

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, 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 got ....twenty-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 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 gauge 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 of 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 look of 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  
greeted 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 an 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 possibili-  
ties 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 offscene 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 or 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.

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. Studsy 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 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 slippered  
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 El 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 ruffled 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 comes 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 GUILD.

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 distrait)  
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  
Rosebreen.

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 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 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 or 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 as 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.

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.

PORTER

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