

SOUND: FOGHORN AND HARBOR SOUNDS... THREE STEAMBOAT WHISTLES...
FADE ON LAST ONE AND BEGIN FADING IN FOOTSTEPS... BRING UP
FULL ON MIKE AND STOP

NOVAK: (ON CUE) Sure, I'm Pat Novak For Hire...

MUSIC: (HIT FOGHORN CHORD AND INTO THEME... FADE FOR)

NOVAK: That's what the sign out in front of my office says...
Pat Novak For Hire. You can dress it up and look honest,
but that doesn't do any good; because down on the
waterfront in San Francisco, if you had to eat morals,
you'd have "bone-rattle" in three days. All you can do is
sit on your own luck and wait for somebody else's to change.
It generally does, but even then you don't get very high
in the world, Down here, if you can see over a sand crab's
back you know you're pressing your luck. It works out
alright if you like a short, fast ride and if you know
you're not gonna get any farther than a fire in a barrel
of water. You wouldn't call it good or bad; it's just a
way to make a living without looking for business; because
if you stay down here long enough... somebody'll give you
the business. I found that out Wednesday night. It was
about five-thirty and you could still see across the bay;
but it wasn't gonna last long because over toward the
Berkeley side, the water was getting dark and grey, and
along the piers it was the color of burned oatmeal. I
was sitting in the office, ~~looking at a girl's picture~~
~~and figuring out a way to break her new year's resolution,~~
when the door opened. She was a tall girl, with thin
hips and broad shoulders and she had everything a clothes
horse needs except a saddle. She moved the same easy way
a sea gull follows a warm wind, and you knew she could win
two falls out of three... And after you looked her over,
you wouldn't mind if she did...

Jim

SOUND: SLOW PACED FOOTSTEPS... UP TO STOP ON MIKE

CHRIS: (WARM) It's getting late. Turn on the lights.

NOVAK: If it's that late, leave 'em off.

CHRIS: (WARM) Oh? I'll bet you frighten ninty-percent of your women.

NOVAK: Ten percent's enough for anybody. What's on your mind?

CHRIS: My name is Chris Doyle. I want you to do me a favor, Mr. Novak. It'll mean some money.

NOVAK: For money it won't be a favor.

CHRIS: I want you to meet a train for me.

NOVAK: You need a redcap.

CHRIS: I need you, Mr. Novak.

NOVAK: I'll be sentimental at the right price. What train is it?

CHRIS: It's coming in from Los Angeles, here. There's a girl traveling in Drawing room "B" of car H-404. I want you to meet her.

NOVAK: Suppose we get along? What's her name?

CHRIS: Lola Madden. When you get aboard tell her I sent you.

NOVAK: Yeah.

CHRIS: I don't want you to wait for the train to get here. You'd better get aboard at Palo Alto.

NOVAK: Why?

CHRIS: (SLIGHTLY MAD) Do you care, Mr. Novak? Maybe she's lonely.

NOVAK: If she's lonely enough, I'll get aboard Santa Barbara.

CHRIS: (CONTINUING) Tell her I sent you and when you get here, bring her to me.

NOVAK: Yeah...

CHRIS: You can get me at the Stafford Arms. I'll expect you there at nine. (SLIGHT BEAT) And I'll expect her to be alright.

NOVAK: Will a head cold upset your plans?

CHRIS: Keep her in sight all the time, Mr. Novak. She may be in danger. (SLIGHT BEAT) Of the two alternatives, I prefer you.

NOVAK: Thanks. I'll fill your cup someday.

CHRIS: (WARM) There's no reason to scowl.

NOVAK: You're not buying the look on my face. I don't like your story.

CHRIS: Do I seem hurt?

NOVAK: No.

CHRIS: After all, you're being paid; so don't worry.

NOVAK: (SLIGHT GRUNT) That's what they said to Judas. See you at nine.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: When she walked over to the door, I felt like a humming bird trying to sneak out of an eagle's nest. There was something phoney about the whole story and I had an idea things were gonna be rough. At the door she turned and stared back at me. She was frowning a little and you couldn't tell anything from her eyes except the price of mascara. She waited a minute and then walked out ^{and} the way up the pier, I could see the wind pushing against her dress. She made a nice outline especially if you like your outlines filled-in well. Her legs were long and young-looking and they moved with an easy, fluid motion...like warm honey pouring out of a jar. I looked at the time-table the train was due in Palo Alto at seven twenty-seven; so I closed shop and took a commuter train down there. I bought a ticket and waited for the L.A. train. It got in a few minutes late and I got aboard near the front and started for Car H-404. It took me about five minutes because the coaches were full of fat women trying to comb their hair and get the orange peeling off their kids' faces and down at one end I got held up by an old man with a suitcase in the middle of the aisle. He was trying to close it on top of a bathrobe. It looked like a horse blanket with tassels and when he finished I walked into car H-404. Drawing Room "B" was down at the other end. Lola Madden wasn't the friendly type, because when I came up the door was closed. I knocked and waited for her to answer.

SOUND: WHISTLE...CLICK OF TRAIN RAILS...ON CUE...ON CUE: KNOCK
ON DOOR...DOOR OPENS

FRANK: (TOUGH) Yeah?

NOVAK: Is your name Lola?

FRANK: No. Is yours?

NOVAK: I wantta talk to Lola Madden...

FRANK: Tell me. I'm just as good.

NOVAK: Not what I can see of her from here.

FRANK: I don't wantta spoil you, mister. Watch out.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING..

FRANK: Tell me all about it out here.

NOVAK: I wantta see her.

FRANK: Sorry, mister.

NOVAK: Who are you, her husband?

FRANK: Will that send you home?

NOVAK: No. I got paid to pick her up.

FRANK: I hope you didn't spend the dough, because you're not gonna see her.

NOVAK: Tell her I'm from Chris Doyle.

FRANK: If I can fit it in, alright; but that's par, mister. Now, go bother a club car.

NOVAK: You've got a big voice...

FRANK: (TOUGH) And I've got a big gun right in your stomach. Now get out of here before I give you an ulcer.

NOVAK: (GRUNTS)

FRANK: You're not gonna see Lola Madden. When we get there, she's leaving with me. In the meantime, she'd rather talk to me.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

NOVAK: You don't look that handsome.

FRANK: How do you know? Maybe I got money.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM.... TRAIN UP.... SIGNAL CROSSING ON CUE

NOVAK: If I got any tougher, somebody'd have to send me a slack suit. I stood there in front of the door for a minute, trying to forget the guy's face; but it wasn't easy. It was square and pulled tight across the cheek bones as if they were trying to save money on skin. His suit fit him like the paper wrapping on a bunch of flowers and he needed a shave, but the bristles were grey and kinda far apart; so that instead of a razor you wanted to hand him a pair of tweezers. I didn't see much of Lola Madden while the door was open, but she looked scared enough to please a ghost. She was sitting in there, reading a magazine and she kept looking at the door and then down at the magazine, as if she was trying to find the right paragraph to hide behind. When he shut the door in my face, I stood there for a moment, trying to look like a guy that checks train doors; then I walked into the car and sat down. It was about half-way down on the right side and I could see the door of "Drawing Room B" from where I sat. The rest of the people were packing bags and getting ready to leave the train at San Francisco. The woman across from me was squirming around, trying to get a hat on and pull a veil over her face; but it stuck at her nose and she looked at me kinda puzzled as if I could loan her a crowbar. Just then, the conductor came through from the end of the car and stopped at Drawing Room "B". The door opened when he knocked, and a minute later, he walked in and closed the door after him. I waited for him to come out and when he did, the train was just picking up speed again after San Mateo. The rest of the trip I sat there and watched the door; nobody came in or out and when the train pulled into the station I stood down at the end and waited. The car was empty but nobody had come out of Drawing Room "B" yet. I began to get worried and when the conductor started out, I stepped in front of him.

SOUND: SLIGHT SCUFFLE AS THEY BUMP INTO EACH OTHER

COND: (SLIGHT GRUNT) Oh....I'm sorry...

NOVAK: Yeah... Do me a favor, huh?

COND: Yeah?

NOVAK: Open drawing room "B". I've got friends in there.

COND: Everyone's left the train.

NOVAK: If these people did, they used the drain. Try it anyway, huh?

COND: (GRUNTS ASSENT) Come on.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OUT ON CUE

COND: It's probably open.

NOVAK: It wasn't before.

COND: Yeah. I remember now. A man and woman. Are they friends of yours?

NOVAK: We're not thick, but we speak.

COND: Here we are...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS TO STOP...TRY DOOR HANDLE

NOVAK: Have you got a key?

COND: Yeah...

SOUND: KEY IN LOCK...FUMBLING, DOOR OPENS

NOVAK: (QUIETLY) Well, that's one way to sleep on a train.

COND: You don't look surprised, fella.

NOVAK: She does. That'll do for the room. Help me roll her over.

COND: You're wasting your time unless you want another view. I thought you said a man was in here.

NOVAK: He was.

COND: He must be small. I don't see him.

PAT NOVAK FOR HIRE
5-28-49

-9-

NOVAK: He left through a closed window or a locked door.
COND: Yeah?
NOVAK: You were in after I was.
COND: He was here then. When did he leave?
NOVAK: He didn't.
COND: You make it sound tricky.
NOVAK: (MAD) He didn't leave by the door. I sat down there and
watched it from Palo Alto on!
COND: We'll have to check. You better hang around while I
call the police. You may be in trouble.
NOVAK: (MUMBLES) Yeah...
COND: Stop worrying. Everybody has trouble now and then.
Take that girl on the floor.
MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: I liked that conductor. He was as welcome as a box of candy in a diabetic ward. After he left, I turned to the girl and began to wonder. Her head was up against the seat and she was pretty, the same way a rainbow's pretty. Nice to look at, but when you get up close there's not much there. She looked over-bred, delicate and easy to break...and you got the idea she didn't have much purpose in life except to lug around somebody's blood line. Her face was small and put together right if you didn't notice her mouth. It looked big on purpose, but maybe your mouth gets that way if you've got a silver spoon in it too long. Somebody had put a knife in her side and she had a surprised look on her face, as if they'd used the wrong knife. Whoever it was, got the right rib though and I pulled her out from the doorway and looked around the room. Her purse was on the seat, but it was torn open and most of the stuff was scattered on the floor. I started to leave when I noticed the package under the seat. It was about the size of a pound of butter and it was wrapped for mailing. The address said: Mr. John Brooksmit, General Delivery, San Francisco, California. I didn't have time to hang around anymore, so I put it in my pocket and started for the street. On the way through the station, I knew I wouldn't make the street without a secret tunnel; because two cops were standing near the door watching me. I turned and walked over to the check stand. I handed the guy that package and a whistle I had in my pocket from last New Year's Eve. He looked surprised when I asked for two tickets, but he gave 'em to me and I started for the door. They picked me up right away and took me into the stationmaster's office. About twenty minutes later, the door opened... Inspector Hellman from homicide walked in...

SOUND: DOOR OPENING... FOOTSTEPS MADE IN HULL ON MIKE... TO STOP

HELLMAN: Hello, Novak. You can start out by giving me that ticket to the check stand.

NOVAK: Yeah...You've got smart cops, Hellman. What are they, temporary duty?

HELLMAN: Who's the girl?

NOVAK: Her name's Lola Madden.

HELLMAN: It's a pretty name. Who killed her?

NOVAK: I don't know.

HELLMAN: Who killed her, Novak?

NOVAK: (MAD) If you don't like my answers, talk to her! I don't know the guy, Hellman. He was sitting in there with her when I knocked.

HELLMAN: Where is he now?

NOVAK: He disappeared.

HELLMAN: What'd he use, smoke?

NOVAK: I don't know how he got out, but he did. Check the conductor. He'll back me up.

HELLMAN: I need the money. Willya bet?

NOVAK: He's scared, but he'll break down if you put a thumb in his eye. Check with him.

HELLMAN: Alright.

SOUND: TWO OR THREE RECEDING FOOTSTEPS....DOOR OPENS

HELLMAN: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Send in the conductor. (FADING IN) When he backs you up, Novak, you've still got a long way to go.

NOVAK: Yeah.....

HELLMAN: And I'll be with you every step of the way. I've got the wind to do it.

NOVAK: It looks like fat from here.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSSES...FOOTSTEPS IN HILL AND STOP

MAN: You wantta talk to me, inspector?

HELLMAN: If you're the conductor. This guy says you'll back him up. (SLIGHT BEAT) Was there somebody else in that drawing room besides the girl?

MAN: I don't know.

HELLMAN: Say something, Novak.

NOVAK: Yeah, I'll say something. This guy isn't the right conductor. Get the other one.

MAN: There is no other conductor.

NOVAK: Huh?

MAN: I'm the only conductor on that train. I rode it all the way up.

NOVAK: You didn't look around, you're too busy punching tickets. Get the other one Hellman. The guy that tipped off the police. He was number thirty-six.

MAN: There's no conductor by that number on this line. I don't want to run your business, inspector...

HELLMAN: Yeah...

MAN: But either that conductor's a phoney, or this guy is. And you don't have the conductor.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: Hellman was as happy as a mortician in the middle of an epidemic. He patted the conductor on the head, and the guy walked out of the room, rubbing it, as if it were holy ground. Hellman sat down on the bench and opened his coat. His stomach hung out in folds, like a pile of grey clouds and you knew if the sun ever hit all that fat, there'd be enough loose oil to put a slick on Lake Erie. He leaned his head back and opened his mouth. It reminded you of an underfed sea-lion at lunchtime. I knew from here on, it was gonna be high-priced trouble. Hellman had nothing to work on and he'd stick to me, like scotch tape in a bowl of cotton. He got the idea right away....

HELLMAN: Who was Lola Madden?

NOVAK: We never met, Hellman. I was gonna take her up to the Stafford Arms.

HELLMAN: You're fulla confidence.

NOVAK: I was hired to meet the train at Palo Alto. She was alive then.

HELLMAN: With those quiet girls, how can you tell?

NOVAK: She checked out between there and here. The train slowed down near San Mateo. The guy could have gone out the window then.

HELLMAN: Yeah...

NOVAK: You better check the road-bed down there.

HELLMAN: Talk your way out.

NOVAK: If he didn't jump out of there, he was thrown! And if you can think of two things in the same month, check on a girl named Chris Doyle at the Stafford Arms.

HELLMAN: I'll do that right after you go to jail, Novak.

NOVAK: You can buy a brain before that happens, Hellman. You can't arrest me.

HELLMAN: Yeah?

NOVAK: Before you take me in, make sure she died here.

HELLMAN: Huh?

NOVAK: If she didn't, you can't pinch me. It's false arrest.

HELLMAN: I can hold you for San Mateo.

NOVAK: If you've got a warrent you can.

HELLMAN: Look, you waterfront bum, don't read the book to me. I can throw you in the can if I want. I'm gonna let you wander around though. I'll dig up enough stuff to hold you.

NOVAK: Hellman, you couldn't hold a small child with a suction pump.

HELLMAN: You'll be around soon. Just close your eyes, you won't know it's jail.

NOVAK: I'll have to breath, Hellman. So, if you're there, I'll know it's jail.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND INTO)

NOVAK: When Hellman left, I checked in my pocket to see if I'd given him the right ticket for that check stand. I had, but seeing Hellman with a toy whistle wasn't gonna solve much. I was sure that phoney conductor had a hand in things, but there was no way to follow him. He'd left that train and walked into the middle of San Francisco. I didn't know where to start; it was like trying to give a wild bear an alcohol rub. I was afraid to pick up that package, because I knew Hellman'd put a tail on me. It was nine-thirty when I looked at my watch, so I started for Chris Doyle's place. The doorman at the Stafford Arms didn't want to let me up to the third floor. He kept shaking his head and puckering up his face, until you got the idea his mother was scared by a lemon grove. When I got up to the apartment, Chris answered right away, and I could see she was worried. She was shaking a little and her lips were white.

CHRIS: (SOMEWHAT TENSE) ~~Convin~~ Mr. Novak.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

NOVAK: You're biting a lot of lip.

CHRIS: Do you mind Mr. Novak? Where's Lola Madden? You were suppose to bring her here.

NOVAK: She got too heavy.

CHRIS: Huh?

NOVAK: If you wantta talk to her, you better wire a dead relative.

CHRIS: (UPSET) How did it happen?

NOVAK: Somebody scratched her side. About five inches deep.
Who's John Broeksmit?

CHRIS: Why, what difference does it make?

NOVAK: She left a package for him.

CHRIS: Why did you let it happen?

NOVAK: (MAD) Why'd she let it happen? Look, lady, I don't have time to fill in a form. Homocide wants me and they want me bad. Now you bail me out or I'll jar you up.

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

COND: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Bluff him, Chris. I think you can get a better offer.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

NOVAK: Well...You look better without that conductor's suit.

COND: (FADING IN) You look the same, mister.

CHRIS: What's he talking about, Joe?

NOVAK: Ask your friend here what happened to Lola? He was on the train.

CHRIS: I thought we had a deal, Joe.

COND: We did. I cheated.

CHRIS: Are you proud?

COND: No. I'm disappointed. She didn't have the letters.

CHRIS: She musta had them.

COND: Maybe she did. I got a bunch of phonies.

CHRIS: I know she brought them with her. Unless John got to her first...(STOPS) Wait a minute.

COND: Yeah?

CHRIS: I hope you're strong. Because you'll have to take 'em away from Mr. Novak.

COND: Oh. You're a good vulture, Novak. I missed 'em.

CHRIS: Coming from Joe, that makes you the new champ, Mr. Novak.

NOVAK: I like you both.

CHRIS: He's got a package addressed to John. You'd better take it away from him.

NOVAK: I'll make a deal with you, Chris. I'll give you the letters, you give me Joe.

COND: You'd get the short end, Novak. Don't ever trade for a guy with a gun this big. Now, move over and sit down...

NOVAK: (GRUNT'S ASSENT)

COND: Where are the letters, Novak? Where's he live, Chris?

CHRIS: He never asked me up.

COND: How about it, Novak? Where do you live? Gimme the apartment or sewer number...

NOVAK: No.....You wouldn't like my place, mister....

COND: You're boring me, Novak. If you're in a bad mood, sleep it off.

SOUND: SEVERE SAPPING AND BODY FALL

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: When he hit me, I rolled over on the floor and did a couple of quick quivers. About an hour later, I started to move; my head was thumping and I tried to climb onto the couch, but it wasn't easy. You might as well try to quiet a field of crickets. It musta been about eleven when I made the door. I went through my pockets for that claim check and found it down in the corner with the theater stubs and lint. I didn't get to use it, because when I walked into the street, Hellman's tail got busy and followed me down the hill. He was an old guy and he shuffled along with his head down, in short dragging steps. ...and you knew if somebody put a couple of pencils in his hand he'd make a dime before he got to the corner. There was blood on my shirt collar, so I went by my place to clean up. I knew Joe and the girl had been there, because the room was a mess and Hellman didn't help. He was sitting in a big chair, reading a photography magazine and when I walked in, he wasn't looking at cameras...

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

HELLMAN: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Hello, Novak. Who's your housekeeper?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

NOVAK: She quit when the pigs moved in. Make yourself at home, Hellman.

HELLMAN: We checked on Lola Madden. She left L.A. this morning with a private detective named Franklin Smith.

NOVAK: He was the guy in that drawing room.

HELLMAN: The coroner was good to me.

NOVAK: Yeah?

HELLMAN: He said she died between seven-thirty and eight-thirty. That gives me lots of room, so it's my case now.

NOVAK: Did you check with San Mateo?

HELLMAN: Yeah...there's no trace of anybody along the right-of-way.

NOVAK: Then he jumped out of that window, Hellman.

HELLMAN: Maybe he did. I just came over to tell you where you're gonna get your mail from now on.

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

HELLMAN: (COMMANDING) I'll get it.

SOUND: TWO QUICK STEPS...DOOR OPENING...BUMP OF BODY AGAINST DOOR

HELLMAN: (GRUNTS WITH BODY BUMP) Here...gimme a hand, Novak...Grab him...

NOVAK: If you don't love him, drop him, Hellman.

SOUND: BODY FALL

HELLMAN: (PANTING) Somebody propped him against that door!

NOVAK: Hold it. It's too late to check.

HELLMAN: (BREATHLESS) Who is it?

NOVAK: It's Franklin Smith.

HELLMAN: I thought you said he jumped off at San Mateo.

NOVAK: He did.

HELLMAN: He sure jumped crooked.

NOVAK: Alright, Hellman, he jumped eight feet down and thirty miles north, but that's the guy.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE INTO)

NOVAK: Hellman rolled him over and we started going through his stuff. There wasn't much there...some keys and a wallet... but I put my hand in his side pocket and came out with a key. It was for Room 327 of the ^{Carlisle} ~~Seattle~~ Hotel....down on Powell Street. That didn't make sense. If the guy left L.A. this morning and never got here, why did he have a room in San Francisco? He was either killed here, or the key was a plant. Hellman moved him over to the couch and called up headquarters. Franklin Smith was stretched out, trying to look like a high-class stiff; but he wasn't highclass, except the dirt under his fingernails was topsoil maybe. Hellman was blustering on the phone when I walked out and started down the back stairs. The tail saw me from the corner, so I went down the block and took a cab into town. I had a lot to do, so I looked up the only honest guy I know. An ex-doctor and a boozier by the name of Jocko Madigan...He's a good guy and he was a smart one, except he never found out you can preserve anything in alcohol except brains. I finally found him down on Mason Street...If the bar was any smaller, they'd have to hang the license out in front....

SOUND: TINKLE OF GLASSES ON CUE

CAST: AD LIB BAR TALK AND LAUGHTER

JOCKO: (FRIED TO THE EYES) Ah, Patsy...A drink for Mr. Novak.
(CONFIDENTIALLY) Watch out, Patsy, they'll give you a mickey. I don't trust this bar.

NOVAK: Yeah.

JOCKO: I just saw them pour soda in somebody's whiskey.

NOVAK: Jocko, stop drinking.

JOCKO: I can't tonight, Patsy. I'm too despondent...Look at the paper there... A California professor says that in two-hundred million years...the whole world'll be covered with ice!

NOVAK: (MAD) Alright, that's two-hundred million years away.

JOCKO: I know, but (BRAVELY)...Patsy, how do we know he didn't miscalculate? Suppose it happens tomorrow morning? I don't wantta waste tonight.

NOVAK: Alright, Jocko...

JOCKO: (RUSHING ON) Oh, it can happen...Patsy, you give those mathematicians a little trouble at home and they're liable to come up with anything...It's depressing anyway... I may live to see myself an ice-cube.

NOVAK: Willya listen?

JOCKO: (RAMBLING ON) All of us may be ice-cubes...and think of the risk you run in the next world...One bad break and you're right in somebody's bourbon...You won't even get a chance to pick your drink.

NOVAK: (MAD) Jocko, you're not gonna live that long.

JOCKO: How do you know that? It's a mistake everybody makes... trying to tell people when they're gonna die...After all, it's a highly personal affair.

NOVAK: Alright, alright...

JOCKO: How do you know I won't live to be a thousand years old? It's my opinion I will...and I refuse to accept the flimsy evidence of a few million people who haven't.

NOVAK: Are you all through, Jocko?

JOCKO: Yes, if you're going to be rude. What's the matter?

NOVAK: I just left a dead guy in my apartment.

JOCKO: I don't blame you; they're dull.

NOVAK: Look, Jocko...sober up and listen to me. I've got a murder rap on my hands.

JOCKO: Yes?

NOVAK: It's too long a story. You gotta help me. Take this claim check down to the railroad station and pick up the package they give you.

JOCKO: It doesn't sound dignified.

NOVAK: Hurry up, willya, Jocko. Gimme a boost. Get that package and take it up to my place.

JOCKO: Where are you going?

NOVAK: I'm going up to see who lives in room 327 of the ^{Carlyle} Castle Hotel.

JOCKO: If it's an elderly woman, you might mention me.

NOVAK: (MAD) ~~If you find your own woman,~~ ^{you go find your own woman.}

JOCKO: I'll just forget it then. Because when you're my age, Patsy, you can't afford to spend that much effort on the chase. Goodnight, lover.

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: ^{Carlyle} When I left Jocko, I turned the corner and started for the Castle Hotel. The room clerk wouldn't let me see the register and I tried the elevator boy; but he had lockjaw for anything under twenty-bucks, so when I got to the door, I didn't know who lived in Room 327. I knocked and an old man peeked through the door. His hair was white and he looked as tired as an old dollar bill...

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

BROEK: (AUSTRALIAN ACCENT) Yes...you want me?

NOVAK: My name's Novak. I'm comin' in...

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

BROEK: Are you the police?

NOVAK: Do you expect 'em?

BROEK: (SIGHS) Always I expect them.

NOVAK: Stop me if I've got the wrong John. (SLIGHT BEAT) Your name's John Broeksmit.

BROEK: That's right. Are you the police?

NOVAK: For you, I'm worse, mister. They're holding me for the murder of Lola Madden.

BROEK: Poor foolish child.

NOVAK: You're a little slow tonight, dad. They're holding me, but I'm gonna drag you in.

BROEK: Why? (PATHETICALLY) Oh, you could take me, but why?

NOVAK: So they can bounce you around and get an answer on Chris Doyle and Joe.

BROEK: I couldn't give answers on friends.

NOVAK: You won't have to. They don't like you. They're tryin' to doublecross you and get those letters.

BROEK: They wouldn't do that. They're my friends. They're my friends for a long time...

NOVAK: They're running out of time then, mister. They're lookin' for those letters and they're gonna count you out.

BROEK: (PATHETICALLY) I'm a failure, Mr. Novak...I'm a failure in something so cheap as deceit...

NOVAK: What's in the letters?

BROEK: (BEWILDERED SOMEWHAT) They are mine. I wrote them to that girl...that seems funny to someone like you...but, I wrote them...And now they are for blackmail...

NOVAK: You don't look rich enough for blackmail.

BROEK: Oh, I am not rich enough for anything; But my family, for them it would be bad...my people are very rich...I am a ...a black sheep and they are ashamed' of me...And I bow in their shame.

NOVAK: They're gonna color up more if they see those letters. I've got 'em and you better pull the stopper out on Chris Doyle.

BROEK: Please, Mr. Novak...you wouldn't do that to me.

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGS

NOVAK: You'll shake the wiring loose. I'll take it.

SOUND: RECEIVER OFF HOOK

NOVAK: Yeah...

JOCKO: (FILTER) Hello, Patsy...This is Jocko.

NOVAK: Didya get the package?

JOCKO: (FILTER) Yes and no.

NOVAK: Whatta you mean?

JOCKO: (FILTER) Yes awhile ago, and no at the moment. I brought it up here, but somebody knocked me out and took it.

NOVAK: Was it a big guy....Couple of hundred pounds, fulla black hair.

JOCKO: (FILTER) I don't think so.

NOVAK: It musta been, Jocko.

JOCKO: Well, if it was he had nice perfume for a fellow that big.

MUSIC: (UP AND FADE FOR)

NOVAK: The minute I hung up the phone, I was ready to get a plumber's license. I knew what the pitch was now, but it was too late to do much good. ~~It's like running your hand out of the threshing machine after you've cut the south forty.~~ I called Hellman and filled in everything I could. I told him to get up to the Stafford Arms and then I shoved the old man in a cab and we rode up the hill. Hellman was standing in front of the apartment when we got there. The old man was still trembling when we walked in the door.

included

SOUND: DOOR OPENING

CHRIS: Well....Mr. Novak....You keep coming back. Don't you like your head?

SOUND: DOOR CLOSING

NOVAK: Where's your boy Joe?

COND: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Over here, Novak.

NOVAK: This is Hellman. He works for homicide.

COND: (FADING IN) It must be good work. He looks well-fed.

NOVAK: Say hello to Broeksmit.

BROEK: Please, Mr. Novak...

COND: Look, Novak, I don't know what you want up here; but if it's more than a drink of water you're out of luck.

NOVAK: I don't want anything; but I think Hellman wants you.

COND: For what?

HELLMAN: For Lola Madden. We'll throw in Franklin Smith. He's on the house.

COND: I'll bet you're bad on proof, Hellman.

NOVAK: Your boy Broeksmit's not. You took his letters.

COND: Of course we took his letters! But he can't talk big enough to say anything.

CHRIS: But I can, darling.

COND: Chris, you're crazy.

CHRIS: He killed them both, Hellman. I can give you chapter and verse.

COND: What's wrong with you, Chris?

CHRIS: Nothing's wrong. I cheated on you, darling. I'd have had those letters sooner or later. This way I stay in the clear.

COND: (CHARGING HER) You'll need all of it you can get!

SOUND: STRUGGLE

CHRIS: (THROUGH STRUGGLE) Pull him off, Novak.

NOVAK: I'm too tired.

CHRIS: (THROUGH STRUGGLE) Please...get him off....

HELLMAN: Here...Here, get back there, mister.

SOUND: STRUGGLE SUBSIDES

CHRIS: (BREATHLESS) You better take him, Hellman. I'll look you up sometime, Joe.

COND: (BREATHLESS) I'd love to see you, Chris. I'd love to see you dead.

BROEK: What about Chris....You're not taking her?

CHRIS: Joe's got the load this time. All I did was steal some letters.

BROEK: (BEWILDERED) But you're not taking her....and she's very bad...

NOVAK: There's nothing to take her for.

BROEK: (BEWILDERED) But good or evil...you shoost don't say noddng...She's very bad girl....You got to make her pay... We all pay...You got to make her pay...

NOVAK: She gets a free trip this time.

BROEK: (RESOLUTE) No...You don't make her pay...Somebody got to make her pay!

CHRIS: Novak, make him put down that gun!

BROEK: Please...you stay away...I'm shoost make her pay...Chris, you cheat on everyone...

CHRIS: Please...please stay away from me!

BROEK: You cheat on me...und then Cheat on Joe...You can't cheat everyone.

CHRIS: No....John....stay back!

BROEK: I got to kill you, Chris....so nobody gets cheated...

CHRIS: Please....please.....No you can't.

HELLMAN: Watch it! Watch it, you're backin' out of that window!

SOUND: CRASH OF GLASS

CHRIS: (TERRIFYING SCREAM...ON MIKE AND DIMINISH)

NOVAK: (ON CUE) You better sit down, fella.

BROEK: (WEAKLY) Ya....I make her pay....Something Chris pay for this time.

NOVAK: That's a tough way to make her pay. You better gimme the gun.

BROEK: (WEAKLY) Ya....You better not shoot anything, Mr. Novak...

NOVAK: Huh? (REALIZING) Oh....it's empty?

BROEK: (WEAKLY) Ya....I don't have gun with bullet...That is not so bad for black sheep, huh?

MUSIC: (UP DRAMATICALLY AND FADE)

SOUND: FOGHORNS AND FADE FOR)