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The Thin Man,
a screenplay

Vol. 9

ORIGINAL-
RED

Title: THIN MAN, THE
Release Date: 1934
Genre: Mystery, Comedy
Star Rating: 4.5
MPAA Rating: NR
Running Time: 93
Color or B&W: Black & White
Released by: MGM
Production Company: MGM
Country of Origin: U.S.
PR Rating: A

Academy Award Nom: Best Picture
Academy Award Nom: Best Actor - William Powell
Academy Award Nom: Best Director - W.S. Van Dyke
Academy Award Nom: Best Adapted Screenplay -
Frances Goodrich, Albert Heckett

Cast:

Powell, William - Nick Charles
Loy, Myrna - Nora Charles
O'Sullivan, Maureen - Dorothy Wynant
Pendleton, Nat - Lt. John Guild
Gombell, Minna - Mimi Wynant
Hall, Porter - MacCauley
Wadsworth, Henry - Tommy
Henry, William - Gilbert Wynant
Huber, Harold - Nunheim
Romero, Cesar - Chris Jorgenson
Moorhead, Natalie - Julia Wolf
Brophy, Edward - Joe Morelli
Jackson, Thomas
Hale, Creighton
Tead, Phil
Copeland, Nick
Templeton, Dink - Reporters
Channing, Ruth - Mrs. Jorgenson
Ellis, Edward - Clyde Wynant
Short, Gertrude - Marion
Clement, Clay - Quinn
Thornton, Cyril - Tanner
Homans, Robert E. - Bill the Detective
Brown, Raymond - Dr. Walton
Fowley, Douglas
Hall, Sherry - Taxi Drivers
Bailey, Polly
Laughton, Dixie - Janitresses
Belasco, Arthur
Hearn, Edward
Owen, Garry - Detectives
Malatesta, Fred - Headwaiter
Sedan, Rolfe
White, Leo - Waiters

Long, Walter - Stutsy Burke
Gibson, Kenneth - Apartment Clerk
Lorraine, Tui - Stenographer
Roach, Bert - Foster
White, Huey - Tefler
Taggart, Ben - Police Captain
Williams, Charles - Fight Manager
Larkin, John - Porter
Tenbrook, Harry - Guest
Flaherty, Pat - Cop/Fighter

Credits:

Producer: Stromberg, Hunt
Director: Van Dyke II, W.S.
Writer: Hackett, Albert, Goodrich, Frances based on the
novel by ashiehl Hammett
Cinematographer: Howe, James Wong
Editor: Kern, Robert J.
Music Composer: Axt, William
Art Designer: Gibbons, Cedric, Townsend, David,
Willis, Edwin B.
Costume Designer: Tree, Dolly

We were hesitant about
tackling a detective story -
- but the director -
Mr. Van Dyke - said,
"I don't care anything
about the mystery stuff -
just give me fine scenes
between Mick and Nora."

A.H.

EFFECT SHOT: THE SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN!

The shadow, grotesquely thin, is cast by one strong light which reflects itself against a white cement wall. When we first see the shadow, it is standing upright, examining something which it holds in its hands. Now the shadow bends down, and as it does so, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL CLYDE WYNANT in his workshop. He is a tall, thin man of about fifty-five, with white hair. He has a fine, sensitive face. He is a very successful inventor. A man who is capable of sudden fits of anger which he forgets almost immediately, but which are quite terrifying while they last. Just now he is utterly absorbed in what he is doing -- working on a delicately-wired part which has to do with a new form of combustion engine that he has invented. (Through the entire scene, from the first shadow effect, we hear the engine in operation as he is working over it.) Wynant is dressed in overalls, and possibly a long shade over his eyes. The shop itself is in the basement of a small warehouse building in the thirties, between First Avenue and the East River, in New York. It is a long and narrow machine shop, full of interest and character in its mechanical layout. Miniatures of engine-models of various kinds -- vats of molten lead -- carbon racks -- welding instruments -- delicate light bulbs, and such other apparatus as composes a combination shop and laboratory of this machine type. WE HOLD A MOMENT on Wynant in the midst of an experiment over the combustion engine. Then from the background a workman named Tom, also dressed in overalls, a man of about thirty-five, comes in from an adjoining shop. He comes toward Wynant.

Tom (hesitant -- in a mild tone)
Your daughter's here, Mr. Wynant.

(then, as Wynant doesn't seem to
hear him, he speaks louder)

Mr. Wynant!

Wynant, startled out of his absorption, drops a delicate piece of metal (or whatever fragile wiring or part he would be holding), and turns furiously on Tom.

Wynant
Haven't you any more sense than to shout at me like that!

Tom
I'm sorry...but...

Wynant (picking up the little piece --
its edges are spoiled)
Two weeks work gone for nothing.

Continued:

Tom
I just wanted to tell you...

Wynant (interrupting)
I don't care what you wanted to tell me. You're through! Get your things and get out!

The workman shrugs his shoulders and starts away. WE PAN Wynant to a bench on which there are several acetylene torches. He is examining the part as he goes, muttering and growling to himself.

Wynant
It's a good thing I'm going away -- no peace -- no quiet. Everybody interrupting me --

2

PANNING SHOT -- DOOR TO SHOP.

DOROTHY WYNANT comes to the door and looks in. Tom is seen taking off his overalls, preparatory to leaving.

Dorothy
Can we come in?

Tom looks up as she speaks to him.

Dorothy
Did you tell him?

Tom
Sorry, Miss Wynant. He didn't give me a chance.

Dorothy comes in, followed by ANDREW READE. She is a young girl of about twenty-one, spirited and high-tempered like her father. She has great natural beauty and distinction...the crisp product of a strict finishing school. She is dressed in smart, simple street dress.

Andrew Reade is a good-looking boy fresh from college. He gives an impression of reliability and common sense. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they go toward the work bench and Wynant.

Dorothy.
Dad!

Wynant straightens up, and as he looks and sees that it is his daughter, his whole expression changes. He forgets his anger. He is delighted to see her.

Wynant
Why didn't they tell me you were here!

Dorothy kisses him.

Continued:

Dorothy
I'm sorry to interrupt your work, but this is important.

Wynant looks over at Andrew standing behind Dorothy. Andrew smiles at him.

Andrew
How are you?

Wynant (to Dorothy - as he turns off the combustion engine)
Another young man.

Andrew
It's the same one.

Dorothy (as if she were speaking to a child who didn't remember his lessons)
It's been the same one for three months.

Wynant
Forgive me.
(he shakes Andrew's hand)
How are you?

Dorothy
Take a good look at him, Dad.
(Wynant looks at Andrew and smiles)
Now please try to remember him... 'cause he's going to be your son-in-law.

Wynant's look changes to one of serious interest.

Wynant (surprised)
Well!

Andrew (to Wynant -- feeling that Dorothy has spoken too bluntly)
That is, if it's all right with you.

Wynant
And if it isn't?

Dorothy (to the front!)
He'll still be your son-in-law!

Wynant (to Andrew, with humor)
You see how much we have to say.

Dorothy (puts her hand on her father's arm)
Dad, this is what I really wanted to ask you....

Andrew, knowing that she wants to talk to her father alone, interrupts.

Andrew
Mind if I look around?

Continued:

Wynant
Help yourself.
(he turns and calls off)
Oh, Tom...show this gentleman...
(he stops as he sees Tom is ready to leave)

3

FULL SHOT -- INCLUDING TOM AT DOOR.

Tom is dressed in his street suit, ready to go out. Wynant stares at him in amazement.

Wynant
Where are you going?

Tom (drily)
Home!

Wynant
Home!

Tom
I'm fired.

Wynant (indignantly)
I'm the boss here. Who fired you?

Tom
You did.

Dorothy laughs. Wynant shamefacedly joins her.

Wynant
Oh, forget it -- forget it. Here...show this gentleman around...

Tom beams at Wynant and starts to take his coat and hat off as he speaks to Andrew.

Tom
Right this way, sir.

Andrew follows him out.

4

CLOSE SHOT -- WYNANT AND DOROTHEY.

She pulls her father down beside her on a bench, or possibly she climbs up on the long work bench -- shoves the acetylene torches to a distance -- and with her arms around him affectionately, continues:

Dorothy
Mother's set her heart on a big church wedding.

Wynant (parenthetically)
She would!

Continued:

Dorothy
I hate all that fuss. But I'll do it on one
condition -- that you're there to give me away.

Wynant (chuckling)
What would your mother say to that?

Dorothy (obstinately)
This is my wedding.

Wynant
Wouldn't it be a little embarrassing...all of us
there....your mother and me and your stepfather?

Dorothy (she evidently has no love for
her stepfather)
He can stay home. Please, Dad, won't you?

Wynant (doubtful)
If you think it'll be all right.
(Dorothy jumps down from the bench
happily. She kisses him, delighted to
have won him over)
Wait a minute. When is it going to be? I'm
leaving town tonight.

Dorothy (surprised)
Where are you going?

Wynant
It's a secret. I can't even tell you, my dear.
I've got an important idea to work on.

Dorothy
A new invention?

Wynant
Yes.
(then significantly, and with measured
tone)
And I don't want anybody to steal it from me.

Dorothy (disappointed)
We were planning to be married the end of December.

Wynant
Oh, I'll be back before Christmas.

Dorothy (brightening again)
It's a promise?

Wynant
That's one thing I won't forget.
(he looks at his watch)
Where's Macaulay? I ought to be starting.

Dorothy takes his watch while he starts to
take off his overalls. There is an odd chain
attached to the watch, with links of gold.

Continued

topper and silver. As he slips off the overalls, he speaks to Dorothy without looking at her, trying to keep a casual note in his voice. CAMERA IS PANNING DURING THE SCENE.

Wynant
How's your brother?

Dorothy (she looks at her father affectionately, sorry for him)
He's all right.

WE EITHER PAN NOW ON WYNANT, OR GO TO A FULL SHOT -- as he goes to a washstand to clean up a bit. The basin is on the side of the room. The washstand could, if desired, be in a small closet, and the following dialogue is played back and forth during this business.

Wynant
I'd like to see him. Why don't you bring him down?

Dorothy (dangling the watch chain)
You know how it is, Dad. He's sort of under Mother's thumb.

Wynant (brushing his hair a bit)
I know -- I know --

Dorothy (still monkeying with the watch -- winding it)
You're not missing much. He's cuckoo.

Wynant comes back from the washstand --
CAMERA MOVING UP FOR A CLOSEUP ON THE TWO.

Wynant
Like all the rest of us.
(he leans closer to Dorothy, speaking humorously)
Has this fellow...
(he indicates Andrew with a nod of his head)
...has he seen the whole family?

Dorothy (nodding and smiling)
And he still wants to marry me!

Wynant
He's a brave man.

They look off as Andrew enters the shop again.

Andrew comes over to them with added interest and admiration.

Andrew (to Wynant)
I didn't know you invented that Smelting Process.

Dorothy (she holds the watch and chain toward Andrew)
Look -- those are the first metals that came through.
(she indicates the links in the chain)

Andrew looks interestedly at them as she dangles the chain before him. Wynant is feeling his shin bone. He gives a little grunt of pain. Dorothy turns sympathetically to him.

Dorothy
Poor Dad, does that still bother you?

Wynant
Only in bad weather.

Dorothy
But it isn't bad weather now.

Wynant
Better get home before it is.

Dorothy (kissing Wynant)
Goodbye, darling. Don't you dare forget...
December 30th.

Wynant (to Andrew, with a warm friendliness)
Goodbye, my boy. Take care of Dorothy. Show her that there is such a thing as a happy marriage.

Andrew (sincerely)
I'll do my best.

Dorothy and Andrew start out, saying last goodbyes to Wynant and Tom. WE TRUCK ON THEM AS THEY GO OUT TO:

STAIRWAY FROM BASEMENT TO FIRST FLOOR -
TRUCKING.

Andrew
All settled?
(Dorothy nods)
Grand!
(then, after a second)
Why did your mother ever divorce him? He's swell.

Dorothy
We-l-l, it seems he has a secretary.

Ch.

(he turns to Dorothy, smiling)
I'll do my own typing!

They have reached the top of the stairs now and are in a long and narrow corridor, a service elevator at one end, and a door leading to the street at the other.

Dorothy (looking to street...it is snowing heavily)
Dad's a good barometer....
(she sees a taxi draw up in front of the building)
Quick! -- Here's a cab.

They exit to street.

7

EXTERIOR STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON -- BLIZZARD.

It is a shabby, dreary street with warehouse and a deserted brewery. There is a driving snow-storm. Dorothy and Andrew come out as the cab is pulling up at the curb, and with difficulty against the wind and driving sleet, they go forward, ready to take it. The cab door opens and an umbrella comes out and is opened, almost in their faces. The umbrella completely covers the upper part of the man who is carrying it. He turns to pay the driver. Dorothy recognizes Macaulay and pulls up the umbrella to speak to him under it.

Dorothy
Hello, there, Mr. Macaulay.

8

CLOSEUP AT CURB -- THE GROUP.

Macaulay raises the umbrella, surprised. He is a fussy little bald-headed man of about forty, wearing glasses. He recognizes Dorothy and beams.

Macaulay
How are you?
(then, as the snow pelts down, he starts to hold his umbrella over her)
Here. Get under this.

Dorothy
Thanks....we're taking your cab.

Dorothy climbs into the cab. Andy follows her. She snuggles close against him, cold. Macaulay hands the driver a bill. Continued:

Macaulay (to Dorothy)
Is your father still in there?

Dorothy
He's waiting for you.

Macaulay
Did he tell you where he was going?

Dorothy
He wouldn't say.

Macaulay (shaking his head in
disapproval)
Tch-tch-tch --

(shutting the cab door)
Well, goodbye, Miss Wynant.
(then speaking to the driver as the
driver is giving him his change)
You wouldn't drive slowly, so you don't get a tip.

Driver (grinning)
That's okay -- I took it!

He grins again and swings off, leaving
Macaulay looking down at the change in his
hand, indignant. THEN WE PAN WITH HIM as
he enters the building.

9

CORRIDOR FROM BASEMENT -- FULL SHOT.

Wynant comes up the stairway and starts for
the service elevator as Macaulay comes in from
outside. Wynant is now in a business suit,
but has no hat or overcoat on. He doesn't see
Macaulay. He pulls open the door of the
service elevator. Macaulay starts to run to-
ward Wynant with little fast steps, his bulky
umbrella hanging from his arm.

Macaulay
Mr. Wynant...Mr. Wynant!

Wynant turns, his hand holding open the
elevator door.

Wynant
Hello, there! Come on up with me.

Macaulay follows Wynant into the elevator,
panting a little.

starts slowly up. The elevator shaft is visible through the wooden bars of the elevator. Wynant stands looking down at Macaulay, amused and friendly.

Wynant
Did you get my money?

Macaulay (he pulls a wallet out of his pocket and takes out a sheaf of new bills. He talks plaintively as he does so)
I do wish you'd tell me where you're going.

Wynant
I'm not telling anyone.

Macaulay (protesting)
But suppose some business comes up...

Wynant
That's just why I'm going.

Macaulay starts to count out the bills into Wynant's hand.

Macaulay
One hundred...two hundred....three...

Wynant (takes the sheaf of bills, impatient)
Never mind.

Macaulay
I wish you'd count them. There's a thousand dollars there.

Wynant (stuffing them carelessly in his pocket)
I trust you.

Macaulay
Isn't there anything else I can do for you? Have you bought your ticket?

Wynant
No.

Macaulay (there is a good-humored gleam in his eye. He sees a chance of finding out where Wynant is going)
Well, let me do that for you.

Wynant
You might do that. Get me a ticket for...
(he stops suddenly as he looks at Macaulay and sees the eager look in his eye -- realizes that he is about to give himself away)

No, you don't!

Continued:

They smile at each other. The elevator has reached the third floor by this time. It stops. Wynant gets out.

11

THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR -- CLOSE AT ELEVATOR.

Macaulay prepares to follow Wynant, but Wynant closes the door of the elevator, leaving him in it.

Wynant
Thanks, and goodbye.

Macaulay
What'll I do if something comes up?

Wynant
Settle it yourself. What have I got a lawyer for?

Macaulay
Is Julia going with you?

Wynant
No.

Wynant reaches through the bar of the elevator door and pushes the button inside. The elevator starts down during the following dialogue. Macaulay stands inside, bewildered and worried.

Macaulay
But what if you need more money?

Wynant
I left instructions with Julia. She'll get it from you. Goodbye.

Wynant strides out of the scene. The elevator is beginning to disappear, carrying Macaulay.

Macaulay (with his face upturned, he goes on pleading until he disappears out of sight -- he is calling up)
You don't tell me a thing. I don't know where you're going. I don't know when you're coming back. I don't know how to reach you if any business turns up...!

And the elevator goes down out of sight, his voice trailing as it does so.

12

WYNANT'S OFFICE -- TRUCKING AND PANNING ON WYNANT --

As we pick him up leaning down in front of a
Continued:

a little man with a quick eye and an eager manner. He has his hat and coat on, preparatory to leaving for the day. He is closing and locking some cabinets as the scene ensues. (Wynant's office is of a solid rather old-fashioned type such as would be found in a building of this kind. It should, in fact, have windows through which a display room given to machinery can be seen)

Wynant (as he opens the safe)
My daughter's going to be married, Tanner. Nice young man. She just brought him in.

Tanner listens preoccupied. He seems a little nervous about Wynant looking in the safe.

Tanner
Well, congratulations.

Wynant (talking right on)
I'm going to give her a wedding present. Thought I'd better do it now, before I forget it. I can drop them on my way to....

(by this time Wynant has pulled out a box and is puzzled to see it empty)

That's funny....

(he leans down and hunts through the different papers in the safe. He doesn't find what he wants. He turns to Tanner)

Where are those bonds?

Tanner
Bonds, sir?

Wynant
I know I left them there.

Tanner
Maybe Miss Wolf has them.

Wynant (still worried -- wonders why Julia took them)
Maybe she has.

He grabs his hat and coat and starts out.

Tanner (picking up a baggage check from the table)
You're forgetting the check for your suitcase.
(Wynant takes it from him preoccupied)
It's at the Grand Central.

Wynant (still preoccupied)
Oh, yes -- yes -- that's right --
(he goes out)

Continued:

As soon as Wynant goes out, Tanner looks after him. He seems worried. He looks apprehensively back toward the safe.

DISSOLVE TO:

13

A RADIO IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT -- CLOSEUP.

This is Julia Wolf's apartment, a fashionable penthouse furnished in very new modernistic style, but we do not reveal it as we dissolve in. We are merely HOLDING ON THE RADIO AND A MAN -- JOE MORELLI -- who sits in front of it, in his shirt sleeves. Morelli is a tough looking gangster. He has the radio on. He is looking at a copy of Vogue. A woman's voice comes over the scene from off stage.

Julia's Voice

How do you want it?

Morelli

Straight.

(turning a page of Vogue -- holding it up to the light)

Are women really going to wear them bustles?

Suddenly there is the sound of a key in the door. Morelli looks up quickly, his hand going to what we know is his gun, in his hip pocket -- AS CAMERA PULLS BACK RAPIDLY TO REVEAL:

14

FULL SHOT OF THE APARTMENT -- A PENTHOUSE -- PROCESS GLASS.

WE HOLD FOR A MOMENT as Morelli rises noiselessly and stands there, alert and ready for anyone. NOW CAMERA SWINGS RAPIDLY OVER TO THE:

15

DOOR -- CLOSE SHOT ON WYNANT.

As he enters, having used his own key. He still seems occupied, and doesn't see Morelli as he comes through. CAMERA SWINGS RAPIDLY BACK TO:

16

CLOSEUP ON MORELLI -- BEFORE THE RADIO.

He stands there, quietly menacing, his hand

on his hip.

Morelli
You're in the wrong place, mister.

BACK TO:

17

FLASH WYNANT -- CLOSEUP.

Wynant looks off at him, surprised and angry.

Wynant
(sarcastically)
Am I?

BACK TO:

18

FLASH MORELLI -- CLOSEUP.

AS WE PAN HIM FORWARD a few steps. He gives Wynant a savage double-O.

Morelli
What's on your mind? What do you want?

Julia's Voice
(o.s.)
Who is it, Joe?

Morelli
(watching Wynant)
That's what I want to know.

19

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE APARTMENT.

As Julia comes into the room, with two drinks in her hand. She is a woman of about thirty. She is in very elaborate lounging pajamas. Her hair is too well waved, her nails too red, her eyebrows too delicately arched. But she has the look of a hard business woman underneath it all. She looks disturbed as she sees it is Wynant.

Julia
We're just having a little drink.

Wynant
(drily)
So I see.

Continued:

Morelli looks from one to the other. In Wynant's attitude of displeased proprietorship, he gets his hint of who he is. He reaches for his coat over the chair and starts to put it on.

Julia
(her eyes still on Wynant)
See you later, Joe.

Morelli looks from one to the other, and then slowly gets his hat and starts out.

Morelli
Sorry. Didn't know I was talking to the boy friend. S'long.

He walks carelessly and arrogantly out of the door, slamming it after him.

CAMERA MOVES IN FOR A CLOSE SPOT ON JULIA AND WYNANT. She puts the drinks down. She tries to ignore Wynant's very evident displeasure.

Wynant
Who's that man?

Julia
He's not anybody. Just a fellow I used to know.

Wynant
I thought you'd given up that sort of friend.

Julia
This is the first time I've seen him in years. I didn't want him to think I was high-hatting him.

Wynant
I don't like him.

Julia
(moving over to him, trying to conciliate him)
Don't worry. You won't see him again.
(she tries to take Wynant's coat and hat)
What happened? Did you change your mind about going?

Wynant
No. I just came back for a second. I wanted to get those bonds.

Julia
(she controls her fear under an air of ignorance)
What bonds?

Continued:

Wynant
The government bonds. The ones you took from the office safe.

Julia
(smoothly lying)
Oh yes. Why, you told me to sell them a long time ago.

Wynant
(in a level tone)
I'd never tell you to sell those. I bought them for my daughter.

Julia
Don't you remember....

Wynant
(interrupting her)
Now see here, Julia. You're counting a little too much on my being absent-minded. You've been taking a little here and there for some time, and I haven't said anything about it. But this is fifty thousand dollars!

Julia
(flying into a temper to try to hide her guilt)
Do you realize that you're accusing me of....

Wynant
No one else had the combination of that safe. You took them. What did you do with them?

Julia (in a fury)
What if I did take them? I'm sick and tired of seeing you hand out thousands of dollars to that family of yours....

Wynant
(cutting in)
That's my business.

Julia
(going on without listening to him)
-- supporting that gang of loafers! There's not one of them that cares a damn for you. A wife who threw you out the first time your foot slipped. They wouldn't raise a hand to help you. And I've given my whole life for you. If you kicked off tomorrow, where'd I be? Out in the gutter!
(then defiantly)
Sure I took those bonds. Who has a better right -- ?

WE HOLD A MOMENT. There is a slight pause, then Wynant quietly, and unheeding all that she has said, starts for the phone. WE PAN HIM OVER AND HOLD as he picks up the phone (but not the receiver as yet) and speaks off to Julia:
Continued:

Wynant (quietly)
I want that money right now, or I'll hand you over
to the police.

Julia
(o.s. -- not believing that he will do it)
Go ahead!

Wynant
(lifts phone from receiver now --
still quietly)
They'll be pretty rough with you....with your record.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, and Julia hurries into the
scene.

Julia (contemptuous)
That's a fine thing to throw up to me after all
I've been to you....

Wynant (in phone)
Hello....give me....
(Julia grabs the telephone from him, in
a fury. She puts it down. Puts the re-
ceiver in place. They stand facing each
other)
Well....?

Julia (in a surly tone)
I'll give it back to you....all I've got....
twenty-five thousand....

Wynant
(he takes her by the wrists, gripping her
hard, trying to force the truth from her)
You're going to return every cent of it!

Julia (flashing again)
I can't! I haven't got it!

Wynant (quickly)
What did you do with the rest?

Julia
I never had it.

The telephone rings.

Wynant
Then someone was in with you. Who was it? -- Who
was it?

(Julia makes a move to answer the phone
which rings again insistently)
I'll answer that --
(he picks up the phone)
Hello...hello...

CUT TO:

A weasel-faced little man, Munheim, is in the booth at the phone, but as he hears Wynant's voice say "hello", he very quietly pulls down the hook for the receiver and places the receiver gently on it. He turns away.

CUT BACK TO:

JULIA'S APARTMENT -- CLOSE SHOT AT PHONE AGAIN.

Wynant is clicking the receiver up and down, as he repeats several times sharply:

Wynant
Hello...hello, hello...HELLO....

Then, evidently hearing the sound of the receiver being replaced, he impatiently puts the telephone down and turns back to Julia..

Wynant
You don't need to tell me. I have a pretty good idea.

And with this WE PAN HIM as he puts on his hat and walks out of the apartment -- with determination and a menacing purpose in his face. CAMERA SWINGS QUICKLY BACK TO JULIA. She looks after him, terrified, as we

CUT OR DISSOLVE TO:

A STREET AT NIGHT -- LIGHTING EFFECT.

Wynant strides down the street, his long, lean, narrow form casting a long shadow on the snowy pavement. THE CAMERA HOLDS IN A RUNNING SHOT ON THE SHADOW as it elongates still further, and finally disappears.

FADE OUT.

(NOTE: We should get the above shadow effect through heavy snow, (via reflection of street lamps). The idea and mood here of the shadow of the "thin man" as it strides rapidly thru the night is purposely intended for a necessary effect.)

CLOSEUP OF A CHRISTMAS WREATH.

The wreath is enormous, and under the conventional greeting: "A MERRY CHRISTMAS", which is in silver across it, there is a current unconventional greeting also in silver, which reads:

(This slogan to come)

On sound track behind the shot an orchestra is playing gaily. Possibly an arrangement that Lombardo would make on "JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS". There is also the sound of gay chatter and jingles of many cocktail shakers. NOW CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE BAR OF A SPEAKEASY, or, to be more up to date, the bar of a Biltmore or a Waldorf Astoria Hotel. It was against the glass of the bar that the Christmas wreath was first shown. It is about three o'clock in the afternoon. Almost all of the people sitting on the high stools in front of the bar are women. Several bartenders are shaking cocktails. The music, which, by the way, comes from an adjoining tea dancant room, continues. There is a holiday air about the whole place. A sophistication and a gaiety belonging to thirsty New York of the present moment. CAMERA RUNS DOWN THE LINE OF THE BAR AND HOLDS AT THE END, where a bartender is placing two cocktails on a tray held by a waiter. WE TRUCK ON THE WAITER as he takes the tray into the adjoining room. The room is quite filled with the afternoon tango crowd, and several couples are dancing on the floor. WE HOLD as the waiter stops at a small table along the wall. Dorothy and Andrew are seated there. Dorothy is looking very glum.

Andrew (putting his hand on hers)

Cheer up, darling.

Dorothy

I'm sorry.

Dorothy tries to smile, but it's a dreary attempt. The waiter puts down the cocktails and leaves.

Andrew (holds up his glass)

Here's to us!

He drinks his cocktail. Dorothy takes a sip of hers. Andrew goes on talking, trying to get her out of the doldrums.

Andrew

By this time next year, we'll be two old married people...trimming the tree...hanging up the stockings for the children...

(then as she looks up)

...well, the child, then.

CONTINUED:

Dorothy tries to smile, but she is worried, and cannot enter into his fun. She puts her drinks down.

Andrew

What's the matter, darling?...not sweet enough?

Dorothy (listlessly)

It's all right.

(NOTE TO VAN: If you want them to get up and join the dancers, it can be done at this point. After Dorothy says, "It's all right", Andrew says, "Come on, let's dance. I've got to get you out of the dumps somehow"-- and pulls her to her feet. The following scene continues now, as follows, in a PANNING SHOT OF THEM DANCING.)

Andrew

(leaning forward -- serious now)

Darling, your father's all right. He'll turn up in time.

Dorothy

(turns to him -- suddenly distraught)

But here it is Christmas Eve!

Andrew

He's just forgotten. You know he forgets everything

Dorothy

He's never forgotten a promise to me. I'm worried about him. I know something's happened to him.

She looks off scene toward the bar. Suddenly her attention is riveted on someone.

Andrew

What could happen to him, darling? You mustn't worry....

(then as she half rises, he continues)

What is it?

Dorothy

Just a minute....

She leaves the table -- her eyes still fixed eagerly on the man she has seen. WE TRUCK AND PAN WITH HER as she goes forward to the bar. And as she comes in, we see her react eagerly as she confronts a good-looking man of about thirty-five, tall, casual and worldly wise, who is standing in front of the bar, his face reflected in the mirror. This is NICK CHARLES..

Nick (to the bartender)

Another Martini --

Dorothy

Hello, there!

CLOSEUP AT BAR -- NICK AND DOROTHY.

Nick Charles turns to her. He smiles at her. He hasn't the faintest idea who she is, but he's not going to discourage such a pretty girl.

Nick
(very cordially)
Hello!
(then over his shoulder to the bartender)
Make it two!
(then back to Dorothy)
How are you?

Dorothy realizes that he hasn't any remembrance of her.

Dorothy
You know, we know each other.

Nick
(heartily)
Of course we do! We've been friends for years.

Dorothy
(inspecting him)
Aren't you Nick Charles?

Nick
(his face changes. He realizes that she does know him)
Yes.

Dorothy
You don't remember me.....I'm Dorothy Wynant.

The bartender sets the drinks on the bar before Nick, who looks at Dorothy puzzled, trying to realize that this is the child he used to know.

Nick
Not that scrawny little....?
(he puts out his hand as if measuring a little girl's height)

Dorothy
(smiling)
Yes.

Nick
How did you ever remember me?

Dorothy
(intently)
I was fascinated with you....a real live detective.... You used to tell me the most wonderful stories. Were they true?

CONTINUED:

Nick
Probably not.

Andrew comes up to them. Dorothy turns to introduce him.

Dorothy
Andy...this is Nick Charles. He worked on a case for father.

Nick (shaking hands with Andrew)
Yes. Some nut who wanted to kill him.
(then to Dorothy)
How is your father?

Dorothy
That's what I was going to ask you. He's disappeared!

Nick
Disappeared!
Andrew (to Dorothy)
Now don't say that -- he's just off somewhere working.

Dorothy
(to Nick)
I can't find him. I've tried everything. I thought you might know.

Nick
(chuckling)
I don't know anything -- I've been in California for four years. Have you tried his lawyer?

Dorothy
No.
(her face lights up as she sees a possibility of reaching her father)

Andrew
There -- you see -- you never thought of that.

Nick
Used to be a guy named Mac-- something.

Dorothy
Macaulay.

Nick
That's it...Herbert Macaulay.

Dorothy
(holding out her hand to Andrew)
Lend me a nickle.

CONTINUED:

Andrew gives her a nicker and she goes off.
Now that she has gone Andrew drops his
pretense of minimizing her father's failure
to appear. He steps up close to Nick.

Andrew
She's got me worrying, too..

Nick
(easily, as he reaches for his cocktail)
(NOTE: During the entire play, Nick
is always reaching for a cocktail!)

Don't start worrying about him. He's a good guy,
but screwy.

Andrew
(impressed by what he has just heard)
Why did that man want to kill him?

Nick
Said he stole his invention.

Andrew
Do you suppose.....?

The bartender is placing more drinks in
front of Nick.

Nick
(to Andrew)
. What?

Andrew
(deciding that he is silly to get
so worried)
Nothing.

Nick
You better take a drink.

He hands him one of the cocktails.
As they start to drink, a commotion is
heard offscene...a dog barking....men's
voices raised in protestation...and a
woman's voice above it all. It is NORA,
Nick's wife.

Nora's Voice
(o.s.)
Asta! Where are you going? Asta!

Bartenders, as well as Nick and Andrew,
look off toward the commotion.

CUT TO:

ENTRANCE OF THE BAR -- FROM
THE CLOAK ROOM OR CORRIDOR.

NORA CHARLES, Nick's wife, is coming through. She is a woman of about twenty-six...a tremendously vital person, interested in everybody and everything, in contrast to Nick's apparent indifference to anything except when he is going to get his next drink. There is a warm understanding relationship between them. They are really crazy about each other, but undemonstrative and humorous in their companionship. They are tolerant, easy-going, taking drink for drink, and battling their way together with a dry humor. Just now Nora has been shopping. Her arms are full of small packages. Her hat is askew. She is pulled along bodily by a small white Sealingham on a leash. A doorman and a hat-check clerk are following her, protesting at her bringing the dog into this fashionable hotel. The dog is excitedly barking.

Doorman

Madame, you can't bring that dog in here!

Nora

I'm not bringing him. He's bringing me!
(then to the dog)

Asta! Asta!

But the dog pays no attention. He pulls her like a streak out of the scene toward the bar. Nora's packages are left in a trail behind her as she stumbles after him. The attendants follow after her, picking up the parcels and protesting vehemently.

Attendants

But Madame...dogs aren't allowed....
It isn't only your dog...but if we started....
Madame, you dropped your package....etc..

BAR -- CLOSE SHOT

As Asta, the dog, rushes in, still with Nora on the other end of the leash. The dog makes a bee-line for Nick, pulls away and -- ker-plunk! -- he leaps clear up into Nick's arms. He is barking with delight. He seems to have a particular desire to lick Nick's nose. Nora, more dishevelled than ever and breathless, enters, panting. She realizes that this was Asta's objective.

Nora

So it's you he was after!

CONTINUED:

Nick
Hello, baby.

Nora
(indicating the dog)
He's dragged me into every gin mill on the block.

Nick
(in explanation)
I had him out this morning.

Nora
I thought so. He even tried to drag me into the gentlemen's --

Nick
(stopping her to introduce Andrew)
Oh, this is Andy --

Nora and Andy smile at each other.

Nora
How're you, Andy.
(hastening to add)
I don't usually look this way, but I've been Christmas shopping.

One of the attendants who followed Nora comes up. He hands Nora several of her packages.

Attendant
Madame, I'm afraid you'll have to....

Nick (interrupting)
It's all right, Joe. It's my dog...
(and as an afterthought, waving his hand at Nora)
....and my wife.

Nora
You might have mentioned me first.

Nick
(to Joe)
He's well trained. He'll behave himself.

Nora
As long as there isn't a fire hydrant. What I've gone through --

Attendant
He might bite someone.

Nick
He's all right.
(He puts Asta down on the floor.
He speaks to the dog)

CONTINUED:

Nick (cont'd)

Now lie down.

(Asta looks up at him, wagging his tail, but making no move to obey him. Nick speaks with more authority)

Lie down!

(still Asta looks fondly up at him, without obeying)

Well then, stand up!

(then triumphantly to Joe)

See?

The attendant laughs and moves off.

Dorothy comes toward them from the telephone booth. She seems a little more cheerful. Andrew watches her anxiously.

Andrew

Any luck?

Dorothy

He's just around the corner.

Nick

Your father?

Dorothy

No. The lawyer -- I'm going to see him.

Nick realizes that Dorothy and his wife have not met. He makes the introduction very casually, waving his hand to indicate Nora.

Nick

Oh, my wife -- Dorothy Wynant.

The two women smile in acknowledgment. Nora looks at Dorothy with warm interest.

Dorothy

How do you do? I'm sorry we have to rush.

Nick

We're at the Normandie for a couple of weeks. Why don't you drop around?

Dorothy

Thanks. We will. Goodbye.

Andrew

Goodbye.

The two go quickly off. Nora looks after them.

Nora

Pretty girl.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED (4)

Nick

If you like blondes.

Nora (grinning at him)

You got types?

Nick

Only you, darling...lanky brunettes with wicked jaws.

Nora

Who is she?

Nick

I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell you. Dorothy is really my daughter. You see, it was Spring in Venice, and I was so young. I didn't know what I was doing. We were all like that on my father's side.

Nora

By the way..how is your father's side?

Nick

Much better, thanks.

Nora

How many drinks have you had?

Nick

Six Martinis.

Nora (to the waiter, ordering)

Six Martinis.

(then to Nick)

You're not going to have anything on me!

As she hugs the bar, her foot on the rail,
in imitation of Nick

DISSOLVE TO:

27

CLOSEUP OF AN ICE BAG.

Nick's hands are screwing the cover on the ice bag. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO reveal him in the bathrocm of his suite at the Normandie. He has just filled the bag from the wash basin, which is full of ice. THE CAMERA TRUCKS with him as he goes into the bedroom and over to the bed.

28

CLOSEUP OF ASTA.

He is sitting on the foot of the bed, his head cocked, looking anxiously at Nora at the other side of the bed.

29

CLOSE SHOT - AT BED.

Nora is lying on the bed, dressed as we saw her in the last scene, except for her hat. Nick comes in and puts the ice bag on her head. Nora opens her eyes and speaks feebly to Nick.

CONTINUED:

What hit me?
Nora

Nick (grinning at her)
That last Martini.

Asta, delighted that Nora is all right, rushes to her, and licks her face.

Nora (struggling to get up)
I can't lie here. I've got to get up and trim that darned Christmas tree.

Nick
Take it easy.

The doorbell of the apartment rings. Nick starts into the next room. Nora locks off perturbed. She doesn't feel up to visitors.

Nora
Who's that?

Nick (as he walks out)
Santa Claus.

CUT TO:

30

LIVING ROOM OF SUITE - (SKYLINE THROUGH WINDOWS)

In one corner of the living room is an enormous Christmas tree, without any ornaments on it. The room is a mass of boxes and excelsior. Nick comes from the bedroom and opens the outer room. Macaulay stands outside, his eyes blinking behind their glasses, in friendly welcome. CAMERA MOVES UP FOR CLOSE SHOT ON THE TWO.

Macaulay
How are you?

Nick (he is surprised but recognizes him after a second and is cordial)
Hello, Macaulay. Come in.

Macaulay (as he comes in)
Dorothy told me you were here. I was going to telephone but.....

Nick
That's all right. What are you drinking?

WE PAN Nick over to a table where there are bottles of Scotch and ice and syphons of seltzer.

Macaulay
Nothing, thank you. Nothing.
(Nick pours himself a drink as Macaulay sits down)
I wanted to see you...What's Mimi up to, Charles?

CONTINUED:

Nick

Mimi?

(for a minute he doesn't realize who Mimi is)

....Oh, Dorothy's mother. Does she have to be up to something?

Macaulay.

She usually is. Trying one way or another to get money out of Wynant. I wanted to find out if you were er - er -

(he hints for the word)

---sleuthing for her.

Nick (dryly)

I haven't been a detective for four years.

Macaulay

You don't say --

Nick

(pressing syphon of seltzer)

My wife's father died and left her a lumber mill and a narrow gauge railroad and a couple of other things. And I'm looking after them.

Macaulay

I see. I see.

Nick (coming over to him)

What's all the fuss about. Is he in hiding?

Macaulay

You know as much about it as I do. I haven't seen him in three months.

Nick

No word at all?

Macaulay

He sends word through Julia Wolf when he wants money....I give it to her and she gives it to him.

The telephone rings. Nick goes over to it, speaking to Macaulay as he goes.

Nick

So that's still on?

(he picks up the phone)

Nora's Voice (o.s.)(she has

answered the phone in the next room)

Hello....just a minute.

Nick, who has listened on the phone, holds it out toward Macaulay.

CONTINUED:

Nick

It's for you.

(Macaulay gets up and starts for the phone)

Your office.

Macaulay takes the telephone. Nora appears in the doorway to the bedroom. She has a box of Christmas tree ornaments in her hand. The ice bag is tied on her head, slightly askew. She is followed by Asta.

Nora.

Is there a Mr. Macaulay in the house?

(she looks over and sees Macaulay at the phone)

Oh, it's you.

Macaulay (into the telephone)

Yes?

Then he turns to Nora. In his desire to be polite, he almost misses both the introduction to Nora, and his telephone call.

Nick

My wife.

Macaulay (to Nora)

How do you do?

(he turns hastily back to the telephone. Nora walks out of the scene, toward the Xmas tree)

What did you say?....He is?....Where is he? Very well.

(he hangs up and turns to Nick)

He's back in town....

(then as Nick looks mystified, he adds:)

Wynant. Thank heaven. He's waiting for me now.

(then realizing that Nora doesn't know what he is talking about)

Forgive me, Mrs. Charles....but I've been so upset. It's no joke working for a man like that. I must be off.

(he starts for the door, which Nick opens for him)

Goodbye....goodbye.

Nick

S'long.

Macaulay shuts the door after him only to open it again.

Macaulay (sticking his head in)

Merry Christmas!

CONTINUED:

He shuts the door again.

During the above, Nora has started to decorate the tree. She is standing on a chair, a couple of Xmas ornaments in her hand, reaching toward the top of the tree.

Nora
If anyone says "Merry Christmas" once more, I'll kill 'em.

Nick starts to the telephone directory.

Nick
I'm going to telephone that poor kid.
(he searches in the directory for a number)
At least she'll be glad to know he's alive.

Asta is sniffing around the bottom of the tree.

31

CLOSE SHOT OF NORA.

She has two different ornaments in her hand, trying to decide which to put on the top of the tree.

Nora
Shall I use this....or this?
(she looks down at Asta, who is out of sight. She speaks sharply)
Asta! Asta!
(she returns to her trimming, muttering indignantly)
Our nice Christmas tree.

32

CLOSE SHOT ON NICK - PHONE.

He has dialed his number. He speaks into the telephone.

Nick
May I speak to Dorothy ----

CUT TO:

33

MEDIUM SHOT - JORGENSEN APARTMENT.

Mimi Jorgensen, formerly Mrs. Clyde Wynant, is at the phone. She is a slightly faded, but still very pretty woman of about forty-one or two. She is utterly feminine, with

CONTINUED:

bright little ways of talking and moving. She distrusts all women, even her daughter Dorothy, and treats all men with a flirtatious condescension, as if they were children. The only thing she really has any emotion about is her present husband, whom she adores. She is terrified that he will leave her, knowing, although she won't admit it, that he married her for her money.

The living room of her expensive apartment reflects her personality. It is a modernized Victorian, full of alabaster lamps, curved soft chairs and gleaming satin.

Mimi is answering the telephone. Dorothy stands in the doorway, listening to her mother as she takes off her hat and coat. She is dressed in the same clothes in which we saw her at the hotel.

Mimi

(as she hears that it is Nick Charles, her voice takes on a flirtatious note)

How are you?....Oh, I'm Mrs. Jorgensen now....

(she sees Dorothy out of the corner of her eye, but pretends that she doesn't know she is there)

No, she isn't here.

(Dorothy moves toward the telephone)

Is it about her father? Well, can I take the message?

Dorothy

(taking the phone from her mother)

Give it to me.

Mimi

(into the phone, pretending surprise)

Oh, here she is.

Reluctantly she gives the phone to Dorothy. She stands close to Dorothy, trying to hear the conversation.

BACK TO;

34

CLOSEUP NICK - PHONE.

Nick

I just wanted to relieve your mind. Your father's alive and all right.

BACK TO;

35

JORGENSEN'S - CLOSE AT PHONE

Dorothy

(her face lights up with relief)

Oh, thank heaven.

CONTINUED:

Mimi (whispering to Dorothy)
What is it? Has he found him?

Dorothy (into the phone, not paying
any attention to her mother)
Do you know where he's living? ----
(for a moment she cannot help but feel
hurt)

Oh....
(then she realizes how selfish her feeling
is)
Well, at least I'm glad he's all right. Thank you
for calling. Goodbye.

She hangs up. Mimi eagerly questions her.

Mimi
What is it?
Dorothy
Nothing.

Gilbert comes into the room. He is a boy of
about seventeen or eighteen. He wears
spectacles. He is slight in build. The two
women don't notice him.

Mimi
That isn't true. It was about your father. Where
is he?
Dorothy
He's all right. Isn't that enough?

Mimi
No.
Dorothy
You just want money -- and you haven't any right to
any more. He made a big settlement on you.

Mimi
That's gone long ago. I've got to see him. Where
is he?
Dorothy
I won't have you hounding him any more for money.

Gilbert (to his mother)
I'll tell you.

Dorothy (turning on him accusingly)
You've been listening again on that extension.

Gilbert (very simply)
Of course. What's an extension for?

Mimi (to Gilbert, who is evidently
her favorite of the two children)
What is it, Gilbert? Tell mother! What did he
say?

CONTINUED:

Gilbert

He said that father's in town. He's been seeing Julia right along.

Mimi (bitterly)

That woman!

Gilbert

She could tell you where father is.

Dorothy

Mother. you couldn't do that. You couldn't go to her.

Mimi

I didn't say I would. But we've got to have money.

Dorothy

Did it ever occur to you that Chris might work?

Mimi

(looking fearfully off scene)

Shush!

CAMERA SWINGS RAPIDLY OVER TO:

36

BACK OF A SOFA
BIG CLOSEUP

From the sofa a man rises with languid dignity. It is Chris Jorgensen. He is younger than Mimi. A very handsome man, but one whom you could know at first sight that you could not trust. He throws Dorothy a deadly glance and walks with hurt dignity out of the room, carrying the newspaper he has been reading.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FOR THE GROUP AGAIN:

37

DOROTHY, MIMI AND GILBERT

Mimi looks after Jorgensen, fearfully. She turns to Dorothy.

Mimi (sharply)

You've hurt his feelings!

She hurries out of the room after Jorgensen. Dorothy looks after them, disgusted. Gilbert watches Dorothy with detached, scientific interest.

Gilbert

You know, you have an Oedipus complex and you won't admit it.

CONTINUED:

Dorothy (this is the last straw)
Oh, please, Gilbert!

She starts out of the room but Gilbert continues to talk to her, although she is not paying any attention.

Gilbert
The trouble with you is that you won't face facts. Now I know I have a mother fixation ... but it's slight it hasn't yet reached the point of ...

Dorothy walks out as he is still talking.

JORGENSEN'S BEDROOM - MEDIUM

Jorgensen is standing in front of the mirror, adjusting his tie. Mimi comes in, very much perturbed. She goes to him affectionately. Jorgensen realizes his power over her and uses it.

Mimi
Don't mind what she says, Chris.

Jorgensen
How can I help but mind? I'm constantly humiliated... just because I haven't money.

Mimi (eagerly)
I'll get some.

Jorgensen
You've said that for weeks.

Mimi
I know.

Jorgensen
Why don't you go to see Julia? She handles his money.

Mimi (protesting)
Chris!

Jorgensen
All right. All right.

Mimi
I couldn't go near that woman.

Jorgensen
I said all right!

He picks up his hat and coat from a chair. Mimi watches him anxiously.

Mimi
What are you going to do?

Jorgensen (easily)
Just what I said I'd do.

Mimi (in a panic, she pleads)
You wouldn't do that...you wouldn't!

Jorgensen (coldly - quietly)
Wouldn't I. Just watch me.

Mimi (almost crying)
Chris -- Chris --!

But Jorgensen walks out.

39

OUTSIDE JORGENSEN'S DOOR - HALL.

Jorgensen strides out of the door and down the hall. Mimi comes to the door.

Mimi
Chris!

But Chris pays no attention. Mimi, distraught, goes back into his room. As she closes the door, we see Gilbert come out from behind the opened door, where he has been listening.

40

JORGENSEN'S ROOM AGAIN.

Mimi stands irresolute for a minute, then goes to the telephone and dials a number.

Mimi (on telephone)
Miss Wolfe? Well this is Mrs. Jorgensen...I wonder if I may see you?

CUT TO:

41

JULIA'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP AT PHONE

Julia is evidently very much startled by Mrs. Jorgensen's calling her.

Julia (hesitatingly)
Why yes yes.....

She puts down the telephone, thinking hard, worried by the idea of Mrs. Jorgensen's impending visit. Suddenly she makes up her mind and hastily dials a number.

BACK TO:

MIMI'S LIVING ROOM

Mimi gets up from the telephone. There is a look of grim determination on her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

DESK OF JULIA WOLF'S APARTMENT HOUSE.

There is a clerk standing behind the desk, and a telephone operator at a small switchboard. Mimi is standing in front of the desk.

Mimi

What is Miss Wolf's apartment number?

Clerk

Nine A,

Mimi turns and walks across the lobby. The CAMERA TRUCKS with her. As she goes toward the elevator, Albert Nunheim is seen coming down the last steps of the stairs, out of her sight. He is a weasel-faced little man with a long nose, weak mouth, and a shifty look in his eye. The clerk's voice comes over the SOUND TRACK calling after Mimi.

Clerk's Voice (o.s.)

Who shall I say?

CLOSEUP OF NUNHEIM ON STAIRS.

Mimi's Voice (o.s.)

(shortly)

Miss Wolf expects me.

As Mimi says "Miss Wolf", Nunheim stiffens and pulls back against the wall. He waits there until he hears the sound of the elevator door closing.

He is evidently terrified by something that he has seen. He waits to be sure that Mimi has gone up in the elevator and then, with a furtive glance at the desk, CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS WITH HIM as he sneaks out and down the stairs on the other side of the elevator shaft leading down to the basement.

NINTH FLOOR OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE. - TRUCKING SHOT.

Mimi gets out of the elevator and goes to the door of the apartment 9-A across the hall. She rings the doorbell. There is no response.

CONTINUED:

45

CONTINUED (2)

She rings again, a look of grim determination on her face.

46

EXT. OF BASEMENT ENTRANCE OF APT. HOUSE.

Nunheim comes out of the entrance, looks furtively up and down the street and walks rapidly away.

BACK TO:

47

EXT. OF DOOR OF APT. 9-A

Getting no response to her ringing, Mimi is knocking on the door. She is furious with Julia for not letting her in. Still getting no answer, she tries the door. She is surprised to find it is open. She looks up and down the hall and then decides to investigate. She walks in.

48

LIVING ROOM OF JULIA'S APT. -
TRUCKING AND PANNING.

Mimi comes into the room. She shuts the door slowly behind her. She looks curiously around the room, interested to see what kind of a place her ex-husband has furnished for Julia. Seeing no one in the room, she goes through it toward the bedroom. As she gets to the door and looks curiously in, she stiffens and screams.

49

JULIA'S BEDROOM - FROM MIMI'S ANGLE.

On the floor of the ornate bedroom. Julia Wolf's dead body lies, stretched out. She has been shot. She is dressed as she was when she answered Mimi's telephone call.

BACK TO:

50

REVERSE CLOSEUP - MIMI IN DOORWAY

For a minute Mimi stands in the doorway looking down at the body, rooted to the spot with horror. Then she looks around for the telephone, sees it beside the bed, and rushes to it, CAMERA PANNING.

CONTINUED:

Mimi (telephoning)
Quick! Quick! Send somebody up here right away.
Something terrible has happened!

She replaces the receiver. For a second she stands still, her back to the body. But her curiosity finally overcomes her terror, and she goes slowly back toward the body.

She stands looking down at Julia, a million speculations and suspicions going through her mind. Suddenly her eye fastens on something in the dead woman's outflung hand. Her eyes widen with horror. She makes up her mind to take the object, which we do not see. Looking around quickly to see if no one has come in, she reaches down, takes it from the girl's hand, and stuffs it in her hand bag. She straightens up, CAMERA PANNING QUICKLY UP FOR:

51

CLOSEUP OF MIMI.

She stands clutching her bag, her eyes wide with horror at the realization of what that piece of evidence means. She is trying to formulate a plan of action as we:

SLIDE OVER TO:

52

HOMICIDE BUREAU - POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Several officers are sitting around talking.

1st Officer

The way these dames get by with things makes me sick.

The telephone rings. Another officer answers the telephone.

2nd Officer

Yeah? -- Julia Wolf, 145 West 55.

(as he hears the address he writes it down)

1st Officer (sitting up)

That's me.

2nd Officer (he replaces the receiver and turns to the other officer)

Here you are.

He gives the officer the paper.

1st Officer

What is it?

CONTINUED:

2nd Officer
A dame -- murdered,

1st Officer
That's more like it.

The 1st officer goes quickly out.

SLIDE OVER TO:

53

MACAULAY'S LAW OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT.

Macauley is sitting at a flat desk, with some papers in front of him. A stenographer is taking dictation. The inter-office communicator buzzes. Macauley leans over, pulls the switch and listens. A girl's voice comes over the communicator.

Girl's Voice (o.s.)
Telephone, Mr. Macauley.

Macauley
(frowning in annoyance at the interruption)
Who is it?

Girl's Voice (o.s.)
The police.

With a puzzled frown, Macauley picks up the phone.

Macauley
Hello....
(then with an awed surprise)
Murdered!...Yes, yes, I'll be right over.

He gets up.

SLIDE OVER TO:

54

A SPEAKEASY - CLOSE SHOT OF NUNHEIM AND MARIAN.

They are in a booth at a speakeasy. Marian is a big-boned, full-fleshed, red-haired woman of about twenty-eight, handsome in a rather brutal, sloppy way. Nunheim has a satisfied smile on his face.

Marian
Where you been?

CONTINUED:

A waiter comes and puts two beers in front of them. He stands waiting to be paid.

Nunheim
Cut making some money.

Marian (holding out her hand)
Let's see it.

Nunheim
I haven't got it yet.

Marian gives him a dirty look and takes a quarter out of her purse and throws it down to pay the waiter for the beers.

SLIDE OVER TO:

55

HALL - OUTSIDE JULIA'S APARTMENT

Two old wispy cleaning women in aprons with pass keys on thin belts are standing talking with their heads together outside of Julia's apartment.

1st Cleaning Woman
(almost whispering)
What're you goin' to tell 'em?

2nd Cleaning Woman
(wiping her forehead with a dust cloth)
I guess you got to tell 'em everything.

1st Cleaning Woman
Do you think Mr. Wynant....?

2nd Cleaning Woman
All I know's they had an awful fight a while ago.

A police officer comes to the door of the apartment. He beckons to them.

Police Officer
All right, girls.

Without realizing the humor of the "girls", they start in.

SLIDE OVER TO:

56

STUDSY'S CABARET - FULL SHOT.

It is in a flashy Broadway Cabaret. On the dance floor about ten girls in practice clothes are rehearsing a new routine. A man is mechanically playing the piano for them.

CONTINUED:

Several waiters are decorating the room with greens and Christmas wreaths. It is late afternoon, and the place has no customers in it. The chairs are piled on the tables. Morelli is sitting at a table. The waiter is placing a bottle of Scotch and a glass before him. Studsy comes up to the table. Studsy is a powerfully built man of about fifty who looks forty. He is a little fat now, but not soft. Morelli looks up as he comes to the table. CAMERA MOVES UP FOR CLOSE SHOT ON THEM.

Morelli

How'yer, Studsy.

He starts to pour a drink.

Studsy

(looking at Morelli very closely)

Diden you know Julia Wolf?

Morelli

(a guarded tone in his voice)

Yeah.

Studsy

Somebody just bumped her off. I thought you'd like to know.

Studsy walks away. Morelli slowly drinks his liquor, his eyes fixed on space, thinking hard.

SLIDE OVER TO:

JULIA'S BEDROOM AGAIN - MEDIUM SHOT.

The Medical Examiner, Dr. Walton, is leaning over Julia's body. An officer is sitting in front of Julia's desk, looking through her papers and letters and throwing them to one side as he reads them. John Guild, a burly, laconic, Special Investigator, is in charge of the investigation. He is questioning Macaulay, who is sitting facing him.

Guild

When was the last time you gave her money for Wynant?

Macaulay

Yesterday. I gave her a thousand dollars.

CONTINUED:

Guild
(calling over his shoulder to the other
officer at the desk)
Seen any signs of it, Bill?

Bill
Nope..

Macaulay
(helpfully)
Perhaps it was a robbery.

Guild
And her with that sparkler on her hand, and thirty
dollars in her purse? Looks to me like our
friend Wynant came to collect and ran into a
little trouble.

Bill
They say downstairs they haven't seen him in three
months.

Guild
(sarcastically)
There's a lot of things they don't see in this
place.
(he turns back to Macaulay)
And you say you haven't seen him or heard from him
in that time?

Macaulay
(meticulously honest)
I said he hadn't written me.

Guild
Oh, then you did hear from him?

Macaulay
(he hesitates to tell something which
seems to incriminate Wynant)
Well....

Guild
(impatiently)
Well, what?

Macaulay
He telephoned me today.

Guild
(leaning forward eagerly)
He did!

Macaulay
I wasn't in. My secretary took the message. He
left word for me to meet him at the Plaza.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (3)

Guild
What time was that?

Macauley
About three.

Guild
Did you go?

Macauley
Yes. But he didn't show up.

An officer comes from the living room.

Officer
(to Guild)
His house and his shop is closed. And he ain't
at any hotel.

Guild
(sarcastically)
You're not going to stop at that, are you?

Officer
(sullenly)
No, sir.

The officer goes out again. Guild turns back
to Macauley.

Macauley
(eagerly defending Wynant)
I know he'll turn up as soon as he sees this in
the papers. You can't think he had anything to do
with it, Mr. Guild. He wasn't the kind of man
that.....

Guild
(interrupting)
Do you know what they fought about that night he
went away?

Macauley
(frowning as he realizes that this
sounds bad)
I didn't know they had a fight.

Guild
(dismissing Macauley)
Well, thanks. We'll call you when we need you
again.

Macauley gets up to go.

He is leaning over Julia's body.

Medical Examiner

Mr. Guild, here's something very interesting...

As Guild walks into the shot, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - JORGENSEN'S LIVING ROOM.

Mimi is in the midst of telling her experience. Gilbert, Dorothy and Jorgensen are listening. Mimi still has her hat and coat on. She has just come in. She is seated on the edge of her chair, enjoying the recital. Jorgensen stands at the window.

Mimi

----and there she was lying dead. The police said she'd probably been killed about ten minutes before I got there.

Jorgensen

(turning around - speaking with
quiet anger)

I thought you said you weren't going there.

Mimi

(flustered)

Why, you said...

Jorgensen

(sharply interrupting)

Never mind.

Gilbert

(who is tremendously interested)

Did they find any clues...a gun or fingerprints or anything?

Mimi

(very glibly - remembering what
she has in her purse)

Not a thing.

Gilbert

Was there much blood?

Dorothy

(distressed)

Don't. It's horrible.

Mimi

Nonsense! She got what she deserved.

continued --

Gilbert
(to Mimi - not accusingly, but with
scientific detached interest)
Did you kill her?

Mimi
Gilbert:

Gilbert
Why not? You had a perfectly good motive.

Mimi
I hope you won't talk that way to the police, when
they come here.

60

CLOSEUP OF JORGENSEN.

There is a guarded look of terror in his eyes.

Jorgensen
The police. I thought you said they'd finished with
you.

Mimi's voice (o.s.)
They said they'd finished for the present.

The thought that the police might come
to the apartment increases his fear.

61

MEDIUM SHOT INCLUDING MIMI,
DOROTHY AND GILBERT.

Mimi is watching Jorgensen anxiously.

Gilbert
Well, I've got my alibi. I was at the Public Library.
(To Jorgensen)
Where were you?

Mimi
(hastily, with her eyes still on Jorgensen)
Children, will you go into the next room? I want to
talk to Chris alone.

At that minute the front door bell rings.
Mimi looks toward the door, wondering who
it is.

Gilbert
(going out to answer the ring)
I'll go.

Jorgensen
I'll be in my room.

He goes quickly out.

62
RAILWAY OUTSIDE JORGENSEN APARTMENT.

Guild and Bill are standing outside the door of the Jorgensen's apartment. Gilbert opens the door of the apartment.

Guild
Is Mrs. Jorgensen in?

Gilbert
Yes. Come in.

The two officers go in and the door closes behind them. From a door beyond, the service door of the apartment, Jorgensen comes out, putting on his hat and coat as he comes. He doesn't wait for the elevator, but starts down the stairs.

63

LIVING ROOM - JORGENSEN'S APARTMENT.

Guild is seated uncomfortably on one of Mimi's delicate chairs, opposite Mimi. Gilbert is standing, listening eagerly. Dorothy sits nearby, her mind deeply occupied.

Mimi is a little frightened, but she hides it under a pretense of wanting to do all she can to help. Dorothy sits listening.

Guild
(as scene picks up)
There are a few things we want to check up on.

Mimi
I see.

Guild
You say you were in the room with the body from the time you discovered it 'til we came?

Mimi
Why yes.

Guild
Did you see anything in Miss Wolfe's hand?

Mimi
No.

CONTINUED:

Guild
Are you sure you didn't leave the room...that one
of the bellboys or the maids might not have been
in there alone?

Mimi
(grabbing at the opening he has
given her)
I don't think so. Of course I was terribly
upset...I hardly knew what I was doing.

Guild
The Medical Examiner seems to think that the body
was touched. He says it looks as if the girl's
hand had been forced open after she was killed....

64

CLOSEUP OF DOROTHY

She is listening intently.

Guild's Voice (o.s. continued)
And we just found out she had a thousand dollars
the night before.

Dorothy looks toward her Mother, her eyes
wide with horror.

Mimi's Voice (o.s.)
I'm sorry I can't help you.

BACK TO:

65

MEDIUM SHOT OF GROUP

Guild rises and starts for the door. Bill
turns to follow him.

Guild
That's all right.
(slight pause -- His eyes swiftly
scrutinize the group)
Well, we'll be going.

Mimi
(tonelessly)
Goodbye.

Guild
(dryly)
Goodbye.

Guild and the officer go out.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE JORGENSEN APARTMENT.

Guild and Bill come out, followed by Gilbert.
 Guild goes to the elevator and rings the bell.

Gilbert

Could I go down and see the body? I've never
 seen a dead body.

Guild

(for a minute he is curious, thinking
 there may be some reason)
 Why do you want to?

Gilbert

(very serious)

I've been studying psychopathic criminology. I
 have a theory. Perhaps this was the work of a
 sadist or a paranoiac. If I saw it, I might be
 able to tell.

The elevator comes up;

Guild

(pretending to be as serious as Gilbert)
 That's a good idea. But don't you bother to come
 down. We'll bring the body right up here.
 (he gets into the elevator)
 Come on, Bill.

They leave Gilbert, uncertain whether he
 is being kidded or whether they mean it.

MIMI'S BEDROOM - PANNING SHOT

The door is closed behind her. She goes to
 a small wall safe and opens it. Then she
 opens her bag and is about to put the thing
 she took from Julia's hand wrapped in a
 handkerchief, into the safe, when she is
 startled by Dorothy's voice.

Dorothy's Voice (o.s.)

What have you got there?

Mimi

(she turns in the direction of
 Dorothy's voice)
 None of your business.

Dorothy comes up to her Mother and speaks
 accusingly.

CONTINUED:

67

CONTINUED (2)

Dorothy
You took that money from Julia's hand.

Mimi
I didn't.

Dorothy
Then what are you hiding?

Mimi
(with malicious relish)
It's a piece of evidence that's worth a great deal more than that.

Dorothy
(with bitter contempt for her Mother)
You hand that over to the police.

Mimi
I'll do nothing of the sort.

Dorothy
All right, then. I'll tell them.

Mimi
(very sure of her ground)
I don't think you will. It's your father's.

Dorothy
(shocked)
I don't believe it! You're lying!

Mimi
(viciously pleased at breaking Dorothy's faith in her father)
There!

She holds out the broken end of the watch chain that we saw Wynant carry, wrapped in a handkerchief which is spotted with blood. Dorothy looks at it, and recognizes it with horror.

Dorothy
(covering her face)
Oh!

Mimi
(triumphantly)
Now do you believe me!

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

It is eight o'clock the same night...about two hours later.

There is a party in full swing. It is an odd assortment of people. There is a police captain there, a reminder of Nick's old life. A little prizefight manager with a big fighter in tow. Quinn, a dissipated looking man of about thirty-five, and his wife, a rather faded woman of about thirty-two, very jealous of Friend Husband. Quinn is a broker, and the only one in evening clothes. Then there is Foster, a big fat man, who sits near the radio, a glass in his hand. With every sip, he grows more sentimental, as he listens to the program of Christmas carols that are coming over the radio. There is an improvised bar with everything in the way of liquors and necessary accompaniments on it. Nick is moving among the people, seeing that they are served. There is one very beautifully gowned woman among the guests. She is delightedly hanging on the police captain's words. The CAMERA FANS OVER TO NORA at the door. She opens it to admit Face Peppler. He is a tough looking ex-convict. He looks eagerly around the room.

Peppler
Nick Charles here?

Nora
Yes.
(calling Nick)

Nick!
Peppler
You his wife?

Nora
Yes.

Peppler
(giving her an approving pat on the posterior)
He's a good guy.
(his eyes are eagerly searching the room for Nick)

He sent me up the river once.
(he sees Nick coming toward him, and with the greatest good will and enthusiasm, he greets him)

Hey, Nick!
Nick
Hello, Face!

Peppler
It's a long time I don't see you.

Nick
A long time.
Peppler
Well, I needed the rest.

CONTINUED:

Nora (to Peppler - indicating Nick)
Was he a good detective?

Peppler
I wouldn't know. That time he caught me was a
accident. I led with my right.

Nick (laughing)
Come on. Have a drink.

He takes Peppler by the arm out of the
scene as WE PAN NORA TO THE TELEPHONE. She
picks up the receiver, her eyes on the odd
mixture of people assembled.

Nora (in phone - philosophically)
Don't bother to announce any more. Just send any-
body right up.

(then as the clerk evidently tries to
protect her)
I know. But it's all right. They're his friends.

TABLE - CLOSE SHOT

Nick is pouring a drink for Face. The little
prizefight manager comes up to him with a
great hulk of a fighter in tow. (The contrast
in sizes is amusing.)

Manager
Like to buy a piece of this pug, Nick? I'll sell
you twenty-five percent of him for five grand.

Nick
Is he good?

Manager
He's been knocking 'em cold. He ain't afraid of
nobody.

(the fighter reaches for a drink. The
manager turns on him fiercely)
Drop that, or I'll slug you.

The fighter, cowed, meekly puts down the
drink. Nick laughs, hands Peppler a drink.

Nick (to Peppler)
Here you are -- it's good stuff -- I got it before
repeal.

The girl in very beautiful evening clothes
with a string of pearls around her neck comes
over to Nick and Peppler. She holds out the
pearls for Nick's attention.

Girl
Look, Nick. Remember? These are the ones you got
back for me.

CONTINUED:

Peppler looks at them with a professionally avaricious eye.

Peppler

Them real?

Nick (to Peppler, warningly)

Ugh-ugh! This is your night off.

Suddenly the music of the radio stops as it is switched to another station. The voice of a news broadcaster comes over.

Announcer (o.s.)

---32 degrees below in Utica. Here's the latest news of the Julia Wolf murder.

(Nick turns as he hears this. The CAMERA TRUCKS with him as he goes toward the radio. The police captain is listening there...he is the one who has changed the station)

The police have found out that the beautiful blonde secretary was once a gangster's girl. They are now looking for the gangster. Clyde Wynant, the girl's employer is still missing. This case will....

(By this time, Nick reaches the radio. He abruptly turns the switch, changing back to a musical program.)

Nick (to the captain)

Can't you fellows ever forget business?

He hands the captain a drink..

Captain

Good case for you, Nick.

Nick (smiling)

Haven't you heard the news? I'm a gentleman now.

Nora's Voice (o.s.)

Nick! Reporters!

Nick turns.

DOORWAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Nora has admitted two young newspaper men who are standing in the doorway. Nick walks over to them.

1st Reporter

I'm from the American, Mr. Charles.

2nd Reporter

Mirror.

CONTINUED:

1st Reporter
We wanted to know if you'd give us a statement.
We hear you're here to work on the Julia Wolf case.

Nick
Sorry. I don't know anything about it.

1st Reporter
Come on, gimme a break.

Nick
I never tried to kid you reporters -- I'm telling you the truth.

2nd Reporter
Then why are you in town?

Nick (confidentially)
My wife's on a bender. I'm trying to sober her up.

Nora sticks up her nose, laughs, goes over to the table. WE PAN as Nick leads the reporters there too. Quinn and one or two of the others also are imbibing.

Nick (as they get to the table)
Come on -- relax --
(then to Nora)
Give them a drink.

Nora
We need ice.

Nick picks up a drink, already poured for himself.
Nick (looking at the glass in his hand)
What small glasses you have, Grandma.

He goes off toward the service pantry with the drink in his hand.

1st Reporter (to Nora)
Listen, isn't he working on a case?

Nora
Sure. He's working on a case of Scotch. Pitch in and help him.

She goes off toward the service pantry.
Mrs. Quinn comes up with her glass. Quinn looks appreciatively after Nora.

Quinn (to his wife, indicating Nora)
Isn't she grand? I take off my hat to her.

Mrs. Quinn (acidly)
Your hat! You're getting conservative!

SERVICE PANTRY.

It is a tiny room with cupboards, a sink and a miniature Frigidaire. Nick is getting ice cubes out of a tray. Nora comes in with a glass in her hand.

Nora

I'd better order some food.

(to Nick - as she takes receiver)

That sounds like an interesting case. Wouldn't you like to take it?

Nick

I haven't the time. I'm much too busy seeing that you don't lose any of the money I married you for.

Nora (to phone)

Room service, please -

She talks to Nick as she waits to get the connection. She watches him covertly as she talks. She is sure that he would love to go back to "sleuthing", and she'd enjoy being in on it with him...she is trying to sound him out.

Nora

Sounds like a good case. Girl mysteriously murdered. No one knows who did it. They haven't found any clues yet -- no gun -- no fingerprints --

Nick (with a gleam of interest)

I wonder if they've --

(He looks at Nora and suddenly realizes that he is getting interested. He jerks himself out of it)

I don't want to hear anything about it.

He picks up the ice and Nora's drink.

Nora

Isn't that my drink?

Nick

What are you drinking?

Nora

Rye.

Nick drains the glass and puts it down.

Nick

Yeah -- that's yours.

He walks out as Nora turns laughing to the telephone.

Nora (in phone)

Listen - I want a whole flock of sandwiches --

Nick comes in with the ice. The doorbell rings. Nick puts down the ice and starts for the door. As the CAMERA TRUCKS with him he passes the telephone table. Foster is sitting there. The radio music has put him in a sentimental mood.

Foster (at telephone -- to Nick)
I'd like to telephone my mother....wish her a Merry Christmas.

Nick (easily)
Go ahead.

Foster
'Fraid I can't pay --

Nick
Forget it.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN WITH HIM as he goes on to the door. Just as he is about to open it, he hears Foster's voice, o.s.

Foster (at phone)
Long distance -- give me San Francisco --

Nick looks off, winces a little, good-humoredly. Then he opens the door and is surprised to see Dorothy Wynant standing there. She is white-lipped, miserable and desperate. Nick looks at her, a little worried by her harassed look.

Nick
Come on in.
Dorothy
I've got to see you alone!

Nick realizes that something is definitely the matter.

Quinn (voice o.s.)
Hello, beautiful!

Nick turns as he hears Quinn's voice.

73

FULL SHOT -- GUESTS AND REPORTERS.

Quinn is coming toward them, a drink in his hand. His eyes are fixed on Dorothy. The two reporters also are coming forward, their curiosity quite different from Quinn's, for they realize her identity and the possibilities of a story.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Nick (rushing her toward the bedroom)
Go on in there.

He opens the door and she goes in. Nick is
about to follow her when Quinn stops him.

Quinn
Who's the little blonde?

Nick
Used to bounce it on my knee.

Quinn
Which knee? Could I touch it?

Nick laughs and enters the bedroom. Quinn
tries to follow, as do the reporters who have
come up, but Nick shuts the door in their
faces. Quinn, startled, knocks on the door.

Quinn (knocking)
House detective!

BEDROOM.

Dorothy is standing near the bed. She holds
herself taut and stiff. She is determined
that she is going to sacrifice herself to
save her father. Nick comes up to her.

Dorothy
You heard about Julia Wolf?

Nick
Yes.

Dorothy (she pulls a gun from her
muff)

There.

(she throws it on the bed. Nick looks
at it, and then back at her, his look
is very cool and unexcited)

Nick
What are you trying to tell me? That you did it?

Dorothy (she has her story all set
and she speaks with very convincing
fervor)

Yes. I hated her for coming between my mother
and father. She kept me from seeing my father. I
went down there to ask her where he was. She
wouldn't tell me, and I shot her.

Nick (with sudden professional
briskness)
Where did you hit her?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Dorothy (she hesitates)
Why...in the heart.

Nick
Pretty good shot you are. What did she do?

Dorothy
She fell down.

Nick
Did she make any sound? Didn't scream?

Dorothy
(the horror of it makes her inarticulate)
I don't know...

Nick
Which way did she fall?

Dorothy
She...she fell over backwards.

Nick
Oh, yeah? People fall toward a shot, you know...
not back from it. I knew you were lying.

Dorothy breaks down, realizing that her
attempt to take the blame is futile. Nick
goes and holds her comfortingly in his arms.

Nick
Where did you get this gun?

Dorothy
I bought it in a pawn shop.

Nick
Don't lie to me.

Dorothy
That's the truth.

At this point Nora enters. She holds a drink
in her hand. Nick looks up -- makes a little
grimace at Nora. Dorothy turns and sees her.
She pulls away a little.

Dorothy
This is awful of me -- to make a nuisance of myself.

Nora (easily)
Don't be a dope. Have a drink?

Dorothy tries wanly to smile.

Dorothy
No thanks.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (3)

She fumbles in her bag to find her powder.
Nick is looking curiously at the gun, turning it over in his hand.

Nora

(to Dorothy -- pointing to dressing table)
There's powder and stuff over there.

Dorothy walks toward the table.

Nick

(looking up -- indicating drink Nora has)
Make her take that.

Nora sees the gun now, is amazed.

Nora

Where did you get that?

Nick (indicating Dorothy)

She brought it in.

(slips it into the drawer of a table)
Trying to make me believe she did it!

Nora (as he puts the gun away)

What are you going to do with it?

Nick

Nothing, 'til I find out if it's the gun Julia Wolf was killed with.

(he starts for the door to the living room)

Keep her in here, and don't let those reporters see her. They might believe her.

He goes out the door, and closes it hastily behind him. Nora goes toward Dorothy.

LIVING ROOM

There is a hotel service table, piled high with food, in the room. The people are all eating, standing around with drinks in their hands. As soon as Nick opens the door to come out, the reporters pounce on him.

First Reporter

Isn't that Dorothy Wynant?

Nick

Yes.

(the first reporter makes a move to go past Nick to the bedroom. Nick bars the way)

Here...here. She doesn't know anything about it.

Second Reporter

And you said you weren't on the case.

He goes off quickly toward the telephone.

CONTINUED:

Nick
I'm not. I don't know a thing about it, and I
don't care a thing about it. All I want is a drink.

76

CLOSE SHOT AT PHONE.

Foster has at last been able to get his
mother in San Francisco.

Foster (on the phone)

Hello, Ma.

The reporter comes rapidly into the shot. He
tries to take the telephone from the other
man.

Reporter

Give me that.

Foster (holding on to it, protesting)
But I just got San Francisco...

(into phone)

How are you, Ma?

Reporter (taking the phone from him,
he speaks into it)
Get off the line, will you, Ma? I got some busi-
ness.

(he jiggles the hook for the operator)
Give me Spring 1900.

BACK TO:

77

CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE.

Quinn is standing beside Nick. The doorbell
rings.

Nick

(to reporter over at telephone)

Hey, don't do that!

(he is pouring a drink)

Now don't tell your paper that I'm working on any-
thing, 'cause I'm not.

Nick goes offscene toward the door. The bell
rings again.

Quinn

He's just working on that little blonde.

78

FULL SHOT.

Nick opens the door. Mimi and Gilbert are
outside. Mimi instantly rushes in, greets him
effusively. Gilbert is left standing in the
door.

CONTINUED:

Mimi
Oh, Nick...Nick!

Nick
Hello, Mimi.

Mimi
I want to talk to you about something very important.

The first reporter has forgotten his telephone call. He is all ears. Nick looks around desperately, and takes Mimi roughly by the arm and rushes her into a doorway next to the door to the bedroom.

Nick
Come on in here.

79

THE BATHROOM.

As Nick brings Mimi into the bathroom, she looks around bewildered.

Nick
Sorry. This is the only place we can be alone. Won't you sit down?

He waves airily off scene, presumably toward the seat. Mimi follows the line of his hand, looks, starts and gives him a cutting look.

80

DOORWAY OF LIVING ROOM.

Gilbert is standing hesitantly in the doorway. The first reporter suddenly sees him. He hasn't noticed him before. He goes quickly to him.

First Reporter
How do you do, Mr. Wynant:
(he takes Gilbert cordially but firmly by the arm and brings him into the room)
My name is Diamond. Come on in and have a drink.

Gilbert
I don't drink.

First Reporter
As a matter-of-fact, I don't either. I'd much rather talk...

He starts for a quiet corner -

BACK TO:

Mimi and Nick are sitting on the edge of the tub.

Mimi

Clyde Wynant's crazy...absolutely crazy to stay away at a time like this. No wonder the police think he has something to do with it.

Nick

What do you think?

Mimi

Oh I know he didn't, but I wish I could find him... I have something very important to tell him. Macaulay won't help at all. He thinks I just want money.

Nick (smiling at her)

Well, don't you?

Mimi

(choosing to regard this as a joke)
You're always teasing.

The door of the bathroom opens. Foster starts to come in. He stops suddenly as he sees Mimi.

Foster

I beg your pardon.

He backs hurriedly out. Mimi moves closer to Nick, takes his arm.

Mimi

Nick, you will help me find Clyde -- won't you?

Nick

Now, Mimi, there are a thousand detectives in New York. Hire one of them.

Mimi (persuasively)

But he knows you. All you have to do is to get in touch with him, and tell him that Mimi says everything is all right...but that I've got to see him.

Nick

I tell you again, I don't want any part of it.
(he goes and opens the door which connects with the bedroom)
Now you take Dorothy home and...

Mimi (furious)

Dorothy! Is she here?

Nick (startled by her tone)

Yes...

Mimi pushes into the bedroom, past him.

BEDROOM - MEDIUM GROUP.

Dorothy and Nora are sitting on the bed. Asta is between them. Dorothy is patting Asta, still looking very subdued and unhappy. Nora holds out the glass toward her.

Nora

If you finish this, you'll feel better.

In the mirror in back of them, we see Mimi coming toward Dorothy, a look of fury on her face. Dorothy looks up at her Mother as she comes into the scene, a little terrified by her Mother's expression. Mimi comes right to Dorothy and stands over her. She is sure that Dorothy has told Nick about the watch chain.

Mimi

What did you tell him? What did you tell him!

Dorothy doesn't answer. Her Mother shakes her viciously, repeating the question. Nick comes up from behind Mimi and pulls her away. Nora puts a protecting arm around Dorothy. There is a second of silence as Dorothy and Mimi face each other, all of their mutual antagonism in their eyes. Asta starts barking. Nora quiets him.

Nick

She didn't tell me a thing.

Mimi

(recovering herself)

I'm so excited I didn't know what I was doing. Come on, Dorothy, we'll go home.

Nora

(sharply to Mimi)

She'll go home if she wants to.

(she turns with warm affection to Dorothy)

You can stay here you know. There's plenty of room and we'd love to have you.

Dorothy

Thanks. But I'll go home.

She stands up to go. Mimi looks around.

Mimi

Where's Gilbert?

CONTINUED:

Nick
(this is the last straw)
Gilbert: Is he here too?
(he starts toward the living room)
We might as well be living in the lobby!

LIVING ROOM - CLOSE ON GROUP.

Gilbert is sitting in a corner of the living room with the two reporters. They have their pencils out, taking down the rapid flow of words that come from Gilbert.

Gilbert
There's a physiological as well as a psychological angle in my father's relationship with Julia Wolf that the police have overlooked. And I think it explains everything. You see, my father was a sexgerarian.

1st Reporter
(deeply interested, not knowing the meaning of the word)
He was?

Gilbert
Yes. He admitted it.

1st Reporter
(speaking very solemnly - thinking it is some sex perversion)
Sexgerarian, eh? Yes. Yes. But I can't put that in the paper.

Gilbert
Why not?

1st Reporter
You know how they are...sex....

Gilbert
Then just say he was sixty years old.

1st Reporter
Is that what it means?

Gilbert
Of course.

CONTINUED:

The reporter gets up, furious. He throws his pad to the floor. Nick comes into the scene. He goes to Gilbert.

Nick
(to Gilbert - amused at the reporter's discomfort)
Come on, son.

He takes Gilbert by the arm and pushes him into the bedroom and closes the door on him. The telephone starts to ring. The two reporter follow Nick. as he goes toward the telephone.

2nd Reporter
Come on...give me a break. You owe it to me after that.

Nick
I swear I haven't a thing to do with it.
(He picks up the telephone. The 2nd reporter listens, unashamed)
Hello?

CUT TO:

84

BIG CLOSEUP - MUNHEIM AT A TELEPHONE.

He is in a room telephoning. The background is not distinguishable. He is evidently talking for the effect on someone else in the room whom we do not see. He looks at the man out of the corner of his eye as he talks.

Munheim
Mr. Charles, I'd like to lay a proposition before you. I can't discuss it over the telephone, but if you'll give me half an hour of your time...,it's about the Julia Wolf....

At that a hand comes in, covers the mouth-piece, preventing any further conversation. Munheim, still in this big closeup, looks o.s. at the invisible man and grins sardonically.

BACK TO:

NICK AT THE TELEPHONE.

Nick
(frowning)

Hello...hello...

Then as he gets no answer, he hangs up. The 2nd reporter jumps to him.

2nd Reporter .

What was it?

Nick
Just a man trying to sell me insurance.

WIDE ANGLE - THE ROOM.

Nora comes out of the bedroom door. Quinn comes up to her. Mrs. Quinn stands listening.

Quinn
Where is the little blonde?

Nora
She's gone.

1st Reporter
How'd they go?

Nora
Out the back way.

The two reporters, without a word, grab their hats and coats and rush out. Quinn, too, brazenly starts to breeze past his wife and follow them. Mrs. Quinn steps in front of him, slaps his face. Foster, again at the phone, whines out: "Hello, Ma!" And simultaneously, during this confusion, the radio starts to play: "Silent Night, Peaceful Night" -- as the police captain, the bus, Face Reader, and all others immediately join in with the song. They are all pretty tight by this time and sing at the top of their lungs. The effect desired is a screwy climax to what has been quite a hectic, screwy situation. CAMERA PANS WITH NORA as she takes it all in at a quick glance and walks over to Nick. She puts her arms around him. He looks down at her, amused.

CAMERA MOVES UP FOR A BIG CLOSEUP OF THE TWO.

Nora
I love you, Nickie, 'cause you know such lovely people!

As we DISSOLVE TO:

It is about an hour later. The bedroom is dark for a second. Then Nora, on one side of the big double bed, pulls on the light on the small table beside her. She sits up a little and looks over at Nick. He is soundly sleeping, his face toward her. She has Dorothy on her mind and can't sleep and she wants company.

Nora (softly)

Nick!

(he doesn't stir)

Nick!

(He looks sleepily at her)

Are you asleep?

Nick

Yes.

Nora

Good. I want to talk to you.

Nick

That's jolly.

Nora

Don't you think you'd like to go back to detecting once in a while, just for the fun of it?

Nick

Can't you get to sleep?

Nora

No.

Nick (sitting up in bed)

Maybe a drink would help you.

Nora

No thanks.

Nick

Maybe it would if I took it.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as he gets up out of bed and goes to the bureau where there is a bottle and a glass. Asta jumps down and follows him. Nick pours himself a drink. Asta stands there, licking Nick's bare feet.

Nora

Everybody says you were a grand detective.

Nick (taking his drink)

They were kidding you.

Nora

I'd like to see you work.

CONTINUED:

Nick

Tomorrow I'll buy you a whole lot of detective stories..

Nora is determined to get Nick to help Dorothy.
She tries another approach.

Nora

That poor girl is in a tough spot.

Nick

(coming back to the bed)

There's nothing I can do to help her.

Asta jumps on the bed, goes and curls himself up at their feet.

Nora

She thinks you can. It wouldn't hurt you to find out if you could, would it?

Nick

(getting back into the bed)

Darling, my guess is that Wynant killed Julia and Dorothy knows it. And the police'll catch him without my help.

Nora

I think I would like that drink.

(Nick gets up again and goes to get her a drink)

I'll give you your Christmas present now if you'll give me mine.

Nick (pouring a drink)

At breakfast.

He brings her the drink. She takes it from him and he gets into bed.

Nora

But it's Christmas now.

Nick (briefly, as he prepares

to go back to sleep)

Breakfast.

Nora

What are you going to give me? I hope I don't like it.

Nick

You'll have to keep them anyway. The man at the Aquarium said that he wouldn't take them back.

Nora looks over at him, disgusted. She puts down the drink and pulls out the light.

CONTINUED:

87

CONTINUED (3)

After a second there is a knock heard from the next room. Nora pulls on the light. She turns to Nick.

Nora

Did you hear a knock?

Nick looks up. The knock comes again. Nora gets up, takes a robe from the foot of the bed, pulls it on, and goes out. As she does so, Nick reaches over, takes her drink and finishes it, then turns over again to go to sleep.

88

DOOR OF LIVING ROOM.

Nora has put on the lights as she came through the room. She opens the door. Joe Morelli is standing outside. He wears a black derby hat, which he doesn't remove and he has his hands in the pockets of his close fitting black overcoat. Nora looks at him with lively curiosity. She is too fond of adventure as well as too brave to scream, when she sees his menacing figure.

Morelli

Mr. Charles here?

Nora

Yes.

Morelli

(his manner is very urgent)

I gotta talk to him...that's all. But I gotta do that.

Nora looks at him for a second.

Nora

You wait here. I'll tell him.

She goes toward the bedroom.

CUT TO:

89

THE BEDROOM.

Nora enters, calling to Nick.

Nora

Nick! Nick!

(Nick stirs and opens his eyes)

There's someone to see you.

CONTINUED:

89

CONTINUED: (2)

Nick
(sitting up)
That's great. I was afraid I'd have to go to sleep.

But as Nora moves away to get back into bed,
we see Morelli has followed her into the
bedroom and is standing pointing a gun directly
at Nick, with a menacing intentness in his
whole body.

90

WIDE ANGLE - THE GROUP.

Nora, entirely unconscious of Morelli's
presence and the gun in his hand, swings
into bed beside Nick. Nick is looking
fixedly at the gun. Nora looks at him,
amused by his expression, not knowing the
cause.

Nora
You've got the funniest look on your face.

She follows the line of Nick's gaze, and her
eyes pop with amazement as she sees Morelli
with the gun.

91

REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSEUP ON MORELLI.

He holds the gun leveled at Nick.

Morelli
I gotta talk to you. I want you to tell me
something and I want you to give it to me
straight. Get me?

92

REVERSE CLOSEUP - NICK AND NORA

Nick
Do you mind putting that gun away? My wife
doesn't care, but I'm in a delicate condition.

CUT TO:

93

MEDIUM SHOT AGAIN - GROUP

Nora looks at Nick, appreciating his humor
in the midst of his danger.

Nora
(to Nick)
You idiot!
(Asta begins barking at Morelli)
Asta! Asta! Stop that! Get down!
(she chases him off the bed. Asta
jumps down out of sight. Morelli
still has his pistol pointed at Nick)
Now, stay there.

Nick
(to Morelli - seeing that Asta is down)
All right....shoot!
(then realizing the double meaning, he
corrects himself)
I mean...what's on your mind?

Morelli
You don't need to tell me you're tough. I heard
about you.
(he puts the gun in his overcoat pocket)
I'm Joe Morelli.

Nora watches the scene between the two men.
She is excited, but apparently not frightened.

Nick
I've never heard about you.

Morelli
I didn't knock Julia off.

Nick
All right - you didn't.

Morelli
I haven't seen her in three months. We were all
washed up.

Nick
Why tell me?

Morelli
I wouldn't have any reason to hurt her. She was
always on the up and up with me. But that dirty
little Nunheim -- he got sore cause I made the
grade with her and he didn't, so he put the finger
on me.

Nick
That's all swell. Only you're peddling your fish
in the wrong market. I've got nothing to do with
it.

Continued--

CONTINUED: (2)

Morelli

(his intense excitement increasing)

Listen. "Studsy" Burke told me you used to be O.K. That's why I'm here. Do they....

Nick

(in a tone of polite enquiry)

How is Studsy? I haven't seen him since I sent him up the river.

Morelli

He's all right. He'd like to see you. But listen... What's the law doing to me? Do they think I did it, or is it just something else to pin on me?

Nick

I'd tell you if I knew. But I'm not in this. Ask the police.

Morelli

(sarcastically)

That'd be very smart. That'd be the smartest thing I ever did. He that a police captain's been in a hospital three weeks on account we had an argument. The boys would like to have me come in and ask questions. They'd like it right down to the end of their blackjacks. Now I come to you on the level. Studsy says you're on the level. Be on the level.

Nick

I am on the level. If I knew anything I'd....

Over the SOUND TRACK there is a sound of knuckles rapping sharply on the door. Morelli's gun is in his hand before the rapping stops. His eyes seem to move in all directions at once.

Morelli

(with a snarl to Nick)

What's that?

Nick

(shrugging his shoulders)

This is your party.

The sound of the knuckles come again, and someone speaks outside.

Guild's voice..(o.s.)

Open up. Police.

Morelli

(as he raises his gun to fire at Nick)

You two-timing ---

Continued--

93

CONTINUED: (3)

Nick shoves Nora's face, knocking her out of bed across the room, with his left hand, and throws a pillow at Morelli with his right just as Morelli fires. Nick sprawls out of bed, making a dive for Morelli and catching his ankle. The two men fall to the floor. Morelli clubs Nick with his revolver, and Nick fights him with his one free hand.

Guild, two policemen, and the hotel manager rush into the room. They pitch in and drag Nick and Morelli apart.

94

CLOSE SHOT -- NORA ON FLOOR.

She is in a faint as Nick comes quickly up to her. The hotel manager follows him and stands looking down solicitously. Nick leans down over her.

Nick

Nora.....Nora!

She doesn't move.

Hotel Manager

What knocked her out?

Nick

I did. She was in the line of fire.

(turns, points to liquor bottle)

Hand me that bottle.

(turns back to Nora, begins working on her)

Better get a doctor.

The hotel manager goes quickly out. Nick tries to get Nora to take a drink of whisky. She opens her eyes. She puts her hand up to her cheek where Nick hit her. Then, as Nick watches her anxiously:

Nora (indignantly)

You darn fool -- you didn't have to knock me out. I knew you'd take him, but I wanted to see you do it!

95

FULL SHOT -- INCLUDING GUILD, MORELLI AND TWO OFFICERS

Morelli is standing handcuffed between the officers. Guild looks admiringly at Nora as Nick is helping her to her feet.

Continued--

95

CONTINUED: (2)

Guild
There's a gal with hair on her chest.

As Nick pulls Nora up, she looks at the coat of his pyjamas, where a streak of blood has started to come through.

Nora
(for the first time terrified)
Nick...you're...

Nick follows her eyes down. For the first time he realizes that the bullet has touched him.

Nick
It's all right. It just grazed me.

Nora
Someone get a doctor.

Nick
There's one coming.

Nora
Well, quick -- get into bed. Are you all right?

Nick (going toward the bed)
Sure -- I don't even feel it.

Nora
I'll get some towels.
(she goes quickly into the bathroom)

Nick gets into bed. Guild comes over - looks at the wound. The CAMERA PANS AWAY from Morelli.

Guild
Well, it was close, but you're all right.

Morelli's voice (o.s.)
Tough luck.

Policeman's voice (o.s.)
Shut up!

Over the SOUND TRACK we hear the policeman slap Morelli's mouth.

Nora comes back from the bathroom with some towels. Nick puts a towel over the wound, and sits propped up in bed.

Nick
I'll be all right. Don't let's fuss till the doctor comes.

Continued--

Nora
Want a drink?

Nick
Yeah.

Nora goes out of the scene.

Nick
(to Guild)
How'd you people happen to pop in?

Guild
We hear this is getting to be sort of a meeting place for the Wynant family, so we figure we'll stick around in case the old man himself shows up. Then we seen him...
(he points to Morelli)
...sneak in and we decide to come up. And pretty lucky for you.

Nick
(drily)
Yes. I might not have been shot.

Guild
We were looking for this bird.

Morelli
That little rat Nunheim --

Guild
Shut up!
(then to Nick - indicating Morelli)
This guy a friend of yours?

Nick
I never saw him before.

Guild
What's he want of you?

Nick
Wanted to tell me he didn't kill Julia Wolf.

Guild
What's that to you?

Nick
Nothing.

Guild
What'd he think it was to you?

Nick
Ask him. I don't know.

Guild
I'm asking you.

Continued --

Nick
Keep on asking.

Guild (to one of the policemen)
We'll frisk the dump.

Nick
Not without a warrant.

Guild
So you say -
(to policeman)
Go on, Bob.

The policeman starts to search the room.
Guild decides to change his tactics.

Guild
Listen, Mr. Charles. I guess we're both of us going about this wrong. I don't want to get tough with you, and I guess you don't want to get tough with me. There's just one more question I want to ask you. Are you going to swear to the complaint of him shooting you?

Nick
That's another one I can't answer right now. Maybe it was an accident.

Nora comes over with the drink for Nick. She hands it to him, as she speaks.

Nora (to Guild, indicating Bob)
What's that man doing in my drawers?

Nick, hearing this, chokes on his drink.

96

BUREAU - CLOSEUP.

Bob is searching in the drawers of the bureau. He finds the pistol that Nick left there and brings it to Guild. CAMERA PANS HIM OVER.

Bob
Here you are, Lieutenant.

Guild takes the gun, looks at it and turns to Nick. Nick - not knowing whether or not the gun is evidence, is slightly apprehensive. He watches Guild closely.

Guild
Have you got a pistol permit?

Nick
No.

Guild
Ever heard of the Sullivan Act?

Nora (a little confused about the different Acts)
That's all right, We're married.

Continued -

77
Guild gives her a sharp look, and turns again to Nick.

Guild
This gun yours?

Nick
No.

Guild
Whose is it?

Nick.
I'll have to try to remember.

Guild
Oke. There's plenty of time. I guess we got to ask you a lot more questions than we counted on. We'll come up tomorrow when you're feeling better.
(He turns to the officers and Morelli)
Come on.

The four men go out. CAMERA MOVES UP FOR CLOSEUP OF NICK AND NORA. She is sitting beside Nick on the bed.

Nora
I wish that doctor'd come. How do you feel?

Nick
He'll be here. Give him time to get his trousers on.
Where's Asta?
(calling)
Asta! Asta!

CUT TO:

97

FOOT OF BUREAU - PANNING ON ASTA.

As the dog comes slowly out from under the bureau, looking a little scared and shamefaced. He comes toward Nick, jumps on the bed beside him and licks his face.

Nick (to Asta)
You're a fine watch dog.

Nora
He's got more sense than you have. Thank Heaven you're not on this.

Nick
On it! I'm in it...They think I did it!

Nora
Well, didn't you?

Nick throws a pillow at her.

QUICK FADE.

98

FADE IN:
CLOSEUP OF CHRISTMAS TREE.

It is noon. The sun is streaming in. Most of the balls on the Christmas tree have been broken. There is one large ball still intact. Over the SOUND TRACK we hear the pop of an air rifle. The big ball splinters.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Nick lying on the sofa in a dressing gown, with the air rifle in his hand. He uses only his right hand on the rifle. Across his chest, on the left, there is the indication of bandaging underneath his pajamas. On the floor beside him are piles of newspapers. The telephone is on a table near his hand. The room is littered with tissue paper and ribbon from the opened Christmas presents. There is a breakfast table at one side, with the emptied dishes covered by a napkin. Nora is sitting smoking. She is wearing a very lovely fur coat over her negligee. She is reading a tabloid newspaper, the headlines and pictures of which exploit the Julia Wolf Murder.

Nick
(looking fondly at the rifle)
This is the nicest present I ever had.

Nora puts down her paper. She comes over to Nick on the sofa. She has a bunch of holiday telegrams in her hand. She starts to pick up the newspapers which almost cover Nick. She has a very lovely wrist watch on. Nick sees it -- takes her hand and examines it.

Nick
I never saw that before.

Nora
No. It's a Christmas present.

Nick
Who gave it to you?

Nora
You did.

Nick
You must admit I have good taste.

Nora laughs.

Nora
(indicating newspapers)
Finished with these?

CONTINUED:

98

CONTINUED (2)

Nick

Yes. I know all they know about the murder. And I'm a great hero. The Tribune said I was shot twice.

As he talks, Nora throws the papers to the floor and sits down at the other end of the couch, putting her slippered feet comfortably in Nick's lap. She starts to open the telegrams.

Nora

I read you were shot five times in the tabloids.

Nick

That's not true. He never came near my tabloids.
(he takes aim again with his gun)
That's one thing I always protect...my tabloids.

As he is just ready to shoot, the CAMERA PANS over to his target. It is a large balloon that Asta is chasing around the room. We hear the "pop" of the rifle and the balloon explodes, much to Asta's astonishment and chagrin. Asta starts looking for the lost balloon.

BACK TO:

99

NICK AND NORA - CLOSEUP.

The tele phone rings - Nick reaches over and picks it up.

Nick

(in phone)

Hello....send him up.

Nora

Who's that?

Nick

Macauley.

Nora reads the telegrams and hands them to Nick at the other end of the sofa as she finishes. He takes them as she gives them to him, and throws them on the floor without looking at them.

Nora

(as she reads one)

Season's greetings. The Mallcrys.

(she hands it to Nick. She is distressed)

I forgot all about them.

She opens another telegram. Nick throws the first to the floor. He looks at Nora in her

CONTINUED (2)

Nick
Aren't you hot in that?

Nora
I'm stifling, but it's so pretty.
(she hands him another telegram)
The Kirtys.

Nick
(taking it and dropping it on the floor)
Is that another Christmas present?

Nora
(smiling at him)
Yes.

Nick
Did I give it to you?

Nora
Yes.

Again this is news to Nick, but he takes it philosophically:

Nick
I'm spoiling you.

She tickles him with her foot. Then she hands him another telegram, which suffers the same fate. Nick cocks his gun again, preparing to shoot. Nora has opened another telegram. Her manner changes.

Nora
Nick, listen. From Clyde Wynthant!
(Nick puts down his rifle, all attention.)
(Nora reads it aloud)
"Will you take charge of investigation on Julia Wolf murder. Communicate with Herbert Macaulay".

Nick
(putting out his hand for it)
Let's see. Where's it from?

Nora
(looking at it as she hands it over)
Philadelphia.
(Nick is examining the telegram. The doorbell rings. Nora starts for the door, talking as she goes)
Then he didn't do it, did he, Nick?

Nick
(thoughtfully)
I don't know.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (3)

Nora
(still on way to door)
But he wouldn't ask you to handle it if he were guilty.

Nick
Your guess is as good as mine.

Nora
Oh take it! Please take it!

By this time she is at the door. She opens the door to Macaulay.

Nora
Oh, hello. Come on in.

Macaulay
Good morning. I'm afraid this isn't a very "Merry Christmas" for you.

Nora
Oh, he's sitting up.

Macaulay
Good.

Macaulay comes in and goes to Nick.

Nick
How are you?

Macaulay
I hate to bother you when you're laid up...

Nick
That's all right.

Asta, delighted to see a visitor, jumps all over Macaulay. Macaulay is a little disconcerted by all this attention.

Nora
Asta! Asta! Come here.

She throws a ball and the dog chases it out of the scene. Macaulay sits down near Nick. Asta comes back into the scene. He deposits the ball near Macaulay's chair and stands looking eagerly up at him.

Nora
Asta - don't bother Mr. Macaulay.

Macaulay
That's all right.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (4)

He leans down and throws the ball for Asta. Beside him on the floor is a miniature fire hydrant. He looks down at it.

Macaulay
What a delightful toy.

Nick looks down and sees it for the first time.

Nick
Oh, it's a fire hydrant.

Nora
Yes. It's Asta's Christmas present.

Macaulay, a little troubled, looks down at it, and then unostentatiously moves his leg and his chair out of the danger zone. Asta returns, playfully and affectionately, with the ball again. Macaulay, with a forced smile, throws it for him again. Then Macaulay turns to Nick, reaching in his pocket for a telegram.

Macaulay
I got word from Wynant this morning...

Nora
So did we.
(correcting herself - indicating Nick)
I mean, Sherlock here.

Nick hands Macaulay his telegram from Wynant. Macaulay reads it and looks at Nick.

Macaulay
What are the chances of getting you to do what he wants?

Nick
Slim.

Nora
Oh, please, Nick.

Macaulay
Would it help any if I could persuade him to meet you?

Nick
It might.

Macaulay
He gave me a code message to insert in the Times, in case I wanted to get in touch with him.

Nick
It wouldn't hurt to put it in.

CONTINUED:

Nora beams. The telephone rings. Nick picks it up.

Macaulay
I've done that already. He should appear, you know. It doesn't look well....his staying away at a time like this.

Nick
(in telephone)
Hello....oh, just a minute..
(holding out the phone to Macaulay)
Police department -

Macaulay
(he looks surprised but takes the phone)
Hello....
(his face changes...he is startled)
Where?. In Allentown.
(he consults his watch)
Yes...When is the next train? Right - I'll get that.

(he slowly puts up the phone and turns to Nick and Nora)
Wynant's tried to commit suicide. They want me to go down and identify him.

(slowly he picks up his hat)
Well, I guess this changes the whole story, doesn't it? That looks like an admission of guilt. And I had such hopes. I thought if you got on the case, you'd be able to clear him. I thought that Mimi....the way she acted....I was sure that....

(he sighs)
Oh, well, well...it's no use thinking of it now. I'm sorry to have wasted so much of your time.

He goes quickly out. Nora looks after him, and then turns to Nick. She is evidently depressed.

Nora
Well, that's that.
(Nick gets up off the sofa)
Lie down, Nick.

Nick
It's not going to hurt me to get up.

Nora
All right, hard guy. Get up and bleed on the rugs.

Nick walks over to pour a drink. Nora sits down and Asta comes and puts his head on her knees looking sadly up at her.

CONTINUED:

Nora
(patting Asta)
What's the trouble, Asta? Your balloon busted?
So's mine.

Nick
(to Nora)
What's the matter with you?

Nora
The mystery's all gone. And I wanted you to find
out who did it.

Nick
(over his drink, casually, as is
characteristic)
Maybe I will.

Nora
(surprised)
But Wynant --- ?

Nick
I don't believe he did it.

Nora
Why don't you?

Nick
No reason. Just a hunch. But I'm going to find
out.
(He starts to untie his robe)
I'm tired of being pushed around.

Nora
(feeling her jaw - standing up suddenly)
So am I!

Nick
Come on, Dr. Watson, we're going places!

As he strides into the bedroom, Nora striding
in perfect imitation after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

100

EXTERIOR ENTRANCE, NORMANDIE HOTEL.

Nick and Nora come through the door. They
have Asta on a leash. Guild steps up to
them.

Guild
(beaming at Nora)
Good morning --

Continued --

100

CONTINUED (2)

Nora

Good morning, Lieutenant -

(Asta pulls her violently toward the curb.
She goes after him, out of the scene, calling
back apologetically)

Sorry.

Guild and Nick follow Nora more slowly to the curb.

Guild

(to Nick)

You oughtn't to play this trick on me. Running out when I was giving you time to rest up before I asked you those questions.

Nick

You mean about that gun?

Guild

That ain't a gun any more. The firing pin's busted - the -

(He breaks off)

Don't waste time talking about that.

They join Nora. She listens eagerly, not taking her eyes from Nick and Guild. Through the whole scene, as they walk down the block, when Asta pulls on the leash Nora stops with him, and the two men, as a matter of course, stop and wait for Nora, none of them ever looking at Asta. (IT IS A TRUCKING SECT ALL THE WAY)

Guild

Man to man, Mr. Charles, are you working on this case?

Nick

Man to man, I'm not.

Nora

But he's interested!

Guild

I don't mind telling you, I'd rather have you in on the right side.

Nick

You mean, not on Wynant's side.

Continued --

100

CONTINUED (3)

Guild
I'd rather have you working with us than against us.

Nick
So would I.

Guild
It's a bargain then.

The leash loosens up and starts to pull Nora ahead. The two men quicken their steps to keep pace with her. (They are walking along a quiet street in the East Fifties, so that there is not much traffic, and not many people.)

Guild
Do you know about the case?

Nick
I've read the papers.

Guild
Then you know about as much as we do.

Nick
What about the suicide?

Guild
Oh, that's a phoney. The men didn't even have to go down.

Nick
I thought it might be. From now on, they're going to think that every thin man over six feet with white hair is Wynant.

Again the leash pulls Nora over to the curb. The three, without interrupting their conversation, stand still, waiting.

Nora
Do you think that Wynant did it?

Guild
Looks like he planned something. He shut up his apartment and his shop.

Nick
You've been there?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (4)

Guild

Yeah. Couldn't find a thing. This is the way we figure it. Wynant goes to Julia's apartment. He finds Morelli there...sees she's two-timing him. They have a fight. But he figures he don't want to do anything then....Morelli might squeal. So he goes away. He don't let his lawyer know anything has happened...he lets him go ahead and hand over money to Julia to give to him, so that Julia will think it's all blown over. Then, when she don't expect it...he lets her have it;

Asta completes his investigation and starts off down the street again...the three following him.

Nick

No proof?

Guild

Nothing yet to cinch it.

Nick

Fifty will get you a hundred that he didn't do it.

Guild

What do you mean?

Nick

For one thing, he was too absent-minded to hold a grudge.

Guild

Who's your candidate?

Nick

I haven't got that far yet. But I don't think that everything points to Wynant. What about the alibis?

Guild

They're all O.K. Mrs. Jorgensen, the boy, Dorothy, Macaulay...even Morelli...we had to let him go.

Nick

What about Jorgensen?

Guild

I'll check on that.

(he turns to Nora)

I'm afraid this is kinder dull for you.

Nora

Dull...I'm sitting on the edge of my chair!

Asta sees another hydrant and makes for it. But Nora is too interested to stop. She drags him on.

CONTINUED:

Nick
What about this Nunheim?

Guild
Oh he's all right.. We know all about him. He does
a little stooling for us every once in a while.

Nick
Did you know he was hanging around Julia?

Guild
No.

Nick
He's holding out on you.

Guild
(hadn't thought of this)
Let's go and see.
(he motions to a passing taxi)
Taxi!

A taxi drives up. Nora starts to get in.

Nick
This may be a little rough - you'd better let us
go alone.

Nora
Catch me letting you go alone!

She climbs determinedly in, pulling Asta
after her. Guild starts to follow, but
Nick pulls him away. He closes the door
of the taxi and speaks to the driver:

Nick
(to driver)
Grant's Tomb.

The cab starts off. Nora shakes her fist
back at Nick. Nick charmingly lifts his hat
and throws her a kiss, as Guild hails another
passing cab.

DISSOLVE TO:

101

OUTSIDE DOOR OF NUNHEIM'S APARTMENT.

It is the fourth floor of a dark, damp building.
The noise of the Sixth Avenue El can be heard
even in the hallway. Guild and Nick come to
the door. Guild knocks. There are sounds of
hurried movement inside the room, then a
voice calls, in an irritated tone.

Continued -

101

CONTINUED (2)

Nunheim's Voice (o.s.)

Who is it?

Guild

John.

Nunheim hastily unlocks and opens the door.
He has no coat on - he is evidently frightened.

Nunheim

I wasn't expecting you, Lieutenant. You said
you'd phone.

Guild touches Nick's elbow with his hand,
and they go in.

102

LIVING ROOM OF APARTMENT.

The room is shabby and dirty, with clothing,
newspapers and dirty dishes sitting around.
Through an open door, the bedroom, with an
unmade bed, can be seen. In an alcove there
is a sink and a stove. Marian is standing
there with a sizzling skillet in her hand.
She is wearing a rumpled pink kimono and
frayed pink mules with lop-sided bows on them.
She stares sullenly at Guild and Nick as they
come in. Guild does not introduce Nick to
Nunheim, or even look at Marian. He keeps his
hat on, and Nick, seeing him, follows his
example. Guild pushes some clothing out of
the way to make a place for himself at the
end of the sofa.

Guild

(to Nick)

Sit down.

Nick removes some newspaper from a rocking
chair and sits down. Nunheim goes over to
a table where there is about two inches of
whiskey in a pint bottle.

Nunheim

Have a shot?

Guild

What's the idea of telling me you just knew
the Wolfe girl by sight.

Continued -

102

CONTINUED (2)

Nunheim

That's all I did, Lieutenant. That's the God's truth. Maybe I said hello to her or how are you or something like that when I saw her, but that's all I knew her. That's the truth.

(Marian laughs once, derisively. But there is no mirth in her face. Nunheim twists around to face her)

All right. Put your mouth in and I'll pop a tooth out of it.

Marian

Is that so!

She swings her arm around and lets the skillet fly at his head. It misses, crashing into the wall. Nunheim starts after her. Marian picks up a paring knife. Nick puts his foot out, without rising, and trips him.. Nunheim falls to the floor.

Guild

Cut it out. We didn't come here to watch you two rough-house.

Nunheim slowly gets up. Marian starts for the bedroom without looking at any of them.

Nunheim

She drives me nuts. She's been ragging me all day.

Guild

Maybe if you quit running round after other women you wouldn't have so much trouble with this one.

Nunheim

(for Marian's benefit - loud)

That's a lie, Lieutenant...Anybody that says that is a liar.

Guild -

(to Nick)

Want to take a poke at him?

Nunheim

(scared, to Nick)

I didn't mean you, Mister.

Continued -

Marian goes into the bedroom and shuts the door.

Nick
Come on, now -- she can't hear you -

Nunheim
Well... (looking toward the door of the bedroom)
You know how it is. A guy knocking round tries everything.

Guild
You'd done better to have told me that in the beginning. Where were you the afternoon she was knocked off?

Nunheim (terrified)
You don't think I had anything to do with it.

Guild
Where were you?

Marian comes out. She is in street clothes and is carrying a suitcase.

Nunheim
Marian!

Marian
I don't like crooks and even if I did, I wouldn't like crooks that are stool pigeons, and if I did like crooks that are stool pigeons, I still wouldn't like you.

Marian starts for the outer door. Nunheim tries to follow Marian, but Guild catches his arm.

Guild
Where were you?

Nunheim
Marian! Marian! Don't go! I'll behave! I'll do anything! Don't go, Marian!

Marian goes out and shuts the door, paying no attention to Nunheim.

Nunheim (to Guild)
Let me go! Let me bring her back. I can't get along without her. I'll bring her right back and I'll tell you anything you want to know. Let me go!

Guild
Sit down! We didn't come here to watch you and that broad dance around a May pole. Where were you the afternoon the girl was killed?

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (4)

Nunheim puts his hands over his face and begins to cry.

Nunheim

I can't remember off hand, Lieutenant. Maybe I was over at Charlie's shooting pool. Maybe I was here. She'd remember.

Guild

How'd you like to be thrown in the can on account of not remembering?

Nunheim

Just give me a minute.....I'll remember. I'm not stalling, Lieutenant. You know I always come clean with you. I'm not stalling --

(he has his head in his hands trying to remember. Guild looks at Nick and winks.

Nunheim looks up, relieved. He snaps his fingers)

Gee, it'd serve me right if you had pinched me... that's the afternoon I was...wait, I'll show you....!

He gets up and quickly goes into the bedroom. Nick goes to the telephone and starts to dial. Guild starts to search the room.

Guild

Well, what'd you think?

Nick

I think we're on the right track.

Guild

Who're you calling?

Nick

I'm calling your office so you can send out a man to trail him. I want to see where he goes.

Guild (astonished)

Trail him!

Guild looks at Nick, who is grinning. He then grasps what he means and makes a bee line for the bedroom. In a second he comes back. He takes the phone from Nick.

Guild

(sharply in phone)

Bill, tell the boys to pick up Nunheim. He just left here - went out the fire escape --

He looks sheepishly over toward Nick.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

103

CLOSEUP OF NUNHEIM -
A TELEPHONE BOOTH.

Nunheim is talking into the telephone. As he talks, he watches the outside of the telephone booth to be sure that no one is listening. His voice is quiet but there is a menacing urgency in his tone.

Nunheim

Listen. They been questionin' me again. Asking me what more I know. Where I was that day.... Wait a minute. I ducked out on 'em. Now if you want me to play dumb, I want fi' thousand more... Fi' grand and I'll skip town today....Where?... O.K...Right away...See that you're there and have it with you.

He hangs up and turns to go out.

DISSOLVE TO:

104

STREET IN THE WEST FORTIES.

Nunheim jumps out of cab, pays the driver. It drives off. The street is deserted. By this time it is about five o'clock and the early winter twilight has fallen. WE TRUCK AND PAN as Nunheim looks at the numbers of the houses. A little way up the street he finds the number he has been looking for. He walks into a dark doorway. Just as he steps in, there is the crack of a pistol shot and the flash of fire from the gun. Nunheim throws up his hands, staggers forward to the street, his hand clutching his heart. Here he pitches forward -- dead. The CAMERA stays on the body.

DISSOLVE TO:

105

INSERT -- A BUNDLE OF CLOTHES -- ALL THAT IS LEFT OF ONE ARTHUR NUNHEIM!

The hands of Nick and Guild are examining the clothes as we come in. Nick has taken a card from the inside coat pocket.

Nick's Voice

(over insert of card he holds)

"Arthur Nunheim -- Honorary member --"

CAMERA PULLS BACK RAPIDLY NOW TO REVEAL GUILD'S OFFICE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS. Guild is throwing down some letters and stuff he has extricated.

CONTINUED:

Guild

Not a thing.

Bob, the policeman, comes in.

Guild (looking up)

Find out about that bullet yet?

Bob

Yes, sir. It's from the same gun that killed Julia Wolf.

There is a second of silence. Guild and Nick look at each other.

Nick

And how are your folks?

The telephone rings. Guild picks it up.
His face beams.

Guild (in phone)

How are you? -- No, we didn't get a thing.

(he hands the phone to Nick)

It's your wife.

Nick reaches for the phone, smiling.

106

CLOSEUP -- NORA AT PHONE.

She is in the Jorgensen apartment, but in a room by herself. She speaks softly. She thinks she is still talking to Guild.

Nora

Well, I've got something, Lieutenant. I've been doing a little detective work of my own. That flat foot I married thinks he's smart--but I'm one jump ahead of him.

BACK TO:

107

CLOSEUP ON NICK.

He plays straight in his best manner.

Nick (kidding her)

Um?

Nora's Voice (through receiver)

Do you hear me?

Nick (grinning)

How's Grant's Tomb?

BACK TO:

CLOSEUP ON NORA -- PHONE.

She starts at this, recognizing Nick's voice. Again she sticks up her nose, a little characteristic of hers in matters concerning Nickie. Then she snaps:

Nora
It's lovely. I'm having a copy made for you --

BACK TO:

CLOSE TWO SHOT -- NICK AND GUILD.

Nick laughs, then -- seriously:

Nick
What have you got?

Nora's voice comes through, but she is evidently speaking in a low whisper and the words are inaudible.

Nick
Can't hear you -- little lou-----
(An alert look comes into his eyes as he listens closer, getting what she is saying. Guild, too, is interested.)
We'll be right up!
(Nick puts down the phone and turns to Guild)
She's up at Mimi's. Jorgensen has disappeared.

The two men rise.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP ON MIMI -- HER BEDROOM.

She is seated facing Nick in her bedroom, although in this opening dissolve we do not reveal him. WE HOLD ON MIMI as she speaks hysterically.

Mimi
Chris may be at the club -- or somewhere -- I don't see that it's important --

Nick (voice o.s.)
You should have told them he'd disappeared.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE ROOM NOW as Mimi jumps up. Nick is seated, questioning her. Dorothy hovers behind Nick.

CONTINUED:

Mimi

(her manner and tone more distraught)
But he has nothing to do with it!

Nick

That's not for you to decide. Everybody's under suspicion -- especially running off like this --
(he picks up a picture of Jorgensen from the bureau)

The police will want his description. Is this a picture of him?

Mimi tries to take the picture.

Mimi

I tell you -- he didn't do it.

Nick

They'll want more than your word for that.

Mimi

(coming forward and speaking slowly)
All right, then -- I'll tell them who did do it!

Dorothy (with horror in her voice)

Mother!

Mimi (paying no attention)

And I'll give them proof!

Dorothy turns and goes quickly from the room.

111

HALLWAY OF APARTMENT.

Dorothy comes out of the bedroom, blind with horror at what her Mother is doing. For a minute she stands there, trying to collect herself. Andy comes from the living room, where he has been waiting for her. He goes to her and takes her in his arms. She looks up at him.

Andy

(with tremendous pity in his voice)

Dorothy:

For a minute she clings to him, crying.

Dorothy

Oh, Andy

Andy

Don't cry.

Dorothy

I can't help it. You don't know.....

CONTINUED:

Andy (protectively)
Darling, you can't go through any more of this.
Now you get together some clothes and your skates
and we'll go out to my family's in the country.

Dorothy (she stops crying)
I can't.

Andy
You've got to get your mind off this.

Dorothy (she pulls herself
together)
You're sweet, but the only thing that you can do
for me is to go.

Andy
Go!
Dorothy
And don't ever try to see me again.

Andy
What are you talking about?

Dorothy (with rising excitement)
Please! You can't get mixed up in this.

Andy
Do you think I care....?

Dorothy
You don't understand. You don't know what's going
to happen.

Andy
I only know I want to marry you...right now,
and --

Dorothy
I can't marry you! I can't ever marry you!

Andy
Dorothy!

Dorothy (hysterically)
How would you like to have a couple of little
murderers for your children? It'd be fun,
wouldn't it? Maybe they'd murder each other...
keep it all in the family. That's what Father
should have done. He should have killed me and
Gilbert....then we wouldn't have had this to go
through.

Andy
You're talking like a crazy person.

Dorothy
Why not? I am crazy....the whole family's crazy.

Andy
Dorothy....listen to me. I love you. Don't you
understand that? I love you.

Dorothy
Go away!

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - SHOOTING TOWARD HALL.

Nora and Guild are waiting for Nick. Gilbert is sitting with a large book open in his hand. Dorothy's voice comes through. The three in the living room cannot help but hear.

Dorothy's Voice (o.s.)

Go away!

A door slams. Andy is seen walking slowly past the living room door, on his way out of the apartment. Gilbert sets up and goes quickly out. Nora looks at Guild and sighs.

Nora

Sleuthing isn't all fun, is it? I feel so sorry for that poor girl -

Nick comes in with the photograph of Jorgensen, which he has taken from the frame.

Guild

Get anything?

Nick

She's ready to talk.

(he hands Guild Jorgensen's photograph)

It won't do any harm, though - to find out where he is.

CUT TO:

DOROTHY'S BEDROOM.

Dorothy is lying on the bed, face down. Gilbert walks up to her, his big book still in his hand.

Gilbert

You know, you're wrong about all of your children being murderers. I've studied the Mendelian Law of inheritance and their experiments with sweet peas, and according to their findings...and they've been pretty conclusive...only one out of four of your children will be a murderer. So the thing for you to do would be to have just three children...

(then as a thought comes to him)

...no, no. That might not work. The first one might be the bad one. I'll have to look that up.

By this time Dorothy gets up. She has a defiant look on her face.

Dorothy

You needn't look it up. I'm not going to get married and I'm not going to have any children. From now on, I'm just out for the ride!

BACK TO:

Mimi is showing Guild the watch chain. Nick is watching her closely. Nora is tense with interest.

Mimi

(her voice quivering with forced emotion)
I took this from her hand. It's Mr. Wynant's watch chain.

(Guild takes it from her)

I wanted to protect him.

She breaks into tears. Nick looks over at her sardonically. Guild watches her with evident sympathy. Guild gets up, putting the watch chain carefully in his handkerchief.

Guild

I guess that cinches it. Eh, Mr. Charles? He killed them both -- Julia Wolf and Nunheim.

Nick

Fifty will still get you a hundred.

Guild

This is enough for me.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

115-119

SERIES OF QUICK DISSOLVES:

(a) POLICE RADIO ANNOUNCER AT MICROPHONE.

Announcer

Calling all cars - calling all cars - cover all roads leaving city - pick up Clyde Wynant - Clyde Wynant drag-net - pick up -- etc.

(b) GATE - GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

A policeman stands at the gate scanning the passengers as they go through. (Through this and ensuing vignettes, the dull voice of the Police Announcer continues over the flashes. Entire effect designed to excitingly dramatize the spreading of the net for the capture of Clyde Wynant.)

(c) A PRINTING PRESS.

It is running off police placards announcing the reward for the capture of Clyde Wynant.

CONTINUED:

(d) TELETYPE MACHINE.

Over the machine is coming:

"Wynant wanted -- watch all stations -- boats and roads -- description - thin man -- six feet -- white hair, etc., etc."

(e) NEWSPAPER TRUCK -- STREET CORNER.

Newsboys are crowded around the back of the truck. A man is hurling packs of LATE EXTRAS down to the boys. They immediately begin calling out:

NEWSEBOYS

"Extra -- extra -- Wynant wanted in second murder --"
 "Five Star Final -- Wynant's ex-wife produces murder evidence --"
 "Extra -- extra -- double murder charge against Wynant --"

Pictures of Wynant, most of them full length (for the desired effect of the tall, thin man) cover the front pages. Second and third trucks can back into the scene, if desired. Necessary, dramatically, to kick up the idea that the chase for the killer is increasing to fever heat.

DISSOLVE TO:

120

CLOSE SHOT ON NCRA - AT WINDOW,

She is at the window of their bedroom in the hotel Normandie again. We process through the window to get a background of Central Park, South. On SOUND TRACK from below we get a carry-over of the newsboys' "Extra! Extra!" from preceding effects. One shrill voice is heard in relief against the others. It is shouting: "Extra -- extra -- police hunt Wynant --" Ncra listens for a second and then shuts the window, turning away from it.

Nora

I wish they'd stop that. It makes me fidgety. Do you think they'll find him, Nick? He must be in New York....

(she stops short as CAMERA PULLS BACK and she sees Nick is in his overcoat, bending over Asta with a leash)

Where do you think you're going?

Nick

I'm going to take Asta for a walk.

CONTINUED:

CAMERA PANS ON NORA as she goes forward to him. WE HOLD FOR A CLOSE SHOT ON THE TWO.

Nora
He's just been for a walk.

Nick
We're going sightseeing -- aren't we, Asta?

He starts to go -- but Nora puts a hand on a bulge in his overcoat pocket.

Nora
What's that?
(she puts her hand in and pulls out a flashlight)
What are you up to?
(she puts her hand in again and pulls out a bunch of skeleton keys)
Nickie - what is this?

Nick
I've got a hunch. I'm going down to look at Wynant's shop, I want to find out why it's closed.

Nora
Why shouldn't he close it? He went away.

Nick
He went away lots of times when I knew him -- but he never closed his shop. I've got a hunch something is up.

Nora
You mean, he might be hiding there?

Nick
I don't know. This thing has got my goat. I've got to find out.

Nora
Nick - I won't have you going down there. He's a crazy man. He might kill you!

Nick
I'll be all right. I've got Asta to protect me.

Nora (waving him out)
Go on - go on - see if I care. But it's a dirty trick bringing me all the way to New York just to make me a widow.

Nick (kidding her)
I know you - you wouldn't be a widow long.

Nora
You bet I wouldn't!

CONTINUED:

Nick
-- not with all that money.

Nora
You dog!
Nick (kissing her)
Goodbye, darling.

Nora (clinging to him and for the first time really serious)
Nickie - take care of yourself, won't you?

Nick (lightly)
Sure I will.
Nora
Don't say it that way! Say it as if you meant it!
Nick (with mock solemnity)
Why, I believe the little woman cares..

Nora
I don't care -- I'm just used to you, that's all --
(Nick gives her an affectionate hug and a kiss. He calls to Asta. Nora turns to the dog, trying to hide her emotion under a pretense of clowning)
If you let anything happen to him, you'll never wag your tail again!

DISSOLVE TO:

121

EXT. OF WYNANT'S SHOP - LIGHTING EFFECT..

The street is deserted. The light from the street lamps is very dim. A cab drives up before the shop. The door of the cab opens and Asta jumps out. Nick follows him, still in his evening clothes. He turns to pay the driver, who is looking dubiously at the neighborhood.

Driver
Sure this is the place you want?

Nick
This is it.

Driver
(looking apprehensively at the street)
You don't want me to wait, do you?

Nick
No thanks.

Nick pays him.

Driver
(with one last look, he says dubiously)
Well....good luck!

CONTINUED:

He drives off. The street is quiet. Nick turns toward the shop. Nick and Asta stand side by side for a second looking up at the building.

Nick (to Asta)
Ready? Well, let's go.

He goes to the front door of the shop. He tries it. It is locked. From his pocket he takes out a ring with skeleton keys on it. Holding his flashlight on the key hole, he finally finds the key that opens it. He pushes the door slowly open. He holds it open, looking back at Asta.

Nick
You keep quiet now. Come on.

But Asta doesn't like the looks of the place. He doesn't move. Nick snaps his fingers for him to come and Asta finally, reluctantly follows him.

INTERIOR BUILDING -- TRUCKING AND PANNING

On Nick as he makes his way down the narrow little hall, guided by his flashlight. Asta trails, still reluctantly. Nick is familiar with the old building so that he does not lose time in reaching the rear, where he goes down the steps, cautiously, to the basement.

MACHINE SHOP AND STOREROOM IN BASEMENT - LONG SHOT. (This room leads to Wynant's private work-shop as established earlier.)

Nick moves stealthily through the storeroom, flashing his light here and there on crates, boxes of machinery, etc. It is a weird scene. At any moment you must feel that Wynnant, or some foe, will spring from behind the objects. (His figure is mostly in silhouette during the scene. He flashes his light in quick, short flashes.)

CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT -- NICK AND ASTA.

He continues his cautious search, and finally gets down to Wynnant's own shop, where WE PAN HIM IN and he begins searching the place thoroughly. He gives up, having found

CONTINUED:

nothing that will help him. He is starting out, when he misses Asta. He calls him softly. We hear the dog whine.

Nick (to Asta)

Well come along, then....

Still the dog does not come. We hear him whine again. Nick flashes his light around until it lights on the dog. Asta is in the center of the floor. He has his ears back. He is sniffing at the floor. Nick, keeping his flashlight on Asta, comes back. He leans down to the floor, running his hand over the cement.

Nick (softly)

You're not a Scottish Terrier. You're a police dog. New cement.

He gets up briskly and looks around, using his flashlight, to find a tool. He finds an iron bar. Placing the light so that it falls on the floor, Nick takes the iron bar. He pounds on the floor. Over the place where Asta was whining, the cement gives out a hollow sound. Nick takes the bar in both hands, throws his whole strength into it, trying to force it through the floor. It finally goes through. Nick leans down, and a startled, horrified look comes in his face. He puts down the bar, picks up Asta, who is flattened on the floor, watching him, takes his flashlight and goes quickly toward the stairs. He climbs rapidly.

125

CRANE SHOT -- FLIGHT OF STAIRS LEADING TO WYNANT'S OFFICE ON THIRD FLOOR. (AS EARLIER ESTABLISHED.)

He uses his flashlight to find his way. The stairway, being as old as the building, creaks as he walks. WE CONTINUE TO CRANE until he reaches the third floor -- enters the old office.

126

WYNANT'S OFFICE -- FULL SHOT...

All is pitch dark as he follows his flashlight to the telephone. He dials the number, then extinguishes the light.

CONTINUED:

Nick (in telephone)
Hello, Lieutenant Guild, please...John? This is
Charles. I'm up in Wynant's shop. Well, I've found
something.....it's a body.

He puts down the telephone. Using his
flashlight, he goes to the desk and begins
to look through the papers there.

127

EFFECT SHOT -- CAMERA AT BOTTOM OF STAIRWAY,
SHOOTING UP.

-- On the figure of a man as it is quietly
going up the same stairway that Nick took,
slowly going toward the office. He has no
light, but by his unhesitating step, we gather
that he is familiar with the building. The
steps creak a little.

BACK TO:

128

WYNANT'S OFFICE -- CLOSE SHOT ON NICK.

He is still rumaging over the desk. Sudden-
ly he stands rigid. He has heard a step.
He puts out his flashlight and whirls around
to face the door. At this instant, CAMERA
SWINGS OVER TO:

129

THE DOOR -

As the man's figure appears. As he starts
to come in, Nick's flashlight is thrown
full on his face, blinding him. We see
that it is Tanner.

Nick's Voice (o.s.)

Stick 'em up!

Tanner, terrified by the light and the sharp
command from the darkness, puts up his
hands. Asta begins to bark. Keeping the
light full on Tanner's face, Nick swiftly
searches him. Satisfied that Tanner has
no gun, Nick goes to an electric light
switch.

Nick (as he does this)

Don't make a move or that dog will tear you to
shreds!

He switches on the light. Tanner looks in,
blinking amazement and fear, first at Nick,
and then at --

He has crawled under the desk and lies there, looking out fearfully.

BACK TO:

131

MEDIUM ON NICK AND TANNER.

Nick grins a little at Asta's fear and Tanner's bewilderment.

Nick (to Asta)
'Come on out, now. He won't hurt you.
(then to Tanner, with a return of his
brisk, professional tone)
Back to your old tricks, eh, Tanner?

Tanner
No, Mr. Charles.

Nick
How did you get in here?

Tanner
I had a key. I worked here...till they closed
the shop.

Nick
You worked here!

Tanner
Yes, sir. Julia Wolf got me a job as bookkeeper.

Nick
Well, that's a hot one. You a bookkeeper! When
were you ever a bookkeeper?

Tanner
That time you sent me up last...I learned book-
keeping. I figured it might be an in for me
somewheres.

Nick
Somewheres where they might go out and leave the
safe open?

Tanner
Honest, Mr. Charles. I never touched that safe.
Them bonds that were missing...Julia took them.

Nick
Trying to put it off on her.

Tanner
Mr. Charles - she did - that's why he got sore at
her and killed her. Listen, Mr. Charles ---
(he pulls out some bills)
I did do a little chiseling. I come to bring it
back...and fix up the books. I didn't want him to
find out and come after me -

CONTINUED:

Nick
You can save that and tell it to the police.
They'll be here in a minute -

Tanner
(a hunted look comes into his face)
Police!

He shrinks back, aghast, as at this moment
we hear the sound of sirens from police
cars arriving outside.

EXTERIOR WYNANT'S SHOP - STREET - NIGHT.

There is a rising crescendo of sirens as
Guild's police car, and the Medical Examiner's
car swing around the corner, accompanied by a
motorcycle escort. They pull to a stop at
the front of the shop. The police and Dr.
Walton, with his assistant, get out of the
cars and go to the door of the building.
There are police photographers with them.
Nick, with Tanner in his custody, is wait-
ing at the door of the shop.

DISSOLVE TO:

WYNANT'S SHOP - BASEMENT.

The floor is dug up more than in the last
scene, so that the body is exposed enough for
the photographers. Guild, Nick, Dr.
Walton, Tanner and the rest of the police
stand aside as the photographers take their
flashlight pictures from different angles.
Guild is putting on a pair of gloves. Dr.
Walton is preparing to do his work. Nick,
in his evening clothes and his casual air,
is an incongruous note in the midst of all
their professional excitement. As the
photographers finish, Guild steps up to the
hole in the floor. He turns to Tanner,
who is watching, horrified.

Guild (to Tanner)
You didn't know anything about all this?

Tanner
No, sir....

Guild (to one of the police)
Take him down to the can. I'll see him later.

CONTINUED:

The policeman goes out with Tanner. Guild looks down into the hole.

Guild (he gives a low whistle)
Whew! I wonder what Wynant had against this one! Quick lime. Well at least the clothes aren't touched.

The Medical Examiner comes up and stands beside him.

Guild
Mind if I take those out, Doc?

Dr. Walton
Go ahead.

Guild stoops down and takes out a bundle of clothes. The CAMERA PANS with him as he takes them over to a work table and starts to open them up. Nick strolls over and stands watching him.

Nick
(looking at the bundle of clothes)
Just rolled them up and threw them in.

Guild
Lucky thing for us they weren't in that lime.

Nick
Extraordinarily lucky.

Guild pulls a coat from the bundle. It is a large coat, slightly eaten by the lime. Guild picks it up and examines it for a tailor's label.

Guild
No - no identification -
(he holds the coat up)
Must have weighed two hundred and fifty if he weighed an ounce.

Bob (o.s.)
Here's something.

Bob comes into the scene. He hands Guild a walking stick. Guild takes it and examines it.

Guild (looking at the stick)
Rubber tip. He must have been lame.

Bob
Who wouldn't be....carrying that weight around.

Guild takes the trousers and stretches them out.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (3)

Guild (to Doctor)
Standing straight he'd be about five foot eleven,
wouldn't he?

Doctor's Voice (o.s.)

About.

There is a belt attached to the trousers -
Guild looks at it. He finds some initials
engraved on the silver buckle.

Guild (reading from the buckle)

"D.W.R."

(he turns to Nick)

That case you worked on...the guy who threatened
to kill Wynant...what was his name?

Nick

Rosewater.

Guild

Could this be him?

Nick

I never saw him. I don't think anyone saw him.

Guild

He said Wynant tried to steal an invention, didn't
he?

Nick

Yes. But we figured it was just blackmail...

Guild

Just the same, Wynant wouldn't mind having him
out of the way - would he?

(he turns to the Doctor)

How long should you say this body'd been here,
Doc?

The Doctor comes into the scene taking off
his gloves.

Dr. Walton

I can't say offhand. At least a couple of months..

Guild

Couple of months. That's just when he closed the
shop. The way I figure it is...he kills this guy
and plants him here - Julia knows about it, so he
kills her. And Nunheim caught him at that, so he
had to bump off Nunheim.

(he makes a bundle of the clothes)

Well, we'll be going along.

(to Nick)

You done a swell job. You wouldn't like to pay
me that hundred now?

Nick (smiling)

Wait 'til you catch Wynant.

CONTINUED:

Guild

Okay. (he starts out, but turns back to say)
Give my best to the wife.

Guild and Bob go out. Nick walks over to the Medical Examiner who is putting on his coat, preparatory to going. The Medical Examiner speaks to his assistant, indicating the wrapped up body, out of the scene.

Dr. Walton

You can take that out to the car.

Nick

Going to run him through the floroscope?

Dr. Walton

Yes.

Nick

Mind if I come with you?

Dr. Walton (picking up his bag)

Not at all.

Nick

I'm very interested in that body.

They start out.

DISSOLVE TO:

134

CLOSEUP OF FLOROSCOPE. (Police Laboratory)

The light of the floroscope comes through the skeleton of the body. The Medical Examiner's hand comes into the shot, pointing to a dark spot in the left side of the body, near the heart.

Dr. Walton's Voice (o.s.)

There's the bullet he was killed with. See?

Nick's Voice (o.s.)

What's this?

His hand comes into the shot, pointing to a smaller speck in the shin bone. THE CAMERA NOW PULLS back to show the two men in Dr. Walton's laboratory looking at the body under the floroscope. Dr. Walton looks closer.

Dr. Walton

Oh, just an old piece of shrapnel.

An idea comes to Nick. He is piecing things together in his mind.

CONTINUED:

Nick

Shrapnel!

Dr. Walton (still inspecting)
Must have been in the war. That might account for
the cane and his limp.

Nick (thinking of something else)

Yes...yes.

AS WE ARE DISSOLVING TO:

135-139

SERIES OF EFFECT FLASHES -- THIRD MURDER --
POLICE DRAG-NET.

In terrific tempo, with the elongated shadow
of the Thin Man behind the flashes, we bring
in, kaleidoscopically, police teletypes --
radio broadcasts -- telephone and telegraph --
wireless -- radio cars, etc. Chief among
these effects are superimposed closeups of
police and detective chiefs as they talk
into phones, firing their orders. By the
nature of the uniforms worn by the police
captains, we must achieve the idea that the
man-hunt is NATION WIDE. Also superimposed
are newspaper headlines, tabloids, etc.,
screaming out: "WYNANT HUNTED IN THIRD MUR-
DER --" "WYNANT VICTIM BURIED IN BASEMENT --"
"HORROR MURDER LAID TO WYNANT --" "WYNANT
BODY NUMBER THREE DUG UP IN CEMENT --" etc.,
etc. Also, on SOUND TRACK, through radio
and telephone, we hear continuous voices as
they report: "WYNANT SEEN HERE -- WYNANT
SEEN THERE --" etc.

These are Vorkapich shots, and conclude with
thrilling flashes of automobiles being stopp-
ed on roads by traffic officers, squad cars
racing to and fro from headquarters, etc.

DISSOLVE THROUGH TO:

140

CLOSEUP OF ASTA.

The dog is standing on a table. The CAMERA
PULLS BACK to show the living room of Nick's
suite. The reporters are on Nick's trail
again. The floor is littered with newspapers.
Nora, in a negligee, is being interviewed
by a 'sob sister'. Nick is near the table
where the drinks are, surrounded by reporters.
A newspaper photographer is taking Asta's
picture as he stands on the table.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

Photographer
 (snapping his fingers down near the floor)
 Hey...doggie, doggie. Look down at the body!
 Look down at the body!
 (Asta looks down at the man's hand and the flashlight flares up. The photographer hurriedly goes to Nick)
 Now, Mr. Charles --

1st Reporter (to photographer)
 Get that out of here.

Photographer
 Just one family group.

Sob Sister
 It'd be lovely for the woman's page.

Nick goes to stand beside Nora, and the photographer puts Asta in Nora's arms. The reporters follow Nick, asking him questions.

1st Reporter
 Have the police got any idea where Wynant is?

Nick
 No.

2nd Reporter
 Do you think they'll find him?

Nick
 I know they will.

The flashlights flare again. Nick moves away.

3rd Reporter
 Got anything else to say about the case?

Nick
 Yes. It's put me way behind in my drinking.
 He starts for the table where the liquor is.

1st Reporter
 What about this Rosewater?

Nick (pouring himself a drink)
 Sorry. Don't know a thing.

2nd Reporter (to photographer)
 Come on, let's get it in.
 (to Nick)
 Thanks, Nick.

The reporters all start for the door.

1st Reporter
What's your next step, Nick?

Nick
Right back to California. We've got to go home
and rest up from our vacation.

1st Reporter
We'll see you before you go.

They all go out. CAMERA MOVES IN FOR
CLOSE PANNING SHOT.

Nora (disappointed)
Back to California?

Nick
My soul, woman. I give you three murders and you
aren't satisfied.

Nora
I want you to stay and find Wynant.

Nick
(out of a clear sky - over his highball)
I did find him!

Nora
What do you mean?

Nick (between swallows)
He was down in the shop.

Nora
Nick!

Nick
It was his body that was buried there.

Nora
Nick, you'd better lay off that liquor!

Nick
That's a fact.

Nora (unable to believe her ears)
Wynant's body?

Nick (mixing another drink)
Yup. Don't you want something to eat?

Nora
But they all said it was Rosewater's.

Nick (going to the telephone)
That's what they think... Guild and all of them.
They take it for granted that it's just another
of Wynant's victims.

(he takes up telephone)
Guild's hot-footing it around now, looking for
Wynant. That's all he's worried about.

CONTINUED:

Nora

What makes you so sure it's Wynant's body?

Nick

Several things.

(he speaks into the telephone)

Hello, Fred. We're hungry again. Yeah, and lots of onions. Oh, and coffee.

Nora

Nick, you'll drive me crazy. What things?

Nick (putting up the receiver)

Huh?

Nora

What things made you so sure?

Nick

Oh. Well, the clothes for instance. They were carefully preserved, and the body was just as carefully destroyed. The person who killed him counted on one thing...that all skeletons look alike.

Nora

Well, don't they?

Nick

Sure.

He takes a drink from the glass in his hand.
Nora goes to him and takes his drink from him.

Nora

You don't get another swallow 'til you really open up.

Nick (speaking quickly, anxious to get his drink back)

I remembered that Wynant had some shrapnel in his shin. It often bothered him. So I looked for it and I found it.

(he reaches out his hand for the glass)

Gimme.

Nora mechanically gives him back his drink, her mind on the significance of what he has told her.

Nora

How long has he been dead?

Nick

Couple of months anyway.

Nora

Then he couldn't have committed those other murders.

Nick

Smart gal.

CONTINUED:

Nora (hardly able to believe it)
Wynant dead!
(then with a sudden thought)
Does Dorothy know?

Nick
No. Nobody but you.

Nora starts for the telephone.

Nora
. I'm going to tell her.

Nick
Hey...hey.
(Nora stops)
Don't do that.

Nora (protesting)
But the poor kid's going crazy... She'd rather
know her father was dead than that...

Nick (interrupting)
I can't help it. I can't tell a soul. I didn't
even tell Guild.

Nora
Why not?

Nick
I want to lie low till I get the whole dope. I
don't want to go off half-cocked.

Nora
What are you going to do?

Nick
I'm going to get the real murderer. I've got
an idea. Want to see me take him?

Nora (thrilled)
Yes!

Nick
Got a nice evening dress?

Nora (impatient)
Now Nick, what's that got to do with it?

Nick (insisting)
Got a nice evening dress?

Nora
I've got a l lu -- why?

Nick
I'm going to give a party, and invite all of
the suspects -

Nora
The suspects! They won't come.

CONTINUED:

Nick
 Oh, they'll come. I'll have Guild issue the
 invitations.
 (he starts to telephone)

Nora
 Who do you think did it?

Nick
 Mimi...

Nora (breaking in, amazed) .
 Mimi!

Nick (continuing)
 Mimi, Jorgensen, Morelli, Tanner.....
 (to Nora)
 What were you doing on the ninth of June?

He grins into the phone.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

141

PRIVATE DINING ROOM IN HOTEL.

Music of a small stringed orchestra is coming from the adjoining balcony. A table is set in the background for fourteen people. The waiters are quietly putting the last touches to the table. The head waiter is passing around a last tray of cocktails. THE CAMERA TRACKS with him as we pick up the different people. He goes first to Andrew who is standing by himself, very forlorn looking. Then to Mimi, Tanner and Gilbert, who are a little isolated group...not knowing what is going on, and looking very suspiciously at the other guests. He goes on to a group made up of Nora, Guild, Marian and Morelli. Nora is hanging on the two men's words. The head waiter goes on to Nick and Macaulay.

Head Waiter (to Nick)
 Shall I serve dinner now?

Nick
 Just a minute -

Nick looks toward the door. He breaks away from Macaulay and goes to the door. The CAMERA PANS with him as he goes. A detective is just coming in the door.

CONTINUED:

Detective (to Nick)
We got 'em. Picked 'em up at the Pennsylvania
Station.

(he turns to the door).
Come on in. .

Dorothy and Quinn come into the room. They
have both been drinking. Quinn is angry
and reluctant to come in. Quinn has a suit-
case and Dorothy a little dressing-case in
her hand. Dorothy is defiantly gay. She
has quite thoroughly carried out her threat
to go "out for the ride".

Nick
Hello, Dorothy.
(Nick reaches out and takes her bag)

Dorothy
Hello, Nick! -
(she looks around the room)
And a party - celebrating father's third murder -
(her tone is bitter)
Mimi's Voice
(c.s.)

Dorothy:
And cocktails! Dorothy

She walks toward the drinks out of the scene.

Nick (to Quinn)
Why the bags?

Quinn
None of your business.

Detective
They were trying to make a get-away.

Quinn (drunk and belligerent)
We were doing nothing of the sort. What's the
idea of this?

Nick
Didn't he..
(he indicates the detective)
..give you my invitation?

Quinn
You can't get away with this.

The detective is closing in on him. .

Nick
You're perfectly right.
(to the detective)
Take the gentleman's coat and bag.

CONTINUED:

The detective starts, not too gently, to take Quinn's coat from him.

142

CLOSE SHOT - DOROTHY AND ANDY

Dorothy takes a drink from the waiter. Andy starts toward her.

Dorothy (to Andy)
This is a pretty dead bunch, isn't it?

Andy
You're high enough.

Dorothy
Why not?

Nick comes up to her.

Dorothy (to Nick)
You know, you interrupted me at a very important point in my life. I was about to take my first false step.

(calling to Quinn)
Come on, Quinny. Let's dance -

She walks away from Andy and Nick..

Andy (to Nick)
I'm getting out of here.

Nick
No - I need you here.

Andy (glowering at Quinn)
If I stay, I know I'll take a poke at him..

Nick
Then I insist that you stay..

CUT TO::

143

MORELLI, GUILD AND MARIAN

Marian
I want some more of that tiger milk.

She starts off to get another drink.. Morelli looks after her admiringly..

Morelli (to Guild)
I think somebody could do something with that cluck if they took hold of her right..

Guild (drilly)
Yeah - by the throat!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT NEAR TABLE.

Nora is near the dinner table with Guild beside her. Marian, Macaulay, Mimi, Gilbert, Tanner and Morelli are nearby.

Nora
I think we may as well sit down.

Guild (looking around)
I guess all the suspects are here.

There is a second of stunned amazement on the people's faces.

Nora
Mr. Guild means guests!
(counting noses)
Oh, there are two more to come.

Guild
They'll be here. Don't worry. My men are picking them up.

Nora (beaming at him)
You're a great help to a hostess. I wish I always had you for my dinner parties.

Nora starts to seat the guests.

Mimi (looking toward the door)
Chris!

She walks rapidly out of the scene, and
WE PAN WITH HER TO THE:

DOORWAY.

Jorgensen and a woman have come in the door. She is a hard-faced, common woman, who looks as if she could handle any situation. They are standing there, angry and belligerent. There are a couple of plain-clothesmen with them.

Nick
I'm Nick Charles. How do you do?

Mimi rushes up to Jorgensen.

Mimi
Chris, where have you been?

She stops as she sees the other woman. One of the plain-clothesmen speaks to Nick.

Plain-clothesman
Sorry we're late. But they had to get into their clothes.

CONTINUED:

Mimi bristles at this. She gives the woman a withering look and walks out of the scene. Nick watches with great amusement.

Nick (to Jorgensen and the woman)
Won't you come in?

The two reluctantly come further into the room. Nick follows them, rubbing his hands with delighted anticipation of the scene to follow. THE CAMERA FANS WITH HIM as he goes to the table. The people are all seated with exception of Mimi, Jorgensen and the woman with him, and Nick. Nora is watching the new arrivals with eager interest. Nick looks at her and gives her a broad wink.

Nick (turning to Jorgensen)
Mr. Jorgensen, you sit next to Andrew, and Mrs. Jorgensen on your right.

Both Mimi and the woman who came in with Jorgensen, start for the chair which Jorgensen is holding. As they find themselves both going for the same chair, Mimi draws herself up with great dignity.

Mimi
I'm Mrs. Jorgensen.

Mimi starts to sit.

The Woman (drily, as she points to an empty chair across the table)
Put it over there! I was Mrs. Jorgensen before you were.

Mimi looks at Jorgensen, bewildered. But he refuses to meet her eye. The other woman sits down firmly in the chair. Nick, from the head of the table, calls to Mimi.

Nick
Mimi....you're here on my right.

He holds her chair for her as she comes and sits down. The waiters start in immediately to serve dinner.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT: NICK AND NORA.

Nick holds Nora's chair for her.

Nora
You give such charming parties, Mr. Charles.

CONTINUED:

Nick
Thank you, Mrs. Charles.

Nora sits - she whispers to Nick.

Nora
I can't wait any longer. Tell me, do you think
one of them did it?

Nick
Yes.

Nora
I wish you'd tell me who.

Nick
I wish you'd tell me.

Nick sits down at the head of the table.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SECT: TABLE.

NOTE: The seating of the table is as follows:

Nick	Nora
Mimi	Macaulay
Quinn	Tanner
Dorothy	1st Mrs. Jorgensen
Gilbert	Jorgensen
Morelli	Andy
Marian	
Guild	

Nick looks up and down the table.

Mimi
This is all very pleasant - but why are we here?

Nick
I've got some very important news - I've seen
Wynant.

They all turn and look at him with curiosity.
Guild looks amazed. Mimi is very composed.

Guild
You did!

Mimi
That's nothing. I saw him myself.

Nick and Nora exchange looks. Nora is be-
wildered.

Nick
You did...where?

CONTINUED:

Mimi (airily)
Last night. He came to see me at my apartment.

Nick (with mock sincerity)
Oh, did he? What did he say?

Mimi
He didn't say very much. Wanted to know how I was
and how the children were.

Guild (infuriated that Wynant slipped
through his fingers)
What kind of clothes was he wearing?

Mimi
A brown suit, brown shoes and a white shirt and a
grayish tie with red, or reddish brown figures on
it.

Guild (over his shoulder to Bob,
who is standing behind his chair)
Tell 'em.
(Bob goes quickly out)

Gilbert
I saw him too...he was wearing a green suit with
a white tie...

Mimi
What are you talking about, Gilbert? You weren't
there!

Gilbert
I know. But I saw him -

Guild (to Gilbert)
Where did you see him?

Gilbert
I was gazing in my crystal.

Nora (to waiter)
Serve the nuts - I mean, serve the guests the
nuts.

Nick
I'm afraid you're lying, Mimi. You see, I really
did see Wynant last night.

Guild (amazed)
Are you kidding?

Nick
No.

Guild
Why didn't you tell me?....Why didn't you hold
him?

Nick
Because I found out for certain that he didn't
commit the murders.

CONTINUED:

Dorothy (sobering)
He didn't do it -- Nick!

Macaulay (puzzled)
What do you mean?
Gilbert
Then who did?
Tanner
Do you mean to say...? etc. } Together.

Mimi
That's ridiculous.

Guild
Let him have his say out.

Nick
Morelli - (Morelli jumps, startled. Everybody looks at him)
You knew Julia. Was she seeing Wynant?

Morelli (somewhat relieved)
She don't say she is, but I figure she is -

Nick
Why do you say that?

Morelli
Once I wanted five grand --
(snaps his fingers)

Cash -

Nick
Thank you. Now I'll tell you why I know Wynant didn't commit those murders -
(he turns to Morelli)

Three months ago - the night that he caught you in Julia's apartment, he found out that Julia was cheating him, and was splitting with some man. He went to find the man. That man was.....Tanner, don't you...?

(but poor Tanner, thinking that Nick is naming him as the man, spills his soup all over everything. Everybody turns and looks suspiciously at him. Nick sees that he has startled him and apologizes)

I'm sorry. Tanner, don't you want some wine?

Tanner (turning and seeing the waiter in back of him)

No...no.

The waiter moves on.

Nora (to Nick)
You're going to drive me crazy!

CONTINUED:

Nick (returning to his subject)
Let's see...where was I? Oh yes. He went to find the man. That man was desperate. He knew that he was caught dead to rights -- and with prison staring him in the face, he took the only way out. He killed Wynant.

(Nick turns to Dorothy and speaks gently, trying to soften the blow)
It's terrible to tell you this way, but your father's dead, Dorothy!

Dorothy (at first she cannot grasp it)
Dead?

Nick
He's been dead for three months.

She breaks down and cries. She gets up from the table. Nora starts to go to her, but Andy is there before her. He takes Dorothy in his arms, oblivious of the other people in the room, and comforts her.

Andy
Darling, don't cry. Please. I know it's terrible. But isn't it really better this way?

Dorothy
(putting her arms around Andy)
Oh, Andy, Andy!

Nora comes to them.

Nora (to Andy)
You'd better take her home. Your home.

Andy looks over at Nick. Nick motions him to take her away.

Andy
Come on, darling.

With his arms around her, he starts out of the room. Dorothy clings to him as they go out. Quinn gets up to follow. There is a silence in the room for a minute after they go.

Nora (to Quinn)
If she's going wrong now, she's going wrong right.

Nick comes into the scene.

Nick (to Quinn)
I don't think we need you any more now. I'm deeply sorry that I spoiled your trip.

Quinn grabs his hat and coat and bag - goes out. Nick and Nora return to the table.

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (5)

Nick
Come on, everybody....drink up.
(to Jorgensen)
You're not eating. It hasn't affected Mimi's
appetite.

Mimi
Because I don't believe that Clyde's dead! Why,
you said yourself you saw him last night.

Nick
So I did. I saw him lying buried in his shop.

Guild
You mean that body-----?

Nick
--was Wyrant's.

Mimi
Perfectly absurd.

Nick
And the murderer is right here in this room to-
night..he's sitting at this table.
(to waiter)
You may serve the fish.

The CAMERA PANS around the table...to all the
frightened faces of the people. Morelli
jumps up and starts out of the door...but he
is stopped by the police.

Morelli
You're not going to pin this one on me.

Plain-clothesman
Get back there!

Morelli (sitting down)
What am I? The fall guy?

Nick (to the table full of people)
Now, please - I hope you won't let this news spoil
your dinner.

(he turns to Nora)
Nice food, isn't it?

Nora (all eyes)
It's the best dinner I ever listened to -

Gilbert
You're not going to keep us in the dark, are
you? Tell us -- Who is it?

CONTINUED:

Nick

I don't know.

(There is more consternation at that)
But I thought if we all had a little get-together we might be able to find out. I'll tell you as much as I know. Go right on eating. This murderer is a very clever man. He studied this thing out very carefully. You'd understand that, wouldn't you, Gilbert?

Gilbert (startled)

What? - Yes - no -

Nick

He planned the whole thing beautifully. After he killed Wynant he wired Macaulay, using Wynant's name and told him to shut up the shop. He destroyed all of Wynant's clothes, with the exception of his watch chain. He figured that some day that might come in handy. Then he took Wynant's body and buried it in the shop with another man's clothes to throw us off the track. He even put a belt buckle with an "R" on it, hoping that we'd think it was Rosewater -- an old enemy of Wynant's who dropped out of sight years ago.

(He looks over at Morelli)

Morelli - would you mind holding your knife another way? You're worrying Gilbert!

(Morelli, who has been holding his knife as if it were a dagger; gives Gilbert a disdainful look, and shifts his knife)

Nora (softly to Nick)

If that knife is missing, I'll look for it in your back.

Nick

After our hero had killed Wynant, he got a brilliant idea. He realized that he and Julia could still collect money. Wynant was supposed to be on a trip - no one knew where - so our dinner guest wrote letters to Macaulay, signing Wynant's name, so that Macaulay would continue to send the money to Julia. He even telephoned Macaulay --

(to Macaulay)

Do you remember?...the first day that you came to see me...he telephoned that he was in town?

Macaulay (puzzled)

But it must have been Wynant. I should have known if it weren't his voice.

Nick

Oh he was clever about that. He called when you were out. That same afternoon, Julia telephoned to him. She said that you were coming, Mimi, to ask about Wynant. He got terrified. He was afraid that Julia would break down and tell...so he went to Julia and killed her and left Wynant's watch chain in her hand.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - NICK AND NORA

Nick takes a drink.

Nora (leaning close -- whispering)
Is that true?

Nick
I don't know.

Nora
Why are you saying it?

Nick
It's the only way it makes sense.

Nora
I hope you're well.

BACK TO:

MEDIUM SHOT OF TABLE

Nick
His plan was still working beautifully. Wynant was established as being in town. The watch chain was handed over...

(with a look at Mimi)
...with a slight delay...to the police. The only hitch was a man named Nunheim, who had found out something. Our hero paid Nunheim once to keep his mouth shut, and when Nunheim threatened him again, he bumped him off.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT MORELLI AND MARIAN

Marian (to Morelli)
And I don't blame you!

Morelli (terrified)
What do you say that to me for?

Guild (to both)
Shut up.

BACK TO:

TABLE FULL AGAIN - GUNNING DOWN.

Nick (to the people)
You see, he'd been very clever. Everybody, even our astute friend Guild, thought that Wynant was alive and that he was the murderer. But our hero had just one weak link in his chain. The telegrams, wires and telephones were all very

CONTINUED:

Nick (cont'd)
well - but no one had seen Wynant. So he picked
on poor Mimi here to strengthen his case. Mimi
is the only one at this table who can tell us
who the real murderer is.

(everybody looks at Mimi. Nick turns
to her)
Mimi, who was it that told you to say you'd seen
Wynant?

Mimi
Nobody told me. I did see him!

Nick
What did he pay you, Mimi, to stick to that story?

Mimi
It isn't a story - it's true. I did see Wynant.
He's not dead.

Nick
You're lying, Mimi. But then, you'd do anything
for money. You're getting a good price for say-
ing you saw Wynant and you figure you won't get
anything if he's dead.

Mimi
I'm not going to stay here to be insulted -
(she starts to go - but stops to listen
to Nick as he continues)

Nick (to Macaulay)
Macaulay, you drew up Wynant's will. Mimi was
cut off, wasn't she, if she re-married?

Macaulay
I have no right to answer that.

Nick
What about it, Tanner. Isn't that the truth?

Tanner
That's what Mr. Wynant said to me. If she re-
married, all the money was to go to the children.

Nick
You shouldn't let that keep you from telling the
truth, Mimi. Mrs. Jorgensen -
(he speaks to the woman with Jorgensen)
Were you ever divorced from Chris Jorgensen?

The Woman
No.

CONTINUED:

Nick (the bombshell bursts)
 So you see, Mimi, under the law, you haven't re-married. You're still one of the heirs. What are you holding out for? A few crummy dollars that that man gave you when you can get the whole estate? Remember the other two who were in with him on this...Julia and Nunheim. When he thought they might spill something he bumped them off. You ought to know damn well that he's not going to take any chances on you. What do you want to do? Be next on his list?

Mimi (furious - to Macaulay)
 You dirty son of a b---!

A crash of china drowns out the end of her speech as Macaulay rises to his feet. Nick is on his feet in a minute. He knocks Macaulay out. Guild rises and stands looking down in stunned amazement at Macaulay. Nora and all the others leap up in amazement as the murderer is revealed.

Nick (to Guild)
 What do you want me to do? Wrap him in cellophane?

FAST FADE.

FADE IN:
 CLOSE UP - FOUR CHAMPAGNE GLASSES

The glasses are held up by four hands.
 WE DISSOLVE THROUGH them to show the drawing room of a train. Dorothy and Nora are sitting facing each other, dressed in robes and lounging pajamas, and Andy and Nick are sitting beside them, also in robes and pajamas. Nick is pouring champagne from a bottle into the four glasses. The drawing room is full of flowers. Nick puts down the bottle and holds up his glass in a toast.

Nick (speaking)
 To you two.
 Andy
 And to you two too.

The four raise their glasses in a toast and drink. There is a buzz at the door.

Andy
 Come!

CONTINUED:

CONTINUED (2)

A good-natured colored porter sticks his head in the door and speaks to Nick.

Porter
Your room's ready, sir.

Nick
Thanks. You can take Asta now.

Nick hands the porter Asta's leash. Nora goes over to the couch of the drawing room where Asta is lying asleep. She picks him up.

Nora (to Asta)
You're going to your nice little bed in the baggage car.

She hands the dog to the porter. As the porter is starting out, he sees Dorothy's bridal bouquet in the bracket in the corner of the drawing room.

Porter
(to Dorothy, pointing to bridal bouquet)
Shall I keep them fresh for you?

Dorothy
Please, if you will.

The porter takes the flowers and Asta and goes out. There is a pause. Simultaneously Andy and Nick sneak a look at the wrist watches. Andy looks up and catches Nick looking at his. Nick is embarrassed but determined to call Nora's attention to the late hour.

Nick
Might as well set it ahead now.

Nick starts to set his watch. Nora leans over, is startled to see how late it is.

Nora
Gracious! One o'clock. We'd better go.

She leans over Dorothy and kisses her affectionately.

Nora
Goodnight.

Dorothy clings to Nora for a minute.

Dorothy
I can never thank you enough for all you've done.

Nora (affectionately)

Forget it.

Nick (to Andy and Dorothy)

Goodnight. Goodnight.

There are mingled "good nights" as Nick and Nora go out the door. As soon as the door closes, Andy takes Dorothy in his arms.

Andy (smiling -- shy)

I thought they'd never leave.

He kisses Dorothy affectionately.

CUT TO:

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NICK AND NORA'S DRAWING ROOM.

Nick is closing the door of their room. As soon as it snaps shut....they are in each others arms.

Nick (smiling...but not shy)

I thought you'd never leave.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

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BAGGAGE CAR -- PANNING ON PORTER.

As he enters, Asta in one arm, flowers in the other. He is about to put Asta down on the blanket for the night when he stops -- looks o.s. CAMERA PANS OVER to show another dog of the same breed as Asta in a small crate. The dog is looking up at Asta eagerly. And Asta's ears go up and his tail begins to wag as he anticipates the possibilities of a transcontinental romance.

Porter

(getting it)

Asta -- meet Fifi --

And he puts Asta into the crate with Fifi places the BRIDAL BOUQUET on top of the crate ... turns and shuffles out as we are --

FADING CUT.

-THE END-