

Side B: SAM SPADE, TOM POLHAUS (Buddy Cop), Lt. DUNDY (Tough Cop)

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

(Lights up on SPADE’s apartment.)

Spade (Narrating): Spade dropped his hat and overcoat and got a glass and a bottle of rum. The alarm-clock said three-forty. He sat on the bed and lit a cigarette. The door-bell rang. The clock said four-thirty. Spade rose to press the button - – and scowled. Heavy footsteps of two men sounded on the floor outside. (He chuckles and opens the door.) Hello, Tom. Hello, Lieutenant. Come in.

Tom (Narrating): Tom sat on the sofa;

Dundy (Narrating): the Lieutenant on a chair.

Spade (Narrating): Spade filled glasses, gave one to each of his visitors, sat down on the bed, raised his glass.

Spade: Success to crime.

Tom (Narrating): Tom emptied his glass, set it on the floor.

Dundy (Narrating): The Lieutenant took a very small sip and put his glass on the table. He looked at Tom.

Tom: How’d Miles’s wife take it?

Spade: (Shaking his head.) I don’t know anything about women.

Tom: The hell you don’t.

Dundy: What kind of gun do you carry?

Spade: None. I don’t like them much. Of course, there are some in the office.

Dundy: You have one here?

Spade: Turn the dump upside-down. I won’t squawk – if you’ve got a warrant.

Tom: Oh, hell, Sam!

Spade: (Standing.) What do you want, Dundy?

Dundy: All right! Sit down and listen.

Spade: I'll sit or stand as I damned please!

Dundy: (Rising.) I warned you you were going to slip. Everybody slips sometime.

Spade: Tell me what you want or get out and let me go to bed.

Dundy: Who's Thursby?

Spade: I told Tom everything I knew about him.

Dundy: You told Tom damned little.

Spade: I knew damned little.

Dundy: Why were you tailing him?

Spade: I wasn't. Miles was – for the swell reason that we had a client who was paying good United States money to have him tailed.

Dundy: Who's the client? (A pause.) This is murder and don't you forget it.

Spade: It's a long while since I burst out crying because a policeman didn't like me.

Tom: Sam, how can we find Miles's killer if you won't give us what you've got?

Spade: You needn't get a headache over that. I'll bury my dead.

Dundy: (He smiles.) That's exactly what I said to Tom. I said: "Tom, I've got a hunch that Sam Spade's a man to keep family-troubles in the family."

Spade: (To POLHAUS.) What's itching your boy-friend now?

Dundy: (He places two fingers on SPADE's chest.) Just this. Thursby was shot in front of his hotel thirty-five minutes after you left Burritt Street.

Spade: (After a pause.) Keep your Goddamned paws off me.