

RAYMOND CHANDLER'S

THE LONG GOODBYE

Screenplay

by

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MISSING PAGE 21

A1 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A small room, dimly lighted by a street lamp outside. Someone is pounding on the front door. Presently a light goes on in adjoining bedroom. Rumped from sleep, pulling on a dressing gown over his pyjamas, PHILIP MARLOWE enters.

MARLOWE

All right, all right...don't break it in.

He crosses to the door, pausing to snap on a lamp. We can see the room now; a tatty furnished rental that probably hasn't changed much since the Fifties. The only personal items there are a hi-fi and record collection, and a chess board with a problem set up on it. Marlowe is a loner, and a lonely man.

VOICE OUTSIDE

(with more knocking)

Phil...it's me, Terry.

Marlowe opens the door. TERRY LENNOX is on his doorstep; a handsome, personable, likable man who projects complete sincerity. He is well-dressed and has with him a fair-sized suitcase. Marlowe looks at him, yawning.

TERRY

It's a hell of an hour to be pounding on your door...

MARLOWE

But...you've got a suitcase, and a problem. Come on in, Terry.

Terry picks up the suitcase and comes in, shutting the door behind him. Marlowe is busy lighting a cigarette.

MARLOWE

Who's on your tail...Marty Augustine?

TERRY

I know better than to tangle with people like him. No...I'm afraid the trouble is with my wife.

MARLOWE

You and Sylvia splitting up again?

CONTINUED

A1 CONTD

TERRY

Looks like it. You want to hear all the sordid details?

MARLOWE

No. Okay, Terry, what can I do for you?

TERRY

I've got to get away for a while. Maybe we'll both have some second thoughts. Will you take me to Tijuana?

(a beat)

I could drive myself, but that red Maserati stands out like a searchlight, and I don't want her sending people to track me down.

MARLOWE

Tijuana.

(he sighs, not happy,  
but willing to do it)

Fix yourself a drink. I'll be with you in a couple of minutes.

DISSOLVE TO

B1 EXT. TIJUANA GATE - NIGHT

Marlowe's car, an undistinguished heap, not too old, not too new, passes through the gate to the Mexican side.

B2 EXT. TIJUANA STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe's car pulls in to the curb. Terry gets out, lifts the suitcase from the back seat, leans back in to shake hands with Marlowe, and walks away along the street, carrying the case.

B3 EXT. TIJUANA STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe looks after Terry, shakes his head, then does a U-turn and drives off.

C1 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE - MORNING

A modest old-fashioned stucco house on a street, say, above Franklin. Marlowe drives up and is about to pull into the open garage when two men step out of it

CONTINUED

C1 CONTD

and stop him. They're plainclothesmen, detectives.  
SERGEANT GREEN leans on the window.

GREEN  
Your name Marlowe?

MARLOWE  
Yeah.

Green flashes his ID.

GREEN  
Let's go inside. We want to talk  
to you.

He opens the car door, indicating that Marlowe shall  
get out.

C2 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

We hear the key in the lock. The door opens. The  
second cop steps in first, looks around; satisfied  
the place is empty, he nods and Marlowe and Green  
come in.

GREEN  
Sit down, Marlowe.

Marlowe stands. The cops shrug and sit down.

GREEN  
I'm Sergeant Green, this is Detective  
Dayton. Where did you go last night?

Dayton has a notebook and pen. Marlowe lights a  
cigarette.

MARLOWE  
This is where I say, What's all  
this about? And you say, We ask  
the questions.

GREEN  
So just answer them. Where did  
you go last night?

MARLOWE  
Maybe if I knew why you want to  
know, I could remember.

CONTINUED

C2      CONTD

DAYTON

Are you gainfully employed, Mr. Marlowe?

(a beat)

Where do you work?

MARLOWE

I understand English, believe it or not. I'm a private detective, I run my own agency.

He tosses his wallet to Dayton, open to show his license. Dayton looks at it, passes it silently to Green, who glances at it and drops it on a table.

GREEN

You know a man named Terry Lennox.

MARLOWE

Who says I do?

GREEN

His address book. And there's a red Maserati parked at the bottom of the hill...registered to him.

MARLOWE

So?

GREEN

So where did you go last night?

MARLOWE

Let me see. I went down to a joint on Franklin and had a hamburger and a cup of coffee...the hamburger wasn't very good. I came back here and ran off Khatchaturyan's violin concerto...I don't like it...and played a game of chess against Wilhelm Steinitz.

DAYTON

(writing)

Wilhelm Steinitz...address?

MARLOWE

He's been dead for 72 years. I lost. What else do you want to know?

CONTINUED

C2      CONTD (2)

GREEN

What time did Terry Lennox come here?

MARLOWE

I didn't say he did.

Green rises to face Marlowe. Unobtrusively Dayton circles around in back of Marlowe.

GREEN

Look, Marlowe. You've been gone a long time. I know, because I've missed half a night's sleep waiting for you to come back. Now you tell me where you were.

MARLOWE

I don't have to tell you anything, Sergeant Green. If you have a specific charge against me, state it. Otherwise, buggar off.

GREEN

Dayton, do we have a specific charge against Mr. Marlowe?

Dayton shoves Marlowe from behind, hard, into Green, who staggers back and falls to his hands and knees.

DAYTON

(grinning)

Now we do.

MARLOWE

Oh, shit, you can't pull that one...

DISSOLVE TO

D1      INSERT - DAY

A man's hand writing on a form; we see a blue uniform sleeve.

VOICE OVER

Assaulting a police officer in the performance of his duty...

D2 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A portion of the wall and one corner. Marlowe slams into the wall from o.s. with considerable force, rolls into the corner, and tries to regain his balance.

FARMER'S VOICE OVER  
My God, you're clumsy, Marlowe...

D3 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A small bleak room with table and chairs. Marlowe, DET. LT. FARMER, a DETECTIVE.

FARMER  
Always tripping over something.

MARLOWE  
(bleeding slightly  
from the nose)  
Yeah.

Farmer takes him firmly by the arm and sits him down.

FARMER  
Just sit down and stay there. We don't want you all banged up, somebody might get the wrong impression. Now tell me, Marlowe...why won't you answer a simple question?

MARLOWE  
Two reasons. First, it isn't simple. Second, I don't like the way you ask it.

He has taken out a pack of cigarettes. He starts to light one. Farmer snatches them away.

FARMER  
You crazy, rotting your lungs out with those things? Don't you know what they do to you? Besides, they stink up the place.

Knowing Marlowe is a heavy smoker, he's going to let him suffer.

FARMER  
All right, I'm going to give you one more chance. Where did you go last night, and why?

CONTINUED

D3      CONTD

MARLOWE

One more chance before what?

FARMER

Before I throw the book at you.

MARLOWE

I'm waiting to hear the charges.

FARMER

Oh, don't give me that innocent crap. You want me to believe your friend Terry Lennox turned up in the middle of the night and you drove him a few hundred miles to somewhere, and he never told you?

MARLOWE

Told me what?

FARMER

You want to hear the charges? Okay. Accessory after the fact of murder...

MARLOWE

Who's dead?

FARMER

...aiding a felon in unlawful flight...

MARLOWE

I asked you, Lieutenant. Who's dead?

FARMER

Terry Lennox' wife, that's who's dead. And not very nice dead.

He snaps his fingers at the Number Two cop, who passes him some b/w glossies out of a folder. The Lieutenant gives these to Marlowe, who is revolted. He puts them down.

MARLOWE

I don't believe it.

FARMER

You have to believe she's dead, that's obvious. So what don't you believe?

MARLOWE

That Terry Lennox did it.

CONTINUED



D3      CONTD (2)

FARMER

You don't believe he could beat a woman to death.

MARLOWE

No.

FARMER

How long have you known him?

MARLOWE

Long enough for me.

FARMER

He's a gambler, mixed up with people like Marty Augustine. All the dirty pools, football, baseball, basketball, hockey...

MARLOWE

A gambler, yes. A killer, no. He loved his wife.

FARMER

They split up once before.

MARLOWE

Yes.

FARMER

They were divorced.

MARLOWE

They remarried. They had their troubles, who doesn't? But they loved each other.

FARMER

Was she cheating on him?

MARLOWE

I don't know anything about it.

FARMER

Was he cheating on her?

MARLOWE

Same answer.

FARMER

Don't know much about your old pal, do you?

CONTINUED

D3      CONTD (3)

MARLOWE

The Lennoxes have money, I don't,  
and I don't like freeloaders.  
These days, Terry and I have a  
drink together once in a while.

FARMER

Last night, what did he tell you...  
that he was in a jam with his  
- gambling associates?

Marlowe doesn't answer.

FARMER

That he was fighting with his wife  
again?

(no answer)

What excuse did he give you?

(no answer)

Oh, the hell with it.

(tosses Marlowe's  
cigarettes at him)

Here, go stink up a cell.

(to other cop)

Take him out and book him.

DISSOLVE TO

D4      INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Marlowe, alone in the cell, lies on the bunk, smoking.  
His clothes look as though he'd slept in them...he has  
...his shirt is soiled, he has a three-day growth of  
beard. He turns his head wearily as footsteps sound  
in the corridor.

A warder appears at the door, unlocks it and swings  
it open.

WARDER

Okay, on your feet.

Marlowe gets up, feeling some tender spots.

MARLOWE

More questions? I don't know  
which'll give first, me or that  
wall.

CONTINUED

D4 CONTD

WARDER

Never mind. Move it.

Marlowe leaves the cell.

D5 INT. JAIL ROOM - DAY

Corner of a dingy room with a counter. A uniformed cop is dumping the contents of a manila envelope onto the counter; Marlowe's wallet, keys, etc. Marlowe checks the wallet. The warder is looking on.

UNIFORMED COP

All in order?

MARLOWE

Yeah.

UNIFORMED COP

Sign here.

Marlowe signs, looking at the warder.

MARLOWE

What goes on?

WARDER

You're loose, buster. Ain't that enough for you?

MARLOWE

No, not after three days of getting bounced around. I want to see the Lieutenant.

WARDER

What Lieutenant?

MARLOWE

You know damn well what Lieutenant. Farmer, the one who's been doing all the pushing.

WARDER

O, him. Well, you go through there and ask the desk sergeant.

(to uniformed cop)

Some people are just never satisfied.

CUT TO

D6 INT. CORRIDOR - POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Marlowe is looking at doors. At the other end of the corridor Farmer and another MAN come out of an office and start toward Marlowe, not seeing him; they're deep in conversation. Marlowe sees them and quickens his pace.

FARMER

(to other man)

...get a make on those prints, and tell Ballistics to hurry it up. If we can match...

MARLOWE

Lieutenant...

FARMER

(impatient at being interrupted)

Yes? Oh, it's you. What do you want?

MARLOWE

You're dropping the charges against me?

FARMER

That's right.

MARLOWE

Why? All of a sudden.

FARMER

Because we're no longer interested in you.

MARLOWE

(follows them along the corridor)

What happened?

FARMER

We got all our answers.

MARLOWE

But what about Terry Lennox?

FARMER

He's dead, Marlowe. The case is closed.

CONTINUED

D6 CONTD

MARLOWE

Terry...dead? How? What do you mean, the case...

But Farmer and the other man have stepped into a lift and the doors close in his face.

MARLOWE

Son of a bitch...!

E1 INT. LOBBY - HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

ESTABLISHING

E2 MARLOWE

He is buying a paper from a coin-op box. MORGAN the crime reporter walks up to him.

MORGAN

You won't find anything in that. We've got fresher murders.

MARLOWE

Oh, hello, Morgan. Happenstance?

MORGAN

No, I heard they were springing you this morning. Got a way to get home?

MARLOWE

(shakes his head)

These bastards are real good at bringing you in, but they don't care how you get back.

MORGAN

I can give you a lift. Got a couple of back issues you might want to see.

MARLOWE

I want to know what happened to Terry Lennox.

MORGAN

They didn't tell you?

CONTINUED

E2     CONTD

MARLOWE

Like you say, they've got fresher murders. All I heard was that he's dead and the case is closed.

MORGAN

You wasted your three days, Marlowe. My car's across the street.

CUT TO

E3     INSERT

A newspaper in Marlowe's hands; front page with headline, LENNOX SUICIDE, a photo of Terry and a woman, Sylvia. A smaller headline says Admits Killing Wife.

MARLOWE'S VOICE OVER

Suicide!?

E4     INT. MORGAN'S CAR (PROCESS) - DAY

Morgan driving through Los Angeles streets.

MORGAN

Blew his brains out in some god-forsaken little Mexican town. He left a full confession...

MARLOWE

I can read.

MORGAN

I'm sorry, Marlowe.

MARLOWE

Why should you be sorry? It's just another story to you.

MORGAN

I'm sorry because you're stupid. You sat in the pokey taking lumps for your friend, and your friend let you down. Stupid, Marlowe, but it's a kind of stupidity I like. We ran a story on you, by the way. It's there, picture and all.

He indicates a second newspaper on the seat between them. Marlowe gives it a cursory glance.

CONTINUED

E4      CONTD

MARLOWE

Thanks. That'll help business a lot.  
(returns to story of  
Terry Lennox)  
Otatoclan. Where the hell is Otatoclan?

MORGAN

I'm not just sure, but it's way back  
in. Caters mostly to hunters, I think.

MARLOWE

Why would he go there? He could have  
killed himself right in Tijuana.

MORGAN

Tijuana, huh? That's where I figured  
you took him. Hell, he could have  
killed himself right here in L.A.  
The man was at the end of his rope,  
Marlowe. You can't figure what  
they'll do. They don't know themselves.

MARLOWE

What happened to the body?

MORGAN

His wife's family didn't want it back,  
for obvious reasons. I guess he  
didn't have any family of his own.

MARLOWE

There was an aunt, but she's dead.

MORGAN

So he's buried at Otatoclan. No  
morgue facilities there...they shovel  
'em under real fast.

MARLOWE

Uh-huh. Case closed. All tied up  
with a little blue bow on top. Shit!  
Terry wasn't at the end of his rope.  
And the way he talked, Sylvia wasn't  
dead then, either. I don't believe  
it. I don't believe he killed his  
wife, I don't believe he killed  
himself.

MORGAN

Evidence?

CONTINUED

E4      CONTD (2)

MARLOWE

I knew the man. Morgan, you've been on the crime beat for years. Doesn't this smell to you at all...not even one little bit?

MORGAN

Not to me, not to the cops. Marlowe ...when you get home, take a hot shower, get stinking drunk...and forget it.

CUT TO

E5      INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marlowe, scrubbed and shaved, is working assiduously on a bottle of bourbon, but his manner is restless and uneasy. He can't get drunk and forget it. He looks up a number in the phone book, and dials.

MARLOWE

Hello...Fairway Travel Service?  
Yes...I was thinking of a trip to Mexico. I want to go to a place called Otatoclan. That's right...  
O-t-a-t-o...

DISSOLVE TO

F1      EXT. OTATOCLAN - FULL SHOT - DAY

ESTABLISHING a dusty, remote Mexican village.

F2      INT. OFFICE OF THE JEFE DE POLICIA - DAY

A whitewashed room with a desk, some chairs, filing cabinet, etc. The JEFE and the local DOCTOR talk with Marlowe.

DOCTOR

I myself made the examination and signed the documents. I am coroner here as well as doctor. You may wish to look at these photographs.

He hands two b/w prints to Marlowe.



F3      INSERT

The photographs in Marlowe's hands. The one uppermost shows the body of Terry Lennox, largely nude, lying in a crude wooden coffin, packed in ice. A blackened wound shows on the temple.

   DOCTOR'S VOICE OVER  
Our facilities are limited. It was  
necessary to bring ice from the hotel...

Marlowe shuffles the photographs, bringing uppermost a close shot of Terry's head, packed in ice, with an ugly contact wound showing clearly on the temple. The doctor's hand enters SHOT, pointing.

   DOCTOR'S VOICE OVER  
You see...Death was instantaneous.

F4      BACK TO SCENE

   MARLOWE  
I see.  
   (returns photos)  
The gun?

   JEFE  
Was his, registered to him in Los  
Angeles County.

   MARLOWE  
You gentlemen are being very kind.  
I hope it's not too much trouble.

   JEFE  
We are most happy, Mr. Marlowe. You  
were a friend of the deceased.

   MARLOWE  
I'm grateful. As I understand it,  
Terry Lennox checked into the hotel,  
was shown to his room, and about an  
hour later he shot himself.

   JEFE  
That is correct.

   MARLOWE  
How did he get here...to Otatoclan?

Blank faces.

CONTINUED

F4      CONTD

MARLOWE

There are only two ways for the tourist...the small charter plane from Tijuana and the way I came, by the hired jeep. I asked around. Terry Lennox didn't fly, and he didn't hire the jeep. So how did he get here?

JEFE

This is a mystery, Mr. Marlowe. We don't know how he came.

MARLOWE

Somebody must have brought him.

JEFE

It would seem so.

MARLOWE

But nobody saw who it was.

The Jefe spreads his hands.

MARLOWE

And nobody saw anyone come into the hotel, or go to Terry's room.

JEFE

The answer I received was no. You may ask there yourself, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE

I already have. Can I see Terry Lennox' effects?

JEFE

Certainly.

He takes a small box out of a drawer and empties it on the desk; wallet, keys, handkerchief. Marlowe opens the wallet. It's empty.

MARLOWE

He had a suitcase.

JEFE

Por favor?

CONTINUED

F4      CONTD (2)

MARLOWE

A suitcase. When he checked into the hotel. Where is it?

JEFE

Oh, yes, the suitcase. It was not in his room. I regret to say it, but things disappear. I questioned the hotel staff, of course, but...

MARLOWE

It may surprise you, but things disappear in New York and L.A., too. You're sure Lennox didn't contact anyone here in town? No phone calls, no messages?

JEFE

Not that I know of. What else can I show you? Fingerprints...

(shows Marlowe a  
set of prints)

A stat of these was sent to your Los Angeles police...they match those of Lennox on file there. I believe he had been engaged in...

MARLOWE

Gambling. Yes. Can I see the note?

The Jefe extracts it from the open file folder on his desk whence the other items have come.

JEFE

It was on the desk beside him. A stat of this was also sent. It is without doubt his handwriting.

MARLOWE

I wonder how carefully they checked that. They wouldn't want to find it wasn't.

(examines note)

Short and to the point. Suicide note and full confession, all in a few well-chosen words. No incoherent rambling, no hysterics. He must have had nerves of steel.

JEFE

You are suggesting something, Mr. Marlowe?

CONTINUED

F4 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE

I'm suggesting that handwriting can be forged, and that murder can be made to look like suicide. I'm suggesting that I'd like to know who brought Terry Lennox here, and why. I'm suggesting, Senor Jefe, that someone is lying.

JEFE

Mr. Marlowe...!

MARLOWE

(forestalling the man's anger, gives him a business card)

If you ever find out who it is, I'd appreciate it if you'd let me know. Thank you for your time, gentlemen. And...which way is the cemetery?

F5 EXT. OTATOCLAN CEMETERY - DAY

One of those bleak little Mexican cemeteries, the wooden crosses gay with ribbons and holy pictures. Marlowe stands with an OLD MEXICAN MAN beside a fresh, unmarked grave. In sign language Marlowe indicates that he wants a cross made for the grave. The old man nods. Marlowe gives him some money, then takes out a notebook and pen and begins to print.

F6 INSERT

The notebook page. Marlowe prints in block letters, TERENCE LENNOX d. 1972.

FADE OUT

G1 INT. MARLOWE OFFICE - DAY

At the door. It opens. We see the legend painted on it: PHILIP MARLOWE PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS. Marlowe comes in, shuts the door, and takes the mail out of the box under the door-slot.

G2 INT. MARLOWE OFFICE - DAY

A dingy small office, reflecting Marlowe's non-brilliance in the matter of financial success. He checks the automatic message-recorder.

CONTINUED

G2      CONTD

## RECORDED VOICE

This is the Southside Finance Company.  
Mr. Marlowe, we're calling in regard  
to your overdue...

He shuts it off, and begins to go through the mail, dropping the junk stuff into the wastebasket. One item offers him some especially fine Swedish porno, complete with a picture brochure; he studies this as though wondering what they won't do next. The phone RINGS. He answers it.

## MARLOWE

Marlowe speaking... Yes...  
(makes a note)

Mrs. Roger Wade. ... Well, that would depend on the nature of the case, Mrs. Wade. ... Sorry, I don't do divorce work. ... I see. Have you filed a missing persons report with the police? ... Uh-huh, I understand. All right, Mrs. Wade, I guess I can work it in. When would you like to meet? ... Oh, I think so. What's the address?

G3      EXT. WADE HOUSE - DAY

A fairly sumptuous home, suitable for a best-selling author. Marlowe leaves his car and rings the doorbell. A MAID opens the door.

## MAID

Yes?

## MARLOWE

My name is Marlowe, Philip Marlowe.

## MAID

Mrs. Wade is expecting you.

G4      INT. WADE HOUSE - DAY

The foyer, as Marlowe enters.

## MAID

This way, please.  
(leads him to  
living room)  
Mr. Marlowe.

G5     CONTD

MARLOWE

How long has he been gone?

EILEEN

You must understand, this isn't the first time...

MARLOWE

How long?

EILEEN

Almost a week.

MARLOWE

And you didn't worry.

EILEEN

Not at first, no. Roger has a drinking problem. Every so often he reaches a stage where he feels he must have professional help.

MARLOWE

In other words, he goes and gets himself dried out. Doesn't he tell you?

EILEEN

Sometimes.

MARLOWE

Isn't there a particular place where he goes? A doctor who takes care of him?

EILEEN

Yes. But this time he didn't go there. I've checked every other place I could think of...

MARLOWE

And still you didn't worry.

EILEEN

Are you implying something, Mr. Marlowe?

MARLOWE

Only that you might have felt you deserved a few days' rest. I don't think you got those bruises running into a door.

CONTINUED

G5      CONTD (2)

EILEEN

There's no need to go into all that. I wasn't worried because he's disappeared like this before...he never would tell me where he'd been. It seems to be a very private thing with him. I found this in his wastepaperbasket. It might help.

She hands him a yellow second sheet that has been crumpled and then smoothed out again.

MARLOWE

Half a page of manuscript...

EILEEN

Roger is working on a new book. I'm afraid it's not been going well. You see, here, where he stopped writing and began to ramble. He must have been feeling quite desperate.

MARLOWE

Doctor V...Doctor V...a whole long string of V's...all in caps...YOU MUST HELP ME. Who is Doctor V?

EILEEN

That's what I want you to find out. Who he is, where he is, and what sort of hold he has over Roger.

MARLOWE

You think this is the same man he's gone to before, on these private trips?

EILEEN

I'm only guessing, of course.

MARLOWE

It's a reasonable assumption. Doctor V...

EILEEN

Not much to go on, is it? I looked in the directory under Physicians... I never knew there were so many names beginning with V.

CONTINUED

G5      CONTD (3)

MARLOWE

I think the one we want will belong to a very small group of very discreet specialists. He may not be too difficult to find. Can you give me a picture of your husband?

EILEEN

Yes, of course. This is the latest one.

MARLOWE

Not a forgettable face.

EILEEN

He's a very large man. Sometimes I think that's part of his trouble. We haven't discussed money yet, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE

Fifty dollars a day, and expenses. He gets violent when he drinks?

EILEEN

I wish I could deny that, but I can't. I'll give you a check now, if you like.

MARLOWE

Thanks, I prefer an itemized bill. That way there's no misunderstanding. Okay, Mrs. Wade. I'll get on this right away.

H1      INSERT

A discreet sign on a building front: THE CARNE ORGANIZATION, INC. CONFIDENTIAL ENQUIRIES.

MARLOWE'S VOICE OVER

Confidential enquiries! Kee-rist.

H2      INT. CORRIDOR - CARNE ORGANIZATION - DAY

It might be the corridor of any modern business concern, reeking of chrome-steel efficiency. The Carne operatives we see are proper gentlemen, neatly dressed, emphasizing Marlowe's shabbiness. From o.s. we hear the subdued clatter of business machines. Marlowe walks along the corridor, opens a door.



H3 INT. OFFICE - CARNE ORGANIZATION - DAY

A small office room furnished in Spartan Modern. A very efficient-looking WOMAN sits behind the desk.

WOMAN

May I help you?

MARLOWE

Name's Marlowe...private detective on a case...

(shows her his license)

I need some information.

WOMAN

What sort of information, Mr. ... um...Marlowe?

MARLOWE

Nothing that will tarnish the Carne Organization's shining image, I assure you. I only want some names from your barred-window file.

WOMAN

I beg your pardon?

MARLOWE

The barred-window file. The list of doctors who specialize in treating rich alcoholics and borderline psychos. My client is trying to locate a husband who answers that aescription. I'm only interested in the V's.

WOMAN

(making note)

You did say Vee.

MARLOWE

V as in Vera.

WOMAN

Have a seat, Mr. Marlowe. I'll run the cards through.

She exits through an inner door. Marlowe lights a cigarette, looks for an ashtray, can't find one, and uses the pot containing a plastic philodendron. The woman returns with three punch cards.

CONTINUED

H3 CONTD

WOMAN  
Vukanich, Varley, and Verringer.

She begins to type names and addresses.

MARLOWE  
Just like that. Think of the time  
and shoeleather if I'd had to track  
them down myself.

WOMAN  
We consider ourselves efficient,  
Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE  
The organization spirit. You don't  
suppose Mr. Carne could use an in-  
efficient but very experienced  
private eye like me?

WOMAN  
Personnel is down the hall, third  
door on your right.

MARLOWE  
Your tone lacks that certain spark.  
Perhaps I'd better wait till I get  
my other suit back from the cleaners.

The woman is now operating an adding machine.

WOMAN  
That will be sixteen dollars and  
fifty cents. Pay at the desk.

She hands him the typed sheet and the slip.

MARLOWE  
Thank you. Thank you very much.

DISSOLVE TO

11 INT. MARLOWE OFFICE - DAY

Marlowe is eating his lunch out of a paper bag and  
making a phone call.

MARLOWE  
Mrs. Wade? Marlowe. I have three  
names.. Vukanich...Varley...Verringer.  
Any of them ring a bell?  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

11     CONTD

MARLOWE (Contd)

(obviously the  
answer is no)

Uh-huh. Okay, I'll start touring.  
...Yes, I will, Mrs. Wade. Just  
as soon as I do.

He gulps the last of his coffee from a paper cup,  
sweeps the debris into the wastepaperbasket. As an  
afterthought, he checks the automatic message-recorder.

RECORDED VOICE

This is the Southside Finance Company  
again, Mr. Marlowe...

He cuts off the message and goes out.

J1     EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - DAY

Marlowe's car driving in past an identifying sign. The  
spa looks more like a motel than a hospital; low build-  
ings, trees, grass, a pool. Marlowe stops in front of  
what seems to be the main office and gets out. There  
are people about in the grounds, sunning beside the  
pool, strolling, sitting in deck chairs. Instead of  
going into the office, Marlowe starts walking.

J2     EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - DAY

Marlowe prowling around the grounds, looking at people...  
looking for Roger Wade. He doesn't see anything resem-  
bling Roger, but a well-endowed young lady in a brief  
bikini catches his eye. He stares; she lifts her sun-  
glasses and glares; and a voice speaks behind Marlowe.

VERRINGER

Looking for someone?

J3     MARLOWE AND VERRINGER

As Marlowe turns to meet DR. VERRINGER...a small man,  
quiet-spoken, with a gentle manner.

VERRINGER <

I'm Dr. Verringer.

MARLOWE

How do you do. My name's Marlowe.  
I'd like to see Roger Wade.

CONTINUED

J3      CONTD

VERRINGER

Suppose we step over here, Mr.  
Marlowe.

They go apart, where they can speak privately.

VERRINGER

Now...who did you want to see?

MARLOWE

Roger Wade.

VERRINGER

There's no one here by that name.

MARLOWE

He may not be using it. Recognize  
this?

He shows Roger's photo to Verringer, who scarcely  
glances at it.

VERRINGER

No. May I ask what your business  
is, Mr. Marlowe?

MARLOWE

If he's not here, what do you care?

VERRINGER

This is a hospital. I dislike  
strangers prowling about.

MARLOWE

(shows his license)

I'm working for Mrs. Roger Wade.  
She'd like her husband back.

VERRINGER

I'm sorry I can't help you.

Politely but firmly he indicates that Marlowe shall  
return to his car. They walk to it together. Marlowe  
gets in.

VERRINGER

Good day, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE

Sorry I bothered you, Doctor.

He drives away. Verringer watches to make sure he goes.

K1 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Marlowe and Eileen.

EILEEN

But how can you be so sure he's at Verringer's? You didn't see him...

MARLOWE

We had three possibilities, right? Dr. Vukanich, Dr. Varley, Dr. Verringer. Dr. Vukanich and Dr. Varley were helpful and cooperative, not because they fell in love with my baby blue eyes but because they wanted to clear their skirts.

EILEEN

You mean, in case something has happened to Roger...

MARLOWE

They wanted me to know that it hadn't happened at their places. They couldn't show me their admission records, of course, but they let me show the photograph around and ask questions. Verringer didn't even bother to look at the photograph, he just threw me out.

EILEEN

But if Roger is there, why wouldn't he say so?

MARLOWE

Because for some reason he doesn't want Roger found just yet. Why don't you let me take you out there, Mrs. Wade? Verringer could hardly brush you off the way he did me.

EILEEN

Frankly, I haven't the guts. Besides, Roger wouldn't...I'm not a good influence on him. He does much better with strangers.

MARLOWE

I couldn't make him leave, unless he wanted to.

CONTINUED

K1     CONTD

EILEEN

You could find out how he is, and what's going on, and then we'd know better what to do, wouldn't we? Believe me, Mr. Marlowe...if I go out there and make a big scene, Roger will feel compelled to make a bigger one. I'll back you up if there's any trouble. But I don't think you're afraid of trouble.

MARLOWE

What gave you that idea?

EILEEN

I read about you in the newspaper. I liked what you did.

MARLOWE

That's why you called me, instead of one of the big outfits like Carne. I wondered.

EILEEN

It seemed to me that you were a man who could be trusted.

MARLOWE

I'll see what I can do. It may take a while.

EILEEN

I'll be here.

L1     EXT. ROAD AND GATE - SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

Marlowe drives up. The gate across the driveway is now shut and padlocked. Marlowe pulls the car off to one side and kills the motor. He opens the glove-box and then gets out, holding a picklock.

L2     MARLOWE

At the gate. He maneuvers the chain on which the padlock is secured until he can get hold of the lock; then he proceeds to open it with the picklock. He pushes the gate open and goes through.

L3 EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

Marlowe approaches the office. It's dark except for a single light. He tries the door; it's locked. He knocks. Nothing happens. He looks around, rather baffled.

L4 EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

The patients' quarters are dark. Marlowe moves silently through the grounds...and sees one lighted room. He goes toward it.

L5 EXT. SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

The light is coming from a glass wall, partly covered by a floor-length drape but open at one side where the sliding door is pushed back to admit air. Marlowe makes his way quietly onto the terrace outside the open door. Keeping in the shadows, he can both see and hear what goes on in the room beyond.

L6 INT. ROGER'S ROOM - SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

A pleasant room, furnished with a bed, dresser, chair. Dr. Verringer is talking with ROGER WADE, who sits on the bed. Roger is a huge man, who looks tough and mean ...but at the moment he seems perfectly cowed by the small soft-spoken doctor. This may be because he is under some sedation.

ROGER

It's too much, Doc. You want too much.

VERRINGER

That was the agreed price, Roger. You knew that when you came here.

ROGER

Yeah, but...

VERRINGER

You needed me very badly when you came here, didn't you?

ROGER

I did, goddam it, but it's too fucking much...

VERRINGER

You know better than to use that kind of language to me.

CONTINUED

L6      CONTD

ROGER

Yeah...but five thousand dollars...!

VERRINGER

You'd like to go home, wouldn't you?

ROGER

Christ, if I stay in this pen much longer I'll start smashing the walls.

VERRINGER

You don't smash things, not in my place. A man came looking for you today...a private detective. Your wife is trying to find you. I don't think you want your wife to know too much about your reasons for coming here.

ROGER

I don't want that bitch to know anything.

VERRINGER

Here is your checkbook, here is a pen. The check's made out, all you have to do is sign it. I'll send you home in the morning.

ROGER

(whining)

You're extorting from me, Doc... that's what you're doing.

VERRINGER

You try my patience. You really do. Sign it, Roger.

L7      INT. ROGER'S ROOM - SUNNYSIDE SPA - NIGHT

As Marlowe speaks from outside.

MARLOWE

Why don't we just let that wait a while?

(opens screen door  
and enters)

But you know, I'm almost inclined to agree with him, Dr. Verringer. Do you always get your bills paid this way?

CONTINUED



L7      CONTD

VERRINGER

None of your damned business, and how dare you break in here like this? I could...

MARLOWE

You could have me arrested for trespassing, but why go to all that bother?

ROGER

Who the hell are you?

MARLOWE

I'm Marlowe...the man who was here today looking for you. The good doctor dummed up. I see why now.

VERRINGER

You don't see anything.

ROGER

(assessing the change  
in the situation)

Yeah. Yeah, the son of a bitch won't let me go. He wants money. Five thousand goddam separate and distinct dollars...

MARLOWE

I heard.

VERRINGER

You don't understand...

MARLOWE

I understand that Mr. Wade wants to leave, and you're holding him pending payment of five thousand dollars.

ROGER

You going to get me out of here?

MARLOWE

If that's what you want me to do.

ROGER

You bet your sweet ass.

(to Verringer)

I got somebody on my side now, Doc.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

L7      CONTD (2)

ROGER (Contd)

What're you going to do about it,  
huh? Stick me with another goddam  
fucking needle?

VERRINGER

No, I'm not going to do that. Very  
well, I suppose I can't stop you...  
not without a noisy scene and a lot  
of unpleasantness. But I want you  
to understand, Roger...You have not  
heard the end of this.

ROGER

Ah, go screw.

Taking his checkbook, Roger heaves himself up and flings  
an arm around Marlowe's shoulders.

ROGER

Come on, little buddy. Let us fly  
from this shithouse before he turns  
us both into giant snails. You got  
a car?

MARLOWE

It's a little way. Can you make it?

ROGER

Don't you worry, ol' Roger'll make  
it.

(waving the checkbook)

Goodbye, Dr. V.

M1      EXT. WADE HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlowe's car in front of the house, Marlowe holding  
the passenger door while Roger unloads himself,  
laughing.

ROGER

The look on his face when I went off  
with the checkbook...did you see it?

He staggers and Marlowe steadies him...

MARLOWE

Yeah, I saw it. Come on.

CONTINUED

M1     CONTD

ROGER

I bet he's eating his goddam ass  
off right now...

The front door opens, spilling light across the drive-  
way. Eileen stands in the doorway.

ROGER

You opening doors now? What  
the hell am I paying the goddam  
maid for?

EILEEN

It's late, Roger, she's gone home.

ROGER

But you waited up. Oh, she's  
noble, Marlowe. She is so goddam  
noble she can make a man puke.

EILEEN

Roger, will you please come inside?

ROGER

Afraid I'll disturb the neighbors,  
huh?

(shouts)

Hey, all you little fucks! Wake  
up. I'm home again.

MARLOWE

Inside.

M2     INT. WADE HOUSE - NIGHT

As Roger and Marlowe enter, not gracefully.

MARLOWE

He's still groggy from the dope,  
Mrs. Wade.

ROGER

Dope. Hell. They've got a ten-  
dollar word for that, Marlowe.  
It is called sedation. And they  
charge you...

He breaks off, looking with a sort of animal cunning  
at Eileen. Then he lunges off along the hall to the  
study door.

M3 INT. WADE STUDY - NIGHT

An intensely masculine room. A small arsenal decorates the walls. There is a desk with a typewriter and stacks of paper. There is a huge couch. Roger is making for it. Marlowe and Eileen enter after him.

ROGER

I'm going to sleep here. This ol' couch is my friend. It receives me when nobody else will.

Marlowe looks around. Eileen gets blanket and pillow from a cupboard.

ROGER

This is my room, Marlowe. Females forbidden, usually. I do my dirty work in here. See? Fine job for a man, ain't it...writing words on paper like a goddam stenographer. Sometimes I look to see if I've still got all my parts.

MARLOWE

You seem to have done all right.

ROGER

Yeah, I've done just dandy. I've got a great big beautiful house and a little small beautiful wife...

EILEEN

Why don't you get some sleep now, Roger?

ROGER

I'll sleep when I goddam want to. You married, Marlowe?

MARLOWE

No.

ROGER

You don't know what you're missing.

He seems about to settle down. Marlowe and Eileen start to go.

ROGER

Hey, little buddy. Come here.

CONTINUED

M3      CONTD

MARLOWE

Yeah?

ROGER

I like you. I liked the way you stood up to that little sod Verringer. I think maybe you'd be good for me. Why don't you stick around a while...keep me off the sauce until I finish the goddam book.

MARLOWE

Sorry. Wet-nursing is not in my line. Anyway, tomorrow or the day after, you'd throw me out on my ear.

ROGER

Maybe you're right. Maybe I would. But you come back, huh? Come back anytime. We'll talk.

MARLOWE

Okay, Roger. Good night.

M4      INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe and Eileen enter.

EILEEN

I think you've earned a drink, Mr. Marlowe.

MARLOWE

I could use one.

EILEEN

He's taken a fancy to you. Scotch or bourbon?

MARLOWE

Bourbon, please. I'm sorry I can't say it's mutual.

EILEEN

I don't suppose you could be persuaded...

MARLOWE

To do what he asked? No.

CONTINUED

M4      CONTD

EILEEN

He's a sick man. More so than you might think. He feels he's all through, that he can't write any more. He stares at the paper and nothing comes, and his success is fading away from him. He talks about killing himself. He needs help.

MARLOWE

If he's suicidal, he needs a good psychiatrist. And I'm simply not qualified.

EILEEN

I'm afraid of him.

MARLOWE

You're going to have to solve that problem for yourself.

EILEEN

Yes. Well. I'm grateful to you for all you have done. Did you have any trouble with Verringer?

MARLOWE

Not really. He was trying to get a large sum of money out of Roger, before he let him go. That was why the brush-off this afternoon.

EILEEN

Was it blackmail?

MARLOWE

I'm not sure. Apparently Roger had made some promise to pay him. I thought the whole business had better wait, so I got Roger out with his bank-account intact, but you may hear from Dr. Verringer. Getting late, and it's been a full day for everybody. Thanks for the drink.

EILEEN

You will come back?

CONTINUED

M4 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE

Sure.

EILEEN

And...if I should need you  
again...

MARLOWE

You just call me. Anytime.  
Good night.

EILEEN

Good night.

She watches him to the door.

N1 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlowe leaves his car in the driveway and walks toward  
his rural-type mailbox.

N2 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Up the hill above Marlowe's house, a big dark car with-  
out lights suddenly starts up and swoops down.

N3 MARLOWE

He never opens the mailbox, but turns as the big dark  
car stops beside him. MARTY AUGUSTINE and some HOODS  
get out. Augustine is a big-time racketeer and he  
dresses the part; expensive, immaculate, and somehow  
just a little bit wrong.

AUGUSTINE

You kept me waiting, cheapie.

MARLOWE

I'm sorry, Mr. Augustine. I only  
see hoods by appointment.

One of the hoods cracks him across the face.

HOOD

That's for being smart.

MARLOWE

I'd have got it anyway...it's  
standard practice. What do you  
want, Augustine?

CONTINUED

N3 CONTD

AUGUSTINE

I don't talk on sidewalks,  
cheapie.

N4 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

One of the hoods is going around turning on lights.  
Augustine inspects the room, his lip curling.

AUGUSTINE

Christ, what a dump. What do  
you pay for this dump, cheapie?

MARLOWE

Too much. And the name is  
Marlowe.

Augustine's right hand man hits Marlowe in the belly  
and shoves him back onto the sofa.

AUGUSTINE

(to other hoods)  
Shake it down.

The hoods begin tearing up the place, throwing stuff  
out of cupboards and drawers, turning back the carpets,  
etc.

MARLOWE

Hey...!

He begins a protest, but the right-hand man now holds  
a gun.

MAN

Sit.

Marlowe sits.

MARLOWE

Look, Augustine. I don't gamble,  
I don't owe you anything, I don't  
even know you except by sight.  
So what do you want from me?

AUGUSTINE

You're famous, cheapie. You got  
your picture in the paper. Every-  
body knows about you. You run  
the Mexican taxi service.

(a beat)

You had a deal with Terry Lennox.

CONTINUED



N4      CONTD

MARLOWE

What do you mean, deal? He was my friend. I took him.

AUGUSTINE

Bullshit, cheapie. You had a deal. Some kind of a deal.

MARLOWE

I drove Terry to Tijuana because he asked me to. I let him out on the street, he walked away, I never saw him again.

AUGUSTINE

Then you tell me something, cheapie. You tell me why you went back.

MARLOWE

Back where?

AUGUSTINE

To Mexico.

MARLOWE

How do you know I went back to Mexico?

AUGUSTINE

I made it my business to know, cheapie. All of a sudden I got an interest in you.

The chief hood lays the pistol across Marlowe's head, a swift sharp blow to encourage him.

AUGUSTINE

What did you go back for?

MARLOWE

I put a marker on Terry's grave. It seemed as though somebody ought to.

AUGUSTINE

You put a marker on Terry's grave. Jesus. And what else did you do in Otatoclan?

MARLOWE

What did they tell you I did?  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

N4 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE (Contd)

You or one of your boys must have gone there...that's the only way you could have known.

AUGUSTINE

You were asking about Terry's effects...the stuff he left behind him. Why?

MARLOWE

No special reason. It's just a thing you do.

AUGUSTINE

What was there?

MARLOWE

One wallet, empty, and some keys that don't open any locks in Otatoclan. Everything else had been taken and put to good use. They don't waste things down there just because somebody dies. What's your interest, Marty? It was all in the papers. Why did you go to Mexico?

AUGUSTINE

You got something on your mind, cheapie. Let's have it.

The hoods have finished their search.

HOOD

Nothing here, Mr. Augustine.

AUGUSTINE

You forgot the sofa, stupid.

The right hand man motions with his gun for Marlowe to get up off the sofa.

MAN

Up.

Marlowe gets up. The hoods take the sofa apart.

AUGUSTINE

All right, cheapie. I'm waiting.

CONTINUED

N4 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE

Somebody met Terry after I left him. Somebody took him up there to Otatoclan. Maybe it was one of your boys, maybe it was you. Same difference.

AUGUSTINE

Why would I do that?

MARLOWE

If Terry committed suicide, he went a hell of a long way to do it. But I don't think it was suicide. I think it was murder. I think whoever took him up there killed him.

The hoods finish with the sofa.

HOOD

Nothing, Mr. Augustine.

Augustine waves the men away. He's looking at Marlowe with intense fascination.

MARLOWE

I think some of the locals know more than they're telling. Is that why you went there, Marty? Payoff?

AUGUSTINE

Cheapie, I don't know what to make of you. But I will.

He nods to his men. They go out. Marlowe stands a moment, regarding the wreckage, feeling his bruises. Then he goes out quickly through the kitchen. We hear a back door open and shut.

N5 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE - NIGHT

Augustine is speaking to a man who nods and starts back up the road. Augustine and the others get into the car and go.

Marlowe comes around the side of the house. He looks after the man walking away, toward another, much smaller car which is parked up the hill. He jumps into his own car and takes off after Augustine.

CONTINUED

N5 CONTD

The lookout, caught flat-footed, turns and shouts indignantly after Marlowe, then begins to run toward his car...then stops running, resigned to the fact that he isn't going to make it.

N6 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Augustine's car comes along the street and turns into a driveway. We follow it, and see that this is the Wade house.

N7 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe's car. He stops it some distance back from the Wade house and kills the motor, looking at the house in amazement.

MARLOWE

Well, I'll be damned.

N8 HIS POV

Augustine and his men go to the door of the Wade house. Presently Eileen opens the door and the men push their way in.

N9 MARLOWE

Gets out of his car and hurries toward the Wade house.

N10 EXT. WADE HOUSE - NIGHT

Marlowe making his way as silently as possible through the shrubbery, toward the lighted living room window.

N11 MARLOWE

Looking through the window. He can see, but not hear. Inside, Augustine is speaking to Eileen in what appears to be a threatening manner. She looks upset and frightened, making pleading gestures. Augustine makes some final statement and turns to go. Marlowe leaves the window.

N12 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

From behind a tree or a clump of shrubbery, Marlowe watches Augustine and his men come out and drive away. He hesitates, considering going back to the house. Then all the lights in the Wade house go out and he decides not to. He returns to his car.

N13 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE AND STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe drives past his house and on to where the lookout is sitting in his car. He stops beside it.

MARLOWE

Just checking in. I'm sorry  
I had to give you the slip like  
that.

LOOKOUT

I'll just bet you are. The  
boss'll kill me if he finds out.

MARLOWE

I won't tell him if you don't.  
You can relax now, uh...what is  
your name?

LOOKOUT

Harry.

MARLOWE

Okay, Harry, I'm going to bed.  
Can I get you anything first?  
Cup of coffee, a beer?

LOOKOUT

We ain't supposed to fraternize  
Anyway, I brought some stuff.  
I learned a long time ago, on  
these tail jobs...

MARLOWE

That's smart. A man can't do a  
good job with his stomach growling.  
Say, Harry, just between us...  
what does Marty Augustine think  
I've got that he wants?

LOOKOUT

He only tells me what to do.  
He don't tell me why.

MARLOWE

Mm. Well, good night.

He turns the car around and goes back to his house. He leaves the car in the drive and starts up the steps, then recollects the mail and goes to the box. He pulls out a handful of stuff without really looking at it... it's fairly dark...and goes on up the steps.

## N14 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Marlowe enters. He drops the handful of mail, which appears to be mostly circulars, on the table and fixes himself a drink, looking sourly around at the mess, kicking some things out of the way. He begins to glance through the mail without much interest...until suddenly he spots a letter and is transfixed.

## N15 MARLOWE AND THE LETTER

The envelope is foreign-looking, rumpled and soiled as though it's been a long time on the way. The stamps are Mexican. Marlowe holds the letter closer to the light to read the postmark.

MARLOWE

Otatoclan. Jesus.

He rips open the envelope, extracts the letter and unfolds it. Something drops out but he pays no attention; he's reading the note.

MARLOWE

Good bye, Phil...I'm sorry.  
Terry. Jesus. Christ. Terry.

He looks now to see what dropped, picks up a bill.

## N16 INSERT

A \$5000. bill in Marlowe's hands.

MARLOWE

Five thousand dollars!?

## O1 EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE AND STREET - DAY

Marlowe reversing out of the drive. He horns and waves.

## O2 EXT. STREET - DAY

The lookout starts his car and follows Marlowe.

## O3 EXT. WADE HOUSE - DAY

Marlowe rings the doorbell. Presently Roger opens the door. He's looking much better for a night's sleep, sober and free from sedation; he seems almost euphoric.

ROGER

Well, you came back. I didn't  
think you would.

CONTINUED

03 CONTD

MARLOWE

Not too early, I hope.

ROGER

Early, hell. I've been around for hours.

MARLOWE

So have I, but I had a little cleaning up to do.

04 INT. WADE HOUSE - DAY

As Marlowe comes in.

MARLOWE

You're looking better.

ROGER

All I needed was to get away from Verringer and his frigging needles. But you don't look so good, little buddy. Whose stairs did you fall down?

He is looking at the prominent mark left on Marlowe's forehead by the pistol-whipping...which Marlowe has made no effort to conceal.

MARLOWE

Had a little run-in with Marty Augustine last night. I think I gave him a wrong answer.

ROGER

Marty, huh? You don't want to fool around with him. Come on in the study. Don't mind me doing the honors. The maid quit this morning...they come and go so fast around here I can't keep track. My lady wife's gone, too.

MARLOWE

Gone?

ROGER

Just for the day, I hope. We had a real old-fashioned wallbanger this morning. That's when the maid left. Couldn't stand the noise, I reckon.

05 INT. STUDY - DAY

Roger and Marlowe.

ROGER

Maybe some day we'll get lucky  
and find one that's stone deaf.  
Sit down. Scotch or bourbon?

MARLOWE

Nothings, thanks.

ROGER

Ah, shit. Don't you think I've  
got balls enough to stay away from  
the stuff if I want to? Have a  
drink.

MARLOWE

Okay. Bourbon, then.

ROGER

What's on your mind, little buddy?

MARLOWE

Just wanted to see how you were  
doing.

ROGER

Did you think about what I said?

MARLOWE

The answer's still no.

ROGER

Are you scared of me, Marlowe?

MARLOWE

I'd be scared of trying to tell  
you what to do.

ROGER

Not cut out to be a father-figure,  
huh? But that's not what I'm  
looking for. All I want is some-  
body to talk to. You know how  
important that is, Marlowe? Some-  
body to talk to...

MARLOWE

Or somebody to listen?

ROGER

Same thing, isn't it?

CONTINUED



05      CONTD

MARLOWE

Not exactly. Look, I don't mind talking, and I don't mind listening, but not on any basis of obligation.

ROGER

Independent son of a bitch. Is that what got you in trouble with Marty Augustine?

(Marlowe gives a noncommittal shrug)

How much are you into him for?

MARLOWE

I'm not exactly sure.

ROGER

Whatever he says it is, you better pay off. You need some money? I can lend you anything you want.

MARLOWE

No, thanks. You know Marty pretty well, huh?

ROGER

Know him? Christ. Would you like to guess how much Marty Augustine owes me, right now, today? No? Well, I'll tell you. Fifty thousand bucks, Marlowe. Fifty thousand.

MARLOWE

Jesus. Won't he pay?

ROGER

Oh, he'll pay. He'll pay. I don't worry about that.

MARLOWE

You must play in a lot of luck, Roger. Fifty thousand! Most people lose their shirts.

ROGER

It ain't luck, little buddy. It's brains. These goddam gamblers aren't so smart. It's just that the suckers are so Christ-awful

(MORE)

CONTINUED

05      CONTD (2)

ROGER (Contd)

dumb. You want to know how to bet the pools, you just come to me. You don't have to nurse that drink, you know. We got nothing but booze around here.

MARLOWE

It's a little strong.

ROGER

Oh shit, don't tell me you're one of those. I thought better of you. Whisky's fine and water's fine, but by God not together. And I never knew a man worth shaking hands with who didn't drink his liquor straight.

MARLOWE

There are times and times. I'd like some water, thanks.

Roger takes the glass over to the drinks table. Unseen by Marlowe, he adds a little water, then pours in more whisky.

MARLOWE

Did you know Terry Lennox?

ROGER

Augustine's Number One right-hand ass-kisser? Sure I knew him. If you knew Marty, you had to. Son of a bitch.

MARLOWE

Didn't like him, huh?

ROGER

He murdered his wife and ran like a yellow cur... This better?

MARLOWE

Thanks.

ROGER

And then he took his tiny gun and blew his tiny brains out. Just like that. Bang. Suicide. You ever think about suicide, Marlowe?

CONTINUED

05      CONTD (3)

MARLOWE

Professionally, yes. Personally,  
no. Did you know Sylvia?

ROGER

Who?

MARLOWE

Sylvia Lennox. Terry's wife.

ROGER

Christ, I don't know. I may have  
met her. So you never thought  
of killing yourself, Marlowe?  
(fondling his gun  
collection)

What makes your life so wonderful  
that you want to go on with it?  
Are you so rich, so good-looking?  
Have you got so many women, so  
much booze, so much food, so many  
goodies, that you just can't let  
go? Shit. You haven't got  
anything, Marlowe. What do you  
want to live for? Just to see  
the sun come up in the morning?  
And you can't even see that for  
the fucking smog.

MARLOWE

Oh, Mistress Death! I think I'll  
appropriate your favorite word,  
Roger. Shit.

ROGER

That proves you haven't thought  
about it. It's beautiful, Marlowe.  
Sweet, silken, swift. How's that  
for words? I live by words, and  
when they run away from me, I die.

He holds a revolver now, as though it's some mystical  
object.

ROGER

Think of the power. You can spit  
right in God's eye. You gaveth,  
Old Man, but it's me that taketh  
away. ...Think of the power to  
punish.

CONTINUED

05 CONTD (4)

MARLOWE

Punish who?

ROGER

Yourself. The world. God.

MARLOWE

Or somebody you're mad at, like your wife. Is that why you went to Verringer? Is that why you needed him so badly? Were you going to kill yourself?

ROGER

Have another drink, little buddy. You're doing me a lot of good, sitting there slopping it down, proving to me that I can stay away from it. No arguments. I'm feeling good today. You don't want to make me feel bad. Why won't you stay with me, Marlowe? You don't like me... is that it?

MARLOWE

You don't need me, you need a psychiatrist. Or your ass kicked. I don't know which. You're a ham, Roger. A poseur. You need a fresh new audience, that's why you want me around. Somebody who doesn't know the act by heart.

ROGER

You hit hard, don't you? But that's what I want. Somebody with guts enough to tell me the truth. Everybody lies to me, Marlowe. All my friends. They're all ass-kissers. They tell me I'm great, the rough-hewn genius of the age, and they drink my booze and paw my wife and laugh at me behind my back. What I need is somebody I can trust...

DISSOLVE TO

06 ROGER AND MARLOWE

Another drink being shoved in Marlowe's hand, and Marlowe is getting pretty drunk.

CONTINUED

06 CONTD

MARLOWE

You are a shit, Roger. A real shit. You have to lean on people, you have to squash them, beat them out of shape, make 'em lie down and roll over. You can't take no for an answer. I am not going to stay with you. Now why don't you get to your type-writer, rough-hewn country genius? Stop whining and start working. That's the only way you'll ever get your book done.

ROGER

I think you are right, little buddy. I think you are absolutely right. You see? You are what I need.

Roger goes to the desk, inserts paper in the typewriter, thinks a minute, and then begins to pound the keys. Marlowe shakes his head and takes a gulp out of the fresh drink.

DISSOLVE TO

P1 INT. WADE STUDY - NIGHT

Marlowe has passed out on the couch. He is sleeping peacefully, but there is the hell and all of a party going on in the house. The sounds of revelry penetrate his slumber, dragging him back reluctantly to wakefulness. He sits up, still pretty fuzzy and not quite sure where he is. It begins to come back to him...Roger's study, a lot of booze...

He goes into Roger's bathroom. We hear water running. He comes out again, looking more awake, hair combed and tie straightened. He remembers something and goes to Roger's desk. There are no pages of typescript beside the typewriter, but desk and floor are littered with crumpled balls of yellow paper. Marlowe shakes his head and wanders out.

P2 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roger is enthroned, holding forth to a bunch of his cronies...free-loaders and hangers-on who pretend to admire his act and who accept his bullying. He is quite drunk, and the booze is flowing freely.

Marlowe enters. Eileen, who is keeping as clear of the mess as possible and still play hostess, greets him.

CONTINUED

P2      CONTD

EILEEN

Well, the sleeping beauty! If this didn't wake you up, nothing would. Can I get you a drink?

MARLOWE

God, no. I told you I wouldn't make a good wet-nurse. In fact, I think I need one myself. I'm sorry.

EILEEN

Nothing to be sorry about.

(as Marlowe surveys  
the goings-on)

Roger got bored with hard work and sobriety, and rang up a few of his friends. That took care of the new maid...she walked in, looked around, and walked right out again.

Roger now takes notice of Marlowe. Actually he's been watching him and Eileen.

ROGER

Hey, little buddy, come over here and meet the gang.

EILEEN

Excuse me.

She turns away to serve somebody a drink. Marlowe crosses to Roger.

ROGER

Gang, this is Marlowe. I don't know if he's got a front name or not. He's a shamus. You know what a shamus is? Nah, you're too young. I'll tell you. A shamus is a peeper, a snooper, a private dick...detective to you little ones. Ain't that so, Marlowe?

Marlowe nods. There is a good deal of laughter, AD LIB greetings, etc., from the group. They enjoy seeing somebody guyed.

ROGER

And Marlowe is good. He is so good that outof all the peepers

(MORE)

CONTINUED

P2      CONTD (3)

ROGER (Contd)

and snoopers in L.A. County, my wife could just open up the phone book and unerringly pick Marlowe. Eileen...hey, Eileen. Tiny wife. Tell me, just for fun...what made you pick Marlowe from among all the rest?

The front door chime begins to RING.

EILEEN

I didn't know one from the other. I just took a chance.

ROGER

There must have been something that made Marlowe look better than the others. The sound of his name, maybe? Or did he have an ad...Satisfaction Guaranteed, Special Rates to Lovely Ladies. Come on. Why Marlowe?

EILEEN

There's someone at the door.  
(she goes)

MARLOWE

How did the writing go, big buddy?  
Did you finish your chapter?  
(Roger likes not  
the needle)  
Good night, Roger.

ROGER

What are you sore about? Stick around. The party's just getting warm.

MARLOWE

Sorry. I have an appointment.

Marlowe starts out, but halts as Dr. Verringer enters, with Eileen behind him. Roger reacts.

ROGER

What are you doing here? I told you never to...

CONTINUED

P2      CONTD (4)

          VERRINGER

Roger. You and I have some business to discuss. Do you want to discuss it here, in front of all your friends, or would you prefer to do it in private?

Again this quiet little man has the upper hand. Roger swings his head and snorts like an angry bull, blustering.

          ROGER

All right, all right. Come on in the study. Go ahead, gang. I'll be right back.

P3      MARLOWE AND EILEEN

Together. They watch Roger and Verringer go out; they look at each other. Then Marlowe slips out of the room.

P4      THE FOYER

Marlowe crosses quietly toward the study door. It is partly open and we hear the sound of voices inside.

          ROGER

I don't like you coming here, God damn it...

          VERRINGER

That is your fault, Roger.

P5      MARLOWE'S POV - THE STUDY

Roger and Verringer.

          VERRINGER

You owe me five thousand dollars. You will pay me what you owe me.

          ROGER

This is my house, Verringer. You can't come in here and bully me around the way you do up there at Sunnyside...

          VERRINGER

I shall not leave until I get my money. Write out the check, Roger.

CONTINUED



P5 CONTD

ROGER

You can go fuck yourself for the check.

Verringer slaps him, a stinging blow across the face.

VERRINGER

Write it.

For a moment it is not quite clear what Roger will do... kill Verringer or burst into tears. At length he goes with a peculiar quiet obedience to the desk, gets a check pad out of a drawer, writes the check and hands it to Verringer.

VERRINGER

Thank you, Roger.

P6 MARLOWE

He retreats quickly to the living room.

P7 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe and Eileen.

EILEEN

What happened?

MARLOWE

Roger paid him. Five thousand dollars.

EILEEN

Five thousand...!

She goes into the foyer.

P8 THE FOYER

Verringer is on his way to the front door. Marlowe in living room, in b.g. Eileen stops Verringer.

EILEEN

Dr. Verringer...

VERRINGER

I apologize for this intrusion, Mrs. Wade...but your husband dislikes paying his bills. I've had  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

P8      CONTD

                  VERRINGER (Contd)  
trouble with him before...so much  
trouble that I shall refuse to  
accept him as a patient again.

                  EILEEN  
But...

Roger comes out of the study, stands glowering at them.  
Eileen shuts up, frightened.

                  VERRINGER  
Good night, Mrs. Wade.

Giving Marlowe a scornful look, Verringer goes. Eileen  
turns back into the living room.

P9      INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eileen brightly playing hostess, hoping that there will  
be safety in numbers and the storm will pass over.

                  EILEEN  
Your glass is empty...and how  
about you? Ready for another?

Roger enters. He looks sullen thunder at Eileen, at  
Marlowe, at everybody. He goes to the drinks cabinet,  
or bar, picks up a bottle, tips it, and gulps down the  
raw liquor. Then he looks at Marlowe.

                  ROGER  
I thought you were leaving, little  
buddy. Still hanging around?  
What's the attraction? As if I  
didn't know.  
                  (looks at Eileen)

                  EILEEN  
Roger, please. You have guests.

                  ROGER  
Fuck the guests. You still just  
sniffing, Marlowe? Or did you  
make it yesterday, while I was  
tucked away in that hole? Don't  
be shy, she sleeps around. You  
might as well have a piece of it,  
everybody else does.

Eileen throws the empty glass she's holding at Roger,

CONTINUED

P9 CONTD

then goes out through the French doors into the garden. Roger turns on the guests.

ROGER

What're you sitting around gawping for? Getout. Getout, every god-dam one of you. Git! Including you, Marlowe, little buddy boy. Especially you. And don't come back.

MARLOWE

What has Verringer got on you, Roger?

ROGER

He's got nothing on me.

MARLOWE

He must have something, or you wouldn't let him slap your face like that. Verringer's what you're really mad about, not this other bullshit.

ROGER

I ought to kill you, Marlowe. If I see you here again, I will, so help me.

He goes. Marlowe watches him stride furiously into the study and slam the door.

The last of the guests depart. Marlowe is alone. He hesitates, doesn't see Eileen, and decides he had better go too. He starts out of the room. Eileen speaks to him from the French door.

EILEEN

Mr. Marlowe... Please...will you stay? I know him when he goes into these rages. I'm afraid.

MARLOWE

Wouldn't it be better if you left? You could go to an hotel, or stay with friends...

EILEEN

I did that once. He smashed everything in the house that belonged

(MORE)

CONTINUED

P9      CONTD

EILEEN (Contd)  
to me, and then fell down the stairs and lay unconscious for hours. He could have died. I don't dare to leave. Just for a little while? You could keep out of sight.

MARLOWE  
All right. Mrs. Wade...

EILEEN  
Eileen.

MARLOWE  
Eileen. Tell me one thing. Roger said he'd taken Marty Augustine for fifty thousand dollars. Is that true?

EILEEN  
He always has to pretend he's won. Actually, he lost. Nothing like that much, of course.

MARLOWE  
Then he owes Marty. And he's making him wait?

EILEEN  
As Dr. Verringer said...Roger hates to part with money.

MARLOWE  
And Marty's getting impatient?

The SOUND of the study door opening o.s. interrupts them.

ROGER (O.S.)  
(shouting)  
Eileen!

Marlowe goes out through the French doors, where he can watch without being seen. Eileen busies herself about the room, picking at the debris of glasses and overflowing ashtrays.

P10      INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Roger enters.

CONTINUED

P10 CONTD

ROGER

Here you are. Why the hell didn't you answer me? Everybody gone?

EILEEN

Yes, Roger. Everybody's gone.

Roger takes another pull on the bottle. He watches Eileen. She starts out of the room with a load of glasses. He knocks them out of her hands, sending stuff cascading all over the floor and nearby furniture.

ROGER

What did Verringer say to you?

EILEEN

Nothing.

ROGER

Don't lie to me, you rotten little bitch. I saw him talking to you.

EILEEN

All right! He said you wouldn't pay your bills and he didn't want you as a patient any more.

ROGER

He wouldn't say that. Not about me. Marlowe. That shit Marlowe. Does he know why I went to Verringer?

EILEEN

No.

ROGER

That shit Marlowe. You don't let your bed get cold, do you? One out, one in...

EILEEN

Roger, no...please...I didn't...

ROGER

Everybody's welcome in that bed but me. You lie there and laugh at me...

He starts beating her. Marlowe comes in.

CONTINUED

P10 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE

Roger!

Roger is too intent on his work and making too much noise to hear him. Marlowe gets between Roger and Eileen. He hits Roger as hard as he can and then waits for annihilation, with Roger looming over him like a mountain.

MARLOWE

Big man!

Roger seems stricken in some odd way. He seems to shrink in upon himself. All his truculence melts away.

ROGER

You dirty bitch, you kept him here.

He does not go for Marlowe. Instead he turns on Eileen ...verbally now, not physically.

ROGER

You remember what happened with the Lennoxes. It can happen again. I don't have to take shit from anybody!

He charges out. Marlowe helps Eileen up.

MARLOWE

You all right?

She nods. Marlowe helps her to a chair. The study door SLAMS o.s., violently.

P11 THE FOYER

Marlowe comes from the living room. He listens...there are crashing noises from inside the study, Roger's muffled voice in an ecstasy of hysterical rage screaming obscenities.

P12 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe and Eileen, as Marlowe returns.

MARLOWE

He's wrecking the study.

CONTINUED

P12 CONTD

EILEEN

You showed him up, you see. He only beats women, but he wants to pretend, even to me, that he's really the big tough fearless male. Poor Roger, I suppose I ought to feel sorry for him. That's what all the books say.

MARLOWE

Rot. What happens next?

EILEEN

Usually he passes out, wakes up the next morning with a hangover and very little memory of what happened. Will you get me a drink, Phil, please?

MARLOWE

What did he mean about the Lennoxes?

EILEEN

I don't know. He says so many crazy things.

MARLOWE

Sylvia Lennox was beaten to death. Was he threatening to kill you the same way?

EILEEN

He may have been, I don't know. What am I going to do, Phil? I may as well face it, I've got a lunatic on my hands...

MARLOWE

Separation. Divorce. Try and have him committed, which isn't as easy as it sounds. How well did he know Sylvia Lennox?

EILEEN

I don't know. I haven't any idea. He knew Terry, but I don't think...very well. It was a terrible tragedy. So senseless.

CONTINUED

P12 CONTD (2)

MARLOWE

Most tragedies are. Did you know the Lennoxes?

EILEEN

I'd met them, that's all. He didn't seem...

MARLOWE

Like the kind of man who would beat his wife to death and then kill himself. No, he didn't.

He has been listening to the noises from the study o.s. They have now subsided.

MARLOWE

I think he's quieted down. You say he didn't know Terry Lennox very well, but he seems to have hated him rather viciously. How would you explain that?

EILEEN

I just don't know. And if you're expecting Roger to make sense about his personal relationships, don't. People like him don't need any real reason for hate. Didn't Mr. Lennox say anything to you...on all that long drive?

MARLOWE

No. Maybe he didn't have anything to say.

(quoting Roger)

...what happened with the Lennoxes can happen again, I don't have to take shit from anybody. Who would you say he was taking it from?

EILEEN

I don't know. Why don't you get a drink, Phil? You look as though you need one.

MARLOWE

Perhaps I will. Did Roger ever talk about the Lennoxes? About Sylvia?

EILEEN

No.

CONTINUED



P12 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE

Yet Sylvia was beaten to death,  
and the same thing could happen  
to you. Was he having an affair  
with her?

EILEEN

Please don't ask me these questions.  
I can't answer them.

MARLOWE

Was he having an affair with  
someone you didn't know? Some-  
one who could have been Sylvia?

EILEEN

No.

MARLOWE

Where was he when Sylvia was  
killed?

Eileen gets up and goes determinedly toward the door.

MARLOWE

Where are you going?

EILEEN

To the bathroom. I need an  
aspirin. I need several aspirin.

MARLOWE

End of conversation.

Eileen exits to the foyer. Marlowe fiddles with his  
drink, in deep thought.

There is the SOUND OF A GUNSHOT o.s. from the closed  
study.

Marlowe runs for the doorway.

P13 THE FOYER

Marlowe comes out of the living room, Eileen out of the  
powder room which opens off the foyer.

EILEEN

What was that?

MARLOWE

A shot.

CONTINUED

P12 CONTD (4)

He goes to the study door, tries it. It's locked. He pounds on it, shouts.

MARLOWE

Roger. Roger!

No answer. White-faced, Eileen speaks to Marlowe.

EILEEN

He may just be shamming. He's done this before, to frighten me.

MARLOWE

Roger?

No answer. Marlowe kicks the door open, breaking the lock. He looks inside, then turns and catches Eileen, to stop her going in.

MARLOWE

Never mind, Eileen. This time he wasn't shamming.

Q1 INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eileen sits, looking stunned, with Marlowe hovering protectively. People are coming and going; lab men, photographer, ambulance men, cops. In the doorway of the room a DETECTIVE is huddled in private conversation with a man who holds a doctor's bag. The detective is making notes.

The medical man leaves. The detective returns to Eileen and Marlowe.

MARLOWE

What did the M.E. have to say?

DETECTIVE

What would you expect him to say, Mr. Marlowe? Now, if you'll just run through a few of these points in your statement, Mrs. Wade...

MARLOWE

The lady's had a hard day, she's told you everything, why don't you let her alone?

CONTINUED

Q1     CONTD

DETECTIVE

(quite impersonal)

This won't take long. I will read back to you your statement about your husband, Mrs. Wade. Please listen carefully.

(reads)

Roger was an alcoholic, he was very depressed about his work, he had threatened suicide on a number of occasions, I think he had been under some kind of psychiatric care. Question, Don't you know? Answer, He kept it secret from me, but Dr. Verringer can tell you. At the Sunnyside Spa. Is that correct?

EILEEN

Yes.

DETECTIVE

You hired Mr. Marlowe to get your husband away from Dr. Verringer's care. Why?

EILEEN

I hired Mr. Marlowe to find my husband. I had no idea where he was at the time, and I was worried.

MARLOWE

Roger left Verringer's of his own free will. He wanted to leave.

DETECTIVE

Is this list of witnesses to your husband's behaviour at the party substantially correct?

EILEEN

(looks at it)

Yes.

DETECTIVE

Your husband was upset about Verringer's visit, he threw everybody out of the house, and then came back and found you alone with Mr. Marlowe...

CONTINUED

Q1     CONTD (2)

EILEEN

He found me alone, period. I had asked Mr. Marlowe to wait because I was afraid. As you can see, I had reason.

MARLOWE

The lady and I only met yesterday. Hardly time enough to develop a steaming passion. I told you, I was out on the terrace.

DETECTIVE

Your husband began beating you, Mrs. Wade. Do you know why?

EILEEN

He thought, or pretended to think, that I was lying to him about what Dr. Verringer had said.

DETECTIVE

About rejecting him as a patient.

EILEEN

That's right.

DETECTIVE

And when did Mr. Marlowe come in?

EILEEN

As soon as he saw what was happening.

DETECTIVE

He didn't fight with your husband?

EILEEN

There was no need to. My husband was a coward, I suppose I have to admit that. He ran off to the study and locked himself in.

DETECTIVE

And then you heard him breaking things.

EILEEN

That was nothing unusual for Roger.

DETECTIVE

You didn't try to stop him.

CONTINUED

Q1 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE

No, we knew he was going to blow his brains out and we didn't want to interrupt his train of thought. Besides, we were busy having an affair. For Christ's sake! What do you want? Mrs. Wade was trying to wipe the blood off her face... she was in there taking aspirin when we heard the shot. Roger was a psycho. He talked to me about death...suicide...this afternoon. Beautiful, he said. Sweet, silken, swift. He seemed fascinated by the recent suicide of a man he knew.

DETECTIVE

Oh? Who was that?

MARLOWE

Terry Lennox. Maybe that tipped Roger over the edge. Maybe it was something else. But he was ready and waiting to be tipped.

DETECTIVE

And there was no more definite motive you can think of, Mrs. Wade, that he might have had for killing himself? Marital problems, perhaps?

EILEEN

It must be quite obvious that our marriage was not flourishing. But that was nothing new, either.

DETECTIVE

We'd like you to come down to Headquarters and sign a statement.

MARLOWE

Mrs. Wade's can wait until tomorrow, can't it? I'll come with you.

EILEEN

Please? I really don't feel up to it.

DETECTIVE

I guess that'll be all right.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

Q1     CONTD (4)

DETECTIVE (Contd)

I'll leave someone here with you.  
Come on, Marlowe.

MARLOWE

(to Eileen)

This won't take long. I'll be  
back.

R1     INT. FOYER - NIGHT

A uniformed COP opens the door for Marlowe. As Marlowe crosses to the living room, the cop resumes his seat in a chair in the foyer, making a note of Marlowe's arrival and the time.

R2     INT. WADE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eileen and Marlowe, as Marlowe enters. There is a coffee service on the table.

EILEEN

Was there any trouble?

MARLOWE

How could there be any trouble?  
They look at all the angles,  
that's their job, but they can't  
make this one anything but suicide.  
How are you feeling?

EILEEN

Blank. Terribly tired. No grief.  
No grief at all. That's not right,  
is it?

MARLOWE

May I have some of that coffee?

EILEEN

I'm sorry... It's just that all  
at once the house is so quiet. I  
asked a friend to come and stay  
the night with me...the watchdog  
out there isn't much in the way  
of company. Will you stay with me  
until she comes?

MARLOWE

Of course. Eileen...you lied about  
Roger. You were covering for him.

CONTINUED

R2      CONTD

EILEEN

In what way?

MARLOWE

He killed Sylvia Lennox, didn't he?

EILEEN

Can't you let that alone?

MARLOWE

Not until you tell me the truth.  
Roger's dead now, you don't have  
to defend him any longer.

EILEEN

Yes, he's dead. They're all dead.  
So what difference does it make?

MARLOWE

Terry Lennox was my friend. If  
he didn't kill his wife, I want  
that known. And if it is known,  
perhaps the police will be more  
interested in finding out what  
really happened to Terry.

EILEEN

What...really happened?

MARLOWE

Somebody killed him as sure as I'm  
standing here, and I want to know  
who.

EILEEN

But he confessed...

MARLOWE

Why would he confess if he didn't  
do it? And you know he didn't do  
it. So the note was a forgery.  
Why was Marty Augustine here last  
night?

(she looks startled,  
doesn't answer)

I followed him from my place. He  
and his boys had a field day with  
me...what did I know about Terry,  
what kind of a deal did I have  
with him. Marty knows something.  
What did he want with you?

CONTINUED

R2      CONTD (2)

EILEEN

Just what you said. Roger owed him money. He was getting impatient.

Her thoughts are far away.

MARLOWE

He didn't say anything about Terry?

EILEEN

No.

MARLOWE

Okay. Now, look, Eileen. I want the truth, and I don't give a damn about Roger Wade, his memory or his reputation, so stop playing the faithful wife. Did Roger kill Sylvia Lennox?

EILEEN

Yes. He killed her.

MARLOWE

Go on, tell me about it.

EILEEN

He was having an affair with Sylvia. You asked why he hated Terry Lennox ...it was because of her. He was jealous. And I think perhaps Terry had found out about them. I think perhaps Sylvia wanted to break it off. Roger went to see her that day, and I knew it. He didn't come back. When I heard that she'd been beaten to death I knew it had to be Roger. But... he was my husband, I felt I had to protect him. And then there was Terry's death, and the confession, and I didn't know what to think.

MARLOWE

But you're sure now that Roger did it.

EILEEN

Yes. I'm sure.

CONTINUED



R2      CONTD (3)

MARLOWE

Will you tell that to the police?

EILEEN

Yes.

MARLOWE

I'll go down in the morning and  
talk to Farmer.

S1      INT. FARMER'S OFFICE - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY  
Farmer looks up from his desk as Marlowe enters.

FARMER

I can give you five minutes,  
Marlowe. What do you want?

MARLOWE

I want the Lennox case reopened.

FARMER

On what grounds?

MARLOWE

I have new evidence.

FARMER

Care to tell me?

MARLOWE

Mrs. Roger Wade is prepared to  
testify that her husband was  
having an affair with Sylvia  
Lennox, and that he was with her  
on the day she died. He dis-  
appeared that same day. Further-  
more, Roger Wade was a psycho  
drunk with a special passion for  
beating women. A real nut. He  
killed himself last night.

FARMER

I know about that. And this is  
your new evidence?

MARLOWE

What's wrong with it?

FARMER

Nothing, except it isn't new.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

T1 CONTD (2)

VERRINGER (Contd)  
 wife to know that he requires  
 every so often to be spanked like  
 a baby?

MARLOWE  
 So you decided to stop spanking  
 him, and he killed himself.

VERRINGER  
 Our relationship had deteriorated.  
 He was building up a formidable  
 resentment...a not unusual reaction.  
 I was no longer able to help him.  
 As to why he killed himself, who  
 knows? Roger had long ago lost  
 touch with reality. He lived in  
 his own world. Who can say what  
 made him want to leave it?

MARLOWE  
 Yes, who indeed. Well, I won't  
 trouble you again, Doctor.

T2 EXT. MAIN OFFICE - SUNNYSIDE SPA - DAY

Marlowe comes out, looking beaten. He plods to his car  
 and drives away.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

U1 INT. MARLOWE'S OFFICE - DAY

Marlowe at the telephone, making a call.

MARLOWE  
 Hello...Wade residence? This is  
 Philip Marlowe again. Has Mrs.  
 Wade come back yet? I see. Okay,  
 thank you. I'll try later.

He hangs up. After a minute or two he reaches into a  
 drawer and brings out the office bottle, gets up and  
 draws a cup of water from the cooler. As he returns  
 to the desk he picks up the automatic message recorder.

RECORDED VOICE  
 This is the Southside Finance  
 Company. Your account is now two  
 months in arrears. If you do not  
 remit...

CONTINUED

U1      CONTD

MARLOWE

Remit, remit! Keep your pants on. You are dealing with a wealthy man now. I own a portrait of Madison.

DISSOLVE TO

V1      INSERT - NIGHT

The portrait of Madison on the \$5000. bill. It's lying on a table. We hear OVER a telephone dial spinning.

V2      INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe on the phone, making a call.

MARLOWE

Hello, Eileen? Finally caught you. This is Phil. Yeah, I know, the lawyers and the red tape and all that jazz. You getting it straightened out? Good. Did you pay off Marty Augustine? I'm glad to hear it. That was important. You okay? Good. Uh...Eileen...I was just wondering if I could... Yeah, sure, of course...I understand. Later in the week, then. Take care of yourself. 'Bye.

He puts the phone down and returns to the table. He has a drink and the inevitable cigarette. He sits down and picks up the portrait of Madison, staring at it moodily as though it could tell him a lot if it would only speak. It doesn't...and all of a sudden there are SOUNDS from outside, o.s....a car halting, feet thumping up the steps, a banging on the door. Marlowe hastily shoves the \$5000. bill out of sight, under something. The door bursts open. Marty Augustine's Number One hood and a couple of others come in. Number One man has a gun.

MAN

The boss man wants to see.

W1      INT. MARTY AUGUSTINE'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A room, fairly large and bare, suitable for beating people up in. Harry the lookout and a couple of other thugs are there. Marlowe is pacing up and down.

CONTINUED

W1      CONTD

HARRY THE LOOKOUT

Sit down. You make me nervous.

MARLOWE

I make you nervous! What is this, anyway? I thought Marty wanted to see me...

HARRY THE LOOKOUT

Mr. Augustine will see you when he gets good and damned ready. So why don't you just...

He is interrupted by the opening of a door. Marty Augustine comes in with his Number One man. They shut the door behind them with a kind of unpleasant finality. Augustine nods to Harry and the others; they gang up around Marlowe.

MARLOWE

Now listen, Augustine...

AUGUSTINE

Shut up, cheapie. Okay. Time has gone by and I'm tired of fooling around. My boys are tired of following you...you don't go to very interesting places, and Harry's getting ulcers eating at the dumps you eat at...

HARRY

I can't take all that chili size.

AUGUSTINE

So I'll tell you what. If you know anything, talk. If you don't know anything, that's too bad, because I am going to beat the living shit out of you.

MARLOWE

How the hell can I talk when I don't know what you want me to talk about?

AUGUSTINE

About Terry Lennox, cheapie. That's what I want to hear. Terry Lennox had a suitcase, remember?

CONTINUED

W1     CONTD (2)

MARLOWE

Yeah. What about it?

AUGUSTINE

That suitcase happened to have three hundred and sixty thousand bucks of my money in it. He was supposed to smuggle that dough into Mexico, but he wasn't supposed to disappear with it. I want to know what you know about it.

MARLOWE

Three hundred and sixty thou... Christ! In that suitcase?

AUGUSTINE

In that suitcase, cheapie.

MARLOWE

But I didn't know...I don't know...

Augustine hits him.

AUGUSTINE

You don't think he committed suicide, cheapie. Neither do I. A man with that much bread in his hands don't kill himself.

MARLOWE

I told you...I thought he was... murdered...

AUGUSTINE

Maybe he was. Maybe somebody found he had all that money and took it off him. Maybe you, cheapie, his old pal. Maybe you got it stashed somewhere...

MARLOWE

No!

AUGUSTINE

Or maybe you helped him figure out a way to get clear with it, for a split. Maybe he's still alive, sitting on the stuff and laughing at me. Maybe you're

(MORE)

CONTINUED

W1 CONTD (3)

AUGUSTINE (Contd)

laughing at me too, cheapie, huh?  
 Maybe you think it's very funny  
 to steal three hundred and sixty  
 grand from Marty Augustine?

He hits Marlowe again, and then the others start in on him while Marty stands by watching. They are giving Marlowe one hell of a beating, in spite of his protests.

All at once a door opens and a man comes in. He speaks apart to Augustine, who speaks to his Number One, who signals to the other hoods. They drop Marlowe, literally, and walk out of the room.

Marlowe flops around feebly like a gaffed fish, trying to get himself together.

Marty and some of the others come back into the room. Marlowe braces himself for a continuation of the beating, but they pay no attention to him. They're not even looking his way. Marty and Number One are talking together in low voices. They pass by Marlowe heading for a door at the other end of the room. Marlowe watches them.

MARLOWE

Hey... What about me?

AUGUSTINE

Go buy yourself a hamburger,  
 cheapie.

They all exit through the far door. Marlowe, completely at a loss, struggles to his feet and totters out the other way.

X1 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Marlowe staggers out of a side doorway into the alley, moves along it toward the street.

X2 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

At the mouth of the alley, Marlowe pauses to lean against a wall and get his breath. He sees something o.s. that startles him.

X3 HIS POV

Eileen comes out of the front door of the building he

CONTINUED

X3     CONTD

has just left by the side door. She hurries to her car at the curb and drives away.

X4     EXT. STREET - MARLOWE - NIGHT

The traffic is fairly heavy, moving slowly. Marlowe follows Eileen's car on foot, trying to overtake it, trying to attract her attention, but she is intent on the traffic and always one jump ahead of him, out of reach.

X5     MARLOWE AND COP

Just as it looks as though Marlowe may catch the car at the next traffic light, he runs into a large uniformed COP who regards his dishevelled appearance and unsteady gait with suspicion. He's been watching Marlowe's erratic progress.

COP

What little game are you playing at, friend?

MARLOWE

Somebody I know...in that car. I was trying...

COP

Oh, yeah? How many did you have, friend?

MARLOWE

I didn't have any. I just got beaten up...

Eileen's car is irretrievably gone.

COP

You ought to stay out of those places. Now, you gonna get yourself off the street or must I take you?

MARLOWE

Okay, okay.

He signals a passing taxi and gets in.

Y1     EXT. WADE HOUSE - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up in front. The house looks unusually dark, only a few lights showing.

CONTINUED

Y1     CONTD

MARLOWE

Wait, please.

He goes to the front door, rings the bell. Presently a WOMAN opens it.

WOMAN

Are you from the real estate people?

MARLOWE

What real estate people?  
I want to see Mrs. Wade.

WOMAN

She isn't here.

MARLOWE

When do you expect her back?

WOMAN

I couldn't say. She just left me with instructions to get the house ready for showing.

MARLOWE

Let me get this straight.  
The house is up for sale?

WOMAN

That's right.

MARLOWE

And where is Mrs. Wade?

WOMAN

She didn't tell me where she was going. She just packed her bags and left.

MARLOWE

I see. Thank you.

He returns to the taxi.

Y2     EXT. MARLOWE HOUSE AND STREET - NIGHT

Marlowe pays off the taxi in front of his house. He sees his mail box is hanging open. He goes to shut it, sees something inside, and takes out an envelope. Painfully, he starts up the steps.



Y3 INT. MARLOWE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marlowe opens the envelope, takes out a note and a \$500. bill.

MARLOWE

Five hundred bucks. Suddenly everybody's sending me money.

(reads the note)

You never sent me a bill...I hope this covers. Thank you, Phil. Good bye. Eileen.

(drops the note)

Thank you, Phil. Good bye.

He gets the \$5000. bill out of its hiding place and puts the \$500. bill beside it. He looks at them. Abruptly he slams open the door of a closet, takes out a suitcase and disappears with it into the bedroom.

Z1 EXT. STREET - OTATOCUAN - DAY

Marlowe striding purposefully toward a building.

Z2 INT. OFFICE OF THE JEFE DE POLICIA - DAY

The Jefe is at his desk going over some papers. He looks up startled as the door bangs open and Marlowe comes in.

JEFE

Ah...Mr. Marlowe! And what can I do for you?

Marlowe strides up to the desk, takes out the \$5000. bill and the \$500. bill, and slaps them down on the Jefe's desk.

MARLOWE

Talk.

He sits down across the desk, waiting. The Jefe looks at the bills. He picks them up. He considers. He shrugs, and puts the bills in his pocket.

Z3 EXT. MEXICAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A crowded bus going along a dusty road.

Z4 EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE - DAY

The bus halts to let off and take on passengers. Through a window we see Marlowe inside the bus.

Z5 EXT. MEXICAN HOUSE - DAY

In a remote locale. Marlowe trudging toward it through the dust and heat.

Z6 INT. MEXICAN HOUSE - DAY

A pleasant, cool, whitewashed room with the blaze of sun outside, perhaps a garden in a central court. A man sits with his back to us, the picture of sybaritic comfort, smoking a cheroot, sipping a tall cold drink. The SOUND of an iron door knocker echoes through the place; it has a rather ominous sound, like the booming of a passing bell. The man rises and turns; we see that it is Terry Lennox, not disguised but somewhat changed...heavily tanned, a moustache, an altered hairstyle. We follow him to the door.

Z7 TERRY

At the door, as he opens it. Marlowe stands in the doorway, hot, dusty, rumpled, tired.

MARLOWE

Hello, Terry.

TERRY

For God's sake.

They stand staring at each other...Marlowe quite impassive and refusing to disappear. Terry recovers somewhat from the shock.

TERRY

Christ, Phil, I don't know what to say...

MARLOWE

You might try Come in.

TERRY

Well, of course. Of course. Jesus. I mean, I couldn't be happier to see anybody. I was going to let you know...

MARLOWE

(enters)

Sure you were.

He looks at a woman's brightly-colored coat thrown over a chair (perhaps the same one Eileen was wearing when she came out of Augustine's).

CONTINUED

27      CONTD

TERRY

How on earth did you find me?  
Don't tell me I left such obvious  
tracks...

MARLOWE

You didn't. They were well  
covered. It cost quite a lot  
of money to dig them up. Can  
I have a drink?

TERRY

Yes. Yes, of course. Tequila?  
Lime? Soda?

MARLOWE

And ice. It's a long walk in  
from the road. I'm thirsty.

TERRY

Was it my friend in Otatoclan,  
the Jefe? Did he talk?

MARLOWE

Don't hold it against him. He  
was sorely tempted.

TERRY

I suppose he told you...I couldn't  
have worked it without him and  
the doctor. The suicide, I mean.

MARLOWE

He didn't go into any great  
detail, just admitted that the  
suicide was faked.

TERRY

I was out the whole time, of  
course. The doctor gave me a shot.  
They used a blank cartridge to  
simulate the head wound. I've  
still got a powder mark there,  
probably always will have.

MARLOWE

Small price to pay.

TERRY

When I was supposed to be dead  
they packed me in ice long enough  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

27      CONTD (2)

TERRY (Contd)

to take the photographs and the prints and so on. Then they smuggled me out of town and buried a coffinload of stones.

MARLOWE

Very artistic performance. It must have made a dent in Marty Augustine's three hundred and sixty grand.

TERRY

He told you about the money.

MARLOWE

He mentioned it. I never knew you were Marty's bagman. You were smart to get the rest of it back to him.

TERRY

How did you...

MARLOWE

They were beating the shit out of me trying to find out where the money was, and all of a sudden they stopped. Then I saw Eileen coming out of Marty's place. How is Eileen?

TERRY

She's fine. She went into town. Marty was looking for me. He came to Otatoclan...

MARLOWE

Yeah. He landed on Eileen too, didn't he?

TERRY

From what she says. He thought I might have left the suitcase with her. Anyway, I knew he'd never stop looking...

MARLOWE

So you used Eileen as a go-between. And everything turned out all right.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

27 CONTD (3)

MARLOWE (Contd)

Everything came up roses. Of course if Roger hadn't killed himself and left a wealthy widow, it might have been different, but he did. You have the luck, Terry. You really have the luck ...She told me it was Roger and Sylvia having the affair, but it wasn't. It was you and Eileen. And that explains why Marlowe. Any news, any word of the beloved...

TERRY

What's that?

MARLOWE

Nothing. Just thinking of something.

TERRY

Phil, I'm sorry I couldn't tell you the truth that night...

MARLOWE

Sure, I understand. If there'd been any suspicion of a crime, I couldn't have taken you. Don't worry about it.

TERRY

But I feel like a heel.

MARLOWE

I said don't worry about it. I understand. Nice place you have here. I like the...the garden and all that. Very nice. You figure on staying here?

TERRY

We haven't decided yet.

MARLOWE

Oh, come on, you can tell an old friend. You're dead, so you have to have a new name, a new passport. As soon as you get that, you and Eileen have the whole wide world to play in. Why did you kill her, Terry?

CONTINUED

27      CONTD (4)

TERRY

What?

MARLOWE

Why did you kill your wife?

TERRY

As God is my judge, I didn't mean to.

MARLOWE

Tell me about it, Terry. I've kind of bought an interest in the story, you might say.

TERRY

Roger found out about Eileen and me, the son of a bitch. You have no idea what that girl went through with him...

MARLOWE

I have an idea.

TERRY

Well, he found out and of course he went straight to Sylvia. Told her the whole thing. She and I had a terrible row that night. Sylvia was screaming on about how much she loved me and how much she'd done for me, and what a loathsome character I was...

MARLOWE

So you beat her to death.

TERRY

She wouldn't shut up, Phil. She started threatening me...

MARLOWE

Did she know you were running Marty's dirty profits illegally over the Border?

TERRY

Pretty hard to hide from your wife. She knew I had all that money in the house right then. She threatened to turn me in. You know what that

(MORE)

CONTINUED

Z7      CONTD (5)

TERRY (Contd)  
would have meant, not only to me  
but to Marty Augustine.

MARLOWE  
A big bad rap. And you do have  
to be loyal to your friends. You  
owed it to him.

TERRY  
I guess I lost my cool. I hit  
her...Christ, Phil, that was a  
dreadful moment. Looking at her,  
and realizing...I panicked. I  
really did. All I could think of  
to do was run...

MARLOWE  
Taking the money with you.

TERRY  
I couldn't leave it in the house.

MARLOWE  
No, of course you couldn't. When  
did you contact Eileen? To let  
her know you were alive.

TERRY  
As soon as I heard about Roger's  
death. I keep in touch. Newspapers,  
radio. My Spanish is pretty good,  
you know, I've been coming here for  
years. The funny part of it is,  
Phil, you know...she really believed  
that Roger killed Sylvia? She really  
believed that. She thought Sylvia  
must have got him mad, told him he  
was crazy or something. Provoked  
him.

MARLOWE  
Very funny. And I thought somebody  
had killed you. It didn't make any  
difference to Eileen, though, did it?

TERRY  
What didn't?

MARLOWE  
When she found out it wasn't Roger.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

Z7      CONTD (6)

MARLOWE (Contd)

When she found out you really did kill Sylvia. Didn't bother her at all, did it? She still came running.

TERRY

We love each other.

MARLOWE

That's nice.

TERRY

Phil, I am sorry if I made trouble for you.

MARLOWE

Oh, that's all right.

TERRY

You do understand, then?

MARLOWE

Sure, I understand.

And Terry believes him. He isn't afraid of Marlowe, he doesn't worry about good old square Philip.

TERRY

I sent you some money. Did you get it?

MARLOWE

I got it.

TERRY

If you need any more...

MARLOWE

You and the wealthy widow will pay me to keep my mouth shut.

TERRY

Oh, Christ, don't put it that way. You're my friend. You wouldn't betray me.

MARLOWE

I like your choice of words, Terry. I really do. Besides, by the time

(MORE)

CONTINUED



27      CONTD (7)

MARLOWE (Contd)

I could convince anybody outside of Otatoclan that that very convincing suicide was a fake, you and the lovely lady would be far away. Or I'd be dead. No, I won't betray you, Terry, I wouldn't think of it. By the way, aren't you the least bit curious to know how much it cost me to find you? How much it was worth to me?

TERRY

All right, tell me. How much?

MARLOWE

Five thousand, five hundred dollars, exactly.

He produces a gun.

TERRY

Oh, no, Phil. Not you, the true-blue all-American idiot, ever faithful. Anyway, you've got no reason to get sore. I didn't lie to you, you know. You just assumed...

MARLOWE

Yeah, I just assumed.

TERRY

But Phil...the law...!

MARLOWE

Screw the law.

He shoots Terry. Terry dies, still not believing it. Marlowe turns and walks out of the house.

28      EXT. MEXICAN HOUSE - DAY

As Marlowe comes out. Eileen is just driving up in a Landrover. She is astonished to see him.

EILEEN

Phil...

He walks past her without looking at her, as though she is not there. He walks away along the dusty road. She stares after him, getting out of the car. Then she turns and goes into the house.

FADE OUT

THE END