

ANNCR: The National Broadcasting Company presents - "The
Adventures of Sam Spade, Detective"!

MUSIC: THEME INTO TRILL INTO PHONE BELL.

SOUND: PHONE RINGS...RECEIVER UP.

EFFIE: Sam Spade Detective agency.

SPADE: Buono, buono.

EFFIE: I beg your pardon?

SPADE: Suonate il campanello!

EFFIE: Sam, what are you....

SPADE: Nothing at all, sweetheart. I just happen to have the
Tourist's Lists of Handy Italian Phrases before me....

EFFIE: North Beach never did that to you before, Sam.

SPADE: There you have captured my feeling in a capsule, dear one.
North Beach never did anybody like it just did me.

EFFIE: But I thought you said old Bartolomeo just wanted you to
drop by for a friendly talk...

SPADE: ...And some garlic bread and red wine. But does that
explain the knife gash in my coat?

EFFIE: Your new tweed?

SPADE: My old tweed now, cherub. You see, it was never meant to
be swum in.

EFFIE: The Bay? Not again!

SPADE: What else? By now your keen feminine instincts should
tell you this is not a social call, wonder girl. As a
matter of fact, I plan to drop by prestopresto with words
anent a little something I call "View of Fisherman's
Wharf from the Water"...or..."THE CRAB LOUIE CAPER".

MUSIC: THEME AND TO B.G.

ANNCR: For NBC, William Spier, radio's outstanding producer-
director of mystery and crime drama, brings you the
greatest private detective of 'em all...in.....
"The Adventures of Sam Spade"!

MUSIC: UP TO CHORD PUNCTUATION.

MUSIC: OVERTURE.

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED, SPADE HUMS GAY ITALIAN DITTY, BOTTLE ROUTINE

EFFIE: Buon Giorno, Sam.

SPADE: Well....boning up, huh? (DRINKS)

EFFIE: Lemme see. Oh. Desidero un carburatore per la carrozzella.

SPADE: Great. What's it mean?

EFFIE: I found my Secretary's List of Most-Used Italian Phrases, Sam. It means "I want a carburetor for my voiturette".

SPADE: I'll remember that. Uh....shall we proceed with the business at hand?

EFFIE: Ready, Sam.

SPADE: Date: fill it in, To: Bartolomeo Maggiore, copy to Lieutenant Rossi, North Beach Division, From: Samuel Spade, License Number 137596, Subject: "The Crab Louie Caper". Dear Bartolomeo:

MUSIC: SNEAK.

SPADE: Fisherman's Wharf, as you know, is as changeable as an Italian wench: all smiles and laughter of a Saturday night with the lights blazing in the cioppino (chippino) palazzos and the tourists three deep around the steaming cauldrons outside....but it's something else again of an early dawn: dark and lonely and quiet, except for the mutter of engines as the crab boats nose out into the fog that hangs over the Gate. (PAUSE) Last night was somewhere in between. The lights were blinking out as I left my (FOG HORNS) cab and walked over to your place of business: a gaudily painted building at the foot of the Wharf with a red, yellow and blue sign, reading "MUSEO MAGGIORE - CURIOS, SOUVENIRS, WAXWORKS. ADMISSION TEN CENTS". (KNOCKS ON DOOR) (HUMS "MARIE FROM SUNNY ITALY" , OR EQUIVALENT) (DOOR OPENS)

ROSALIA: (SOBBING) Who is it?

SPADE: I'm Sam Spade. Bartolomeo called me. He...

ROSALIA: He isn't here. Faschi's Grotto...end of the Wharf,
(WEEPS LOUDLY)

SPADE: Thanks. (PAUSE) Look, is there anything I can...
(DOOR SLAMMED) Sorry.

MUSIC: (IN AND UNDER...)

SPADE: Except for Faschi's at the very end, the Wharf was dark now. It seemed early, as if something had interfered with business as usual and the late customers had been brushed off a couple hours ahead of time. I peeked through a hole in one of Faschi's window shades and saw why: it looked like the entire population of North Beach was inside. (STEPS TO DOOR, DOOR OPENED)

SOUND &
CAST: (LOW HUBBUB OF MEETING)

FASCHI: (OFF) If everyone is ready....

ALDO: Una momento. Who's this?

SPADE: Me?

ALDO: Yes. What do you want?

SPADE: I'm Sam Spade. Bartolomeo Maggiore sent for me.

FASCHI: Bartolomeo!

BART: Eh?

FASCHI: Conoscete il Signor Spade?

BART: Ah....si, si. Obligatissimo, Fachi. (TO SPADE) Out here, Mr. Spade. (DOOR CLOSED) I know you are wondering why you are here.

SPADE: As a matter of fact I am, Bartolomeo. I thought....

BART: I know, I know. It....(QUIETER)....it is about my son Louie. My son. My only son.

SPADE: Oh. He's inside?

BART: (SLOWLY) No.. .no, not inside. Out in the darkness somewhere...cold, and alone...(A FOG HORN WAILS)

SPADE: (PAUSE) You mean he....

BART: Si. Six days now they have searched for his body.

SPADE: Oh. When did it happen?

BART: One week today.

SPADE: Crab boat?

BART: His boat. The San Felipe.

SPADE: Was he alone when it happened?

BART: (PAUSE, SMILES) You...you detectives. Instinctively you strike the point. My Louie, always, always he fished alone, until this time.

SPADE: Who went out with him?

BART: Dominic Torrio. His friend Dominic. This gathering is assembled in Dominic's...honor, you see.

SPADE: You mean, a hearing or something?

BART: Something more than that. Listen to them a moment.

SOUND: STEPS...DOOR OPENED.

ALDO: Aaaaa! I am sick! In my belly I ama sick! Thisa opara buffo! Faschi you should sella da ticket.

FASCHI: Keep your temper, Aldo! State facts.

ALDO: Facts! Haaaaa -- All right. Sixa year, Louie fisha da crab alone. Eacha day he lay uppa ciosa da breaker line and stringa da pot. Eacha day he bringa da San Felipe home okey-dokey, hey, everybody?

CAST: MURMURS OF ASSENT.

ALDO: Untila one fina day Dominic goesa with Louie to help.
(SNORTS) Help!

FASCHI: Aldo, we must deal in facts...we....

ALDO: Dominic! Serpente!

MAMA: Murderer!

SOUND: FASCHI POUNDING GAVEL.

ALDO: It'sa da truth, Faschi. He killa Louie! He killa Louie and you know why? He wanta Rosalia, that's why. He....

SOUND: DOOR CLOSED. CROWD OUT.

BART: (SIGHING) You see how it is.

SPADE: Who's Rosalia?

BART: You must have seen her at the Museo.

SPADE: Crying?

BART: With reason. Next week she and my Louie were to be married.

SPADE: (WINCES) Mmm....though. Do you think this Dominic was in love with her, maybe, and...

BART: (SHARPLY) I think nothing, signor! (PAUSE) Two men, friends, alone in a boat in a heavy fog. One of them dies, the other says it was an accident. It is not for us to think or make guesses.

SPADE: What am I supposed to do?

BART: (PAUSE, QUIETLY) In the records of the police, signor, my Louie died in an accident. In the hearts of his friends, he was murdered. For my sake, for Dominic's, for the sake of all of us, we must know the truth. For this I prefer to employ one who is professional.... and impartial. (PAUSE) Come.

SOUND: STEPS, DOOR OPENED, CLOSED.

CAST: (ANGRY MUMBLINGS: "You lie, Dominic!" "Killer". "Pig!" "Make an end to it, Faschi!")

DOMINIC: (OVER CRIES) Believe me! Before Heaven I am innocent!

FASCHI: (POUNDS ON TABLE) Silenzio! (MUTTERINGS SUBSIDE)
Once again, Dominic. How far was the boat from Seal Rocks?

DOMINIC: One hundred yards, I think.

MAMA: (YELLS) How could you tell in the fog?

DOMINIC: (FRANTICALLY) I heard the breakers!

FASCHI: Let Dominic tell the story! Go on, now. You had dropped the last crab pot over the side. Then?

DOMINIC: Something went wrong with the motor. Louie told me to look at it. I went below, then it happened. Louie was leaning over the gunwale to untangle a float when the sea took us by the stern. I saw him go over and plunge into the white water. I brought the boat about, then. For two hours I yelled, I circled around, I blew the whistle, everything...then the coast guard came. Faschi, I swear it! That's all I know! I never saw Louie after that!

ALDO: Cio è impossibile!

CAST: (ANGRY MUTTERINGS)

FASCHI: (POUNDS ON TABLE) Silenzio! (MUTTERING SUBSIDE)

My brothers...it was your will that I sit here in judgment on Dominic Torrio. Before I go on, are there any more questions you have to ask him?

(PAUSE) Are there any among you who have evidence to offer against him? (PAUSE) Sobeit. You know as well as I there is only one verdict here. The charge is dismissed, the court is adjourned.

(POUNDS)

MUSIC: (TOUCH AND UNDER, LIGHTLY)

SPADE: Everyone was still for a second, like a big tableau; Faschi, white-haired and dignified on the platform, looking down at Dominic...and the rest of them, all on their feet now, boring holes through him with their eyes. He was the first to move..turning slowly, walking out through the crowd toward the door, looking tentatively from face to face, knowing now he hadn't been acquitted at all, as, one by one, they turned their backs on him. I felt terribly sorry for Dominic until he walked past me and I got a look at his face, at his eyes. In my racket I see that look more often than the next guy, and I never saw it any clearer than I did now; It was fear... and hatred...and guilt.

MUSIC: START (POINT, THEN UNDER...)

SPADE: So I left you talking to Faschi, Bartolomeo...and walked back down the wharf to the Museo. (KNOCKS, THEN OPENS DOOR, WALKS IN, CLOSES IT) Rosalia! Rosa...(SEES HER) Oh.

ROSALIA: I told you Bartolomeo is not here!

SPADE: I've seen Bartolomeo. I want to talk to you. Sit down.

ROSALIA: I don't want to...

SPADE: Siddown! (SHE DOES) That's a good girl.

MUSIC: (TOUCH AND UNDER..)

SPADE: It was quite a place, the Museo...a catch-all for everything nautical you had run across in sixty odd years of living on the sea or next to it; from a ten-foot shark pickled in formaldehyde to a life-size figure of Captain Kidd, complete with drawn sword, lace cuffs and treasure chest at his feet, next to the door. I turned back to Rosalia, sitting on a rum keg under a flickering hurricane lamp, the only light in the room.

ROSALIA: What do you want of me?

SPADE: Bartolomeo wants the truth about what happened on the San Felipe.

ROSALIA: They're deciding that at the meeting.

SPADE: They already did.

ROSALIA: (TOO QUICKLY) They did? You mean Dominic is...
(CATCHES HERSELF) How did they decide?

SPADE: Dismissed the charges. No evidence, no witnesses. It was the only thing Faschi could do. (PAUSE) Feel better?

ROSALIA: (PAUSE) It. It doesn't bring back my Louie.

SPADE: No, it doesn't. Dominic is going free, now...from both the law and his people. No vengeance for Louie.
(PAUSE) Why were you crying when I came by tonight?

ROSALIA: Haven't I the right to cry? With my Louie...

SPADE: Drop it.

ROSALIA: Eh?

SPADE: Why didn't you go to the meeting? Afraid you'd give yourself away?

ROSALIA: I....I didn't feel like it, that's all!

SPADE: You're a Sicilian, Rosalia. Vengeance is pretty important to you. If you'd loved Louie, you'd've been there screaming for Dominic's scalp!

ROSALIA: You shut your mouth!

SPADE: But no, you sat home crying, not for Louie, but for Dominic, right? (PAUSE) How long had it been going on? (PAUSE) Did you know Dominic was going to kill him when they put out in the San Felipe?

ROSALIA: Why would Dominic kill him?

SPADE: That's a stupid question. He's in love with you.

ROSALIA: (PAUSE, LOW CHUCKLE, BUILDING TO HYSTERICAL LAUGH)
In love with me. In love with me!

SPADE: Drop it. (PAUSE) Drop it, Rosalia!

ROSALIA: (THE LAUGHTER DIES) In love with me. How I wish it were so.

SPADE: Huh?

ROSALIA: He killed for me, eh? Is that what they say? (LAUGHS)
It's all very flattering. Very. (FLATLY) I love
Dominic. I always loved Dominic, since I was a little
girl. I threw myself at Dominic. I begged him to marry
me. This is not easy for a girl to do, Mr. Spade.
(BEGINS TO BREAK) I begged him, I promised to work for
him, to be his slave,.....and you know what he did?
(SOBS) He laughed! He spit upon me! (WEEPING) And
you...you stand there and tell me he murdered for love
of me! (LAUGHS, WEEPS) He wouldn't walk across the
street for me!

SPADE: Take it easy, now...come on...

ROSALIA: (QUIETER) So.....so I do the silly woman thing. I
promise myself to Louie. To Crazy Louie...to a madman!

SPADE: Crazy?

ROSALIA: You don't believe that, eh? Louie the Great, Il Campione,
the Campione of the Crab fisherman...who dares to fish
right on the breaker line, catches more crab than
anyone else. Louie the Fearless. You know why he's
fearless? He's too crazy to be afraid.

SPADE: What do you mean?

ROSALIA: He mutters, he talks to himself of great riches, of
thousands of dollars, of him and me, Louie the Crab
Fisherman and me, living in the finest house in North
Beach.

SPADE: When was this?

ROSALIA: Last week. He went up in Bartolomeo's attic one night, came down with a big hunk of his raw wax from the waxworks. "Mi tresor," he called it...a stupid lump of wax...and he held it up before me....so...and he says, with a mad gleam in his eye...."From this, Rosalia..from this I will carve for us the biggest, finest house you can dream of." Here....Look..(STEPS)

SPADE: What's Captain Kidd got to do with it?

ROSALIA: (OPENS CHEST) He puts it in the treasure chest, see? "You will keep this a secret, Rosalia," he says, "If you love me." And he laughs again, like a madman. (PAUSE, SHRIEKS) Me, love Louie Maggiore? I hated him! (RUNS OFF, SLAMS DOOR)

MUSIC: (IN AND UNDER)

SPADE: It was too good to be phony. The triangle notion had to go. (PAUSE) You could hardly blame Rosalia for thinking he was crazy: in the treasure chest was a hunk of tallow, not a very fresh hunk at that... and Louie's routine with it must have hit her like the graveyard scene from Hamlet. (PAUSE, CRISPLY) Therefore, having no theory, nor evidence, nor witnesses, I also had no motive. As always in situations like this, I did the sensible thing, I went home and went to bed. (PHONE RINGS) Or I thought I went to bed. (RECEIVER UP) Hello?

VOICE: (FILTER) Spade?

SPADE: Yeah.

VOICE: I got a tip for you. Find yourself a nice, dirty divorce case somewhere and stay out of North Beach.

SPADE: Oh? This almost sounds like a threat.

VOICE: Call it advice. There's a hundred bucks in the mail for you. You'll get it this morning.

SPADE: Plus a bribe.

VOICE: A gift.

SPADE: Can I keep it if I don't play?

VOICE: If you don't play you won't need it.

SPADE: Mmm. I suppose it's useless to ask who this is?

VOICE: (PAUSE) Louie Maggiore.

SPADE: (PAUSE) Say that again?

VOICE: Louie Maggiore. Shall I spell it?

SPADE: You might explain it.

VOICE: You talked to Rosalia. Figure it out for yourself.

SPADE: Sure, sure. So she never loved you and you knew it. So you go over the side when the comber hits, swim ashore..then discover they think you're dead, and decide to leave it that way rather than go through with the wedding.

VOICE: You got it.

SPADE: I've got more. So life without Rosalia in North Beach is impossible, you can't face the shame and loose talk that goes with a busted wedding, so you're going over the hill and find a new life for yourself.

VOICE: Wait a minute, Spade...

SPADE: Ohhh, there's more, there's more. Soo....you're tossing over a car, a bank account, a boat worth \$7,000, walking out on your old man, to say nothing of three years' apprenticeship and six years of hard work to get where you are. I understand perfectly, and you're being a little insulting. I make a lot of my dough with my big flat feet, but I make some of it with my head.
(PAUSE) Now...try again.

VOICE: You don't believe I'm Louie Maggioro?

SPADE: That is the general idea. And it might surprise you to know that five minutes ago I was ready to chuck the whole antipasto. Now I'm back in with both feet.

SOUND: (FILTER) MUSIC BOX PLAYS "AH MARIE" OR EQUIVALENT.

SPADE: What's with the music box?

VOICE: Nothing. Tell me....would you know Louie if you saw him?

SPADE: I've seen his picture.

VOICE: Fine. I guess I'll have to prove it to you. If I satisfy you I'm Louie Maggioro will you stay home?

SPADE: Scout's Honor. Where do we prove it?

VOICE: You know Castellani's Grotto?

SPADE: Halfway out the wharf. Yeah.

VOICE: There's a ramp running around behind it. I'll see you there in a half hour.

MUSIC: (IN AND UNDER)

SPADE: I know just what you're going to say, Bartolomeo, but I didn't go alone. Roscoe was right there with me, with his safety off.

MUSIC: (OUT)

SOUND: FOG HORN, SPADE'S STEPS ON WHARF

SPADE: It was the kind of fog San Francisco puts on once a year for the tourists, just to nail down its position as runnerup to London. I had to feel my way along the row of dark chowder houses to Castellani's.

(STEPS STOP) Except for the fog horn and the lapping of the water below, there wasn't a sound. The only cheerful thing in the picture was Roscoe, who was now out of my pocket at the ready. (STEPS START) I eased up to the corner of Castellani's. There was an alley between it and the next building, leading around to the ramp over the water.

VOICE: (OFF) Spade?

SPADE: (NARR) I could see the glow of his cigarette first. (SLOW STEPS) Then I made him out, in a slouch hat and overcoat. He was standing at the rail.

VOICE: (CLOSER) Spede?

SPADE: (PAUSE) Right here.

VOICE: (PAUSE) Well....you satisfied now?

SPADE: (PAUSE) I'll let you know.

MUSIC: (TOUCH LIGHTLY AND UNDER TENSE)

SPADE: (STEPS ADVANCE SLOWLY) I moved out from the side of the building and walked toward him. He must've known about Roscoe, because he didn't move..just let me come up next to him. I was stupid, sure....but it wouldn't've worked for him except for the fog. Two feet away I saw what I thought was Louie was a booby trap: the hat and overcoat were slung over a piling, with the burning cigarette on the rail next to one of the sleeves. (QUICK, SHARP SCUFFLE) I rolled to one side just in time: the knife slashed through the padding on my left shoulder and he was on me. Roscoe went into the drink and I took on the arm with the knife with two hands and 32 teeth, unhappily overlooking a spare foot he knew what to do with. (KICK IN STOMACH, RAILING SPLINTERS) I went through the railing like in the silent version of the Sea Wolf, (SPLASH) arriving thus in the limpid and soothing waters of San Francisco Bay. At the moment I was not sorry.

MUSIC: (FIRST CURTAIN)

MUSIC: (SECOND OVERTURE)

SPADE: (MUCH SPLASHING) Wetting my finger and holding it up in the wind, I quickly determined where North was, then just as quickly decided there was no percentage in swimming the Golden Gate. A bright blur on my starboard bow called to mind the old saying "Where there's a light there's life", so I headed there. Three strokes this side of exhaustion I pulled up at what proved to be a landing with a Jacob's ladder, at the top of which I found the rear entrance to Faschi's, or, more accurately, Faschi's private office. The door was open.

SOUND: (DOOR CLOSED, STEPS IN WITH SPADE)

FASCHI: Huh? Oh.

SPADE: I'm Sam Spade. I've been swimming, if you're wondering

FASCHI: Bartolomeo told me about you. He didn't say you were crazy.

SPADE: Maybe he didn't know. You wouldn't have a brandy lying around loose, would you?

FASCHI: Sure. Sit down.

SPADE: Thanks. (SITS) I think I saw Louie tonight.

FASCHI: (CLINKS, POURING) Louie? Impossible! Where?

SPADE: Behind Castellani's.

FASCHI: Here.

SPADE: Bless you, Faschi. (DRINKS) Whoo....hit me again.
(POURING) Whoa. (DRINKS) That's better. I'm
human.

FASCHI: But what about Louie?

SPADE: Called me up, said he'd meet me there. Just tried to
knife me.

FASCHI: But -- it's impossible --

SPADE: Is it?

FASCHI: Why would he play dead? And why would he try to kill
you?

SPADE: Maybe he's crazy.

FASCHI: How do you mean?

SPADE: You've heard of the dear old lady who had the trunkful
of pancakes, haven't you?

FASCHI: Huh?

SPADE: Louie saves old tallow. Captain Kidd's treasure
chest at the Museo is full of it.

FASCHI: (PAUSE) Who told you this?

SPADE: Rosalia showed it to me. May I?

FASCHI: Help yourself.

SPADE: Thanks. (POURS) Might be a good idea to call another meeting and tell the people. (DRINKS) Make it easier for Dominic.

FASCHI: Funny...of the whole meeting here, I alone doubted his guilt.

SPADE: Good thing they made you the judge, or he might be six feet under by now. Got a cigarette?

FASCHI: In the box there, next to the phone.

SPADE: Thanks. (PICKS UP BOX, FADE IN THE MUSIC BOX TINKLE AS BEFORE) Yeah, I went right along with them, too. Shows how wrong you can be when....(CUTS OFF. THEN MUSIC BOX TINKLES)

FASCHI: (PAUSE) When what?

SPADE: (CAREFULLY) When you...uh...when you go by emotions and not by evidence. This....uh....this is quite a cigarette box.

FASCHI: (SMILING) Yes...It stops when you put it down..

SPADE: (PUTS IT DOWN, MUSIC STOPS) Well.

FASCHI: (PAUSE) I..uh..suppose now you'll drop your assignment.

SPADE: Sure. (RISES) I'm a detective, not a psychiatrist.
If you've got a lunatic running around, that's your
problem. Goodnight, Faschi...thanks for the brandy.

MUSIC: (IN AND UNDER)

SPADE: If Roscoe had been along, I might've played it
differently, but when you're sitting across a coffee
table from a guy you suddenly realize has the wet
cement all ready, you do what I did; make polite
noises and concentrate on getting out on two feet.
It was 7 to 3 Dominic was stashed in a handy
closet, listening to the whole thing, which was
handy, since the next obvious move was his room in

a house on Jefferson Street. A rooming house,
according to my notebook, owned and operated by a
4-corsage-bosom-type Italian lady known as Mama Lucca
Signor, I know nothing. I know nothing!

MAMA: You're scared, Mama. Did Dominic threaten you?

SPADE: No..no, don't ask me that. I...

MAMA: Look. He killed Louie Maggiore. I've got to know

SPADE: why.

MAMA: I don't know why! I don't know nothing about it!

SPADE: Louie came here?

MAMA: (PAUSE) Yes. Yes. Louie came here the night before
it happened.

SPADE: Why?

MAMA: I don't know. He was all excited. A handful of wax...

SPADE: Wax?

MAMA: You know?

SPADE: What about it?

MAMA: He show it to Dominic, they go into his room and talk. Then he ran off to send the telegramma.

MUSIC: (PUNCTUATE)

END

CLERK: Well, since it's official business, I can let you read the office copy. (PAPER RATTLE) This message just came in tonight.

SPADE: Mmm...(READS) "DOMINIC TORRIO...RE YOUR INQUIRY, ANALYSIS OF SAMPLE SENT HERE BY LOUIE MAGGIORE HIGHLY PROMISING. IF QUALITY UNIFORM AND WEIGHT CORRECT WOULD ESTIMATE VALUE MINIMUM \$60,000. HARTLEY ASSOCIATES, VANCOUVER, B.C."

MUSIC: (IN HARD AND UNDER...)

SPADE: A lump of smelly stuff that looked like old tallow, picked out of the ocean and worth \$60,000 was a strong enough clue for even Stupid Sam to pick up. I left the telegraph office on the double and pulled up at the Museo Maggiore ten minutes later.

MUSIC: (OUT)

SOUND: STEPS, DOOR EASED OPEN, CLOSED GENTLY. SLOW STEPS.

FASCHI: (FADES IN, WORKING AT CHEST) (STRAINING) Blasted lock is jammed...(GRUNTS)

SPADE: (LOW, OVER FASCHI) He was too busy to notice me. I slid a marlinspike out of a rack next to the rum keg.

SOUND: THEN FEW MORE STEPS

FASCHI: (GRUNTS) Locked...must be locked...

SPADE: I hate to do this, Faschi.

FASCHI: Huh? (STARTS TO RISE) Wait a minute, Spade. Wai...

SOUND: SAP. HE FALLS ...

SPADE: The next voice you hear will be the nurse with the breakfast tray. (UP) Bartolomeo!

SOUND: BARTOLOMEO SCRAMBLING DOWN STAIRS, RUNS TO SPADE.

BART: (OFF) Who is it? (FADES IN) Sam! What have you...?

SPADE: Look.

BART: (FEW STEPS, PAUSE) Eh? Wha....what have you done?

SPADE: His Honor was playing Pandora with Captain Kidd's treasury.

BART: The treasure box? Why? Who is it? Who...(TURNING HIM OVER)
Faschi!

SPADE: Surprised?

BART: Faschi! Why...why would he, of all people...

SPADE: He likes a buck as well as the next one. Possibly even more, when there are 60,000 of them.

BART: S-sixty thousand dollars? Is he mad?

SPADE: Like a fox. (STICKS SPIKE UNDER COVER) Let me pry this cover off. (GRUNTS, WRENCHES IT OFF) There.

BART: What is this?

SPADE: It may not look like much to you and me, but to a perfume manufacturer it's prettier than the Venus de Milo.

BART: Tallow?

SPADE: Ambergris. It's what happens when a whale gets a tummyache. Louie must've run onto it ten days ago.

BART: Madre di Dio....sixty thousand dollars....

SPADE: Yeah. (PAUSE, SOFTLY) That's the big why of it, Bartolomeo.

BART: What now? You think Faschi...?

SPADE: He won't talk. Neither will Dominic. It's their necks and they know it. (PAUSE) It's still two men, alone, in a fog, in a boat.

BART: Si. (SIGHS) I...I thought I'd be angry. There was hunger in my heart for vengeance. Strange...it isn't there now. Only pity.

SPADE: If there were only a witness.

BART: There was.

SPADE: Huh?

BART: The eye of God was upon Dominic when he did it. And the judgment of God is swift and sure. Dominic knows it.

SPADE: You think so?

BART: I know Dominic. Why do you ask?

SPADE: There's a way to find out. What time is it?

BART: Half past one.

SPADE: There's time. Call Headquarters and have them send out an ambulance. Where do you keep your razor?

BART: Razor!

SPADE: Yeah. I'm going to shave Captain Kidd.

MUSIC: (IN AND UNDER...)

SPADE: Which I did, finishing around two A.M. During the next three hours I got wet, cold, and seasick in the order named, but made it back to the Museo in time for a couple of stiff horns of Grappa before you and I hustled down the wharf to where Dominic was picking up bait for his crab nets.

SOUND: STEPS. FAINT FOG HORNS, MUTTER OF MOTOR IN BOAT.

BART: Dominic!

DOMINIC: (TURNS) Eh? Oh, Bartolomeo.

BART: And Signor Spade.

DOMINIC: I remember Mr. Spade.

SPADE: Yeah. Last night in back of Castellani's.

DOMINIC: I don't know...(SPADE JOINS IN, BOTH:)...what you're talking about.

SPADE: Sure, Dominic. It's all a horrible mistake, and...
(SCREAMS) Lay off me, will you? (HYSTERICALLY) You heard what Faschi said, didn't you? They dropped the charges! I'm innocent! Innocent!

SPADE: That's just why we're here.

BART: We..we want to make it up to you, my boy.

DOMINIC: Wha...what's on your mind?

SPADE: You did Louie a great favor, Dominic. When his 32 crab pots got too much for him to handle, you went along to help him. Today, we're going along to help you. Now, (RUBS HANDS) when do we cast off?

MUSIC: (BRIDGE)

SOUND: STEADY MUTTER OF MOTOR. SPLASH OF WAVES.

SPADE: There's a float up ahead!

BART: What color?

SPADE: Yellow and red. Is that yours, Dominic?

DOMINIC: That's mine.

SPADE: Great, great. Pull up alongside. (PAUSE) Well?

DOMINIC: (SCREAMS) What's this all about?

SPADE: I told you, Dominic. We're...

DOMINIC: You're lying! What are you trying to do? Break me down? He's dead! In an accident! You heard what Faschi...

SPADE: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Forget it, Dominic, forget it. We love you like a brother.

DOMINIC: (TREMBLING) I...I told the truth. (BREAKS) I told the truth. What are you trying to do, torture me? Is that what you want? Revenge?

BART: No. The matter is in other hands now, Dominic.

DOMINIC: (PAUSE) Wha...? You mean...?

BART: There was one witness, wasn't there?

DOMINIC: (PAUSE) Ohh. (RELIEVED) That's what you mean, eh?
Is that why you came? To tell me that? (LAUGHS) That's
a good one. (LAUGHS) Hold the wheel, Spade. I'll bait
my net. (FEW STEPS)

SOUND: HE BEGINS TO HAUL UP NET. LINE PILES UP ON DECK.

DOMINIC: I'll spit in your eye one day, old man. One day when you

MUSIC: (TOUCH TO UNDERSCORE SPADE) get smart, you and the

SPADE: We both watched him haul whole lousy wharf. When
the line in, coiling it on you know what you done
the deck, prattling to to me...(AD LIB MUTTERS
himself. like a little kid UNDER SPADE)

whistling in the dark. He
was a lousy actor...pale under
his sunburn, and drenched with
sweat. Up it came, coil by coil, (FADES BACK IN)
then it began to come slower. ...and I won't let you
forget it, pal. I got

DOMINIC: something to prove, too, and when I can make it stick...
when I can prove it in court, I'll sue you till you
bleed! I'll...(FEELS HEAVY PULL ON LINE) I'll.. Huh?
What's the matter here? What's pulling on this line?

SPADE: Maybe it's your conscience, Dominic.

DOMINIC: It's heavy. It's...what...it's...

BART: The Lord moves in strange ways.

DOMINIC: I...I can't get it up. I..

SPADE: Let me help you. (STEPS. THEY PULL) Here we go now..
one...two...(THE COILS OF LINE FALL ON DECK) Up!
(HAULS DRIPPING BODY FROM WATER)

DOMINIC: Huh? (A TERRIBLE SCREAM) Louie! Get away from me!
Lemme go! Louie, no! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

MUSIC: (TOPS HIM, THEN SWIRLS DOWN UNDER...)

SPADE: I hauled Louie up onto the deck...and a grisly sight he was, with the knife still sticking in his back. I figured that was where Dominic would put it, and I was right, not that it mattered, because Dominic wasn't thinking logically from the moment he saw Louie's body tangled in his crabline. He sang us all fifty verses then and there and repeated them for the police stenographer later when we got him to headquarters. It looks like a first degree rap for both him and Faschi, but I'm waiting till it happens before telling them the corpse was Captain Kidd, minus beard and ruffles. Period, end of report.

EFFIE: Sam, again and again I rediscover you.

SPADE: And each time, a new facet, a new thrill....

EFFIE: You're just wonderful.

SPADE: It's true, but it pleases me to hear it from you. And so I propose to reward you in a fitting manner. First:

EFFIE: Back salary?

SPADE: Tut-tut. A carburetor for your voiturette. Second:

EFFIE: Back salary?

SPADE: Ten free tickets to the Museo Maggiore. Third:

EFFIE: Back salary.

SPADE: An invitation to accompany me, your employer, to
browse upon two bowls of cioppino tonight at Castellani's.
And fourth:

EFFIE: I give up.

SPADE: Back salary.

EFFIE: Sammmmm!

SPADE: Count it, girl, and bless you. The voiturette,
complete with carburetor, will call at your door in
precisely one hour. Until then, then? (MUSIC: SNEAK)

EFFIE: Goodnight, Sam.

SPADE: Goodnight, sweetheart.

MUSIC: (UP TO CURTAIN)