a fresh deck.

SAM  
Nice place Mr. Cane's got here.

TORPEDO  
We like it.

SAM  
Topless?

TORPEDO  
And bottomless.

SAM  
Very classy. Say you got a light?

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TORPEDO NODS

66

He reaches in his coat pocket as Sam's fist hits the Torpedo's face and the wall hits the back of the Torpedo's head. He slides to the dirty floor bagging Zs.

SAM  
I thought it over.

CUT TO:

INT. CANE'S OFFICE - DAY - SAM ENTERS

67

SAM  
Oh, I thought this was the Men's Room.

Gena stands by PETEY CANE - a George Raft type in his fifties, wearing an expensive suit and silk tie. Also present, a YOUNG ATHLETIC FELLOW; white slacks, pale blue shirt and bulging muscles.

CANE  
Where's Ralph?

SAM  
Thinking things over. Did you get your ten Gs?

Cane nods. Gena holds a large envelope in her hands.

SAM  
That the art work?

Gena nods. Her hands are trembling.

SAM  
Open it - take a look inside.  
Make sure.

Gena manages to open the envelope, pulls out the negatives and 8x10s halfway out, then quickly goes through them without revealing the contents to the men in the room and pushes the pictures back into the envelope.

GENA (embarrassed)  
Yes.

Sam takes the envelope, tears it down the middle and puts the two halves on Cane's desk. Then he pulls his Luger out of his trench coat.

SAM  
Now listen good you rotten punks.  
If any more of these turn up or you  
ever bother this girl again, I'll  
come back and blow holes through  
both of you the size of eggplants.  
And you, Jock, guess where your  
hole'll be!

Sam's hand is a little unsteady.

SAM  
You're awful close to getting those  
holes right now!

Gena moves toward Sam, who throws a left hook flush on the lovely profile - but careful not to break her jaw. She goes down and out.

ANOTHER ANGLE

68

Sam switches the Luger to his left hand and crashes his right fist against Jock's jaw. Sam makes sure he breaks that one. Then he turns to Cane who shrinks three sizes.

SAM  
You're too old for me to slug...  
but I'm gonna do it anyhow.

Sam blasts Cane with a right cross. He looks things over, then moves toward the ten crisp thousand dollar bills and the torn envelope on Cane's desk.

SAM (V.O.)  
For a few minutes there, I was  
the only one awake in the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CANE'S CLUB - DAY

Sam helping the still dazed Gena towards the street.

GENA

Why... why did you hit me?

SAM

I'll explain later. The money's in your purse. You won't be bothered again.

ANOTHER ANGLE - ALLEYWAY

A MAN steps out of a shadowy doorway and hits Sam behind the ear with a sap - expertly! Sam and the SCREEN go black.

LONG, LONG DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - DAY - A LANTERN SWAYS - A ROOM

designed like a ship's cabin - but much larger. The room and people billow in and out of FOCUS from Sam's P.O.V. Present are Gena, kneeling near Sam, applying cold towels to his head; COMMODORE ANASTAS - a tabernacle of a man with a strong wind-rubbed face wearing dark steel-rimmed glasses, ou le-breasted blue blazer with glittering gold buttons.

To one side, TERESA ANASTAS, the Commodore's present wife, an olive-complexioned woman in her early forties who looks like Dolores Del Rio and is built along the lines of Patricia Medina. Also GEORGE, the man with the sap, wearing a pencil-lined suit, size 44 regular - a little tight around the chest.

SAM (V.O.)

In the old days in the movies or radio or television when a Private Eye got sapped he'd land on 'cloud nine' or 'dive into a black pit with no bottom'. Then he'd be up and around in no time. That's not how it is.

COMMODORE'S VOICE

You're a damn fool, George. You almost killed him.

SAM (V.O.)

It's a hundred rattlesnakes loose in your skull. It's ice picks sticking into the back of your eyeballs. It's a hot poker going in one ear and out the other. That's what it is, sisters and brothers.

## ANOTHER ANGLE - THE ROOM

Sam rises, wobbles, then settles for sitting. He rubs the walnut behind his ear and looks around the room.

SAM

I've been on boats before, but never piped aboard like this.

COMMODORE

I am Alexander Anastas. I rarely apologize, but I apologize to you, sir.

SAM

That fixes everything except my head.

Sam starts to rise again. Negative.

COMMODORE

This is my wife, Teresa.

She smiles.

SAM

Charmed.

The Commodore starts to motion toward George.

SAM

I already ran into him.

COMMODORE

George is my man. He was under the impression that he was assisting Gena.

SAM

So was I.

COMMODORE

Yes. Would you care to tell me why she came to you?

SAM

No.

COMMODORE

That is your privilege, sir.

SAM

In that case, I'll tell you. It is okay to tell him, isn't it, Gena?

A worried look comes across Gena's face.

SAM

She asked me to find an old school chum. Vassar was it? Or Bennington?

GENA

Bennington.

SAM

The chum ran away from home, had a habit, heroin. I got a tip the chum was working as a dancer at Cane's Club. She wasn't. That's it.

COMMODORE (relieved)

I thank you, sir.

ANOTHER ANGLE

73

OVER ABOVE, Sam manages to get to his feet. He notices the windows are iron barred. He walks over to a display case filled with all kinds of do-dads: daggers, jewels, gold watches, ship's compasses, books, bottles, etc.

COMMODORE

I have a passion for collecting.

SAM

Yeah, I've got a passion for passion.

COMMODORE

These items are priceless. Isabella's diamond ring, Napoleon's watch...

SAM

And my father's mustache.

COMMODORE

Unfortunately I won't be able to see these artifacts - or anything - much longer. I built an empire, but I am going blind, sir. Nothing can prevent it. No power on earth or heaven.

SAM

Yeah, well, enjoy it while you can, Commodore. I got to run along. I haven't built my empire yet.

COMMODORE

I am in your debt, sir. Please call on me if I can ever be of service.

SAM

You can start by telling me how I get off the Queen Mary.

GENA

I'll show you the way.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM AND GENA START FOR THE DOOR

Sam nods to the Commodore's wife.

SAM  
Mrs. Anastas, it's been nice talking  
to you.

Mrs. Anastas smiles.

SAM  
Oh, one more thing...

Sam picks up a small but heavy stool and smashes it across  
the back of George's head. George hits the deck.

SAM  
I don't sap so good on Tuesdays.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANASTAS' MANSION DRIVEWAY - HOLMBY HILLS - DAY

ANGLE, Sam and Gena walk toward his Plymouth, which seems  
a little out of place parked next to a couple of Rolls  
Royces, a Mercedes limousine, a Ferrari and other rolling  
stock worth a total of at least \$200,000. He gets into the  
driver's side, Gena leans through the open window.

CUT TO:

INT. PLYMOUTH - SAM AND GENA - DAY

Gena places a thousand dollar bill on the dashboard.

SAM  
A grand?! I get two yards a day plus...

GENA  
Consider the rest a retainer.

She leans in and kisses him.

GENA  
Can I come see you sometime?

SAM  
You don't even need an appointment.  
Just knock three times.

GENA  
I will. That was a beautiful lie  
you told about my old school chum.

SAM  
Wasn't easy. Vassar man, myself.

Sam puts the G in his pocket. Gena moves back a step and Sam starts to drive off as Gena waves.

WIPE TO:

INT. DUCHESS' OFFICE - DAY - SAM ENTERS

77

Duchess is typing with the right hand - has the phone in her left and the other line is ringing.

SAM  
Hello, Duchess.

DUCHESS  
Oh, Sam, there've been a trillion calls.

SAM  
Did Elsa call?

DUCHESS  
Uh, huh. I told her you'd call back.  
Oh, and an underwear company wants  
you to endorse their stuff.

SAM  
I don't wear underwear.

DUCHESS  
I told them that.

SAM  
What'd they say?

DUCHESS  
They wanted to know how I knew?

SAM  
What'd you say?

DUCHESS  
I don't remember.

SAM  
Maybe it'll come to you.

DUCHESS  
Maybe... but I don't think so.

SAM  
Neither do I.

Sam starts for his office.

SAM  
Get Elsa on the phone.

DUCHESS

Who?

SAM

Never mind, I'll get her.

WIPE TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY - SAM ON THE PHONE

78

SAM

I think you better get out of that house.

ELSA'S VOICE

No, Sam, really. I'd rather stay here.

SAM

Okay. I'll come by with a couple of steaks later.

He hangs up. Duchess enters with that provocative walk.

SAM

Duchess, either your skirts are getting shorter or your legs are getting longer.

DUCHESS

Sam, there's someone here to see you.

SAM

Has she got a name?

DUCHESS

I think he said it was Mr. Gazelle.  
(sashays toward the door)  
I'll shoo him in.

ANOTHER ANGLE

79

Duchess ushers in a MAN. Sam gives him the Double O - expensive clothes, about five feet eight, too much slickum on his hair, face too pudgy, hands to match.

SAM

Mr. Gazelle?

ZEBRA (slight accent)

Mr. Zebra.

SAM

Oh, sorry. Have a couch, Mr. Zebra.

Zebra sits on the edge of the couch. Sam shoots a look at Duchess, who shrugs again and sashays back out the door.

ZEBRA

(clears his throat)  
Mr. Marlow, have you ever heard of  
'The Eyes of Alexander'?

SAM

No.

ZEBRA

But you have heard of twenty-five  
thousand dollars?

SAM

Yes. What's one got to do with the  
other?

ZEBRA

I am prepared to pay you twenty-five  
thousand dollars if you deliver to  
me 'Alexander's Eyes'.

SAM

'Alexander' who?

ZEBRA

Why, 'the Great', of course. Well?!

SAM

Well, what?

ZEBRA

Is it acceptable?

SAM

It might be. Say this 'Alexander's'  
been dead for quite some time,  
hasn't he?

ZEBRA

Over twenty-three hundred years.

SAM

Well, what shape do you expect his  
eyes to be in?

ZEBRA

Not his real eyes.

Sam takes a hit from the office bottle.

ZEBRA

The 'Eyes' of the statue.

SAM

Oh, those 'Eyes'. And they're made  
out of whatchamacallit - again?

ZEBRA

Sapphires. Mr. Marlow, I get the distinct impression that you know much more than you reveal.

SAM

That's the impression you're supposed to get.

ZEBRA

Here is my card. Please call and leave word when you are ready to complete the transaction. And as you Americans say, 'the sooner, the better'.

SAM

That's what we Americans say, all right.

ZEBRA

I thank you and bid you good day.

SAM

Same to you.

Zebra opens the door and exits as Sam lights up a Lucky.

WIPE TO:

INT. DUCHESS' OFFICE - DAY

80

ANGLE on Duchess as Sam comes into the outer office.

SAM

You can go home early, Duchess.

DUCHESS

I'm not going home. I'm going to the beauty shoppee.

Duchess lifts both of those long legs above her desk.

DUCHESS

Getting my legs waxed.

SAM

Good night, Duchess.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

81

Sam starts down the stairs. Mother pokes her head out of the gymnasium door.

MOTHER

Find Nicky yet?

SAM

No. But I've got a clue.

MOTHER

Screw your clue. I want Nicky.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELSA'S HOUSE - DAY - SAM PARKS THE PLYMOUTH

82

He tucks some groceries under his arm and starts toward Elsa's house. A black car driven by Bumbara pulls up and stops.

BUMBERA

Hello, Marlow. Shoot anybody today?

SAM

Not yet, but it's early.

BUMBERA

Be careful that gun doesn't go off in your pants.

SAM

I wear a cup. Any prints on the .38s?

BUMBERA

No clear prints on either piece.

SAM

Sleep warm, Lieutenant.

BUMBERA

Yeah. By the way...

SAM

I figured there'd be a 'by the way'.

BUMBERA

Did a little digging into your past. How's the 'wound' coming along?

SAM

What wound?

BUMBERA

You know what I'm talking about.

SAM

Do I?

BUMBERA

Know something, shamus? Screwy as it sounds, I kinda like you.

SAM

Yeah? I better get going before this turns into something disgusting... sweetheart.

CUT TO:

INT. BORSHT KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam and Elsa are finishing dinner - steaks, two empty Michelobs in front of Sam - he's pouring what's left of the third bottle into a glass.

SAM (V.O.)

We had the steaks and a cucumber salad. The conversation was sparse until I asked if anybody called or anything unusual happened that day. That's when Elsa remembered.

ANOTHER ANGLE - AT SAM AND ELSA

SAM

What letter?

Elsa pulls an envelope from her dress pocket.

ELSA

From father and addressed to him.

Sam looks at the envelope and pulls out the letter.

SAM

Postmarked yesterday. You sure it's his handwriting?

ELSA (nods)

Doesn't make any sense. It's some sort of a poem.

SAM (reads aloud)

'Under the tramp of marching feet,  
Under the beat of daring drum,  
Follow the three beneath the post.  
Age will show the way to go.  
To a stone, a stone, high or low.'

Sam shakes his head.

SAM

This is tougher than the 'Musgrave Ritual'.

ELSA

What's the 'Musgrave Ritual'?

SAM

A Sherlock Holmes story. Universal made it into a picture, 1943. Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. They called it 'Sherlock Holmes Faces Death'.

ELSA

I think I saw it on television.

SAM

Yeah, they run it all the time. Did your father gamble? Maybe involved in narcotics? Anything like that?

ELSA

No, no, no. He was a quiet man. A private, very private sort of person.

SAM

When did he come to the U.S.A.?

ELSA

A few years after the war.

SAM

Was he one of Hitler's heroes?

Elsa nods. Sam puts the letter inside the envelope.

SAM

Don't say anything to anybody about this. It'll be our little secret.

Sam sticks the letter into his inside pocket.

SAM

Okay, Angel. I'll run along.

ELSA

Sam...

Elsa moves close to Sam. She kisses him.

ELSA

You make a great steak.

SAM

Yeah. There's nothing wrong with your cucumbers, either.

CUT TO:

PLYMOUTH - SAM DRIVING THRU HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

85-86

SAM (V.O.)

I decided I might as well go back to the office. It was more conducive to deductive reasoning than my apartment.

WIPE TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT

87

Sam at rolltop - studying the letter - sheets of paper torn and crumpled all over the desk and floor.

SAM (V.O.)

Two hours later, I was still reasoning deductively without results. The riddle was as screwy as the Dutchman's name.

Sam rises, stretches, walks to one of the shuttered windows facing Larchmont, pulls the little knob on one of the shutters and looks up and down Larchmont Blvd.

SAM (V.O.)

Larchmont Village closes early. The street is patronized mostly by rich women. Their husbands are lawyers, bankers, insurance men and stock brokers.

SAM'S P.O.V. ACROSS THE STREET

88

A MAN stands in a dark doorway looking up at Sam's window.

SAM (V.O.)

But that wasn't any stock broker standing in the doorway across the street.

INTERCUT ANGLES

88-89

Sam gives the man a wave. The man doesn't wave back. He hurries away as if he just thought of something.

SAM'S OFFICE - SAM AT WINDOW

90

Then he reacts to a NOISE from above. Again.

SAM (V.O.)

Maybe it was rats in the attic. Maybe it was two-legged rats like Buster or Nero's Uncle.

Sam puts Horst Borsht's letter in his inside pocket and the Luger in his trench coat pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

91

Quiet, empty, dark. Sam walks toward the rear stairway.

WIPE TO:

A PANEL LEADING TO ATTIC, HALFWAY UP THE STAIRS.

92

Sam removes the panel and looks into the attic. Light comes from around the corner. Sam removes the Luger from his pocket and walks through.

SAM (V.O.)  
Why buy a new coat every day.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

93

Sam walks toward the light (accompanied by BIG SLEEP type music). Sam eases to the corner - steps around with his Luger pointed.

SAM  
Evening, friend.

MAN  
Jesus Christ!!!

Sam looks down the barrel of his Luger at the man who is obviously NICKY. Sam smiles.

SAM  
Well, well, if it isn't little,  
lost Nicky.

NICKY  
(with thick Greek accent)  
Will you, for Christ's sake, sport,  
put gun down.

SAM  
So this is where you been hibernating.

NICKY  
What does that hiber - hiber - mean?

SAM  
Resting.

NICKY (nods)  
I stay here till I ready for her.

SAM  
She's ready for you right now.

NICKY  
I know. Say sport, don't I see you  
sometime on television in old movies?

SAM  
No. That's somebody else.

NICKY  
He sure look like you.

SAM  
No. I look like him. How long you  
been up here?

NICKY

Since day before she come back.

SAM

What do you eat?

NICKY

At night sometime I go to Ranch Market -  
open all night. Bring 'fayee' - food.

Sam glances at Nicky's larder. An old bench with cans of oyster, bottles of Vitamin E and gin, olives, carrots, figs and various other potent nutrients along with several issues of Playboy and Penthouse magazines.

SAM

She hired me to find you - she's worried.

NICKY

So I. Please no tell her yet. Few more days. I eat lot oysters.

SAM

I don't know if that'll do it, pal.

NICKY

Before she go, I - how you say - drained. Exhaust. She big woman.

SAM

I noticed.

NICKY

I love. But she love too much. I need - how you say - hiber... hiber...

SAM

Hibernate. Okay, a couple more days. But I take you in. You're three months rent to me.

NICKY

Sure. Sure, sport.

SAM

Say, how do you pronounce your last name?

NICKY

Kalamavrakinosopoulos.

SAM

Yeah, well, so long, Nicky.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Sam still riddling the riddle at the rolltop.

SAM (V.O.)

Half an hour later I was just about ready to call it a day. And then...

A KNOCK on the door - ANOTHER - and ANOTHER.

SAM

Holy Toledo!

Sam swivels - Gena stands in the open double-doorway to his office. She wears a silky, white summer dress.

GENA

You said I didn't need an appointment.

SAM

Angel, you don't need anything. Anybody ever tell you that you look like Gene Tierney?

GENA

A few times.

Sam looks up at the portrait of LAURA.

SAM

You're too young to remember her in SUNDOWN. There was a shot when you... I mean, when she... walked across the desert wearing a sort of silky costume... nothing more beautiful ever walked any place - except you.

GENA

Why, Sam, that's very nice.

SAM

You never told me how you happened to come here.

GENA

You said I didn't need an app...

SAM

No. I mean the first time.

GENA

I saw your picture in the morning paper and read the story of what you did. I needed help. I'm glad I came.

SAM

So am I.

GENA

Want to buy me a drink someplace?

SAM

Any place.

GENA

What were you working on?

Sam points toward the rolltop.

SAM

A letter from a dead man.

GENA

The man you killed?

SAM

No. From the man who was killed  
by the man I killed.

GENA

Mr. Borsht?

SAM (nods)

Yeah, Horst Borsht. About that drink.

GENA

Ready when you are.

Sam puts the letter in his inside pocket and guides Gena toward the door. He stops. She puts her arms around him. They kiss. Then she pulls away.

GENA

About that drink...

They start toward the door. She gives him a key.

GENA

Let's take my car.

SAM

Okay. Mine needs all the rest it  
can get.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELLS FARGO PARKING LOT - NIGHT

95

Sam's Plymouth - next to it a white Ferrari - Sam in driver's seat, Gena next to him. Sam fires up the Ferrari - pulls out of the driveway and heads north on Larchmont. Neither Sam nor Gena pays any attention to the car parked on the street as they drive by.

ANOTHER ANGLE - A MAN - WE DON'T REVEAL HIS FACE

96

sits in the car. He rubs his right arm, starts the engine and follows the Ferrari at a discreet distance.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI - CRUISING NORTH ON LARCHMONT - NIGHT

97

Sam points to an apartment building.

SAM

That's where I live. Not as elegant as Holmby Hills, but it's handy.

CUT TO:

EXT. - MELROSE & GOWER - NIGHT

98

Sam turns the Ferrari left up Gower. CAMERA HOLDS.

SAM (V.O.)

That was the old RKO Studio. It's part of Paramount now. I used to work out there in the gym, before...

GENA (V.O.)

Before what?

SAM (V.O.)

Never mind. You're dangerous.

OVER ABOVE the car following turns left on Gower.

CUT TO:

EXT. - HOLLYWOOD BLVD. NEAR HIGHLAND - NIGHT

99

The Ferrari is parked and Sam is helping Gena out. They walk east toward Musso-Franks.

SAM (V.O.)

I parked the twenty thousand dollar sardine can on Hollywood Blvd. We headed toward Musso-Franks.

In front of John's Pipe Shop, Gena grabs Sam's arm.

GENA

Oh, Sam, look, the Wax Museum! I've driven by hundreds of times but I've never been in. Have you?

SAM

Not since this morning.

GENA  
It's still open. Let's go in.

SAM  
Sure.

ANGLE - SAM WAVES TO THE BOXOFFICE GIRL 100

She waves back. Sam guides Gena past the entrance.

GENA  
You didn't pay.

SAM  
I get in free. Come on, let's  
start with the Chamber of Horrors.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT 101

The car following Sam and Gena pulls into a parking spot.

CUT TO:

INT. WAX MUSEUM - NIGHT 102

Sam leads Gena down the dark twisting corridor past Dracula, Frankenstein, the Wolf Man and other children of the night. At a corner they almost bump into a dusky FIGURE wearing a turban and beard. Gena stifles a gasp.

SAM  
Hello, Spoony.

SPOONY  
Sam, welcome back.

SAM  
Oh, Miss Anastas -- this is Spoony  
Singh. He owns all this.

SPOONY  
Beautiful lady. Love to do her in wax.

SAM  
Some other time, Spoony. We're just  
taking a quick tour.

SPOONY  
Enjoy yourselves. Be sure to go  
through the House of Mirrors.  
It's out newest attraction.

SAM  
We'll do that.

SPOONY

And, Sam, thanks again for the trench coat. Adds just the right touch. Should've thought of it myself.

Spoony steps backward, let's something drop from his hand. A "POOF", then a mushroom of smoke and he disappears.

SAM

Quite a showman, ol' Spoony.

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE MUSEUM

103

They walk past several wax figures including Gable, Monroe, Wayne and Crosby and come to the House of Mirrors. In front of it is a wax figure of Bogart. "Bogey" is wearing a grey felt hat and a trench coat. Both pockets have bullet holes and powder burns on them. The left sleeve also has a hole through it.

GENA

Sam, one of these days you must tell me what all this is about.

SAM (smiles)

Let's go into the House of Mirrors.

They do. The House of Mirrors consists of cubicles about three feet square. Not all the walls are mirrored. Some are glass. Some have figures painted on them. After a few turns, Sam and Gena become separated, but they can still catch glimpses of each other - or each other's reflection from time to time. And they can HEAR each other.

GENA

Bet I can beat you out.

SAM

Two bits says you can't.

They both start through the cubicles.

GENA (screaming)

SAM!!!!

ANOTHER ANGLE

104

Sam sees it just then. Standing in one of the cubicles between them is a FIGURE - not painted - and WEARING A SKI MASK and holding a gun with both hands. The gun goes off - one of the glass panels shatters.

ANOTHER ANGLE

105

Sam's Luger is already out as he jumps into another cubicle and Ski Mask fires again, shattering more glass.

SAM  
Where's your partner?

SKI MASK  
This one's on me!

VARIOUS ANGLES

106-111

Ski Mask fires again, shattering another glass cubicle. Sam fires at the reflection - it is just that - more glass shatters. Both men move.

SAM  
You Buster - or Nero's Uncle?

SKI MASK  
I'm the one you creased last night.  
The one who's gonna kill you tonight!

Two shots almost simultaneously, from Sam and Ski Mask. Glass spatters like hail. A piece nicks Sam's neck.

SPOONY (O.S.)  
What the hell's going on in there?!  
Those mirrors cost me a fortune!!

Sam's Luger blasts away another panel.

SPOONY (O.S.)  
Hey, fellas! Please! Cut it out!!

Sam moves forward - hits his head against what turns out to be a plain pane of glass.

SAM  
Sonofabitch!

He moves through another panel. Ski Mask makes a dash and he too is creamed against a pane of clear glass, then moves into a panel closer to Sam. Ski Mask fires another round - followed fast by a blast from Sam's Luger.

VARIOUS ANGLES

112-116

They each fire. Both simultaneously move and stand facing each other across the lower half of an already shattered mirror with razor sharp jagged edges jutting up like stalagmites. Both squeeze triggers. Ski Mask's gun goes CLICK. Sam's gun goes BOOM!! Ski Mask falls forward and is almost cut in two by the craggy spine of glass.

ANOTHER ANGLE

117

Gena runs up to Sam. They find their way out of the House of Mirrors without much trouble since there isn't much of a house left. Spoony waits by the wax figure of Bogart.

SPOONY

Sam, for the love of heaven! Do you know how much those mirrors cost?

SAM

He shot first.

GENA

Oh, Sam... you're bleeding.

SAM

Not as much as him. Spoony, call Lt. Bumbera at Homicide. Tell him what happened, but don't stand too close to the phone.

SPOONY

All right, Sam. Oh, damn - look!

ANGLE AT WAX FIGURE OF BOGART

118

There is a bullet hole through "Bogey's" grey felt hat.

SAM

Don't worry, Spoony. I'll get him another hat.

CUT TO:

INT. WAX MUSEUM - NEAR SHATTERED HOUSE OF MIRRORS

119

Sam, Gena, Spoony, Bumbera, Hacksaw and several officers. Ski Mask is in a blanketed basket being carried off.

SAM (V.O.)

Bumbera, Hacksaw and Company were there in ten minutes. The basket boys scooped up Nero's Uncle and carted the remains away. Nobody recognized what was left of his face.

Gena is being escorted out by an officer.

SAM (V.O.)

I persuaded Bumbera to keep Gena out of it. It wasn't all that hard when he realized who her father was. But for some reason, Hacksaw's hackles were up.

HACKSAW

I think he's some kind of a nut. Going around in that get-up and with that face!

BUMBERA

Any law against a man having a face like that?

HACKSAW

It ain't natural. He's a psycho.

BUMBERA

Take it easy, Hack. Look, Sam, these killings got to stop. What're you trying to do?

SAM

Improve the breed. When I get through, there'll be better - but fewer - criminals around.

HACKSAW

You see, Bummy! He's nuts! I...

SAM (flaring)

What the hell am I supposed to do when these hoods come after me with cannons?! Tell 'em to wait till I call the police? Or let 'em shoot me and my clients full of lead?

BUMBERA

Don't you ever just wound anybody?

SAM

Yeah, I nicked that guy last night and look what happened... he got mad.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

120

Bumbera pulls his car to a stop. Sam starts out.

SAM

Thanks for the lift, Copper.

BUMBERA

Sure. Say, Sam, you like being a detective?

SAM

It's a living - so far.

BUMBERA

Don't you miss...

SAM

Look, Bummy, either book me or let me go to bed. Who needs this curbside third degree?

BUMBERA

Sure - sure, goodnight, shamus.

SAM  
Goodnight, sweetheart.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

121

Sam wears only pajama bottoms. A big brass bed dominates the room. Sam has Borsht's letter in hand. He lifts the knob off a post of the bed - makes the letter into a tube - slips it into the post, replaces the knob.

SAM (V.O.)  
It had been a long enough day.  
I'd riddle the riddle tomorrow -  
or try. Then I heard it.

A KNOCK - ANOTHER - ANOTHER

SAM (V.O.)  
Holy Toledo - Toledo - Toledo!

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - ANGLE AT DOOR

122

Sam opens the door. It's Gena, smiling, holding a sack.

SAM (V.O.)  
Her face had that same 'Isabel'  
look she tempted Tyrone Power with  
in THE RAZOR'S EDGE. But I didn't  
need any tempting.

GENA  
How do you like your brandy?

SAM  
In bed.

Gena glides in as he shuts the door behind her. Gena takes the bottle from the sack.

GENA  
Grand Marnier. Do you like oranges?

SAM  
If they're from your tree.

GENA  
You've got a good physique, Mr. Marlow.

SAM  
And you ain't exactly the Hunchback of  
Notre Dame. I'll get a couple  
snifters while you uncork.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Sam walks to the side bar, picks up a couple of kitchen glasses and walks back to Gena.

GENA

Sam, what'll we drink to?

SAM

To beauty, and truth...

Gena smiles and nods - and pours.

SAM

... and things that go bump in the night.

They drink, then sit on the couch, each taking another sip - they put their glasses on a coffee table. He turns her gently. Sam kisses her and she kisses back. Gena eases away and touches his lips with her finger tips.

GENA (whispers)

Sam, give me a few minutes to get ready.

She rises - not quickly, not slowly. Gena takes her glass and walks toward the bedroom.

GENA

Just knock three times.

He watches her walk into the bedroom.

SAM (V.O.)

It only took an eternity or two for the next couple of minutes to tick away. More time than in all the calendars ever made.

Sam drinks the brandy, pours in more, takes the glass and bottle, walks to the bedroom door, softly knocks three times.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - SAM ENTERS

Gena is in the big brass bed.

SAM (V.O.)

The thin soft sheet outlined her nakedness... every valley and upland, every sweep and bend.

Gena raises her arms to him. He goes to her, sets the bottle and glass down on the night stand - her arms snake smoothly behind his shoulders bringing him closer. Sam kisses her.

GENA (whispering)

Sam....

Her hand goes to the edge of the sheet that still covers her. She takes it between thumb and two fingers and raises it - not fast, not slow - almost like a stage curtain - until she is naked before him.

SAM (V.O.)

No living thing was ever so beautiful.

CAMERA MOVES TO THE OPEN WINDOW - MOON

125

is visible as the curtains flutter from the soft summer wind. An AIRPLANE seems to slowly bisect the moon.

SAM (V.O.)

It was all the music ever played;  
the beat beat beat of the tom-toms -  
till the end of time - something to  
remember you by - dancing in the  
dark - I've got you under my skin.  
It was Gilbert and Garbo - Tracy  
and Hepburn - Bogart and Bacall.  
It was Samson and Delilah - Romeo  
and Juliet - Sodom and Gomorrah.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

126

Sam awakens, reaches for Gena. Not there. He lifts up on one arm. She is sitting on the side of the bed.

SAM

What're you doing, Princess?

GENA

Looking at you.

SAM

Can't you think of anything better to do?

GENA

Maybe. Can you?

He puts his hands behind her naked back and brings her down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DUCHESS' OFFICE - MORNING - SAM ENTERS

127

Duchess is leaning low over an open drawer of a filing cabinet, filing her lunch. Her skirt comes right about to where her underwear should be. Sam's lip twitches.

SAM

Good morning, Duchess.

DUCHESS  
Oh, Sam! You startled me!

SAM  
And vice versa.

She points to the newspaper.

DUCHESS  
Shooting all those guys - aren't  
you running out of ammunition?

SAM  
Thanks for reminding me.

DUCHESS  
Just part of my duties.

She twitters and walks across the room, holding nothing back.  
Sam waits until she sits down, then goes into his office.

WIPE TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY - SAM ON PHONE

128

SAM  
Did you get a make on Nero's Uncle?

BUMBERA'S VOICE  
His name was Al Geiger - a lot of  
a.k.a.'s. Cheap hoodlum for hire  
with a long string of arrests and  
two convictions for assault.

SAM  
Thanks, Bummy.

BUMBERA'S VOICE  
Get any sleep last night?

SAM  
No, I stayed up with the late show.  
So long, sweetheart.

As he hangs up, Duchess ambles into the office and hands  
Sam a blue envelope.

ANOTHER ANGLE

129

Sam opens the blue envelope, pulls out a blue letter and a  
green five-hundred dollar bill.

SAM (reads)  
I would appreciate an hour of your  
time. Please be at the Beverly  
Hills Hotel swimming pool at 11 a.m.  
Signed, Mustafa Hakim.

DUCHESS

Money!

SAM (yawning)

Yeah, Bill McKinley. One of my favorite Presidents.

DUCHESS

I guess you didn't sleep so good last night.

SAM

I ain't complaining.

DUCHESS

Killing those people - don't you see their faces in your dreams?

SAM

I only dream about girls.

DUCHESS (sighs)

I dream about banana splits. Wake up in the middle of the night just dying for a banana split.

SAM

They're naked.

DUCHESS

The banana splits?

SAM

No, the girls I dream about. By the way, they did a good job on both of them.

DUCHESS

Both of what?

SAM

Your legs. They look real waxy.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY OF THE BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

130

ANGLE on Plymouth pulling to a stop at the porte cochere. The uniformed parking attendants don't seem too anxious to park the Plymouth. They whisper to each other and finally one nods and comes over.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM EXITS PLYMOUTH

131

The attendant sees Sam's face. He stands and stares. Sam gives him a twitch and walks up the porte cochere.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOLSIDE - BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - DAY

132

ANGLE ON VARIOUS PEOPLE around the pool, reacting to Sam's face. Most of them have their Bloody Marys or Screwdrivers. One fellow sits facing the sun with a sheet of silvery tin foil reflecting bright light on his face. A tall, attractive BLOND WOMAN comes up behind Sam.

BLOND

Mr. Marlow?

Sam turns around.

BLOND

Mr. Hakim sent me.

SAM

That was friendly of him.

BLOND

I am Cynthia Ashley.

She starts walking, Sam walks alongside.

SAM (V.O.)

She was perfect. Too perfect.  
I couldn't help but wonder how  
perfect she'd be in bed.

SAM

And what do you do, Cyn, my dear,  
besides fetch for Mr. What's-his-name?

CYNTHIA

I am Mr. Hakim's executive secretary.

SAM

Does your boss live here in L.A.?

CYNTHIA

No. We travel extensively, but Mr.  
Hakim maintains a bungalow at the  
hotel.

SAM

Doesn't everybody?

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM AND CYNTHIA

133

walk past a row of bungalows. One of them is painted blue. Cynthia opens the door of the blue bungalow, bids Sam enter. He does and she follows.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNGALOW - DAY - EVERYTHING BLUE

134

Carpeting, drapery, lamps, furniture - everything. One of the blue doors that connects to another blue room opens and a man walks in. MUSTAFA HAKIM - blue suit, shirt, socks, shoes, diamond ring, cuff links, eyes, even bluish tinted hair.

SAM (V.O.)

Mustafa Hakim looked like Zachary Scott in THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS, except he was all done in blue.

HAKIM

So good of you to come.

SAM

I couldn't resist your invitation... the green one.

Hakim glances back into the room he has just come from.

HAKIM

Mr. Zinderneuf, won't you join us?

Another MAN enters the parlor. ZINDERNEUF doesn't exactly walk - he marches.

SAM (V.O.)

Zinderneuf reminded me of Lionel Atwill in THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN, right down to the wooden arm.

Zinderneuf does have a wooden arm and wears a black glove.

HAKIM

Mr. Marlow, this is Wolf Zinderneuf.

Wolf clicks his heels together with a loud report. Sam clicks his heels right back, but with NO SOUND.

HAKIM

May I offer you a drink, Mr. Marlow?

SAM

Got a beer?

HAKIM

Certainly. Mr. Zinderneuf, the usual?

ZINDERNEUF

(thick German accent)  
Bourbon.

ANGLE - THE ROOM - CYNTHIA BARTENDING

135

at the blue sideboard-refrigerator.

SAM

Are you Greek, Mr. Hakim? There seem to be an awful lot of Greeks around lately.

HAKIM

Hardly. I'm Turkish.

SAM

I've never seen a Turk with blue eyes.

HAKIM

My mother was not Turkish.

SAM

That's a coincidence. Neither was mine.

HAKIM

Mr. Marlow, I believe in coming directly to the point. So much precious time is wasted in this world.

SAM

Yeah, well, my time's not all that precious. Thanks, Cyn.

Cynthia approaches with a tray. Sam takes the Heineken and the frosted glass. She moves to Zinderneuf who grabs the bourbon in his good hand and clicks his heels.

HAKIM

Thank you, Cynthia.

She sets down the empty tray, smiles and exits through the front door. Sam holds up his glass.

SAM

Aren't you having something cool?

HAKIM

I rarely drink or smoke. Mr. Marlow, you'll find that I am a candid man. The question is - have you ever heard of the 'Eyes of Alexander'?

SAM

I'm pretty candid myself. The answer is, yes.

HAKIM

Are you acquainted with the history of the 'Eyes'?

SAM

Not really. I know that they were a part of a statue once and worth quite a bit of money.

HAKIM

That, sir, is the understatement of the ages.

SAM

Well, that's about all I know.

HAKIM

Volumes could be written on the subject. Permit me to summarize briefly.

SAM

Go ahead.

Sam takes a long swig of the beer.

HAKIM

In 334 B.C., Alexander of Macedon commissioned a bust of himself to be sculptured. The eyes of the statue were to be the two most perfectly matched blue sapphires in the world. The search for the sapphires began.

SAM

How long did it take?

HAKIM

Nearly ten years. One of the sapphires came from Ceylon - the other from Kashmir. But by then, Alexander lay on his deathbed in Babylon.

SAM

Can I get another beer?

HAKIM

Please - my house is your house.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM GOES TO THE FRIG

136

HAKIM

According to legend, the bust with the blue sapphire eyes was the last thing on earth Alexander ever saw. But that was only the beginning of the history of the statue.

SAM

Say, you got any American beer? This stuff tastes greenish to me.

HAKIM

I believe so.

Sam opens the frig, finds a bottle of Budweiser as Hakim continues.

HAKIM

The bust became part of the spoils of a succession of conquerors - Romans, Celts, Gauls, Huns...

At the word "Huns", Zinderneuf stands even straighter.

HAKIM

... Franks, Ottomans. After nearly two thousand years, the statue was in the possession of Ali Pasha. A band of Greek renegades stole the bust from Istanbul and smuggled it into Greece. There it remained for more than a hundred years, when the Germans invaded.

SAM

The 'Blitzkrieg Boys', right, Wolfie?

HAKIM

Mr. Zinderneuf spent some time in Greece... during the war.

SAM

And I'll wager he was wearing grey - with a crooked cross on an armband.

THE ROOM - ZINDERNEUF CLICKS HIS HEELS

137

HAKIM

General Zinderneuf found out where the statue was hidden. He managed to secure the bust, smash it to pieces, remove the sapphires and hide them only hours prior to the Allied takeover.

SAM

A little post-war insurance, huh?

HAKIM

The General was convicted as a war criminal. He served seventeen years.

SAM

Hell, that's longer than the Third Reich lasted.

HAKIM

In 1963, Zinderneuf returned to Greece. He met a nephew who served under him during the occupation. The nephew had gone to the United States, and was now working on an American film being shot partially in Greece.

SAM

I'll bet you a cold beer the nephew was a prop man named Horst Borsht.

Sam drinks more of his beer from the bottle.

HAKIM

Because of his record, Zinderneuf knew he would have a difficult time smuggling out the sapphires.

SAM

But Horst Borsht wouldn't - in one of his prop boxes.

HAKIM

That was the plan.

SAM

And it worked?

HAKIM

Up to a point. Borsht and the sapphires left Greece. Unfortunately, Zinderneuf did not - until now.

SAM

What detained Wolfie?

HAKIM

He was recognized by one of the Greeks from the occupation. An argument ensued - then violence. Mr. Zinderneuf stabbed the Greek in the throat with a fork.

SAM

Back in the slammer!

ANGLE - THE ROOM - HAKIM SMILES - WOLF DOESN'T

138

SAM

And all this time, Horst Borsht is sitting on those hot rocks back in the good old U. S. of A.

HAKIM

Until his recent, unfortunate demise. Now, may I inquire - are you currently in the employ of the Commodore?

SAM

The answer is - I am not... currently. I'm just an independent business man trying to get more independent.

HAKIM

A good answer. Very good.

SAM

Glad you like it.

HAKIM

Mr. Marlow, I am prepared to pay you the sum of one hundred thousand dollars for the 'Eyes of Alexander'.

SAM

I'll think it over. It's the best offer I've had so far.

Sames moves to the door.

SAM

Say, Wolfie, did you know Zinderneuf was the name of the Fort where everybody got killed in BEAU GESTE?

As Sam reaches for the door, there is a soft KNOCK - the knob turns - the door opens and standing there next to Cynthia is Mr. Zebra with an astonished look on his face.

HAKIM

Come in. Mr. Marlow was just leaving. Mr. Marlow, Mr. Zebra.

ZEBRA (anguished)

Pleased to meet you, Mr. Marlow.

SAM

Likewise.

Sam exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BEVERLY BLVD. - DAY - THE PLYMOUTH

139-140

Sam drives by Chasen's and heads east.

SAM (V.O.)

I was feeling flush. People were shoving money at me from every direction. All I had to do was figure out how to find the 'Eyes of Alexander' - and who would try to kill me next.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY - SAM ENTERS

141

Duchess is lunching - two scoops of ice cream with a banana in a bowl. She licks her lips.

SAM  
Any calls, Duchess?

DUCHESS (nods)  
The underwear people again. And the guy who talks dirty called twice. I wrote down most of what he said. You know, Sam, I think he's got a problem. Listen to this...

SAM  
Duchess, why do you write that stuff down?

DUCHESS  
Because I can't remember it.

SAM  
Then forget it.

Sam takes the paper and rips it up.

DUCHESS  
Okay, but I still think he needs help.

SAM  
Not from you - or me.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY - SAM ENTERS

142

As he gets to his desk, Duchess buzzes him.

DUCHESS' VOICE  
There's a man on the line - says it's urgent.

Sam mashes down the phone button.

SAM  
Sam Marlow.

PHONE VOICE  
Do you want to know where the 'Eyes' are?

The VOICE is muffled by a handkerchief of something.

SAM  
That'd be nice.

PHONE VOICE  
A garage down the alley - behind the Vanity Fair Building. The side door is unlocked. Come alone in five minutes.

The VOICE hangs up. Duchess enters licking her lips.

SAM (rising)  
I got to go. Duchess, there's  
something on your chin.

Duchess' rosy tongue goes after it - and gets it.

DUCHESS  
Banana. Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF SAM'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

143

MOTHER  
You were going to go through Nicky's  
shirts and shorts.

SAM  
No need to. I'm zeroing in on him.

MOTHER  
I'll zero in on him all right.

SAM  
That's what he's afraid of.

MOTHER  
You said what?

SAM  
I said that's what love is made of.

She slams the door, Sam shrugs and walks down the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARCHMONT ALLEYWAY - HIGH ANGLE SHOT - DAY

144

Sam walks past the rear doors of Crocker Bank, Jurgenses's  
to the Vanity Fair Bldg. and garage. Sam peers through  
the small window on the side door

SAM (V.O.)  
All I could see was the dim outline  
of an automobile.

INT. GARAGE - DARK

145

Sam pushes the door open, takes a cautious step inside.

SAM (V.O.)  
My eyes were trying to adjust to  
the darkness. They did - to a  
different kind of darkness.

Abruptly, Sam is hit from behind with a Karate blow and falls, face down.

WIPE TO:

INT. GARAGE - SAM STILL ON FLOOR - BUT NOW FACE UP 146

SAM (V.O.)

When I came to, I managed to creep my hand across to my inside pocket - the empty pocket - where Horst Borsht's letter used to be.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S FROSTED DOOR - DAY - SAM ENTERS 147

Duchess is doing her nails. She looks up.

DUCHESS

Gee, back so soon?

SAM

I'm going to lie down.

DUCHESS

With Mr. Gazelle?

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY - SAM ENTERS 148

Mr. Zebra is sitting on the couch. He rises.

SAM

Stick out your hands - both of them.

Zebra does. Sam takes hold of them, then lets go.

SAM

No, it couldn't have been you. But then again, it could've been somebody you hired.

ZEBRA

I am completely in the dark.

SAM

So was I. You work for the Blue Man?

ZEBRA

Not exactly. I work for myself.

SAM

Don't we all. Just what is your line of business?

ZEBRA

I am a humble, reasonably corrupt opportunist.

SAM

How'd you find out about the 'Eyes'.

ZEBRA

Zinderneuf and I were cell mates. You might say we were more than that.

SAM

I never would've guessed.

ZEBRA

We were the only civilized persons in the prison. After a time, he confided in me. Not completely, of course.

SAM

Of course.

ZEBRA

I had often before negotiated the disposition of certain artifacts that couldn't be sold on the open market. Paintings, jewelry, other...

SAM

I get the picture.

ZEBRA

I made the necessary contacts with Mustafa Hakim and Alexander Anastas, whom I knew to be competitors as well as collectors. For this service I was to receive a five percent commission.

SAM

So you're an agent. I should've known.

ZEBRA

Zinderneuf wanted the bidding to take place in Los Angeles. At first I wondered why. Then after I read about Borsht's murder in the paper, Zinderneuf told me Borsht was his nephew. And at that time Zinderneuf admitted he did not have possession of the sapphires.

SAM

And that's when you came to see me. You knew I'd been hired by the Borshts.

ZEBRA

Yes.

SAM

But now, what've you got to offer?  
Your twenty-five Gs is low bid.  
Hakim upped the pot to a hundred grand.

ZEBRA

I offer you half the profits.

SAM (laughs)

You're offering me half of something  
I already have all of. What kind of  
agent talk is that?

ZEBRA

I can promise you much more than one  
hundred thousand - much more.

SAM

Since you're double-crossing your  
old roomie - would you consider this?  
A third for you?

ZEBRA

And two thirds for you?

SAM

No. A third for Borsht's daughter.

ZEBRA

You are a man of ethics, Mr. Marlow.  
Yes, I would consider such a proposition.

SAM

So would I. Now get out of here and  
let me get some sleep.

Zebra walks to the door.

SAM

By the way, why were you in prison?

ZEBRA

Love. Someone was killed. An  
affair of the heart.

SAM

Yeah. I hope he was worth it.

Zebra exits. Sam rolls over and goes to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - LATER IN DAY

149

Sam wakes up as the koor knob turns and Duchess twitters.  
Standing beside Duchess is Elsa Borsht.

SAM

Elsa, what're you doing here?  
Anything happen?

ELSA

No, my girl friend dropped me off.  
I picked up some smoked salmon  
across the street. If you'll drive  
me home, I'll fix us dinner.

SAM

Sure. I'm nuts about smoked salmon.

CUT TO:

EXT. - SAM'S PLYMOUTH MOVES NORTH ON LARCHMONT 150

SAM (V.O.)

I told Elsa about the 'Eyes of  
Alexander' and about Zinderneuf and  
her father. She was astonished.  
She said she knew nothing about the  
sapphires. I believed her.

WIPE TO:

EXT. - SAM'S PLYMOUTH MOVES EAST ON LOS FELIZ 151

SAM (V.O.)

Even though the letter was gone,  
I had it memorized along with  
the lump on my head.

WIPE TO:

EXT. - FRONT OF BORSHT HOUSE - DAY 152

Sam and Elsa walk up the steps.

SAM (V.O.)

I had a feeling something was wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. BORSHT PARLOR 153

Door opens. Sam and Elsa enter.

SAM (V.O.)

I was right.

A mess. Furniture torn apart. Drawers dumped. Pictures  
ripped off walls. Sam goes to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - IN SHAMBLES

154

Sam enters. Elsa follows. Sam points to a broken window on the back door.

SAM

That's how they got in.

Sam opens the door. Three shots splinter wood and glass around Sam's head. He ducks.

SAM'S P.O.V. - THE BACK YARD

155

TWO MEN vault over the five-foot grape-stick fence, and disappear before Sam can fire his drawn Luger.

CUT TO:

INT. BORSHT GARAGE - DOOR OPEN

156

Sam and Elsa enter. The walls are lined with boxes. Contents of drawers and cabinets drumped all over the floor. Guns, holsters, rings, clocks, knives, etc. - in duplicate and triplicate - spattered, smashed. The boxes are decalced with names of studios, movies and TV shows. Paramount, Warner Bros., Columbia, etc.; THE REBEL, THE BOSS, THE DIVERS, HONDO, etc.

SAM

Horst's prop boxes?

Elsa nods.

SAM

I thought he was retired?

ELSA

He still rented these things to other prop men he knew.

SAM (looks around)

Yeah, well, it's Bumbera time again. Let me....

ELSA

... do the talking.

WIPE TO:

INT. BORSHT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

157

Sam, Elsa, Bumbera and Hacksaw.

SAM (V.O.)

I told Bumbera about everybody and everything, including the 'Eyes of Alexander' - but excluding the letter.

BUMBERA

Okay, Sam. I'll look up some of these people first thing in the morning. You bought yourself a little time.

SAM

Yeah, well time goes by, Lieutenant. and it's getting late.

BUMBERA

Miss Borsht, I'll station a team of officers outside. You won't be bothered again. Come on, Hack.

CUT TO:

INT. BORSHT KITCHEN - NIGHT

158

Sam and Elsa and the salmon with thinly sliced onions.

ELSA

Sam, my dad was a good man

SAM

And he was a good soldier. They were all good soldiers. Just doing what they were ordered to do.

ELSA

What do you mean?

SAM

I don't know what I mean. It's tough to tell the enemy without a uniform. You know how to end all wars? Make everybody fight naked. Nobody'd know who to kill and that would be the end of it.

ELSA

Sam...

SAM

No, I mean it. And let the women get in there naked, too. That'd cinch it. No more war - just peace on earth and a lot of whoopee!

CUT TO:

EXT. BORSHT HOME - NIGHT - SAM'S PLYMOUTH

159

Sam pulls away, waves to the team of cops parked in front of the house. They don't wave back.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APT. - NIGHT - SAM'S ON THE PHONE

160

He's stripped to the waist, towel around his neck.

SAM (V.O.)

Gena called and invited me to a party.  
She said she'd pick me up in an hour.  
I showered, shaved, and gargled.

WIPE TO:

INT. GENA'S FERRARI - PARKED IN FRONT OF SAM'S APART-  
MENT HOUSE - NIGHT - GENA BEHIND THE WHEEL

161

wearing a white evening dress, no brassiere. On the side  
of the gown a slit, past her knee, about three inches  
into the thigh area. Sam gets in.

SAM

Where's this party?

GENA

On a boat.

The Ferrari pulls onto the street.

SAM (V.O.)

I was busy looking at the slit up  
her skirt, so I didn't notice we  
were being tailed - again.

CAMERA REVEALS car following them.

WIPE TO:

EXT. NEWPORT DOCK - NIGHT

162

The Ferrari pulls up in a parking area. Sam and Gena  
exit car and walk toward the dock.

ANOTHER ANGLE - A BOAT: "THE EURYDICE" (Duke Wayne's  
"Wild Goose")

163

Sam and Gena approach.

WIPE TO:

INT. SALON OF THE EURYDICE - NIGHT

164

Sam, Gena, Commodore Anastas, Teresa, George, Hakim, Wolf  
Zinderneuf, Mr. Zebra - all in basic black tuxedos except  
Hakim, all blue. Cynthia Ashley looks perfect in a two-  
piece, powder-blue evening dress. Teresa is stunning in  
a low cut gown. Hors d'oeuvres, music, martinis.

SAM (V.O.)

It was old home week. The joint was glutted with familiar, if not friendly, faces.

COMMODORE (shaking hands)

Ah, Mr. Marlow, we meet again.

SAM

Yeah. Small world, big business.

COMMODORE

I would like to speak with you later, if you have a moment.

SAM

I'm all ears - and eyes.

The Commodore grunts and moves away.

SAM (to Gena)

Come on, I'll introduce you to some of these people.

A MONTAGE OF INTROS

165-171

SAM (V.O.)

Hakim held her hand a moment too long. Zinderneuf clicked off one of his sharpest clicks. Mr. Zebra kissed her hand and left it smelling of lavender. The meeting between Gena and Cynthia was something to see. Like a couple of Siamese cats sizing each other up before an alley fight.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALON - THE PARTY GOES ON

172

SAM (V.O.)

It was almost an hour later when the Commodore got his moment with me.

COMMODORE

Sir, it seems that fate has brought us together.

SAM

Fate - and your daughter.

COMMODORE

I told you my passion is collecting. I must have them, sir. Hold them in these hands and see them with these eyes - while there's still time. I must.

SAM

I gotcha.

COMMODORE

Whatever Hakim has bid, I will better.

SAM

The pot's up to one hundred thousand.

COMMODORE

One hundred twenty-five.

SAM

I count three dead men. Two of 'em  
I killed myself.

COMMODORE (shrugs)

Make it one hundred fifty thousand.

Hakim walks over and extends his hand to Anastas.

HAKIM

Thank you for your hospitality,  
Commodore. I'd like you to see my  
yacht some time.

COMMODORE

Leaving so early?

Gena and Cynthia also join the group.

HAKIM

Yes. I'm giving a little party of my  
own this evening. Mr. Marlow, perhaps  
you and Miss Anastas would care to  
join us. I've taken over THE BLUE FEZ -  
it's a cafe on...

SAM

Yeah, I know the place.

HAKIM (looks at Gena)

Please, do come. I think you'll find  
it amusing.

Hakim and his entourage depart. The Commodore addresses Sam.

COMMODORE

You won't forget our little chat?

SAM

Never in a million years. Mrs. Anastas,  
you're a great hostess.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWPORT DOCK PARKING AREA - NIGHT

173

Gena and Sam walk over toward the Ferrari.

SAM

It's a nice night for love.

GENA

Want to come on my boat sometime?

SAM

Is it as big as the Commodore's?

GENA

No, but it's big enough

SAM

Then we'll take a trip to China.  
What do you call your boat?

GENA

'Veltio Avrio'.

VARIOUS ANGLES

174-178

Abruptly, Ralph of Cane's Club steps from behind a post and puts a gun right in Sam's face - another man moves from another post and covers Gena's mouth with his hand. The second man has his jaw wired - it's Jock.

SAM

Hello, Ralph. How they hanging?

RALPH

Better than your face is gonna be,  
smart guy.

SAM

Yeah?

RALPH

You smart ass. Sucker punchin'...  
breakin' people's jaws...

Sam makes a noise like he's clearing his throat. He is. He spits an oyster in Ralph's eye, knocks the gun away and a fast left-right combination sends Ralph senseless against a parked car. In an instant, Sam turns to Gena and Jock. Gena stamps her heel on Jock's foot. Sam charges. Jock covers his face with both hands.

JOCK

No, not in the face, please!

SAM (V.O.)

He didn't say it very plainly because  
the wiring in his jaw broke loose.

Sam gut-hits him left and right, twists him around and kicks him into the water below. Jock makes a big splash.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM WALKS TO RALPH

179

picks up his gun and drags the senseless torpedo to the dock's edge. Sam throws Ralph, then his gun into the water. Two splashes. One big. One little.

SAM

What did you say the name of your boat was?

GENA

Veltio Avrio. Greek for, 'Better Tomorrow'.

SAM

That's very... optimistic.

GENA

Sam, I don't think there's ever been anyone quite like you.

SAM

Not quite.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI - GENA DRIVING, SAM IN OTHER SEAT - NIGHT

180

SAM

Your place or mine?

GENA

Aren't we going to Mr. Hakim's party?

SAM

I could live without it.

GENA

He said it would be amusing. Let's stop in for a few minutes.

SAM

Sure. Just let me know when you've had enough.

CUT TO:

EXT. - SUNSET BLVD - "THE BLUE FEZ" - NIGHT

181

TILT FROM SIGN: Sam and Gena walk from parking lot to the entrance.

CLOSER ANGLE - SAM KNOCKS ON THE DOOR

182

It is opened by a dusky MASTODON - seven feet tall, 300 pounds; wears nothing but baggy silk pants, a turban and carries a curved sword five feet long.

SAM

Hakim sent us.

The mastodon bows from his bulging belly.

CUT TO:

INT. INNER ROOM OF THE BLUE FEZ

183

It hangs heavy with vapors of smoke. About a dozen people sit on pillows with food and booze and Turkish pipes. Some of the people: a dreamy-eyed Hakim, Cynthia Ashley, Zinderneuf, Zebra - the rest a mixed bag, orientals, blacks, some of indeterminate origin.

A half-dozen nearly naked girls dish out shish kebab, goat, stuffed grape leaves and pour out anisette. Hakim rises.

SAM (V.O.)

It looked like a scene from one of those Maria Montez-Jon Hall pictures - except the place reeked of hashish and so did Hakim.

HAKIM

Delighted to see you both.

Hakim signals for Cynthia to move down the line.

SAM (V.O.)

There was that look again between the two Siamese cats.

ANGLE - THEY SIT AND HAKIM SMILES

184

HAKIM

Would you care for anisette?

GENA

Thank you.

SAM

I thought liquor and tobacco never touched your lips.

HAKIM

Only on special occasions. To 'special occasions!'

Hakim drinks.

SAM

Confusion to the enemy.

Hakim looks toward the four fezzed musicians and nods. The tempo of the music changes to a more throbbing, pulsating beat. Hakim touches Gena's forearm and leans toward her.

HAKIM

Unfortunately, the art of belly dancing is unappreciated outside of the Orient. It is the most sensual and sexually exciting...

SAM

Is this a long story?

Hakim claps three times. The music gets wilder as from behind a curtain, three of the shapeliest, most beautiful brunettes this side of the Tigris and Euphrates wind their way toward the semicircle. The dancers wear castanets on their fingers and not much else anyplace else.

VARIOUS ANGLES - THE SPECTATORS 185-190

INTERCUT:

ANGLES OF THE THREE DANCERS 191-193

Full-bosomed and full-hipped - supple, rippling bellies. The musicians wail - the dancers gyrate heaving bodies, mellow breasts, roll, shake - superb hips weave, groins quiver to the castanets, long snaking arms always move from their curving, dipping shoulders.

INTERCUT:

ANGLES OF HAKIM AND ENTOURAGE 194-196

clap, chant and reach toward the majestically moving legs of the dancers as they swirl and thrust their bellies and hips. Zinderneuf beats his wooden hand on the floor in time with the frenzied music. All but Sam and Gena sway their heads and shoulders to the exotic tempo. Then...

ANOTHER ANGLE - HAKIM MOTIONS TO CYNTHIA 197

She rises, walks to him, bends as he whispers. She looks at the dancers. It seems she is starting to shake her head, but doesn't. Hakim stares at her.

ANOTHER ANGLE 198

Cynthia walks into the semicircle with the coiling, twisting belly dancers. Slowly, awkwardly, uncertainly, she tries to move her untrained body to the pulsating rhythm of the music. The three belly dancers swish their hips and bellies with their long curling black hair fluttering and tumbling around their shoulders.

ANGLE - CYNTHIA WRITHES HER FIRM OCCIDENTAL HIPS 199

She makes rotating motions with her firm ascending breasts. Moves long, gown-hobbled legs and looks at Hakim for a sign that the joke has gone far enough. BUT:

ANGLE - HAKIM MAKES A DIFFERENT SIGN 200

He slowly moves both hands to his chest, then away.

ANGLE - CYNTHIA STILL TRYING TO DANCE 201

Tormented - she unbuttons her blouse, slips it off her shoulders revealing a see-through flesh-colored brassiere - then she lets the blouse drop to the floor.

ANGLE - THE AUDIENCE CLAPS HARDER 202

They laugh and yell. Zebra whispers to Hakim, who makes another motion and the exhortation from his guests peaks to a crazy, discordant, obscene crescendo.

ANOTHER ANGLE 203

The three belly dancers fan farther away from Cynthia - their breasts, bellies and buttocks still move in suggestive sweeps and grinds.

Cynthia unbuttons the long tight skirt and lets it fall down her slender legs. She wears only the briefest of flesh-colored panties, fringed with a rim of fine blue lace. She steps away from her spilled skirt and tries to dance feeding the perverted appetite of Hakim and his drooling friends. Zebra whispers again to Hakim. Sam looks at Gena, whose head is lowered.

SAM

He said it would be amusing.

GENA

Please, let's get out of here.

Hakim looks at Gena through smokey blue eyes.

HAKIM

Don't go. The show is just starting.

SAM

The first act stinks.

Sam leads Gena away, toward the door, But, at a motion from Hakim the door is blocked by the giant, who steps in front of them, with his five foot sword.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Sam stops, looks up at the giant, smiles, starts to turn back toward Hakim, but instead wheels around and knees the giant directly in the groin and hammers a straight left into the giant's chest and a right cross to the jaw. The giant drops like a shot buffalo. Sam takes the fallen sword by the hilt and hurls it point first toward the ceiling. It sticks there and quivers. As he opens the door for Gena, Sam looks up at the sword,

SAM

Tyrone Power did that in THE MARK OF ZORRO.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI - PARKS IN FRONT OF SAM'S APARTMENT

Gena switches off the ignition and looks at Sam.

GENA

Sam, why are people so cruel?

SAM

Different people, different reasons.

GENA

I've never seen anyone so... degraded. Sam, you could've stopped it.

SAM

Maybe. I would've tried if she'd made one move to get out of there. But she didn't.

GENA

I despise him.

SAM

Hakim? He's just one of the sharks in the sea. Are we going upstairs?

GENA

Sam, the Commodore told me about the 'Eyes of Alexander'. That's what everybody wants, isn't it?

SAM

That's not what I want.

GENA

Whose side are you on?

SAM

Yours, angel, if it's possible.

GENA

Sam, I love you. But, please, I've got to think things out.

She kisses him tenderly. Then Sam gets out of the car, leans back in holding the door open.

SAM

I love you, too, angel. Veltio avrio - maybe tomorrow'll be better.

GENA

Thank you, Sam. Goodnight.

CUT TO:

EXT. BORSHT HOUSE - DAY

206

Sam knocks on the door, looks back at the team of cops in their parked car, as the Borsht door is opened by a dark-complexioned GIRL in her mid-twenties.

GIRL

You do look like Bogart!

SAM

Who the hell are you? Where's Elsa?

CUT TO:

INT. BORSHT LIVING ROOM - DAY

207

Sam pushes past the door. Elsa is on the other side of the room straightening things out.

ELSA

Sam, this is a friend of mine - Mona Davis. She's going to give me a hand today. I'm not going in to work.

SAM

Look, Elsa, I've been thinking - are you sure about what your father said before he... when he saw you?

ELSA

Not really sure, but it sounded like 'ein schlag' - I'm hit or hurt. My German's not too good.

SAM

I still think he was trying to tell you something. Maybe something that had to do with the letter. How do you say 'letter' in German?

ELSA  
 Uh, let me see. It's... it's...  
 I remember - 'brief'. Yes, that's  
 it - 'brief'.

Sam pulls a card out of his pocket.

SAM  
 Elsa, write down what your father said.

Elsa takes the card and writes on it.

ELSA  
 I'm not positive about the spelling,  
 but that ought to be pretty close.

SAM  
 Okay, thanks. Don't go anyplace  
 without letting me know first.

Sam starts for the door.

MONA  
 Gee - I wonder if they can fix me  
 up to look like Raquel Welsh!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEVALIER'S BOOK STORE ON LARCHMONT - DAY

208

Sam moves quickly up the street and enters.

SAM (V.O.)  
 Until the last few days, I'd spent  
 a lot of time in Chevalier's Store  
 going through books about movies.  
 I didn't have much else to do.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVALIER'S BOOK STORE - DAY

209

Sam talking to MR. CHEVALIER

SAM (V.O.)  
 In the 40's, Mr. Chevalier would've  
 been played by Miles Mander.

SAM  
 Mr. Chevalier, have you got a German  
 dictionary around here?

CHEVALIER  
 Yes, certainly. But I do speak  
 German quite fluently, you know.

SAM

You do?

CHEVALIER

And French, Italian, also...

SAM

Just German'll do fine. What do you make outta this?

Sam hands him the card. Chevalier takes it and hooks his half-glasses back over his ears and nose.

CHEVALIER

'Ein schlag'. I'm hit or hurt - wounded.

SAM

That much I got. Could it mean anything else? Something to do with a letter that was mailed?

CHEVALIER

Letter would be 'brief'.

SAM

Check. Look, maybe there's another word that sounds like it. See this was said, not written, so it could've sounded like 'ein schlag', 'mein shalg'...

Mr. Chevalier unhooks his Ben Franklin glasses.

CHEVALIER

Do you have the envelope?

SAM

The what?!

CHEVALIER

The envelope. 'Umschlag' in German is envelope. In northern Germany the...

SAM

The envelope!! Where the hell is it?! I put the letter in my pocket, but what the hell did I do with the... it's on the desk! It's on my desk!!

Sam turns and starts to run out of the bookstore.

SAM

Thanks! Thanks - 'Umschlag'!  
'Umschlag'!!

CUT TO:

EXT. LARCHMONT BLVD. - DAY - SAM

210

jay-runs across the street and races up Larchmont.

WIPE TO:

INT. DUCHESS' OFFICE - DAY

211

Sam runs in past Duchess to his office. She follows.

DUCHESS

Whatsamatter, Sam? What's the hurry?

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DAY

212

Sam rifles through his rolltop desk, scattering papers.

SAM

It's not here!!

DUCHESS

What's not?

SAM

The umschlag! The damned envelope!

DUCHESS

Yeah! Don't the place look neat?  
I cleaned things up.

Sam grabs Duchess by both shoulders.

SAM

Duchess, where'd you throw the stuff?

DUCHESS

Downstairs in the bin by the alley.

SAM

You come with me.

Sam runs out - Duchess tries to stay with him.

CUT TO:

INT. - BACK STAIRWAY OF OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

213

Sam tears down the stairs - Duchess follows.

DUCHESS

Jesus, Sam, why're you so excited?

SAM

Duchess, you haven't thrown anything  
out since you came to work for me...  
why all of a sudden?!

DUCHESS

I don't know - the banana peels were piling up and... I don't know... I just cleaned up. SAM!!

Duchess' heel hooks about half way down the stairs and she falls - Sam turns around, catches her in his arms.

DUCHESS

Now look - I broke a heel.

SAM

The hell with the heel, come on!

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

214

Sam runs to the waste disposal bin with Duchess limping along on one high heel and one no heel.

SAM

It's empty! The damn bin's empty!!

DUCHESS

Are you sure?

SAM

Am I sure?! Duchess, for God's sake, can't you see the damn thing's empty?

DUCHESS

You're right. It is empty.

MR. WING comes out of the back door of his Chinese laundry. On Wing's left shoulder is perched a PARROT.

SAM

Mr. Wing!

PARROT

Hello.

SAM

Hello. Mr. Wing...

WING (nods)

Mr. Bogart.

SAM

Marlow.

PARROT

Hello.

SAM

Hello. Look, Mr. Wing, did you see the garbage truck come by?

WING (nods)  
Yes, Mr. Bogart.

SAM  
Marlow. How long ago?

WING (nods)  
A few minutes. It's right over there.

P.O.V. - THE GARBAGE TRUCK HALFWAY DOWN THE ALLEY 215

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE GROUP 216

PARROT  
Hello.

SAM  
Hello. Goodbye. Come on, Duchess.  
Thanks, Mr. Wing.

WING (nods)  
You're welcome, Mr. Bogart.

PARROT  
Hello.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FAVORING THE TRUCK 217

Bin ready to load. A GARBAGE MAN stands at rear. The DRIVER inside the cab presses the start button. As the bin starts to rise, Sam, holding Duchess' hand appears. Sam grabs ahold of the bin and climbs on. He lifts Duchess. She shows a lot of legs as she dangles from the bin.

SAM  
Get in.

DUCHESS  
Sam, for God's sake!

GARBAGE MAN (shocked)  
You people crazy? Get outta there.  
You'll get killed!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE BIN RISING WITH SAM AND DUCHESS 218

It's nearing the top of the truck.

GARBAGE MAN (to driver)  
Dominick! Hey, Dominick, shut it off!  
We got live people in the bin!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - ON TOP OF THE GARBAGE TRUCK 219

The bin stops moving. Sam climbs out and helps Duchess.

DUCHESS

Jeeze, it stinks!

SAM

Look for the banana peels. It'll  
mean we're getting close.

Sam plunges both hands into the garbage, scoops out egg shells, onion peels, fish heads, a truss and diverse odorous objects of uncertain specification. Duchess gingerly pokes at the refuse with one hand and holds her nose with the other.

SAM

Use both hands, Duchess. This is  
no time to be finicky!

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE TRUCK - THE DRIVER GETS OUT

220

DRIVER

What the hell is going on?

GARBAGE MAN

Crazies... they're crazies!!

ANOTHER ANGLE - TOP OF THE TRUCK - SAM AND DUCHESS

221

SAM

Duchess, look!

DUCHESS

The envelope?!?

SAM

Banana peels!!!

DRIVER'S VOICE

Get your asses off there.

SAM

It's got to be... it is!!

Soiled and wrinkled - Sam picks it up - kisses the UMSCHLAG!

SAM (recites)

'Under the tramp of marching feet,  
Under the beat of daring drum,  
Follow the three beneath the post.  
Age....' That's it!! Postage!

DUCHESS

Hell, Sam, I don't know what you're  
talking about - all I know is, I smell!

SAM

Look at the stamp - the postage stamp!

ANGLE FAVORING STAMP. Three Revolutionary War Soldiers marching with fife and drum and flag.

SAM

The answer to the riddle is right under this postage stamp. All we've got to do is steam it off.

Sam hugs Duchess and kisses her on her forehead.

DUCHESS

Terrific, but first could we take a shower?

Sam looks at the garbage truck.

SAM

Made it, Ma. Top of the world!

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

222

Sam has showered and changed. He has carefully steamed the stamp off the envelope and smiles as he dials the phone. Duchess has showered, wears one of Sam's shirts as she walks in and hangs her drip-dry dress on a lamp.

SAM

There it is. The Duchman gave good directions. All we got to do is pick 'em up. (into phone) Elsa?

MONA'S VOICE

Elsa's not here.

SAM

Where is she?

MONA'S VOICE

Well, you ought to know. You're the one who called her. She went to meet you.

SAM

Did the cops go with her?

MONA'S VOICE

No. I saw Elsa talking to them, but they're still out front.

Sam hangs up - then dials another number.

SAM

Damn. (into phone) Lt. Bumbera.

DUCHESS (musing)  
My life's taken a queer turn.

SAM  
Bummy, I think you'd better get out  
an APB on Elsa Borsht. I'm afraid...

BUMBERA'S VOICE  
So am I, Sam. We just got a report.  
Couple of kids found a girl's body in  
one of the caves up at Bronson Canyon.

SAM  
Any I.D.?

BUMBERA'S VOICE  
No, she was naked. But the descrip-  
tion fits. I was just going up there.

SAM  
I'll meet you.

BUMBERA'S VOICE  
You know where it is?

SAM  
Yeah.

WIPE TO:

EXT. - PLYMOUTH SPEEDING ALONG FRANKLIN AVE. - DAY 223-225  
Turns left on Bronson and proceeds - speeding.

SAM (V.O.)  
Bronson Canyon is less than ten  
minutes from Hollywood and Vine.  
Thousands of movies and television  
episodes have been filmed there.  
More movie good guys and bad guys  
died there than anyplace on earth.

CUT TO:

EXT. - BRONSON CANYON - DAY - PLYMOUTH TOPS OUT 226  
On the barren rock-walled canyon. A couple of cop cars  
are near the entrance to one of the caves. Hacksaw, some  
other cops and two kids with blanched faces.

SAM (V.O.)  
But now I knew that somebody up here  
was really dead - not with blanks  
and blood capsules - but dead dead -  
with no 'take two's'. I just hoped  
to Christ it wasn't Elsa.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - BRONSON CANYON - DAY

Bumbera and a couple cops are there as Sam raises the blanket draped over the body.

SAM (V.O.)

Elsa wasn't the brightest or most beautiful girl I'd ever met. But she was the most honest. And she trusted me. Now she was a corpse.

BUMBERA

I'm sorry, Sam.

SAM

They beat her to death?

BUMBERA

Don't think so. Look at her left arm.

Sam pulls down the blanket. On her arm, there are needle marks not very carefully made.

BUMBERA

They pumped her full of something. Probably to make her talk when the working over didn't do it.

HACKSAW

She was your first client, wasn't she?

Sam springs to his feet at the sergeant like a panther, but Bumbera grabs him and so do a couple of other cops.

SAM

I'll kill that sonofabitch!

BUMBERA

Not today you won't - or any other day! Now get a hold on yourself.

SAM (breathes deeply)

Yeah, Hacksaw...

Sam nods, his body still shakes as he pulls free.

SAM

... yeah, she was. And I told her to stay in that house. The house those cops of yours are still guarding while this kid's up here dead.

BUMBERA

Sam, take it easy. Nobody's to blame. Not you or us. They tricked her out of there - and she got it. It happens.

SAM

It happens to the wrong people.  
Bummy, will you do me a favor - a  
big one? I'll owe you.

BUMBERA

What?

SAM

You've got an unidentified body here.  
Keep it that way until tomorrow.

BUMBERA

You ask too much. The reporters...

SAM

They don't have to see her face.  
Please, Bummy. I'm not cracking  
wise now. I'm begging you.

BUMBERA

Okay, Sam. But you better get the  
hell out of here before the reporters  
show up and tie you into it.

SAM

Check. That girl, Mona Davis, over  
at the Borsht house. Get her out,  
but don't tell her what happened,  
and... thanks, pal.

CUT TO:

INT. DUCHESS' OFFICE -- DAY - SAM ENTERS

228

Duchess is filing her nails.

DUCHESS

Hi. Everything all right?

SAM

Swell.

DUCHESS

Sam, don't you have any female  
clients who aren't beautiful?

SAM

Yeah, there's one across the hall  
that isn't exactly Miss America.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE -- DAY - SAM ENTERS

229

Cynthia looks her perfect self again.

CYNTHIA  
Hello, Mr. Marlow.

Sam sits down in his swivel chair.

CYNTHIA  
Mr. Hakim asked me to tell you that no matter what Alexander Anastas bids, he will better the offer.

SAM  
Okay, you told me. Now let me ask you something. Do you always do everything Mr. Hakim asks? Suppose he asked you to sleep with me, would you do it? Or with Zebra or Zinderneuf?

She rises, takes two steps toward the door, then turns and walks toward Sam. She stands very close.

CYNTHIA  
Until a few years ago, there was no Cynthia Ashley. But there was a Mary June Janny from a despicable little place in South Carolina - with an even more despicable, brutish father, a girl who... had nothing... who....

SAM  
You can skip the rest of it Mary June. The whole sad story with the happy ending. Now you've got everything and you'll do anything to keep it as long as you can. Congratulations on your success - and to what's left of you.

She turns and starts to walk out.

SAM  
Just a minute... I'm not through.

Sam rises and goes to her.

SAM  
You tell your Mr. Hakim to gather up all the cash he's willing to bid, charter a helicopter and be ready to meet me tomorrow. I'll call him. Goodbye, Mary June and good luck.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CYNTHIA LEAVES WITHOUT A WORD

230

Sam picks up the phone and dials.

SAM  
Hello, angel. That boat of yours... is it seaworthy?

GENA'S VOICE

You want to take that trip to China?

SAM

China comes later. Pick me up at dawn tomorrow - and tell the Commodore to get up steam on his minesweeper. I'll be in touch. Have him gather up all the cash he's willing to spend on the 'Eyes'.

GENA'S VOICE

Sam, I want you to know....

SAM

We'll have plenty of time to talk when this is over. So long, angel.

OVER ABOVE, Duchess enters Sam's office, barefoot.

DUCHESS

It's what's-his-name. Jeez, he's got clammy hands. Sam, I think he's queer. Should I....

SAM

Yeah. Shoo him in.

Duchess does. Mr. Zebra's eyes are crawling all over her until she leaves the room.

SAM

Which of the species do you prefer? Or can't you make up your mind?

ZEBRA

Why be restricted in the pleasures of life? Mr. Marlow, did you know that Alexander Anastas has possession of Borsht's letter?

SAM

Did he show it to you?

ZEBRA (nods)

He thought I might be of some help.

SAM

But you weren't. Why're you backing the Commodore's play?

ZEBRA

I think we can make a more profitable deal with him.

SAM

You mean you can. Better than the five percent from the guy who trusted you.

ZEBRA

Zinderneuf never really trusted anyone except his nephew Borsht. He told me that in prison.

SAM

During one of your more intimate moments? Okay, Mr. Zebra, nobody knows the answer to the riddle of the marching men but me.

ZEBRA

And may I ask what you're going to do next?

SAM

Tomorrow I'm gonna take a little vacation. Now you stick close to either Anastas or Hakim - I don't care which - and I'll be in touch.

ZEBRA

And we are partners.

SAM

Check.

ZEBRA

May I inquire where you are vacationing?

SAM

Sure, Catalina. Now get outta here.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - DUSK - SAM AT HIS DESK

231

Duchess enters carrying her shoes.

DUCHESS

Goodnight, Sam.

SAM

Duchess, I won't be in tomorrow.

DUCHESS (twittering)

Oh, good. You've been working too hard. You're getting bags under your eyes.

Sam takes Hakim's five hundred dollar bill out of his pocket and puts it in Duchess' free hand.

SAM

Buy yourself some shoes. And keep  
the change - you might need it.

DUCHESS

Sam, what are you talking about?  
This is more money than I ever...

SAM

Did I ever tell you you were a sweet  
kid? Now get out of here. Beat it!

Duchess exits. Sam swivels in his chair - opens the desk  
drawer - pulls out the bottle.

MOTHER'S VOICE (booming)

You drink too much.

Sam turns.

MOTHER

And I saw that blond sexpot leave  
without any shoes or underwear!  
Now you better find Nicky or I'll  
raise your rent.

SAM

I got a lease.

MOTHER

I'll break it.

SAM

How?

MOTHER

Moral turpitude - between you and  
that banana-eating blond. I've  
seen her!

SAM

There's no clause in the lease says  
she can't eat bananas.

MOTHER

We'll see about that - if Nicky's  
not back in twenty-four hours!

The cat screeches as Mother slams the door behind her.

WIPE TO:

INT. ATTIC - SAM AND NICKY - NIGHT

232

SAM

... so you've got twenty-four hours  
to eat up all the oysters you can.

NICKY

But what I tell her? Where I been?

SAM

Let me do the talking. I'll square it.

NICKY (nods)

Okey-doak. You stay. I lonesome.  
We eat.

SAM

Some other time. I'm allergic to  
oysters.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

233

Sam is putting the envelope in the post of the bed.

SAM (V.O.)

Chances were that nobody would make  
a move tonight. They all thought  
they were going to get the sapphires.

Sam moves to the small TV set and turns it on.

SAM (V.O.)

After that, somebody - maybe every-  
body - would make a play. And so  
would I.

The Late Movie comes on. Sam moves to the bed.

SAM (V.O.)

Dick Powell in CORNERED. I'd seen  
it a dozen times. But I watched  
it again.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES YACHT CLUB - SAN PEDRO - MORNING

234

Sam and Gena walk along the quay. Many boats, all sizes,  
styles and colors. One is the "Veltio Avrio" - a customized  
Pacemaker - 48 feet - twin diesels - flying bridge.

GENA

Well, there she is. What do you  
think of her?

SAM

Like Cary Grant said in PHILADELPHIA  
STORY - she's yar.

GENA

You haven't told me where we're going.

SAM  
I'll tell you when we get past  
the breakwater.

In the b.g., TWO MEN sit in a parked car watching Sam and Gena go aboard. We SEE only the backs of their heads.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN PEDRO HARBOR - VELTIO AVRIO - OPEN SEA - DAY 235  
Gena at the helm - Sam next to her.

SAM  
You ever been to Catalina?

GENA (laughs)  
Been there? I was practically  
raised there. Is that where  
we're bound?

SAM  
That's it.

GENA  
I own a small house in Avalon.

SAM  
It figures. What about wheels?

GENA  
Will a Jeep do?

CUT TO:

EXT. AVALON HARBOR - DAY 236

The Veltio Avrio cruises past the white columned Casino Ballroom. The bay is a sparkling blue semicircle punctuated with boats - moving and moored.

WIPE TO:

EXT. - CASINO POINT - DAY 237

Sam and Gena walk along Casino Way. Sam draws the usual glances and whispers from tourists and natives.

CUT TO:

EXT. - TWO-STORY SPANISH STYLE HOUSE - DAY 238

Sam driving with Gena next to him in a WWII Jeep that pulls out from the garage.

SAM  
You know how to get to the old  
Army barracks?

GENA  
Fort Cactus? Uh-huh. Take a right.

SAM  
You ever been up there?

GENA  
To what's left of it. It was built during the Second World War when they were afraid the Japanese might invade Catalina.

CUT TO:

SEVERAL ANGLES

239-241

The Jeep moving through more isolated areas.

CUT TO:

JEEP ANGLE - SAM POINTS TO A GATE ACROSS THE ROAD

242

SAM  
What do we do about that?

GENA  
Bump gate. Slow to twenty - hit it - it'll swing open.

Sam does just that. They drive through. Gena points ahead to a herd of buffalo - some very near the road.

CUT TO:

SEVERAL ANGLES - THE JEEP

243-246

The paved road turns into a narrow, winding, dirt road. The Jeep climbs the mountainside - past fig and ironwood trees - and nestled among hundred of water-starved scrub oaks to what's left of Fort Cactus. Few structures still stand or lean - bony pine skeletons - ghostly garrisons.

ANOTHER ANGLE - FORT CACTUS - JEEP STOPS

247

Sam takes a small tool kit from the floorboard and gets out. Gena follows. Sam looks to the east and from his P.O.V. we see the ocean.

GENA  
Sam, what are we doing?

SAM  
Searching for sapphires.

GENA  
You mean they're here?

SAM

Ol' Borsht worked on a picture called THE DIVERS. He figured the sapphires would be safer here than in Hollywood. We'll see if he was right.

Sam walks a few steps to the front of a concrete base of what had been the shower and toilet rooms. He stands near another hole, overgrown with weeds and grass, but still visible is the rounded top of a large buried tank. Sam takes out the envelope and hands it to Gena.

SAM

The letter was no good without this. I think what we're looking for is right in front of us.

Gena reads aloud what Horst Borsht had printed with a fine hand in the small area where the stamp had been.

GENA

'Catalina - W.W.II Barracks - In nozzle of fuel tank'. Sam, is this the tank?

SAM

Should be... it's right alongside the road where they probably gassed up.

GENA

Where's the nozzle?

SAM

Right here and like I thought, all rusted tight.

He opens the tool kit, pulls out a wrench and hammer and begins to work on the cap of the nozzle.

GENA

Sam, you really think they're here?

SAM

They better be. I think it's coming.

Sam grips the wrench handle with both hands and pulls with all he's got. The cap begins to twist, slowly at first - then more easily. Sam sets down the wrench and twists with both hands until the cap of the nozzle comes off.

GENA

Oh, Sam, they've just got to be there!

SAM

Either that - or the Dutchman had some sense of humor. Well, angel, I don't think my paw'll fit down there. Go ahead.

She reaches into the narrow passage.

GENA

Sam, there's something there!  
A little case or something!

She withdraws her hand holding a metal container.

GENA (deep breath)

Sam, I'm... I'm trembling all over.

SAM

So am I. Open the damn thing.

She does. There, resting on a white velvet lining, are the two most perfectly matched blue sapphires in the world.

GENA

My God. I've never seen anything  
like them. They're... they're  
frightening. Sam, I'm scared.  
Let's get out of here.

SAM

Sure.

GENA

You take them... Sam.

They stand close to each other. She kisses him.

GENA (whispering)

Sam, you trusted me.

SAM

Why not? What could you do?  
Kill me? Everybody dies.

VARIOUS ANGLES - A BLACK SEDAN - TWO MEN

248-253

One is Buster, no ski masks - roars out of the scrub oaks.  
Buster fires from the .38 out the window.

A shot whistles past Sam's ear. He shoves the case in his  
pocket - pulls out the Luger and fires. Sam shoves Gena  
toward the cover of one of the gutted barracks.

The Sedan brakes to a dusty stop. Buster and the DRIVER  
jump out spitting lead.

Sam leads Gena stumbling across the warped and buckling floor  
toward the back door of the barracks. The two gunmen appear  
at the front door. Sam shoves Gena down the sagging stairs,  
turns and slams four slugs at the gunmen who duck and return  
fire. Blasts spatter the rear doorway just as Sam dives out.

He leads Gena across the cover of rocks and trees as the driver shoots through a barracks window while Buster comes out the back way with gun blazing.

On the run, Sam fires, then pushes another clip into the Luger as they reach the safety of a drooping building.

SAM

We got to get to the Jeep. Come on!

He takes her hand and they run toward the Jeep while Sam pumps shots at the gunmen.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAM AND GENA MAKE THE JEEP

254

Sam still throwing lead. Gena jumps into the back as Sam starts the Jeep. He hands her the Luger.

SAM

Keep shooting!

The driver scrambles to the sedan, firing. By the time Sam makes a sharp U turn, both gunmen are in the sedan. Sam pushes the accelerator to the floor and the Jeep races ahead, while Gena gets off a few shots that hit nothing. The sedan revs up, turns, and is in pursuit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

255

Sam scrapes the side of the Jeep across the props of a sagging building and the entire building collapses just behind them, blocking the road and the path of the sedan. The driver maneuvers around the wreckage and gets back on the road. Sam slows the Jeep down.

SAM

Get in front before you fall out!

Gena climbs into the front seat and Sam guns ahead. The road snakes down left and right. Sam spins the steering wheel accordingly.

OTHER ANGLES - BOTH VEHICLES DIP AND BOUNCE

256-259

Their wheels churn trails of dust. At the base of the mountain the dirt road turns to macadam and the Jeep rolls onto pavement with the sedan a couple hundred yards behind. Sam hits the floor with the accelerator, but the sedan closes in.

ANGLE - AHEAD IS THE BUFFALO HERD

260

One of the beasts stands stolid directly on the road. Sam beeps the horn but the buffalo ignores the warning. Sam curves the jeep off the road and around the insouciant buffalo. The sedan follows Sam's path off and on the narrow vein of pavement. The buffalo pays them no mind.

GENA  
Sam! Slow down!

She points to the bump-gate. Sam brakes and the Jeep decelerates as they smash into the gate - still too fast - the impact almost tosses them out of the Jeep.

ANGLE - THE GATE SLAMS SHUT 261

As the sedan crashes into it doing forty-five. The shock spins the sedan off the road sideways, killing the engine. The driver starts it up and the pursuit continues.

ANOTHER ANGLE 262

The macadam winds up another steep mountain. But the curves aren't as sharp and Sam makes good speed - sixty, seventy. They are getting closer to the ocean.

ANOTHER ANGLE 263

Near the rim of a beetling cliff, Sam spots a stance of scrub oaks that go almost to the cliff's edge, obscuring the view to the left.

ANOTHER ANGLE 264

Sam veers the Jeep off the road, races parallel along the line of trees. The sedan gains and the cliff's edge, with the sea a hundred yards below, comes up fast.

ANOTHER ANGLE 265

There is only ten feet between the last tree and the end of the cliff. The Jeep almost goes over as Sam spins a sharp left just past the last tree, circles back fast through the foliage and comes up behind the sedan which is slowing as it approaches the lip of the cliff. Sam's foot hits the floorboard and the Jeep hits the back of the sedan and the sedan scuds and skids off the rim.

ANOTHER ANGLE 266

Both men SCREAM as the sedan plummets down - down - bouncing and scraping along the jagged wall of the cliff and into the wine-dark waters of the sea below.

CUT TO:

INT. GENA'S HOME IN AVALON - DAY 267

Sam is on the phone. Gena walks in from the kitchen with two cups of hot, black coffee as Sam hangs up.

SAM (V.O.)  
I made three telephone calls from  
Gena's house to the mainland.

She looks at the case on the table. The 'Eyes' gleam catching the sunlight coruscating through the window.

GENA

I hate them. They've caused nothing but misery and death.

SAM

Don't blame them, angel. They're just a couple of stones.

GENA

Who do they belong to, Sam?

SAM

That's what we're going to find out.

Sam pulls the empty clip out of the Luger.

GENA

You know - you never did tell me why you hit me in Cane's Club.

SAM

Simple. John Wayne slugged his pal Ward Bond in HONDO for the same reason. When you want to confuse the enemy - hit a friend.

GENA

Sam... about those pictures...

SAM

Forget it. We'll talk about it when this is over.

CUT TO:

EXT. - OPEN SEA - DAY - THE VELTIO AVRIO

268

plows through the white-capped waters, heading east.

WIPE TO:

EXT. - OPEN SEA - DAY

269

The Veltio Avrio maneuvers into position alongside the Eurydice. Anastas and George look down from the rail.

COMMODORE (waves)

Mr. Marlow. Good to see you!  
Come aboard.

SAM

No, Commodore. You come aboard...  
with the green.

WIPE TO:

EXT. - OCEAN - THE VELTIO AVRIO

270

The Commodore, assisted by George who carries a heavy suitcase, lumbers from a motor launch aboard the Veltio Avrio.

COMMODORE

You do have the sapphires, do you not, Mr. Marlow?

The Commodore takes the suitcase from George. Just as he does, Sam's right hand lashes out and hits George with a Karate chop right below the ear, knocking him off the deck and into the ocean by the launch.

SAM

That squares us for the garage.

COMMODORE (to Sam)

By heaven! You are something.

Just then a jet ranger helicopter roars over from the direction of the mainland. The Commodore's jowls shudder.

SAM

It's the Turkish Delight... and some other interested parties.

COMMODORE

But you said you were selling the sapphires to me.

SAM

No, I said you could bid on them.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE VELTIO AVRIO - DAY - COPTER HOVERS

271

Inches from the ship's deck. From out of the bird steps Hakim carrying a suitcase. Then Zinderneuf, Mr. Zebra and Cynthia. Hakim approaches Sam.

HAKIM

Why did you want all these people here?

SAM

They've all got a vested interest in the deal. Come on, let's go inside. You too, angel.

Gena leaves the helm. Sam waits for them all to go into the salon. Zebra waits until the rest have entered, he then whispers to Sam.

ZEBRA

Remember... partners. Half and half.

Sam nods. Zebra enters the salon. Sam follows.

CUT TO:

INT. VELTIO AVRIO SALON - DAY

SAM

All right, folks. Make yourselves comfortable.

Sam sits on the edge of a table. Commodore Anastas and Hakim grip their suitcases and glower at one another. Sam takes the metal case out of his pocket and sets it on the table next to him, then lifts out his Luger and sets it next to the case.

SAM

I guess you boys are entitled to see the merchandise before the bidding starts.

Sam opens the case while everyone leans forward for a better look - everyone except Gena.

SAM

Here they are, folks. Just a couple of blue stones. But there aren't any others like 'em in the whole wide world.

COMMODORE (shudders)

I must have them...

HAKIM (blue lips tremble)

They're even bluer than I imagined.

ZINDERNEUF

I've waited over thirty years.

SAM

Okay, boys. That's enough sampling of the merchandise. Now then - I believe the last bid was one hundred and fifty thousand.

HAKIM

Two hundred thousand.

COMMODORE

A quarter of a million.

SAM

Well, now that's some pretty spirited bidding, boys. I like that.

HAKIM

Three hundred thousand.

COMMODORE

Four hundred thousand.

SAM  
Good, but not good enough.

HAKIM  
Four hundred fifty.

The Commodore rises from his chair.

COMMODORE  
Half a million!

SAM  
Sit down, Commodore. You're rocking the boat. Now you gentlemen understand that this is a cash transaction. Don't bid more than you have with you.

HAKIM  
Six hundred thousand!

COMMODORE  
Mr. Marlow - seven hundred thousand!

SAM (smiling)  
Okay. Duly noted. Is that it?

Zinderneuf adjusts his body in the chair.

SAM  
What do you think, Wolfie? Not bad, huh? But then, I don't think the bidding is over yet.

HAKIM  
Three quarters of a million!

COMMODORE  
Eight hundred thousand dollars!!

HAKIM  
Nine!!

COMMODORE  
Mr. Marlow, I have one million dollars in this suitcase.

The Commodore opens his suitcase. So does Hakim.

HAKIM  
And I have a million here.

SAM  
Well, well. Are you boys telling me each of you is bidding a million dollars for the doodads?

HAKIM

Yes.

COMMODORE

Correct.

SAM

Close 'em up, boys. Wouldn't want a sudden gust of wind to blow any of it away, like in THE TREASURE OF THE SIERRA MADRE. Now, seems like we got a standoff.

Hakim reaches in his wallet.

HAKIM

I probably have another two thousand in cash.

COMMODORE

I may have another two thousand on me, sir.

SAM

Okay. Put all the cash on top of your suitcases.

Both men empty their wallets and set the cash on the cases.

SAM (to Hakim)

You know, that's a real nice diamond ring you wear. Course it's not as blue as the sapphires.

HAKIM

This ring is worth more than fifteen thousand dollars.

SAM

That hikes your pot. That is, if you're willing to include it.

Hakim takes the ring off and places it on his suitcase.

COMMODORE

I, too, have a ring, Mr. Marlow, worth at least as much.

The Commodore puts his pinkie ring on his suitcase.

HAKIM

A gold watch - Patek Philippe - seven thousand.

He adds it to his pile

SAM  
Uh, huh. What about you, Commodore?  
You got a watch?

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SALON - THE COMMODORE GRUNTS

273

He removes a thin gold watch from his thick wrist.

SAM  
Well, boys, I'd say you're neck  
and neck coming down the stretch.

HAKIM  
These cuff links; blue diamonds,  
value at least four thousand.

SAM  
Very good. Looks like that puts  
the team from the East ahead.

COMMODORE  
My diamond stick pin, sir, worth  
easily as much.

The Commodore places the diamond pin on his pile.

SAM  
Not quite, Commodore. But, are  
those real gold buttons on that  
blazer of yours?

COMMODORE  
Yes.

SAM  
Well, take it off and toss it on  
the pile - that'll pull you up even.

COMMODORE  
Look here, sir, you go too far. I'm...

SAM (exploding)  
Okay than, you're out! And that  
makes his bid...

COMMODORE  
Just a moment! I'm in! I'm in!

SAM  
Good. Good! Let's quit wasting  
time. All that stuff you two fellows  
are wearing is worth plenty. Go  
ahead - take it all off and toss it  
on the pile.

HAKIM  
I won't play the fool for you or...

SAM

Okay, then quit - and you're out!  
The sapphires'll go to the Commodore.  
Either that or both of you strip to  
your shorts while I make up my mind!

HAKIM

Get these people out of here.

The Commodore is already taking his clothes off as if  
anxiously preparing to bed a beautiful woman.

SAM

They stay. We still have a couple  
of things to settle... like murder.  
Go ahead, Mr. Hakim, down to your  
shorts.

Sam winks at Cynthia Ashley as Hakim strips.

SAM

A man like you who rarely drinks  
or smokes... you ought to be in  
pretty good shape.  
(to Cynthia)  
How y'all doin', Mary June?

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SALON - BOTH MEN DOWN TO SHORTS

274

Hakim wears blue shorts and socks, and is scrawnier than  
he appears in his tailored suits.

SAM

Okay, boys, that's good enough. Now  
go sit down while I mull this over.

The Commodore, in bloomer shorts and dark glasses, lumbers  
to his chair like an old elephant. Hakim, in bikini-like  
silk shorts, walks to his chair, sits. Two of the world's  
richest, most powerful men - stripped.

SAM

Well, Wolfie, somebody in this  
room tried to persuade your nephew  
to double-cross you. But...

ZINDERNEUF

Borsht was...

SAM

A good soldier. So that 'somebody'  
hired some goons to get the 'Eyes'  
before you got them. When the smoke  
cleared, I had my picture in the  
paper and everybody wanted to hire me.

GENA

Sam...

SAM

That's when you walked in, isn't it, angel?

COMMODORE

Merely a case of a dutiful daughter...

SAM

Had it all rigged with Cane and some fake pictures I was never supposed to see. But it didn't play that way.

GENA

Sam, you knew... all this time?

SAM

I took a squint when the three of you were laid out. They were more like graduation pictures. But if that's the way you wanted to play it - it was okay with me. Specially when you showed up at my apartment.

GENA

Sam, please...

SAM

When you couldn't find the letter - the Commodore sicced George on me. He got the letter, but nobody could figure out the riddle.

COMMODORE

Sir, I had nothing to do with killing Borsht.

SAM

Or Elsa?

There are GASPS all around the room.

SAM

She's dead. And somebody's gonna pay for it. But who? You Commodore? Gena? Hakim? Cynthia? Zinderneuf? Mr. Zebra? Who?

ANGLE - THE SALON - SAM PICKS UP THE LUGER

275

SAM

Who?!

Sam's Luger sweeps the room and points directly at Zebra

SAM

Five percent wasn't good enough. You wanted half - or all of it, if you could get rid of me.

Zinderneuf rises and with his good hand slaps Zebra.

ZINDERNEUF

HUENDEN!!!

SAM

Girls! Girls! Let's not get violent. Sit down, Wolfie.

Zinderneuf mumbles something in German and sits.

SAM

You talked too much, Mr. Zebra. First you said you didn't know Borsht was Zinderneuf's nephew. But later you mentioned that in prison, Zinderneuf told you he didn't trust anyone except his nephew.

ZEBRA

So?

SAM

So that's when I started narrowing it all down to you. You're the only one I told about Catalina. Even Gena didn't know. But your goons were there waiting.

ZEBRA (smiles)

You are amusing. But would a jury believe you - with your made over face, outrageous voice and costume? In the vernacular of your country, Mr. Marlow, you are screwy.

SAM

Maybe I am. But maybe not as screwy as you and your kind think. Maybe this is all part of a disguise - a mask - to throw the enemy off guard - lower his defenses - say and do things he wouldn't ordinarily. And wind up like you're gonna wind up. Did you ever think about that?

ZEBRA

Still not one shred of proof.

SAM

In my office we agreed to split the profits into thirds with Elsa. But just before we came in here you said fifty-fifty. Nobody else knew Elsa was dead. You killed her - and you're gonna get knocked over for it.

Sam puts the Luger back on the table. He picks up the case with the sapphires.

HAKIM

What about those?

COMMODORE

Yes. Who gets the 'Eyes'?

ZINDERNEUF

They are mine. I've given thirty years of my life!

Sam walks to the rear of the table, closes the metal case, looks at his watch, sets the case back on the table.

SAM

They're evidence. It's up to Lt. Bumbera to decide. He'll be here any minute... I called him, too.

ZINDERNEUF

They are mine!

COMMODORE

Sir, can't we make some other arrangement?

SAM

It's too late.

Sam puts both his hands in his coat pockets.

GENA

Sam...

SAM

Yes, angel...

VARIOUS ANGLES - FAST CUTS

276-282

Zebra springs for Sam's Luger - gets it - points it at Sam and fires.

But Sam pulls the derringer out of his pocket and shoots Zebra between the eyes. An expression of bewilderment comes across Zebra's face - then he falls dead.

Simultaneously, Zinderneuf jumps up, grabs the metal case with his good hand, transfers it to his wooden hand, shoves the table into Sam and picks up the fallen Luger.

Zinderneuf knocks Hakim down and vaults for the door, but turns and fires the Luger twice toward Sam - then runs out of the salon to the deck.

CUT TO:

107.

EXT. - DECK OF VELTIO AVRIO - DAY 283

Sam, then the others, scamper onto the deck. Zinderneuf heads for the foredeck - but he's running out of boat.

ANGLE - A POLICE BOAT OUT OF THE EAST 284

At the rail: Bumbera, Hacksaw and other police.

ANGLE - DECK OF THE VELTIO AVRIO 285

Sam picks up a heavy coil of rope and advances toward Zinderneuf at the tip of the bow. Zinderneuf still has the metal case in the curled grip of his wooden hand and points the Luger at Sam.

GENA

Sam, don't! He'll kill you!

Sam moves steadily ahead.

SAM

Give it up, Nazi. You got no place to go.

ZINDERNEUF

They belong to me. Thirty years...

Sam throws the coil of rope. Zinderneuf fires, but the rope hits him hard across the face and knocks him into the sea. He surfaces, thrashing in the water.

VARIOUS ANGLES 286-290

The police boat nearby now. Anastas and Hakim look like they're about ready to dive after Zinderneuf and the sapphires - but they and everybody else SEE:

ANOTHER ANGLE - THE SEA - A GREAT DORSAL FIN 291

A huge white shark slices toward Zinderneuf. He sees it. SCREAMS! The police can't shoot for fear of hitting him.

OTHER ANGLES 292-294

The gaping jaws of the white monster hit and tear off Zinderneuf's arm. The shark dives and disappears. Two of the policemen jump in to retrieve Zinderneuf.

ANGLE - DECK OF THE VELTIO AVRIO 295

featuring the Commodore and Hakim looking at each other.

COMMODORE

Did you see which arm the shark got?

HAKIM

The one with the sapphires.

COMMODORE

Damn.

CUT TO:

EXT. DECK OF THE POLICE BOAT - DAY

296

Zinderneuf, still unconscious lies on deck. Sam is aboard with Bumbera, Hacksaw and other officers.

HACKSAW

God Almighty! His arm's missing, but there's no blood!

BUMBERA

That shark had to be twenty feet long! Jaws as big as...

SAM

Yeah, there've been a lot of those sharks around lately.

BUMBERA

Sam, what the hell is going on here?

SAM

I'll explain it all to you on the way back.

BUMBERA

Sure, Sam, but would you explain one thing right now?

Bumbera points to the Commodore and Hakim.

BUMBERA

Why are those two men standing there without their pants on?

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SAM, DUCHESS AND NICKY

297

Nicky sits in a chair, a bemused look on his face and his head bandaged. A pair of crutches leans against his chair. Mother enters carrying the cat in her arms.

MOTHER

Nicky! Honey pot! What happened?!

She starts toward him. Nicky looks at Sam for help.

SAM

There was an accident. Hit and run. Poor ol' Nick here lost his memory - wandered around for days in a daze - till his memory came back.

MOTHER

Oh, the poor baby...

SAM

Internal injuries. And there's damage to his groin...

MOTHER (gasps)

Good God! You mean...

SAM

You'll have to be gentle, Mother. Warm baths, tender loving care - nurse him back to health!

MOTHER

I will! I will!

Mother walks over to Nicky, drops the cat, takes the crutches in one hand, lifts Nicky with the other.

MOTHER

Come on, honey pot, we're going home.

Nicky puts his arms around Mother, nodding. As they start out the door, she turns to Sam.

MOTHER

You get three months free rent - but just watch what goes on around here between you and Miss Banana.

Mother carries Nicky out of the office, the cat screeches and follows her out. The phone rings.

DUCHESS

What did she mean by that?

(picks up receiver)

Hi. Yes, this is I.

(pause)

You're going to do what? Oh, you poor thing. Oh, no, I don't think... wait till I get a pencil....

Sam takes the phone from her and hangs it up.

DUCHESS

Sam, I'm telling you that poor fellow needs help.

SAM

Yeah, don't we all. Go home, Duchess.

DUCHESS

Oh, I'm not going home. I've got a date with a musician. A tuba player.

SAM

Have fun.

DUCHESS (twitters)

We will. Goodnight, Sam.

SAM

Goodnight, Duchess.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SAM ENTERS

298

He closes the door and starts for the bedroom. He sees a thin sliver of light between the carpet and the bedroom door. He knocks softly. One. Two. Three times.

CUT TO:

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAM ENTERS

299

She's in the big brass bed, covered only the the thin white sheet. She's holding a book in her hands.

GENA

Hello, Sam.

SAM

What're you reading, angel?

GENA

One of the books from your library - THE MALTESE FALCON. I'd never read it before.

SAM

The girl goes to jail in the end.

GENA

Sam, I never meant for anyone to get hurt.

Sam walks over to the nightstand. Gena has poured some Grand Marnier from the bottle into two glasses. He picks up one of the glasses and gives the other to Gena.

SAM

Confusion to the enemy.

GENA

Sam, why did you let Zebra get to your gun? He could've killed you.

SAM

Not with blanks. That's something else I didn't tell Bumbera.

GENA

But why?

SAM

Because I didn't know if a jury would convict him.

GENA

So you were the jury.

SAM

And the executioner.

She sips her brandy.

GENA

Sam, all I tried to do was help my father before he went blind.

SAM

How's the Commodore taking it?

GENA (smiling)

I think both he and Hakim are getting ready to go fishing... for shark.

SAM

They'll be wasting their time.

Sam takes the two sapphires out of his coat pocket and tosses them on the bed. The cold, blue sapphires gleam against the white sheet.

GENA

Sam! My God! But how?!

SAM

I palmed them when I closed the case.

GENA

What are you going to do with them?

SAM

I don't know yet. I would've given them to Elsa. Maybe you still want them. The last time you were up here, that's what you were trying...

GENA

Do you really believe that?

SAM

No, but you can have them, if you want.

GENA

Never. But really, what are you going to do with them?

SAM

I won't let the Commodore or Hakim get them. Maybe I'll go shark fishing myself - and find them. Maybe I'll turn them over to the Foundation for the Junior Blind. I'm not sure yet.

Sam moves closer.

SAM

You know, angel, you look a little Chinese tonight - like Gene Tierney in THE SHANGHAI GESTURE. There was this scene where she came...

GENA

Sam....

SAM

Yeah?

She lifts the sheet that covers her and is naked before him.

GENA

Shut up, Sam, and come to bed.

He lifts the glass of brandy to his lips.

SAM

Yeah... here's looking at you, kid.

CUT TO:

THE "EYES OF ALEXANDER"

300

laugh and dance on the white sheet... then they fall to the floor.

FADE OUT: