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The Thin Man

By Albert Hackett

Your daughter is here, Mr. Wynant.

Haven't you got any more sense|than to shout like that?

- I'm sorry, but...|- Two weeks work gone for nothing!

- I just wanted to tell you...|- I don't care!

Get your things and get out!|You're through!

- I'm going.|- Get out!

It's a good thing I'm going away. |No peace, no quiet.

Everybody interrupting me.

- Can I come in? Did you tell him?|- I didn't get a chance.

Dad.

Why didn't somebody|tell me you were here?

I'm sorry to interrupt your work. |Look at you. But this really is important.

How are you?

- Another young man?|- It's the same one.

It's been the same one for three months.

- Forgive me. How are you?|- How do you do?

Take a good look at him, Dad, |and try to remember him...

...because...

...he's going to be your son-in-law.

- That is, if it's all right with you, sir.|- And if it isn't?

He's still going to be your son-in-law.

You see how much we have to say.

But, Dad, this is really what|I wanted to talk to you about.

- Do you mind if I look around?|- Help yourself.

Tom, show this...

- Where are you going?|- Home.

- I'm fired.|- Who fired you?

You did.

Forget it. |Will you show this gentleman around?

- Yes, right this way, sir.|- Thank you.

Mother's planning on a big church wedding.

Yeah, she would.

I hate all that fuss. |But I'll do it on one condition...

...that you're there to give me away.

- What would your mother say to that?|- It's my wedding, isn't it?

But wouldn't it be embarrassing, |all of us there...

...your mother and me, your stepfather?|- He can stay home.

Please, Daddy, won't you?

- Lf you think it will be all right.|- You lamb.

Now, wait a minute.

When is it? I'm leaving town tonight.

Where are you going?

That's a secret. I can't even tell you.

I've got an important idea to work on.

A new invention?

Yes, and I don't want somebody to steal it.

But we were planning|on marrying right after Christmas.

I'll be home before Christmas.

- Is it a promise?|- That's a promise I won't forget.

- All right!|- Where's MacCaulay? It's time I started.

- How's your brother?|- He's all right.

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

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

Yes, I know.

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

Like all the rest of us?

Has this fellow seen the whole family?

Yes, and he still wants to marry me.

- He's a brave man.|- Yes.

Thanks a lot, old man.

- You have an interesting plant here.|- Didn't I tell you?

I didn't know that|you invented that smelting process.

This is the first metal that came through,|three kinds of ore:

Gold, silver, copper.

Isn't that interesting?

- Daddy, does that still bother you?|- Only in bad weather.

- It isn't bad weather now.|- Well, you better get home before it is.

All right. Good-bye, darling,|and don't forget, December 30.

- Good-bye, boy.|- Good-bye.

Take good care of Dorothy.

Show her that there is such a thing|as a happy marriage.

I'll do my best.

- Good-bye, sweetie.|- Good-bye, dear.

Is it all settled?

Grand.

Why did your mother divorce him?|I think he's swell.

- It seems he has a secretary.|- I'll do my own typing.

Dad's a good barometer. Here's a taxi.

- Hello, Mr. MacCaulay.|- How are you?

- Get under this.|- No, we're taking your cab.

- Is your father still in there?|- Yes, he's waiting for you.

- Did he tell you where he was going?|- He wouldn't say.

- Good-bye, Miss Wynant.|- Good-bye.

Here's your change, boss.

You wouldn't drive slowly,|so you don't get a tip.

That's okay, sweetheart, I got it anyway.

- Mr. Wynant.|- Hello. Did you get my money?

- I wish you'd tell me where you're going.|- I'm not telling anyone.
- Suppose some business should come up?|- That's just why I'm going.
There's \$100, \$200, \$300...
- Here, never mind.|- I wish you'd count it.
- There's \$1,000 there.|- I trust you.
Isn't there anything else I can do for you?|Have you bought your ticket?
- No.|- Let me do that for you.
Yes, you might do that. |You might get me a ticket for...
No, you don't.
Thanks and good-bye.
What'll I do if something comes up?
Settle it yourself. |What have I got a lawyer for?
- Is Julia going with you?|- No.
- What if you need more money?|- I left instructions with Julia.
She'll get it from you. Good-bye.
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 comes up.
Hello, Tanner.
My daughter's going to be married.
Nice young man. She just brought him in.
Congratulations.
I'm going to make her a wedding present.
Thought I'd better do it now |before I forget it.
I can drop them on the way...
That's funny.
- Where are those bonds?|- Bonds, sir?
I know I put them in there.
Maybe Miss Wolf has them, sir.
Yes...
...maybe she has.
- Joe?|- Yeah.
- How do you like yours?|- Straight.
You women sure take a lot of punishment.
You're in the wrong place, buddy.
Am I?
What do you want?
- Who is it, Joe?|- That's what I want to know.
- We're just having a little drink.|- Yeah, so I see.
See you later, Joe.
Sorry, didn't know I was talking |to the boyfriend.
So long.
So long, Joe.
Who's that man?

He isn't anybody. | Just a fellow I used to know.
I thought you'd given up that sort of friend.
It's the first time I've seen him in years.
I didn't want to give him the high-hat.
You know how I feel | about that sort of thing.
Don't worry. You won't see him again.
Tell me, | did you change your mind about going?
No, I just came back for a second.
I want to get those bonds.
Bonds?
What bonds?
The government bonds. | The ones you took from the office safe.
Oh, yes.
You told me to sell those a long time ago.
I'd never tell you to sell those. | I bought those for my daughter.
- Don't you remember? | - See here, Julia...
...you're counting too much | on my absent-mindedness.
You've been taking | here and there for some time...
...without my saying anything about it.
But this is \$50,000.
Do you realize you're accusing me...
No one else had | the combination of that safe.
You took them. | What did you do with them?
What if I did?
I'm tired of seeing you hand out | thousands of dollars to your family.
That's my business.
Supporting a gang of loafers | that don't care a darn about you.
A wife that kicked you out | the first time you slipped.
None of them would help you. | And I've given my whole life to you.
If you kicked off tomorrow, | where would I be? Out in the gutter.
Certainly I took them. | Who has a better right?
I want them now, | or I'll hand you over to the police.
Go ahead!
They'll be pretty rough with you, | with your record.
That's a fine thing to say to me | after what I've been to you.
Hello, give me...
Well?
All right, I'll give it to you.
\$25,000, that's all I've got.
- You'll return every cent. | - I can't! I haven't got it!
- What about the rest? | - I never had it.
Then there was someone in with you. | Who was it?
I'll answer that.
You don't need to tell me.

I have a pretty good idea.
What are you going to do?
Stop worrying about your father. | He'll turn up all right.
Yes, but today is Christmas Eve.
He's forgotten. | You know how he forgets everything.
No, he never forgets a promise to me.
I'm worried. | I know something's happened to him.
What could happen to him, darling? | Will you stop worrying?
You see, the important thing is the rhythm.
You should always have rhythm | in your shaking.
A Manhattan you shake to a fox trot.
A Bronx to a two-step time.
A dry martini you always shake to waltzes.
- What is it? | - Just a minute.
Now mind you, | there's a still more modern trend...
Let me have that. Thank you.
Certain people have...
- Hello, there. | - Hello.
Another glass. How are you?
You know, we do know each other.
Of course. | We've known each other for years.
- Aren't you Nick Charles? | - Yes.
You don't remember me. | I'm Dorothy Wynant.
- Not that scrawny, little bit of... | - Yes.
How did you ever remember me?
You used to fascinate me, | a real live detective.
You told me the most wonderful stories. | Were they true?
Probably not.
Tommy, this is Nick Charles.
- Hi. | - How do you do?
- Have another glass. | - He once worked on a case for my father.
Yeah, some nut wanted to kill him. | How is your father?
That's what I came to ask you. | He's disappeared.
Don't say that, darling. | He's just away somewhere working.
I can't find him. I've tried everything. | I thought you might know.
I know nothing. | I've been in California for four years.
What about his lawyer? | A bird by the name of...
- MacCaulay? | - Herbert MacCaulay.
- I've tried him once. | - Why don't you try him again?
Here's a nickel.
Thank you. I'll be right back.
You know, she's got me worrying, too.
You mustn't worry about him. | Mind you, he's a great guy, but screwy.
Madam, I'm very sorry, but no dogs.

- You cannot take your dog in there.|- I'm not taking him, he's taking me.
- Are you hurt, madam?|- No.
Women and children first, boys.
What is the score, anyway?
- So it's you he was after!|- Hello, sugar.
He's dragged me|into every gin mill on the block.
- I had him out this morning.|- I thought so.
- This is Tommy, my wife.|- How do you do?
I don't usually look like this.|- I've been Christmas shopping.
- I'm afraid we shall take the dog out.|- It's all right, Joe. It's my dog.
And my wife.
You might have mentioned me|first on the billing.
- He's well-trained, he'll behave himself.|- It might bite somebody.
No, he's all right. Look. Lie down!
Stand up!
- Any luck?|- Yes, he's just around the corner.
- Your father?|- No, MacCaulay.
I'm just going to go see him.
My wife, this is Dorothy Wynant.
I'm sorry we have to rush.
We're staying at the Normandie.|- Drop around and see us.
We'd love to. Thank you. Good-bye.
Sit down, sugar.
- Leo.|- Yes, sir?
Two cocktails.
Pretty girl.
- Yes. She's a very nice type.|- You've got types?
Only you, darling.|- Lanky brunettes with wicked jaws.
Compliments for this evening.
Who is she?
Darling, I was hoping|I wouldn't have to answer that.
Come on.
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're all like that on my father's side.
- By the way, how is your father's side?|- It's much better, and yours?
How many drinks have you had?
This will make six martinis.
Will you bring me five more martinis...
...and line them right up here?|- Yes, ma'am.
What hit me?
The last martini.
- How about a little pick-me-up?|- No.

I can't lie here.

I've got to get up and trim|that darn Christmas tree.

What's the idea of pushing me?

Who's that?

Probably Santa Claus.

- How are you?|- Hello, MacCaulay. Come in.

Dorothy told me you were here.|I was going to telephone, but...

That's all right. Sit down, won't you?

- What are you drinking?|- Nothing, thanks.

That's a mistake.

I wanted to see you. What's Mimi up to?

Dorothy's mother.

- Does she have to be up to something?|- She usually is.

Trying one way or another|to get money out of Wynant.

I wanted to find out|if you were sleuthing for her.

- I haven't been a detective for four years.|- Is that so?

My wife's father died|and left her a narrow gauge railway...

...and a lumber mill and...

Several other things.|I'm taking care of them.

Say, what's the fuss about? Is he in hiding?

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

No word at all?

He sends word through his secretary,|Julia Wolf, when he wants money.

I give it to her and she gives it to him.

That's still on?

Excuse me.

Hello?

Just a minute.

For you.

Is there a Mr. MacCaulay in the house?

Pardon me.

Yes? Just a moment.

My wife.

- How do you do?|- How do you do?

What were you saying?

He is? Well, where is he now?

Very well.

Excuse us.

He's back in town. Wynant.

Yes. He's waiting for me now.

Forgive me, Mrs. Charles,|but I've been so upset.

You know,|it's no joke working for a man like that...

Well, I guess I'd better be off.

- Good-bye.|- Good-bye.

Good-bye.

- Merry Christmas.|- Same to you.

The next person that says|Merry Christmas to me, I'll kill him!

I'm going to telephone that poor child.

At least she'll be glad to know|that he's alive.

Asta.

Hello?

How are you?

I'm Mrs. Jorgensen now.

Dorothy? No, she isn't here. |Is it something about her father?

Perhaps I can take the message.

Here she is now.

Hello.

I just wanted to relieve your mind.

He's alive and he's all right.

Thank goodness!

- What is it? Has he found him?|- Do you know where he's living?

At least I'm glad he's all right.

Thank you for calling. Good-bye.

- What is it? What is it?|- Nothing.

That's not true. It's about your father. |Where is he?

- He's all right, isn't that enough?|- No.

You want money|you haven't any right to any more.

- You got a big settlement.|- That's gone long ago. I've got to find him!

Where is he?

I won't have you hounding him|for more money!

- I can tell you.|- You were listening on the extension again!

Of course. What's an extension for?

That's right, Gilbert. |Tell Mother. What did he say?

Father's in town. |He's been seeing Julia right along.

- That woman!|- She can tell you.

You couldn't. You wouldn't go to her.

I didn't say I would, |but we've got to have money.

Did it ever occur to you|that Chris might work?

Now you've hurt his feelings.

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

- Please, Gilbert.|- Your trouble is you won't face facts.

I know I have a mother fixation, |but it's slight.

- It hasn't yet reached the point of where...|- Stop it, Gilbert!

Don't mind what she says, Chris.

How can I help but mind?

I'm constantly humiliated|because I haven't money.

- I'll get some.|- You've said that for weeks.

Why don't you see Julia? |She handles his money.

All right.

- I couldn't go near that woman.|- I said all right.

- What are you going to do?|- Just what I said I'd do!

- You wouldn't do that.|- Wouldn't I? Just watch me.

Get me Miss Wolf|at the Clarkson Apartments.

Hello? Miss Wolf?

This is Mrs. Jorgensen...

- "I wonder if I may see you?"|- Yes, of course.

Thank you.

- Miss Wolf's apartment, please.|- 9A.

Who's calling, please?

Never mind, Miss Wolf is expecting me.

Quick! Send somebody up here right away!

Something terrible has happened!

- Julia Wolf, 145 West 55th Street.|- That's me!

Here you are.

- What is it?|- Woman murdered.

Where you been?

- Out making money.|- Let's see it.

I haven't got it yet...

...but I'll get it.

Hello, Morelli.

Hi, Studsy.

Didn't you know Julia Wolf?

Yeah. Why?

Somebody just bumped her off.

I thought maybe you'd like to know.

- Yes?|- "Telephone", "Mr. MacCaulay."

- Who is it?|- "The police."

Hello?

Murdered?

Yes, I'll be right over.

- What are you gonna tell them?|- I'll tell them everything!

- You don't think Mr. Wynant...|- I don't think anything...

...but I heard a fight in there a while ago.

- All right, girls.|- Yes, sir. Come on.

When did you last|give her money for Wynant?

Yesterday. I gave her \$1,000.

- Seen any signs of that?|- No.

Perhaps it was robbery.

With that sparkler on her finger,|and \$30 in her purse?

Looks to me like Wynant came to collect|and ran into trouble.

They haven't seen him downstairs|in three months.

There's a lot they don't see around here.

- You haven't heard from him?|- I said he hadn't written me.
- Then you've heard from him.|- Well...
- What?|- He phoned today.
- He did?|- My secretary took the message.
- He said for me to meet him at the Plaza.|- When?

- About 3:

Yes, but he didn't show up.

His house and shop are closed,|and he ain't at any hotel.

So, you seen your duty and you did it, huh?

Are you going to stop at that?

No, sir.

I know he'll turn up|when he sees this in the papers.

You can't think he did it.|He's not the kind of man...

Do you know why they fought|that night he ran away?

I didn't know they had a fight.

Thanks.

We'll call you when we need you.

- Can I go?|- Yeah, go ahead.

Mr. Guild? Come here.

Here's something very interesting.

There she was lying on the floor, dead.

Police say she was killed|10 minutes before I got there.

I thought you weren't going there.

- You said...|- Never mind.

Did they find any clues?|Gun, fingerprints or anything?

- Not a thing.|- Was there much blood?

- Don't be so horrible!|- She got just what she deserved.

- Did you kill her?|- Gilbert!

Why not? You had a good motive.

I hope you won't say that|when the police get here.

- You said they'd finished with you.|- Just for the present.

I've got my alibi, I was at the library.|Where were you?

Children, I'd like to speak to Chris.|Will you go into the next room?

I'll go.

I'll be in my room.

- Is Mrs. Jorgensen in?|- Yes, come right in.

Mrs. Jorgenson,|there are a few points I'd like to clear up.

- Yes, won't you sit down?|- Thank you.

You were in the room with the body|from the time it was found until we came?

Why, yes.

Did you...

Did you see anything in her hand?

No.
Are you sure that at no time|you left the room for a moment...
...that a maid or bellboy hadn't slipped in|and been alone with the body?
I don't think so.
You see, I was so upset,|I hardly knew what I was doing.
The medical examiner seems to think...
...that the body had been touched.
That someone had forced open|the girl's hand after she'd been killed.
Moreover, we found that she had|in her possession \$1,000 the night before.
I'm sorry I can't help you.
That's quite all right.
We'll be going along.
- Thank you.|- Good-bye.
Good-bye.
Could I see the body?|I've never seen a dead body.
Why do you want to?
I'm studying psychopathic criminology|and I have a theory.
Perhaps this was the work|of a sadist or a paranoiac.
If I saw it, I might be able to tell.
Yeah, that's a good idea.
But don't you bother to come down.|We'll bring the body right up to you!
What have you got there?
None of your business.
- You took that money from her hand.|- I didn't.
Then what are you hiding?
A piece of evidence|worth a great deal more than that.
- Hand it over to the police.|- I will not.
- Very well, then, I will.|- I don't think you will.
It's your father's.
I don't believe you. You're lying!
There!
Now, will you believe me?
After all, I can look at it pretty good,|can't I?
Ammunition?
- Come on, stock up.|- No. Let this one ride.
- You better, hard times may get you.|- Who are these amazing people?
Just a lot of old friends.|Romans, countrymen, what do you say?
It's like old times. Remember the fun|we had when we were broke?
- Don't I?|- Those were the good old days.
Don't kid yourself.|These are the good old days.
I think your wife is great!
Thanks, I wanted you to see her,|and I wanted her to see you.
Like to buy a piece of this pug?|I'll sell you 25 percent of him for
\$5,000.

- Is he good?|- He's knocking them cold lately.
Ain't afraid of nobody.|Put that down or I'll slug you.
I'll take a large piece of him.
- Having a good time?|- Swell.
Here's that man again.
Ammunition?
Highballs and cocktails.|The long and short of it.
Lots of fun. Any proser should be punished.
"For tomorrow may bring sorrow
"So tonight let us be gay"
More cocktails?
Thank you very much.
I certainly think your husband's great.
I'm glad somebody does.
- Have a cocktail?|- Thanks. Nick Charles here?
- You're his wife?|- Yes. Hey, Nick.
Nice guy. Sent me up the river once.|Hi, Nick.
Hello, Face.
- Long time, no see.|- Long time.
- I needed the rest.|- Was he a good detective?
I wouldn't know.|The time he caught me was an accident.
- I led with my right.|- Come on, shed the "chapeau".
Divest yourself of raiment|and join the Yuletide revelers.
Hey, revelers.
I want you to know Face Peppler.|All you got to do is find out who they
are.
Don't bother to announce anyone.|Just send them all up.
It's all right. They're all his friends.
Here's the latest on the Wolf murder.
was once a gangster's girl.
They're now looking for him.
"Wynant", "her employer", "is still missing."
Can't you fellows ever think|of anything but business?
Good case for you, Nick.
Haven't you heard the news?|I'm a gentleman now.
Nick, reporters.
- Salutations, boys.|- You're just the man I want to see.
- I'm from the "American"...|- The "Mirror".
We want a statement.|We hear you're on the Wolf case.
- I know nothing about it.|- Give us a break, will you?
Listen, I never try to kid reporters.|I'm telling you the truth.
Then why are you in town?
My wife's on a bender.|I'm trying to sober her up.
Waiter, drinks, please.

Into the kitchen, son,|and thaw out some ice.

Grandma, what large glasses you have.

- Is he working on a case?|- Yes.

- What case?|- A case of scotch. Pitch in and help him.

- I've got to order some food.|- Isn't it a waste of energy?

That sounds like an interesting case. |Why don't you take it?

I haven't time.

I'm too busy seeing you don't lose|the money I married you for.

Room service, please. |Sounds like a good case.

Girl mysteriously murdered. |Nobody knows who did it.

They haven't found any clues. |No gun, no fingerprints.

I'll bet you dollars to dog biscuits|that they never thought of...

I don't want to hear anything about it.

Is that my drink over there?

- What are you drinking?|- Rye.

Yes, that's yours.

Send me up a flock of sandwiches.

I'd like to telephone my mother|and wish her a Merry Christmas.

- Why don't you?|- I haven't got any nickels.

Forget the nickels, there you are. |Go ahead.

Thank you.

Have a hunker?

- I'll have two hunkers. |- Attaboy.

Hello, give me long distance. |I want to talk to San Francisco.

Nick, I've got to see you. Alone.

Hello there, Beautiful.

- Come on, I'll take you. |- Look what's come to our party.

Let's cross the ice|and get away from the wolves.

- Who's the brunette?|- I used to bounce her on my knee.

Which knee? Can I touch it?

Well, baby, what's on your mind, if any?

- You heard about Julia Wolf?|- Yeah.

There! Nick, you're hurting me.

Of course. That's what I intend to do.

- Are you trying to tell me you did it?|- Yes, I killed her.

Sit down.

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,|and she wouldn't tell me, so I shot her.

- How many times?|- Once or twice.

- Where did you hit her?|- I hit her in the heart.

- What did she do?|- She fell over.

- Did she scream?|- Yes.

Which way did she fall?

She fell over backwards.

Who are you trying to protect?|Now wait a minute.

She was shot four times, fell on her face...

...she couldn't have screamed,|because she was killed instantly.

- Who do you think did it?|- I don't know.

- Where did you get this?|- In a pawnshop.

- Is that another lie?|- No, Nick, that's the truth.

Oh, I'm sorry.

- Don't be silly. Take this drink.|- No, thank you.

- Want to powder your nose?|- Make her take that.

- Where did you get that?|- She brought it in.

- Tried to make me believe she did it.|- What will you do with it?

Nothing, until I find out if it's the gun|Julia Wolf was killed with.

Keep her here and keep the reporters away. |They may believe her.

Isn't that Dorothy Wynant?

Yes. Wait a minute. |She doesn't know anything about it.

- And you said you weren't on the case.|- I'm not.

- Hello, Ma!|- Here, give me that, will you?

- Hey, San Francisco.|- Get off the wire, I want to talk business.

Operator, give me Drydock 4-8000.

Don't do that. Don't tell your paper|I'm working on anything, because I'm not.

He's just working on that little girl.

- Welcome to...|- Oh, Nick.

I want to talk to you|about something very important.

- I know, it's a convention. Come in.|- No.

- Got your roller skates on?|- What?

Let's get rolling.

I'll take you right...

No, here, let's, if you don't mind...

Just step in here.

Well...

I'm sorry,|it's the only place we can be alone.

Won't you sit down.

Hello, Mr. Wynant.

- Come in and have a drink.|- I don't drink.

Clyde Wynant is absolutely crazy|to stay away at a time like this.

No wonder the police think he's involved.

- What do you think?|- I know he isn't.

But I want awfully to see him. |I want to tell him something important.

And MacCaulay won't help a bit.

He thinks I just want money.

Don't you?

You're always teasing.

- I beg your pardon.|- We're just chatting.

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

There are 1,000 detectives in New York. Why not hire one of them?

But he knows you. All you need do is get in touch with him.

Tell him Mimi says everything is all right,|but that I've got to see him.

Again, I don't want any part of it. Now, you take Dorothy home...

- Is she here?|- Yes, she's in there with my wife.

What did you tell them?

- Wait a minute.|- Be quiet.

- Too bad you didn't bring your whip.|- She didn't tell us a thing.

I was so excited. I didn't realize what I was doing.

Come on, Dorothy, let's go home.

She doesn't have to.

You can stay, we'd love to have you.

That's sweet of you. No, thanks, I'll go.

- Where's Gilbert?|- Gilbert? Is he here?

I might as well be living in a lobby.

There's a physiological|and psychological angle...

...in my dad's relationship with Julia|that were overlooked.

I think it settles the whole question. You see, my father was a sexagenarian.

- He was?|- Yes, he admitted it.

A sexagenarian? But we can't put that in the paper.

- Why not?|- You know how they are. Sex?

- Just say he was 60 years old.|- Is that what that means?

Of course.

Hey, that's my hat!

Come and get it, while it's hot.

Come on, give us a break.

- You owe me after that.|- I swear I don't know anything about it.

Telephone, Nicky.

Oh, I thought it was the door.

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|a half-hour of your time...

It's about Julia Wolf.

Hello?

What is it?

Some guy trying to sell me insurance.

- Where's Miss Wynant?|- She's gone.

- Which way did she go?|- Out the back door.

- You mean the little brunette?|- Yes.

I'm sorry.

Thanks, I'm engaged for this one.

Face, no, don't do that.

I want to talk to Ma.

So you think you're a fighter?

So what?

So listen, worm.

Oh, Nicky, I love you.

Because you know such lovely people.

What?

- Are you asleep?|- Yes.

Good, I want to talk to you.

That's jolly.

Wouldn't you like to do a little detecting|once in a while just for fun?

- Can't you get to sleep?|- No.

Maybe if you took a drink it would help.

No, thanks.

Maybe it would help if I took it.

Everybody says you're a grand detective.

They were kidding you.

I'd like to see you work.

In the morning,|I'll get you some detective stories.

I know, but that girl's in a tough spot.

There's nothing I can do to help her.

She thinks you can.|It wouldn't hurt you to try.

Darling, my guess is...

...that Wynant killed Julia|and Dorothy knows about it.

The police will catch him|without any help from me.

I think I would like that drink.

My darling...

I'll give you your Christmas present now,|if you'll give me mine.

- At breakfast.|- It's Christmas now.

Breakfast.

What will you give me?|I hope I don't like it.

You'll have to keep them anyway.

Because the man at the aquarium|said that he wouldn't take them back.

Did you hear a knock?

Yes.

Well, it might be something important.

I'm sure it is.

- Is Mr. Charles here?|- Yes.

I got to talk to him, that's all, but I must.

All right, come in.|You wait here, I'll tell him you're here.

- What in the name of...|- Someone to see you, dear.

That's good.|I was afraid I'd have to go to sleep.

Get out of bed. Let me straighten up. | You're worse than an infant.
Funny, those blankets must be cockeyed.
Right, Asta?
There.
You've got the funniest look | I ever saw in my life.
Hurry up, that man's waiting for you.
I want you to tell me something, | and give it to me straight. Get me?
Would you mind putting the gun away?
My wife doesn't care, | but I'm a very timid fellow.
You idiot.
Asta, come here.
All right, shoot. I mean...
...what's on your mind?
You don't have to tell me you're tough. | I heard. I'm Joe Morelli.
- I've never heard about you. | - I didn't knock Julia off.
All right, you didn't.
I ain't seen her in three months. | We were washed up.
Why tell me?
I had no reason to hurt her. | She was straight with me.
But that dirty Nunheim got sore with her | because I clicked and he didn't.
And he put the finger on me.
This is all swell, but you're peddling | your fish in the wrong market.
I've got nothing to do with this.
Studsy Burke says you used to be okay, | that's why I'm here.
How is Studsy? | I didn't know he was out of stir.
He's all right, he'd like to see you. | What's the law doing to me?
Do they think I did it | or is it just something else to pin on me?
If I knew I'd tell you.
I don't know anything about it. | Ask the police.
That'd be the smartest thing I ever did.
I put the police captain in a hospital | for three weeks over an argument.
They would like for me to come in.
They'd like it down | to the end of their blackjacks.
I come to you on the level. | Studsy says you are too.
- Why aren't you? | - I am. If I knew anything I'd be...
- What's that? | - I don't know.
That makes this your party.
- Open up! Police! | - Why, you two-timing...
Okay, Bob.
- Give me that bottle. | - What knocked her out?
I did. She was in the line of fire. | Somebody call a doctor.
Here, baby. Sweet.
- Help her up on the bed. | - All right.
Are you all right?

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.

There's a girl with hair on her chest.

- Nicky. | - What?

- Are you hurt? | - No, he just grazed me, that's all.

- You are. Somebody get a doctor. | - There's one called already.

- Get into bed. Are you all right? | - Sure, I can't even feel it.

I'll get some towels.

Pretty close.

- Have a shot, will you? | - Here we are. But you'll be okay.

- Tough luck! | - Shut up!

- Here, darling, use this. | - Now, baby, it's only a scratch.

- Do you want a drink? | - What do you think?

How did you people happen to pop in here?

We hear this was getting to be | a meeting place for the Wynant family.

We figured we'd stick around just in case | the old boy himself should show up.

Then we see this bird sneak in, | we decided to come up.

And lucky for you we did.

- Yeah, I might not have been shot. | - You know this monkey?

- That dirty little rat Nunheim... | - Shut up!

- Is he a friend of yours? | - I never saw him before.

What did he want?

He wanted to tell me | that he didn't kill Julia Wolf.

- What's that to you? | - Nothing.

What did he think it was to you?

Ask him.

I'm asking you.

Keep on asking.

- Frisk the dump. | - Not without a warrant.

So you say! Go on, Bob.

Tough?

Now look here, Charles, the both of us | are going about this in the wrong way.

I don't want to get tough with you. | I'm sure you don't want to either.

Just one more question.

Are you willing to swear to a complaint | for this guy plugging you?

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

What's that man doing in my drawers?

Here you are, Lieutenant.

You got a pistol permit?

No.

- Ever heard of the Sullivan Act? | - That's all right. We're married.

- This gun yours? | - No.

- Who's is it?|- I'll have to try to remember.
Okay, we got plenty of time.
I guess I'll have to ask you a lot more|questions than I figured.
We'll come around tomorrow|when you're feeling better.
All right, come on, boys.
Where's Asta?
Come here.
You're a fine watchdog.
He's got more sense than you.
I'm glad you're not on this case.
On it? I'm in it, they think I did it.
Well, didn't you?
I hope you're satisfied.
Where am I?
You're not in a shooting gallery!
But, sugar, this is the nicest|Christmas present I've ever had.
You act as though it were the only|Christmas present you ever had.
Where did you get that wristwatch?
Christmas present.
- Yeah? Who gave it to you?|- You did.
You must admit I've got pretty good taste,|haven't I?
Have you finished with this?
Yes, and I know as much|about the murder as they do.
I'm a hero.|I was shot twice in the "Tribune".
I read where you were shot|five times in the tabloids.
It's not true.|He didn't come anywhere near my tabloids.
Bull's eye!
Who is it? Send him right up.
Who was that?
Mr. MacCaulay.
The Mallorys.|Oh, dear, I forgot all about them.
Aren't you hot in that?
Yes, I'm stifling. But it's so pretty.
The Kirbys.
Is that another Christmas present?
- Did I give it to you?|- Yes.
I'm spoiling you.
Why, Nicky, this is from Clyde Wynant.
He says, "Will you take charge|of investigation on Julia Wolf's murder?
- "Communicate with Herbert MacCaulay."|- Let's see.
- Where's it from?|- Philadelphia. Well, then, he didn't do it.
I don't know.
He wouldn't ask you to handle it|if he were guilty, would he?
Your guess is as good as mine, baby.

Nicky, take the case.

You take it. I'm too busy.

- How do you do?|- Good morning.

I'm afraid this isn't a very|Merry Christmas for you.

- He's all right.|- Good.

- How are you, MacCaulay?|- I'm fine.

- Sit down.|- You're coming along better than me.

- I hope you're not seriously hurt.|- No, just a scratch. I've forgotten it.

- What a delightful toy.|- That's Asta's Christmas present.

I got word from Wynant this morning.

So did we, I mean Sherlock here.

- Darling, will you...|- Pass you your drink? Yes.

Thank you.

What are the chances|of getting you to do what he wants?

Slim.

Well, would it help|if I could persuade him to meet you?

It might.

He gave me a code message|to insert in the "Times"...

...in case I wanted to reach him.

- I don't suppose it would do any harm.|- I've done that already.

He should appear, you know.

It doesn't look well,|his staying away at a time like this.

- Police.|- For me?

Where?

Allentown?

Yes.

When is the next train?

Right. I'll get that.

Wynant's tried to commit suicide. |They want me to go down and identify him.

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 could clear him.

I thought that Mimi, the way she acted, |I was sure that...

Oh, well.

There's no use thinking about that now.

I'm sorry to have wasted |so much of your time.

Good-bye. Have a Merry Christmas.

Thank you. Same to you.

- Bye-bye.|- Good-bye.

Asta, is your balloon busted? So is mine.

- What's the matter with you?|- The mystery's all gone.

- I was hoping you'd find out who did it.|- Maybe I will.

- Lf Wynant...|- I don't believe he did it.

- Why don't you?|- No reason, just a hunch.

But I'm going to find out.|I'm tired of being pushed around.

Come on, Dr Watson, let's go places.

- Good morning.|- Good morning.

Excuse me.

Not a nice trick you're trying to pull,|running out like this...

...when I was giving you time to rest|before I questioned you.

What? About the gun?

That never was a gun.|Don't waste time talking about that.

Look here, man to man,|are you working on this case?

- Man to man, I'm not.|- But he's interested.

I'd rather have you working with us|than against us.

- That suits me.|- Then it's a bargain.

Anything you want to know?

- What about the suicide?|- That was a phony.

- The boys didn't even have to go down.|- I thought so.

Now they'll think every thin man|with white hair is Wynant.

- Do you think Wynant did it?|- I don't know.

He planned something.|He closed up his apartment and shop.

- Were you there?|- Yes, but I couldn't find a thing.

I figure it like this.

Wynant went to Julia's apartment|and found Morelli there.

Sees she's two-timing him, there's a fight.|He doesn't do anything because of Morelli.

Lets his lawyer give her money to give|to him so she thinks it's blown over.

Then when she isn't expecting it,|he let's her have it.

- No proof?|- Nothing as yet to cinch it.

- \$50 will get you \$100 that he didn't do it.|- What do you mean?

For one,|he's too absent-minded to hold a grudge.

- Who's your candidate?|- I haven't got that far.

Not everything points to Wynant.|How about your alibis?

They're all okay. Mrs. Jorgensen,|the boy, Dorothy, MacCaulay, even Morelli.

We had to let him go.

- What about Jorgensen?|- I'll check on that.

- Mrs. Charles, this must be dull for you.|- Dull? I'm sitting on the edge of my chair.

- What about Nunheim?|- He's all right.

We know all about him.|He does some stooling for us occasionally.

Did you know he's been|hanging around Julia?

No.

- He's holding out on you.|- Let's look into that.

Taxi!

This may get a bit rough. | I think you better let us go alone.

Catch me letting you go alone!

Grant's Tomb.

Taxi!

- Who is it? | - John.

Hello, Lieutenant.

Sit down, Nick.

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

Have a shot?

What's the idea of telling me | you knew the Wolf girl just by sight?

That's all I did, Lieutenant. | That's the God's truth.

Maybe I said hello to her.

"How are you," | or something when I saw her...

...but that's all I did. That's the truth!

You open your mouth | and I'll pop a tooth out of it.

- Is that so! | - Yeah!

Cut it out!

We didn't come here | to watch you two roughhouse.

She's driving me nuts. | She's been ragging me all day.

Maybe if you'd quit running around | after other women...

...you wouldn't have trouble with this one.

That's a lie. | Anybody that says that is a liar!

Do you want to take a poke at him?

I didn't mean you, mister.

Come on, she can't hear you now.

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

You'd have done better | to have told me that in the beginning.

Where were you the afternoon | she was knocked off?

You don't think I was involved!

Where were you?

- Marion! | - Wait a minute!

I don't like crooks.

And if I did, I wouldn't like stool pigeons.

And if I did like stool pigeons, | I still wouldn't like you.

Don't go!

Wait a minute! I'll do anything you say! | I'll behave! Don't go!

Let me go after her.

Let me bring her back, please. | I'll bring her right back.

I'll do anything! | I'll answer anything you want!

Sit down!

We didn't come here to watch | you two dance around the Maypole.

Where were you when the girl was killed?

I don't know. I can't remember! | I can't tell you just offhand.

Maybe I was down | at Charley's shooting pool.

Maybe I was up here, I don't know.

She'd remember!

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

Just give me a minute. I'll remember.

You know I ain't stalling.|I always come clean with you.

Sure, I remember.

I wouldn't blame you|if you'd throw me in the can.

I remember where I was.|That's the afternoon...

Wait a minute, I'll show you.

What do you think of it?

I think we're on the right track.

Who are you phoning?

I'm phoning your office|so they can send out a man to trail him.

- I want to see where he goes.|- Trail him? Trail who?

Nunheim.

Give me that phone.

Bill, pick up Nunheim, tell the boys.|He just left, went down the fire escape.

Cover Grand Central and Penn Station.

Check all airports and steamship terminals.

What's that?|No, have Lefty radio all the cars.

He was dressed|in a black pair of pants, yes.

How should I know if|his underwear's embroidered?

What?

Listen.

They've been questioning me again today,|asking me what more I know...

...where I was that day.

Now, wait a minute, I ducked out on them.

Now, look, if you want me|to play dumb anymore, I want \$5,000 more.

\$5,000 and I'll blow town today.

Okay. Where?

All right, right away.

Be there, and bring it with you.

Arthur Nunheim, honorary member.

No, not a thing.

Find out about that bullet yet?

Yes, sir, it's the same gun|that killed Julia Wolf.

And how are your folks?

Hello?

How are you?

No, we didn't find a thing. It's your wife.

And, Lieutenant, I've got something.

I've been doing|a little detecting on my own.

That flatfoot I married thinks he's smart,|but I'm just one jump ahead of

him.

That's swell, Mrs. Charles.

How did you like Grant's Tomb?

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

What have you got, baby?

I can't quite hear you.

We'll be right up.

She's up at Mimi's. | Jorgensen's disappeared.

Well!

Chris may be at the club or somewhere.

I can't see that that's important.

You should have told them he disappeared.

But he has nothing to do with it.

That's not for you to decide. | Everybody's under suspicion.

Especially running off like this.

The police will want a description.

- Is this his picture? | - I tell you, he didn't do it.

They'll want more than your word for that.

All right, I'll tell them who did do it.

Mother!

And I'll give them proof.

- Dorry. | - Oh, Tommy!

Please, don't cry.

I can't help it.

You don't know.

You can't go through any more of this.

Get together your clothes and skates.

We'll go to my family.

No, I can't.

But you've got to get your mind off all this.

Darling, you've been so sweet.

There's only one thing | you can do for me: Go.

- Go? | - Go and never see me again.

- What are you talking about? | - Please, you can't get mixed up in this.

Do you think I care about that?

You don't understand. | You don't know what's going to happen.

All I know is that I want you | to marry me right now.

I can't marry you. I can't ever marry you.

Dorothy!

How'd you like to have | a couple of murderers for children?

That'd be fun, wouldn't it?

Perhaps they'll murder each other | and keep it in the family.

Father should have killed Gilbert and me.

Then we wouldn't have this to go through.

You're talking like a crazy person.
Why not? I am crazy, all our family is.
Dorothy, listen to me. | I love you, do you understand that?
I love you.
Tommy, Tommy.
Please go.
Sleuthing isn't much fun after all, is it?
I feel awfully sorry for that girl.
Find anything?
She's ready to talk.
It wouldn't do any harm, though, | to find out where he is.
You know, you're wrong | about all of your children being murderers.
I studied the Mendelian Law | of Inheritance...
...and their experiments with sweet peas.
According to their findings, | and they're pretty conclusive...
...only one out of four of your children | will be a murderer.
Now, the thing for you to do | would be to just have three children.
No, that might not work. | The first one might be the bad one.
I'll have to look that up.
You needn't bother looking that up.
I'm not going to get married, | and I'm not having any children.
From now on, I'm just out for the ride.
I took it from her hand. | It was Mr. Wynant's watch chain.
I wanted to protect him.
Well, I guess that cinches it, eh, Charles?
He killed them both, | the Wolf girl and Nunheim.
\$50 will still get you \$100.
That's enough for me.
Extra!
murder evidence!
I wish they'd stop that. | It gives me the fidgets.
I wonder if they'll find him? | He must be in New York.
Where do you think you're going?
- I'm taking Asta for a walk. | - He's just been for a walk.
We're going sightseeing, aren't we?
What's that?
That's known in burgling circles | as a flashlight.
Nick, what are you up to?
What is this?
- Looks like a hold up. | - What are you going to do?
I'm going down to Wynant's shop | to find out why it's closed.
Why wouldn't he close it? He went away.
He went away when I knew him, | but never closed his shop.
I got a hunch.

You think he's hiding there?

I don't know, but this is giving me the itch.

- I'm going to find out.|- Nick, I won't have you going down there.

It was you that got me into this.

I know, but this is different. |He's a crazy man. He might kill you.

He won't kill me. |I've got Asta to protect me.

All right, go ahead. Go on, see if I care.

It's a dirty trick, bringing me to New York, |just to make a widow of me.

- You wouldn't be a widow long.|- You bet I wouldn't.

- Not with all your money.|- Fool.

Well, any port in a storm.

Good-bye, sugar.

Nicky!

Take care of yourself.

Sure I will.

Don't say it like that. |Say it as if you meant it.

- I do believe the little woman cares.|- I don't care.

It's just that I'm used to you, that's all.

If you let anything happen to him, |you'll never wag that tail again.

You sure this is |where you wanted to come?

Yes.

You don't want me to wait, do you?

Certainly. You're not afraid, are you?

No, I guess not.

All right, Asta.

Asta.

Come on, Asta.

Asta?

Asta, you're not a terrier, |you're a police dog.

Back, Asta. No, no.

Asta, get away from there. Come on.

Come on.

Hello, Lt. Guild, please.

Hello, John?

This is Nick Charles. |I'm up in Wynant's shop.

Well, I've found something.

It's a body.

Stick 'em up.

Turn around.

Now, don't make a move, |or that dog will tear you to shreds.

All right, you can come out now. |He won't hurt you.

Up to your old tricks, Tanner?

You're Mr. Charles, aren't you?

- Yes, how did you get in here?|- I have a key.

I use to work here|till they closed up the shop.
You worked here?
Yes, Julia Wolf got me a job here|as bookkeeper.
Well, that's a hot one. Bookkeeper.
Where did you learn bookkeeping?
That last time you sent me up?|I learned bookkeeping in Sing Sing.
I figured it would be|an in for me somewhere.
Somewhere they might|leave the safe open?
Honest, I never touched that safe.
Them bonds that was missing,|Julia Wolf took them.
Trying to put it off on her?
Mr. Charles, she did.
That's why he got sore at her and killed her.
Listen, Mr. Charles,|can I take my hands down?
Okay.
I did do a bit of chiseling.
I come to bring the money back|and fix up the books.
Easy.
It's all right, Mr. Charles,|it's just a pocketbook.
I didn't want them to find out|and come after me.
Save that. Tell it to the police.
Police?
- Move over, will you?|- Haven't you got that yet?
You wouldn't know anything about this?
No, sir.
Take him down to Central.|I'll talk to him later.
Wonder what Wynant had against this one.
Quicklime.
Mind if I look these over?
No, go ahead.|Just rolled them up and threw them in.
Lucky thing for us|these weren't entirely eaten up.
Extraordinarily lucky.
No identification.
He must have weighed 250 pounds,|if he weighed an ounce.
Here's something.
Rubber-tipped. Must have been lame.
Who wouldn't be,|carrying all that weight around?
I should say he stood about 5' 11 ",|wouldn't you, Doc?
About.
"D.W.R."
"R."
Say, that case you worked on,|that man who threatened to kill Wynant...
What was his name?
Rosebreen.

Say, could this be the man?
I never saw him. | I don't think anybody ever saw him.
He threatened to kill Wynant | for an invention he stole, wasn't that it?
Yes, but we figured that was blackmail.
Just the same, he wouldn't mind | getting him out of the way, would he?
Doc, how long would you say | this body has been here?
Can't say offhand, | at least a couple of months.
Couple of months?
That's just when Wynant closed the shop.
That's an open book.
Wynant killed this guy | and planted him here.
Julia knew about it, so he killed her.
And Nunheim caught him at that, | so he bumped him off.
Boys, I guess we'll be going along. | Nick, you did a swell job.
You wouldn't mind | paying me that \$100 now, would you?
Wait until you catch Wynant.
I'll get him, all right.
You can bring that stuff all out in the car.
- You'll run it through the fluoroscope? | - Yes.
- Do you mind if I come down and see it? | - Not at all.
I'm very interested in that body.
Step right over here, Mr. Charles.
There's the bullet he was killed with, see?
What's that?
Just an old piece of shrapnel.
Shrapnel?
Maybe he was in the war.
That would account for | his cane and his limp.
Yes.
Hey, doggie, come on. | Look down at the floor.
Come, look down at the body.
Mrs. Charles, this way.
- Get that out of here! | - Just a moment.
Mrs. Charles, this way, one family group.
It'll be lovely for the woman's page.
- Have the police any idea where Wynant is? | - No.
- Do you think they'll find him?
I know they will.
- Got anything else to say about the case? | - No.
What about this Rosebreen?
Sorry, I don't know anything about it.
Can't you tell us anything about the case?
Yes, it's putting me | way behind in my drinking.
Let's get this in. Thanks, Nick.

What's your next step, Nick?

Right back to California.

We've got to rest up from this vacation.

We'll see you before you go.

- Bye-bye.|- Good-bye, boys.

Back to California?

My soul, woman, I give you three murders,|and you're still not satisfied.

- Well, if you insist.|- Well, I don't insist.

No, I wanted you to stay here|and find Wynant.

- I did find him.|- What do you mean?

- He was down in his shop.|- Nick!

That was his body that was down there.

You'd better lay off that liquor.

That's a fact.

Wynant's body?

Yes.

Don't you want something to eat?

Everybody thought it was Rosebreen.

That's what they think,|Guild and the rest of them.

They just take it for granted that|it's another one of Wynant's victims.

Guild's hot-footing around now|looking for Wynant.

That's all that troubles him.

What makes you so sure|it was Wynant's body?

Well, several things.

Hello, Fred?

We're hungry again.

And lots of onions.

And coffee.

You're driving me crazy. What things?

What things make you so sure?

Well, take the clothes, for instance.

They were very carefully preserved...

...and the body was|just as carefully destroyed.

Whoever killed him|was counting on one thing...

...that skeletons all look alike.

- Well, they do, don't they?|- Sure.

You won't get another swallow|until you say.

I happened to remember|he had shrapnel in his shin.

It bothered him.|I looked for it and found it. Gimme.

- How long has he been dead?|- Couple of months.

Then he couldn't have|committed those murders.

Smart gal.

Wynant dead. Does Dorothy know?

No, nobody knows but you.

I'm going to tell her.
You can't do that.
She's going crazy.|She'd rather know he was...
I can't help it! I can't tell a soul.
- I haven't even told Guild.|- Why?
I want to lie low until I get the whole dope.
- I'm not going to go off half-cocked.|- What are you going to do?
I'm going to get the murderer.
And I've got an idea.
- Do you want to see me take him?|- Yes.
- Have you a nice evening gown?|- What's that got to do with it?
Have you got a nice evening gown?
Yes, I've got a Lulu. Why?
I'm going to give a party|and invite all the suspects.
The suspects? They won't come.
Yes, they will.
I'll get Guild to issue the invitations.
Who do you think did it?
Mimi.
Mimi?
Mimi, Jorgensen, Morelli, Tanner...
What were you doing|on the night of October 5, 1902?
I was just a gleam in my father's eye.
Now, let's see, you at the head.
And you on my right.
Thank you.
I'll put MacCaulay here,|where he can help me.
There ought to be a lady next to him.|I've got Mimi.
I don't think Mimi likes him.
Then it's Mimi.
Who goes next to me?
Suppose you leave that open.|See what you draw.
Put Dorothy there.
And then Tommy?
No, I'll keep Tommy on this side.|Put Gilbert next.
Nice boy. Who's next to Gilbert?
That bird that shot me.
Morelli? Well, this is going to be good.
I'll put that slick gigolo husband|of Mimi's here.
- Have they found him?|- They found him.
Who goes next to him?
I'm leaving that open.|I've a feeling that he won't come alone.
Where are you going to put Guild?
At the end,|where he can keep an eye on things.

That's the place for him|when the trouble starts.
And the little friend of Nunheim's,|the frying-pan juggler, there.
Nick, are you sure|one of these people is the killer?
Positive.
Nick, I can't stand the suspense.|Which one of them did it?
I wish you'd tell me.
I wish you'd tell me.
- Mr. Charles.|- Yes, Henri?
I'm afraid these men|will interfere with your dinner.
Really?
- How's it going, boys?|- Swell.
How's this?
"Yes, "monsieur"."
Terrible.
That's all right.|Your men'll serve the dinner.
These boys are just here in case.
I think they'll be all right.
Hello, Mrs. Charles.
Hello, Mr. Guild.
Well, I see you're all set.
- Do you think they'll come?|- Most of them are here.
The rest will be here.|Don't worry about that.
My men are picking them up.
- Bring them in, boys.|- You're a great help to a hostess.
I wish I had you at all my dinner parties.
Welcome.
Let go of my arm, you big lug!|Say, what's the idea anyway?
I ain't done, nothing! It's you?
We only wanted you to dine with us.
If you think I'm going to talk, you're crazy.
'Cause I was mixed up with a stool pigeon|don't mean I'm one, too!
Absolutely not.|Will you show the lady a chair?
On your way, sister, on your way.
- Did you find Dorothy?|- She'll be here, don't worry.
What you need is a drink.
I'd think you guys would be tired|of picking me up.
- Pipe down.|- Step this way, kid.
- What's up?|- Come on.
- Outrageous!|- How do you do, Mrs. Jorgensen?
- How dare you send a detective after us.|- We wanted to be sure you'd get here.
I told him we couldn't come.|We have an engagement.
We're going to the theater.
Nicky's putting on a little show of his own.

You must stay. | Please, come and have a cocktail.

- What's the gag? | - You know as much as I do.

- Have a cocktail. | - No, I don't care for any.

- I said, have a cocktail! | - I guess he wants us to have a cocktail.

Hi, MacCaulay.

Take off your hat and coat | and join our festivities.

Why, Tanner, what's this?

They had me in jail last night, | Mr. MacCaulay.

Don't think a thing of it.

Come in. Take off your things.

What is it, Mr. Charles?

I wanted you to be here. | I've got something, I think.

Come in, Tanner.

- Where's Dorothy? | - I don't know.

She was with you. She left this afternoon.

No, she wasn't with me. Here she is now.

We got them. | Picked them up at Penn Station.

Come on in.

- Hello, Nick. | - Dorothy.

- A party? | - Yes.

Celebrating father's third murder?

- They were making a getaway. | - We were doing nothing of the sort.

You can't get away with this.

How right you are. | Take this gentleman's hat and coat.

Music! Much music!

You know, Nick interrupted me | at a very important time of my life.

I was just about to take my first false step.

I'm getting out of here.

No, you stay here.

If I stay, | I know I'm going to take a poke at him.

Then I insist you stay.

Here's Jorgensen.

Why, Chris!

How do you do? I'm Nick Charles.

- Chris, where have you been? | - None of your business.

Chris, I swear it isn't my fault. | I tried to keep you out of this.

Take your hands off him.

Do you hear me?

Chris, what does this mean?

Sorry we were late, | but we had to break down the door.

Chris, how could you?

Come in, make yourselves comfortable.

Just take the gentleman's hat and coat.

Come, friends, and get it.

Tommy, how would you like to be end man?
Mr. Jorgensen, next to Tommy, if you will.
Dorothy, I believe you and Mr. Quinn|are over here.
MacCaulay, here if you will.
Tanner, down there.
Mrs. Jorgensen, next to Mr. Jorgensen.
I'm Mrs. Jorgensen!
Put it over there, sister.|I was Mrs. Jorgensen before you were.
Mimi, you're here.
Waiter, will you remove|the illumination, please?
Ladies and gentlemen, be seated.
Now, my friends,|if I may propose a little toast.
Let us eat, drink and be merry,|for tomorrow, we die.
You give such charming parties,|Mr. Charles.
Thank you, Mrs. Charles.
Perhaps you'll tell us now why we're here.
We're here because|I have some very important news.
What is it?
Just this.
Clyde Wynant did not kill Julia.|He didn't kill Nunheim or anyone.
What are you saying? It's in the papers.
You mean, he didn't kill them?
- What did I tell you?|- Is that why you brought us?
I'd like to believe that.
- I knew they'd try this.|- With money, you can do anything.
Quiet, let him have his say out.
What makes you say that, Nick?
I saw him last night.
- Where, Nick?|- You did?
That's nothing. I saw him myself.
You see? I told you.
- That's a hot one.|- What did I say? It's a frame-up.
Quiet. When did you see him?
Last night.|He came to see me in my apartment.
Is that so? What did he say?
Nothing much.
He wanted to know how I was|and how the children were.
What kind of clothes was he wearing?
A brown suit, brown shoes, a white shirt...
...a grayish tie with reddish-brown,|or brownish-red, dots in it.
- Tell them, Ed.|- I saw him, too.
He was wearing a green suit|and a white tie...
What are you saying?|You weren't even there.
I know, but I saw him.

- Where did you see him?|- I was gazing in my crystal.
Waiter, will you serve the nuts?
I mean, will you serve the guests the nuts?
Mimi, I'm afraid you're lying.
You see, I really did see Wynant last night.
- Are you kidding?|- No.
- What's the idea of holding out on me?|- You saw him yourself.
I saw him?
That was his body buried in the shop.
Nick!
It's terrible to have to tell you this way,|but your father is dead.
He's been dead for three months.
Pardon me,|you have something on your coat.
- Darling, please don't cry.|- Tommy!
It's terrible, I know,|but isn't it better that way?
Here, I'll take care of her.
- Tommy, you sit here.|- Waiter, will you kindly remove that?
What, no one eating?
Mimi, it hasn't affected your appetite.
Because I don't believe a word of it. |What's your proof?
A piece of shrapnel in his shin.
If he didn't do it, who did?
The murderer is right in this room,|sitting at this table.
You may serve the fish.
- At this table?|- Eat something, you fool.
- Well, aren't you going to tell us who it is?|- I don't know.
I thought, if we all had a little get-together,|we might be able to find out.
Nice food, isn't it?
Yes, it's the best dinner I ever listened to.
You say you don't know who did it,|but who do you think?
Morelli...
- You can't pin this one on me!|- Sit down!
- Am I the fall guy?|- Sit down, or I'll use a sap on you.
I only want to ask you a question.
- Morelli, you knew Julia.|- Yeah.
Was she gypping Wynant?
- She don't say so, but I figure.|- Why do you say that?
Well, once I wanted \$5,000,|she give it to me like that, cash.
Thanks.
Three months ago...
...the night that Wynant caught you|in Julia's apartment, Morelli...
...he discovered that Julia was cheating|on him and splitting with some man.

That man was...

Tanner...

I'm so sorry, Tanner.

Don't you want some wine?

No, really, Mr. Charles, |I had nothing to do with this.

- I told you... | - That's all right, Tanner, that's all right.

You're driving me crazy.

Now, let me see, where was I?

Oh, yes.

Wynant went to find the man |he accused of having cheated him.

That man, knowing that he was caught |dead to rights...

...and with prison staring him in the face, |took the only way out.

He killed Wynant.

- Mr. Jorgensen? | - Yes?

You're not eating. |Don't you care for oysters?

Why, I was just listening |to what you had to say.

Good.

This murderer is very clever.

He studied this whole thing out |very carefully.

You'd understand that, |wouldn't you, Gilbert?

Yes! No!

He planned the whole thing beautifully.

After he killed Wynant, |he wired MacCaulay using Wynant's name...

...and told him to close up the shop. | - Which I did.

Naturally.

Then he destroyed all of Wynant's clothes, |with the exception of his watch chain.

He figured that someday |that might come in handy.

Then he took Wynant's body |and buried it with another man's clothes...

...a fat man's clothes, |to throw us off the track.

He even put in a belt buckle |with an "R" on it...

...hoping we would think |it was Rosebreen...

...an old enemy of Wynant's |who disappeared years ago.

Morelli, would you mind |holding your knife some other way?

You're worrying Gilbert.

If that knife is missing, |I'll look for it in your back.

After our hero had killed Wynant, |he had a brilliant idea.

He realized that he and Julia |could still collect money.

Wynant was supposed to be out of town, |no one knew where.

So our hero wrote letters to MacCaulay, |signing Wynant's name...

...so that MacCaulay would continue |to send the money to Julia.

He even telephoned MacCaulay.

You remember the day |you came to see me?

He telephoned he was in town?

Yes, he called while I was out.
Yeah, wasn't he slick about that?
That same afternoon, Julia telephoned him.
She said you were coming, Mimi.
- I wanted to ask about Mr. Wynant.|- Exactly.
And our hero got terrified.
He was afraid Julia would break down|and tell you that he had murdered
Wynant.
So he went to Julia, and he killed her.
And he left Wynant's watch chain|in her hand.
- Is this true?|- I don't know.
- Why are you saying it?|- It's the only way it makes sense.
I hope you're well.
His plan was working beautifully.
Everybody believed|that Wynant was in town...
...and that he did it.
There was just one hitch.
A bird named Nunheim, your friend.
Nunheim began to call on her.
He heard the shots. |He saw the murderer leave.
He knew who did it.
If he knew, he didn't tell me! |You can't drag me into this!
Our hero had paid Nunheim once |to keep his mouth shut.
And when Nunheim threatened him again, |he bumped him off.
He was very clever.
Everybody, even our astute friend Guild, |thought that Wynant was alive...
...and that he was the murderer.
You can skip that.
But our hero had just one |weak link in his chain.
The telegrams and phone calls |were all very well...
...but no one had actually seen Wynant.
So our hero picked on poor Mimi here |to strengthen his case.
Mimi is the only one at this table |who can tell us who the real murderer
is.
Mimi, who was it that told you |to say you saw Wynant?
- Nobody told me, I did see him! |- Why don't you let my mother alone?
What were you paid to stick to that story?
It isn't a story, it's true! |I did see him! He isn't dead!
You're lying, Mimi.
But you'd do anything for money.
You're getting a good price |for saying you saw Wynant.
You won't get anything if he's dead.
- I'm not going to stay here to be insulted! |- Sit down.
MacCaulay, you drew up Wynant's will.

Mimi was cut off, wasn't she, |if she remarried?

I have no right to answer that.

- How about it, Tanner? Isn't that true?|- Yes.

You shouldn't let that keep you|from telling the truth.

- Mrs. Jorgensen.|- Yes?

Were you ever divorced|from Chris Jorgensen?

No.

So you see, Mimi, |under the law, you've never remarried.

You're still one of the heirs. |So what are you holding out for?

A few crummy dollars, |when you can get the whole estate?

Remember the other two|who were mixed in with him on this...

...Julia and Nunheim.

When he thought they might spill, |he bumped them off.

You ought to know|he's not going to take a chance on you.

What do you want, to be next on his list?

Why, you dirty little...

- Well, there's your murderer: MacCaulay.|- MacCaulay?

Sure, do you want me|to wrap him up in cellophane?

Get in there! What's the matter?

MacCaulay? I can't believe it!

Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!

Nicky, he might have killed you!

What's the matter? You sorry he didn't?

I'm glad you're not a detective.

Not a hip in a carload.

Well, here's to you two!

And to you two, too!

- Why, the rat, he can't top us.|- No.

- Shall I keep these fresh for you?|- Yes.

My gracious, it's 1:00.

- It's what?|- 1:00.

No, baby, it's 11:00.

It is not, it's 1:00. I set my watch ahead.

Yeah, you set your watch ahead|at 12:00, didn't you?

Look, you're in New York, for instance. |The sun rises in New York.

San Francisco is|3,000 miles west of New York.

You're wrong!

The sun does not get to San Francisco|till three hours after New York.

Nick!

Yes, baby?

Does that mean that it's bedtime?

Well, that's a thought.

Come on, sugar, leave us do it.

Asta, are you ready?

- And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.|- Same to you, Nick.

Good night.

I can never thank you for all you've done.

Don't be silly.

Good night.

Gosh, darling, I thought they'd never leave.

I thought you'd never leave.

Baby, the sun rises in the east,|it sets in the west.

If it's 12:

Nicky, put Asta in here with me tonight.

Oh, yeah?