THE ADVENTURES OF SAM SPADE

The Blood Money Caper

Originally aired September 29, 1946

CAST:
SAM SPADE – Pat Able
EFFIE PERRINE – Amanda Fisher
ANNOUNCER – Aaron Wolfinsohn
BIG FLORA – Angelicque Cate
PAPADOPOULOS – TBA
BLUEPOINT VANCE – Lars Timpa
RED O'LEARY – John Gould
ANN NEWHALL – Pam Turlow
TAYLOR NEWHALL – John Corona
COP – John Corona

Sound Effects
Footsteps: 2, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14
Phone rings: 1, 6
Phone picks up: 1, 6
Phone dial: 6
Chair scraping: 2, 8
Drawer opening: 2
Bottle out, then poured: 2
Saloon noises: 2
Barstool clatter: 3
Sock: 3
Distant police siren: 6
Window raised: 6
Machine gun fire: 6
Grenades exploding: 6

Sound Effects
Battle background: 6
Door opening: 8, 9, 13
Door closing: 8
Body drops: 9, 14
Door knock: 9
Door slam: 9
Slap, beating: 10
Sock on jaw: 10
Boxing: 10
Doorbell: 11
Light switch: 13
Footsteps down stairs: 13
Two gunshots: 14
Gunshot: 14
Body falls downstairs: 14

ANNOUNCER: The hair-raising adventures of Sam Spade, detective, brought to you by the makers of Wildroot Cream-Oil for the hair.

MUSIC: PUNCTUATION… UP ONTO TRILL… INTO PHONE BELL.

SFX: PHONE RINGS. PICK UP.

EFFIE: Sam Spade Detective Agency.

SPADE: (FILTER) Hello, Sweetheart, it's me. Sammy the Spade.

EFFIE: Sam, is it over? Who was behind the battle of Montgomery Street?

SPADE: (FILTER) I'll tell you all about it when I get there. What a day! I even had a fight with a – I guess you'd call it a woman.

EFFIE: Why, everyone knows you can lick any woman your weight.

SPADE: (FILTER) Not this one. Sharpen a couple of pencils, Sweetheart, I'll be right over to dictate my report on the Blood Money caper.

MUSIC: THEME AND TO BACKGROUND.

ANNOUNCER: Dashiell Hammett, America's leading detective fiction writer and creator of Sam Spade, the hard-boiled private eye, and William Spier, radio's outstanding producer-director of mystery and crime drama, join their talents to make your hair stand on end with ***The Adventures of Sam Spade***…

MUSIC: ACCENT.

ANNOUNCER: … presented each Sunday by Wildroot Cream-Oil, the non-alcoholic hair tonic that will put your hair back in place again, grooming it neatly, naturally,

the way you want it. Why does a girl turn thumbs down on a man? Here's one very important reason why: According to a recent survey, 97 out of 100 girls dislike a man whose hair is either unkempt or too slicked-down. So don't look that way. Spruce up with Wildroot Cream-Oil. It grooms your hair neatly and naturally. And as our survey shows, that's exactly how girls like to see it. Non-alcoholic Wildroot Cream-Oil contains **Lanolin**, the soothing oil that's so much like the oil of your own skin. Four out of five users, in a nation-wide test, preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil. You'll like it, too!

MUSIC: SNEAK UNDER.

ANNOUNCER: And now, Wildroot brings to the air the greatest private detective of 'em all… in… ***The Adventures of Sam Spade***!

MUSIC: UP TO OVERTURE.

SFX: DOOR… FOOTSTEPS.

EFFIE: (FADING ON) Oh, Sam! Your eye! She did hurt you!

SFX: STEPS; CHAIR; DRAWER; BOTTLES; POURING.

SPADE: Yeah, all of it. But there's a hole in my pants pocket. Come on! Shake the lead out of your pencil.

EFFIE: Look what I got, Sam. It writes under water!

SPADE: For this report, you'll need one that writes under Humphrey Bogart! Put it on our best stationary. It's going to the President of the Golden Gate Trust Company – what's left of it… Ready?

EFFIE: (SOFTLY) I'm always ready, Sam…

MUSIC: SNEAK.

SPADE: Dear Mr. Newhall: You may consider this my final report. There's nothing more I can do – or want to do. From here out, your daughter Ann is your problem. Two weeks ago, you retained me to check on her movements. You suspected she was seeing a man known as Red O'Leary. You also said you feared he was a – quote "disreputable character." You were right on both counts. On the night of September 16, I picked up the subject, your daughter, at the Blue Bottle Bar and Grille. She and Mr. O'Leary were seated in a booth in the rear, punishing the phony scotch. I kept a plant on them, and during the next ten days, they met regularly at the Blue Bottle. They never went anywhere else – just sat and talked. That is, Ann talked. Red listened. This routine continued until last night. I tailed them to a joint called Big Flora's on Telegraph Hill. I cooled my heels outside for a while – then went in after them.

SFX: SALOON NOISES.

SPADE: Big Flora's was a new gin mill on the hill. It'd been going less than a month – but it was going strong. I drifted over to the bar and threw a fast case around the

place. No local guns, strictly an out-of-state mob. O'Leary and your daughter were in a side booth – Big Flora herself pinned me with a look when I entered. She stood at least five-ten in my stocking feet, broad-shouldered, deep-bosomed, thick-armed, a pink, accordion-pleated throat – a handsome, brutal face.

FLORA: Just get in town, dearie? Or are you the local talent?

SPADE: I'm from K.C. That makes you happy?

FLORA: K.C. eh? Pobey?

SPADE: Pobey Pushkin? He's still eatin' jude.

FLORA: Know him, eh? What's your name?

SPADE: I got a dozen. You like Little Morphy?

FLORA: (HARD) Little Morphy's dead.

SPADE: (SOFTLY) I know. I was with him in the busted caper that croaked him. He gave me his name before he died.

FLORA: Well! If that's so, you must be a right guy. Shake!

SFX: BARSTOOL CLATTER… FOOTSTEPS AROUND THE BAR.

SPADE: Ow!

FLORA: What's the matter, kid, you soft? Come on, this calls for one on the house. Out of my way, Papadopoulos. Big Flora's mixing these herself. This boy's from Kansas City. Meet my bartender, Papadopoulos.

SPADE: Papa who?

PAPA: Papadopoulos. Pleased to make your acquaintance…

FLORA: Was there anyone here in particular you wanted to meet?

SPADE: How about that gold-plated mouse over there?

FLORA: Her? Uh uh, that's Red O'Leary's property. Miss Ann Newhall. She came in here… slumming, I think they call it. Her and Red looked at each other, and dearie that was a look. Love, I think they call it.

PAPA: Yes. To talk to her might encourage trouble.

FLORA: You shut up!

SFX: SOCK.

PAPA: (YELP) Please, I did not mean anything. No, Flora, no – don't strike me again.

FLORA: (LAUGHS) Stop shaking, Papadopoulos. I'm not made at you. I'm not mad at anyone tonight.

PAPA: I am so glad, Flora. It is so nice to see you so happy.

VANCE: (FADING ON) Flora, I got to see you. In private.

FLORA: Sure. Take over, honey. I got to talk to this boy. (FADE) Come in the back room, Bluepoint.

PAPA: Yes, Flora dear.

SPADE: Why do you let her knock you around like that, Pop? Ain't you got a union?

PAPA: What can I do?

SPADE: Who's the gun she took into the back room?

PAPA: Some gangster, I think. Vance is his name. Bluepoint Vance.

SPADE: Quite a few guns here this evening. There's Paddy the Mex. Haven't seen him since the days of the old beer mob. Fat Boy Clarke, Cokey Harmon. That frizzy blonde dame is Angel Grace Cardigan, isn't it?

PAPA: Believe me, everyone her is a criminal. They've been drifting in here ever since that Red O'Leary came to San Francisco.

SPADE: A new mob. Red O'Leary the big gun?

PAPA: Please… I know nothing of such matters.

SPADE: Any idea what's the caper?

PAPA: I have no idea.

SPADE: Flora know?

PAPA: Flora don't know. She likes anybody that brings money into the place.

SPADE: Smart gal, Flora.

PAPA: Yes. (NERVOUSLY) I must wait on a customer. (FADE) Excuse me.

MUSIC: SIMULTANEOUS.

SPADE: I looked up. Big Flora was coming out of the back room with Bluepoint Vance – they laughed about something – and he walked away. Then Flora went over and whispered to Ann Newhall. Looking a little frightened, Ann got up and followed her into the back room. Red gave her a reassuring smile as she disappeared through curtains. I went over to Red's table.

RED: What do you want, Shamus?

SPADE: Mind if I sit down?

RED: Yeah, I mind. But it looks like you don't.

SPADE: Red, why don't you leave the girl be? This isn't her crowd.

RED: Look, Spade, I don't mind your tailing us. That's the way you make your living. But let's keep it formal, shall we?

SPADE: Okay, Mr. O'Leary, let's. Who's the boss-gun of this mob?

RED: Mob? What mob?

SPADE: Don't be coy. There's not a face in this room that doesn't have a picture of it, front view and profile, with a number under it.

RED: Why are you telling me?

SPADE: My job is to look after Ann Newhall.

RED: Go ahead, if you think she needs it.

SPADE: She needs it. She's drinking too much, and it's beginning to show.

RED: You're not a snob, are you, Sammy?

SPADE: Why should a kid that's got everything throw it away for what you've got, which is nothing?

RED: You sound like you wish she'd throw it away in your direction.

SPADE: I do indeed, Red, I do indeed.

RED: Now, look, Sam, I've been walking the straight-and… ever since I left Chicago.

SPADE: That what you told her?

RED: That's what I told her, and that's what I'm telling you.

SPADE: It couldn't be that you're rushing Ann Newhall because she knows her way around the Golden Gate Bank?

RED: Use your head, Sammy. You couldn't blow the Golden Gate with A-bombs.

SPADE: Ann might know what day the time-locks are sprung. Or she might find out from her Daddy.

RED: Use your head, Sammy. Montgomery Street is crawling with cops, bank guards, who can lay their hands on more heavy artillery in thirty seconds than this mob ever saw in their lives.

SPADE: Guys have been crazy enough to try it.

RED: Not this guy.

SPADE: Good. Now what about Ann Newhall?

ANN: What about Ann Newhall, Mr. Spade?

SPADE: Oh, hello, Miss Newhall.

RED: Sammy doesn't believe I've gone straight, Ann.

ANN: Why do you waste your time talking to a sneaky gumshoe like him, anyway, Red?

RED: I felt like talking to him. You got any objections?

ANN: Of course not, Red darling. I just thought – maybe you thought you had to be nice to him because he's working for Father.

RED: He thinks he's working for you.

ANN: Well, he's not. Mr. Spade, I'm sick and tired of being followed around. Red is very well qualified to protect me. And if you don't leave us alone I'm going to ask him to protect me from you. Do I make myself clear?

SPADE: Okay, Sweetheart. I'll call your old man in the morning and tell him I'm through. And I'm going to tell him why I'm through.

ANN: Because Red threatened you, I suppose.

SPADE: No, Sweetheart, that's not why. The why is because you aren't worth protecting!

MUSIC: BRIDGE: TO BG.

SPADE: I went home and tried to forget Ann Newhall. I did – pretty nearly. But I couldn't shake the hunch I had about the mob in Big Flora's place. I kept thinking about them and about your bank, Mr. Newhall. Your bank and the bank that faced it across the street on Montgomery contained a good part of the cash money in the City of San Francisco. For a mob of cheap gunsels to knock over every one of those banks would be like splitting Gibraltar with a BB gun. But supposing the cops were really master-minded. A hundred really tough guns might crack both of them at once. I'd counted thirty in Big Flora's alone, and they were still coming in when I left. It was a cute hunch. But wild. I decided to sleep on it. Next morning I was reaching for the phone to call you –

SFX: PHONE DIAL.

SPADE: When it rang.

SFX: PHONE RINGS; PICKED UP.

SPADE: Yes?

NEWHALL: (FILTER) Mr. Spade, this is Taylor Newhall.

SPADE: Yes, Mr. Newhall. I was just going to call you. About your daughter…

NEWHALL: Yes, Mr. Spade. About my daughter… there's no point in your continuing on that job. I've decided that Mr. O'Leary is all right.

SPADE: You feeling all right this morning, Mr. Newhall?

NEWHALL: Yes, Mr. Spade… I've met O'Leary and…

SFX: POLICE SIREN OFF.

SPADE: Just a minute, Newhall…

SFX: FOOTSTEPS. WINDOW RAISED.

SFX: MACHINE GUN FIRE – GRENADES EXPLODING… BUILD BATTLE SOUND UNDER.

SPADE: Mr. Newhall! Where are you calling from, the bank?

NEWHALL: No, I'm at home. I decided not to go into the bank today.

SPADE: You're a lucky man, Mr. Newhall.

NEWHALL: What do you mean by that?

SPADE: I'm looking out the window toward Montgomery Street, Mr. Newhall, and I can barely see your bank for the gun smoke.

NEWHALL: What's that? I can't hear you!

SPADE: I can't hear myself! I'll call you back, Mr. Newhall!

MUSIC: IN AND UNDER.

SPADE: I couldn't see the bank building distinctly, but the block between Kearny and Montgomery told me enough. Ten police squad cars were piled up near the corner and the cops had been mowed down as they crawled out of the wreckage. The bandits had started the caper by knocking over the garage where the banks kept their armored trucks and they mowed down the law as fast as it could come in. A police grenade blew one of the trucks sky high and the cops moved in another few yards, but the gunsels had thrown up a barricade behind it and held their lines. Guns chattering, grenades exploding, sirens screaming, and the yells of the battling men, it was like the soundtrack of *All Quiet on the Western Front*. The Battle of Montgomery Street had begun.

SFX: BATTLE UP INTO.

MUSIC: FIRST ACT CURTAIN.

ANNOUNCER: The makers of Wildroot Cream-Oil are presenting "Blood Money," an adventure of Dashiell Hammett's famous private detective… SAM SPADE!

MUSIC: UP AND RESOLVES OUT.

ANNOUNCER: In just twenty-one words I can sum up for you the reason why more and more men are using Wildroot Cream-Oil all the time. Here they are: "Mainly because Wildroot Cream-Oil has the advantages that men expect from a fine hair tonic – without the disadvantages they sometimes find!" Yes, that's the gist of it. Now, what real man wants a tonic that plasters his air and gives it a greasy, sissified look? Wildroot Cream-Oil never does that! It grooms your hair naturally, without a trace of that slicked-down appearance. Or, what man wants a hair tonic that makes him smell like a perfume factory? Wildroot Cream-Oil never does that either! This grand non-alcoholic product has just a slight, masculine fragrance. Besides, it does a really thorough job of grooming – keeps your hair handsomely in trim… relieves annoying dryness… and removes loose ugly dandruff. And remember – there's not a single drop of alcohol in Wildroot Cream-Oil. What's more, it contains soothing LANOLIN. So get the big economy size at your drug or toilet goods container. And next time you visit your barber, ask him to use Wildroot Cream-Oil on your hair.

MUSIC: ACCENT AND HOLD.

ANNOUNCER: And now back to "Blood Money," tonight's adventure with… SAM SPADE.

MUSIC: SECOND OVERTURE AND TO BG.

SPADE: By twelve o'clock the Battle of Montgomery Street was over. On the desk in my office the afternoon papers screamed the news of the Seamen's National and Golden Gate Trust double-looting in five colors. The returns weren't all in yet, but the score stood at sixteen coppers knocked off, three times that many wounded, and twelve innocent spectators, bank clerks and the like killed. The bandits had lost seven known dead and thirty-one prisoners. The others, a hundred-odd, had made a clean getaway, using ordinary cars that were easily lost in traffic. I was reading the newspaper guesses as to the size of the loot – around ten million dollars –

SFX: DOOR OPENS.

EFFIE: Sam – there's a man outside. I think he's been shot. There's blood all –

SPADE: Stay in here.

SFX: CHAIR PUSHED BACK; FOOTSTEPS.

SPADE: I'll see him in the outside office.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES; FOOTSTEPS.

SPADE: (FURIOUS) What do you mean coming in here, messing up my carpets?

VANCE: (HOARSELY) They jumped me. It's started.

SPADE: What's started? You need a doctor.

VANCE: (BREATHING HARD) You got to listen to me, Spade. I don't think I got much more time. I got five slugs in me. I'm Bluepoint Vance.

SPADE: Yeah, you're a pal of big Flora's – one of the mob that was in the Montgomery Street push. What else?

MUSIC: SNEAK IN.

SPADE: He talked. The way he told it, the mob was split up in to ten groups. Each group had a leader. Each leader received a map and a detailed plan of his part of the operation. But none of them knew who made the plans. Each one took his orders from the group leader just ahead of him, like a chain letter scheme. Bluepoint was the top link in the chain. I asked him who was the Eisenhower.

VANCE: Don't… know. Every man's cut… a hundred grand. Every one of us knocked off… ups the divvy for the others… see? That's what I mean… it's started… see?

SPADE: Yeah, who'd you get your orders from?

VANCE: (TRIES TO SPEAK AND CAN'T)

SPADE: Come on, Bluepoint, try. Who was it?

VANCE: It was… Red… O'Leary…

SPADE: Red, huh? I was afraid of that.

SFX: DROP OF BODY.

SPADE: Effie!

SFX: DOOR OPENS.

EFFIE: Yes, Sam. (A BEAT, THEN) Dead?

SPADE: Yeah. Call homicide. Tell him to get the boys up here with the basket. Take the rest of the day off.

EFFIE: Did he tell you anything?

SPADE: Some, Effie. Some.

MUSIC: BRIDGE AND TO BG.

SPADE: Bluepoint Vance said it had started. It had. They were dropping all day long – in alleys, singly at first, Happy Jim Hacker and Rat Face – and then in twos and threes, and finally two dozen mowed down where they were lined up against a wall in a house on Fillmore Street. And for every mobster killed, there was a bigger chunk of blood money per man among the survivors. Around six in the evening I walked up Telegraph Hill to Big Flora's… the neon sign was dark, curtains drawn tight over the windows, and a sign on the door said, "closed for alterations." I climbed a flight of stairs to Big Flora's rooms over the saloon…

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR.

SPADE: … and pounded on the door.

SFX: DOOR OPENS.

FLORA: Well?

SPADE: Wacky Washburn sent me.

FLORA: Step inside.

SFX: DOOR SLAMS.

FLORA: We'll talk in here, the parlor's in use.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS.

PAPA: (FADING IN) So it's you, Flora… Oh, I thought I heard the door be… oh, excuse me!

FLORA: (SOUND: SLAP, PAPA YELPS) I told you to keep your trap shut in front of our guests!

PAPA: No, please, Flora, I will be good, don't strike me again.

SPADE: So you and Papadopoulos are at it again. He your husband?

FLORA: (HEARTY LAUGH) Him? Does lidde man love his big Flora?

PAPA: No… Flora… please, not that.

FLORA: What's the matter, honey, don't you like to be hugged?

PAPA: Yes, Flora, yes. But remember last time. My ribs – and they had to tape me up.

FLORA: (LAUGHS) You should have heard him squeal when they pulled off the adhesive. Sit down, honey, before you fall down. You too.

SPADE: Thanks.

FLORA: All right, you, talk. Who, what and why?

SPADE: I'm Percy Maguire. I'm Percy Maguire and I want my hundred and fifty grand.

FLORA: Listen, Percy. You got a bill you got to give it to the big gun.

SPADE: I don't even know who he is.

FLORA: That makes two of us.

PAPA: But, Flora, that is not true. He is coming here this evening.

FLORA: What was that you said, dearie?

PAPA: Now, Flora, darling…

SFX: SLAP.

PAPA: (IN TERROR) No, Flora! No! I did not mean to say anything wrong. I swear I did not.

FLORA: I'll kill you. So help me, this time I'll kill you.

SFX: BEATING.

SPADE: That's enough of that.

FLORA: Who says so?

SPADE: I say so. Pick on someone your own size.

FLORA: You look about my weight.

SPADE: Better not, Flora. You might get hurt.

SFX: SOCK IN JAW; DANCING AROUND.

FLORA: Defend yourself, man! Defend yourself!

SPADE: Okay, sister, you asked for it.

SFX: BOXING.

MUSIC: SIMULTANEOUS.

SPADE: I got the worst of it from the beginning. She led with her right like a woman, but what I didn't know was that she was a southpaw. I got in a couple where they should have counted. But where most women are soft, she had muscle. I was punchy before the round was over…

SFX: DOORBELL OFFSTAGE.

SPADE: … and when somebody rang the doorbell I was on the carpet. Saved by the bell.

FLORA: Pardon me while I answer the door, Mr. Maguire. We'll finish this later. Oh, let me just take your gun. (WHEEZES; THUMPS HER CHEST) Getting old – out of condition! But we had fun, didn't we? (FADE) Help him up, Papadopoulos, get him some water.

SFX: FLORA'S STEPS FADING.

PAPA: You are all right?… you are not badly hurt?

SPADE: Jaw's not broken.

PAPA: Stay close by me this evening. We will help each other against that she-devil.

SPADE: That wouldn't be the big gun she's letting in now?

PAPA: Yes… yes… it is time.

FLORA: (FADING IN) Step in here, kids. You know Papadopoulos, Mr. Maguire… Red O'Leary and Miss Newhall.

RED: Maguire, eh?

ANN: Miss flora, Red is badly hurt.

FLORA: Hurt? Why didn't you say so? What happened, Red, they jump you?

RED: Slug in my neck – can't move my arm.

ANN: Red thought you might know of a doctor we could trust.

FLORA: Only Doc I know got knocked off with that bunch on Fillmore Street.

SPADE: Lemme have a look at that, Red.

FLORA: You a doc, Mr. Maguire?

SPADE: I don't think he'd last to the hospital and through the questioning they'd give him there before they'd touch this.

ANN: No. No, don't say that.

SPADE: He's lost a lot of blood, but he's tough. The slug's stuck in the neck muscle. I can dig it out; you got any disinfectant in the house?

FLORA: Nothin' but a little bottle tincture of iodine, but it's mostly dried up.

SPADE: You – listen carefully, Miss Newhall.

ANN: Yes?

SPADE: Go down to the corner drugstore, get some alcohol, swabs, iodine, cotton, gauze, (DELIBERATELY) the kind with the blue cross on it. If he doesn't have that kind, tell him to phone out for some.

FLORA: I don't know why, she don't look right to me. I don't know as I…

SPADE: Shut up. Go out in the kitchen and boil some water. Get some towels and clean rags. Hurry up.

MUSIC: SIMULTANEOUS.

SPADE: I started digging the slug out of Red O'Leary's neck. It took about an hour. He was out most of the time. Then I put a bandage on it, using Flora's iodine for disinfectant. He was still running a fever when he got to his feet wearing his lips in a grin. His right arm hung useless. He reached out with his left to pick up his shoulder holster, and the gun wasn't in it anymore. The other empty holster was mine.

RED: Where's Flora?

SPADE: I sent her out to boil some more water. Shall we talk?

PAPA: Listen, there's no time to talk. I know that you sent that girl to phone the police, Mr. Spade. Yes, I also know that you are Sam Spade.

RED: Ann's no stool pigeon, she wouldn't rat on me.

SPADE: She would if she thought it was the only way of saving your life. If she got what I was trying to tell her, that's what she thinks.

RED: Why, you –

PAPA: No, no, he is right, Mr. O'Leary. That she-devil will kill us all. Better the police. Spade, listen to me. Let me get out past the police and I will give you everything.

SPADE: Go on out, who's stopping you?

PAPA: Look out the window. Plainclothes men watching the door, waiting for a squad car. I am old. I am sick. What have I to do with robberies? You have seen it here. I am a slave – I, who am near the end of my life. Abuse, cursing, beatings, and those are not enough, and now I must go to prison because of that she-devil! You will let me go out; I will give you that she-devil. I will give you the money they stole.

SPADE: How can I get you out?

PAPA: How not? You are a friend of the police; you can take me out past your friends, the police. Do what I ask and I will give you the monies. Ten Million Dollars! Make no mistake, when that she-devil comes back into this room, you will die… both of you! She will kill you certainly!

SFX: FLORA'S FOOTSTEPS POUNDING DOWN THE HALLWAY.

FLORA: (OFF) Papadopoulos!

SPADE: Sounds like it's too late.

FLORA: (BELLOWING CLOSER) Where are you, you old hound?

PAPA: In… in here, Flora.

FLORA: (COMING ON) Where is that stool pigeon? Ha! There you are! Put the police on me, will you?

SPADE: Who, me? I tipped the police?

FLORA: You or that dame that came here with Red. You're done, both of you, you hear me, done.

PAPA: No. Wait… wait, Flora. Not here like this, please! Don't give the police such evidence. Let me take them into the cellar.

FLORA: Okay, but make it quick, dearie. Soon's that squad car gets here, they'll be pounding at the door. Call me when you're finished and I'll help you haul 'em out of sight.

PAPA: (TRYING TO BE TOUGH) You will march ahead of me. If either one of you makes one move I will shoot you. I am holding two guns on you.

MUSIC: SIMULTANEOUS.

SPADE: Red and I walked ahead of Papadopoulos into the hall.

SFX: TO SUIT ACTION.

SPADE: I opened the door he indicated, switched on the basement light and helped Red down the uneven flight of steps.

PAPA: (HOARSE WHISPER) Listen to me. I will first show you the monies, and then I will give you that she-devil. You will not forget your promise? I shall go out through the police?

SPADE: Sure, sure.

RED: How about me?

SPADE: You think Big Flora would let a rabbit like him change her plans?

RED: So Big Flora was the boss? That's a laugh.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS LEAVE STAIRS, ECHO ON CONCRETE FLOOR & OUT.

PAPA: Now turn around, both of you. Here, take these.

SPADE: What kind of joke is this supposed to be?

PAPA: I give you these guns to show you I keep my promise. (SLIGHT FADE) Now quickly, follow me, I show you where the monies are hidden.

MUSIC: SIMULTANEOUS.

SPADE: I followed him and Red O'Leary to the end of a low passageway. Papadopoulos got down on his knees and started clawing at the wall like a rat. With trembling hands he lifted out a section of loose bricks. And then we saw it…

MUSIC: ACCENT.

SPADE: … it was still in the boxes and bags the way it came carried from the banks. He insisted on opening some of them to show me the money – hundreds of bundles of green stacked in a metal-lined cell that was as dry and airless as the bank vault they'd lived in before.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS FROM UNDER NARRATION. MUSIC OUT.

PAPA: (ECHO) That, as you see, is the money. Now for that she-devil. You will stand hiding behind these boxes. When I bring her down the stairs you will know what to do.

RED: Yeah, Pappy, we'll know what to do.

MUSIC: BRIDGE: TO BG.

SPADE: He wasn't long in coming back. Flora came down the steps ahead of him. She had a gun in each hand. Her grey eyes were everywhere. Her head was down, like an animal's coming to a fight. Her nostrils quivered. Her body, coming down, not fast, not slow, was balanced like a dancer's. She was a beautiful fight-bred animal.

FLORA: (OFF) Come out! Come out or I'll come and get you!

RED: Stay here, Spade, I want the first crack at the old witch.

SPADE: Red! Come back here you fool! Red!

SFX: TWO SHOTS ON ECHO, ONE NEAR, ONE FARTHER AWAY… RED YELLS… DROP OF BODY.

MUSIC: SIMULTANEOUS.

SPADE: She dropped Red without moving a muscle that I could see. I guess the poor guy must have been a little feverish from his wound, running out into the open like that firing wildly with his wobbly left hand. I didn't feel heroic myself. I just aimed the best way I knew how from my ambush and squeezed the trigger.

SFX: ONSTAGE SHOT ON ECHO… BODY TUMBLES DOWNSTAIRS.

PAPA: (SCREAMING) You bungling idiot! You shot the wrong one! You shot the… wrong… one!

MUSIC: SLAMS IN AND UNDER.

SPADE: My aim had been bad. I'd aimed for his leg, but got him in the side. After that last scream he didn't make any more noise. Then he didn't move anymore. Big Flora let the guns fall from her hands and knelt down beside his body.

FLORA: (SOBS) What did you do that for? I was the one with a gun on you. Why didn't you shoot me instead?

SPADE: I figured who he was when you let him bring me down here where the money was without squawking your head off.

FLORA: He was the smartest, kindest man that ever lived.

SPADE: Smart enough and kind enough to put about three hundred people out of their misery. Listen, Flora, don't you know he gave us guns and brought us down here so we'd knock you off, and he'd have all the loot to himself?

FLORA: He wasn't much of a man for muscle. But he had brains, see? He was smarter than you or any copper that ever lived. You killed a great man. I hope you feel good about it.

SPADE: Yeah, you and he were quite a team. Nobody would have suspected that the arch-gun of the biggest mob in history was Big Flora's whipping boy.

FLORA: I never wanted to bat him around like I had to. I never really hurt him; we used to laugh about it afterwards.

COP: (CALLING DOWNSTAIRS) All right, down there. All your exits are covered. Come out with your hands clasped behind your necks. This is the police.

FLORA: (WEARILY) All right! All right! Keep your shirt on! (TO SPADE) Come on, let's get it over. No use fighting anymore.

SPADE: You really loved him, didn't you, Flora?

FLORA: So what? Who are you to laugh at us?

SPADE: Yeah, you're right, Flora. Who am I to laugh at you?

MUSIC: BRIDGE: TO BG.

SPADE: After the cops had cleaned up at Big Flora's, I took your loving daughter on home in a taxi, Mr. Newhall. See itemized account enclosed. She was pretty broken up about Red O'Leary's death. But I think she'll recover. Please don't leave either your ten million dollars or your daughter lying around loose again, as the entire incident has caused me a great deal of trouble, and I will therefore have to charge you my regular fee of twenty-five dollars a day and expenses, instead of the usual fee for tailing. Period. End of Report.

EFFIE: Oh, Sam, I wish you'd just taken one little package of that money. They'd never have missed it.

SPADE: Effie, I'm surprised at you. That wouldn't be ethical.

EFFIE: I don't know why you have to get ethical every time the installment is due on the office furniture.

SPADE: Hey, what's this?

EFFIE: Oh. Letter for you. Came this morning.

SPADE: Why didn't you tell me? It's from the Golden Gate Trust. A reward for my services. Well, hurry up, open it. (PAUSE) Ah ha! A check!

EFFIE: It's a check, all right.

SPADE: How much?

EFFIE: Three dollars and eighty-three cents.

SPADE: What's that for?

EFFIE: I don't know. It's made out to Big Flora's Bar and Grill, signed by you and stamped "returned for lack of funds."

SPADE: How do you like that?

EFFIE: I'll get used to it, I suppose, in time… Goodnight, Sam.

SPADE: Goodnight, Sweetheart.

MUSIC: FINALE.

THE END