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# Another Thin Man

By Frances Goodrich

Hey, wait for baby.

Come in.

Butterfield 84597.

- Where'll we put these, lady?

- Put that there.

- And put that there.

- Yes, ma'am.

And put that here.

Yes, sir.

Now, don't be rude. You'll get yours.

Mrs. Merrick, please.

- Is the baby all right?

- Yes, ma'am, he's asleep.

Would you wait

until the new nurse comes?

Yes, ma'am.

Don't forget to remember to drop in often.

It's always a pleasure, Mr. Charles.

Here's another of those

"call Long Island operator number 15."

Don't you think you ought to call?

Certainly not. She knows better than that.

I told her I was bringing

the wife along this time.

Why do I always take it for granted

that you're kidding?

Hello, darling.

We just got in a little while ago.

Will you bring up a passkey

for that connecting door?

- Yes, ma'am.

- Thank you.

We had a lovely trip.

Nick was sober in Kansas City.

That's a very bitter woman.

Tonight? We'd love to.

I haven't been to a night club in... Hello?

I'm sorry, it's Long Island again

and they insist on cutting in.

Yes, I'll tell her. Go ahead, Long Island.

Hello, Nora? This is Col. MacFay.

Don't you ever pay any attention

to your messages?

Well, how are you?

How is the famous detective?  
Quit, has he?  
I should have thought...  
with all the publicity he got  
over the last two cases.  
I see.  
Listen, young lady,  
I've sent my car in for you.  
The weekend? I don't think...  
We just got off a train.  
And there's the baby, you know.  
I'm afraid...  
It's a trap.  
He just wants to get me there  
to go over that yearly statement.  
It isn't about business, is it, Col. MacFay?  
I told you.  
Can't it wait till you come to town?  
No, I'm not coming to town.  
I'm just staying close to the house  
for a while.  
You've got to come to me this time.  
Well, that's not much to ask.  
Very well, we'll come.  
After all, we've never been down there.  
It'll be nice in the country.  
A quiet weekend.  
Good air for the baby.  
I think they have a pool.  
I'll see a lot of that pool.  
I'll be up to my ears...  
in financial statements,  
business, forecasts.  
You have to do it sometime.  
He can't do anything without you.  
Mommy, you shouldn't try to figure out  
a highly technical problem like that.  
You'll strain yourself.  
You see?  
Seems like man's work is never done.  
Come in.  
Beg your pardon, ma'am.  
- I'm Col. MacFay's chauffeur.  
- Yes.

I thought I might help with your luggage.

As you wish.

Come in.

- I'm from Miss Sherwood's Agency.

- Yes. Miss...

Dorothy Waters. These are my references.

Miss Sherwood spoke to you about salary?

Yes, Mrs. Charles.

If you'll excuse me

for saying so, Mrs. Charles...

it takes nearly two hours

to get out to Col. MacFay's.

It does?

It's getting rather late. We ought to hurry.

Yes. We have to go to Long Island,

so I'll phone the Agency later.

- No, indeed.

- The baby's awake now, Mrs. Charles.

I don't wonder...

Oh, dear.

Come in.

Are you the party

that wanted the passkey?

Party? I'm more like a riot.

- The bedroom, the connecting door.

- Sorry, ma'am. We'll have to hurry.

- Shall I take the baby?

- Or shall I?

Boy, this is going to be a cinch.

Heaven help honest folk

in a hotel like this.

Nick.

Well, I'm a monkey's uncle.

- I didn't know this was your apartment.

- Hiya, Creeps.

- I'm glad to see you, Nick.

- Yeah?

Even if it did cost me one of the prettiest jobs I ever lined up for myself.

I've been trying to get my hands

on those keys for two weeks.

Well, that's that. How've you been?

Nickie, we must hurry.

How are you, Mrs. Charles?

I didn't recognize you.

- How are you?

- I'm fine.

Mommy, this is Creeps Binder.

Remember?

- Creeps?

- Creeps. You remember.

Nick sent me up the river.

It's nice you don't feel bad about it.

Why should I?

It took a genius to outsmart me.

- You wanna touch me?

- You shouldn't run him down like that.

No, Mrs. Charles.

Nickie's doing something.

Well, I guess I won't need this anymore.

- Do you mind?

- No. Make yourself at home.

What's the matter?

What have you got?

Asta's bone.

You shouldn't leave it around.

You're older, you ought to know better.

- A baby.

- Yeah.

- Is it yours?

- Yes.

- What do you know. Is it a boy?

- Certainly.

- What is it there?

- Say hello to Mr. Binder.

- Can he talk?

- A few words.

I ought to rate one of them.

How about it? Come on, see.

What's the matter?

I was just trying to think

who he looks like.

- Anyone I know?

- I got it. It's the missus.

Why didn't you tell me you had a kid?

Well, you know.

You don't have to feel that way about him.

He's all right.

You should see some of the monkeys  
I've seen.  
And the fathers are taking bows.  
Feel better now, Mommy?  
- How old is he?  
- He'll be a year next Monday.  
Monday? We'll throw him a party.  
I'll get the mob to bring their kids.  
What do you say?  
We have to go to the country.  
Yes. We don't quite know how long.  
It's a date then. I'll get my brother  
to let me bring his kids over.  
He's got two of the cutest little tricks.  
- That's very kind.  
- Leave it to Creepsie, Mrs. Charles.  
I'll throw you a baby party  
you've never seen the like of.  
Your father has such lovely friends.  
That's all right. Think nothing of it.  
Glad to do it.  
- How much further is it?  
- The house is a little way up the hill.  
It's about a mile around to the gates.  
Stop the car.  
- We'd better not, Mr. Charles.  
- Stop the car, I tell you.  
All right, you take it.  
- What happened?  
- You wouldn't believe me if I told you.  
Come back here, Asta.  
What are you hunting for?  
I thought I knew,  
but now I'll take anything I can find.  
What is it?  
Not a thing.  
I wish you'd tell me what it's all about.  
- What happened to the chauffeur?  
- He was scared. Now I am.  
Scared of what? I don't see anything.  
There isn't anything.  
That's what I'm scared of.  
- Let's go back to New York.  
- We can't. Col. MacFay's expecting us.

Let's go someplace  
and get a drink and think it over.  
The nearest drink is MacFay's.  
Mommy, you're a stubborn woman.  
Would you mind opening the gates?  
- What do you want?  
- We're bringing back Col. MacFay's car.  
I see that all right,  
but how do I know what you want?  
This is the Charles family.  
Nick Charles and family.  
Anyone can say that.  
And suppose you say it to Col. MacFay.  
There's a party down here,  
he says his name is Charles.  
He looks to me like a pool parlor dude.  
Okay, if you say so.  
All right, go ahead.  
Thank you.  
Hey, there. Just a minute.  
It's all right. We've been announced.  
Those are my feet.  
What's the idea of the kid?  
We have a dog and he was lonesome.  
That was the idea, wasn't it, Mommy?  
- What is all this about?  
- You'll find out.  
I'll go with you to see that you arrive safe.  
Come in.  
Make yourself useful for once  
and bring in the bags.  
I'm Mrs. Bellam, the housekeeper.  
We're sorry, we're late,  
but we lost your chauffeur.  
Bless your heart. That's quite all right.  
Think no more about it. Come this way.  
But all these guards and everything.  
Is the Colonel all right?  
Bless you, yes. He's waiting dinner.  
You needn't hurry. If you'll just follow me.  
I won't have it. I'm not a child.  
I won't put up with it.  
What's the use of saying we won't,  
when we are?

It's a lot of April-foolery.

You call it what you like.

I've seen what I've seen.

- It was the Cuban.

- I don't think you need to worry anymore.

The two men had a falling-out.

One of them killed the other.

The other? I'm the one

that doesn't want to be killed.

Father dear, Freddie means that he...

- Jesse, down.

- At last.

- How are you, Colonel?

- How are you, my dear?

Glad to see you.

Wasn't there a body in the road?

He don't believe me.

- Oh, yes.

- You see?

- A body?

- Yes. It was gone when I went back.

Just a trick. It's all part of their game,  
their plan to terrify me.

Go on.

Everybody brings these wild stories to me,  
but nobody tries to help.

What is it, Colonel?

- Nothing wrong with Nora's estate?

- Estate? Is that all you're worried about?

- Doesn't anybody care about me?

- Father, why don't you have dinner first?

Then you can tell them  
all about it afterwards.

None of us has even met

Mr. and Mrs. Charles yet.

My adopted daughter, Lois.

- It seems awful we've never met before.

- Yes, doesn't it?

And I'd like you to meet my...

- Mr. Dudley Horn.

- How do you do?

This is Mr. Coleman, Father's secretary.

- How do you do?

- How do you do, sir?



Jesse, down! Down, Jesse!

- Charmed, I'm sure.

- Take this dog out where it belongs.

- Where are your manners? Come on.

- Thorough nuisance.

It wasn't his fault. Nick smells like a dog.

I mean, he smells like Asta.

- Now, are you ready for dinner?

- Yes, I would like a...

That's all right.

Never mind about washing.

Freddie, lock up that liquor cabinet.

But maybe they would like a...

Mrs. Charles doesn't drink and I want

Mr. Charles to have a clear mind.

Where are the others?

I never knew such a lot.

As if I've not got enough to worry me over.

- Here you are, sir.

- Tell them to serve dinner.

I want to have a talk with you.

I want to get you working on this.

I came down here to discuss business:

Nora's estate.

This is business, Nora's business,  
your business.

What'll happen to the estate  
if something happened to me?

Nothing's going to happen to you.

Everything's going to be all right.

You go on in. I'll send the baby upstairs.

- I'll take care of Nick.

- Don't be long.

Put the lights out. No use wasting money.

Getting me on another case?

That penny-pincher can afford  
the best detective there is.

He's trying to get one for nothing.

You're abetting him.

I don't know what you're talking about.

Then what was all that business  
at the door?

I was just picking his pocket.

I haven't been married to you for nothing.

Mommy.

Suppose you had someone  
working for you...

and he did something  
they put him in jail for?

He did it. You didn't do it.

You even try to get his sentence cut down.

But you couldn't.

When he gets out,  
he comes and says it's your fault.

- Your fault?

- He wants a lot of money.

When you won't give it to him, he hopes  
you won't be pigheaded.

Because he dreamed twice  
about your dying.

The third time he dreams things,  
they come true.

What do you think?

I wouldn't hurry up my dying  
on his account.

Was this the man playing dead  
beside the road?

No, it's his servant. The two of them  
have terrorized this place.

Have you reported them to the police?

I'm not altogether a fool. Of course, I have.

They can't arrest a man  
just because he told you his dreams.

He tells me he's dreaming about me dying.

I know Church well enough  
to know that's a threat.

- Church?

- Phil Church, an engineer.

Worked for me 10 years ago.

- And he's been in jail ever since?

- Yes.

Yes. He got out a month ago.

Been living down the road for 10 days.

- You think he really means to kill you?

- No.

I don't think he means to kill me. I know it.

Please, Father. He's only trying  
to get it straight in his mind.

There's nothing to get straight.

The man means to kill me,

I'm asking Mr. Charles not to let him do it.

That's simple enough, isn't it?

- Even for Mr. Charles.

- No.

Col. MacFay? The swimming pool's on fire.

- What?

- Nickie.

Stay where you are!

One move out of you

and I'll blow your head right off your neck.

Kill him if he even bats an eye.

Tom, take that gun out of Mr. Charles' face

and stop bellowing.

Awfully glad to see you, Mr. Horn.

Ain't the right guy.

- What is it?

- It's the dog.

- Jesse?

- Yep.

- Dead?

- Yes. His throat's cut.

He was a swell dog.

This is gonna be tough on Lois.

- Find anything?

- Only them.

They don't look like nothing,

don't lead nowhere.

They're footprints, all right.

Our man had rags

wrapped around his feet.

You know a lot about them things, mister?

Yes. Back home I'm a Boy Scout.

- What's happened, Dudley? What is it?

- It's Jesse.

- He's been killed.

- No.

You'd better go back to the house.

- Why did they do an awful thing like that?

- Freddie, take her back.

Is this the kind of thing

that's been going on?

More or less.

Some of it's silly, but it's nasty, too.  
What do you think is behind these tricks?  
What's he up to?  
Trying to scare the Colonel  
into coming across with some money.  
Could any of the people on the inside  
be working with him?  
I don't think so.  
Servants aren't much good  
but I imagine they're honest.  
- Does MacFay really owe him anything?  
- Not the way we look at it. You see...  
his job was to get results...  
without bothering the Colonel  
with too many details.  
We were trying to put over... Well,  
call it a public utilities enterprise...  
and some details were pretty illegal,  
were traced as far Church.  
- But not as far as the Colonel.  
- Right.  
In other words, if everything goes okay,  
he gets the profits.  
- If not, Church goes to jail.  
- That's about it.  
And that's your job with the Colonel now?  
Something like that.  
How could they do  
a horrible thing like that?  
I've had him ever since he was puppy.  
How do they get in here?  
That's what I want to know.  
How do they get in? Well?  
I'm afraid the bathhouse  
is badly damaged.  
I don't care about bathhouses or dogs.  
What are you going to do to protect me?  
If they can get in here to do this,  
they can do anything.  
You've got to help me, Charles.  
- Have you tried talking to Church?  
- Yes, didn't do any good.  
I used to work under him.  
He thinks I had a hand in sending him up.

How about making a bargain with him?  
- After all, he did do 10 years in jail.  
- I won't pay him a penny.  
He can burn the house down  
before I pay him a cent.  
Maybe he's right, Father.  
Maybe it would be better if you...  
I thank you to keep out of it.  
When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it.  
Don't you dare talk to her that way.  
You should be thankful  
she cares whether you live or die.  
- You little...  
- You can't bulldoze me any longer.  
I don't care how much money you have.  
That may interest Dudley.  
But it doesn't mean a thing to me.  
Look here, Freddie.  
I know you have a crush on Lois  
but don't make any cracks like that.  
- Dudley.  
- What's this?  
What if I am in love with her?  
That's nobody's business but my own.  
If you cared, you wouldn't let him  
talk to her that way.  
Why, she's too good for you.  
And for you, too.  
And you needn't bother to fire me.  
I'm going.  
Is this true? Has that whippersnapper  
been making up to you?  
No, of course not.  
He's never said anything that...  
And you, Dudley.  
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.  
All right, desert me. All of you.  
- Go on, you, too. Why don't you go?  
- Col. MacFay, it's just the baby...  
Take your precious baby and go.  
But, understand, this is the end.  
There's the mining company reports,  
the lumber company, and the railway.  
There you are.

You take them on from now on.  
You manage them. I'm through.  
How do you like your quiet weekend?  
"Production of lumbers,  
seasonally adjusted."  
Good heavens, do you understand that?  
Sure. That's...  
That's "the indirect ratio  
between the sales depreciation...  
"and the unrealized inventory losses."  
- Understand?  
- Yes.  
But "naturally...  
"an allowance has to be made  
for the major cyclical downswing."  
You get that, of course.  
- Naturally.  
- Do you?  
Of course, "you have to have  
a fair degree of accuracy...  
"by reference to a straight line  
correlation formula."  
Don't you think you'd better go  
and see Church?  
Mommy, I'm going.  
Hey, Asta, come here.  
That's not that kind of a cat.  
What are you sticking your pretty nose  
in here for, chum?  
- Sorry, the door was open.  
- All right, you made your joke.  
Now, pull your freight. Get going.  
Just as you say, Chief.  
- Good evening, sir.  
- How do?  
Mr. Church expecting you.  
You're going to catch a cold,  
lying in damp roads on dark nights.  
No, sir, I dress warm in this country.  
- I'm Phil Church.  
- How do you do?  
- Sit down.  
- Thank you.  
This is Smitty. We can talk in front of her.

- How do you do?
- Have a drink?
- Yes.
- Dum-Dum.

Sit down.

- Go on with your packing, honey.
- You bet.
- Going away?
- Yeah, back to Cuba.

It'd be nice if you'd give us all the gory details first, though.

- Gory details?
- Yes.

You mean, the dead dog, and the burning bathhouse?

No, afterwards.

- Nothing happened afterwards.
- But I dreamed...
- Look, you're not tricking me, are you?
- No.

You give me your word that nothing happened.

- My word.
- He's nuts.

If you listen to him, he'll have you nuts, too.

You can laugh if you want to.

But I don't laugh at my dreams.

Listen...

I came all the way back from Cuba after the second one...

to try to make the Colonel see reason, before it was too late.

Because the third one's the end on my schedule.

This afternoon I had the third dream.

How does he usually die in these dreams?

He's all battered up. His throat cut.

It's all kind of messy.

Just the sort of death

you'd expect that slob to have.

It'd be funny if it happened that way, wouldn't it?

No, it's funnier that it didn't. Hey, look.

Are you sure he's all right?  
How long ago did you leave him?  
Half an hour.  
It must have happened after you left.  
That's the end of him  
as a possible gold mine.  
Now, we got to think about you.  
- Me?  
- Yes.  
Why pick on me?  
I can introduce you to a lot of rich people.  
Don't kid me, Charles.  
Your father-in-law was MacFay's partner  
back in the days when my foot slipped.  
If my father-in-law  
had anything to do with this...  
I'll give you a check right now.  
But I want proof.  
There's always the catch in it. Proof.  
Nobody but me was putting anything  
on paper in those days, Charles.  
That's why nobody but me went over.  
I knew you were going  
to be tough to deal with.  
And I can't honestly say  
that I've ever dreamed about you...  
or about your wife...  
or about your baby...  
yet.  
Stop it, Dum-Dum!  
Men are such rowdies.  
That's to remind you  
not to dream about my family.  
Call a cab.  
We'll catch the 9:00 train.  
- Still headed for Cuba?  
- Still Cuba. But I'll be back.  
I think as time goes on...  
you'll see your way clear  
to doing business with me.  
You mean,  
continue to do business with you.  
Come along, Asta.  
He doesn't want to play anymore.



- Thanks for not shooting me.
- That would've only made things worse.

There you are. Three for New York.

Now, what'll you have?

Yes, just this minute.

Want me to stop them?

No, that's fine, thanks.

- They've left.

- Thank heaven.

- That's more like it.

- I knew you'd scare him off.

- I wouldn't be too sure it's over.

- What do you mean?

My guess is whatever he meant to do in the first place, he still means to do.

If I were you, Colonel,

I'd move to New York.

I'm going to stay right here.

Remember, though, that if you stay here, you're very apt to stay here.

Nonsense.

The moment he knew you were here, he lit out. That's all there is.

I hope you're right.

But his talk with me didn't sound like it.

He wants to include Nora and me in this shakedown...

on the grounds that her father was your partner.

Was he in on this mess?

Because if he was,

I want to settle with Church.

Sure, give him anything he wants.

A few thousands here and there.

What does it matter?

- It all grows on trees.

- That isn't answering my question.

- Run along, all of you. Run along.

- Good night, sir.

- Good night, Father.

- Sleep well.

My father wasn't in this

if there was anything wrong.

My father was just as honest as yours.

Some day you'll find  
what a hot recommendation that is.  
You knew Nora's father, Charles.  
- Do you think he was a crook?  
- No.  
- Do you think I'm a crook?  
- No.  
For the sake of argument,  
can you pretend you think I am?  
- I can do that all right.  
- I thought you might.  
Nora's father knew more about lumber  
and mines...  
than any man in this country.  
But he didn't know  
the first word about finance. I did.  
So, if I'm a crook  
and Nora's father's an honest man...  
why should I give him a share  
of any crooked deal I put over?  
I don't get it,  
but I know you've said something nice.  
- Thank you.  
- Come on, you big flatfoot.  
- Good night, Colonel.  
- Good night.  
And don't let me hear anymore  
about paying Church.  
I've slaved for that money of yours...  
and I feel about it  
just as if it were my own.  
His own?  
You're suspicious of everything.  
I'd hate to wake up some morning...  
and find the fortune  
I'd married you for is gone.  
Stop talking that way.  
Of course, I can always earn a good living  
as a detective.  
But what worries me is  
what are you and Nickie going to live on?  
- You needn't wait up any longer, Dorothy.  
- Thank you, madam.  
Good night.

Good night, sir.

She wouldn't be a bad looker  
if she took her specs off.

- I'll speak to her.

- Don't get her hopes up.

- Nickie in there?

- No, I'm keeping him in here tonight.

- In here?

- Yes, I wanted to be sure he was safe.

- Where is he?

- In the bureau drawer.

In the bureau?

Well, that's fair enough.

He loves it, he went right to sleep.

I hope it doesn't get to be a habit.

It'll be a little inconvenient  
when he grows up.

Hey, you didn't put my things  
underneath there?

No, they're in that chest.

I may be a little prejudiced,  
but I think he's all right.

Asta, just a minute.

There you are.

My, it's stuffy in here.

Open the windows, Dum-Dum.

- What time is it?

- Five minutes to 11:00.

You've got to go right away, don't you?

I've got a few minutes.

I hate these schemes

where all the pieces have to fit together.

- Too many things can go wrong.

- We can't miss.

I wish you'd dream up some way  
to get that Nick Charles out of there.

I don't trust him.

He looks like a guy with insomnia to me.

I don't like him around,

but I don't see how he can gum our game.

It was airtight without him,

it'll be airtight with him.

Don't let this goog bother you.

Plenty of winners have had them.

Hello, Smitty.

- Busy?

- No.

No, never too busy to see a friend.

Come on in.

- What do you know?

- Nothing much.

- Why, hello, Church.

- Hiya, Diamond Back.

- Come on in, sit down.

- I only got a minute.

A guy came in from up the river  
this morning...

with a line from your husband.

What is it? What did Tip say?

- Do you mind?

- No.

Well, what's Tip up to now?

Still kicking about wanting a larger cell?

He's been thinking again.

He sent down a lot of orders  
for material and stuff...

- with the warden's name forged on them.

- Let's see.

He wants you to make a deal  
with someone...

who can pass himself off  
as the warden's go-between...

- and collect the rake-off.

- Nothing can stop that boy.

- He's a smart little guy.

- Too smart.

Seven years I've been married  
to him and...

he's so slick he hasn't been out of the can  
to finish our honeymoon.

Don't seem to be breaking your heart.

You spend a lot of time  
with this guy, Church, don't you?

Now don't start that again.

He's just a friend, like I told you.

Any guy can get to be too good a friend,  
like I told you.

When's he going to Cuba?

- How did you know he was going?
- I get around.
- He's going tomorrow.
- Good.

Hope nothing happens to upset his plans.

Be seeing you.

Some day I'm going to skin a knuckle  
on that four-eyed gent.

You'd better catch him  
without the cheaters on.

- He's plenty good as long as he can see.
- Yeah?

**11:**

- Adis.
- Good luck.

Wish me luck.

Say, I thought this was strictly business.

- You know, I could go for you.
- Don't give me that.
- I've been fooled too many times.

- You love me, don't you?

What if I do? I'm only in this for the coin.

We'll have plenty of coin  
from now on, baby.

- We?
- You and me.

What do you say? Want to play for keeps?

Okay.

Maybe I ought to know a little more about  
the ins and outs of what you're doing.

What's the matter? Losing confidence  
in me since I stopped that punch?

I haven't got that much sense.

Time for you to make that telephone call.

- Goodbye, honey.
- I'll keep my fingers crossed for you.

Hello, this is Mrs. H. Culverton Smith.

I'd like to speak to...

I would like to speak...

You wanna play.

All right, if you promise  
to go back to sleep.

There.

You wanna play with him? No, he's asleep.  
All right, you can play with him,  
but promise not to wake him.  
No, it's all right. It won't come off.  
Pull it, you'll see.  
Work hard, honey.  
Maybe you can get it out.  
It's all right, darling. It's just the baby.  
He's getting so big.  
We're going to have to make up  
our minds who's going to tell him.  
- Tell him what?  
- About life.  
Life.  
- Who's life?  
- Now, Nickie, this is important.  
This is your responsibility.  
If he were a girl, that would be different,  
then I'd do it.  
But you know more about boys than I do,  
so you ought to tell him.  
All right. Where is he?  
Not now. I mean, when he's about 14.  
Here, you hold him.  
How nice.  
I heard you talking  
and wondered if anything was wrong.  
We were playing with the baby.  
I'm sorry we woke you.  
No, you didn't.  
I couldn't get to sleep anyway.  
- Come on in.  
- I don't want to disturb you.  
Nonsense, we're dying for company.  
- Nick just has to put on his robe.  
- Yes, dear.  
Please don't. I mustn't stay.  
You wanna go to sleep.  
Well, some of us do and some of us don't.  
Isn't he lovely?  
In all the excitement,  
I hadn't even seen him.  
- He's a darling.  
- We sort of like him.

- We might as well, we're stuck with him.
- Hello, sweetheart.
- Isn't it kind of late for you to be up?
- He's still running on California time.

Come on, give me a smile. Come on.

- That sounded like a shot.
- That was a shot.
- Just a minute.
- Please hurry.
- Father. See if he's all right.
- Wait here with Nora.

That's a mean way to die.

- Know any good ways?
- I'd better tell Lois.
- I heard the noise.
- MacFay's been murdered.

Well, we all have to go someday.

- Shall I call the Sheriff?
- Yes.

Calling all cars. Attention all cars.

Wanted for murder:

Phil Church, age 37, height 5'11"...  
weight 185 pounds, eyes brown...  
hair dark, gray at the temples.  
Last seen wearing a light gray suit.  
Photograph every inch of that sill.

- What have we got, Doc?
- Bruise on left temple, blunt instrument.  
Throat cut with fairly large heavy blade.  
Death instantaneous.  
Right wrist broken.

Been dead about half an hour.

- That check with the time they found him?
- Check.

Ought to be enough to go on. I'll go  
into things more thoroughly tomorrow.

Thanks, Doc.

He says that Cuban threw a big knife  
at him. Might be the same one.

It'll have the marks of his dog's teeth  
on the handle.

Get the some of boys busy in the bushes  
to look for it.

Yes, sir. Come on, Jim.

He must've gone out the front door.

- He? Who?

- Church, or the Cuban.

- How do you know?

- I don't know.

I just seen the front door open  
when I went down the cellar.

- What was you doing in the cellar?

- I went down to fix the fuse.

- What fuse?

- The fuse that was blowed out.

- How did you know it was blowed out?

- I don't know nothing.

I was just doing what Mrs. Bellam told me.

- And you were here reading?

- Yes.

Ain't that late for a lady your age to be up?

I don't think so.

Got things on your mind that worry you?

Keep you awake?

No, I just don't sleep much.

- You've been working for him a long time?

- Sixteen years.

And you knew this Phil Church  
when he worked for the old man?

Yes, indeed, I knew him.

Now, you just sit right down here  
and make yourself comfortable.

We're gonna have a nice, long talk  
about what you knew about him.

You weren't in bed and you're all dressed.

- Where were you?

- I was sitting here, writing.

- Writing what?

- A play.

Go on, what kind of a play?

- A mystery play.

- So you write about murders?

- Do you ever think much about murders?

- No.

And you say

Miss MacFay and Mrs. Charles...

were the only ones in your room  
when it happened, right?



No.

- Then there was someone else?

- Yes.

- Who?

- The baby.

Yes, the baby. But not the nurse?

No, the nurse was in her own room,  
asleep, I guess.

You'd better ask her.

Her room is across from ours.

She ain't in there, she ain't anywhere  
in the house. She's gone.

- Personally, I think she's very wise.

- Is that so?

This is a murder

we're trying to clear up, lad.

So let's don't hang up on who tells what.

Now, who gets the money?

According to his last will...

Miss MacFay was to get everything  
but \$100,000.

That went to Mrs. Bellam.

Well, now, what do you figure  
all but \$100,000 would amount to?

Certainly several millions.

You say you were asleep about an hour  
when you heard the shot.

I said half an hour.

Stop wasting time here  
and start looking for him.

I got a lot of time to waste.

Now, this Church,  
you say you worked together.

- Are you and he still pretty close?

- We were never close.

- You didn't like each other much.

- Right.

Are you unfriends enough  
so you'd like to see him in jail...

- or maybe the chair?

- Are you suggesting that I'd frame him?

Now, don't get sore  
over a little thing like that.

Wait till you hear

what I'm really gonna suggest.  
It seems to me that every time  
your husband gets in with a girl...  
the insurance companies  
take an awful beating.  
Now, it's nice, very nice for a wife  
to trust her husband, but get this.  
There's that Wynant girl  
he knew before he was married.  
He comes here to New York  
and there's a murder.  
He goes back to the West Coast,  
there's a good-looking girl there...  
and there's another murder.  
He comes back here,  
meets this Lois MacFay...  
There's another murder.  
Listen, we're not dishing the dirt  
on your husband for the fun of it.  
We're trying to show you  
what you're up against.  
It ain't that a man  
that's had that many numbers...  
could settle down to one.  
- Was he really like that?  
- Was he? Baby.  
I always thought he was bragging.  
He tell you about the coal man's widow  
in Cleveland...  
that wanted to set him up  
into the agency for himself?  
- Was that Jeanette?  
- No. Her name was Bella Spruce.  
Bella Spruce?  
And the lighthouse keeper's daughter in...  
- The what?  
- The lighthouse keeper's daughter.  
- What was her name?  
- What it all comes down to is this Lois.  
You're wrong to think  
there couldn't be anything between them.  
They're just making a monkey out of you.  
Covering up for them.  
I'm sure you're right.

But what was the lighthouse keeper's daughter's name?

- Letty Finhaden.

- Letty Finhaden.

He wasn't in the room with you when it happened, was he?

I say, he made you give him that alibi, didn't he?

No.

Mr. Charles.

- I'm Van Slack, the Asst. District Attorney.

- Oh, yes.

I thought perhaps...

Well, of course, everybody knows your reputation...

- but if you don't mind...

- Not at all.

Well, I'm a little confused.

The lamp torn away,  
a glass of water knocked over.

Seems to have been quite a struggle.

But, nobody heard anything.

Funny you didn't, Mr. Charles.

The way I figure it.

MacFay was lying here reading the paper.

He puts it down...

he turns off the lamp.

The murderer comes in through the door...  
or the window.

MacFay hears him, he grabs for his gun.

It was his gun, wasn't it?

Yes, he kept it on the table.

From the look of this hole...

where would you say

the bullet was fired from?

I'd figure it come from about here.

Then the murderer was already bearing down on his arm...

when MacFay got the shot away.

Or it could've gone off

when it hit the floor...

after the arm was broken.

A paraffin test will show you whether he pulled the trigger.

Yes.

The murderer knocked him back  
on the pillow with a blunt instrument.  
Then went after him with a knife.

Anything to show  
that he came through the window?

No, not yet.

One of the servants said  
the front door was open.

Yes, if you and the two other gentlemen...  
came, as you said,  
when the shot was fired...  
wouldn't you have seen or heard or...

I didn't get here that quickly.

The lights went out.

An electrician can tell you  
what happened...

when the wires were cut from that lamp.

Electrician. Yes.

Did you people have a man  
watching Church?

Well, not exactly. I suppose I should have.

The Colonel was always yelling,  
imagining things...

which you know yourself  
is all pretty ridiculous.

Could've been turned into  
a practical joke, couldn't it?

Then you didn't have...

You didn't have a heavy-set man  
with thick glasses watching Church?

- No.

- I thought not.

I'd never seen a country cop  
with a \$6,000 coup before.

So I took down his number, I'll get it.

- Did you get anything out of Mrs. Charles?

- No, she's bats.

I wish my old lady was bats that way.

Here, darling, please drink this.

No one will tell me anything.

I'd feel better if I knew whether Father...

Did he die without...

There was no pain. He died instantly.

Where was he shot?

- He wasn't shot. It was a knife.

- A knife?

Don't talk about it now, dear.

Let's all get out of here

as quickly as possible.

- She can't stay here.

- That suits me.

Just as soon as we finish with the police.

- Did you have your session with them?

- Yes.

It was very interesting.

You think the police

are going to be enough or...

I should say they're more than enough.

- You'd better take a bromide.

- You're shaking like a leaf.

- Is there something you haven't told us?

- Yes, what is it, Horn?

It's no wonder I'm jittery.

There's someone out to get Lois.

- How do you know?

- I was warned over the phone...

just a little while ago, a man's voice.

He said, "Call everybody off

or Lois will get what her old man got."

- No.

- We've got to call everyone off.

We've got to.

You can't call the police off

once they're in.

The warning said call off everybody.

- It must have been one of Church's gang.

- Sure.

You think Church murdered the Colonel,  
don't you?

- Don't you?

- Of course.

Your dog's outside,

running with a knife in its mouth.

- Asta, quickly.

- That will be Asta.

We're gonna have to shoot it.

We'll never find him like this.

Wait a minute. He's not gonna  
run to strange men with lights.  
What do you think he is, a moth?  
- Call your men off, give me a flashlight.  
- Give me that.  
Hey, boys, lay off.  
Give Mr. Charles a chance.  
- Where did the dog find that knife?  
- We don't know.  
He came around thataway.  
- Where is he now?  
- He went thataway.  
I'll go thisaway.  
Asta.  
Asta, come here. Give it to me.  
Give it that back.  
- Charles.  
- What?  
- Mr. Charles.  
- Yes, dear.  
What is it? What are you doing out here?  
What's the matter?  
It's... He has a gun.  
- He has a what?  
- Look out!  
- Why, it's Horn.  
- Well, can you beat that?  
What were you shooting at him for?  
I wasn't shooting at him,  
he was shooting at me.  
- Why were you shooting at him?  
- Well, everybody else was.  
She's all right, she's alive.  
It's just her arm.  
Carry her into the house.  
What was she doing here?  
She came to tell me  
that someone was after me.  
She yelled and pushed me out of the way  
just as he started shooting.  
You don't think she might  
have been trying to...  
- You know?  
- What do you mean? Put me on the spot?

No.

If she hadn't pushed me,  
his first bullet would've caught me.

I almost heard it go past.

It was just a thought.

Well, here's the knife.

- That's the one that was used, all right.

- Could be the one that was tossed at me.

Not much chance of fingerprints...

after the dog's been playing with it

for nobody knows how long.

I'm apologizing.

Take it in. Tell them to check it anyway.

Funny that the dog should have  
got hold of it the second time.

Yes, you may be right.

Miss MacFay, when did you first  
suspect Horn of killing your father?

I didn't say that.

I didn't say he killed Father.

Your father objected to Horn  
as your suitor, didn't he?

Yes.

And if you'd married Horn,  
he'd have cut you off without a dime?

I suppose he would have.

As soon as your father was dead...

you became

extremely attractive financially.

- Don't. Please, don't.

- Please, Mr. Van Slack.

- She's been through too much already.

- Sorry, son.

What was the first reaction you saw  
on Horn after the discovery of the murder?

Why, nothing.

He just came to tell me

that Father had been killed.

Yes, then what?

Then he said to say that we were together  
when it happened...

- so the police wouldn't bother me.

- He said that?

Yes, he was only trying

to protect me, and...

He was trying to protect himself, child.

No, he couldn't have. Freddie.

Take it easy, Lois.

Maybe Father was right about Dudley,  
and I wouldn't listen to him.

Oh, poor Father.

All right.

- Well, I guess that does it.

- Does what?

- Well, don't you get it?

- No.

We know that Horn and Church  
are enemies.

When Church starts to threaten MacFay,  
Horn sees a chance to frame him.

He kills MacFay using  
the Cuban's knife to do it.

If he wanted to frame Church  
with the knife...

why should he try to kill me when I find it?

Looks to me as if you've got two  
mysteries on your hands instead of one.

- Now you know why I retired. Good luck.

- You're not walking out on me, are you?

I'm not walking out, I'm running out.

If there were any reasonable chance  
for me to help you, it'd be different.

But, during this quiet little weekend  
in the country...

my family's been threatened...

I've had a knife thrown at me, I've been  
shot at, I've been suspected of murder.

From now, this is your case, you handle it.

I'm going back to New York and forget it.

Come on, Lois. Come on, Mrs. Bellam.

Come on, Freddie.

Maybe I'm wrong. Come on, Asta.

Extra! Read all about it!

Dream Butcher hunted! Extra!

Read all about it!

Extra! Dream Butcher hunted!

Read all about it!

- What is it? What are they calling?



- Nothing.
- Have they found him?
- Not yet.
- How do you feel?
- Sort of funny.

The doctor gave you something  
to make you sleep.

**6:**

I didn't want you to be alone  
when you woke up.  
You're so good to me.  
Why shouldn't I be good  
to my own flesh and blood?  
Forgive me. I didn't mean ever to tell you.  
It just slipped out.

- I don't understand.
- Don't hate me.

Please, don't hate me.  
I couldn't bear it if you did.  
I am your mother, but I don't ask anything.  
Only to be allowed to stay near you.  
We heard you talking so we knew  
you were awake.

- Are you all right, Lois?
- Why, yes.

What's the matter, Lois? You look upset.  
It's nothing. It's just that I'm so all at sea  
with Father and Dudley gone.

- To go on, deciding things all alone...
- You won't be alone long.

Wait till the news of your \$5 million  
hits the front pages.  
You'll find you've got relatives  
all over the world.

Look, Lois.

I haven't much to offer you,  
and I don't ask anything in return.  
But whatever happens,  
or wherever you are...  
you can always know I'm standing by.  
Freddie, dear, you're so sweet.  
Mr. Charles. Mr. Van Slack's  
in your room, waiting for you.

Thank you.

- Mommy, I'll see you later.
- What do you mean, later?
- I got rid of all those reporters.
- What did you tell them?
- I told them we were out of Scotch.
- What a gruesome thought.
- Hello.
- Hiya, Charles.

I don't like to disturb you...

but the fact is we seem to work quite well together.

And I thought perhaps you might reconsider and come back on the case.

Come back on the case?

I've never been out of it. What's up?

The New York Police found the woman who was with Church.

I'm on my way up there now.

Would you care to come along?

- Sure.

- I'll get my hat.

I've been trying to trace that nurse, Dorothy Waters.

We have some fingerprints from the references she gave to Mrs. Charles.

They're checking them now.

How about that license number?

That car belongs to a man by the name of Vogel.

A gambler racketeer. I'll see him later.

That's for you.

Hello. Speaking. Who is it?

Never mind names.

Just a friend of yours, telling you...

if you know what's best for you,

to lay off that MacFay case.

You understand? Let it alone.

If you don't, we'll ship that body of yours back in a box.

Thank you, but we have an encyclopedia.

Isn't that Nickie crying?

That wasn't the baby. He's sound asleep.

Nickie!

Go on and ring.

Hello? I've got to rush.

Will you call back later?

What?

Mr. Charles is not here.

This is Mrs. Charles speaking.

Mr. Charles and I always work together.

I have an important information.

You come where I tell you.

But understand. I am not a stool pigeon.

- So do not bring any police.

- I see.

What's the address?

I'll be there.

- Hello, Lieutenant.

- Well, how are you, Mr. Charles?

- Things sure pop when you're in town.

- They certainly do.

- Hello, Mr. Van Slack.

- Hi, Guild.

Is this the Smith woman's apartment?

But if your killing was at 1:00 last night  
then she's in the clear.

We had a plant here  
from before midnight till after 3:00...

- and she was here all the time.

- You sure?

Positive. I was here myself.

How did you happen  
to be watching her place?

Well, it turned out to be a false alarm...  
but she called me up on the telephone  
last night...

and said that there was someone  
hanging around, that...

Say, could she have been using me  
as an alibi?

Why, she can't do that to me.

Hello, Nick.

Well, nice to see you again, Lieutenant.

Pleased to meet you.

Come on in, sit down.

- I'll go get you a cup of coffee.

- Never mind.

So you picked on me to give you an alibi?  
I got to lose a night's sleep  
so you can duck a murder rap?  
So help me. I never thought  
it was going to be murder.  
- What did you think?  
- I knew Phil was trying to get dough...  
out of MacFay, but I never knew  
he meant to murder him.  
You know it now, don't you?  
I don't know anything  
that's got anything to do with murders.  
Murders? How many other murders  
were planned besides MacFay's?  
I don't know anything about  
anybody's murders being planned.  
You're psychic?  
You get alibis for murders  
you don't even know are going to happen.  
I'm never going to need  
an alibi for murder...  
'cause I'm never going to have anything  
to do with murders.  
- Where's Church?  
- I don't know.  
He and Dum-Dum left here

**about 11:**

I ain't heard of him since.  
- Where were they going?  
- I don't know.  
- When are they coming back?  
- They're not coming back.  
They said they were going to Cuba.  
- Whose coat is this?  
- Phil's. Phil Church's.  
What's it doing here  
if he's not coming back?  
It's been here two or three weeks.  
- How long have you known Church?  
- Since they sprung him.  
Didn't take you long to tie up with him.  
We weren't playing for keeps.  
I was only stooging for him.

There are a lot of rackets  
where it's handy to have a girl around.

- Blackmail rackets?

- I mean, a lot of rackets except murder.

- There's my bell.

- Sit down, I'll get it.

Well, hello, Diamond Back. Come on in.  
Join the party.

We're just asking Smitty a few questions.  
About Church?

I always figured he was a wrong guy.

- What do you know about him?

- Me?

Nothing, except that he's been spending  
a lot of time hanging around Smitty.

You haven't been unloading  
to these people yet, have you?

Only from here up.

You ever hear about  
talking through a lawyer?

We've got enough on her already  
to hold her as a material witness.

Is this the man you saw  
watching Church's house?

- Yes.

- Why, you big ape.

What's the answer?

Her husband's a pal of mine.  
He's been hanging on the wall upstate.

You know how those guys  
get to worrying.

I've been keeping an eye on her for him.

- So that's what's been going on.

- What do you think has been going on?

You don't think I been hanging around  
because I was nuts about you, do you?

I hear Church is going away.

This cluck might think  
she's going with him.

- Suppose she had gone?

- That's supposing too much.

There goes Dum-Dum.

What have you done to Phil Church?

What have you done?

I don't know what you're talking about.  
Don't act like that. You know what I mean.  
You found out we were going away  
and you knocked him off. You big lug.  
Lay off, you.  
When I find those glasses, I'll kill you.  
You dirty rat.  
You'd beat your own mother, you would.  
I'll beat the hide off you  
if I find those glasses.  
Lay off me, I haven't hurt Church.  
You got my word for it.  
You'd lie about the weather,  
you double-crossing, four-eyed simp!  
Give me my glasses.  
- Want to play policeman?  
- Where are my glasses?  
I knew there was copper in you,  
flatfooted stool pigeon.  
Give me my glasses and I'll get out.  
I'll say you tried to dream him,  
that's what I'll do.  
He'll dream you into the Hudson,  
where all you'll do is poison the fishes...  
- you mousy-looking...  
- Let go there.  
Come on.  
- Get in there, you.  
- All right, Harry.  
Headquarters. 152nd Street.  
- West Indies Club.  
- Yes, sir.  
Follow that cab.  
- Mr. Nick Charles, is it not?  
- It is.  
- You are alone?  
- The good are often alone.  
I fix it so you will not be good long.  
Senor Jones. This is Carmelita.  
- How do you do?  
- Rosita and Marcita.  
Won't you have a little bite to eat?  
- Where's the phone?  
- Over there.

- I'll wait here.

- Okay.

How about a little slug of something?

- Just a little snack is all they want.

- Si, señor.

Cigarette?

- Who gave you this?

- The lady over there.

You'll excuse me?

An old friend, a very old friend.

Thanks.

Now, Mommy, you know better  
than to come to a place like this...

your first day out of bed.

What if the health officers find out?

They'll put you back in quarantine.

I won't stay in quarantine.

I don't care who catches it.

- Well, I must be going. Good night.

- Good night.

I'll trade you two mumps

for a measles, Bella.

Madam, how long have you been leading  
this double life?

Just since we've been married.

How did you know I was here?

I saw a great group of men  
standing around a table.

I knew there was only one woman in  
the world who could attract men like that.

A woman with a lot of money.

- Bacardi. Two Bacardis.

- Yes, sir.

- The same.

- Yes, madam.

Give me \$14.75.

\$14...

- What for?

- A man.

- Another one?

- This is the man who phoned after you left.

He's somewhere right in this room.

He heard you were looking for Dum-Dum.

Now, Dum-Dum owes him \$14.75

and won't pay him.

He said that if I gave him the \$14.75,  
he'd tell me where Dum-Dum was.

How are you going to contact  
this mysterious informer?

I told him I'd be holding the money  
in a handkerchief like this.

But, you didn't have any money  
until I showed up.

I was doing all right. I'd have gotten it.

- Madame. At last.

- Hello.

I knew you would come to me.

I've been watching you all evening...  
with that thought in heart and in my eyes.

- Shall we dance?

- Yes, I think it would be better.

- Where is Dum-Dum?

- Dum-Dum?

Yes, I think I'd like to find him  
as soon as possible.

- Are you in love with him?

- No.

Then why should he spoil  
the beauty of this moment?

Well, really. I have a husband, you know.

A stupid American iceberg?

Well, he's traveled abroad.

Does he ever speak to you  
in burning words...

that make you go half mad  
with joy and yearning?

- Well, he's kind of cute.

- Cute? Incredible.

Who's that?

Stupid American iceberg.

Hello, Dum-Dum, how's tricks?

Hiya, Dum-Dum.

Sit down.

- Make out all right with the police?

- Always I do.

How about Church?

He making out all right?

That I do not know. I come to ask you.



- Where do you think he is?  
- I don't know where he is.  
- Your ear is getting into our drinks.  
- What's eating you? I didn't mean it.  
You never mean anything.  
But that don't keep you from trying.  
I do not know where Mr. Church is.  
Do you think he killed MacFay?  
Does a man say he think his friend killed?  
Say, listen, I can tell you right now...  
who kills most of the guys  
that get themselves killed in this town.  
Who are you looking at now?  
Is that little swine Dum-Dum?  
Wait. If you are not in love with him,  
why do you leave me?  
Look, here's your money. Let me go.  
Money? Between you and me?  
You are driving me mad.  
Doesn't look as if my wife's coming back.  
- Won't you...  
- Sure. Thank you very much.  
...have a drink?  
- Don't mind if I do.  
Have several.  
Say, you're working  
on this murder case, aren't you?  
Yes, if you call this work.  
Do you know Phil Church?  
Know him? Many's the bottle  
him and me split in this joint.  
And over at his gal's flat, too.  
You mean Smitty?  
No, Linda Mills,  
the one he had before Smitty.  
Linda Mills.  
- Young girl, very pretty.  
- That's the one.  
Cute looking doll, I guess,  
under all that war paint, but plenty tough.  
- Yeah, lives at the...  
- Chestevere Apartments.  
Chestevere. Don't tell me  
he's mixed up with her.

Sure he is.

That boy must have a scooter.

Just back from Cuba and he...

Cuba?

- I thought he said that...

- If you call this Cuba.

He's been hanging around these joints

ever since he got out of stir.

Say, you know more about this

than the cops do.

And they're all wrong, if they think Phil

was mixed up in that thing on the Island.

Why, I saw him myself,

going in about 11:00...

Put those lights on!

Remember me?

- Senora, are you all right?

- Yes, I'm all right.

- Something hit me.

- That's too bad.

Good night.

Good night.

Why, Nickie, I believe you care.

- Where are we going?

- Well, I'm going to find a Miss Linda Mills.

I wanna get there

before anyone beats me to it.

- Chestevere Apartments. Hurry.

- Yes, sir.

Wait a minute, hawkshaw.

Now, I'd like to go in there by myself.

You go everywhere alone.

I'd like to have some fun, too.

Here.

- Yes? What'll you have?

- Why, we would like to...

Go right ahead, madam. You got here first.

- You ain't together?

- No. Unfortunately.

What was it, honey?

I'd like to look at a room.

Well, come right in.

You looking for a room, too?

Looking for Linda Mills.

- Say, you're him, ain't you?

- Who?

Ain't that your picture  
in the Evening News?

Afraid it is.

Well, I'll declare.

- Is she in?

- You can't ever tell about her.

- How's chances of finding out?

- I'll see.

Don't say anything in front of this party.

What do you want, honey?

A single or double?

- A single room, please.

- You stay here.

Come with me, dearie.

Got just what you want, and reasonable.

Come right on in, honey.

This is one of the best rooms in the house.

Scat. Get out of there.

I'll have that window fixed.

Look around for yourself, dearie.

I'll be back in a minute.

Is Linda Mills involved?

What would make you think  
she's involved?

You being here, then that friend of hers,  
that Church.

- You know Church?

- I seen him going in and out.

- When's the last time you seen him?

- I don't know. Maybe a couple of weeks.

Her room's down here,  
at the end of the hall.

Miss Mills. It's me, Mrs. Dolley.

Are you in, dearie?

I guess she ain't in, all right.

- Do you mind if I look around?

- Help yourself.

What does she do for a living?

Don't ask me. I'm not running a YMCA.

She's been here about a year  
and she's good pay.

That's all I know and all I care about.

That's what I tell others when they kick...

about her noisy parties

and having fights in her flat.

- She have noisy parties?

- You know how girls are.

- No. How are they?

- Go on. Don't kid me.

Yes?

This is a nice room.

It's taken. If you don't like the other,

I got plenty more. This way, dearie.

All right, get them up.

Turn around, wise guy.

- Turn on that radio.

- Okay.

Got any famous last words?

You've got until that radio warms up.

Thanks.

What's your favorite program?

You know, this is your party.

I'm rather partial to Professor Quiz.

He ain't loud enough.

Hey, that program's made to order.

All right. Now don't move, both of you  
or I'll blow you in two.

Drop those rods and reach.

Thank you, Lieutenant.

It's a good thing you phoned me  
to trail you, ain't it?

Yes, ain't it?

You boys should stay off fire escapes  
when there isn't any fire.

You're coming to the station with us,  
ain't you, Mr. Charles?

No, I can't. I have a lady waiting.

A lady? No fooling?

Surprised?

Well, I always thought that you  
and the missus was the ideal couple.

Yeah, but...

You know how it is, Lieutenant.

I know.

- Any idea who these mugs are?

- No, I wouldn't know.

You'll find out, big shot.  
There's plenty more of us.  
Dummy up, you!  
All right, Flynn, take them out.  
Just a minute. Would you mind  
taking the boys down...  
the way they came up?  
I don't want to alarm the lady.  
Sure thing.  
All right, Flynn. Out the window.  
You know, there ain't nothing  
frightens off romance...  
like the touch of the law.  
By the way, Nick,  
any time you'd like to have me...  
take Mrs. Charles out to a movie  
so you can get away for a while...  
- Would you do that?  
- Sure.  
I wouldn't mind it at all. Really, not at all.  
Well, you know me, pal.  
Sure, I know you, pal.  
Always kidding. All in the spirit of fun.  
- Yeah?  
- Just kidding.  
- Finished?  
- Yes.  
Tell me, how long  
since you've seen Miss Mills?  
A couple of weeks.  
But I don't see my people  
unless they're behind in their rent.  
What does she look like?  
The way she wears make-up,  
you'd think she's an old-timer.  
But she don't need to. She's real pretty.  
Young?  
Yes, but don't fear.  
She knows all the answers.  
I wish I knew as much when I was her age.  
I hope I haven't kept you  
from renting a room.  
Who, her? I don't think she knows  
what she wants.

Too bad. I thought she was rather pretty.

Well, stick around. Maybe you'll

be able to work out something.

Thanks but I'm married.

That don't mean a thing and you know it.

- Come in. We were just talking about you.

- Yes?

This gentleman here was just saying  
you're the prettiest girl he'd ever seen.

And take it from me, he ought to know.

Excuse me. This is Mr. Charles.

Miss... I didn't catch your name.

Finhaden. Letty Finhaden.

Well, that's the fastest piece of work  
I ever saw in my life.

Mr. Nick Charles, please.

Good morning, Mr. Charles. This is Guild.

Well, we've got something on that nurse.

We just found that her fingerprints  
match up with an Agnes Borup.

I know Agnes well, and from

that landlady's description of Linda Mills...  
it just about fits her.

My guess is, if we get her, we get Church.

No, I don't think so.

Well, for one thing,

a new love has come into Church's life.

Smitty may have stooged for him

at first, but it's the real thing now.

They're planning on going away together.

Come on up here.

I may have something for you. Yeah.

- What? What have you got?

- Tell us.

You find out something?

- Aren't you interested, Mrs. Bellam?

- Yes.

I haven't got it all worked out yet, but...

Freddie, maybe you could help me.

- You're writing a mystery play.

- Oh, that.

How did you get your man?

I haven't gotten that far yet.

I'm stuck for a finish.

That's too bad.  
There's still one or two pieces missing  
but I know this much.  
Everything that's happened  
has been part of a plan. Church...  
- The baby party.  
- You said it. Come on, mug.  
All right, boys. All right now. Hit it.  
- Hiya, Nick!  
- How are you, Nick?  
Glad to see you.  
- You, too, Larry?  
- You know me, Nick. Try anything once.  
Hey, this is the missus.  
- Glad to meet you.  
- Well, how are you?  
She's okay for my money.  
I wished I'd seen her first.  
Hey, wait a minute.  
You can't come in here.  
What do you mean I can't come in? Why?  
You heard what he said.  
You gotta have a kid.  
I got a kid.  
It's Whacky.  
- Hello, Whacky.  
- Hiya, Nick.  
- Glad to see you.  
- Glad to see you.  
- I didn't know you were married.  
- Married?  
No one said you had to be married.  
They just said you had to have a kid.  
Come on in and meet the missus.  
You didn't snatch that, did you?  
We don't wanna put the heat on this party.  
No. I got it legitimate.  
I rented it for a buck.  
- Okay. We don't want no hot tot.  
- Don't worry, he's as cold as a cucumber.  
Come on, kid, here.  
- Whacky, this is Mrs. Charles.  
- Hello, Whacky.  
It's mutual. He's a pip, ain't he?

Look at that sucker.

Let's put them all in the pen.

- The pen?

- She means the kiddie pen.

I hope it's not a bad omen.

Put them all in the pen, boys.

- Yes, Nick.

- Put them in.

- I'll get some ice cream.

- No.

This is our party.

We got the stuff right here.

Hamburgers, hot dogs and salami.

And there's root beer and Coca-Cola.

Didn't you bring nothing

but root beer and Coca-Cola?

- You wanna make the kids sick?

- I didn't know. I had the kid out before.

- Nickie?

- What?

- Will you order some ice cream?

- Yeah. It'll be right up.

You're telling me.

Room service, please.

There's a man outside, he wants  
to see you. I put him in the study.

- I thought Mrs. Bellam might be here.

- I don't know where she is.

Can I do something?

I just wanted someone  
to keep an eye on Nickie.

- Let me.

- That's very nice, but l...

- Lois should get some sleep anyway.

- Well, thank you very much.

Send it right up.

- Who is this man?

- I don't know.

- A big man with heavy glasses.

- Vogel.

- Vogel? Who's Vogel?

- He's one of the missing pieces.

Get your hands up. Both of you.

- This is Mr. Church, darling.



- Skip it. I got no time to waste.  
I told you I'd be seeing you, Charles,  
but I didn't know it'd be this soon.  
I've been dreaming again, Charles.

- Only this time it's about you.

- You ought to be psychoanalyzed.  
Twice I've seen you dead in my dreams.  
Both times you were all battered up,  
just like MacFay was.  
So if you don't want to be a widow,  
Mrs. Charles, get him on a train tonight.  
I got a feeling  
I'm gonna have that third dream.

- I'm packing right now.

- Okay.  
Now if you're smart you'll wait  
five minutes before you blow any whistles.

- Get him.

- What?

- Don't mind me. Go on, get him.

- Well, why?  
I never saw a man  
try so hard to get caught.  
Look at the clown  
climbing across that ledge in daylight.

- Why does he want to get caught?

- Just part of his plan.  
Where is he? What happened, Nick?  
Who do you want blasted?  
A man's been killed. You all better get out  
of here before the police come.

- Grab your kids and scam.

- What happened?  
Get out of my way, will you?

- Freddie, will you get Nickie?

- Of course I will.

- Shouldn't we notify the police?

- They'll be here any minute.

- Where's Nickie?

- Must be in the pen.  
Well, come on.  
I got a feeling we better get out of here.  
You want to see me?  
It wasn't important.

Just dropped in to see  
if there was anything new.  
- I'll wait till you're free.  
- I'm free now.  
- Tomorrow will do.  
- Tomorrow you may not be free.  
You'd better wait.  
Stand aside.  
- What's going on here, Casey?  
- Phil Church was shot, he fell in the alley.  
We arrested these two.  
They were the only ones around.  
I had nothing to do with it.  
Found this in the trash can.  
One shell empty.  
It wasn't mine,  
I wouldn't have any reason to kill Phil.  
- Bring them along upstairs, boys.  
- Come on.  
Hear from the doctor?  
Doctor says he was shot with a .38.  
Judging from the angle  
at which the bullet entered the body...  
it could have come from most anywhere.  
They're working on the gun now  
to see if it's the one.  
What were you doing  
in the street down below?  
Mr. Church told me he was coming here.  
I tell her.  
Then I'm afraid she come over  
and butt in maybe, so I come to stop her.  
Stop her? From what?  
I don't know what she might do.  
She get excited on phone.  
What are you trying to do, frame me?  
Phil was trying to pull a trick  
that's too slick for his own good...  
so I come over here to head him off.  
You picked a good way to do it.  
I have nothing to do with this.  
I don't know anything about murders...  
- and I'm never gonna be...  
- Don't give me that again.

Well, what about it? Did you see her do it?

I just seen her and was crossing street  
to her. Truck got in my way.

If you want to know

who killed Phil Church, ask him.

You heard him threaten what he'd do  
if we ran off together.

Ask him.

- You kill my Mr. Church?

- Ask him where's his gun.

I've got my gun right here.

Don't try to hang this on me.

- You kill my Mr. Church?

- Sure he did.

He killed Phil.

Here, come on.

Get out of the way. Break it up.

- That's enough. Break it up.

- All right.

- Come on, never mind.

- Break it up!

Nickie, do something.

Yes, of course.

All right, break it up.

Here, now, you spitfire!

There. Sit down there.

You asked for it.

- Did somebody drop this chip?

- Yes. It's mine.

Good.

One more session like that, I'll call up  
the wagon and drag you all downtown.

- May I say something?

- Go ahead.

Well, I have a hunch

if we find out who murdered MacFay...

we'll find out who murdered Church.

Maybe it'll clear things up

if we start from the beginning.

Tell me this first.

If you were trying a man for murder...

and he suddenly produced an airtight alibi,  
what would happen?

He'd go free.

What if after you freed him, you found he'd planned the whole thing...

- what would you do?

- Nothing. Nothing at all.

I see. Well, thank you very much.

- You mean you'd let him get away with it?

- Well, we'd have to.

You can't try a man

for the same crime twice.

If he's acquitted, he could boast about it and we couldn't touch him.

- And that was Church's plan.

- What was?

He advertised himself as the murderer, while his accomplice did the dirty work.

He takes a house on Long Island.

He threatens MacFay, terrorizes the household.

After the murder, he disappears... still calling attention to himself as the killer.

When things look blackest for him, he walks in here, inviting me to take him. His plan was to get tried for that murder, spring a last-minute alibi... and walk out of that court scot-free.

You mean that he had this alibi all the time?

Yes, but he didn't want us to know it.

That's why Dum-Dum beat up a drunk last night when he tried to tell me.

- You did?

- Was that it? Was that why you hit him?

I hit him because he start a fight.

Maybe Vogel will tell us.

He didn't want it known either.

What are you trying to pull?

Your men jumped him, too.

Were you in on this?

You think I'd be in on a thing with that rat?

Looks bad for you, Vogel.

You were down on the Island.

You knew the set-up.

You tried to keep Smitty from talking.

Your men threatened me.

- Told me if I didn't lay off...

- My men? What men?

The ones who dropped that chip  
at the West Indies Club last night.

- Come on, Diamond Back, spill it.

- Okay.

I run a place uptown.

It's... Well, it's a place.

Get what I mean,

or should I wait for my lawyer?

We get it. You don't want to admit  
you run a gambling joint. Go on.

The night before last, Church comes in  
and sits in for two and a half hours...

including the time MacFay

was killed on the Island.

Then you helped him get his alibi.

I tell you I wasn't in this with him.

I didn't know what was going on.

Then why did you keep it quiet?

That night a bunch of my best customers  
were there.

A bank president. Big guys like that.

Big and respectable.

If they admit in court they were there,  
they may as well cut their throats.

So I'm out to get the guys who can spill it.

And your men were out to get me,  
thank you.

I knew Church's plan was good,  
but I didn't know it was that good.

He was a genius.

Let me show you  
something else he planned.

Wait a minute.

Let's not talk about Church. He's dead.

- It's the killer we're after.

- Yes, I'm coming to that.

- You mean you know who he is?

- I have a pretty fair idea...

and if this trick turns out right, I'll be sure.

Let's say this is MacFay's room

and that this is his bed.

We'll fix things just as we found them  
the night of the murder.

There was a newspaper on the floor.

Stop me if I'm wrong.

- Here's a paper.

- Let me see.

- There were some books.

- I'll get those, Nickie.

- Thank you, Mommy. A glass of water.

- I'll get it.

No, Mrs. Bellam, you stay here.

One of the boys will get it.

- Freddie, would you mind standing there?

- Surely.

And watch everything very carefully.

- A lamp?

- I'll get that.

As I remember,

a cord was pulled from the lamp.

Let's see.

- You forgot the gun.

- Yes, I have my own right here.

There we are.

Now, may I have the books, Mommy?

You know, this trick should work,

Church planned it.

And Church was an engineer. Here we are.

- Now, if you'll just let me have the paper.

- Here's the paper.

Thank you. Just one sheet will do.

It was just one sheet that was wet,

wasn't it?

Yes.

Paper serves as a nonconductor.

I'll place this small piece

between the exposed wire...

and the metallic part of the gun.

Now the water, please.

- You watching this carefully, Freddie?

- Yes.

This might be your finish.

Now, we'll just drop the water

in this indentation.

There you are.

Do you mind plugging that in?

Thank you.

Twelve minutes past.

Please step to the other end of the room?

- But nothing happens.

- Give it time. Run, Mommy, fast.

Anyone for a drink?

But, really, where does all this get us?

Remember, you said it was funny

that I didn't hear any sounds of a struggle?

Well, I did think that...

I didn't hear anything

because there was no struggle.

**But all this:**

the shot he fired.

MacFay didn't fire that shot.

He was dead when it went off.

The murderer staged

this whole thing, just as I have...

to make it look as if there'd been a row.

This little trick gave him or her...

a chance to get away and get an alibi.

Well, that broken wrist

sort of eliminates a woman, doesn't it?

It's easy to break a dead man's wrist.

Even a woman could do that.

- Mrs. Bellam.

- Yes?

You were the last one to see Col. MacFay,  
weren't you?

Yes.

- What time was that?

- About midnight.

But you can't say I did it.

He wasn't killed until 1:00.

You mean the shot didn't go off until 1:00.

We don't know yet when he was killed.

You were an old sweetheart of MacFay's,  
weren't you?

- Weren't you?

- What's that got to do with it?

Maybe we'd better have

everybody in on this.  
Try the second door down on the left.  
The key's in the lock.  
- Who is it?  
- If I know my perfumes...  
it's Dorothy or Agnes  
or whatever her name is.  
I haven't done anything. You let me go.  
I haven't anything to do with this.  
- Then what are you doing here?  
- I came to see Mr. Charles.  
When I came to work for you,  
I'd gotten out of prison.  
- Good gracious.  
- I was going straight.  
I knew the police wouldn't believe me  
after the killing, so I lit out.  
But I couldn't rest easy.  
I had to explain to Mr. Charles.  
Why should an ex-convict,  
seek employment...  
in the home of a man  
known to the world as a great detective?  
Because he never refused a break  
to anybody in his life.  
I meant to prove to them  
that I could make good.  
I was going to tell them.  
That's all right. I knew about you.  
Wait a moment. Guild says this woman  
was the one at Chestevere Apartments.  
I'm afraid for once  
the Lieutenant is wrong. She wasn't.  
Look, Nickie, it's smoking.  
It worked.  
Give me that rod.  
I knew it was Dum-Dum all the time.  
- Was it him?  
- No.  
Dum-Dum was only trying to get  
the accomplice who killed his Mr. Church.  
But who...  
I'm afraid you people  
haven't been paying attention.



This little trick I just showed you...  
gave the murderer five minutes  
to get away and get an alibi.  
There was only one person  
who used that particular alibi.  
Church planned this trick  
and you carried it through.  
That's why Church had Smitty  
to stooge for him.  
So no one would suspect  
he was mixed up with another woman.  
- What are you saying?  
- You're friends with Church and Dum-Dum.  
That's why your dog was friends  
with them, let them come and go.  
That's why he stood on his hind legs,  
as the prints showed...  
with his paws on his killer's shoulders,  
when they cut his throat.  
If they were friends, why did they kill him?  
To avoid suspicion that you and Church  
were working together.  
It's a lie. I killed MacFay.  
Careful, Freddie, you know what happened  
to Horn when he tried to protect her.  
What do you mean?  
I mean that Horn must have known  
that she committed the murder.  
He was jittery that night,  
almost out of control.  
He told us he'd had a threat  
against Lois' life.  
That was to divert suspicion from her.  
Horn wanted to get me off the case.  
When I went out on the grounds  
looking for Asta and that knife...  
he knew that it would be fairly safe  
to take a shot at me.  
If caught, he'd blame the darkness...  
that he mistook me  
for Church or Dum-Dum.  
You were afraid of Horn,  
afraid that he might give you away.  
Besides, you were really stuck

on Phil Church.  
So you let Horn go out to get me  
and then you ran on ahead...  
and warned me, so that I'd have time  
to draw a gun on him.  
Then you pushed me out of the way,  
figuring that I'd shoot in self-defense.  
Which I might have had to do...  
but the police stepped in  
and did the job for us.  
You're guessing, saying horrible things.  
Only way that makes sense.  
Sense? What sense could there  
possibly be in my killing Father?  
Because you wanted his money  
and you wanted it now.  
He gave me everything I could  
possibly need. Why he...  
That wasn't your kind of life.  
Your kind of life was the Linda Mills life  
that you've been leading...  
ever since you got the nerve to sneak out  
after the folks went to sleep.  
- Linda Mills?  
- Yes, my sweet.  
"L.M." for Linda Mills and Lois MacFay.  
Linda Mills, who sleeps without pillows  
just as you do.  
Linda Mills, in whose apartment  
there's a scorched spot...  
and a bullet hole in the wall  
where this was rehearsed.  
Why, you can't mean these things.  
Tell him it isn't true.  
It's easy to prove.  
We'll just take her to Mrs. Dolley.  
When Dum-Dum comes to, he can tell us...  
but I wouldn't advise you to wait for that.  
Dum-Dum's a little sore at you  
for killing his Mr. Church.  
My killing Church? Now, really...  
You found out after the murder  
that he ditched you for Smitty.  
You knew that he had you in a spot

where he could blackmail you for life.  
So you shot him as he stood on that ledge  
and threw the gun out your window.  
You're right about Linda Mills  
and all the other things.  
I got sick of playing Little Red Riding Hood  
to that old guy.  
When Phil was trying  
to get money out of him...  
I found we spoke the same language.  
I'm not sorry for it.  
It was a chance and I took it.  
Now, what I'm getting at is this:  
I'll make a deal with you.  
And what will you offer us, the moon?  
You like that brat of yours, don't you?  
All right.  
You let me walk out of here  
and I'll send him back in a half-hour.  
- What did you do with him?  
- I put him in Lois' room.  
Go look.  
She can look all she wants.  
She won't find him.  
If anything's happened to that kid...  
- Is he there?  
- It isn't him, Nickie's gone.  
Make up your mind.  
Send me to the chair  
or get your kid back all in one piece.  
- Wait a minute. You can't go in there.  
- I gotta go in there.  
I want to go in there. Let me in here.  
Where's my baby?  
- Where's my Raphael?  
- He's in here.  
Trying to pull a fast one?  
I saw it wasn't their kid  
and I took a chance.  
- You can't blame me for trying.  
- Well, come on.  
- You ungrateful little fiend.  
- What's the matter, Ma?  
Don't you call me Ma.

So you admit it's a gag?

- Well, better luck on your next racket.

- All right, get going.

Give me a gun.

What? Another murder?

- That dog. He won't let me have the baby.

- Asta.

Take it easy. Quiet now, will you?

Where's my baby?

My Raphael, my beautiful baby.

My lovely little cherub.

You can't blame me for making a mistake.

They both look alike, don't they?

You imbecille!

My gorgeous, my beautiful Raphael.

- All right, don't get excited.

- You don't tell me...

Mommy?

- Let's sit down.

- Sit down? What for?

Just to get a little rest,

after our quiet weekend in the country.

English