

THE THIN MAN

Screenplay by

Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

Based on the novel by Dashiell Hammett

Shooting Draft, 1935

Property of M.G.M

FADE IN:

EFFECT SHOT: THE SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN!

The shadow, grotesquely thin, is cast by one strong light which reflects itself against a white cement wall. When we first see the shadow, it is standing upright, examining something which it holds in its hands. Now the shadow bends down and as it does so, CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL CLYDE WYNANT in his work-shop. He is a tall, thin man of about fifty-five, with white hair. He has a fine, sensitive face. He is a very successful inventor.

A man who is capable of sudden fits of anger which he forgets almost immediately, but which are quite terrifying while they last. Just now he is utterly absorbed in what he is doing -- working on a delicately-wired part which has to do with a new form of combustion engine that he has

invented. (Through the entire scene, from the first shadow effect, we hear the engine in operation as he is working over it.) Wynant is dressed in overalls, and possibly a long shade over his eyes. The shop itself is in the basement of a small warehouse building, in the thirties between First Avenue and the East River, in New York. It is a long and narrow machine shop, full of interest and character in its mechanical layout. Miniatures of engine-models of various kinds -- vats of molten lead -- carbon racks -- welding instruments -- delicate light bulbs, and such other apparatus as composes a combination shop and laboratory of this machine type. WE HOLD A MOMENT on Wynant in the midst of an experiment over the combustion engine. Then from the background a workman named Tom, also dressed in overalls, a man of about thirty-five, comes in from an adjoining shop. He comes toward Wynant.

TOM

(hesitant -- in a mild tone)
Your daughter's here, Mr. Wynant.

(then, as Wynant
doesn't seem to
hear him, he speaks
louder)

Mr. Wynant!

Wynant, startled out of his absorption, drops a delicate piece of metal (or whatever fragile wiring or part he would be holding), and turns furiously on Tom.

Wynant Haven't you any more sense than to shout at me like that!

TOM

I'm sorry... but...

WYNANT

(picking up the
little piece --
its edges are
spoiled)

Two weeks work gone for nothing.

TOM

I just wanted to tell you...

WYNANT

(interrupting)

I don't care what you wanted to tell me. You're through! Get your things and get out!

The workman shrugs his shoulders and starts away. WE PAN Wynant to a bench on which there are several acetylene torches. He is examining the part as he goes, muttering and growling to himself.

WYNANT
It's a good thing I'm going away --
no peace -- no quiet. Everybody
interrupting me --

PANNING SHOT -- DOOR TO SHOP.

DOROTHY WYNANT comes to the door and looks in. Tom is seen taking off his overalls, preparatory to leaving.

DOROTHY
Can we come in?

Tom looks up as she speaks to him.

DOROTHY
Did you tell him?

TOM
Sorry, Miss Wynant. He didn't give me a chance.

Dorothy comes in, followed by ANDREW READE. She is a young girl of about twenty-one, spirited and high-tempered like her father. She has great natural beauty and distinction ... the crisp product of a strict finishing school. She is dressed in smart, simple street dress, with a fur coat over it.

Andrew Reade is a good-looking boy fresh from college. He gives an impression of reliability and common sense. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they go toward the workbench and Wynant.

DOROTHY
Dad!

Wynant straightens up, and as he looks and sees that it is his daughter, his whole expression changes. He forgets his anger. he is delighted to see her.

WYNANT
Why didn't they tell me you were here?

Dorothy kisses him.

DOROTHY
I'm sorry to interrupt your work,
but this is important.

Wynant looks over at Andrew standing behind Dorothy. Andrew smiles at him.

ANDREW
How are you?

WYNANT

(to Dorothy - as he
turns off the
combustion engine)
Another young man.

ANDREW
It's the same one.

DOROTHY
(as if she were
speaking to a child
who didn't remember
his lessons)
It's been the same one for three
months.

WYNANT
Forgive me.
(he shakes Andrew's
hand)
How are you?

DOROTHY
Take a good look at him, Dad.
(Wynant looks at
Andrew and smiles)
Now please try to remember him...
'cause he's going to be your son-
in-law.

Wynant's look changes to one of serious interest.

WYNANT
(surprised)
Well!

ANDREW
(to Wynant -- feeling
that Dorothy has
spoken too bluntly)
That is, if it's all right with
you.

WYNANT
And if it isn't?

DOROTHY
(to the front!)
He'll still be your son-in-law!

WYNANT
(to Andrew, with
humor)
You see how much we have to say.

DOROTHY
(puts her hand on

her father's arm)
Dad, this is what I really wanted
to ask you....

Andrew, knowing that she wants to talk to her father alone,
interrupts.

ANDREW
Mind if I look around?

WYNANT
Help yourself.
(he turns and calls
off)
Oh, Tom, show this gentleman...
(he stops as he
sees Tom is ready
to leave)

FULL SHOT -- INCLUDING TOM AT DOOR

Tom is dressed in his street suit, ready to go out. Wynant
stares at him in amazement.

WYNANT
Where are you going?

TOM
(dryly)
Home!

WYNANT
Home?

TOM
I'm fired.

WYNANT
(indignantly)
Who fired you?

TOM
You did.

Dorothy laughs, Wynant shamefacedly joins her.

WYNANT
Oh, forget it -- forget it. Here
... show this gentleman around...

Tom beams at Wynant and starts to take his coat and hat
off as he speaks to Andrew.

TOM
Right this way, sir.

Andrew follows him out.

CLOSE SHOT -- WYNANT AND DOROTHY

She pulls her father down beside her on a bench, or possibly she climbs up on the long work bench -- shoves the acetylene torches to a distance -- and with her arms around him affectionately, continues:

DOROTHY

Mother's set her heart on a big church wedding.

WYNANT

(parenthetically)

Yes, she would.

DOROTHY

I hate all that fuss. But I'll do it on one condition -- that you're there to give me away.

WYNANT

(chuckling)

What would your mother say to that?

DOROTHY

(obstinately)

This is my wedding.

WYNANT

Wouldn't it be a little embarrassing ... all of us there ... your other and me and your stepfather?

DOROTHY

(she evidently has no love for her stepfather)

He can stay home. Please, Dad, won't you?

WYNANT

(doubtful)

If you think it'll be all right.

Dorothy jumps down from the bench happily. She kisses him, delighted to have won him over

WYNANT

Wait a minute. When is it going to be? I'm leaving town tonight.

DOROTHY (SURPRISED)

Where are you going?

WYNANT

It's a secret. I can't even tell

you, my dear. I've got an important idea to work on.

DOROTHY

A new invention?

WYNANT

Yes.

(then significantly,
and with measured
tone)

And I don't want anybody to steal it from me.

DOROTHY

(disappointed)

We were planning to be married right after Christmas.

WYNANT

Oh, I'll be back before Christmas.

DOROTHY

(brightening again)

It's a promise?

WYNANT

That's one thing I won't forget.

(he looks at his
watch)

Where's Macaulay? I ought to be starting.

Dorothy takes his watch while he starts to take off his overalls. There is an odd chain attached to the watch, with links of gold, copper, and silver. As he slips off the overalls, he speaks to Dorothy without looking at her, trying to keep a casual note in his voice. CAMERA IS PANNING DURING THE SCENE.

WYNANT

How's your brother?

DOROTHY

(she looks at her
father
affectionately,
sorry for him)

He's all right.

WE EITHER PAN NOW ON WYNANT, OR GO TO A FULL SHOT -- as he goes to a washstand to clean up a bit. The basin is on the side of the room. The washstand could, if desired, be in a small closet, and the following dialogue is played back and forth during this business.

WYNANT

I'd like to see him. Why don't you bring him down?

DOROTHY

(dangling the watch chain)

You know how it is, Dad. He's sort of under Mother's thumb.

WYNANT

(brushing his hair a bit)

I know -- I know --

DOROTHY

(still monkeying with the watch -- winding it)

You're not missing much. He's cuckoo.

Wynant comes back from the washstand -- CAMERA MOVING UP FOR A CLOSEUP ON THE TWO.

WYNANT

Like all the rest of us.
(he leans closer to Dorothy, speaking humorously)
Has this fellow...
(he indicates Andrew with a nod of his head)
...has he seen the whole family?

DOROTHY

(nodding and smiling)

And he still wants to marry me!

WYNANT

He's a brave man.

They look off as Andrew enters the shop again.

MEDIUM SHOT --

Andrew comes over to them with added interest and admiration.

ANDREW

(TO WYNANT)

I didn't know you invented that Smelting Process.

DOROTHY

(she holds the watch and chain toward

Andrew)
Look -- those are the first metals
that came through.
(she indicates the
links in the chain)

Andrew looks interestedly at them as she dangles the chain before him. Wynant is feeling his shin bone. He gives a little grunt of pain. Dorothy turns sympathetically to him.

DOROTHY
Poor Dad, does that still bother
you?

WYNANT
Only in bad weather.

DOROTHY
But it isn't bad weather now.

WYNANT
Better get home before it is.

DOROTHY
(kissing Wynant)
Goodbye, darling. Don't you dare
forget... December 30th.

WYNANT
(to Andrew, with a
warm friendliness)
Goodbye, my boy. Take care of
Dorothy. Show her that there is
such a thing as a happy marriage.

ANDREW
(sincerely)
I'll do my best.

Dorothy and Andrew start out, saying last goodbye's to Wynant and Tom. WE TRUCK ON THEM

AS THEY GO OUT TO:

STAIRWAY FROM BASEMENT TO FIRST FLOOR - TRUCKING.

ANDREW
All settled?
(Dorothy nods)
Grand!
(then, after a second)
Why did your mother ever divorce
him? He's swell.

DOROTHY
Wel-l-l-l, it seems he has a

secretary.

ANDREW
(understanding)
Oh.
(he turns to Dorothy,
smiling)
I'll do my own typing!

They have reached the top of the stairs now and are in a long and narrow corridor, a service elevator at one end, and a door leading to the street at the other.

DOROTHY
(looking to street
... it is snowing)
Dad's a good barometer...
(she sees a taxi
draw up in front
of the building)
Quick! -- Here's a cab.

They exit to street.

EXTERIOR STREET -- LATE AFTERNOON -- BLIZZARD

It is a shabby, dreary street with warehouse and a deserted brewery. There is a driving snow-storm. Dorothy and Andrew come out as the cab is pulling up at the curb, and with difficulty against the wind and driving sleet, they go forward ready to take it. The cab door opens and an umbrella comes out and is opened, almost in their faces. The umbrella completely covers the upper part of the man who is carrying it. He turns to pay the driver. Dorothy recognizes Macaulay and pulls up the umbrella to speak to him under it.

DOROTHY
Hello, there, Mr. Macaulay.

CLOSEUP AT CURB -- THE GROUP

Macaulay raises the umbrella, surprised. He is a fussy little bald-headed man of about forty, wearing glasses. He recognizes Dorothy and beams.

MACAULAY
How are you?
(then as the snow
pelts down, he
starts to hold his
umbrella over her)
Here. Get under this.

DOROTHY
Thanks... we're taking your cab.

Dorothy climbs into the cab. Andy follows her. She snuggles close against him, cold.

Macaulay hands the driver a bill.

MACAULAY
(to Dorothy)
Is your father still in there?

DOROTHY
He's waiting for you.

MACAULAY
Did he tell you where he was going?

DOROTHY
He wouldn't say.

MACAULAY
Tch-tch-tch --
(shutting the cab
door)
Well, goodbye, Miss Wynant.
(then speaking to
the driver as the
driver is giving
him his change)
You wouldn't drive slowly, so you
don't get a tip.

DRIVER
(grinning)
That's okay -- I took it!

He grins again and swings off, leaving Macaulay looking down at the change in his hand, indignant. THEN WE PAN WITH HIM as he enters the building.

CORRIDOR FROM BASEMENT -- FULL SHOT.

Wynant comes up the stairway and starts for the service elevator as Macaulay comes in from outside. Wynant is now in a business suit, but has no hat or overcoat on. He doesn't see Macaulay. He pulls open the door of the service elevator. Macaulay starts to run toward Wynant with little fast steps, his bulky umbrella hanging from his arm.

MACAULAY
Mr. Wynant... Mr. Wynant!

Wynant turns, his hand holding open the elevator door.

WYNANT
Hello, there! Come on up with me.

Macaulay follows Wynant into the elevator, panting a little.

SERVICE ELEVATOR -- WYNANT AND MACAULAY.

Wynant pushes the button and the elevator starts slowly up. The elevator shaft is visible through the wooden bars of the elevator. Wynant stands looking down at Macaulay, amused and friendly.

WYNANT
Did you get my money?

MACAULAY
(he pulls a wallet
out of his pocket
and takes out a
sheaf of new bills.
He talks plaintively
as he does so)
I do wish you'd tell me where you're
going.

WYNANT
I'm not telling anyone.

MACAULAY
(protesting)
But suppose some business comes
up...

WYNANT
That's just why I'm going.

Macaulay starts to count out the bills into Wynant's hand.

MACAULAY
One hundred... two hundred...
three...

WYNANT
(takes the sheaf of
bills, impatient)
Never mind.

MACAULAY
I wish you'd count them. There's
a thousand dollars there.

WYNANT
(stuffing them
carelessly in his
pocket)
I trust you.

MACAULAY
Isn't there anything else I can do
for you? Have you bought your
ticket?

WYNANT
No.

MACAULAY
(there is a good-humored gleam in his eye. He sees a chance of finding out where Wynant is going)
Well, let me do that for you.

WYNANT
You might do that. Get me a ticket for...

(he stops suddenly as he looks at Macaulay and sees the eager look in his eye -- realizes that he is about to give himself away)

No, you don't!

They smile at each other. The elevator has reached the third floor by this time. It stops. Wynant gets out.

THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR -- CLOSE AT ELEVATOR.

Macaulay prepares to follow Wynant, but Wynant closes the door of the elevator, leaving him in it.

WYNANT
Thanks, and goodbye.

MACAULAY
What'll I do if something comes up?

WYNANT
Settle it yourself. What have I got a lawyer for?

MACAULAY
Is Julia going with you?

WYNANT
No.

Wynant reaches through the bar of the elevator door and pushes the button inside. The elevator starts going down during the following dialogue. Macaulay stands inside, bewildered and worried.

MACAULAY
But what if you need more money?

WYNANT

I left instructions with Julia.
She'll get it from you. Goodbye.

Wynant strides out of the scene. The elevator is beginning to disappear, carrying Macaulay.

MACAULAY

(with his face
upturned, he goes
on pleading until
he disappears out
of sight -- he is
calling up)

You don't tell me a thing. I don't
know where you're going. I don't
know when you're coming back. I
don't know how to reach you if any
business turns up...!

And the elevator goes down out of sight, his voice trailing as it does so.

WYNANT'S OFFICE -- TRUCKING AND PANNING ON WYNANT --

As we pick him up leaning down in front of a small safe, opening it. He is talking to his bookkeeper, Tanner, as he does so. Tanner is a little man with a quick eye and an eager manner. He has his hat and coat on preparatory to leaving for the day. He is closing and locking some cabinets as the scene ensues.

(Wynant's office is of a solid rather old-fashioned type such as would be found in a building of this kind. It should, in fact, have windows through which a display room given to machinery can be seen)

WYNANT

(as he opens the
safe)

My daughter's going to be married,
Tanner. Nice young man. She just
brought him.

Tanner listens preoccupied. He seems a little nervous about Wynant looking in the safe.

TANNER

Well, congratulations.

WYNANT

(talking right on)
I'm going to give her a wedding
present. Thought I'd better do it
now, before I forget it. I can
drop them on my way to...

(by this time Wynant
has pulled out a
box and is puzzled
to see it empty)

That's funny....

(he leans down and
hunts through the
different papers
in the safe. He
doesn't find what
he wants. He turns
to Tanner)

Where are those bonds?

TANNER

Bonds, sir?

WYNANT

I know I left them there.

TANNER

Maybe Miss Wolf has them.

WYNANT

(still worried --
wonders why Julia
took them)

Maybe she has.

TANNER

(picking up a baggage
check from the
table)

You're forgetting the check for
your suitcase.

(Wynant takes it
from him preoccupied)

It's at the Grand Central.

WYNANT

(still preoccupied)

Oh, yes -- yes -- that's right --

(he goes out)

As soon as Wynant goes out, Tanner looks after him. He
seems worried. He looks apprehensively back toward the
safe.

DISSOLVE TO:

A RADIO IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT -- CLOSEUP.

This is Julia Wolf's apartment, a fashionable penthouse
furnished in very new modernistic style, but we do not
reveal it as we dissolve in. We are merely HOLDING ON THE
RADIO AND A MAN -- JOE MORELLI -- who sits in front of it,
in his shirt sleeves. Morelli is a tough looking gangster.

He has the radio on. He is looking at a copy of Vogue. A woman's voice comes over the scene from off stage.

JULIA'S VOICE
How do you want it?

MORELLI
Straight.
(turning a page of
Vogue -- holding
it up to the light.
Through the
transparent page,
the corsets show
through under the
evening gowns)
Do women really wear them things?

Suddenly there is the sound of a key in the door. Morelli looks up quickly, his hand going to what we know is his gun, in his hip pocket --

AS CAMERA PULLS BACK RAPIDLY TO REVEAL:

FULL SHOT OF THE APARTMENT -- A PENTHOUSE -- PROCESS GLASS.

WE HOLD FOR A MOMENT as Morelli rises noiselessly and stands there, alert and ready for anyone. NOW CAMERA SWINGS RAPIDLY OVER TO THE:

DOOR -- CLOSE SHOT ON WYNANT.

As he enters, having used his own key. He still seems occupied, and doesn't see Morelli as he comes through. CAMERA SWINGS RAPIDLY BACK TO:

CLOSEUP ON MORELLI -- BEFORE THE RADIO.

He stands there, quietly menacing, his hand on his hip.

MORELLI
You're in the wrong place, mister.

BACK TO:

FLASH WYNANT -- CLOSEUP.

Wynant looks off at him, surprised and angry.

WYNANT
(sarcastically)
Am I?

BACK TO:

FLASH MORELLI -- CLOSEUP.

AS WE PAN HIM FORWARD a few steps. He gives Wynant a savage double-O.

MORELLI

What's on your mind? What do you want?

JULIA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who is it, Joe?

MORELLI

(watching Wynant)

That's what I want to know.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE APARTMENT.

As Julia comes into the room, with two drinks in her hand. She is a woman of about thirty.

She is in very elaborate lounging pajamas, her hair is too well waved, her nails too red, her eyebrows too delicately arched. But she has the look of a hard businesswoman underneath it all. She looks disturbed as she sees it is Wynant.

JULIA

We're just having a little drink.

WYNANT

(dryly)

So I see.

Morelli looks from one to the other. In Wynant's attitude of displeased proprietorship, he gets his hint of who he is. He reaches for his coat over the chair and starts to put it on.

JULIA

(her eyes still on
Wynant)

See you later, Joe.

Morelli looks from one to the other, and then slowly gets his hat and starts out.

MORELLI

Sorry. I didn't know I was talking to the boy friend. S'long.

He walks carelessly and arrogantly out of the door, slamming it after him.

CAMERA MOVES IN FOR A CLOSE SHOT OF JULIA AND WYNANT. She puts the drinks down. She tries to ignore Wynant's very evident displeasure.

WYNANT
Who's that man?

JULIA
He's not anybody. Just a fellow I used to know.

WYNANT
I thought you'd given up that sort of friend.

JULIA
This is the first time I've seen him in years. I didn't want him to think I was high-hatting him.

WYNANT
I don't like him.

JULIA
(moving over to him, trying to conciliate him)
Don't worry. You won't see him again.
(she tries to take Wynant's coat and hat)
What happened? Did you change your mind about going?

WYNANT
No. I just came back for a second. I wanted to get those bonds.

JULIA
(she controls her fear under an air of ignorance)
What bonds?

WYNANT
The government bonds. The ones you took from the office safe.

JULIA
(smoothly lying)
Oh yes. Why, you told me to sell them a long time ago.

WYNANT
(in a level tone)
I'd never tell you to sell those. I bought them for my daughter.

JULIA
Don't you remember....

WYNANT

(interrupting her)

Now see here, Julia. You're counting a little too much on my being absent-minded. You've been taking a little here and there for some time, and I haven't said anything about it. But this is fifty thousand dollars!

JULIA

(flying into a temper
to try to hide her
guilt)

Do you realize that you're accusing me of

WYNANT

No one else had the combination of that safe. You took them. What did you do with them?

JULIA

(in a fury)

What if I did take them? I'm sick and tired of seeing you hand out thousands of dollars to that family of yours....

WYNANT

(cutting in)

That's my business.

JULIA

(going on without
listening to him)

supporting that gang of loafers! There's not one of them that cares a damn for you. A wife who threw you out the first time your foot slipped. They wouldn't raise a hand to help you. And I've given my whole life for you. If you kicked off tomorrow, where'd I be? Out in the gutter!

(then defiantly)

Sure I took those bonds. Who has a better right -- ?

WE HOLD A MOMENT. There is a slight pause, then Wynant quietly, and unheeding all that she has said, starts for the phone. WE PAN HIM OVER AND HOLD as he picks up the phone (but not the receiver as yet) and speaks off to Julia:

WYNANT

(quietly)

I want that money right now, or
I'll hand you over to the police.

JULIA (O.S.)
(not believing that
he will do it)
Go ahead!

WYNANT
(lifts phone from
receiver now --
still quietly)
They'll be pretty rough with
you....with your record.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, and Julia hurries into the scene.

JULIA
(contemptuous)
That's a fine thing to throw up to
me after all I've been to you....

WYNANT
(in phone)
Hello give me
(Julia grabs the
telephone from
him, in a fury.
She puts it down.
Puts the receiver
in place. They
stand facing each
other)
Well ?

JULIA
(in a surly tone)
I'll give it back to you all
I've gottwenty-five thousand...

WYNANT
(he takes her by
the wrists, gripping
her hard, trying
to force the truth
from her)
You're going to return every cent
of it!

JULIA
(flashing again)
I can't! I haven't got it!

WYNANT
(quickly)
What did you do with the rest?

JULIA
I never had it.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS.

WYNANT
Then someone was in with you. Who
was it? -- Who was it?
(Julia makes a move
to answer the phone
which rings again
insistently)
I'll answer that --
(he picks up the
phone)
Hello ... hello ...

CUT TO:

TELEPHONE BOOTH -- PUBLIC PAY STATION.

A weasel-faced little man, Nunheim, is in the booth at the phone, but as he hears WYNANT'S VOICE say "hello", he very quietly pulls down the hook for the receiver and places the receiver gently on it. He turns away.

CUT BACK TO:

JULIA'S APARTMENT -- CLOSE SHOT AT PHONE AGAIN.

Wynant is clicking the receiver up and down, as he repeats several times, sharply:

WYNANT
Hello ... hello ... hello ...
HELLO

Then, evidently hearing the sound of the receiver being replaced, he impatiently puts the telephone down and turns back to Julia.

WYNANT
You don't need to tell me. I have
a pretty good idea.

And with this WE PAN HIM as he puts on his hat and starts to walk out of the apartment -- with determination and a menacing purpose in his face.

JULIA (O.S.)
What are you going to do?

Wynant turns at the door and smiles - a terrifying smile - and walks out. The CAMERA SWINGS QUICKLY BACK TO JULIA. She looks after him terrified as we

CUT OR DISSOLVE TO:

A STREET AT NIGHT -- LIGHTING EFFECT.

Wynant strides down the street, his long, lean, narrow form casting a long shadow on the snowy pavement. THE CAMERA HOLDS IN A RUNNING SHOT ON THE SHADOW as it elongates still further, and finally disappears.

FADE OUT:

(NOTE: We should get the above shadow effect through heavy snow, (via reflection of street lamps). The idea and mood here of the shadow of the "thin man" as it strides rapidly through the night is purposely intended for a necessary effect.)

FADE IN:

CLOSEUP OF A CHRISTMAS WREATH.

The wreath is enormous, and under the conventional greeting: "A MERRY CHRISTMAS", which is in silver across it, there is a current unconventional greeting also in silver, which reads:

(This slogan to come)

On sound track behind the shot an orchestra is playing gaily. Possibly an arrangement that Lombardo would make on "JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS". There is also the sound of gay chatter and jingles of many cocktail shakers. NOW CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE BAR OF A SPEAKEASY, or, to be more up to date, the bar of a Biltmore or a Waldorf Astoria Hotel. It was against the glass of the bar that the Christmas wreath was first shown. It is about three o'clock in the afternoon. Almost all of the people sitting on the high stools in front of the bar are women. Several bartenders are shaking cocktails. The music, which, by the way, comes from an adjoining tea dansant room, continues. There is a holiday air about the whole place. A sophistication and a gaiety belonging to thirsty New York of the present moment. CAMERA RUNS DOWN THE LINE OF THE BAR AND HOLDS AT THE END, where a bartender is placing two cocktails on a tray held by a waiter. WE TRUCK ON THE WAITER as he takes the tray into the adjoining room. The room is quite filled with the afternoon tango crowd, and several couples are dancing on the floor. WE HOLD as the waiter stops at a small table along the wall. Dorothy and Andrew are seated there. Dorothy is looking very glum.

ANDREW
(putting his hand
on hers)
Cheer up, darling.

DOROTHY
I'm sorry.

Dorothy tries to smile, but it's a dreary attempt. The waiter puts down the cocktails and leaves.

ANDREW
(holds up his glass)
Here's to us!

He drinks his cocktail. Dorothy takes a sip of hers. Andrew goes on talking, trying to get her out of the doldrums.

ANDREW
By this time next year, we'll be
two old married people ... trimming
the tree ... hanging up the
stockings for the children ...
(then as she looks
up)
... well, the child, then.

Dorothy tries to smile, but she is worried, and cannot enter into his fun. She puts her drink down.

ANDREW
What's the matter, darling ...
not sweet enough?

DOROTHY
(listlessly)
It's all right.

(NOTE TO VAN: If you want them to get up and join the dancers, it can be done at this point. After Dorothy says, "It's all right", Andrew says, "Come on, let's dance. I've got to get you out of the dumps somehow" -- and pulls her to her feet. The following scene continues now, as follows, in a PANNING SHOT OF THEM DANCING.)

ANDREW
(leaning forward --
serious now)
Darling, your father's all right.
He'll turn up in time.

DOROTHY
(turns to him --
suddenly distraught)
But tonight is Christmas Eve!

ANDREW
He's just forgotten. You know he
forgets everything.

DOROTHY
He's never forgotten a promise to
me. I'm worried about him. I

know something's happened to him.

She looks off scene toward the bar. Suddenly her attention is riveted on someone.

ANDREW
What could happen to him, darling?
You mustn't worry....
(then as he half
rises, he continues)
What is it?

DOROTHY
Just a minute...

She leaves the table -- her eyes still fixed eagerly on the man she has seen. WE TRUCK AND PAN WITH HER as she goes forward to the bar. And as she comes in, we see her react eagerly as she confronts a good-looking man of about thirty-five, tall, casual, and worldly wise, who is standing in front of the bar, his face reflected in the mirror.
This is NICK CHARLES.

NICK
(to the bartender)
Another Martini --

DOROTHY
Hello, there!

CLOSEUP AT THE BAR -- NICK AND DOROTHY

Nick Charles turns to her. He smiles at her.

He hasn't the faintest idea who she is, but he's not going to discourage such a pretty girl.

NICK
(very cordially)
Hello!
(then over his
shoulder to the
bartender)
Make it two!
(then back to Dorothy)
How are you?

Dorothy realizes that he hasn't any remembrance of her.

DOROTHY
You know, we know each other.

NICK
(heartily)
Of course we do! We've been friends
for years.

DOROTHY
(inspecting him)
Aren't you Nick Charles?

NICK
(his face changes.
He realizes that
she does know him)
Yes.

DOROTHY
You don't remember me..... I'm
Dorothy Wynant.

The bartender sets the drinks on the bar before Nick, who looks at Dorothy puzzled, trying to realize that this is the child he used to know.

NICK
Not that scrawny little....?
(he puts out his
hand as if measuring
a little girl's
height)

DOROTHY
(smiling)
Yes.

NICK
How did you ever remember me?

DOROTHY
(intently)
was fascinated with you.... a
real live detective.... You used
to tell me the most wonderful
stories. Were they true?

NICK
Probably not.

Andrew comes up to them. Dorothy turns to introduce him.

DOROTHY
Andy... this is Nick Charles. He
worked on a case for father.

NICK
(shaking hands with
Andrew)
Yes. Some nut who wanted to kill
him.
(then to Dorothy)
How is your father?

DOROTHY

That's what I was going to ask
you. he's disappeared!

NICK
Disappeared!

ANDREW
(to Dorothy)
Now don't say that -- he's just
off somewhere working.

DOROTHY
(to Nick)
I can't find him. I've tried
everything. I thought you might
know.

NICK
(chuckling)
I don't know anything -- I've been
in California for four years.
What about his lawyer? Used to be
a guy named Mac-- something.

DOROTHY
Macaulay.

NICK
That's it... Herbert Macaulay.

DOROTHY
tried him once -

NICK
Why don't you try him again?

ANDY
(digging in his
pocket)
Here's a nickle.

Andrew gives her a nickle and she goes off.

Now that she has gone Andrew drops his pretense of
minimizing her father's failure to appear. he steps up
close to Nick.

ANDREW
She's got me worrying, too.

NICK
(easily, as he
reaches for his
cocktail NOTE:
During the entire
play, Nick is always
reaching for a

cocktail!)
Don't start worrying about him.
He's a good guy, but screwy.

ANDREW
(impressed by what
he has just heard)
Why did that man want to kill him?

NICK
Said he stole his invention.

ANDREW
Do you suppose..... ?

The bartender is placing more drinks in front of Nick.

NICK
(to Andrew)
What?

ANDREW
(deciding he is
silly to get so
worried)
Nothing.

NICK
You better take a drink.

He hands him one of the cocktails.

As they start to drink, a commotion is heard offscene ...
a dog barking ... men's voices raised in protestation ...
and a woman's voice above it all. It is NORA, Nick's wife.

NORA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Asta! Where are you going? Asta!

Bartenders, as well as Nick and Andrew, look off toward
the commotion.

CUT TO:

ENTRANCE OF THE BAR -- FROM THE CLOAK ROOM OR CORRIDOR.

NORA CHARLES, Nick's wife, is coming through. She is a woman of about twenty-six... a tremendously vital person, interested in everybody and everything, in contrast to Nick's apparent indifference to anything except when he is going to get his next drink. There is a warm understanding relationship between them. They are really crazy about each other, but undemonstrative and humorous in their companionship. They are tolerant, easy-going, taking drink for drink, and battling their way together with a dry humor. Just now Nora has been shopping. Her arms are full of

small packages. Her hat is askew. She is pulled along bodily by a small white Sealingham on a leash. A doorman and a hat-check clerk are following her, protesting at her bringing the dog into this fashionable hotel. The dog is excitedly barking.

DOORMAN

Madame, you can't bring that dog in here!

NORA

I'm not bringing him. He's bringing me!

(then to the dog)
Asta! Asta!

But the dog pays no attention. He pulls her like a streak out of the scene toward the bar.

Nora's packages are left in a trail behind her as she stumbles after him. The attendants follow after her, picking up the parcels and protesting vehemently.

ATTENDANTS

But Madame... dogs aren't allowed.... It isn't only your dog... but if we started....
Madame, you dropped your package....
etc.

BAR -- CLOSE SHOT

As Asta, the dog, rushes in, still with Nora on the other end of the leash. The dog makes a bee-line for Nick, pulls away and -- ker-plunk! -- he leaps clear up into Nick's arms. He is barking with delight. He seems to have a particular desire to lick Nick's nose. Nora, more dishevelled than ever and breathless, enters, panting. She realizes that this was Asta's objective.

NORA

So it's you he was after!

NICK

Hello, baby.

NORA

(indicating the dog)
He's dragged me into every gin mill on the block.

NICK

(in explanation)
I had him out this morning.

NORA

I thought so. He even tried to

drag me into the gentlemen's --

NICK
(stopping her to
introduce Andrew)
Oh, this is Andy --

Nora and Andy smile at each other.

NORA
How're you, Andy?
(hastening to add)
I don't usually look this way, but
I've been Christmas shopping.

One of the attendants who followed Nora comes up. He hands
Nora several of her packages.

ATTENDANT
Madame, I'm afraid you'll have
to....

NICK
(interrupting)
It's all right, Joe. It's my dog...
(and as an
afterthought, waving
his hand at Nora)
....and my wife.

NORA
You might have mentioned me first.

NICK
(to Joe)
He's well-trained. He'll behave
himself.

NORA
As long as there isn't a fire
hydrant. What I've gone through --

ATTENDANT
He might bite someone.

NICK
He's all right.
(He puts Asta down
on the floor. He
speaks to the dog)
Now lie down.
(Asta looks up at
him, wagging his
tail, but making
no move to obey
him. Nick speaks
with more authority)

Lie down!
(still Asta looks
fondly up at him,
without obeying)
Well then, stand up!
(then triumphantly
to Joe)
See?

The attendant laughs and moves off.

Dorothy comes toward them from the telephone booth. She seems a little more cheerful. Andrew watches her anxiously.

ANDREW
Any luck?

DOROTHY
He's just around the corner.

NICK
Your father?

DOROTHY
No. The lawyer -- I'm going to see him.

Nick realizes that Dorothy and his wife have not met. He makes the introduction very casually, waving his hand to indicate Nora.

NICK
Oh, my wife -- Dorothy Wynant.

The two women smile in acknowledgment. Nora looks at Dorothy with warm interest.

DOROTHY
How do you do? I'm sorry we have to rush.

NICK
We're at the Normandie for a couple of weeks. Why don't you drop around?

DOROTHY
Thanks. We will. Goodbye.

ANDREW
Goodbye.

The two go quickly off. Nora looks after them.

NORA
Pretty girl.

NICK
If you like 'em like that.

NORA
(grinning at him)
You got types?

NICK
Only you, darling... lanky
brunettes with wicked jaws.

NORA
Who is she?

NICK
I was hoping I wouldn't have to
tell you. Dorothy is really my
daughter. You see, it was Spring
in Venice, and I was so young. I
didn't know what I was doing. We
were all like that on my father's
side.

NORA
By the way, how is your father's
side?

NICK
Much better, thanks.

NORA
How many drinks have you had?

NICK
Six Martinis.

NORA
(to the waiter,
ordering)
Six Martinis.
(then to Nick)
You're not going to have anything
on me.

As she hugs the bar, her foot on the rail, in imitation of
Nick

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP OF AN ICE BAG.

Nick's hands are screwing the cover on the ice bag. CAMERA
PULLS BACK TO reveal him in the bathroom of his suite at
the Normandie. He has just filled the bag from the wash
basin which is full of ice. THE CAMERA TRUCKS with him as
he goes into the bedroom and over to the bed.

CLOSE UP OF ASTA.

He is sitting on the foot of the bed, his head cocked, looking anxiously at Nora at the other side of the bed.

CLOSE SHOT - AT BED.

Nora is lying on the bed, dressed as we saw her in the last scene, except for her hat.

Nick comes in and puts the ice bag on her head. Nora opens her eyes and speaks feebly to Nick.

NORA
What hit me?

NICK
(grinning at her)
That last Martini.

Asta, delighted that Nora is all right, rushes to her, and licks her face.

NORA
(struggling to get up)
I can't lie here. I've got to get up and trim that darned Christmas tree.

NICK
Take it easy.

The doorbell of the apartment rings. Nick starts into the next room. Nora looks off perturbed. She doesn't feel up to visitors.

NORA
Who's that?

NICK
(as he walks out)
Santa Claus.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM OF SUITE - (SKYLINE THROUGH WINDOWS)

In one corner of the living room is an enormous Christmas tree, without any ornaments on it. The room is a mass of boxes and excelsior. Nick comes from the bedroom and opens the outer room. Macaulay stands outside, his eyes blinking behind their glasses, in friendly welcome. CAMERA MOVES UP FOR CLOSE SHOT ON THE TWO.

MACAULAY
How are you?

NICK
(he is surprised
but recognizes him
after a second and
is cordial)
Hello, Macaulay. Come in.

MACAULAY
(as he comes in)
Dorothy told me you were here. I
was going to telephone but....

NICK
That's all right. What are you
drinking?

WE PAN Nick over to a table where there are bottles of
Scotch and ice and syphons of seltzer.

MACAULAY
Nothing, thank you. Nothing.
(Nick pours himself
a drink as Macaulay
sits down)
I wanted to see you... What's
Mimi up to, Charles?

NICK
Mimi?
(for a minute he
doesn't realize
who Mimi is)
... Oh, Dorothy's mother. Does
she have to be up to something?

MACAULAY
She usually is. Trying one way or
another to get money out of Wynant.
I wanted to find out if you
were er - er -
(he hints for the
word)
--sleuthing for her.

NICK (DRYLY)
I haven't been a detective for
four years.

MACAULAY
You don't say --

NICK
(pressing syphon of
seltzer)
My wife's father died and left her
a lumber mill and a narrow guage

railroad and a couple of other things. And I'm looking after them.

MACAULAY
I see. I see.

NICK
(coming over to him)
What's all the fuss about? Is he in hiding?

MACAULAY
You know as much about it as I do.
I haven't seen him in three months.

NICK
No word at all?

MACAULAY
He sends word through Julia Wolf when he wants money... I give it to her and she gives it to him.

The telephone rings. Nick goes over to it, speaking to Macaulay as he goes.

NICK
So that's still on?
(he picks up the phone)

NORA'S VOICE (O.S.)
(Answered the phone
in the next room)
Hello.... just a minute.

Nick, who has listened on the phone, holds it out toward Macaulay.

NICK
It's for you.
(Macaulay gets up
and starts for the phone)
Your office.

Macaulay takes the telephone. Nora appears in the doorway to the bedroom. She has a box of Christmas tree ornaments in her hand. The ice bag is tied on her head, slightly askew.

She is followed by Asta.

NORA
Is there a Mr. Macaulay in the house?

(she looks over and
sees Macaulay at
the phone)
Oh, it's you.

MACAULAY
(into the telephone)
Yes?

Then he turns to Nora. In his desire to be polite, he almost misses both the introduction to Nora, and his telephone call.

NICK
My wife.

MACAULAY
(to Nora)
How do you do?
(he turns hastily
back to the
telephone. Nora
walks out of the
scene, toward the
Xmas tree)
What did you say?.... He is?....
Where is he? Very well.
(he hangs up and
turns to Nick)
He's back in town....
(then as Nick looks
mystified, he adds:)
Wynant. Thank heaven. He's waiting
for me now.
(then realizing
that Nora doesn't
know what he is
talking about)
Forgive me, Mrs. Charles... but
I've been so upset. It's no joke
working for a man like that. I
must be off.
(he starts for the
door, which Nick
opens for him)
Goodbye.... Goodbye,

NICK
S'long.

Macaulay shuts the door after him only to open it again.

MACAULAY
(sticking his head
in)
Merry Christmas!

He shuts the door again.

During the above, Nora has started to decorate the tree. She is standing on a chair, a couple of Xmas ornaments in her hand, reaching toward the top or the tree.

NORA
If anyone says "Merry Christmas"
once more, I'll kill 'em.

Nick starts to the telephone directory.

NICK
I'm going to telephone that poor
kid.
(he searches in the
directory for a
number)
At least she'll be glad to know
he's alive.

Asta is sniffing around the bottom of the tree.

CLOSE SHOT OF NORA.

She has two different ornaments in her hand, trying to decide which to put on the top of the tree.

NORA
Shall I use this.... or this?
(she looks down at
Asta, who is out
of sight. She
speaks sharply)
Asta! Asta!
(she returns to her
trimming, muttering
indignantly)
Our nice Christmas tree.

CLOSE SHOT OF NICK - PHONE.

He has dialed his number. He speaks into the telephone.

NICK
May I speak to Dorothy ----

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - JORGENSEN APARTMENT.

Mimi Jorgensen, formerly Mrs. Clyde Wynant, is at the phone. She is a slightly faded, but still very pretty woman of about forty-one or two. She is utterly feminine, with bright, little ways of talking and moving. She distrusts all women, even her daughter Dorothy, and treats all men with a flirtatious condescension, as if they were children.

The only thing she really has any emotion about is her present husband, who she adores. She is terrified that he will leave her, knowing, although she won't admit it, that he married her for her money.

The living room of her expensive apartment reflects her personality. It is a modernized Victorian, full of alabaster lamps, curved soft chairs and gleaming satin.

Mimi is answering the telephone. Dorothy stands in the doorway, listening to her mother as she takes off her hat and coat. She is dressed in the same clothes in which we saw her at the hotel.

MIMI

(as she hears that
it is Nick Charles,
her voice takes on
a flirtatious note)

How are you?.... Oh, I'm Mrs.
Jorgensen now....

(she sees Dorothy
out of the corner
of her eye, but
pretends that she
doesn't know she
is there)

No, she isn't here.
(Dorothy moves toward
the telephone)

Is it about her father? Well, can
I take the message?

DOROTHY

(taking the phone
from her mother)

Give it to me.

MIMI

(into the phone,
pretending surprise)

Oh, here she is.

Reluctantly she gives the phone to Dorothy.

She stands close to Dorothy, trying to hear the conversation.

BACK TO:

CLOSEUP NICK - PHONE.

NICK

I just wanted to relieve your mind.
Your father's alive and all right.

BACK TO:

JORGENSEN'S - CLOSE AT PHONE.

DOROTHY
(her face lights up
with relief)
Oh, thank heaven.

MIMI
(whispering to
Dorothy)
What is it? Has he found him?

DOROTHY
(into the phone,
not paying attention
to her mother)
Do you know where he's living?
(for a moment she
cannot help but
feel hurt)
Oh....
(then she realizes
how selfish her
feeling is)
Well, at least I'm glad he's all
right. Thank you for calling.
Goodbye.

She hangs up. Mimi eagerly questions her,

MIMI
What is it?

DOROTHY
Nothing.

Gilbert comes into the room. He is a boy of about seventeen or eighteen. He wears spectacles. He is slight in build. The two women don't notice him.

MIMI
That isn't true. It was about
your father. Where is he?

DOROTHY
He's all right. Isn't that enough?

MIMI
No.

DOROTHY
You just want money -- and you
haven't any right to any more. He
made a big settlement on you.

MIMI

That's gone long ago. I've got to
see him. Where is he?

DOROTHY

I won't have you hounding him any
more for money.

GILBERT

(to his mother)

I'll tell you.

DOROTHY

(turning on him accusingly)
You've been listening again on
that extension.

GILBERT

(very simply)

Of course. What's an extension
for?

MIMI

(to Gilbert, who is
evidently her
favorite of the
two children)

What is it, Gilbert? Tell mother!
What did he say?

GILBERT

He said that father's in town.
He's been seeing Julia right along.

MIMI (BITTERLY)

That woman!

GILBERT

She could tell you where father
is.

DOROTHY

Mother you couldn't do that.
You couldn't go to her.

MIMI

I didn't say I would. But we've
got to have money.

DOROTHY

Did it ever occur to you that Chris
might work?

MIMI

(looking fearfully
off scene)

Shush!

CAMERA SWINGS RAPIDLY OVER TO:

BACK OF A SOFA

BIG CLOSEUP

From the sofa a man rises with languid dignity. It is Chris Jorgensen. He is younger than Mimi. A very handsome man, but one whom you could know at first sight that you could not trust.

MIMI'S VOICE (O.S.)

Chris!

Chris Jorgensen pays no attention to Mimi. He throws Dorothy a deadly glance and walks with hurt dignity out of the room, carrying the newspaper he has been reading.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FOR THE GROUP AGAIN:

DOROTHY, MIMI AND GILBERT

Mimi looks after Jorgensen, fearfully. She turns to Dorothy.

MIMI

(sharply)

You've hurt his feelings!

She hurries out of the room after Jorgensen. Dorothy looks after them, disgusted. Gilbert watches Dorothy with detached, scientific interest.

GILBERT

You know, you have an Oedipus complex and you won't admit it.

DOROTHY

(this is the last straw)

Oh, please, Gilbert!

She starts out of the room but Gilbert continues to talk to her, although she is not paying any attention.

GILBERT

The trouble with you is that you won't face facts. I know I have a mother fixation... but it's slight..... it hasn't yet reached the point of...

DOROTHY

Oh stop it! Stop it!

Dorothy walks out. Gilbert looks after her, bewildered by her lack of scientific interest.

JORGENSEN'S BEDROOM - MEDIUM

Jorgensen is standing in front of the mirror, adjusting his tie. Mimi comes in, very much perturbed. She goes to him affectionately.

Jorgensen realizes his power over her and uses it.

MIMI
Don't mind what she says, Chris.

JORGENSEN
How can I help but mind? I'm constantly humiliated... just because I haven't money.

MIMI
(eagerly)
I'll get some.

JORGENSEN
You've said that for weeks.

MIMI
I know.

JORGENSEN
Why don't you go to see Julia?
She handles his money.

MIMI
(protesting)
Chris!

JORGENSEN
All right. All right.

MIMI
I couldn't go near that woman.

JORGENSEN
I said all right!

He picks up his hat and coat from a chair.

Mimi watches him anxiously.

MIMI
What are you going to do?

JORGENSEN
(easily)
Just what I said I'd do.

MIMI
(in a panic, she pleads)

You wouldn't do that... you
wouldn't!

JORGENSEN
(coldly - quietly)
Wouldn't I. Just watch me.

MIMI (ALMOST CRYING)
Chris -- Chris -- !

But Jorgensen walks out.

OUTSIDE JORGENSEN'S DOOR - HALL.

Jorgensen strides out of the door and down the hall. Mimi comes to the door.

MIMI
Chris!

But Chris pays no attention. Mimi, distraught, goes back into his room. As she closes the door, we see Gilbert come out from behind the open door, where he has been listening.

JORGENSEN'S ROOM AGAIN.

Mimi stands irresolute for a minute, then goes to the telephone and dials a number.

MIMI
(on telephone)
Miss Wolfe? Well this is Mrs.
Jorgensen... I wonder if I may
see you?

CUT TO:

JULIA'S APARTMENT - CLOSEUP AT PHONE

Julia is evidently very much startled by Mrs. Jorgensen's calling her.

JULIA
(hesitatingly)
Why yes yes.....

She puts down the telephone, thinking hard, worried by the idea of Mrs. Jorgensen's impending visit. Suddenly she makes up her mind and hastily dials a number.

BACK TO:

MIMI'S LIVING ROOM

Mimi gets up from the telephone. There is a look of grim determination on her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

DESK OF JULIA WOLFE'S APARTMENT HOUSE.

There is a clerk, standing behind the desk, and a telephone operator at a small switchboard.

Mimi is standing in front of the desk.

MIMI

What is Miss Wolfe's apartment number?

CLERK

Nine A.

Mimi turns and walks across the lobby. The CAMERA TRUCKS with her. As she goes toward the elevator, Albert Nunheim is seen coming down the last steps of the stairs, out of her sight. He is a weasel-faced, little man with a long nose, weak mouth, and a shifty look in his eye. The clerk's voice comes over the SOUND TRACK calling after Mimi.

CLERK'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who shall I say?

CLOSEUP OF NUNHEIM ON STAIRS.

MIMI'S VOICE (O.S.)

(shortly)

Miss Wolf expects me.

As Mimi says "Miss Wolfe", Nunheim stiffens and pulls back against the wall. He waits there until he hears the sound of the elevator door closing.

He is evidently terrified by something that he has seen. He waits to be sure that Mimi has gone up in the elevator and then, with a furtive glance at the desk, CAMERA PULLS BACK AND PANS WITH HIM as he sneaks out and down the stairs on the other side of the elevator shaft leading down to the basement.

NINTH FLOOR OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE - TRUCKING SHOT

Mimi gets out of the elevator and goes to the door of the apartment 9-A across the hall. She rings the doorbell. There is no response. She rings again, a lock or grim determination on her face.

EXT. OF BASEMENT ENTRANCE OF APT. HOUSE

Nunheim comes out of the entrance, looks furtively up and down the street. He takes out a cigarette, lights it, and then, with a pretense of being casual, walks off down the street.

BACK TO:

EXT. OF DOOR OF APT. 9-A

Getting no response to her ringing, Mimi is knocking on the door. She is furious with Julia for not letting her in. Still getting no answer, she tries the door. She is surprised to find it is open. She looks up and down the hall and then decides to investigate. She walks in.

LIVING ROOM OF JULIA'S APT. -

TRUCKING AND PANNING;

Mimi comes into the room. She shuts the door slowly behind her. She looks curiously around the room, interested to see what kind of a place her ex-husband has furnished for Julia.

Seeing no one in the room, she goes through it toward the bedroom. As she gets to the door and looks curiously in, she stiffens and screams.

JULIA'S BEDROOM - FROM MIMI'S ANGLE

On the floor of the ornate bedroom, Julia Wolfe's dead body lies, stretched out. She has been shot. She is dressed as she was when she answered Mimi's telephone call.

BACK TO:

REVERSE CLOSEUP - MIMI IN DOORWAY

For a minute, Mimi stands in the doorway looking down at the body, rooted to the spot with horror. Then she looks around for the telephone, sees it beside the bed, and rushes to it, CAMERA PANNING.

MIMI
(telephoning)
Quick! Quick! Send somebody up
here right away. Something terrible
has happened!

She replaces the receiver. For a second, she stands still, her back to the body. But her curiosity finally overcomes her terror, and she goes slowly back toward the body.

She stands looking down at Julia, a million speculations and suspicions going through her mind. Suddenly her eye fastens on something in the dead woman's outflung hand. Her eyes widen with horror. She makes up her mind to take the object, which we do not see. Looking around quickly to see if no one has come in, she reaches down, takes it from the girl's hand, and stuffs it in her hand bag. She straightens up, CAMERA PANNING QUICKLY UP FOR:

CLOSEUP OF MIMI.

She stands clutching her bag, her eyes wide with horror at the realization of what that piece of evidence means. She is trying to formulate a plan of action as we:

SLIDE OVER TO:

HOMICIDE BUREAU - POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Several officers are sitting around talking.

1ST OFFICER
The way these dames get by with things makes me sick.

The telephone rings. Another officer answers the telephone.

2ND OFFICER
Yeah? -- Julia Wolfe, 145 West 55.
(as he hears the address he writes it down)

1ST OFFICER
(sitting up)
That's me.

2ND OFFICER (O.S.)
(He replaces the receiver and turns to the other officer)
Here you are.

He gives the officer the paper.

1ST OFFICER
What is it?

2ND OFFICER
A dame -- murdered.

1ST OFFICER
That's more like it.

The 1st officer goes quickly out.

SLIDE OVER TO:

MACAULAY'S LAW OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT.

Macaulay is sitting at a flat desk, with some papers in front of him. A stenographer is taking dictation. The inter-office communicator buzzes. Macaulay leans over pulls the switch and listens. A girl's voice comes over the communicator.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
Telephone, Mr. Macaulay.

MACAULAY
(frowning in
annoyance at the
interruption-)
Who is it?

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
The police.

With a puzzled frown, Macaulay picks up the phone.

MACAULAY
Hello...
(then with an awed
surprise)
Murdered! ... Yes, yes, I'll be
right over.

He gets up.

SLIDE OVER TO:

SPEAKEASY - CLOSE SHOT OF NUNHEIM AND MARIAN.

They are in a booth at a speakeasy. Marian is a big-boned, full-fleshed, red-haired woman of about twenty-eight, handsome in a rather brutal, sloppy way. Nunheim has a satisfied smile on his face.

MARIAN
Where you been?

A waiter comes and puts two beers in front of them. He stands waiting to be paid.

NUNHEIM
Out making some money.

MARIAN
(holding out her
hand)
Let's see it.

NUNHEIM
I haven't got it yet.

Marian gives him a dirty look and takes a quarter out of her purse and throws it down to pay the waiter for the beers.

SLIDE OVER TO:

HALL - OUTSIDE JULIA'S APARTMENT

Two old wispy cleaning women in aprons with pass keys on thin belts are standing talking with their heads together outside of Julia's apartment.

1ST CLEANING WOMAN
(almost whispering)
What're you goin' to tell 'em?

2ND CLEANING WOMAN
(wiping her forehead
with a dust cloth)
I guess you got to tell 'em
everything.

1ST CLEANING WOMAN
Do you think Mr. Wynant....?

2ND CLEANING WOMAN
All I know's they had an awful
fight a while ago.

A police officer comes to the door of the apartment. He beckons to them.

POLICE OFFICER
All right, girls.

Without realizing the humor of the "girls", they start in.

SLIDE OVER TO:

STUDSY'S CABARET - FULL SHOT.

It is in a flashy Broadway cabaret. On the dance floor about ten girls in practice clothes are rehearsing a new routine. A man is mechanically playing the piano for them. Several waiters are decorating the room with greens and Christmas wreaths. It is late afternoon, and the place has no customers in it. The chairs are piled on the tables. Morelli is sitting at a table. The waiter is placing a bottle of Scotch and a glass before him. Studsy comes up to the table. Studsy is a powerfully built man of about fifty who looks forty. He is a little fat now, but not soft. Morelli looks up as he comes to the table. CAMERA MOVES UP FOR CLOSE SHOT ON THEM.

MORELLI
How'yer, Studsy.

He starts to pour a drink.

STUDSY
(looking at Morelli
very closely)
Diden you know Julia Wolfe?

MORELLI
(a guarded tone in
his voice)
Yeah.

STUDSY
Somebody just bumped her off I
thought you'd like to know.

Studsy walks away. Morelli slowly drinks his liquor, his eyes fixed on space, thinking hard.

SLIDE OVER TO:

JULIA'S BEDROOM AGAIN - MEDIUM SHOT.

The Medical Examiner, Dr. Walton, is leaning over Julia's body. An officer is sitting in front of Julia's desk, looking through her papers and letters and throwing them to one side as he reads them. John Guild, a burly, laconic, Special Investigator is in charge of the investigation. He is questioning Macaulay, who is sitting facing him.

GUILD
When was the last time you gave
her money for Wynant?

MACAULAY
Yesterday. I gave her a thousand
dollars.

GUILD
(calling over his
shoulder to the
other officer at
the desk)
Seen any signs of it, Bill?

BILL
Nope.

MACAULAY
(helpfully)
Perhaps it was a robbery.

GUILD
And her with that sparkler on her
hand, and thirty dollars in her
purse? Looks to me like our friend
Wynant came to collect and ran
into a little trouble.

BILL
They say downstairs they haven't
seen him in three months.

GUILD

(sarcastically)
There's a lot of things they don't
see in this place.
(he turns back to
Macaulay)
And you say you haven't seen him
or heard from him in that time?

MACAULAY
(meticulously honest)
I said he hadn't written me.

GUILD
Oh, then you did hear from him?

MACAULAY
(he hesitates to
tell something
which seems to
incriminate Wynant)
Well....

GUILD
(impatiently)
Well, what?

MACAULAY
He telephoned me today.

GUILD
(leaning forward
eagerly)
He did!

MACAULAY
I wasn't in. My secretary took
the message. He left word for me
to meet him at the Plaza.

GUILD
When was that?

MACAULAY
About three.

GUILD
Did you go?

MACAULAY
Yes. But he didn't show up.

An officer comes from the living room.

OFFICER
(to Guild)
His house and his shop is closed.
And he ain't at any hotel.

GUILD
(sarcastically)
You're not going to stop at that,
are you?

OFFICER
(sullenly)
No, sir.

The officer goes out again. Guild turns back to Macaulay.

MACAULAY
(eagerly defending
Wynant)
I know he'll turn up as soon as he
sees this in the papers. You can't
think he had anything to do with
it, Mr. Guild. He wasn't the kind
of man that....

GUILD
(interrupting)
Do you know what they fought about
that night he went away?

MACAULAY
(frowning as he
realizes that this
sounds bad)
I didn't know they had a fight.

GUILD
(dismissing Macaulay)
Well, thanks. We'll call you when
we need you again.

Macaulay gets up to go.

CLOSEUP - MEDICAL EXAMINER

He is leaning over Julia's body.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Mr. Guild, here's something very
interesting...

As Guild walks into the shot, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM SHOT - JORGENSEN'S LIVING ROOM.

Mimi is in the midst of telling her experience.

Gilbert, Dorothy and Jorgensen are listening.

Mimi still has her hat and coat on. She has just come in. She is seated, on the edge of her chair, enjoying the recital. Jorgensen stands at the window.

MIMI
and there she was lying dead. The police said she'd probably been killed about ten minutes before I got there.

JORGENSEN
(turning around - speaking with quiet anger)
I thought you said you weren't going there.

MIMI
(flustered)
Why, you said...

JORGENSEN
(sharply interrupting)
Never mind.

GILBERT
(who is tremendously interested)
Did they find any clues... a gun or fingerprints or anything?

MIMI
(very glibly - remembering what she has in her purse)
Not a thing.

GILBERT
Was there much blood?

DOROTHY
(distressed)
Don't. It's horrible.

MIMI
Nonsense! She got at she deserved.

GILBERT
(to Mimi, not accusingly, but with scientific detached interest)
Did you kill her?

MIMI
Gilbert!

GILBERT

Why not? You had a perfectly good
motive.

MIMI

I hope you won't talk that way to
the police when they come here.

CLOSEUP OF JORGENSEN.

There is a guarded look of terror in his eyes.

JORGENSEN

The police. I thought you said
they'd finished with you.

MIMI'S VOICE (O.S.)

They said they'd finished for the
present.

The thought that the police might come to the apartment
increases his fear.

MEDIUM SHOT INCLUDING MIMI, DOROTHY AND GILBERT.

Mimi is watching Jorgensen anxiously.

GILBERT

Well, I've got my alibi. I was at
the Public Library.

(To Jorgensen)

Where were you?

MIMI

(hastily, with her
eyes still on
Jorgensen)

Children, will you go into the
next room? I want to talk to Chris
alone.

At that minute the front door bell rings.

Mimi looks toward the door, wondering who it is.

GILBERT

(going out to answer
the ring)

I'll go.

JORGENSEN

I'll be in my room.

He goes quickly out.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE JORGENSEN APARTMENT.

Guild and Bill are standing outside the door of the Jorgensen's apartment. Gilbert opens the door of the apartment.

GUILD
Is Mrs. Jorgensen in?

GILBERT
(delighted to see
then)
Yes, come right in!

The two officers go in and the door closes behind them. From a door beyond, the service door of the apartment, Jorgensen comes out, putting on his hat and coat as he comes. He doesn't wait for the elevator but starts down the stairs.

LIVING ROOM - JORGENSEN'S APARTMENT

Guild is seated uncomfortably on one of Mimi's delicate chairs, opposite Mimi. Gilbert is standing, listening eagerly. Dorothy sits nearby, her mind deeply occupied.

Mimi is a little frightened, but she hides it under a pretense of wanting to do all she can to help. Dorothy sits listening.

GUILD
(as scene picks up)
There are a few things we want to
check up on.

MIMI
I see.

GUILD
You say you were in the room with
the body from the time you
discovered it 'til we came?

MIMI
Why yes.

GUILD
Did you see anything in Miss Wolfe's
hand?

MIMI
No.

GUILD
Are you sure you didn't leave the
room... that one of the bellhops
or maids might not have been in
there alone?

MIMI

(grabbing at the
opening he has
given her)

I don't think so. Of course I was
terribly upset... I hardly knew
what I was doing.

GUILD

The Medical Examiner seems to think
that the body was touched. He
says it looks as if the girl's
hand had been forced open after
she was killed....

CLOSEUP OF DOROTHY

She is listening intently.

GUILD'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Continued)

And we just found out she had a
thousand dollars the night before.

Dorothy looks toward her Mother, her eyes wide with horror.

MIMI'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry I can't help you.

BACK TO:

MEDIUM SHOT OF GROUP

Guild rises and starts for the door. Bill turns to follow
him.

GUILD

That's all right.
(slight pause --
His eyes swiftly
scrutinize the
group)
Well, we'll be going.

MIMI

(tonelessly)

Goodbye.

GUILD

(dryly)

Goodbye.

Guild and the officer go out.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE JORGENSEN APARTMENT

Guild and Bill come out, followed by Gilbert.
Guild goes to the elevator and rings the bell.

GILBERT

Could I go down and see the body?
I've never seen a dead body.

GUILD

(for a minute he is
curious, thinking
there may be some
reason)

Why do you want to?

GILBERT

(very serious)

I've been studying psychopathic
criminology. I have a theory.
Perhaps this as the work of a sadist
or a paranoiac. If I saw it, I
might be able to tell.

The elevator comes up.

GUILD

(pretending to be
as serious as
Gilbert)

That's a good idea. But don't you
bother to come down. We'll bring
the body right up here.

(he gets into the
elevator)

Come on, Bill.

They leave Gilbert, uncertain whether he is being kidded
or whether they mean it.

MIMI'S BEDROOM - PANNING SHOT

The door is closed behind her. She goes to a small wall
safe and opens it. Then she opens her bag and is about to
put the thing she took from Julia's hand wrapped in a
handkerchief, into the safe, when she is startled by
Dorothy's voice.

DOROTHY'S VOICE (O.S.)

What have you got there?

MIMI

(she turns in the
direction of
Dorothy's voice)

None of your business.

Dorothy comes up to her mother and speaks accusingly.

DOROTHY
You took that money from Julia's hand.

MIMI
I didn't.

DOROTHY
Then what are you hiding?

MIMI
(with malicious relish)
It's a piece of evidence that's worth a great deal more than that.

DOROTHY
(with bitter contempt for her other)
You hand that over to the police.

MIMI
I'll do nothing of the sort.

DOROTHY
All right, then. I'll tell them.

MIMI
(very sure of her ground)
I don't think you will. It's your father's.

DOROTHY
(shocked)
I don't believe it! You're lying!

MIMI
(viciously pleased at breaking Dorothy's faith in her father)
There!

She holds out the broken end of the watch chain that we saw Wynant carry, wrapped in a handkerchief which is spotted with blood. Dorothy looks at it, and recognizes it with horror.

DOROTHY
(covering her face)
Oh!

MIMI
(triumphantly)
Now do you believe me!

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

LIVING ROOM - NICK'S APARTMENT.

It is eight o'clock the same night... about two hours later.

There is a party in full swing. It is an odd assortment of people. There is a police captain there, a reminder of Nick's old life. A little prizefight manager with a big fighter in tow. Quinn, a dissipated looking man of about thirty-five, and his wife, a rather faded woman of about thirty-two, very jealous of Friend Husband. Quinn is a broker, and the only one in evening clothes. Then there is Foster, a big fat man, who sits near the radio, a glass in his hand. With every sip, he grows more sentimental, as he listens to the program of Christmas carols that are coming over the radio. There is an improvised bar with everything in the way of liquors and necessary accompaniments on it. Nick is moving among the people, seeing that they are served. Nick goes over to Mrs. Quinn, giving her one of the drinks he is carrying. Mrs. Quinn is looking around rather fearfully at the curious assortment of people in the room.

NICK
(giving her a drink)
How are you doing?

MRS. QUINN
(looking around
disapprovingly)
Who are they, Nick?

NICK
(easily)
All my old friends.

He smiles and passes on to another group. Among them is a very rough looking man with a battered face. He turns to grin at Nick showing a mouth with several teeth missing.

THE MAN
Hey, Nick. I think your wife's great.

NICK
Thanks. I wanted you to see her...
and I wanted her to see you.

Nick goes on to speak to the Police Captain who is standing talking to a very distinguished looking woman, in evening clothes.

POLICE CAPTAIN
(to Nick)
It's like old times, Nick. Remember

the fun we used to have when we
were both flat broke?

NICK

Do I!

POLICE CAPTAIN

(with a sentimental
sigh)

Those were the good old days.

NICK

Don't kid yourself. These are the
good old days.

Nick goes on his way to another group.

The CAMERA PANS OVER TO NORA at the door.

She opens it to admit Face Peppler. He is a tough-looking ex-convict. He looks eagerly around the room.

PEPPLER

Nick Charles here?

NORA

Yes.

(calling Nick)

Nick!

PEPPLER

You his wife?

NORA

Yes.

PEPPLER

(giving her an
approving pat on
the posterior)

He's a good guy.

(his eyes are eagerly
searching the room
for Nick)

He sent me up the river once.

(he sees Nick coming
toward him, and
with the greatest
good will and
enthusiasm, he
greets him)

Hey, Nick!

NICK

Hello, Face!

Peppler It's a long time I don't see you.

NICK
A long time.

PEPPLER
Well, I needed the rest.

NORA
(to Peppler -
indicating Nick)
Was he a good detective?

PEPPLER
I wouldn't know. That time he
caught me was a accident. I led
with my right.

NICK
(laughing)
Come on. Have a drink.

He takes Peppler by the arm out of the scene as WE PAN
NORA TO THE TELEPHONE. She picks up the receiver, her
eyes on the odd mixture of people assembled.

NORA
(in phone -
philosophically)
Don't bother to announce any more.
Just send anybody right up.
(then as the clerk
evidently tries to
protect her)
I know. But it's all right.
They're his friends,

TABLE - CLOSE SHOT

Nick is pouring a drink for Face. The little prizefight
manager comes up to him with a great hulk of a fighter in
tow. (The contrast in sizes is amusing.)

MANAGER
Like to buy a piece of this pug,
Nick? I'll sell you twenty-five
percent of him for five grand.

NICK
Is he good?

MANAGER
He's been knocking 'em cold. He
ain't afraid of nobody.
(the fighter reaches
for a drink. The
manager turns on
him fiercely)

Drop that, or I'll slug you.

The fighter, cowed, meekly puts down the drink. Nick laughs, hands Peppler a drink.

NICK
(to Peppler)
Here you are -- it's good stuff --
I got it before repeal.

The girl in very beautiful evening clothes with a string of pearls around her neck comes over to Nick and Peppler. She holds out the pearls for Nick's attention.

GIRL
Look, Nick. Remember? These are
the ones you got back for me.

Peppler looks at them with a professionally avaricious eye.

PEPPLER
Them real?

NICK
(to Peppler,
warningly)
Ugh-ugh! This is your night off.

Suddenly the music of the radio stops as it is switched to another station. The voice of a news broadcaster comes over.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
--32 degrees below in Utica. Here's the latest news of the Julia Wolf murder.

(Nick turns as he tears this. The CAMERA TRACKS with him as he goes toward the radio. The police captain is listening there... he is the one who has changed the station)

The police have found out that the beautiful blonde secretary was once a gangster's girl. They are now looking for the gangster. Clyde Wynant, the girl's employer is still missing. This case will....

(By this time, Nick reaches the radio. He abruptly turns

the switch, changing
back to a musical
program.)

NICK
(to the captain)
Can't you fellows ever forget
business?

He hands the captain a drink.

CAPTAIN
Good case for you, Nick.

NICK
(smiling)
Haven't you heard the news? I'm a
gentleman now.

NORA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Nick! Reporters!

Nick turns.

DOORWAY - MEDIUM SHOT

Nora has admitted two young newspaper men who are standing
in the doorway. Nick walks over to them.

1ST REPORTER
I'm from the American, Mr. Charles.

2ND REPORTER
Mirror.

1ST REPORTER
We wanted to know if you'd give us
a statement. We hear you're here
to work on the Julia Wolf case.

NICK
Sorry. I don't know anything about
it.

1ST REPORTER
Come on, gimme a break.

NICK
I never tried to kid you reporters --
I'm telling you the truth.

2nd Reporter Then why are you in town?

NICK
(confidentially)
My wife's on a bender. I'm trying
to sober her up.

Nora sticks up her nose, laughs, goes over to the table.
WE PAN as Nick leads the reporters there too. Quinn and one or two of the others also are imbibing.

NICK
(as they get to the
table)
Come on -- relax --
(then to Nora)
Give them a drink.

NORA
We need ice.

Nick picks up a drink, already poured for himself.

NICK
(looking at the
glass in his hand)
What small glasses you have,
Grandma.

He goes off toward the service pantry with the drink in his hand.

ST REPORTER
(to Nora)
Listen, isn't he working on a case?

NORA
Sure. He's working on a case of
Scotch. Pitch in and help him.

She goes off toward the service pantry. Mrs. Quinn comes up with her glass. Quinn looks appreciatingly after Nora.

QUINN
(to his wife,
indicating Nora)
Isn't she grand? I take off my
hat to her.

MRS. QUINN
(acidly)
Your hat! You're getting
conservative!

SERVICE PANTRY

It is a tiny room with cupboards, a sink and a miniature Frigidaire. Nick is getting ice cubes out of a tray. Nora comes in with a glass in her hand.

NORA
I'd better order some food.
(to Nick - as she

takes receiver)
That sounds like an interesting
case. Wouldn't you like to take
it?

NICK
I haven't the time. I'm much too
busy seeing that you don't lose
any of the money I married you
for.

NORA
(to phone)
Room service, please -

She talks to Nick as she waits to get the connection. She
watches him covertly as she is sure that he would love
to go back to "sleuthing", and she'd enjoy being in on it
with him...she is trying to sound him out.

NORA
Sounds like a good case. Girl
mysteriously murdered. No one
knows who did it. They haven't
found any clues yet -- no gun --
no fingerprints --

NICK
(with a gleam of
interest)
I wonder if they've --
(He looks at Nora
and suddenly
realizes that he
is getting
interested. He
jerks himself out
of it)
I don't want to hear anything about
it.

He picks up the ice and Nora's drink.

NORA
Isn't that my drink?

NICK
What are you drinking?

NORA
Rye.

Nick drains the glass and puts it down.

NICK
Yeah -- that's yours.

He walks out as Nora turns laughing to the telephone.

NORA
(in phone)
Listen - I want a whole flock or
sandwiches --

LIVING ROOM.

Nick comes in with the ice. The doorbell rings. Nick puts down the ice and starts for the door. As the CAMERA TRUCKS with him he passes the telephone table. Foster is sitting there. The radio music has put him in a sentimental mood.

FOSTER
(at telephone - to
Nick)
I'd like to telephone my mother...
wish her a Merry Christmas.

NICK
(easily)
Go ahead, Foster.

FOSTER
'Fraid I can't pay --

NICK
Forget it.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN WITH HIM as he goes on to the door. Just as he is about to open it, he hears Foster's voice, O.S.

FOSTER
(to phone)
Long distance -- give me San
Francisco --

Nick looks off, winces a little, good-humoredly. Then he opens the door and is surprised to see Dorothy Wynant standing there. She is white-lipped, miserable and desperate. Nick looks at her, a little worried by her harassed look.

NICK
Come on in.

DOROTHY
I've got to see you alone!

Nick realizes that something is definitely the matter.

QUINN (VOICE O.S.)
Hello, beautiful!

Nick turns as he hears Quinn's voice.

FULL SHOT -- GUESTS AND REPORTERS.

Quinn is coming toward them, a drink in his hand. His eyes are fixed on Dorothy. The two reporters also are coming forward. Their curiosity quite different from Quinn's, for they realize her identity and the possibilities of a story.

NICK
(rushing her toward
the bedroom)
Go on in there.

He opens the door and she goes in. Nick is about to follow her when Quinn stops him.

QUINN
Who's the little blonde?

NICK
Used to bounce it on my knee.

QUINN
Which knee? Could I touch it?

Nick laughs and enters the bedroom. Quinn tries to follow, as do the reporters who have come up, but Nick shuts the door in their faces. Quinn, startled, knocks on the door.

QUINN
(knocking)
House detective!

BEDROOM.

Dorothy is standing near the bed. She holds herself taut and stiff. She is determined that she is going to sacrifice herself to save her father. Nick comes up to her.

DOROTHY
You heard about Julia Wolf?

NICK
Yes.

DOROTHY
(she pulls a gun
from her muff)
There.
(she throws it on
the bed. Nick
looks at it, and
then back at her.
His look is very
cool and unexcited)

NICK
What are you trying to tell me?
That you did it?

DOROTHY
(she has her story
all set and she
speaks with very
convincing fervor)
Yes. I hated her for coming between
my mother and father. She kept me
from seeing my father. I went
down there to ask her where he
was. She wouldn't tell me, and I
shot her.

NICK
(with sudden
professional
briskness)
Where did you hit her?

DOROTHY
(she hesitates)
Why... in the heart.

NICK
Pretty good shot you are. What did
she do?

DOROTHY
She fell down.

NICK
Did she make any sound? Didn't
scream?

DOROTHY
(the horror of it
makes her
inarticulate)
I don't know.

NICK
Which way did she fall?

DOROTHY
She... she fell over backwards.

NICK
Oh, yeah? People fall toward a
shot, you know... not back from
it. I knew you were lying.

Dorothy breaks down, realizing that her attempt to take
the blame is futile. Nick goes and holds her comfortingly

in his arms.

NICK
Where did you get this gun?

DOROTHY
I bought it in a pawn shop.

NICK
Don't lie to me.

DOROTHY
That's the truth.

At this point Nora enters. She holds a drink in her hand. Nick looks up -- makes a little grimace at Nora. Dorothy turns and sees her. She pulls away a little.

DOROTHY
This is awful of me -- to make a
nuisance of myself.

NORA
(easily)
Don't be a dope. Have a drink?

Dorothy tries wanly to smile.

DOROTHY
No thanks.

She fumbles in her bag to find her powder. Nick is looking curiously at the gun, turning it over in his hand.

NORA
(to Dorothy --
pointing to dressing
table)
There's powder and stuff over there.

Dorothy walks toward the table.

NICK
(looking up --
indicating drink
Nora has)
Make her take that.

Nora sees the gun now, is amazed.

NORA
Where did you get that?

NICK
(indicating Dorothy)
She brought it in.
(slips it into the

drawer of a table)
Trying to make me believe she did
it.

NORA
(as he puts the gun
away)
What are you going to do with it?

NICK
Nothing, 'til I find out if it's
the gun Julia Wolf was killed with.
(he starts for the
door to the living
room)
Keep her in here, and don't let
those reporters see her. They might
believe her.

He goes out the door, and closes it hastily behind him.
Nora goes toward Dorothy.

LIVING ROOM

There is a hotel service table, piled high with food, in
the room. The people here all eating, standing around
with drinks in their hands. As soon as Nick opens the
door to come out, the reporters pounce on him.

FIRST REPORTER
Isn't that Dorothy Wynant?

NICK
Yes.
(the first reporter
makes a move to go
past Nick to the
bedroom, Nick bars
the way)
Here...here. She doesn't know
anything about it.

SECOND REPORTER
And you said you weren't on the
case.

He goes off quickly toward the telephone.

NICK
I'm not. I don't know a thing
about it, and I don't care a thing
about it. All I want is a drink.

Foster has at last been able to get his mother in San
Francisco.

FOSTER

(on the phone)
Hello, Ma.

The reporter comes rapidly into the shot. He tries to take the telephone from the other man.

REPORTER
Give me that.

FOSTER
(holding on to it,
protesting)
But I just got San Francisco ...
(into phone)
How are you, Ma?

REPORTER
(taking the phone
from him, he speaks
into it)
Get off the line, will you, Ma? I
got some business.
(he jiggles the
hook for the
operator)
Give me Drydock 4 - 8000.

BACK TO:

CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE

Quinn is standing beside Nick. The doorbell rings.

NICK
(to reporter over
at telephone)
Hey, don't do that!
(he is pouring a
drink)
Now don't tell your paper that I'm
working on anything, 'cause I'm
not.

Nick goes offstage toward the door. The bell rings again.

QUINN
He's just working on that little
gal.

FULL SHOT.

Nick opens the door. Mimi and Gilbert are outside. Mimi instantly rushes in greets him effusively. Gilbert is left standing in the door.

MIMI
Oh, Nick... Nick!

NICK
Hello, Mimi.

MIMI
want to talk to you about something
very important.

The first reporter has forgotten his telephone call. He is all ears. Nick looks around desperately, and takes Mimi roughly by the arm and rushes her into a doorway next to the door of the bedroom.

NICK
Come on in here.

BATHROOM.

As Nick brings Mimi into the bathroom, she looks around; bewildered.

NICK
Sorry. This is the only place we
can be alone; Won't you sit down?

He waves airily off scene, presumably toward the seat, Mimi follows the line of his hand, looks, starts and gives him a cutting look.

DOORWAY OF LIVING ROOM.

Gilbert is standing hesitantly in the doorway. The first reporter suddenly sees him. He hasn't noticed him before. He goes quickly to him.

FIRST REPORTER
How do you do, Mr. Wynant.
(he takes Gilbert
cordially but firmly
by the arm and
brings him into
the room)
My name is Diamond. Come on in and
have a drink.

GILBERT
I don't drink.

FIRST REPORTER
As a matter-of-fact, I don't either.
I'd much rather talk...

He starts for a quiet corner -

BACK TO:

BATHROOM.

Mimi and Nick are sitting on the edge of the tub.

MIMI

Clyde Wynant's crazy... absolutely
crazy to stay away at a time like
this. No wonder the police think
he has something to do with it.

NICK

What do you think?

MIMI

Oh, I know he didn't, but I wish I
could find him... I have something
very important to tell him.
Macaulay won't help at all. He
thinks I just want money.

NICK

(smiling at her)

Well, don't you?

MIMI

(choosing to regard
this as a joke)

You're always teasing.

The door of the bathroom opens. Foster starts to come in.
He stops suddenly as he sees Mimi.

FOSTER

I beg your pardon.

He backs hurriedly out. Mimi moves closer to Nick, takes
his arm.

MIMI

Nick, you will help me find Clyde --
won't you?

NICK

Now, Mimi, there are a thousand
detectives in New York. Hire one
of them.

MIMI

(persuasively)

But he knows you. All you have to
do is get in touch with him, and
tell him that Mimi says everything
is all right... but that I've got
to see him.

NICK

I tell you again, I don't want any
part of it.

(he goes and opens
the door which
connects with the
bedroom)

Now you take Dorothy home and...

MIMI
(furious)
Dorothy! Is she here?

NICK
(startled by her
tone)
Yes...

Mimi pushes into the bedroom, past him.

BEDROOM - MEDIUM GROUP

Dorothy and Nora are sitting on the bed.

Asta is between them. Dorothy is patting Asta, still looking very subdued and unhappy. Nora holds out the glass toward her.

NORA
If you finish this, you'll feel
better.

In the mirror in back of them, we see Mimi coming toward Dorothy, a look of fury on her face. Dorothy looks up at her Mother as she comes into the scene, a little terrified by her Mother's expression. Mimi comes right to Dorothy and stands over her. She is sure that Dorothy has told Nick about the watch chain.

MIMI
What did you tell him? What did
you tell him?

Dorothy doesn't answer. Her Mother slaps her viciously, repeating the question. Nick comes up from behind Mimi and pulls her away. Nora puts a protecting arm around Dorothy. There is a second of silence as Dorothy and Mimi face each other, all of their mutual antagonism in their eyes. Asta starts barking. Nora quiets him.

NICK
She didn't tell me a thing.

NORA
(drily to Mimi)
Too bad you didn't bring your whip.

MIMI
(recovering herself)
I'm so excited I didn't know what

I was doing. Come on, Dorothy,
we'll go home.

NORA

(sharply to Mimi)

She'll go home if she wants to.

(she turns with
warm affection to
Dorothy)

You can stay here you know. There's
plenty of room and we'd love to
have you.

DOROTHY

Thanks. But I'll go home.

She stands up to go. Mimi looks around.

MIMI

Where's Gilbert?

NICK

(this is the last
straw)

Gilbert! Is he here too?

(he starts toward
the living room)

We might as well be living in the
lobby.

Gilbert is sitting in a corner of the room with the two reporters. They have their pencils out, taking down the rapid flow of words that come from Gilbert.

GILBERT

There's a physiological as well as
a psychological angle in my father's
relationship with Julia Wolf that
the police have overlooked. And I
think it explains everything. You
see, my father was a sexogenarian.

1ST REPORTER

(deeply interested,
not knowing the
meaning of the
word)

He was?

GILBERT

Yes. He admitted it.

1ST REPORTER

(speaking very
solemnly - thinking
it is some sex
perversion)

Sexogerarian, eh? Yes. Yes. But I can't put that in the paper.

GILBERT

Why not?

1ST REPORTER

You know how they are... sex...

GILBERT

Then just say he was sixty years old.

1ST REPORTER

Is that what it means?

GILBERT

Of course.

The reporter gets up, furious. He throws his pad to the floor. Nick comes into the scene. He goes to Gilbert.

NICK

(to Gilbert - amused
at the reporter's
discomfort)

Come on, son.

He takes Gilbert by the arm and pushes him into the bedroom and closes the door on him. The telephone starts to ring. The two reporters follow Nick as he goes toward the telephone.

2ND REPORTER

Come on.... give me a break. You owe it to me after that.

NICK

I swear I haven't a thing to do with it.

(He picks up the telephone. The 2nd reporter listens, unashamed)

Hello?

CUT TO:

BIG CLOSEUP - NUNHEIM AT A TELEPHONE.

He is in a room telephoning. The background is not distinguishable. He is evidently talking for the effect on someone else in the room whom we do not see. He looks at the man out of the corner of his eye as he talks.

NUNHEIM

Mr. Charles, I'd like to lay a

proposition before you. I can't discuss it over the telephone, but if you'll give me half an hour of your time... it's about the Julia Wolf....

At that a hand comes in, covers the mouthpiece, preventing any further conversation. Nunheim, still in this BIG CLOSEUP, looks o.s., at the invisible man and grins sardonically.

BACK TO:

NICK AT THE TELEPHONE

NICK
(frowning)
Hello... hello...

Then as he gets no answer, he hangs up. The 2nd reporter jumps to him.

2ND REPORTER
What was it?

NICK
Just a man trying to sell me insurance.

WIDE ANGLE - THE ROOM

Nora comes out of the bedroom door. Quinn comes up to her. Mrs. Quinn, starts listening.

QUINN
Where's that girl?

NORA
She's gone.

1ST REPORTER
How'd they go?

NORA
Out the back way.

The two reporters, without a word, grab their hats and coats and rush out. Quinn, too, brazenly starts to breeze past his wife and follow them. Mrs. Quinn steps in front of him, slaps his face. Foster, again at the phone, whines out: "Hello, Ma!" And simultaneously, during this confusion, the radio starts to play "Silent Night, Peaceful Night" -- as the police captain, the pug, Face Peppler, and all others immediately join in with the song. They are all pretty tight by this time and sing at the top of their lungs. The effect desired is a screwy climax to what has been quite a hectic, screwy situation. CAMERA

PANS WITH NORA as she takes it all in at a quick glance and walks over to Nick. She puts her arms around him. He looks down at her, amused.

CAMERA MOVES UP FOR A BIG CLOSEUP OF THE TWO.

NORA
I love you, Nickie, 'cause you
know such lovely people!

As we

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT OF BED - EFFECT SHOT.

It is about an hour later the bedroom is dark for a second. Then, Nora on one side of the big double bed, pulls on the light on the small table beside her. She sits up a little and looks over at Nick. He is soundly sleeping, his face toward her. She has Dorothy on her mind and can't sleep and she wants company.

NORA
(softly)
Nick!
(he doesn't stir)
Nick!
(he looks sleepily
at her)
Are you asleep?

NICK
Yes.

NORA
Good. I want to talk to you.

NICK
That's jolly.

NORA
Don't you think you'd like to go
back to detecting once in a while,
just for the fun of it?

NICK
Can't you get to sleep?

NORA
No.

NICK
(sitting up in bed)
Maybe a drink would help you.

NORA

No thanks.

NICK
Maybe it would if I took it.

CAMERA PULLS BACK as he gets up out of bed and goes to the bureau where there is a bottle and a glass. Asta jumps down and follows him. Nick pours himself a drink. Asta stands there, licking Nick's bare feet.

NORA
Everybody says you were a grand detective.

NICK
(taking his drink)
They were kidding you.

NORA
I'd like to see you work.

NICK
Tomorrow I'll buy you a whole lot of detective stories.

Nora is determined to get Nick to help Dorothy. She tries another approach.

NORA
That poor girl is in a tough spot.

NICK
(coming back to the bed)
There's nothing I can do to help her.

Asta jumps on the bed, goes and curls himself up at their feet.

NORA
She thinks you can. It wouldn't hurt you to find out if you could, would it?

NICK
(getting back into the bed)
Darling, my guess is that Wynant killed Julia and Dorothy knows it. And the police'll catch him without my help.

NORA
I think I would like that drink.
(Nick gets up again and goes to get

her a drink)
I'll give you your Christmas present
now if you'll give me mine.

NICK
(pouring a drink)
At breakfast.

He brings her the drink. She takes it from him and he gets into bed.

NORA
But it's Christmas now.

NICK
(briefly, as he
prepares to go
back to sleep)
Breakfast.

NORA
What are you going to give me? I
hope I don't like it.

NICK
You'll have to keep them anyway.
The man at the Aquarium said that
he wouldn't take them back.

Nora looks over at him, disgusted. She puts down the drink and pulls out the light. After a second, there is a knock heard from the next room. Nora pulls on the light. She turns to Nick.

NORA
Did you hear a knock?

Nick looks up. The knock comes again. Nora gets up, takes a robe from the foot of the bed, pulls it on and goes out. As she does so, Nick reaches over, takes her drink and finishes it, then turns over again to go to sleep.

DOOR OF LIVING ROOM,

Nora has put on the lights as she came through the room. She opens the door. Joe Morelli is standing outside. He wears a black derby hat, which he doesn't remove and he has his hands in the pockets of his close fitting black over-coat. Nora looks at him with lively curiosity. She is too fond of adventure as well as too brave to scream when she sees his menacing figure.

MORELLI
Mr. Charles here?

NORA
Yes.

MORELLI
(his manner is very
urgent)
I gotta talk to him... that's all.
But I gotta do that.

Nora looks at him for a second.

NORA
You wait here. I'll tell him.

She goes toward the bedroom.

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM.

Nora enters, calling to Nick.

NORA
Nick! Nick!
(Nick stirs and
opens his eyes)
There's someone to see you,

NICK
(sitting up)
That's great. I was afraid I'd
have to go to sleep.

But as Nora moves away to get back into bed, we see Morelli has followed her into the bedroom and is standing pointing a gun directly at Nick, with a menacing intentness in his whole body.

WIDE ANGLE - THE GROUP.

Nora, entirely unconscious of Morelli's presence and the gun in his hand, swings into bed beside Nick. Nick is looking fixedly at the gun. Nora looks at him, amused by his expression, not knowing the cause.

NORA
You've got the funniest look on
your face.

She follows the line of Nick's gaze, and her eyes pop with amazement as she sees Morelli with the gun.

REVERSE ANGLE - CLOSEUP ON MORELLI.

He holds the gun leveled at Nick.

MORELLI
I gotta talk to you. I want you
to tell me something and I want

you to give it to me straight.
Get me?

REVERSE CLOSEUP - NICK AND NORA

NICK
Do you mind putting that gun away?
My wife doesn't care, but I'm in a
delicate condition.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT AGAIN - GROUP

Nora looks at Nick, appreciating his humor in the midst of his danger.

NORA
(to Nick)
You idiot!
(Asta begins barking
at Morelli)
Asta! Stop that! Get down!
(she chases him off
the bed. Asta
jumps down out of
sight. Morelli
still has his pistol
pointed at Nick.)
Now, stay there.

NICK
(to Morelli - seeing
that Asta is down)
All right... shoot!
(then realizing the
double meaning, he
corrects himself)
I mean... what's on your mind?

MORELLI
You don't need to tell me you're
tough. I heard about you.
(He puts the gun in
his overcoat pocket)
I'm Joe Morelli.

Nora watches the scene between the two men. She is excited,
but apparently not frightened.

NICK
I've never heard about you.

MORELLI
I didn't knock Julia off.

NICK

All right - you didn't.

MORELLI

I haven't seen her in three months.
We were all washed up.

NICK

Why tell me?

MORELLI

I wouldn't have any reason to hurt
her. She was always on the up and
up with me. But that dirty little
Nunheim -- he got sore cause I
clicked with her and he didn't, so
he put the finger on me.

NICK

That's all swell. Only you're
peddling your fish in the wrong
market. I've got nothing to do
with it.

MORELLI

(his intense
excitement
increasing)

Listen. "Studsy" Burke told me
you used to be O.K. That's why I'm
here. Do they....

NICK

(in a tone of polite
enquiry)

How is Studsy? I didn't know he
was out of stir.

MORELLI

(conversationally)

He's all right. He'd like to see
you. But listen... What's the law
doing to me? Do they think I did
it, or is it just something else
to pin on me?

NICK

I'd tell you if I knew. But I'm
not in this. Ask the police.

MORELLI

(sarcastically)

That'd be very smart. That'd be
the smartest thing I ever did. Me
that a police captain's been in a
hospital three weeks on account we
had an argument. The boys would
like to have me come in and ask

questions. They'd like it right down to the end of their blackjacks.
Now I come to you on the level.
Studs says you're on the level.
Be on the level.

NICK
I am on the level. If I knew anything I'd....

Over the SOUND TRACK there is a sound of knuckles rapping sharply on the door. Morelli's gun is in his hand before the rapping stops. His eyes seem to move in all directions at once.

MORELLI
(with a snarl to
Nick)
What's that?

NICK
(shrugging his
shoulders)
This is your party.

The sound of the knuckles come again, and someone speaks outside.

GUILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
Open up. Police.

MORELLI
(as he raises his
gun to fire at
Nick)
You two-timing --

Nick shoves Nora's face, knocking her out of bed and across the room with his left hand, and throws a pillow at Morelli with his right just as Morelli fires. Nick sprawls out of bed, making a dive for Morelli and catching his ankle. The two men fall to the floor. Morelli clubs Nick with his revolver, and Nick fights him with his one free hand.

Guild, two policemen, and the hotel manager rush into the room. They pitch in and drag Nick and Morelli apart.

CLOSE SHOT -- NORA ON FLOOR

She is in a faint as Nick, comes quickly up to her. The hotel manager follows him and stands looking down solicitously. Nick leans down over her.

NICK
Nora.....Nora!

She doesn't move.

Hotel Manager What knocked her out?

NICK

I did. She was in the line of fire.
(turns, points to
liquor bottle)
Hand me that bottle.
(turns back to Nora,
begins working on
her)
Better get a doctor.

The hotel manager goes quickly out. Nick tries to get Nora to take a drink of whisky. She opens her eyes. She puts her hand up to her cheek where Nick hit her. Then, as Nick watches her anxiously:

NORA
(indignantly)
You darn fool -- you didn't have
to knock me out. I knew you'd
take him, but I wanted to see you
do it!

FULL SHOT -- INCLUDING GUILD, MORELLI AND TWO OFFICERS

Morelli is standing handcuffed between the officers. Guild looks admiringly at Nora as Nick is helping her to her feet.

GUILD
There's a gal with hair on her
chest.

As Nick pulls Nora up, she looks at the coat of his pyjamas, where a streak of blood has started to come through.

NORA
(for the first,
time horrified)
Nick... you're...

Nick follows her eyes down. For the first time he realizes that the bullet has touched him.

NICK
It's all right. It just grazed
me.

NORA
Someone get a doctor.

NICK
There's one coming.

NORA

Well, quick -- get into bed. Are you all right?

NICK
(going toward the bed)
Sure -- I don't even feel it.

NORA
I'll get some towels.
(she goes quickly into the bathroom)

Nick gets into bed. Guild comes over - looks at the wound. The CAMERA PANS AWAY from Morelli.

GUILD
Well, it was close, but you're all right.

MORELLI'S VOICE (O.S.)
Tough luck.

POLICEMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Shut up!

Over the SOUND TRACK we hear the policeman slap Morelli's mouth.

Nora comes back from the bathroom with some towels. Nick puts a towel over the wound, and sits propped up in bed.

NICK
I'll be all right. Don't let's fuss till the doctor comes.

NORA
Want a drink?

NICK
Yeah.

Nora goes out of the scene.

NICK
(to Guild)
How'd you people happen to pop in?

GUILD
We hear this is getting to be sort of a meeting place for the Wynant family, so we figure we'll stick around in case the old man himself shows up. Then we seen him...
(he points to Morelli)
...sneak in and we decide to come up. And pretty lucky for you.

NICK
(drily)
Yes. I might not have been shot.

GUILD
We were looking for this bird.

MORELLI
That little rat Nunheim --

GUILD
Shut up!
(then to Nick -
indicating Morelli)
This guy a friend of yours?

NICK
I never saw him before.

GUILD
What's he want of you?

NICK
Wanted to tell me he didn't kill
Julia Wolf.

GUILD
What's that to you?

NICK
Nothing.

GUILD
What'd he think it was to you?

NICK
Ask him. I don't know.

GUILD
I'm asking you.

NICK
Keep on asking.

Guild (to one of the policemen)

We'll frisk the dump.

NICK
Not without a warrant.

GUILD
So you say -
(to policeman)
Go on, Bob.

The policeman starts to search the room. Guild decides to change his tactics.

GUILD

Listen, Mr. Charles. I guess we're both of us going about this wrong. I don't want to get tough with you, and I guess you don't want to get tough with me.

There's just one question I want to ask you. Are you going to swear to the complaint of him shooting you?

NICK

That's another one I can't answer right now. Maybe it was an accident.

Nora comes over with the drink for Nick. She hands it to him, as she speaks.

NORA

(to Guild, indicating Bob)

What's that man doing in my drawers?

Nick, hearing this, chokes on his drink.

BUREAU - CLOSEUP.

Bob is searching in the drawers of the bureau. He finds the pistol that Nick left there and brings it to Guild. CAMERA PANS HIM OVER.

BOB

Here you are, Lieutenant.

Guild takes the gun, looks at it and turns to Nick. Nick - not knowing whether or not the gun is evidence, is slightly apprehensive. He watches Guild closely.

GUILD

Have you got a pistol permit?

NICK

No.

GUILD

Ever heard of the Sullivan Act?

NORA

(a little confused about the different acts)

That's all right. We're married.

Guild gives her a sharp look, and turns again to Nick.

GUILD
This gun yours?

NICK
No.

GUILD
Who's is it?

NICK
I'll have to try to remember.

GUILD
Okay. There's plenty of time. I
guess we got to ask you a lot more
questions than we counted on.
We'll come up tomorrow when you're
feeling better.

(He turns to the
officers and Morelli)
Come on.

The four men go out. CAMERA MOVES UP FOR CLOSEUP OF NICK
AND NORA. She is sitting beside Nick on the bed.

NORA
I wish that doctor'd come. How do
you feel?

NICK
He'll be here. Give him time to
get his trousers on. Where's Asta?
(calling)
Asta! Asta!

CUT TO:

FOOT OF BUREAU - PANNING ON ASTA.

As the dog comes slowly out from under the bureau, looking
a little scared and shame-faced. He comes toward Nick,
jumps on the bed beside him and licks his face.

NICK
(to Asta)
You're a fine watch dog.

NORA
He's got more sense than you have.
Thank Heaven you're not on this
case.

NICK
On it! I'm in it ... They think I
did it!

NORA

Well, didn't you?

Nick throws a pillow at her.

QUICK FADE:

FADE IN:

CLOSEUP OF CHRISTMAS TREE.

It is noon. The sun is streaming in. Most of the bells on the Christmas tree have been broken. There is one large ball still intact. Over the SOUND TRACK we hear the pop of an air rifle. The big ball splinters.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Nick lying on the sofa in a dressing gown, with the air rifle in his hand. He uses only his right hand on the rifle. Across his chest, on the left, there is the indication of bandaging underneath his pajamas. On the floor beside him are piles of newspapers. The telephone is on a table near his hand. The room is littered with tissue paper and ribbon from the opened Christmas presents. There is a breakfast table at one side, with the emptied dishes covered by a napkin. Nora is sitting smoking. She is wearing a very lovely fur coat over her negligee. She is reading a tabloid newspaper, the headlines and pictures of which exploit the Julia Wolf murder.

NICK
(looking fondly at
the rifle)
This is the nicest present I ever
had.

Nora puts down her paper. She comes over to Nick on the sofa. She has a bunch of holiday telegrams in her hand. She starts to pick up the newspapers which almost cover Nick. She has a very lovely wrist watch on. Nick sees it -- takes her hand and examines it.

NICK
I never saw that before.

NORA
No. It's a Christmas present.

NICK
Who gave it to you?

NORA
You did.

NICK
You must admit I have good taste.

Nora laughs.

NORA
(indicating
newspapers)
Finished with these?

NICK
Yes. I know all they know about
the murder. And I'm a great hero.
The Tribune said I was shot twice.

As he talks, Nora throws the papers to the floor and sits down at the other end of the couch, putting her slippers feet comfortably in Nick's lap. She starts to open, the telegrams.

NORA
I read you were shot five times in
the tabloids.

NICK
That's not true. He never came
near my tabloids.
(he takes aim again
with his gun)
That's one thing I always protect...
my tabloids.

As he is just ready to shoot, the CAMERA PANS over to his target. It is a large balloon that Asta is chasing around the room. We hear the "POP" of the RIFLE and the BALLOON EXPLODES, to Asta's astonishment and chagrin. Asta starts looking for the lost balloon.

BACK TO:

NICK AND NORA - CLOSEUP.

The telephone rings - Nick reaches over and picks it up.

NICK
(in phone)
Hello... send him up.

NORA
Who's that?

NICK
Macaulay.

Nora reads the telegrams and hands them to Nick at the other end of the sofa as she finishes. He takes them as she gives them to him, and throws them on the floor without looking at them.

NORA
(as she reads one)

Season's Greetings. The Mallorys.
(she hands it to
Nick. She is
distressed)
I forgot all about them.

She opens another telegram. Nick throws the first to the floor. He looks at Nora in her fur coat.

NICK
Aren't you hot in that?

NORA
I'm stifling, but it's so pretty.
(she hands him
another telegram)
The Kirbys.

NICK
(taking it and
dropping it on the
floor)
Is that another Christmas present?

NORA
(smiling at him)
Yes.

NICK
Did I give it to you?

NORA
Yes.

Again this is news to Nick, but he takes it philosophically.

NICK
I'm spoiling you.

She tickles him with her foot. Then she hands him another telegram, which suffers the same fate. Nick cocks his gun again, preparing to shoot. Nora has opened another telegram. Her manner changes.

NORA
Nick, listen. From Clyde Wynant!
(Nick puts down his
rifle, all
attention. Nora
reads it aloud)
"Will you take charge of
investigation on Julia Wolf murder.
Communicate with Herbert Macaulay".

NICK
(putting out his
hand for it)

Let's see. Where's it from?

NORA
(looking at it as
she hands it over)
Philadelphia.
(Nick is examining
the telegram. The
doorbell rings.
Nora starts for
the door, talking
as she goes)
Then he didn't do it, did he, Nick?

NICK
(thoughtfully)
I don't know.

NORA
(still on way to
door)
He wouldn't ask you to handle it
if he were guilty.

NICK
Your guess is as good as mine.

NORA
Oh take it! Please take it!

By this time she is at the door. She opens the door to Macaulay.

NORA
Oh, hello. Come on in.

MACAULAY
Good morning. I'm afraid this isn't
a very "Merry Christmas" for you.

NORA
Oh, he's sitting up.

MACAULAY
Good.

Macaulay comes in and goes to Nick.

NICK
How are you?

MACAULAY
I hate to bother you when you're
laid up.

NICK
That's all right.

Asta, delighted to see a visitor, jumps all over Macaulay. Macauley is a little disconcerted by all this attention.

NORA
Asta! Asta! Come here.

She throws a ball and the dog chases it out of the scene. Macaulay sits down near Nick.

Asta comes back into the scene. He deposits the ball near Macaulay's chair and stands looking eagerly up at him.

NORA
Asta - don't bother Mr. Macaulay.

MACAULAY
That's all right.

He leans down and throws the ball for Asta.

Beside him on the floor is a miniature fire hydrant He looks down at it.

MACAULAY
What a delightful toy.

Nick looks down and sees it for the first time.

NICK
Oh, it's a fire hydrant.

NORA
Yes. It's Asta's Christmas present.

Macaulay, a little troubled, looks down at it, and then unostentatiously moves his leg and his chair out of the danger zone. Asta returns, playfully and affectionately, with the ball again. Macaulay, with a forced smile, throws it for him again. Then Macaulay turns to Nick, reaching in his pocket for a telegram.

MACAULAY
I got word from Wynant this morning...

NORA
So did we.
(correcting herself -
indicating Nick)
I mean, Sherlock here.

Nick hands Macaulay his telegram from Wynant. Macaulay reads it and looks at Nick.

MACAULAY
What are the chances of getting

you to do what he wants?

NICK
Slim.

NORA
Oh, please, Nick.

MACAULAY
Would it help any if I could
persuade him to meet you?

NICK
It might.

MACAULAY
He gave me a code message to insert
in the Times, in case I wanted to
get in touch with him.

NICK
It wouldn't hurt to put it in.

Nora beams. The telephone rings. Nick picks it up.

MACAULAY
I've done that already. He should
appear, you know. It doesn't look
well... his staying away at a time
like this.

NICK
(in telephone)
Hello.... oh, just a minute.
(holding out the
phone to Macaulay)
Police department?

MACAULAY
(he looks surprised
but takes the phone)
Hello....
(his face changes...
he is startled)
Where? In Allentown.
(he consults his
watch)
Yes.... When is the next train?
Right - I'll get that.
(he slowly puts up
the phone and turns
to Nick and Nora)
Wynant's tried to commit suicide.
They want me to come down and
identify him.
(slowly he picks up
his hat)

I guess this changes the whole story, doesn't it? That looks like an admission of guilt. And I had such hopes. I thought if you got on the case, you'd be able to clear him. I thought that Mimi.... the way she acted... I was sure that....

(he sighs)

Oh, well, well... it's no use thinking of it now. I'm sorry to have wasted so much of your time.

He goes quickly out. Nora looks after him, and then turns to Nick. She is evidently depressed.

NORA

Well, that's that.

(Nick starts to get up off the sofa)

Stay there, Nick!

NICK

(paying no attention)

It's not going to hurt me to get up.

NORA

(sharply)

Sit down!

NICK

(with mock dignity)

You talk as if I were Asta.

NORA

All right, hard guy. Get up and bleed on the rugs.

Nick walks over to pour a drink. Nora sits down and Asta comes and puts his head on her knees looking sadly up at her.

NORA

(patting Asta)

What's the trouble, Asta? Your balloon busted? So's mine.

NICK

(to Nora)

What's the matter with you?

NORA

The mystery's all gone. And I wanted you to find out who did it.

NICK

(over his drink,
casually, as is
characteristic)
Maybe I will.

NORA
(surprised)
But Wynant --- ?

NICK
I don't believe he did it.

NORA
Why don't you?

NICK
No reason. Just a hunch. But I'm
going to find out.
(he starts to untie
his robe)
I'm tired of being pushed around.

NORA
(feeling her jaw -
standing up suddenly)
So am I.

NICK
Come on, Watson, we're going places.

As he strides into the bedroom, Nora striding in perfect
imitation after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXTERIOR ENTRANCE, NORMANDIE HOTEL.

Nick and Nora come through the door. They have Asta on a
leash. Guild steps up to them.

GUILD
(beaming at Nora)
Good morning --

NORA
Good morning, Lieutenant -
(Asta pulls her
violently toward
the curb. She goes
after him, out of
the scene, calling
back apologetically)
Sorry.

Guild and Nick follow Nora more slowly to the curb.

GUILD

(to Nick)
You oughtn't to play this trick on
me. Running out when I was giving
you time to rest up before I asked
you those questions.

NICK
You mean about that gun?

GUILD
That ain't a gun any more. The
firing pin's busted - the -
(he breaks off)
Don't waste time talking about
that.

They join Nora. She listens eagerly, not taking her eyes
from Nick and Guild. Through the whole scene, as they walk
down the block, when Asta pulls on the leash Nora stops
with him, and the two men, as a matter of course, stop and
wait for Nora, none of them ever looking at Asta. (IT IS A
TRUCKING SHOT ALL THE WAY)

GUILD
Man to man, Mr. Charles, are you
working on this case?

NICK
Man to man, I'm not.

NORA
But he's interested!

GUILD
I don't mind telling you I'd rather
have you working with us than
against us.

NICK
So would I.

GUILD
It's a bargain then. Anything you
want to know?

The leash tightens up and starts to pull Nora ahead. The
two men quicken their steps to keep pace with her. (They
are walking along a quiet street in the East Fifties, so
that there is not much traffic, and not many people.)

NICK
What about the suicide?

GUILD
Oh, that's a phoney. The men didn't
even have to go down.

NICK

I thought it might be. From now on, they're going to think that every thin man over six feet with white hair is Wynant.

Again the leash pulls Nora over to the curb. The three, without interrupting their conversation, stand still, waiting.

NORA

Do you think that Wynant did it?

GUILD

Looks like he planned, something. He shut up his apartment and his shop.

NICK

You've been there?

GUILD

Yeah. Couldn't find a thing. This is the way we figure it. Wynant goes to Julia's apartment. He finds Morelli there... sees she's two-timing him. They have a fight. But he figures he don't want to do anything then.... Morelli might squeal. So he goes away. He don't let his lawyer know anything has happened... he lets him go ahead and hand over money to Julia to give to him, so that Julia will think it's all blown over. Then, when she don't expect it... he lets her have it.

Asta completes his investigation and starts off down the street again the three follow.

NICK

No proof?

GUILD

Nothing yet to cinch it.

NICK

Fifty will get you a hundred that he didn't do it.

GUILD

What do you mean?

NICK

For one thing, he was too absent-minded to hold a grudge.

GUILD
Who's your candidate?

NICK
I haven't got that far yet. But I
don't think that everything points
to Wynant. What about the alibis?

GUILD
They're all O.K. Mrs. Jorgensen,
the boy, Dorothy, Macaulay... even
Morelli... we had to let him go.

NICK
What about Jorgensen?

GUILD
I'll check on that.
(he turns to Nora)
I'm afraid this is kinder dull for
you.

NORA
Dull... I'm sitting on the edge of
my chair!

Asta sees another hydrant and makes for it.

But Nora is too interested to stop. She drags him on.

NICK
What about this Nunheim?

GUILD
Oh, he's all right. We know all
about him. He does a little
stooling for us every once in a
while.

NICK
Did you know he was hanging around
Julia?

GUILD
No.

NICK
He's holding out on you.

GUILD
(hadn't thought of
this)
Let's go and see.
(he motions to a
passing taxi)
Taxi!

A taxi drives up. Nora starts to get in.

NICK

This may be a little rough - you'd better let us go alone.

NORA

Catch me letting you go alone!

She climbs determinedly in, pulling Asta after her. Guild starts to follow, but Nick pulls him away. He closes the door of the taxi and speaks to the driver:

NICK

(to driver)

Grant's Tomb.

The cab starts off. Nora shakes her fist back at Nick. Nick charmingly lifts his hat and throws her a kiss, as Guild hails another passing cab.

DISSOLVE TO:

OUTSIDE DOOR OF NUNHEIM'S APARTMENT.

It is the fourth floor of a dark, damp building.

The noise of the Sixth Avenue E1 can be heard even in the hallway. Guild and Nick come to the door. Guild knocks. There are sounds of hurried movement inside the room, then a voice calls, in an irritated tone.

NUNHEIM'S VOICE (O.S.)

Who is it?

GUILD

John.

Nunheim hastily unlocks and opens the door. He has no coat on - he is evidently frightened.

NUNHEIM

I wasn't expecting you, Lieutenant.
You said you'd phone.

Guild touches Nick's elbow with his hand, and they go in.

LIVING ROOM OF APARTMENT.

The room is shabby and dirty, with clothing, newspapers and dirty dishes sitting around. Through an open door, the bedroom, with an unmade bed, can be seen. In an alcove there is a sink and a stove. Marian is standing there with a sizzling skillet in her hand.

She is wearing a rumpled pink kimono and frayed pink mules

with lop-sided bows on them. She stares sullenly at Guild and Nick as they come in. Guild does not introduce Nick to Nunheim, or even look at Marian. He keeps his hat on, and Nick, seeing him, follows his example. Guild pushes some clothing out of the way to make a place for himself at the end of the sofa.

GUILD
(to Nick)
Sit down.

Nick removes some newspaper from a rocking chair and sits down. Nunheim goes over to a table where there is about two inches of whiskey in a pint bottle.

NUNHEIM
Have a shot?

GUILD
What's the idea of telling me you just knew the Wolfe girl by sight?

NUNHEIM
That's all I did, Lieutenant. That's the God's truth. Maybe I said hello to her or how are you or something like that when I saw her, but that's all I knew her. That's the truth.

(Marian laughs once, derisively. But there is no mirth in her face. Nunheim twists around to face her)
All right. Put your mouth in and I'll pop a tooth out of it.

MARIAN
Is that so!

She swings her arm around and lets the skillet fly at his head. It misses, crashing into the wall. Nunheim starts after her. Marian picks up a paring knife. Nick puts his foot out, without rising, and trips him. Nunheim falls to the floor.

GUILD
Cut it out. We didn't come here to watch you two rough-house.

Nunheim slowly gets up. Marian starts for the bedroom without looking at any of them.

NUNHEIM
She drives me nuts. She's been ragging me all day.

GUILD

Maybe if you quit running around
after other women you wouldn't
have so much trouble with this
one.

NUNHEIM

(for Marian's benefit -
loud)

That's a lie, Lieutenant... Anybody
that says that is a liar.

GUILD

(to Nick)

Want to take a poke at him?

NUNHEIM

(scared, to Nick)

I didn't mean you, Mister.

Marian goes into the bedroom and shuts the door.

NICK

Come on, now -- she can't hear you -

NUNHEIM

Well...

(looking toward the
door of the bedroom)

You know how it is. A guy knocking
around....

GUILD

You'd done better to have told me
that in the beginning. Where were
you the afternoon she was knocked
off?

NUNHEIM

(terrified)

You don't think I had anything to
do with it?

GUILD

Where were you?

Marian comes out. She is in street clothes and is carrying
a suitcase.

NUNHEIM

Marian!

MARIAN

I don't like crooks and even if I
did, I wouldn't like crooks that
are stool pigeons, and if I did

like crooks that are stool pigeons,
I still wouldn't like you.

Marian starts for the outer door. Nunheim tries to follow Marian, but Guild catches his arm.

GUILD
Where were you?

NUNHEIM
Marian! Marian! Don't go! I'll
behave! I'll do anything! Don't
go, Marian!

Marian goes out and shuts the door, paying no attention to Nunheim.

NUNHEIM
(to Guild)
Let me go! Let me bring her back.
I can't get along without her.
I'll bring her right back and I'll
tell you anything you want to know.
Let me go!

GUILD
Sit down! We didn't come here to
watch you and that broad dance
around a May pole. Where were you
the afternoon the girl was killed?

Nunheim puts his hand over his face and begins to cry.

NUNHEIM
I can't remember offhand,
Lieutenant. Maybe I was over at
Charlie's shooting pool. Maybe I
was here. She'd remember.

GUILD
How'd you like to be thrown in the
can on account of not remembering?

NUNHEIM
Just give me a minute.... I'll
remember. I'm not stalling,
Lieutenant. You know I always
come clean with you.
(he has his head in
his hands trying
to remember. Guild
looks at Nick and
winks. Nunheim
looks up, relieved.
He snaps his fingers)
Gee, it'd serve me right if you
had pinched me... that's the

afternoon I was.... wait, I'll
show you...!

He gets up and quickly goes into the bedroom. Nick goes to the telephone and starts to dial. Guild starts to search the room.

GUILD
Well, what'd you think?

NICK
I think we're on the right track.

GUILD
Who're you calling?

NICK
I'm calling your office so you can send out a man to trail him. I want to see where he goes.

GUILD (ASTONISHED)
Trail him! Trail who?

NICK
Nunheim!

Guild looks at Nick, who is grinning. He then grasps what he means and makes a bee line for the bedroom. In a second he cones back. He takes the phone from Nick.

GUILD
(sharply in phone)
Bill, tell the boys to pick up
Nunheim. He just left here -
went out the fire escape
(then, as Bill
evidently laughs,
Guild speaks with
hurt dignity)
What's funny about that?
(he hangs up and
looks sheepishly
over towards Nick.)

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP OF NUNHEIM -

A TELEPHONE BOOTH.

Nunheim is talking into the telephone. As he talks, he watches the outside of the telephone booth to be sure that no one is listening. His voice is quiet but there is a menacing urgency in his tone.

NUNHEIM

Listen. They been questionin' me again. Asking me what more I know. Where I was that day.... Wait a minute. I ducked out on 'em. Now if you want me to play dumb, I want fi' thousand more... Fi' grand and I'll skip town today.... Where? O.K... Right away... See that you're there and have it with you.

He hangs up and turns to go out.

DISSOLVE TO:

STREET IN THE WEST FORTIES.

Nunheim jumps out of cab, pays the driver.

It drives off. The street is deserted. By this time it is about five o'clock and the early winter twilight has fallen. WE TRUCK AND PAN as Nunheim looks at the numbers of the houses. A little way up the street he finds the number he has been looking for. He walks into a dark doorway. Just as he steps in, there is the crack of a pistol shot and the flash of fire from the gun. Nunheim throws up his hands, staggers forward to the street, his hand clutching his heart. Here he pitches forward -- dead. The CAMERA stays on the body.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT -- A BUNDLE OF CLOTHES -- ALL THAT IS LEFT OF ONE ARTHUR NUNHEIM!

The hands of Nick and Guild are examining the clothes as we come in. Nick has taken a card from the inside coat pocket.

NICK'S VOICE
(over insert of
card he holds)
"Arthur Nunheim -- Honorary member"

CAMERA PULLS BACK RAPIDLY NOW TO REVEAL GUILD'S OFFICE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

Guild is throwing down some letters and stuff he has extricated.

GUILD
Not a thing.

Bob, the policeman, comes in.

GUILD
(looking up)

Find out about that bullet yet?

Bob Yes, sir. It's from the same gun that killed Julia Wolf. There is a second of silence. Guild and Nick look at each other.

NICK
And how are your folks?

The telephone rings. Guild picks it up. His face beams.

GUILD
(in phone)
How are you? -- No, we didn't get
a thing.
(He hands the phone
to Nick)
It's your wife.

Nick reaches for the phone, smiling.

CLOSEUP - NORA AT PHONE

She is in the Jorgensen apartment, but in a room by herself. She speaks softly. She thinks she is still talking to Guild.

NORA.
Well, I've got something,
Lieutenant. I've been doing a
little detective work of my own.
That flat foot I married thinks
he's smart -- but I'm one jump
ahead of him.

BACK TO:

CLOSEUP ON NICK.

He plays straight in his best manner.

NICK
(kidding her)
Um?

NORA'S VOICE
(Through receiver)
Do you hear me?

NICK)
(grinning)
How's Grant's tomb?

BACK TO:

CLOSEUP OF NORA -- PHONE.

She starts at this, recognizing Nick's voice. Again she sticks up her nose, a little characteristic of hers in matters concerning Nickie. Then she snaps:

NORA
It's lovely. I'm having a copy
made for you --

BACK TO:

CLOSE TWO SHOT - NICK AND GUILDE.

Nick laughs, then -- seriously:

NICK
What have you got?

Nora's voice comes through, but she is evidently speaking in a low whisper and the words are inaudible.

NICK
Can't hear you -- little lou --
(an alert look comes
into his eyes as
he listens closer,
getting what she
is saying. Guild,
too, is interested.)
We'll be right up!
(Nick puts down the
phone and turns to
Guild)
She's up at Mimi's. Jorgensen has
disappeared.

The two men rise.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP ON MIMI -- HER BEDROOM.

She is seated facing Nick in her bedroom, although in this opening dissolve we do not reveal him. WE HOLD ON MIMI as she speaks hysterically.

MIMI
Chris may be at the club -- or
somewhere -- I don't see that it's
important --

NICK (O.S.)
You should have told them he'd
disappeared.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE ROOM NOW as Mimi jumps up. Nick is seated, questioning her. Dorothy hovers behind Nick.

MIMI
(her manner and
tone more distract)
But he has nothing to do with it!

NICK
That's not for you to decide.
Everybody's under suspicion -
especially running off like this --
(he picks up a
picture of Jorgensen
from the bureau)
The police will want his
description. Is this a picture of
him?

Mimi tries to take the picture.

MIMI
I tell you -- he didn't do it.

NICK
They'll want more than your word
for that.

MIMI
(coming forward and
speaking slowly)
All right, then -- I'll tell them
who did do it!

DOROTHY
(with horror in her
voice)
Mother!

MIMI
(paying no attention)
And I'll give them proof!

Dorothy turns and goes quickly from the room.

HALLWAY OF APARTMENT.

Dorothy comes out of the bedroom, blind with horror at
what her Mother is doing. For a minute she stands there,
trying to collect herself. Andy comes from the living
room, where he has been waiting for her. He goes to her
and takes her in his arms. She looks up at him.

ANDY
(with tremendous
pity in his voice)
Dorry!

For a minute she clings to him, crying,

DOROTHY

Oh, Andy.

ANDY

Don't cry.

DOROTHY

I can't help it. You don't
know.....

ANDY

(protectively)

Darling, you can't go through any
more of this. Now you get together
your clothes and your skates and
we'll go out to my family's in the
country.

DOROTHY

(she stops crying)

I can't.

ANDY

You've got to get your mind off
this.

DOROTHY

(she pulls herself
together)

You're sweet, but the only thing
that you can do for me is to go.

ANDY

Go!

DOROTHY

And don't ever try to see me again.

ANDY

What are you talking about?

DOROTHY

(with rising
excitement)

Please! You can't get mixed up in
this.

ANDY

Do you think I care

DOROTHY

You don't understand. You don't
know what's going to happen.

ANDY

I only know I want to marry you...

right now, and --

DOROTHY

I can't marry you! I can't ever
marry you!

ANDY

Dorothy!

DOROTHY

(hysterically)

How would you like to have a couple
of little murderers for your
children? It'd be fun, wouldn't
it? Maybe they'd murder each
other... keep it all in the family.
That's what Father should have
done. He should have killed me
and Gilbert... then we wouldn't
have had this to go through.

ANDY

You're talking like a crazy person,

DOROTHY

Why not? I am crazy....the whole
family's crazy.

ANDY

Dorothy.... listen to me. I love
you. Don't you understand that?
I love you.

DOROTHY

Go away!

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - SHOOTING TOWARD HALL.

Nora and Guild are waiting for Nick. Gilbert is sitting
with a large book open in his hand. Dorothy's voice comes
through. The three in the living room cannot help but
hear.

DOROTHY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Go away!

A door slams. Andy is seen walking slowly past the living
room door, on his way out of the apartment. Gilbert gets
up and goes quickly out. Nora looks at Guild and sighs.

NORA

Sleuthing isn't all fun, is it? I
feel so sorry for that poor girl -

Nick comes in with the photograph of Jorgensen, which he

has taken from the frame.

GUILD
Get anything?

NICK
She's ready to talk.
(he hands Guild
Jorgensen's
photograph)
It won't do any harm, though - to
find out where he is.

CUT TO:

DOROTHY'S BEDROOM.

Dorothy is lying on the bed, face down.

Gilbert walks up to her, his big book still in his hand.

GILBERT
You know, you're wrong about all
of your children being murderers...
I've studied the Mendelian Law of
inheritance and their experiments
with sweet peas, and according to
their findings... and they've been
pretty conclusive... only one out
of four of your children will be a
murderer. So the thing for you to
do would be to have just three
children...
(then as a thought
comes to him)
... no, no. That might not work
The first one might be the bad
one. I'll have to look that up.

By this time Dorothy gets up. She has a defiant look on
her face.

DOROTHY
You needn't look it up. I'm not
going to get married and I'm not
going to have any children. From
now on, I'm just out for the ride!

BACK TO:

LIVING ROOM - MEDIUM ON GROUP.

Mimi is showing Guild the watch chain. Nick is watching
her closely. Nora is tense with interest.

MIMI
(her voice quivering

with forced emotion)
I took this from her hand. It's
Mr. Wynant's watch chain.
(Guild takes it
from her)
I wanted to protect him.

She breaks into tears. Nick looks over at her sardonically. Guild watches her with evident sympathy. Guild gets up, putting the watch chain carefully in his handkerchief.

GUILD
I guess that cinches it, eh, Mr.
Charles? He killed them both -
Julia Wolf and Nunheim.

NICK
Fifty will still get you a hundred.

GUILD
This is enough for me.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF QUICK DISSOLVES:

(a) POLICE RADIO ANNOUNCER AT MICROPHONE

ANNOUNCER
Calling all cars - calling all
cars - cover all

ROADS LEAVING CITY - PICK UP CLYDE WYNANT -

Clyde Wynant drag-net - pick up - etc.

(b) GATE - GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

A policeman stands at the gate scanning the passengers as they go through. (Through this and ensuing vignettes, the dull voice of the Police Announcer continues over the flashes. Entire effect designed to excitingly dramatize the spreading of the net for the capture of Clyde Wynant.)

(c) A PRINTING PRESS.

It is running off police placards announcing the reward for the capture of Clyde Wynant.

(d) TELETYPE MACHINE.

OVER THE MACHINE IS COMING:

"Wynant wanted -- watch all stations -- boats and roads -- description - thin man -- six feet -- white hair, etc., etc."

(e) NEWSPAPER TRUCK -- STREET CORNER.

Newsboys are crowded around the back of the truck. A man is hurling packs of LATE EXTRAS down to the boys. They immediately begin calling out:

NEWSBOYS
"Extra -- extra -- Wynant wanted
in second murder --"
"Five Star Final" -- Wynant's ex-
wife produces murder evidence -- "
"Extra - extra -- double murder
charge against Wynant --"

Pictures of Wynant, most of them full length (for the desired effect of the tall, thin man) cover the front pages. Second and third trucks can back into the scene, if desired. Necessary, dramatically, to kick up the idea that the chase for the killer is increasing to fever heat.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT ON NORA - AT WINDOW.

She is at the window of their bedroom in the hotel Normandie again. We process through the window to get a background of Central Park, South. On SOUND TRACK from below we get a carry-over of the newsboys' "Extra! Extra!" from preceding effects. One shrill voice is heard in relief against the others. It is shouting: "Extra -- extra -- police hunt Wynant --" Nora listens for a second and then shuts the window, turning away from it.

NORA

I wish they'd stop that. It makes me fidgety. Do you think they'll find him, Nick? He must be in New York....

(she stops short as
CAMERA PULLS BACK
and she sees Nick
is in his overcoat,
bending over Asta
with a leash)

Where do you think you're going?

NICK

I'm going to take Asta for a walk.

NORA

He's just been for a walk.

NICK

We're going sightseeing -- aren't we, Asta?

He starts to go -- but Nora puts a hand on a bulge in his

overcoat pocket.

NORA

What's that?

(she puts her hand
in and pulls out a
bunch of skeleton
keys)

What are you up to?

(she puts her hand
in and and pulls
out a pistol - she
unconsciously holds
it, pointing at
him)

Nickie - what is this?

NICK

(putting his hands
up)

Looks like a hold-up!

NORA

What are you going to do?

NICK

I've got hunch. I'm going down to
look at Wynant's shop, I want to
find out why it's closed.

NORA

Why shouldn't be close it? He went
away.

NICK

He went away lots of times when I
knew him - but he never closed his
shop. I've got a hunch something
is up.

NORA

You mean, he might be hiding there?

NICK

I don't know... This thing has
got my goat. I've got to find out.

NORA

Nick - I won't have you going down
there.

NICK

Say you're the one who got me in
this!

NORA

I know but this is different.

He's a crazy man. He might kill
you.

NICK
I'll be all right. I've got Asta
to protect me.

NORA
(waving him out)
Go on - go on - see if I care.
But it's a dirty trick bringing me
all the way to New York just to
make me a widow.

NICK
You wouldn't be a widow long.

NORA
You bet I wouldn't.

NICK
Not with all your money!

NORA
You dog!

NICK
(kissing her)
Goodbye, darling.

NORA
(clinging to him
and for the first
time really serious)
Nickie, take care of yourself won't
you?

NICK
(lightly)
Sure I will.

NORA
Don't say it that way. Say it as
if you meant it.

NICK
(with mock solemnity)
Why, I believe the little woman
cares.

NORA
I don't care - I'm just used to
you, that's all --
(Nick gives her an
affectionate hug
and a kiss. He
calls to Asta.

Nora turns to the
dog, trying to
hide her emotion
under a pretense
of clowning)
If you let anything happen to him,
you'll never wag that tail again!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OF WYNANT'S SHOP - LIGHTING EFFECT

The street is deserted. The light from the street lamps is very dim. A cab drives up before the shop. The door of the cab opens and Asta jumps out, and makes a bee-line for a hydrant. Nick follows him, still in his evening clothes. He turns to pay the driver, who is looking dubiously at the neighborhood. Driver Sure this is the place you want?

NICK
This is it.

DRIVER
(looking
apprehensively at
the street)
You don't want me to wait, do you?

NICK
No thanks.
(Nick pays him)

DRIVER
(with a last look,
he says dubiously)
Well good luck!

He drives off. The street is quiet. Nick turns toward the shop. Nick stands for a second looking at the building, then turns to Asta.

NICK
(to Asta)
Ready? Well, let's go.

He goes to the front door of the shop. He tries it. It is locked. From his pocket he takes out a ring with skeleton keys on it.

Holding his flashlight on the key hole, he finally finds the key that opens it. He pushes the door slowly open. He holds it open, looking back at Asta.

NICK
You keep quiet now. Come on.

But Asta doesn't like the looks of the place. He doesn't

move. Nick snaps his fingers for him to come and Asta finally, reluctantly follows him.

INTERIOR BUILDING -- TRUCKING AND PANNING

On Nick as he makes his way down the narrow little hall, guided by his flashlight. Asta trails, still reluctantly. Nick is familiar with the old building so that he does not lose time in reaching the rear, where he goes down the steps, cautiously, to the basement.

MACHINE SHOP AND STOREROOM IN BASEMENT - LONG SHOT

(This room leads to Wynant's private work-shop as established earlier.)

Nick moves stealthily through the storeroom, flashing his light here and there on crates, boxes of machinery, etc. It is a weird scene, at any moment you must feel that Wynant, or some foe will spring from behind the objects. (His figure is mostly in silhouette during, the scene. He flashes his light in quick short flashes.)

Nick sees a moving shadow. Asta starts to growl. Nick whips out his gun. Then throws the light of his flashlight onto a pile of

[NOTE: Sorry -- page missing. The "moving shadow" turns out to be a cat.]

nothing that will help him. He is starting out, when he misses Asta. He calls him softly. We hear the dog whine.

NICK
(to Asta)
Well, come along, then...

Still the dog does not come. We hear him whine again. Nick flashes his light around until it lights on the dog. Asta is in the center of the floor. He has his ears back. He is sniffing at the floor. Nick keeping his flashlight on Asta, comes back. He leans down to the floor, running his hand over the cement.

NICK
(softly)
You're not a Scottish Terrier.
You're a police dog. New cement.

He gets up briskly and looks around, using his flashlight, to find a tool. He finds an iron bar. Placing the light so that it falls on the floor. Nick takes the iron bar. He pounds on the floor. Over the place where Asta was whining, the cement gives out a hollow sound. Nick takes the bar in both hands, throws his whole strength into it, trying to force it through the floor. It finally goes through. Nick leans down, and a startled, horrified look

comes in his face. He puts down the bar, picks up Asta, who is flattened on the floor, watching him, takes his flashlight and goes quickly toward the stairs. He climbs rapidly.

CRANE SHOT -- FLIGHT OF STAIRS LEADING TO WYNANT'S OFFICE ON SECOND FLOOR. (AS EARLIER ESTABLISHED.)

He uses his flashlight to find his way. The stairway, being as old as the building, CREAKS as he walks. WE CONTINUE TO CRANE until he reaches the second floor and cautiously enters the old office.

WYNANT'S OFFICE - FULL SHOT.

All is pitch dark as he follows his flashlight to the telephone, dials the number, then extinguishes the light.

NICK
(in telephone)
Hello, Lieutenant Guild, please...
John? This is Charles. I'm up in
Wynant's shop. Well, I've found
something... it's a body.

He puts down the telephone. Using his flashlight, he goes to the desk and begins to look through the papers there.

EFFECT SHOT -- CAMERA AT BOTTOM OF STAIRWAY, SHOOTING UP.

On the figure of a man as it is quietly going up the same stairway that Nick took, slowly going toward the office. He has no light, but by his unhesitating steps, we gather that he is familiar with the building. The steps creak a little.

BACK TO:

WYNANT'S OFFICE - CLOSE SHOT ON NICK.

He is still rummaging over the desk. Suddenly he stands rigid. He has heard a step. He puts out his flashlight and whirls around to face the door. At this instant, CAMERA SWINGS OVER TO:

THE DOOR

As the man's figure appears. As he starts to come in, Nick's flashlight is thrown full on his face, blinding him. We see that it is Tanner.

NICK'S VOICE (O.S.)
Stick 'em up!

Tanner, terrified by the light and the sharp command from the darkness, puts up his hands. Asta begins to bark. Keeping the light full on Tanner's face, Nick swiftly

searches him. Satisfied that Tanner has no gun, Nick goes to an electric light switch.

NICK
(as he does this)
Don't make a move or that dog will
tear you to shreds!

He switches on the light. Tanner looks in, blinking amazement and fear, first at Nick, and then at --

BIG CLOSEUP OF ASTA

He has crawled under the desk and lies there, looking out fearfully.

BACK TO:

MEDIUM ON NICK AND TANNER

Nick grins a little at Asta's fear and Tanner's bewilderment.

NICK
Come on out, now. He won't hurt
you.
(then to Tanner,
with a return of
his brisk,
professional tone)
Back to your old tricks, eh, Tanner?

TANNER
No, Mr. Charles.

NICK
How did you get in here?

TANNER
I had a key. I worked here... till
they closed the shop.

NICK
You worked here?

TANNER
Yes, sir. Julia Wolf got me a job
as bookkeeper.

NICK
Well, that's a hot one. You a
bookkeeper! When were you ever a
bookkeeper?

TANNER
That time you sent me up last ...
I learned book-keeping at Sing

Sing. I figured it might be an in
for me somewhere's.

NICK

Somewhere's where they might go
out and leave the safe open?

TANNER

Honest, Mr, Charles. I never
touched that safe. Them bonds
that were missing... Julia took
them.

NICK

Trying to put it off on her?

TANNER

Mr. Charles - she did - that's why
he got sore at her and killed her.
Listen, Mr. Charles --

(he pulls out some
bills)

I did do a little chiseling. I
come to bring it back and fix up
the books. I didn't want him to
find out and come after me -

NICK

You can save that and tell it to
the police. They'll be here in a
minute.

TANNER

(a hunted look comes
into his face)

Police!

He shrinks back, aghast, as at this moment we hear the
sound of sirens from police cars arriving outside. Asta
crawls back under the desk.

EXTERIOR WYNANT'S SHOP - STREET - NIGHT.

There is a rising crescendo of sirens as Guild's police
car, and the Medical Examiner's car swing around the corner,
accompanied by a motorcycle escort. They pull to a stop
at the front of the shop. The police and Dr. Walton,
with his assistant, get out of the cars and go to the door
of the building. There are police photographers with them.
Nick, with Tanner in his custody, is waiting at the door
of the shop.

DISSOLVE TO:

WYNANT'S SHOP - BASEMENT.

The floor is dug up more than in the last scene, so that

the body is exposed enough for the photographers. Guild, Nick, Dr. Walton, Tanner and the rest of the police stand aside as the photographers take their flashlight pictures from different angles. Guild is putting on a pair of gloves. Dr. Walton is preparing to do his work. Nick, in his evening clothes and his casual air, is an incongruous note in the midst of all the professional excitement. As the photographers finish, Guild steps up to the hole in the floor. He turns to Tanner, who is watching, horrified.

GUILD

(to Tanner)

You didn't know anything about all this?

TANNER

No, sir....

GUILD

(to one of the police)

Take him down to the can. I'll see him later.

The policeman goes out with Tanner. Guild looks down into the hole.

GUILD

(he gives a low whistle)

I wonder what Wynant had against this one? Quick lime. Well at least the clothes weren't touched.

The Medical Examiner comes up and stands beside him.

GUILD

Mind if I take those out, Doc?

DR. WALTON

Go ahead.

Guild stoops down and takes out a bundle of clothes. The CAMERA PANS with him as he takes them over to a work table and starts to open them up. Nick strolls over and stands watching him.

NICK

(looking at the bundle of clothes)

Just rolled them up and threw them in.

GUILD

Lucky thing for us they weren't in that lime.

NICK

Extraordinarily lucky.

Guild pulls a coat from the bundle. It is a large coat, slightly eaten by the lime. Guild picks it up and examines it for a tailor's label.

GUILD
No - no identification -
(he holds the coat
up)
Must have weighed two hundred and
fifty if he weighed an ounce.

BOB (O.S.)
Here's something, Bob comes into
the scene. He hands Guild a walking
stick. Guild takes it and examines
it.

GUILD
(looking at the
stick)
Rubber tip. He must have been
lame.

BOB
Who wouldn't be.... carrying that
weight around.

Guild takes the trousers and stretches them out.

GUILD
(to Doctor)
Standing straight he'd be about
five foot, eleven, wouldn't he?

DOCTOR'S VOICE (O.S.)
About. There is a belt attached
to the trousers -

Guild looks at it. He finds some initials engraved on the
silver buckle.

GUILD
(reading from the
buckle)
"D.W.R."
(turns to Nick)
That case you worked on... the guy
who threatened to kill Wynant...
what what was his name?

NICK
Rosebrean.

GUILD
Could this be him?

NICK
I never saw him. I don't think anyone saw him.

GUILD
He said Wynant tried to steal an invention.

NICK
Yes. But we figured it was just blackmail...

GUILD
Just the same, Wynant wouldn't mind having him out of the way, would he?
(he turns to the Doctor)
How long should you say this body'd been here, Doc?

The Doctor comes into the scene taking off his gloves.

DR. WALTON
I can't say offhand. At least a couple of months...

GUILD
Couple of months. That's just when he closed the shop. The way I figure it is... he kills this guy and plants him here. Julia knows about it, so he kills her. And Nunheim caught him at that, so he had to bump off Nunheim.
(he makes a bundle of the clothes)
Well, we'll be going along.
(to Nick)
You done a swell job. You wouldn't like to pay me that hundred now?

NICK
Wait 'till you catch Wynant.

Nick walks over to the Medical Examiner who is putting on his coat, preparatory to going. The Medical Examiner speaks to his assistant, indicating the wrapped up body, out of the scene.

DR. WALTON
You can take that out to the car.

NICK
Going to run him through the fluoroscope?

DR. WALTON
Yes.

NICK
Do you mind if I come down and see it?

DR. WALTON
Not at all.

NICK
I'm very interested in that body.

By this time Guild is ready to go. He turns to Nick, the bundle of clothes under his arm.

GUILD
Give my best to your wife.

He turns to go out, almost bumping into a figure in the semi-darkness. It is apparently a slender boy, his coat collar high about his neck, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. Nick spies him at the same time and comes toward him. Guild speaks sharply to the boy.

GUILD
(to the boy)
What're you doing here?

NICK
(to Guild - knowing who it is)
I'll take care of him.

Guild grunts and continues on his way. Nick takes the boy by the arm, and unceremoniously hustles him out. Nick has Asta under his other arm.

CUT TO:

EXT. OF BUILDING

Nick hustles the boy into a taxicab, and follows him in, speaking to the driver as he gets in.

CUT TO:

CLOSEUP OF NICK

Nick is seated in the cab. He is looking with a disapproving scowl at his companion.

NICK
What do you think you are?

The CAMERA PANS to his companion. We see that it is Nora.

She is dressed in Nick's clothes. She has even used some of her hair to make a mustache. She looks at Nick with a twinkle in her eye, and strokes the points of her mustache in imitation of him as she speaks.

NORA
I'm a 'de-tect-uf'.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP OF FLUOROSCOPE. (Police Laboratory)

The light of the fluoroscope comes through the skeleton of the body. The Medical Examiner's hand comes into the shot, pointing to a dark spot in the left side of the body, near the heart.

DR. WALTON'S VOICE (O.S.)
There's the bullet he was killed with. See?

NICK'S VOICE (O.S.)
What's this?

His hand comes into the shot, pointing to a smaller speck in the shin bone. THE CAMERA NOW PULLS back to show the two men in Dr. Walton's laboratory looking at the body under the fluoroscope. Dr. Walton looks closer.

DR. WALTON
Oh, just an old piece of shrapnel.

An idea comes to Nick. He is piecing things together in his mind.

NICK
Shrapnel!

DR. WALTON
(still inspecting)
Must have been in the war. That might account for the cane and his limp.

NICK
(thinking of something else)
Yes... yes.

AS WE

DISSOLVE TO:

SERIES OF EFFECT FLASHES -- THIRD MURDER --

POLICE DRAGNET

In terrific tempo, with the elongated shadow of the Thin Man behind the flashes, we bring in, kaleidoscopically, police teletypes -- radio broadcasts -- telephone and telegraph -- wireless -- radio cars, etc. Chief among these effects are superimposed closeups of police and detective chiefs as they talk into phones, firing their orders. By the nature of the uniforms worn by the police captains, we must achieve the idea that the man-hunt is NATION WIDE.

Also SUPERIMPOSED are newspaper headlines, tabloids, etc.,

SCREAMING OUT:

"WYNANT HUNTED IN THIRD MURDER --"

"WYNANT VICTIM BURIED IN BASEMENT --"

"HORROR MURDER LAID TO WYNANT --"

"WYNANT BODY NUMBER THREE DUG UP IN CEMENT --" etc., etc.

Also, on SOUND TRACK, through radio and telephone, we hear continuous voices as they report: "WYNANT SEEN HERE -- WYNANT SEEN THERE --" etc.

These are Vorkapich shots, and conclude with thrilling flashes of automobiles being stopped on roads by traffic officers, squad cars racing to and fro from headquarters, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSEUP OF ASTA.

The dog is standing on a table. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show the living room of Nick's suite. The reporters are on Nick's trail again. The floor is littered with newspapers.

Nora, in negligee, is being interviewed by a 'sob sister'. Nick is near the table where the drinks are surrounded by reporters.

A newspaper photographer is taking Asta's picture as he stands on the table.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(snapping his fingers
down near the floor)
Hey... doggie, doggie. Look down
at the body!
Look down at the body!
(Asta looks down at
the man's hand and
the flashlight
flares up. The

photographer
hurriedly goes to
Nick)
Now, Mr. Charles --

1ST REPORTER
(to photographer)
Get that out of here.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Just one family group.
Sob Sister It'd be lovely for the
woman's page.

Nick goes to stand beside Nora, and the photographer puts Asta in Nora's arms. The reporters follow Nick, asking him questions.

1ST REPORTER
Have the police got any idea where
Wynant is?

NICK
No.

2ND REPORTER
Do you think they'll find him?

NICK
I know they will.

The flashlights flare again. Nick moves away.

3RD REPORTER
Got anything else to say about the
case?

NICK
Yes. It's put me way behind in my
drinking.

He starts for the table where the liquor is.

1ST REPORTER
What about this Rosebreen?

NICK
(Pouring himself a
drink)
Sorry. Don't know a thing.

2ND REPORTER
(to photographer)
Come on, let's get it in.
(to Nick)
Thanks, Nick.

The reporters all start for the door.

1ST REPORTER
What's your next step, Nick?

NICK
Right back to California. We've got to go home and rest up from our vacation.

1ST REPORTER
We'll see you before you go.

They all go out. CAMERA MOVES IN FOR CLOSE PANNING SHOT.

NORA
(disappointed)
Back to California

NICK
My soul, woman. I give you three murders and you aren't satisfied.

NORA
I want you to stay and find Wynant.

NICK
(out of a clear sky -
over his highball)
I did find him!

NORA
What do you mean?

NICK
(between swallows)
He was down in the shop.

NORA
Nick!

NICK
It was his body that was buried there.

NORA
Nick, you'd better lay off that liquor.

NICK
That's a fact.

NORA
(unable to believe
her ears)
Wynant's body?

NICK
(mixing another
drink)
Yup. Don't you want something to
eat?

NORA
But they all said it was
Rosebreen's.

NICK
(going to telephone)
That's what they think... Guild
and all of them. They take it for
granted that it's just another of
Wynant's victims.
(he takes up
telephone)
Guild's hot-footing it around now,
looking for Wynant. That's all
that troubles him.

NORA
What makes you so sure it's Wynant's
body?

NICK
Several things.
(speaks into the
telephone)
Hello, Fred. We're hungry again.
Yeah, and lots of onions. Oh, and
coffee.

NORA
Nick, you'll drive me crazy. What
things?

NICK
(putting up the
receiver)
Huh?

NORA
What things made you so sure?

NICK
Oh. Well, the clothes for instance.
They were carefully preserved, and
the body was just as carefully
destroyed. The person who killed
him counted on one thing... that
all skeletons look alike.

NORA
Well, don't they?

NICK

Sure.

He takes a drink from the glass in his hand.

Nora goes to him and takes his drink from him.

NORA

You don't get another swallow 'til
you really open up.

NICK

(speaking quickly,
anxious to get his
drink back)

I remembered that Wynant had some
shrapnel in his shin. It often
bothered him. So I looked for it
and I found it.

(he reaches out his
hand for the glass)

Gimme.

Nora mechanically gives him back his drink, her mind on
the significance of what he has told her.

NORA

How long has he been dead?

NICK

Couple of months anyway.

NORA

Then he couldn't have committed
those other murders.

NICK

Smart gal.

NORA

(hardly able to
believe it)

Wynant dead?

(with a sudden
thought)

Does Dorothy know?

NICK

No. Nobody but you.

Nora starts for the telephone.

NORA

I'm going to tell her.

NICK

Hey... hey.

(Nora stops)
Don't do that.

NORA
(protesting)
But the poor kid's going crazy.
She'd rather know her father was
dead than that...

NICK
I can't help it. I can't tell a
soul. I didn't even tell Guild.

NORA
Why not?

NICK
I want to lie low till I get the
whole dope. I don't want to go
off half-cocked.

NORA
What are you going to do?

NICK
I'm going to get the real murderer.
I've got an idea. Want to see me
take him?

NORA
(thrilled)
Yes!

NICK
Got a nice evening dress?

NORA
(impatient)
Now Nick, what's that got to do
with it?

NICK
(insisting)
Got a nice evening dress?

NORA
I've got a lulu -- why?

NICK
I'm going to give a party, and
invite all of the suspects.

NORA
The suspects! They won't come.

NICK
Oh, they'll come. I'll have Guild

issue the invitations.
(he starts to
telephone)

NORA
Who do you think did it?

NICK
Mimi...

NORA
Mimi!

NICK
Mimi, Jorgensen, Morelli,
Tanner.....
(to Nora)

WHAT WERE
you doing on the ninth of June?

He grins into the phone.

FAST DISSOLVE TO:

PRIVATE DINING ROOM IN HOTEL.

Music of a small string orchestra is coming from the adjoining balcony. A table is set in the background for fourteen people. The waiters are quietly putting the last touches to the table. The head waiter is passing around a last tray of cocktails. The CAMERA TRUCKS with him as we pick up the different people. He goes first to Andrew who is standing by himself, very forlorn looking. Then to Mimi, Tanner and Gilbert who are a little isolated group.... not knowing what is going on, and looking very suspiciously at the other guests. He goes on to a group made up of Nora, Guild, Marian and Morelli. Nora is hanging on to the two men's words. The head waiter goes on to Nick and Macaulay.

HEAD WAITER
(to Nick)
Shall I serve dinner now?

NICK
Just a minute -

Nick looks toward the door. He breaks away from Macaulay and goes to the door. The

CAMERA PANS with him as he goes. A detective is just coming in the door.

DETECTIVE
(to nick)
We got 'em. Picked 'em up at the

Pennsylvania Station.
(he turns to the
door)
Come on in.

Dorothy and Quinn come into the room. They have both been drinking. Quinn is angry and reluctant to come in. Quinn has a suit-case and Dorothy a little dressing-case in her hand. Dorothy is defiantly gay. She has quite thoroughly carried out her threat to go "out for the ride" -

NICK
Hello, Dorothy.
(Nick reaches out
and takes her bag)

DOROTHY
Hello, Nick!
(she looks around
the room)
And a party - celebrating father's
third murder -
(her tone is bitter)

MIMI'S VOICE (O.S.)
Dorothy!

DOROTHY
And cocktails!

She walks toward the drinks out of the scene.

NICK
(to Quinn)
Why the bags?

QUINN
None of your business.

DETECTIVE
They were trying to make a get-
away, Quinn
(Drunk and
belligerent)
We were doing nothing of the sort.
What's the idea of this?

NICK
Didn't he...
(he indicates the
detective)
...give you my invitation?

QUINN
You can't get away with this.

The detective is closing in on him.

NICK
You're perfectly right.
(to the detective)
Take the gentleman's coat and bag.

The detective starts, not too gently to take Quinn's coat from him.

CLOSE SHOT - DOROTHY AND ANDY

Dorothy takes a drink from the waiter. Andy starts toward her.

DOROTHY
(to Andy)
This is a pretty dead bunch, isn't it?

ANDY
You're high enough.

DOROTHY
Why not?

Nick comes up to her.

DOROTHY
You know, you interrupted me at a very important point in my life. I was about to take my first false step.
(calling to Quinn)
Come on, Quinny. Let's dance -

She walks away from Andy and Nick.

ANDY
(to Nick)
I'm getting out of here.

NICK
No - I need you here.

ANDY
(glowering at Quinn)
If I stay, I know I'll take a poke at him.

NICK
Then I insist that you stay.

CUT TO:

MORELLI, GUILD AND MARIAN

MARIAN

I want some more of that tiger
milk.

She starts off to get another drink. Morelli looks after her admiringly.

MORELLI
(to Guild)
I think somebody could do something with that girl if they took hold of her right.

GUILD
(dryly)
Yeah - by the throat!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT NEAR TABLE.

Nora is near the dinner table with Guild beside her. Marian, Macaulay, Mimi, Gilbert, Tanner and Morelli are nearby.

NORA
I think we may as well sit down.

GUILD
(looking around)
I guess all the suspects are here.

There is a second of stunned amazement on the people's faces.

NORA
Mr. Guild means guests!
(counting noses)
Oh, there are two more to come.

GUILD
They'll be here. Don't worry. My men are picking them up.

NORA
(beaming at him)
You're a great help to a hostess.
I wish I always had you for my dinner parties.

Nora starts to seat the guests.

MIMI
(looking toward the door)
Chris!

She walks rapidly out of the scene, and

WE PAN WITH HER TO THE:

DOORWAY.

Jorgensen and a woman have come in the door. She is a hard-faced, common woman, who looks as if she could handle any situation. They are standing there angry and belligerent. There are a couple of plain-clothes men with them.

NICK

I'm Nick Charles. How do you do?

Mimi rushes up to Jorgensen.

MIMI

Chris, where have you been?

She stops as she sees the other woman. One of the plain-clothesmen speaks to Nick.

PLAIN-CLOTHESMAN

Sorry we're late. But they had to break down the door.

Mimi bristles at this. She gives the woman a withering look and walks out of the scene. Nick watches with great amusement.

NICK

(to Jorgensen and
the woman)

Won't you come in?

The two reluctantly follow him further into the room. Nick follows them, rubbing his hands with delighted anticipation of the scene to follow. The CAMERA PANS WITH HIM as goes to the table. The people are all seated with the exception of Mimi, Jorgensen and the woman with him, and Nick. Nora is watching the new arrivals with eager interest. Nick looks at her and gives her a broad wink.

NICK

(turning to Jorgensen)

Mr. Jorgensen, you sit next to Andrew, and Mrs. Jorgensen on your right.

Both Mimi and the woman who came in with Jorgensen, start for the chair which Jorgensen is holding. As they find themselves both going for the same chair, Mimi draws herself up with great dignity.

MIMI

I'm Mrs. Jorgensen.

Mimi starts to sit.

THE WOMAN
(drily, as she points
to an empty chair
across the table)
Put it over there. I was Mrs.
Jorgensen before you were.

Mimi looks at Jorgensen, bewildered. But he refuses to meet her eye. The other woman sits down firmly in the chair. Nick, from the head of the table, calls to Mimi.

NICK
Mimi.... you're here on my right.

He holds her chair for her as she comes and sits down. The waiters start in immediately to serve dinner.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT: NICK AND NORA.

Nick holds Nora's chair for her.

NORA
You give such charming parties,
Mr. Charles.

NICK
Thank you, Mrs. Charles.

Nora sits - she whispers to Nick.

NORA
I can't wait any longer. Tell me,
do you think one of them did it?

NICK
Yes.

NORA
I wish you'd tell me who.

NICK
I wish you'd tell me.

Nick sits down at the head of the table.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT: TABLE.

NOTE: The seating of the table is as follows:

NICK

Mimi	Nora
Quinn	Macaulay
Dorothy	Tanner
Gilbert	1st Mrs. Jorgensen
Morelli	Jorgensen
Marian	Andy

GUILD

Nick looks up and down the table.

MIMI
This is all very pleasant but why
are here?

NICK
I've got some very important news -
I've seen Wynant.

They all turn and look at him with curiosity. Guild looks amazed. Mimi is very composed.

GUILD
You did!

MIMI
That's nothing. I saw him myself.

Nick and Nora exchange looks. Nora is bewildered.

NICK
You did... where?

MIMI
(dryly)
Last night. He came to see me at
my apartment.

NICK
(With mock sincerity)
Oh, did he? What did he say?

MIMI
He didn't say very much. Wanted
to know how I was and how the
children were.

GUILD
(infuriated that
Wynant slipped
through his fingers)
What kind of clothes was he wearing?

MIMI
A brown suit, brown shoes and a
white shirt and a grayish tie with
red, or reddish brown figures on

it.

GUILD
(over his shoulder
to Bob, who is
standing behind
his chair)
Tell 'em.

Bob goes quickly out

GILBERT
I saw him too... he was wearing a
green suit with a white tie...

MIMI
What are you talking about, Gilbert?
You weren't there!

GILBERT
know. But I saw him -

GUILD
(to Gilbert)
Where did you see him?

GILBERT
I was gazing in my crystal.

NORA
(to waiter)
Serve the nuts - I mean, serve the
guests the nuts.

NICK
I'm afraid you're lying, Mimi.
You see, I really did see Wynant
last night.

GUILD
(amazed)
Are you kidding?

NICK
No.

GUILD
Why didn't you tell me? Why
didn't you hold him?

NICK
Because I found out for certain
that he didn't commit the murders.

DOROTHY
(sobering)
He didn't do it -- Nick!

MACAULAY
(puzzled)
What do you mean?

GILBERT
Together. Then who did?

TANNER
Do you mean to say...? Etc.

MIMI
That's ridiculous.

GUILD
Let him have his say out.

NICK
Morelli -
(Morelli jumps,
startled. Everybody
looks at him)
You knew Julia. Was she gypping
Wynant?

MORELLI
(somewhat relieved)
She don't say she is, but I figure
she is -

NICK
Why do you say that?

MORELLI
Once I wanted five grand --
(snaps his fingers)
Cash -

NICK
Thank you. Now I'll tell you why
I know Wynant didn't commit those
murders -
(he turns to Morelli)
Three months ago - the night that
he caught you in Julia's apartment,
he found out that Julia was cheating
him, and was splitting with some
man. He went to find the man.
That man was.... Tanner, don't
you...?

But poor Tanner, thinking that Nick is naming him as the
man, spills his soup over everything. Everybody turns and
looks suspiciously at him. Nick sees that he has startled
him and apologizes)

NICK

I'm sorry. Tanner, don't you want some wine?

TANNER

(Turning and seeing
the waiter in back
of him)

No... no.

The waiter moves on.

NORA (TO NICK)
You're going to drive me crazy!

NICK

(returning to his
subject)

Let's see... where was I? Oh,
yes. He went to find the man.
That man was desperate! He knew
that he was caught dead to rights --
and with prison staring him in the
face, he took the only way out.
He killed Wynant.

(Nick turns to
Dorothy and speaks
gently, trying to
soften the blow)

It's terrible to tell you this way
but your father's dead, Dorothy.

DOROTHY

(at first she cannot
grasp it)

Dead?

NICK

He's been dead for three months.

She breaks down and cries. She gets up from the table.
Nora starts to go to her. but Andy is there before her.
He takes Dorothy in his arms, oblivious of the other people
in the room and comforts her.

ANDY

Darling, don't cry. Please. I
know it's terrible. But isn't it
really better this way?

DOROTHY

(putting her arms
around Andy)

Oh, Andy, Andy!

Nora comes to them.

NORA

(to Andy)
You'd better take her home. Your
home.

Andy looks over at Nick. Nick motions him to take her away.

ANDY
Come on, darling.

With his arms around her, he starts out of the room. Dorothy clings to him as they go out. Quinn gets up to follow. There is a silence in the room for a minute after they go.

NORA
(to Quinn)
If she's going wrong now, she's
going wrong right.

Nick comes into the scene.

NICK
I don't think we need you any more
now. I'm deeply sorry that I
spoiled your trip.

Quinn grabs his hat and coat and bag - goes out. Nick and Nora return to the table.

NICK
Come on, everybody. Eat up. You're
not eating.

It hasn't affected Mimi's appetite.

MIMI
Because I don't believe that Clyde's
dead! Why, you said yourself you
saw him last night.

NICK
So I did. I saw him lying buried
in his shop.

GUILD
You mean that body-----?

NICK
--was Wynant's.

MIMI
Perfectly absurd.

NICK
And the murderer is right here in
this room tonight... he's sitting

at this table.
(to waiter)
You may serve the fish.

The CAMERA PANS around the table... to all the frightened faces of the people. Morelli jumps up and starts out of the door... but he is stopped by the police.

MORELLI
You're not going to pin this one on me.

Plain-clothesman Get back there!

MORELLI
(sitting down)
What am I? The fall guy?

NICK
(to the table full of people)
I hope you won't let this news spoil your dinner.
(he turns to Nora)
Nice food, isn't it?

NORA
(all eyes)
It's the best diner I ever listened to -

GILBERT
You're not going to keep us in the dark, are you? Tell us -- who is it?

NICK
I don't know.
(There is more consternation at that)
But I thought if we all had a little get-together we might be able to find out. I'll tell you as much as I know. Go right on eating. This murderer is a very clever. He studied this thing out very carefully. You'd understand that, wouldn't you, Gilbert?

GILBERT
(startled)
What? Yes - no -

NICK
He planned the whole thing beautifully. After he killed Wynant

he wired Macaulay, using Wynant's name and told him to shut up the shop. He destroyed all of Wynant's clothes, with the exception of his watch chain. He figured that some day that might come in handy. Then he took Wynant's body and buried it in the shop with another man's clothes to throw us off the track. He even put a belt buckle with an "R" on it, hoping that we'd think it was Rosebreen -- an old enemy of Wynant's who dropped out of sight years ago.

(He looks over at Morelli)

Morelli - would you mind holding your knife another way? You're worrying Gilbert.

(Morelli, who has been holding his knife as if it were a dagger, gives Gilbert a disdainful look, and shifts his knife)

NORA

(softly to Nick)

If that knife is missing, I'll look for it in your back.

NICK

After our hero had killed Wynant, he got a brilliant idea. He realized that he and Julia could still collect money. Wynant was supposed to be on a trip - no one knew where - so our dinner guest wrote letters to Macaulay, signing Wynant's name, so that Macaulay would continue to send the money to Julia. He even telephoned Macaulay --

(to Macaulay)

Do you remember?.... the first day that you came to see me... he telephoned that he was in town?

MACAULAY

(puzzled)

But it must have been Wynant. I should have known if it weren't his voice.

NICK

Oh he was clever about that. He called when you were out. That same afternoon, Julia telephoned to him. She said that you were coming, Mimi, to ask about Wynant. He got terrified. He was afraid that Julia would break down and tell... so he went to Julia and killed her and left Wynant's watch chain in her hand.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT - NICK AND NORA.

NORA
(close -- whispering)
Is that true?

NICK
I don't know.

NORA
Why are you saying it?

NICK
It's the only way it makes sense.

NORA
I hope you're well.

BACK TO:

MEDIUM SHOT OF TABLE

NICK
His plan was still working beautifully. Wynant was established as being in town. The watch chain was handed over....
(with a look at
Mimi)
...with a slight delay...to the police. The only hitch was a man named Nunheim who had found out something. Our hero paid Nunheim once to keep his mouth shut, and when Nunheim threatened him again, he bumped him off.

CUT TO:

CLOSE SHOT MORELLI AND MARIAN

MARIAN
(to Morelli)
And I don't blame you.

MORELLI
(terrified)
What do you say that to me for?

GUILD
(to both)
Shut up.

BACK TO:

TABLE FULL AGAIN - GUNNING DOWN.

NICK
(to the people)
You see, he'd been very clever.
Everybody, even our astute friend
Guild, thought that Wynant was
alive and that he was the murderer.
But our hero had just one weak
link in his chain. The telegrams,
wires and telephones were all very
well - but no one had seen Wynant.
So he picked on poor Mimi here to
strengthen his case. Mimi is the
only one at the table who can tell
us who the real murderer is.
(everybody looks at
Mimi)
Mimi, who was it that told you to
say you'd seen Wynant?

MIMI
Nobody told me. I did see him!

NICK
What did he pay you, Mimi, to stick
to that story?

MIMI
It isn't a story - it's true. I
did see Wynant. He's not dead.

NICK
You're lying, Mimi. But then,
you'd do anything for money. You're
getting a good price for saying
you saw Wynant and you figure you
won't get anything if he's dead.

MIMI
I'm lot going to stay here to be
insulted -
(she starts to go -
but stops to listen
to Nick as he
continues)

NICK
(to Macaulay)
Macaulay, you drew up Wynant's will. Mimi was cut off, wasn't she, if she re-married?

MACAULAY
I have no right to answer that.

NICK
What about it, Tanner. Isn't that the truth?

TANNER
That's what Mr. Wynant said to me. If she re-married, all the money was to go to the children.

NICK
You shouldn't let that keep you from telling truth, Mimi. Mrs. Jorgensen -
(he speaks to the woman with Jorgensen)
Were you ever divorced from Chris Jorgensen?

THE WOMAN
No.

NICK
(the bombshell bursts)
So you see, Mimi, under the law, you haven't re-married. You're still one of the heirs. What are you holding out for? A few crummy dollars that that man gave you when you can get the whole estate? Remember the other two who were in with him on this... Julia and Nunheim. When he thought they might spill something he bumped them off. You ought to know damn well that he's not going to take any chances on you. What do you want to do? Be next on his list?

MIMI
(Furious - to Macaulay)
You dirty son of a b---- !

A crash of china drowns out the end of her speech as Macaulay rises to his feet. Nick is on his feet in a minute. He knocks Macaulay out. Guild rises and stands looking down in stunned amazement at Macaulay. Nora and

all the others leap up in amazement as the murderer is revealed.

NICK

What do you want me to do? Wrap him in cellophane?

FAST FADE:

FADE IN:

CLOSE UP - FOUR CHAMPAGNE GLASSES

A small traveling Victrola is playing a gay tune. The glasses are held up by four hands.

WE DISSOLVE THROUGH them to show the drawing room of a train. Dorothy and Nora are sitting facing each other, dressed in robes and lounging pajamas, and Andy and Nick are sitting beside them, also in robes and pajamas. Nick is pouring champagne from a bottle into the four glasses. The drawing room is full of flowers. Nick puts down the bottle and holds up his glass in a toast.

NICK

(speaking)

To you two.

ANDY

And to you two too.

OVER THE SOUND TRACK we hear the train whistle go "Toot-toot" at a crossing. The four raise their glasses in a toast and drink. There is a buzz at the door.

ANDY

Come!

A good-natured colored porter sticks his head in the door and speaks to Nick.

PORTR

Your room's ready, sir.

NICK

Thanks. You can take Asta now.

Nora goes to where Asta is lying asleep. She picks him up.

NORA

(to Asta)

You're going to your nice little bed in the baggage car.

She hands the dog to the porter. As the porter is starting out, he sees Dorothy's bridal bouquet in the bracket in

the corner of the drawing room.

PORTER
(to Dorothy, pointing
to the bridal
bouquet)
Shall I keep them fresh for you?

DOROTHY
Please, if you will.

The porter takes the flowers and Asta and goes out. There is a pause. Simultaneously, Andy and Nick sneak a look at the wrist watches. Andy looks up and catches Nick looking at his. Nick is embarrassed but determined to call Nora's attention to the late hour.

NICK
Might as well set it ahead now.

Nick starts to set his watch. Nora leans over, is startled to see how late it is.

NORA
Gracious! One o'clock. We'd better go.

She leans over Dorothy and kisses her affectionately.

NORA
Good night.

Dorothy clings to Nora for a minute.

DOROTHY
I can never thank you enough for all you've done.

NORA
(affectionately)
Forget it.

NICK
(to Andy and Dorothy)
Goodnight. Goodnight.

There are mingled "good nights" as Nick and Nora go out the door. As soon as the door closes, Andy takes Dorothy in his arms.

ANDY
(smiling -- shy)
I thought they'd never leave.

He kisses Dorothy affectionately.

CUT TO:

NICK AND NORA'S DRAWING ROOM.

Nick is closing the door of their room. As soon as it snaps shut.... they are in each other's arms.

NICK
(smiling... but not
shy)
I thought you'd never leave.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

BAGGAGE CAR -- PANNING ON PORTER.

As he enters, Asta on one arm, flowers in the other. He is about to put Asta down on the blanket for the night when he stops -- looks o.s. CAMERA PANS OVER to show another dog of the same breed as Asta in a small crate. The dog is looking up at Asta eagerly. And Asta's ears go up and his tail begins to wag as he anticipates the possibilities of a transcontinental romance.

PORTER
(getting it)
Asta -- meet Fifi --

And he puts Asta into the crate with Fifi places the BRIDAL BOUQUET on top of the crate ... turns and shuffles out as we are --

FADING OUT:

THE END