

## **SIDE A: EFFIE, SPADE, BRIGID**

*When characters are called upon to deliver “Narration” try making it active – using it as dialogue, or as an aside to the audience or another character – or as a personal discovery – in other words, use it to stay engaged in the scene, rather than simply commenting upon the scene.*

Lights up on SAM SPADE at his desk. EFFIE Perine, at the doorway, looks toward him.

**Effie (Narrating):** Samuel Spade’s jaw was long and bony, his chin a jutting v under the v of his mouth. Thick brows rose from twin creases above a hooked nose, and his pale brown hair grew down – from high flat temples – in a point on his forehead.

**Spade:** Yes, sweetheart?

**Spade (Narrating):** She was a suntanned girl whose thin dress clung to her.

**Effie (Narrating):** Her eyes were brown and playful.

**Spade (Narrating):** She leaned against the door behind her and said:

**Effie:** There’s a girl wants to see you. Her name’s Wonderly.

**Spade:** A customer?

**Effie:** I guess so. You’ll want to see her anyway: she’s a knockout.

**Spade:** Shoo her in, darling, shoo her in.

**Effie: (Narrating)** Effie opened the door, standing with a hand on the knob.

**Effie:** Will you come in, Miss Wonderly?

**Spade (Narrating):** A voice said:

**Brigid: (Off.)** Thank you.

(As BRIGID enters.)

**Spade (Narrating):** Eyes shy but probing;

**Effie (Narrating):** tall, slender, high-breasted; legs long, hands and feet narrow.

**Spade (Narrating):** Her hair was darkly red,

**Effie (Narrating):** Her full lips more brightly red. Spade indicated the chair beside his desk.

**Brigid:** Thank you.

**Effie (Narrating):** Spade sank into his chair, made a quarter-turn to face her -

**Brigid (Narrating):** - smiled without separating his lips.

**Effie:** The tappity-tap-tap of Effie's typewriting -

**Spade (Narrating):** - came through the closed door.

**Brigid: (Narrating):** Miss Wonderly sat on the very edge of the chair.

**Spade:** What can I do for you, Miss Wonderly? (**BRIGID doesn't speak. SPADE nods.**) Tell it from the beginning, and then we'll know what needs doing.

**Brigid:** She's five years younger than me - seventeen. Mama and Papa are in Europe. I've got to get her back before they return - the first of the month.

**Spade:** Then we've two weeks.

**Brigid:** I didn't know what she had done until her letter came. I was frantic. I was alone in New York. What could I do?

**Spade:** Nothing, of course, but then her letter came?

**Brigid:** Yes, so I came to San Francisco. I wrote her I was coming. Should I have?

**Spade:** It's not always easy to know what to do. You haven't found her?

**Brigid:** No. I told her I'd be at the St. Mark, but she didn't come. All I had was "General Delivery", so I waited at the Post Office then went back this morning. Floyd Thursby was there. He said she was well and happy. But he'd tell me that anyhow, right?

**Spade:** Sure, but it might be true.

**Brigid:** He promised to bring her - if she would come - this evening to my hotel.