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# The Big Sleep

By William Faulkner

My name's Marlowe.  
The general wanted to see me.  
Yes, Mr. Marlowe.  
Will you come in, please, sir?  
- I'll tell the general that you're here.  
- Thank you.  
Good morning.  
You're not very tall, are you?  
Well, I tried to be.  
Not bad-looking...  
...though you probably know it.  
Thank you.  
What's your name?  
Reilly. Doghouse Reilly.  
That's a funny kind of name.  
You think so?  
What are you? A prizefighter?  
- No, I'm a shamus.  
- What's that?  
A private detective.  
You're making fun of me.  
You're cute.  
The general will see you now, sir.  
- Who's that?  
- Miss Carmen Sternwood.  
You ought to wean her.  
She's old enough.  
- This is Mr. Marlowe, general.  
- How do you do, sir?  
- Sit down, sir.  
- Thank you.  
Brandy, Norris.  
- How do you like your brandy, sir?  
- In a glass.  
I used to like mine with champagne.  
Champagne cold as Valley Forge...  
...with about three ponies  
of brandy under it.  
Come, come, man!  
Pour a decent one.  
I like to see people drink.  
That'll do, Norris.  
You may take off your coat, sir.  
Thank you.

Too hot in here for any man  
who has any blood in his veins.  
You may smoke too.  
I can still enjoy the smell of it.  
Nice state of affairs when a man  
has to indulge his vices by proxy.  
You're looking, sir, at a very dull  
survival of a very gaudy life.  
Crippled, paralyzed in both legs.  
Little I can eat, and  
my sleep is so near waking...  
...it's hardly worth the name.  
I seem to exist largely on heat,  
like a newborn spider.  
The orchids are an excuse  
for the heat.  
- Do you like orchids?  
- Not particularly.  
Nasty things.  
Their flesh is too much  
like the flesh of men.  
Their perfume has the rotten  
sweetness of corruption.  
Tell me about yourself.  
There isn't much to tell.  
I'm 38. I went to college.  
I can still speak English,  
when my business demands it.  
I worked for the  
district attorney's office.  
Bernie Ohls, the chief inspector,  
said you wanted to see me.  
You didn't like working  
for the district attorney?  
I was fired for insubordination.  
I seem to rate pretty high on that.  
I always did, myself.  
What do you know about my family?  
Well, you're a widower,  
a millionaire.  
You have two daughters.  
One unmarried...  
...and one married to a man  
named Rutledge, but it didn't take.

- Both living with you and both...

- Go on, sir.

Both pretty and both pretty wild.

- Why'd you want to see me?

- I'm being blackmailed again.

Again?

About a year ago, I paid a man  
named Joe Brody \$5000...

...to let my younger daughter alone.

What does that mean?

It means, "Hm!"

It didn't go through the DA  
or I'd have heard.

Who handled it for you?

Shawn Regan.

There must be some reason why  
he isn't handling it this time.

Shawn has left me.

- I thought I hadn't seen him lately.

- A month ago, without a word.

I had no claim on him.

I was only his employer.

But I had hoped that he'd come  
to regard me as something more.

And that at least

he'd have said good bye.

That's what hurt.

You knew him too?

Yes, in the old days when he  
used to run rum out of Mexico...

...and I was on the other side.

We used to swap shots

between drinks...

...or drinks between shots.

My respects to you, sir.

Few men ever swapped more than  
one shot with Shawn Regan.

He commanded a brigade  
in the Irish Republican Army.

But you knew that.

No, I didn't.

I know he was a good man  
at whatever he did.

No one was more pleased than I

when you took him on as your...  
...whatever he was.  
My friend.  
My son, almost.  
Many an hour he sat with me,  
sweating like a pig...  
...drinking brandy and telling  
stories of the Irish Revolution.  
Well, enough of that.  
Here.  
Read the other side.  
These her signatures?  
- Who's Arthur Geiger?  
- I haven't the faintest idea.  
- Did you ask her?  
- No, and I don't intend to.  
If I did, she'd just suck  
her thumb and look coy.  
I met her in the hall  
and she did that to me.  
Then she tried to sit on my lap  
while I was standing up.  
Well?  
Your other daughter, Mrs. Rutledge.  
She mixed up in this?  
They alike?  
They're alike only in having  
the same corrupt blood.  
Vivian is spoiled, exacting...  
...smart and ruthless.  
Carmen is still a little child who  
likes to pull the wings off flies.  
I assume they have  
all the usual vices...  
...besides those they've  
invented for themselves.  
If I seem a bit sinister  
as a parent, Mr. Marlowe...  
...it's because my hold  
on life is too slight...  
...to include any  
Victorian hypocrisy.  
I need hardly add that any man  
who has lived as I have...

...and who indulges, for the first time, in parenthood at my age...

...deserves all he gets.

Well?

Pay him.

Why?

She signed these notes, didn't she?

Who's this Joe Brody

you paid the \$5000 to?

I can't recall.

My butler, Norris, would know.

I think he called himself a gambler.

Geiger says these are gambling debts.

They may be.

Think they are?

You want me to take this Geiger off your back. Is that right?

Want to know anything?

I just want to get rid of him.

Might cost you a little.

Thanks for the drink.

I enjoyed your drink

as much as you did, sir.

- You'll hear from me.

- Good luck.

Mr. Marlowe, Mrs. Rutledge would like to see you before you leave.

About the money, the general has instructed me...

...to give you a check for whatever you require.

Instructed you how?

I see, sir. I forget that you're a detective.

By the way he rang his bell, sir.

- You write his checks?

- I have that privilege.

Good for you.

I don't need any money now...

...but when I do, I get \$ 25 a day and expenses.

- How did she know I was here?

- She saw you through the window.

I was obliged to tell her

who you were.

I don't know as I like that.

Are you attempting

to tell me my duties, sir?

Just having fun trying

to guess what they are.

This way, sir.

- Go right in. Say you're expected.

- Thanks.

You wanted to see me?

So you're a private detective?

I didn't know they existed,

except in books.

Or else they were greasy men

snooping around hotel corridors.

You're a mess, aren't you?

I'm not very tall either.

Next time I'll come on stilts, wear

a white tie and carry a tennis racket.

I doubt if even that would help.

Now, this business of Dad's,

think you can handle it for him?

It shouldn't be too tough.

I'd have thought

it took a little effort.

Not too much.

What will your first step be?

- The usual one.

- There's a usual one?

Sure there is.

It comes with diagrams...

...on page 47 of How to be a

Detective in Ten Easy Lessons...

...and your father

offered me a drink.

You must've read one

on being a comedian.

- Hear what I said about the drink?

- I'm serious. My father's...

- I said your father...

- Help yourself!

Now, look, Mr. Marlowe,

my father's not well.

I want this case handled with

the least worry to him.  
That's the way  
I was going to handle it.  
I see. No professional secrets?  
- I thought you wanted a drink.  
- I changed my mind.  
Then what...  
How'd you like Dad?  
I liked him.  
He liked Shawn. Shawn Regan.  
I suppose you know who he is.  
You don't have to play poker with me.  
- Doesn't Dad want to find him?  
- Do you?  
Of course. It wasn't right  
for him to go off like that.  
Broke Dad's heart,  
although he won't say much.  
- Or did he?  
- Why don't you ask him?  
I don't see what there is  
to be cagey about.  
I don't like your manners!  
I'm not crazy about yours.  
I didn't ask to see you.  
I don't mind if you don't  
like my manners. I don't either.  
I grieve over them evenings.  
I don't mind your drinking  
your lunch out of a bottle.  
But don't waste your time  
cross-examining me.  
People don't talk to me like that!  
Do you always think  
you can handle people...  
...like trained seals?  
I usually get away with it too.  
How nice for you!  
Just what is it you're afraid of?  
Dad didn't see you  
about Shawn, did he?  
Didn't he?  
Could you find him  
if Dad wanted you to?

Maybe. When did he go?  
About a month back.  
Drove off one afternoon  
without saying a word.  
They found his car parked  
in some private garage.  
They? Who's they?  
Dad didn't tell you.  
He told me about Regan, but that's  
not what he wants to see me about.  
That's what you wanted me to say.  
I'm sure I don't care  
what you say, Mr. Marlowe.  
I'm wasting your time.  
Goodbye, Mrs. Rutledge.  
Oh, Norris.  
You made a mistake. Mrs. Rutledge  
didn't want to see me.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
I make many mistakes.  
- Did you find what you wanted?  
- Yes, thanks.  
You don't look like a man who'd  
be interested in first editions.  
I collect blondes in bottles too.  
Can I be of any assistance?  
Would you happen  
to have a Ben Hur, 1860?  
- A what?  
- Do you have a Ben Hur, 1860?  
A first edition?  
No, no, the third, the third!  
The one with the erratum on page 116.  
I'm afraid not.  
How about a Chevalier Audubon,  
Not at the moment.  
You do sell books?  
What do those look like? Grapefruit?  
Well, they look like books.  
Maybe I'd better see Mr. Geiger.  
- He's not in just now.  
- That's a pity because...  
I said, Mr. Geiger is not in!  
I heard you.

You needn't yell at me.  
I'm late for my lecture on  
Argentine ceramics, so I won't wait.  
The word is "ceramics."  
And they ain't Argentine,  
they're Egyptian!  
You did sell a book once, didn't you?  
I'll run along to the library.  
Or I could go to that bookstore  
across the street, couldn't I?  
Do so.  
Thank you.  
Is there something I can do for you?  
- Would you do me a small favor?  
- It depends on the favor.  
- You know Geiger's bookstore?  
- I think I may have passed it.  
You know Geiger by sight?  
What's he look like?  
Wouldn't it be easier to go  
and ask to see him?  
I've already done that.  
I know anything about rare books?  
You could try me.  
Do you have a Ben Hur,  
...with a duplicated line  
on page 116?  
Or a Chevalier Audubon, 1840?  
Nobody would. There isn't one.  
The girl in Geiger's bookstore  
didn't know that.  
I see.  
You begin to interest me vaguely.  
I'm a private dick on a case.  
Perhaps I'm asking too much...  
...although it doesn't seem  
too much to me.  
Geiger's in his early forties...  
...medium height...  
...fattish...  
...soft all over,  
Charlie Chan mustache...  
...well-dressed...  
...wears a black hat...

...affects a knowledge  
of antiques and hasn't any...  
...and I think his left eye is glass.  
You'd make a good cop.  
Thanks.  
Going to wait for him to come out?  
They don't close  
for another hour or so.  
And it's raining pretty hard.  
I got my car and...  
That's right, it is, isn't it?  
It just happens I got a bottle  
of pretty good rye in my pocket.  
I'd a lot rather get wet in here.  
Well!  
Looks like we're closed  
for the rest of the afternoon.  
Tell me more about this business.  
There isn't much to tell.  
What's the matter?  
I'm just wondering if you have to...  
Not necessarily.  
Little things like that make an...  
Hello!  
I hate to tell you, but that's  
Geiger's car driving up.  
Who's the man getting out?  
Geiger's shadow.  
His name's Carol Lundgren.  
Thanks.  
- If you ever want to buy a book...  
- A Ben Hur, 1860?  
With duplications.  
So long.  
So long, pal.  
You're cute.  
And you're higher than a kite.  
Come on, wake up.  
I know you. Doghouse Reilly.  
You're cute.  
What do you know about this?  
Mr. Geiger, here on the floor.  
He's cute too.  
You got a dead man at your feet.

How did it happen?

You talk a lot, Reilly.

Come on!

Lie down there and be quiet.

All right, Reilly.

Come on, we're going.

- Good evening, sir.

- Good evening, Norris.

- I'd like to see General Sternwood.

- He's asleep.

What about Mrs. Rutledge?

Is she...?

Good evening, Mrs. Rutledge.

I've got your sister outside.

She's all right.

But she's not walking very well.

I'll need some help.

Are you sure...?

Yes, she'll be all right  
in the morning.

Did you do this?

That? Oh, yes, that's  
a little special service...

...I always provide all my clients.  
Including being insolent.

Where did you find her?

- I didn't find her.

- Then how...?

I haven't been here, and  
she hasn't been out all evening.

That bad?

Just what did happen?

- You're fond of your sister.

- Yes, I am.

- Do anything for her, wouldn't you?

- Anything.

Then drop this.

I still think I should know...

Don't even ask her.

She never remembers, anyway.

Just what did she forget  
about Shawn Regan?

What'd she tell you?

Not half as much as you did.

Take it easy.  
I don't slap so good around  
this time of the evening.  
You go too far, Marlowe.  
Harsh words to throw at a man...  
...when he's walking out  
of your bedroom.  
Good night, Mrs. Rutledge.  
Thanks, Norris.  
I've put her car away.  
If anybody asks,  
she's been in all evening.  
- Forget about my being here.  
- I understand.  
May I call a cab?  
It'd be better if you didn't.  
Good night.  
- Hello, Bernie. Come in.  
- Hello, Phil.  
Don't you go to bed?  
What you been doing?  
Just sitting around.  
All evening?  
What is it?  
Does it have to be something?  
You're a friend, but when  
a man from Homicide...  
...just drops in at 2 A.M.,  
I kind of...  
Working on cipher, huh?  
Just fooling around.  
You're working for  
the Sternwoods, aren't you?  
Thanks to you.  
Done anything for them yet?  
I started today.  
Then the rain came.  
All right. They seem to be  
a family that things happen to.  
There's a Packard  
belonging to them...  
...washing around in the surf  
off Lido Pier.  
And there's a guy in it.

- Could it be Regan?

- Who?

Shawn Regan.

That Irish ex-legger  
old Sternwood hired...

...to do his drinking for him?

What would he be doing down there?

What would anybody  
be doing down there?

That's what I'm going to Lido  
to find out. Want to come?

Yeah, I do.

- How's the weather?

- Clearing up.

- What time did that call come in?

- About 15 minutes ago.

- What kind of car you say it was?

- Packard.

- Hello, Bernie.

- Hi, Ed.

You got him out.

Who is he?

Owen Taylor. Sternwood's chauffeur,  
according to his license.

- What's the story?

- You can see it from here.

There's where he went  
through the railing.

The rain stopped here about 9 P.M.

The broken rails are dry inside.

That would put it about 9:30.

Let's have it, doc.

His neck's broken and something  
hit him across the temple.

What made the bruise?

Steering wheel?

Whatever it was, it was covered.

The wound had bled under  
the skin while he was alive.

- Blackjack?

- Could be.

Bernie, funny thing.

The hand throttle is set  
halfway down.

Thanks, Jim. So long, doc.  
All right, boys. Take him away.  
- Could be drunk or a suicide.  
- Yeah, but it isn't.  
You know anything about Owen Taylor?  
Only that a few  
Sternwood chauffeurs...  
...lost their jobs on account  
of the younger daughter, Carmen.  
Tell me what  
you're working on, Phil.  
They told me blackmail.  
Who were they after? Carmen?  
This doesn't look like  
the way you'd handle it.  
You know, I got a feeling that...  
Me? I didn't do this.  
What were you going to say, Phil?  
Give me another day, Bernie.  
I may have something for you.  
Okay. Let's go home.  
Good morning.  
You do get up.  
I was thinking...  
...you worked in bed,  
like Marcel Proust.  
- Who's he?  
- A French writer.  
Come into my boudoir.  
You don't put on a front.  
Not much money in this work  
if you're honest.  
Are you honest?  
- We're going to start that again?  
- I'm sorry. Also, about yesterday.  
- Perhaps I was rude.  
- We were both rude.  
You want to see me about Taylor?  
So you know about that?  
Poor Owen.  
The DA's man took me down to Lido.  
He knew more about it than I did.  
He knew Owen Taylor wanted  
to marry your sister.

Perhaps it wouldn't  
have been a bad idea.  
You see, he was in love with her.  
But I didn't come here about Owen.  
You still can't tell me  
what my father wants you to do?  
Not without his permission.  
You can't even tell me  
if it was about Carmen?  
You better look at this.  
A messenger brought it today.  
"Eight thirty-five."  
That's right.  
She takes a nice picture.  
They want 5000 for  
the negative and prints.  
The demand came how?  
A woman telephoned me after  
it was delivered.  
- What else?  
- There has to be something else?  
This thing isn't  
worth \$5000 to anybody.  
- They think it is.  
- Why?  
She said if they didn't  
get the money today...  
...I'd be talking to my sister  
through a wire screen.  
She said there was a police jam  
connected with it.  
What kind of a jam?  
I don't know.  
You know where this picture  
was taken?  
- I haven't the slightest idea.  
- Or when?  
- Talk to Carmen about it?  
- She was asleep when I left.  
Figure out a story?  
- Norris fixed that.  
- How?  
She was in all evening.  
Police checked when

they called about Owen.  
Go ahead and scratch.  
What was Owen doing  
with your car last night?  
Nobody knows.  
He took it without permission.  
Why? You think...  
That he knew about this picture?  
I don't rule him out.  
Outside of what the woman said...  
...you don't know why  
they want \$5000 for it?  
That's why I came to you.  
There's five fingers on a glove.  
Why didn't you go to the police?  
You were afraid they'd find  
something I couldn't sit on.  
Then where would the Sternwoods be?  
May I use your phone, Mr. Marlowe?  
Police headquarters, please.  
Hello, this is Mrs...  
Hello. What do you want, please?  
What?  
I called you?  
Say, who is this?  
Sergeant Reilly?  
There isn't any Sergeant Reilly here.  
Wait a minute.  
You'd better talk to my mother.  
Hello. Who's this?  
The police?  
This isn't a police station.  
If you know it, why did...  
Look, this is not a police station!  
What was that you said?  
My father should hear this.  
Hello. Who is this?  
Yeah, but she just told you that...  
You're the police!  
He's the police.  
Well, that's different.  
What can I do for you?  
I can do what?  
Where?

Oh, no! I wouldn't like that,  
and neither would my daughter.  
I hope the sergeant  
never traces that call.  
You like to play games, don't you?  
Why did you stop me phoning?  
Because I'm working for your father.  
Or because I think I'm beginning to  
like another one of the Sternwoods.  
I prefer the second reason.  
Well, let's get back to business.  
Have you got \$5000 in cash?  
- Can you get it?  
- I think so.  
- Where from, your father?  
- I'd rather not.  
Where would you get it?  
Well, from Eddie Mars.  
The gambler?  
That explains why you  
haven't got \$5000 in cash.  
- I like gambling.  
- So do I.  
How do you know he'll  
give it to you?  
I can get the money.  
I've been a good customer  
of Eddie Mars'.

**Another reason:**

There's a bond between  
Mr. Mars and the Sternwoods.  
You see, Shawn Regan ran off  
with Eddie's wife.  
That doesn't interest you?  
It might make it easier  
for me to find him.  
If I were looking for him.  
Is Regan mixed up in this?  
No. Shawn's not in any  
cheap blackmailing scheme.  
I'm glad you said that.  
Do you want to tell me now?  
- Tell you what?

- What you're trying to find out.  
You know, it's a funny thing.  
You're trying to find out  
why I was hired.  
And I'm trying to find out why you...  
You could go on forever,  
couldn't you?  
It'll give us something  
to talk about next time.  
Among other things.  
Oh, Mrs. Rutledge.  
You wanted me to do something  
about this, didn't you?  
That call, how'd you leave it?  
She's to call me at 6 p.m.  
With instructions.  
Phone me when you've heard from her.  
As long as you're going  
to pay \$5000 for these...  
...you'd better take this.  
Goodbye, Mr. Marlowe.  
Well, it wasn't intentional.  
Try it sometime.  
- I'm back again. Remember me?  
- I'm afraid I...  
Do you remember me now?  
Now, see here!  
That was only a stall  
about those first editions.  
I got something to sell.  
Something Geiger wants. Is he in?  
No, he isn't.  
You might come back tomorrow...  
Drop the veil.  
I'm in the business myself.  
Is he sick?  
I could go to his house.  
No, that wouldn't do.  
If you'd come back tomorrow...  
Say, Agnes, you...  
Come on, Carol.  
Hurry up, will you?  
- Perhaps...  
- His name's Lundgren, isn't it?

- What do you want?  
- Who's the other guy?  
You'd better come tomorrow.  
In the morning? Early?  
Because it looks like  
you're moving today.  
All right, driver. Let's go!  
Around the corner, then take it easy.  
- Where are we going?  
- Follow a car. A tail job.  
I'm your girl, bud.  
It wouldn't be bad.  
That station wagon coming out  
of the alley. That's the one.  
Here you are, sugar.  
Buy yourself a cigar.  
If you can use me again sometime,  
call this number.  
Day and night?  
Night's better.  
I work during the day.  
- What are you...  
- Remember me? I'm Doghouse Reilly.  
The man that didn't grow very tall.  
What's the matter,  
couldn't you get in the house?  
Come on. I've got a key.  
- Where'd you leave your car?  
- Around in back.  
Looking for something?  
How much do you remember  
about last night?  
Remember what?  
I was sick last night, I was home.  
Before you went home.  
In that chair there.  
You remember, all right.  
Quit your stalling  
and stop biting your thumb!  
- Were you the one who was here?  
- How much do you remember?  
Are you the police?  
No, I'm a friend of your father's.  
Who killed Geiger?

Who else knows about it?  
What, that he's dead?  
I don't know.  
Not the cops, or they'd  
be camping here.  
Was it Joe Brody?  
Joe Brody.  
Who's he?  
I don't know how much trouble  
you're used to...  
...but I hope you've had plenty  
of practice dodging it.  
Did Brody kill him?  
I kill who?  
Yes, Joe did it.  
He did?  
Why?  
I don't know.  
But you're ready to tell  
the police he did it?  
That is, if we can get  
the photograph.  
You mean...?  
It's gone. I looked for it.  
Brody took it with him.  
I've got to go home now.  
I wouldn't say anything  
to the police about Brody just yet.  
I wouldn't say anything  
about anything.  
That you were ever here.  
Not even to your sister.  
Just leave it to Reilly.  
Your name isn't Reilly...  
Excuse the casual entrance.  
The bell didn't answer.  
Mr. Geiger around?  
We don't know where he is.  
We found the door open  
and just stepped in.  
- Friends of his?  
- Business.  
We dropped in for a book.  
Any message if he comes back?

No, I don't think so.  
We won't bother you.  
Just a minute.  
The girl can go.  
- I'd like to talk to you.  
- Suppose I don't want to talk to you?  
I've got two boys out in the car.  
It's like that, eh?  
Run along, angel.  
Your story sounds wrong.  
That's too bad.  
Got a better one?  
Maybe I can find one.  
Blood.  
Quite a lot of blood.  
Is that so?  
Do you mind?  
No, I'm used to it.  
I think we'll let  
the police in on this.  
- We'll have some law...  
- Yeah. Why not?  
Who are you, soldier?  
Marlowe.  
I'm a private detective.  
- Who's the girl?  
- A client.  
Geiger tried to throw a loop on her.  
We came to talk.  
Convenient, the door being open.  
Wasn't it?  
How'd you have a key?  
- That your business?  
- Could be.  
I could make yours mine.  
You wouldn't like it.  
The pay's too small.  
All right, I own this house.  
Geiger's my tenant.  
- Now what do you think of it?  
- You know some nice people.  
I take them as they come.  
Got any good ideas?  
One or two.

Somebody gunned Geiger.  
Or somebody got gunned  
by Geiger who ran away.  
Or he had meat for dinner  
and likes to butcher in the parlor.  
No, I don't like it either.  
Maybe you'd better call downtown.  
I don't get it.  
I don't get your game.  
Don't you, Mr. Mars?  
Wondered why you didn't  
ask me who I was.  
You're telling me Geiger was  
in a racket of some kind.  
What racket?  
I wouldn't know.  
But I'll tell you  
something you missed.  
Somebody cleaned out  
Geiger's store today.  
You talk too much.  
You really got those boys outside?  
Open the door.  
Open it yourself.  
I already got a client.  
It's all right.  
Just proving something.  
While you're here, look him over.  
- Pardon me.  
- Who is he?  
Philip Marlowe, Hobart Arms,  
Franklin Street.  
Special license,  
deputy badge and all.  
All right, outside.  
A shamus.  
The man said, outside.  
He said that.  
That's what the man said.  
He kills me.  
Is he any good?  
Who? Sidney?  
He's company for Pete.  
All right, talk.

Not to you.

I already got a client.

Who cleaned out Geiger's store?

Lots of weather we're having.

Did it rain at Las Olindas?

I might make it worth your while.

I might make it worth yours.

What do you care

who cleaned out Geiger's store?

- I could make you talk.

- It's been tried.

And?

Why don't you call the cops?

I think you'd better

get out of here.

By the way,

how's Mrs. Mars these days?

You take chances, Marlowe.

I get paid to.

Mrs. Rutledge. I've been

waiting to hear from you.

I'm sorry.

I have nothing to tell you.

- She didn't call?

- No, she didn't.

Did you get the money,

in case she does?

I have the money. I'll get in touch

with you as soon as she calls.

All right, I'll stay

right here until you call.

Geiger?

You said what?

Arthur Geiger.

The guy with the blackmail racket.

- I don't know anybody by that name.

- You're Joe Brody?

- So what?

- So you're Joe Brody.

And you don't know Geiger.

That's very funny.

You've got a funny sense of humor.

Take it somewhere else.

Joe, you got Geiger's stuff.

I got his sucker list.  
Don't you think we ought to talk?  
Now!  
All right. If you think  
you got something.  
You alone, Joe?  
Except for this.  
My, my, such a lot of guns  
around town and so few brains.  
You're the second guy  
today that thinks...  
...a gat in the hand  
means the world by the tail.  
Put it down, Joe.  
The other guy was Eddie Mars.  
You ever hear of him?  
If he gets wise to where you were  
last night, you'll hear of him.  
What would I be to Eddie Mars?  
I don't know if you don't.  
Look, don't get me wrong.  
I'm not a tough guy.  
Just careful.  
You're not careful enough.  
That play with Geiger's stuff  
was terrible.  
Don't kid yourself I won't  
use this if I have to.  
What's your story?  
Why don't you ask  
your friend to come out?  
She must get tired  
of holding her breath.  
Come on out, Agnes.  
Hello, sugar.  
I knew you were trouble.  
I told Joe...  
Ask Mrs. Rutledge to come out too.  
What did you come for?  
- Why'd you lie to me?  
- I don't need you.  
I keep out of it!  
I don't want you here.  
Will you get out?

But he won't let me.  
He's curious, bothered  
and wondering.  
You bet I'm wondering  
and I'll find out.  
- Sit down.  
- Stop waving that gun.  
I didn't do anything.  
Can't you talk without that?  
Don't argue with the man.  
- You're ruining things.  
- I'm not. If you'd...  
Say, look!  
What are you up here for?  
To keep her from paying you off,  
and to take the cops off your neck.  
What cops?  
The cops that want to know  
where the lead in Geiger came from.  
Look, Joe, you shot Geiger.  
- I didn't know...  
- The cops don't yet.  
But he wasn't alone  
when you shot him.  
Either you didn't notice that  
or you got scared and ran away.  
But you had nerve enough  
to take the film.  
And you had nerve enough  
to come back and hide the body.  
- You're crazy!  
- Shut up!  
So you could clean out the store...  
...before the law knew  
there was a murder.  
You take chances. It's lucky  
for you I didn't shoot Geiger.  
But you can step off for it anyway.  
You're made-to-order for the rap.  
You think you've got me?  
- Positive.  
- How come?  
I told you, there was a witness.  
Now don't go simple on me.

You mean Carmen.  
She'd say anything.  
So you have got that picture.  
I guess you think I'm dumb.  
Just average, for a grafter.  
You see, either you were  
there last night...  
...or you got the picture  
from somebody who was.  
You knew Carmen was there...  
...because you had your girlfriend  
threaten Mrs. Rutledge.  
The only way you could have known  
was by being there...  
...and seeing what happened.  
Or having the picture.  
Make sense?  
Who are you?  
A guy who gets paid to do  
people's laundry.  
And all I'll get out  
of it is that picture.  
How about some dough?  
I'm down to nickels.  
Not from my client.  
Get the picture, Joe.  
Stay right there.  
Here. Watch him.  
- Take it easy.  
- I want my picture.  
- Now...  
- I want my picture.  
You shot Geiger.  
Hold it!  
Get up. You look like a Pekinese.  
And since I'm collecting guns...  
Sit down, sugar.  
Now where were we?  
Oh, yes, you were just about  
to get something.  
There better not be  
any more prints.  
There won't be.  
Can I have my picture now?

Can I have my gun?

Later.

You're cute. I like you.

This is nothing. I got a Balinese dancing girl tattooed on my chest.

You better take her home.

I suppose I should thank you.

No, just don't lie to me next time.

Come on, Carmen.

Hold it, Joe.

You got off easy, Joe.

What's the matter, sugar?

- He gives me a pain...

- Goes for me too.

You got your pictures.

Get out.

- Where's the pain?

- In my...

Get out!

Not yet. We got a few things to straighten out.

I told you to get out.

What difference does it make now?

Why'd you put the bee on Mrs. Rutledge?

I tapped the old man six months ago.

I figured it might not work twice.

What made you think

Mrs. Rutledge wouldn't tell him?

- How well do you know her?

- We'll pass that.

I figured she might have a thing or two she wouldn't want him to know.

That's a little weak,

but we'll pass that too.

Say, Joe, how'd you get that picture?

You got what you came for,

and you got it cheap.

I don't know anything about it.

Do I, Agnes?

- But you just gave it to me.

- A half-smart guy.

That's what I always draw.

Never once a man who's smart all the way

around the course. Never once.  
Did I hurt you much?  
You and every other man.  
Where'd you get that picture?  
It fell out of somebody's pocket.  
- Got an alibi for last night?  
- I was here with Agnes.  
That's a great witness.  
You can only die once,  
even for a couple of murders.  
A couple of murders?  
I mean two murders. Where were you

**about 7:**

Where were you?  
All right, I was watching  
Geiger's place.  
Why?  
- To get something on him.  
- Look at me while you're talking.  
It was raining hard  
and I was in my car.  
There was a car out front and another  
down the hill. I was in back.  
- Who else was back there?  
- Nobody.  
There was a big Packard near  
where I was, so I took a look.  
It was registered to the Sternwoods.  
Nothing happened, so I got tired  
of waiting and I went home.  
I know where that Packard is now?  
It's in the sheriff's garage.  
It was fished out of 12 feet of water  
off Lido Pier this morning.  
There was a dead man in it.  
It was pointed toward the end of  
the pier and the throttle pulled out.  
- You can't pin that on me.  
- I can try.  
Sit down, Joe.  
The dead man was Owen Taylor,  
Sternwood's chauffeur.  
He went up to Geiger's

because he was sweet on Carmen.  
He didn't like the games  
Geiger was playing.  
He let himself in the back  
with a jimmy and he had a gun.  
The gun went off, as guns will,  
and Geiger fell down dead.  
Owen ran with the film.  
You went after him and got it.  
All right, you're right.  
I heard the shots...  
...and saw him run out and  
enter the Packard and away.  
I followed him.  
He turned west on Sunset.  
And beyond Beverly...  
...he skidded off the road  
and came to a stop.  
So I came up and played copper.  
He had a gun. He was rattled,  
so I sapped him down.  
I figured the film might be  
worth something, so I took it.  
That's the last I saw of him.  
So you left an unconscious man  
in a car way out near Beverly.  
And you want me to believe  
somebody came along...  
...ran that car to the ocean,  
pushed it off the pier...  
...then hid Geiger's body?  
- Well, I didn't...  
- Somebody did.  
You wanted time to take over.  
You can't prove I did it.  
I don't particularly want to.  
All I want to do is find out  
what Geiger had on the Sternwoods.  
Maybe you and I can make  
a little deal.  
Go ahead.  
Maybe she's back.  
If she is, she hasn't got her gun.  
You got a match, bud?

What will it be, kid?  
Me or the cops?  
What do you want?  
Sit in that car,  
back of the wheel. You drive.  
As soon as this police car goes by,  
we're going to Geiger's house.  
By the way, Carol,  
you shot the wrong guy.  
Brody didn't kill Geiger.  
All right, let's go.  
- You got a key. Let's go in.  
- Who said I got a key?  
All right, come on!  
Maybe you need this.  
- Hello.  
- Hello, Bernie?  
Is this who I think it is?  
It's Marlowe.  
How are you fixed for red points?  
I haven't got any.  
Who has?  
I got some cold meat set out,  
might interest you.  
What are you talking about?  
You boys find a gun on Owen Taylor...  
...when they fished him out of  
the drink last night?  
That's police business.  
I know it's police business.  
But if they did,  
it had three empty shells in it.  
You come up to  
...off Laurel Canyon Road, and  
I'll show you where the slugs went.  
- I'll be right out.  
- I'll be waiting for you.  
What did you hide Geiger's body for?  
Do you admit shooting Brody?  
Take a jump, Jack.  
He doesn't have to admit it.  
Here's his gun.  
I'm late. I'm sorry.  
How are you today?

Better than last night.  
I can agree on that.  
- Hello, Max.  
- Good afternoon.  
- Got a table for us?  
- Certainly, madam. This way, please.  
I'll have a scotch, mixed.  
A scotch and plain water.  
How'd you happen to  
pick out this place?  
Maybe I wanted to hold your hand.  
That can be arranged.  
Why'd you want to see me?  
My father was very pleased when  
he saw the morning papers. So was I.  
We were lucky. I managed to keep  
the Sternwoods out of it.  
He hopes you didn't  
involve yourself too deeply.  
You tell him it was  
no fault of yours?  
No. He asked me to give you a check.  
I don't need any money yet.  
He considers the case closed.  
It is, isn't it?  
As far as Geiger is concerned, yes.  
Then it's completely closed.  
I hope this is satisfactory.  
Five hundred!  
It's a lot more than I expected,  
but welcome just the same.  
We're very grateful to you,  
Mr. Marlowe, and...  
...I'm very glad it's all over.  
Tell me, what do you do  
when you're not working?  
Play the horses, fool around.  
No women?  
I'm generally working on  
something, most of the time.  
Could that be stretched to include me?  
I like you.  
I told you that before.  
I liked hearing you say it.

But you didn't do much about it.  
Neither did you.  
Speaking of horses, I like to  
play them myself.  
But I like to see them work out  
a little first.  
See if they're front-runners  
or come from behind.  
Find out what their whole card is.  
What makes them run.  
Find out mine?  
I think so.  
Go ahead.  
I'd say you don't like to be rated.  
You like to get out in front...  
...open up a lead...  
...take a little breather in  
the backstretch...  
...and then come home free.  
You don't like to be rated yourself.  
I haven't met anyone yet  
that could do it.  
Any suggestions?  
I can't tell till I've seen you  
over a distance of ground.  
You got a touch of class,  
but I don't know how far you can go.  
A lot depends on who's in the saddle.  
Go ahead, Marlowe,  
I like the way you work.  
In case you don't know it,  
you're doing all right.  
There's one thing I can't figure out.  
What makes me run?  
I'll give you a little hint.  
Sugar won't work. It's been tried.  
What did you try it on me for?  
Who told you to sugar me off this case?  
Was it Eddie Mars?  
All right, don't answer me.  
But your father didn't tell you  
to pay me off, did he?  
No. He's not well.  
I used my own judgment.

Are you sure?

I know it hasn't worked so well up till now.

What's Eddie Mars got to do with this case?

Nothing. He runs a gambling house.

I play horses. I play the wheel.

You're playing something else too.

Never mind talking. Let me do it.

Did you know Shawn Regan was supposed to run off with Mars' wife?

Who doesn't?

Did you know he owned the house and was mixed up in that racket too?

- I don't believe...

- Then why does it bother you so much?

What's Eddie Mars got on you?

Come now, angel. Stop shaking.

I don't want to hurt you,

I'm trying to help you.

You better run along.

But you made a deal and you're going to stick to it, right or wrong.

We'll take up the question of you and I when the race is over.

- The only trouble is, we could've...

- Pardon me?

The only trouble is, we could have had a lot of fun...

...if you weren't a detective.

We still can.

So long, Marlowe.

- Waiter?

- Sir?

- Have you got a phone?

- Over there.

Deposit 55 cents, sir.

- How much is that?

- 55 cents.

Here's your party, sir.

Hello? Hello!

May I speak with Mr. Mars, please?

This is Mars.

I didn't recognize your voice.  
This is Marlowe.  
I want to see you.  
Sure. When?  
I'd like to drive up this evening.  
Come ahead.  
Mr. Mars around? I'm Marlowe.  
He's expecting me.  
Wait here and I'll find out.  
He would spend it on the ponies  
He would spend it on the girls  
Buy his mother lovely roses  
For her dear old hennaed curls  
But when his wife said "Sweetie...  
... what did you get for me?"  
He socked her in the choppers  
Such a sweet, sweet guy was he  
And her tears flowed like wine  
She's a real sad tomato  
She's a busted valentine  
Knows her mama done told her  
That a man is darned unkind  
I'm a telling you, mister  
She was a sob, sob sister  
Lying on a pillow  
Weeping like a willow  
My, oh my,  
how that baby could cry  
And her tears flowed like wine  
Yes, her tears flowed like wine  
Hello, boys.  
Stop it!  
He's waiting to see you.  
Thanks.  
- Hello, Eddie.  
- Hello, Marlowe. Glad you came.  
You never been here before?  
My first time.  
I wouldn't be here now...  
...if you hadn't told me I could  
come up here if I needed help.  
Drink?  
I like the way you've  
handled this whole thing.

It made me sore at first, but I see now  
you knew what you were doing.  
You and I could get along.  
I like to pay my bills as I go.  
- How much do I owe you?  
- For what?  
Still careful, huh?  
All right, then.  
I want some information...  
...about Shawn Regan.  
You got that already from  
the Bureau of Missing Persons.  
- You get around.  
- My boys do.  
- Where is he?  
- I haven't any idea.  
You didn't bump him off, did you?  
No. You think I did?  
- That's what I came here to ask you.  
- You're kidding?  
All right, I'm kidding.  
You didn't do it and your boys  
aren't good enough to.  
I used to know Regan.  
I thought you told me you weren't  
looking for Regan.  
I wasn't then.  
Maybe I just got curious.  
I finally got it through my skull  
that the general was worried...  
...Regan might be mixed up  
in this blackmail business.  
Sternwood can turn over now  
and go back to sleep.  
It was Geiger's own racket.  
I did some inquiring myself today.  
When Geiger and Brody got gunned,  
that washed the whole thing up.  
- That, I'm sure of.  
- It's finished then.  
The general thinks like you do.  
He paid me off today.  
I'm sorry to hear that.  
I wish he'd hire you to keep

that daughter of his home.

- She's out there now.

- I know, I heard her.

She's not very popular here.

When she loses, she doubles and

I wind up with a fistful of paper.

- Lf she wins, she takes my money home.

- Don't you get it back next time?

- She spends it somewhere else.

- Oh, she goes on the cuff.

I'd keep her out of here then.

- I took the trip for nothing.

- Sorry I can't help you.

You mind if I look the place over  
before I go back?

Go ahead. Take that door,  
it comes out behind the tables.

No, thanks. I'll go out  
with the other suckers.

Maybe someday I can do you  
a real favor.

Maybe.

There's one thing that puzzles me.

You don't seem in a hurry  
to find that wife of yours.

I hear she's not the kind of wife  
a guy wants to lose.

Could it be you know where she is,  
and maybe Regan too?

Stop being curious. What's between  
me and my wife is between us.

Sorry.

Oh, Eddie, you don't have  
anybody watching me, do you?

Tailing me in a gray Plymouth coupe?

No. Why should I?

I can't imagine, unless you're  
worried about where I am all the time.

I don't like you that well.

So long, Eddie.

- Mr. Marlowe?

- Mr. Marlowe?

- Mrs. Rut...

- Mrs. Rut...

You better take it.  
Mrs. Rutledge asked if you'd  
look her up before you went.  
She's at the center table.  
Thank you both.  
Mr. Marlowe? Mrs. Rutle...  
Mrs. Rutledge wants to see me.  
- How did you know?  
- He told me.  
She sure is picking them tonight.  
She won eight bets in a row.  
- I didn't hear him tell you anything.  
- He didn't.  
What kind of game is this?  
Spin the wheel.  
I want another play.  
I'm sorry. You have  
more than \$ 14,000 there...  
...and the table cannot cover your bet!  
It's your money.  
Don't you want it back?  
I sent for Mr. Mars.  
- Look, lady, you know...  
- Do you want to cover it?  
- Hello, Marlowe.  
- Hello.  
The lady.  
Something the matter,  
Mrs. Rutledge?  
I'd like one more play.  
All this on the red.  
Cover her bet in even thousands.  
If no one objects to this turn of  
the wheel being for the lady alone.  
Wish me luck, Marlowe.  
You wanted to see me.  
The people I came with want to stay...  
...so I thought maybe you'd  
like to drive me home.  
- Sure.  
- Are you ready, lady?  
- Yeah, I'm ready.  
- So am I.  
Number five, red!

You did all right.  
I'll get my car while you collect...  
...and meet you outside.  
Good night.  
This is a gun, lady.  
I want that money.  
Yell, and I'll cut you in half!  
Give me that bag!  
Hello, pal! Easy!  
Somebody's always giving me guns.  
You can turn around now.  
I don't like people who play games.  
Tell your boss...  
...when you wake up.  
I'm glad I asked you to take me home.  
So am I.  
Shall we go now?  
Why are you trembling? Don't tell me  
you were scared. I won't believe it.  
I'm not used to being hijacked.  
Give me a little time.  
Hijacked? Is that what it was?  
What else?  
You're still shaking.  
What's the matter?  
You weren't worried about me?  
Afraid I'd get hurt?  
When did you begin to  
feel that way about me?  
Why are we stopping?  
To settle something.  
All right...  
...let's begin with what  
Eddie Mars has on you.  
If he had anything, would it be  
any of your business?  
You've already been paid, haven't you?  
Yeah, by you.  
- Are you after more money?  
- I guess you've got a right to ask.  
No, I've already been well-paid.  
I've got another reason.  
You like my father, don't you?  
Why don't you stop?

Remember I said I was beginning  
to like another Sternwood?  
- I wish you'd show it.  
- That should be awful easy.  
I liked that.  
I'd like more.  
That's even better.  
All right.  
Now that's settled.  
What's Eddie Mars got on you?  
- So that's the way it is.  
- That's the way it is.  
I kissing you is all right.  
I'd like to do more of it.  
But first I want to find out  
what Eddie Mars has on you.  
- Lf you say that again...  
- I'll keep saying it till I find out.  
I told Eddie Mars  
I was coming up to see him.  
When I arrived, you were there.  
You two staged an act.  
He let you win a lot of money...  
...and then sent a man  
to take it away from you...  
...to prove there was  
nothing between you.  
You're shaking again.  
Take me home.  
Sure I will.  
But first, open that bag.  
If there's 28 grand in it,  
I'll eat every word I've said.  
Open it and make a sap out of me  
or else stop playing me for one.  
Take me home.  
All right, but that's as far  
as I'll carry you.  
From now on, you can  
take care of yourself.  
What does the hat check girl  
get for a tip?  
I'm trying to think of something  
appropriate. How'd you get in here?

Bet you can't guess.  
I'll bet I can.  
You came in through the keyhole,  
like Peter Pan.  
Who's he?  
A guy I used to know  
around a poolroom.  
You're cute.  
I'm getting cuter every minute.  
How did you get in?  
I showed the manager your card.  
I stole it from Vivian.  
I told him you said  
to come up and wait.  
I want...  
See, I remembered.  
What do you remember about Shawn Regan?  
- I didn't like him.  
- Yeah, why?  
He didn't pay any more attention  
to me than you do.  
Treated me like a baby all the time.  
How's Eddie Mars treat you?  
I don't know him.  
You sure?  
You know who he is, don't you?  
He's always calling Vivian up.  
Why? Is he cute?  
I think you're telling the  
truth, for a change.  
Is he as cute as you are?  
Nobody is.  
I've had a long day.  
You'd better be going.  
- Come on, Carmen.  
- I don't want to.  
- You can't...  
- Shut up!  
Hello, Phil?  
Hello, Bernie. What's up?  
I want to see you down here,  
right away.  
I just woke up.  
I haven't had breakfast.

**It's 2:**

If you're not here in 30 minutes  
you'll be eating on the county.

I'd rather buy my own.

I know that food the county puts out.

All right, I'll be there.

Don't you know better than to wake  
a man at 2 p.m.?

- What's up?

- I got some orders for you.

You're to lay off the Sternwood case.

- Who says so?

- The DA

The DA, huh?

He must have changed his mind.

Who changed it for him?

- General Sternwood.

- Personally?

All right. Between you and me,  
he didn't talk to the general.

He talked to the daughter,

Mrs. Rutledge.

- Any reason given?

- Not that I know of.

There's no law says a man can't  
work on a case without a client.

You know, just to keep his hand in.

I'm just supposed to  
tell you to lay off.

I know, you just work here.

Put yourself in my shoes  
for a minute.

A nice old guy has two daughters.

One of them is "wonderful."

The other is not so wonderful.

As a result, somebody gets  
something on her.

The father hires me to pay off...

...but before I can,

the family chauffeur kills him.

But that didn't stop things.

It just starts them.

And two murders later, I find out

somebody's got something on "Wonderful."

Who's somebody?

- I think it's Eddie Mars.

- Why?

For one thing, he owns the house  
Geiger was killed in.

He did. The day after the murder,  
he transfers the deed to a dummy.

What have you got that hooks  
Mars up with Mrs. Rutledge?

Last night, the two of them...

...I don't want to bore you  
with the whole story...

...but they went to the moon to prove  
there was nothing between them.

I think there is, and it's got  
something to do with Shawn Regan.

Who's missing and supposed to have  
run off with Eddie Mars' wife?

What does the general  
think about all this?

I don't know.

"Wonderful" won't let me get to him.

You still want me to lay off?

The DA does, but you do all  
right following your own hunches.

Thanks, Bernie.

I'm going out to get breakfast.

You want a cup of coffee?

I can't afford to be seen with you.

So long, Bernie.

Sternwood residence.

Hello, Norris? This is Marlowe.

Yes, Mr. Marlowe. L...

I'd like to come out  
and see General Sternwood.

I don't think it  
would be possible tonight.

- Why not?

- I've been trying to call you.

Mrs. Rutledge is very anxious  
to talk to you.

If you'll wait just a minute,  
I'll put her on.

Hey, sugar, you got a match?  
Sure thing.  
Hello, Marlowe?  
Thanks.  
Hello, Mrs. Rutledge.  
I wanted to tell you  
you can stop worrying...  
... and call off your bloodhounds.  
We found Shawn.  
What's that?  
You've found Shawn?  
Yes. He's been in Mexico.  
He hasn't been very well.  
What happened?  
An accident of some kind.  
We didn't get all the details.  
I'm leaving at once to meet him.  
I see.  
I suppose the general's quite pleased.  
We haven't told him yet.  
We thought it best to wait.  
Thanks for telling me.  
Have a nice trip.  
I will. Goodbye.  
Goodbye.  
Say, mister...  
...would you please...  
This is just our way  
of saying, "Lay off."  
You the guy that's been tailing me?  
Yeah. My name's Jones.  
Harry Jones.  
I want to see you.  
Swell!  
Did you want to see those guys jump me?  
I didn't care one way or the other.  
You could've yelled for help.  
A guy's playing a hand, I let him  
play it. I'm no kibitzer.  
You got brains.  
Get my hat, will you?  
Help me up to my office.  
That working over they gave you  
was the best I've seen.

And I've been around too.  
Used to run a little liquor.  
Rode the scout car  
with a Tommy gun in my lap.  
- Tough racket.  
- Terrible!  
Sit down. You make me nervous.  
Maybe you don't believe me.  
What do you want?  
That's better.  
I've got something to sell, cheap.  
For a couple of C's.  
Don't let me stop you.  
- Don't you want to even know who I am?  
- I already know.  
You're not a cop.  
You don't belong to Eddie Mars,  
because I asked him.  
So you must be one of Brody's friends.  
So Agnes is loose again, huh?  
How'd you know that?  
She's a nice girl.  
We're talking about getting married.  
She's too big for you.  
That's a dirty crack, brother.  
I suppose you're right.  
Maybe I've been running around  
with the wrong people.  
Cut the babble.  
What do you want?  
If you're looking for something,  
will you pay for it?  
- Lf it does what?  
- Helps you find Regan.  
This is getting funny.  
I'm supposed to pay you two C's for  
telling me I'm looking for Regan.  
People have been  
telling me that for days.  
I don't even pass out cigars anymore.  
Do you want to know what I've got,  
or don't you?  
I don't know.  
information in my circle.

Would you pay it to know  
where Eddie Mars' wife is?  
Would you pay \$ 200 for that, shamus?  
I think I might.  
- Where?  
- Agnes found her.  
She'll tell you, when she has  
the dough in her hand.  
You might tell the cops for nothing.  
I ain't so brittle.  
Agnes must have something  
I didn't notice.  
I ain't tried to pull anything.  
I came here with a straight  
proposition. Take it or leave it.  
One right guy to another.  
You start waving cops at me.  
You ought to be ashamed of yourself.  
I am.  
- Have you got the money?  
- Where's Agnes?  
You know Puss Walgreen's office?  
Fulwider Building?  
No, but I can find it.  
Will you be in shape to meet  
me there in an hour?  
- I guess so.  
- You bring the dough.  
I'll take you to Agnes.  
Who are you?  
What do you want?  
I wanted to see you.  
Who are you?  
I work for Eddie Mars.  
My name is Canino.  
Canino?  
- Sure!  
- I thought you would remember.  
What do you want?  
Why have you been following  
that detective, Marlowe?  
- Who says I've been?  
- I do!  
That was a mistake, your mistake.

Eddie Mars don't like it.  
Sit down and quit stalling!  
Why are you tailing Marlowe?  
All right, there's no harm telling.  
It was for Joe Brody's girl.  
She's got to get out of town,  
that takes dough.  
She figured she could  
get it through Marlowe.  
Why would he pay?  
You know about the night  
the kid bumped Brody?  
The young Sternwood girl was there.  
Only Marlowe didn't tell the cops that.  
Agnes figured it was railroad fare  
as soon as she could get hold of him.  
- You get it?  
- Sure I get it.  
- Where's this Agnes?  
- What do you care?  
What do you want with her?  
What's she got...  
What's the matter, Jones?  
Ain't you ever seen a gun before?  
Where's the girl?  
You want me to count to three,  
like a movie?  
Where's Agnes?  
You win.  
She's in an apartment...  
...at 28 Court Street.  
Apartment 301.  
I guess I'm yellow, all right.  
You just got good sense.  
I ain't going to hurt her.  
Not if everything's like you say.  
You're nervous, ain't you?  
- I think maybe you need a drink.  
- I don't think so...  
You got a glass?  
At the water cooler.  
There you are, pal.  
Drink her down.  
Well, drink it!

What do you think it is, poison?  
I bet that Agnes of yours  
wouldn't turn it down.  
No, I'll bet she wouldn't.  
What's funny?  
Nothing's funny.  
So long, Jonesy.  
Information, give me the phone number  
of apartment 301, 28 Court Street.  
Thank you. One moment, please.  
Courtview Apartments.  
Office, this is Police Identification  
Bureau, Wallace speaking.  
You got a girl living there  
named Agnes Lowzier?  
Nobody by that name here.  
Have you got a brunette with  
green eyes, kind of slanted...  
...either alone or with a little guy,  
weighs about 115 pounds...  
...wears a gray hat and gray suit?  
Sorry. Nothing like that.  
Somebody just gave out  
the wrong address.  
Thanks.  
You did all right, Jonesy.  
But you left me high and dry.  
Who is this?  
- What did you say?  
- I said, "Who is this?"  
Hello, Agnes. This is Marlowe.  
Marlowe, the man you want to see.  
Is Harry there?  
Yeah, he's here.  
- Put him on, will you?  
- He can't talk to you.  
- Why?  
- Because he's dead.  
Your little man died to keep  
you out of trouble.  
I got your money for you.  
Do you want it?  
- Yeah, I want it.  
- Have you got a car?

Where can I meet you?  
Rampart and Oakwood.  
I'll be there in half an hour.  
What happened to Harry?  
There's no use going into that.  
You don't really care anyway.  
Just put it down your little man  
deserved something better.  
Here you are. Here's your 200.  
Joe and I were riding on Foothill  
Boulevard a couple of weeks ago.  
We passed a brown coupe and I saw  
the girl who was driving.  
She was Eddie Mars' wife.  
- There was a fellow with her. Canino.  
- I know him.  
Some people you don't forget,  
even if you've only seen them once.  
We got curious and Joe tailed them.  
Do you know where Realito is?  
About 10 miles east,  
there's a side road.  
Off the highway, there's  
a garage and paint shop...  
...run by a guy named Art Huck.  
Hot-car drop, likely.  
And a frame house right behind it.  
That's where Eddie Mars' wife  
is holed up.  
- You sure of that?  
- Why should I lie?  
Art Huck's, 10 miles east of Realito.  
Is that right?  
So long, copper. Wish me luck.  
I got a raw deal.  
Hey, your kind always does.  
What do you want?  
Open up. I got a flat  
back here on the highway.  
Sorry, mister.  
We're closed for the night.  
Better try Realito.  
All right.  
Come on in.

You'd scare off  
a lot of trade with that.  
You can get yourself hurt,  
kicking on doors.  
Cut it out, Art.  
The guy's right.  
You run a garage, don't you?  
Go ahead. Give him a hand.  
Thanks, mister.  
I suppose you can fix flats?  
Good as you can make them, but  
I'm busy working on a spray job.  
It's too damp for a  
good spray job, Art.  
You got time to fix his tires.  
- But I don't...  
- Get moving!  
Sure.  
Here's the key to the back.  
Put the spare on.  
That'll make it easier.  
Yeah, I took a skid up at the corner.  
A front tire went.  
Lucky to find some help.  
You live around here?  
Just drove in from Reno  
and Carson City.  
Came the long way around, huh?  
Business trip?  
Partly.  
Having your car painted?  
Just a spray job.  
Art's pretty slow.  
He should've been finished by now.  
All right, Art.  
Take him in the house.  
You'd be Mrs. Eddie Mars...  
...the blonde Regan was  
supposed to have run off with.  
That's right.  
Where is Shawn Regan?  
I'd like to know that myself.  
Hello, angel!  
I thought I'd find you here.

But you don't seem to be  
running in front today.  
Remove that light, will you,  
or move me?  
I suppose we're in the house,  
in back of the garage.  
That's right.  
The boys don't take  
any chances, do they?  
Where are they,  
out digging a grave?  
You had to go on with this,  
didn't you?  
- Where are they?  
- They've gone to telephone.  
To call up Eddie Mars, huh?  
To find out what to do with me.  
I could've told them that.  
Why did you have to go on?  
Too many people told me to stop.  
Light me a cigarette,  
will you, angel?  
Why did you have to make trouble?  
Eddie never did you any harm.  
Besides, I was never in love with  
Shawn. We were just good friends.  
If I hadn't hidden here  
when Shawn disappeared...  
...the police would've been  
certain he killed him.  
Maybe he did kill him.  
Eddie's not that kind.  
You mean, Eddie Mars  
never kills anybody?  
- You really believe that, don't you?  
- Yes, I do!  
How do you suppose  
I found out you were here?  
How did you?  
A little man named  
Harry Jones told me.  
A funny little guy, harmless.  
I liked him.  
He sold me the information

because he found out...  
...I was working for General Sternwood.  
How he found out's a long story.  
Anyway, Canino, your husband's  
hired man, got to him first...  
...while I stood around like a sap.  
I was in the next room.  
Now that little man is dead.  
- But Eddie Mars didn't do that.  
- You're lying.  
Eddie Mars never kills anybody.  
He just hires it done.  
You think he's just a gambler,  
don't you?  
I think he's a blackmailer,  
a hot-car broker.  
- Stop talking!  
- A killer by remote control.  
Anything with money pinned to it!  
Anything rotten!  
Ask him when you see him.  
Well, that got rid of her.  
She's okay. I like her.  
You like too many people.  
Never mind, angel.  
The water feels good.  
I wonder if you'd do  
what she did for a man.  
I was wondering that myself.  
There's nothing to do but  
wait for Canino to come back.  
He doesn't know  
I was in the other room.  
You know what he'll do  
when he finds out?  
He'll beat my teeth out and then  
kick me in the stomach for mumbling.  
That's just a start.  
It won't be pretty.  
Please don't talk like that!  
You should have gone to Mexico...  
Stop! Please!  
Then, you couldn't have gone,  
could you?

The border patrol would've  
checked you through alone.  
Too many people would've  
seen you without Regan.  
It was much safer to come here with her,  
especially for Eddie Mars.  
Will you get out of this  
and stay out if I let you go?  
Take this thing out of  
my mouth, will you?  
That's better.  
Get a knife and cut these ropes.  
Watch your fingers.  
Don't cut toward your hand.  
Who's got a key to these handcuffs?  
Canino.  
I don't suppose there's a gun  
around here?  
None that I know of.  
The boys made a fast trip.  
What can you do?  
Look, angel. I'm going to  
leave you in a tough spot.  
That's all right with me.  
- How do I get out of here?  
- That door leads onto a side porch.  
All right, as soon as I've gone,  
you count to 20 slowly...  
...and then scream your head off.  
- I will!  
All right. Start counting.  
Get going, Art.  
You heard what I said!  
There! Behind the wheel!  
Over here, Canino!  
That looks like the key.  
We'll have to take his car.  
How far is it from back there  
to the nearest telephone?  
About eight or 10 miles to Realito.  
Why?  
When Mars' wife gets my car fixed,  
and he finds out what happened...  
...there'll be plenty of trouble.

You'll be in it  
just as much as I will.  
I don't mind,  
as long as you're around.  
I didn't have a chance to thank you  
for what you did back there.  
You looked good, awful good!  
I didn't know they made them  
like that anymore.  
I guess I'm in love with you.  
Will you go to the police with me?  
I can't.  
Why not?  
What if I told you  
I killed Shawn Regan?  
Would you tell the police that?  
I will if you take me there.  
I'm not going to.  
Look, angel, I'm tired.  
My jaw hurts, my ribs ache,  
I killed a man back there...  
...and stood by while a  
harmless guy was killed.  
I can't say all that happened...  
...because Geiger tried to throw  
a loop over Carmen.  
They'll swarm over your house...  
...so fast that every closet  
your family's been in...  
...for the last six years  
will look like a police convention.  
They'll all ask the same question:  
"Where's Shawn Regan?  
Why did Mars hide his wife out to make  
it look like she ran off with Regan?"  
Why did you hide out there?  
You're playing with dynamite.  
Don't ask any more questions.  
I won't even ask you  
how you got into this mess.  
I'll ask Eddie Mars  
if I can get there quick enough.  
Why are you doing that?  
I guess I'm in love with you.

Hello. Let me talk to Mr. Mars.  
Hello, Eddie.  
This is Marlowe.  
Yeah, Marlowe,  
or what's left of him.  
That Canino's a pretty good boy.  
You'll have trouble getting  
another as good.  
What's the matter, Eddie?  
Can't you talk?  
I'm in Realito, the same  
place Canino called from.  
Only now, it's me that's calling.  
I want to see you.  
Why don't you go to the police?  
I just killed your best boy.  
Do you want to see me  
or don't you?  
All right. Where?  
Las Olindas is too far.  
Not your apartment either.  
Your house?  
You mean the one that Geiger lived in?  
All right. When?  
How long will it take me  
to get there?  
I'll be there just as quick as I can.  
- That worked.  
- You're taking an awful chance.  
He'll be here in 10 minutes.  
Go through there, and make sure that  
back door is locked...  
...and then close all these curtains.  
I'll get rid of the car.  
You're the one who's shaking now.  
I'm scared, angel.  
I'm sore too.  
Mars has been ahead of me  
all the way. Way ahead!  
If I don't get the jump on him  
this time, we're cooked.  
There they are.  
Watch the back.  
If you see anybody coming,

yell like you did before.

- What is it?

- The curtain! Stop it swinging.

I got here first, Eddie.

Put those scissors down.

Put them down!

Turn around.

Over there.

Sit down.

There's two men out in back,  
behind some trees.

- Watch them.

- Hello, Mr. Mars.

- You double-crossing...

- I told you to sit down.

And leave her out of it.

She's all right, Eddie.

She kept her deal with you.

She didn't tell me a thing...

...except that she killed Regan.

But I didn't believe that.

Regan's dead, all right,  
but she didn't do it.

It was Carmen, wasn't it?

How'd it happen?

- She didn't tell...?

- I asked you how it happened.

- Carmen liked Regan.

- But he liked your wife.

And he said no to Carmen.

She gets mad when anybody says that.

I've seen her that way. Go on.

She was high. By the time it was over,  
she couldn't remember much about it.

I've seen her that way too.

- Then you hid the body.

- You can't prove that.

It'll be just as bad for you  
if I prove it to myself.

Then you started to blackmail  
Mrs. Rutledge...

...by telling her what Carmen had done.

How did you prove to her  
that Carmen had done it?

Prove it to me.  
You've seen Carmen when she's that way.  
Sure I have. Have you?  
Why didn't you know her  
when you walked in that day?  
You're pretty smart,  
but I've been waiting for this one.  
What are you going to do?  
I said you were smart.  
You walked in without a gun.  
You were going to agree to everything,  
just like you're doing now.  
When I went out,  
things would be different.  
That's what those boys  
are doing out there.  
But everything's changed now,  
because I got here first.  
Angel, get on the floor!  
Don't get excited, Marlowe.  
If anything happens,  
if there's any shooting, you'll just...  
What do you think will happen now?  
What will your boys think?  
What will they do to  
the first one out that door?  
Who's it going to be, you or me?  
- Look, Marlowe...  
- You look at this!  
Haven't you ever seen a gun before?  
You want me to count to three,  
like they do in the movies?  
That's what Canino said  
to little Jonesy.  
- Don't go crazy!  
- Jonesy took it better than you.  
- That's one, Eddie!  
- Don't, Marlowe!  
That's two, Eddie!  
Don't shoot, it's me! Mars!  
Bernie? This is Marlowe.  
I've got some more red points for you.  
- Who is it this time?  
- Eddie Mars.

His boys got him.  
There's more to it than that.  
He killed Regan.  
I'll tell you about it when I see you.  
Where are you?  
The same place, Laverne Terrace.  
Come up and get me out of here.  
And watch yourself.  
They may still be outside.  
Right away.  
It won't take him long.  
Wait, let me do the talking.  
I don't know what I'll tell him,  
but it'll be pretty close to the truth.  
You'll have to send Carmen away...  
...from a lot of things.  
They have places for that.  
Maybe they can cure her.  
It's been done before.  
We'll have to tell your father  
about Regan. I think he can take it.  
You've forgotten one thing.  
Me.  
What's wrong with you?  
Nothing you can't fix.