

SPADE: (NARRATES) My name is Spade, Sam Spade. License number three-five-seven-eight-nine-six, issued by the police department of San Francisco.  
Occupation: private detective -- sometimes known as "private eye."

SPADE: (NARRATES) This slick dame comes to see me one day, gives me a song-and-dance about her sister and a guy called Floyd Thursby. She wants us to get her sister back before her mother and father get in from Hawaii. I put my partner, Miles Archer, on the case. That night, he gets murdered. And so does this guy Thursby.

SPADE: (NARRATES) I go round to the apartment where the dame is living, the one called Brigid O'Shaughnessy. (CHUCKLES) She had something I seemed to go for.

BRIGID: (SURPRISED TO SEE HIM) Oh, uh, Mr. Spade. Come in.

SPADE: I have come in.

BRIGID: (CHUCKLES NERVOUSLY) Oh, yes. So you have. (TROUBLED) Mr. Spade, tell me -- am I to blame for last night?

SPADE: You warned us that Thursby was dangerous. Of course, you lied to us about your sister and all that, but that doesn't count. We didn't believe you.

BRIGID: Ohh. Help me, Mr. Spade. I - I need help so badly. I've no right to ask you but I do ask you. Help me.

SPADE: (CHUCKLES) You won't need much of anybody's help. You're good. You're awful good. It's chiefly your eyes, I think, and that throb you get into your voice when you say things like - (MIMICS HER) "Help me, Mr. Spade."

BRIGID: I deserve that. But, oh, the lie was in the WAY I said it and - not at all in what I said.

SPADE: If I'm going to help you, I've got to have some sort of a line on your Floyd Thursby.

BRIGID: I met him in the Orient. We came here from Hong Kong last week.

SPADE: Did he kill Archer?

BRIGID: Yes, certainly.

SPADE: Picked a nice sort of playmate.

BRIGID: Only that sort could have helped me if - if he had been loyal.

SPADE: How bad a hole are you actually in?

BRIGID: As bad as could be.

SPADE: Physical danger?

BRIGID: I'm not heroic. I don't think there's anything worse than death.

SPADE: Then it's that?

BRIGID: It's that as surely as we're sitting here. Unless you help me.

SPADE: Who killed Thursby? Your enemies or his?

BRIGID: I don't know. His, I suppose. I'm afraid, I don't know.

SPADE: Who ARE these enemies?

BRIGID: (EVASIVE) Well, there's a small, dark man with white teeth and a smooth, dangerous fat man.