

POLICEMAN
(recognizing him --
his arm goes down)
I didn't know you at first. They're
back there.
(he jerks a thumb
over his shoulder)

CAMERA PANS with him toward the alley-way in which a dark ambulance stands.

7. MED. SHOT - THE ALLEY-WAY

as Spade enters. It is bordered on one side by a waist-high fence. Spade crosses to a place where a ten-foot length of the top rail of the fence has been torn from a post at one end and hangs dangling from the other. He looks down.

8. LONG SHOT - THE HILLSIDE

SHOOTING over Spade's shoulder. From the foot of the fence the hillside drops steeply away. Fifteen feet down the slope a flat boulder sticks up. Two men stand in the angle between the boulder and slope. One is pointing a camera. A bulb flashes and we get a momentary glimpse of a body lying on the boulder. Other men with lights move up and down the slope. One of them raises a torch so the beam strikes Spade in the face.



POLHAUS
(calls)
Hello, Sam.

Lowering the beam, Tom Polhaus clambers up to the alley, his shadow running before him. Stepping over the fence, he joins Spade by the broken rail. He is a barrel-bellied, tall man with shrewd, small eyes. His shoes, his hands and his knees are covered with mud.

POLHAUS
I figured you'd want to see it
before we took him away.

SPADE
Thanks, Tom. What happened?

Polhaus points at his own left breast with a muddy finger.

POLHAUS
Got him right through the pump
with this.

He takes a flat revolver from his coat pocket, holds it toward Spade but Spade doesn't take it. After a moment Polhaus flashes his light on it. Mud inlays the depressions in the revolver's surface.

POLHAUS

A Webley. English, ain't it?

Spade takes his elbow from the fence post, leans down to look at the weapon but does not touch it.

SPADE

Yes. Webley-Fosbery Automatic Revolver, thirty-eight, eight shot. They don't make them anymore. How many gone out of it?

POLHAUS

One pill.
(he pokes his left
breast again)

SPADE

(speaking quickly)
He was shot up here, huh?... standing like you are with his back to the fence. The man that shot him stands here.

(he goes in front
of Polhaus and
raises his hand
chest high with
a leveled fore-
finger)

Miles goes back, taking the top off the fence and going on through and down till the rock catches him. That it?

POLHAUS

That's it.
(he works his
brows together)
The blast burnt his coat.

SPADE

Who found him?

POLHAUS

Man on the boat.

SPADE

Anybody hear the shot?

POLHAUS

Somebody must've. We only just got here, Sam.

(turning he puts
a leg back over
the fence)

Coming down for a look at him before he's moved?

SPADE

(shortly)

No.

Polhaus, astride the fence, looks at Spade with surprised, small eyes.

SPADE

You've seen everything I could.

Polhaus nods doubtfully, withdraws leg from the fence.

POLHAUS

His gun was tucked away on his hip. It hadn't been fired. His overcoat was buttoned. There was a hundred dollar bill in his vest pocket and thirty some bucks in his pants... Was he working Sam?

After a moment's hesitation, Sam nods.

POLHAUS

Well?

SPADE

He was supposed to be tailing a fellow named Floyd Thursby.

POLHAUS

What for?

Spade puts his hands into his overcoat pocket, blinks sleepy eyes at Polhaus.

POLHAUS

(impatiently)

What for?

SPADE

We were trying to find out where he lived.

He gins slightly, takes his hand from his pocket, pats Polhaus' shoulder.

SPADE

Don't crowd me.
 (his hands go
 back into his
 pockets)
 I'm going out to break the news to
 Miles' wife.
 (He turns away)

Polhaus, scowling, opens his mouth, closes it, without having said anything, clears his throat, puts the scowl off his face and speaks with a husky sort of gentleness.

POLHAUS

It's tough -- him getting it like that. Miles had his faults same as the rest of us but I guess he must of had some good points too.

SPADE

I guess so.

He goes toward the mouth of the alley. The brick wall to his left reflects the light of another flash bulb.

9. MED. SHOT - BUSH STREET

Spade comes out of the alley, turns down Bush Street. The uniformed policeman is on the sidewalk now.

POLICEMAN

(as Spade passes)
 Bad business.

SPADE

Bad enough.

Another car pulls up. Two men get out, one in uniform, and cross toward the alley. The first policeman salutes the one who is not in uniform. Spade goes on down the street.

WIPE TO:

10. INT. DRUG STORE - CLOSE SHOT - SPADE

in telephone booth, receiver to his ear. The receiver repeats the ringing sound four times. Then:

SPADE

(into phone)
 Effie -- it's me... Listen, Precious
 ...Miles has been shot... Yes...
 He's dead... Now don't get excited...
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