

The Adventures of Philip Marlowe  
Night Tide  
May 21 1949

CAST:

ANNOUNCER  
PHILIP MARLOWE, private detective  
MIKE BASSO, blunt; heavy ethnic  
SHARKY, a lantern-jawed moose  
GINGER, a swell dame  
ED GILES  
CHRISTINE, Johnny's soft wife  
JOHNNY DYKE, young punk

MARLOWE: When it started, the tide was high on the San Pedro waterfront, and a hot-tempered kid had murder on his mind. But there was a knife at my throat, a beating under the piers, and a corpse on the beach before the tide went out again, and the kid was finally stopped.

MUSIC: STING ... THEN IN BG

ANNOUNCER: From the pen of Raymond Chandler, outstanding author of crime fiction, comes his most famous character in--

MUSIC: DRUM ROLL

ANNOUNCER: "The Adventures of Philip Marlowe"!

MUSIC: UP, FOR THEME ... THEN OUT

ANNOUNCER: Now, with Gerald Mohr starred as Philip Marlowe, we bring you tonight's exciting story, "Night Tide."

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) It all happened in San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles. The lights on the ships were fuzzy through the wet mist that creeps up out of the ocean every night, and I drove slowly, looking for the establishment of Mike Basso, my new client. One side of the crooked street was nothing but the smell and the sound of oily salt water sloshing through the pilings beneath the piers. And the other side was a tangle of warped dingy buildings equipped to satisfy the thirsts of reckless men who never get beyond the waterfront of any port. The foghorn out on the breakwater began to bellow as I parked near a U-shaped pier labeled "Basso Docks, Private," and walked past the line of moored fishing boats to a squat two-story office. The bottom floor was dark, but the second floor had lights on. So I started up the steep wooden stairs and was halfway to the top when I caught the voices. [X] One I'd already heard over the phone when I was hired. It was my client, Mike Basso.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, SNEAK IN WATERFRONT BACKGROUND (SHIP'S HORNS IN DISTANCE,

BELLS, ET CETERA) ... BASSO AND SHARKY'S VOICES ARE SLIGHTLY MUFFLED BEHIND OFFICE DOOR ... THEIR DIALOGUE OVERLAPS SLIGHTLY WITH ABOVE, STARTING AT [X])

BASSO: I don't want dumb excuses, Sharky!

SHARKY: Aw, keep your shirt on, Mike. The boys are stubborn, that's all.

BASSO: All right, Sharky, but you'll make them jump or I'll get somebody who can! These boats got to be handled faster! Why, even that crook Johnny Dyke was better on this job than you are!

SHARKY: (OFFENDED) Johnny Dyke?! Why, I oughta--! (SUDDENLY DISMISSIVE) Ahhhh, nuts!

SOUND: SHARKY OPENS OFFICE DOOR VIOLENTLY AND STEPS OUT

SHARKY: (SURLY, TO MARLOWE) Get out of my way!

SOUND: SHARKY SLAMS OFFICE DOOR AND WALKS OFF DOWN STAIRS

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) The big guy with the lantern jaw shoved past me and stomped down the stairs. So I went on up into the office. Mike Basso looked like a block of concrete. His two hundred and twenty thick pounds hunched over a scarred roll-top desk. And as I walked in, he swung a heavy bulldog head around and glared at me.

BASSO: You never heard of knocking first, I guess. You Marlowe?

MARLOWE: That's right. The moose that just left here got me all out of the mood for courtesy.

BASSO: That's Sharky, my crew pusher.

MARLOWE: Yeah.

BASSO: Good man, but slow. Come here.

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS IN ... THEN SITS BEHIND--

BASSO: Sit down. We got other business. Have drink; cognac. (PRONOUNCED CON-YOK-EE)

MARLOWE: Thanks.

SOUND: DRINK FIXED, BOTTLE ON GLASS

BASSO: Okay? Now! There's a hothead punk by the name of Johnny Dyke. I send him to prison three years ago for stealing money from me. I made it as tough as I could for him.

MARLOWE: Any special reason why?

BASSO: Sure! Because I trust a fellow who works for me.

MARLOWE: Uh huh.

BASSO: Johnny Dyke used to have Sharky's job. But he took advantage. When the police grabbed him and found my money in his own house, he squealed like a pig and said he was framed -- like all cheap punks do.

MARLOWE: Hmm. How does this get around to you wanting a private investigator?

BASSO: Because Johnny Dyke is out of prison. Got out yesterday on parole. And he's back in town now. (SUDDENLY) Hey, you! What you looking at?

MARLOWE: Your clock. How come it says eleven-thirty at twenty to eight?

BASSO: It's electric. It was turned off last night and I didn't start it yet. Now, look, I was here with Ed Giles when he heard some noise on my private launch out there. He went down to see about it and--

MARLOWE: Who's Ed Giles?

BASSO: My general manager. While he was gone, the lights went out in here. That's when I got clubbed on the head. When I went down, I got kicked around - - plenty! I'd be killed right now, but Sharky happened to come along and the guy was scared off of me.

MARLOWE: Well, did you happen to see who it was?

BASSO: No. But Ed Giles did. He got a good look. He admitted it. Only he claims he don't know who it was. But he lies. On account of he's an old friend of Johnny Dyke's.

MARLOWE: Well, maybe Giles isn't lying. What makes you so certain it was Johnny who slugged ya?

BASSO: I found this. (BEAT) Just a book o' matches, huh?

MARLOWE: Mm hm.

BASSO: But see how the edges are crimped. Johnny Dyke always did that. He's nervous; all the time fidgeting. Sure! He might as well have left his calling card for me. Ah, it was Johnny, all right.

MARLOWE: Okay, Basso, but before you get too far in, I'll tell ya somethin'. I don't go in for bodyguarding.

BASSO: Who wants a bodyguard? Here's what you do, Marlowe. Find that punk, see what he's got in mind. He beat me up once; maybe that's all he wants. Or maybe he's coming back to put a knife in me. Just find out, and - let me know. That's all.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I looked out at the fishing boats along the pier gently

nudging each other while Mike Basso told me that Johnny had a blonde wife named Christine who ran the Albatross Café; and that Ed Giles lived alone in a house at Forty-Three Terminal Road. That was enough for a starter. So I said I'd keep in touch and left. As I walked off the pier, the blinking neon light from the sign across the street made a swirling green veil out of the mist between me and my car. So I almost got up to it before I saw her, leaning lazily against the door on the driver's side -- a girl in a tight black silk dress, cheap fur jacket, and double ankle strap spikes. She smiled with one corner of her red mouth as I walked up to her and stopped.

SOUND: WATERFRONT BACKGROUND ... MARLOWE'S STEPS APPROACH AND STOP

GINGER: Hello, sugar.

MARLOWE: Hiya, sweetheart.

GINGER: The name's Ginger.

MARLOWE: Aw, that's too bad. Ginger always gives me hives.

GINGER: Don't be like that. What did Mike Basso have to say?

MARLOWE: Ah, we were talking business, baby, that's all. Say, tell me -- which way to Terminal Road?

GINGER: Uh, it intersects about ten blocks down.

MARLOWE: Mm hm.

GINGER: What's the number?

MARLOWE: Forty-Three.

GINGER: (WITH DISTASTE) Oh. You want to turn right then. Ed's place is the cozy secluded one by the water.

MARLOWE: Well. Thanks. You know Mr. Giles, huh?

GINGER: Yeah, he's around Mike all the time. He's nothing.

MARLOWE: Well. I'll see you around.

GINGER: So long, handsome.

MUSIC: BRIEF TRANSITION

SOUND: KNOCKING ON GILES' FRONT DOOR, WHICH EVENTUALLY OPENS

GILES: Yeah? You want something?

MARLOWE: You Giles, Mike Basso's man?

GILES: Yeah. So what?

MARLOWE: I'm Marlowe, private detective. I'm looking for Johnny Dyke.

GILES: Why'd you come here?

MARLOWE: 'Cause you're a friend of his; the only one.

GILES: Well, I haven't seen or heard from him, so I'm afraid I can't help ya.

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS AS HE FORCES HIS WAY INTO THE HOUSE DURING FOLLOWING--

MARLOWE: Now, wait a minute, let's go inside; I'd like to talk about the kid--

GILES: Hey, now, look--

MARLOWE: He's put himself in a pretty hopeless situation coming back here to Pedro. What do you think?

SOUND: FRONT DOOR CLOSSES

GILES: Because he's got enemies like Mike Basso and Sharky?

MARLOWE: Yeah. What's he gonna do -- fight it out or be smart and leave town?

GILES: Listen, private investigator, I told you once, I don't know because I haven't seen him.

MARLOWE: You're a liar. You saw him last night.

GILES: You're workin' for Mike, aren't ya?

SOUND: SCUFFLE ... GILES PUSHES MARLOWE TO DOOR

GILES: Get out! Beat it!

MARLOWE: Don't shove!

GILES: I'll shove harder than that, brother! (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT AS--)

SOUND: GILES PUNCHES MARLOWE

MARLOWE: (GRUNTS IN PAIN, THEN WITH EFFORT) Okay, Giles. We'll try it the hard way!

SOUND: MARLOWE PUNCHES GILES WHO FALLS TO FLOOR

MARLOWE: Now -- where's Johnny?

GILES: (DAZED, WEAKLY) I - I don't know.

SOUND: MARLOWE HAULS GILES TO HIS FEET BEHIND--

MARLOWE: Come on, get up, get up -- let's play again. You saw him last night,

didn't you? Didn't you?!

GILES: All right, all right, all right. I saw him about eleven-thirty. I was standing on the deck of Mike's launch when I heard a commotion and looked up. I saw Johnny jump down the stairs from Mike's office and run off the pier. I haven't seen him since and that's the truth!

MARLOWE: Okay. Sorry I had to make you squeal on a friend. Now, where's the Albatross Café?

GILES: The Albatross?

MARLOWE: Yeah.

GILES: On the corner of Front and Castle Avenue. But, look -- can't you leave Chris out of this? She's a good kid. She's been through a lot already.

MARLOWE: Think Johnny's gonna leave her out of it? Besides, it's for her own good that I want to see her.

GILES: Ah, I suppose you're right. But I'll tell you something for your own good, too, Marlowe. If you find Johnny Dyke, don't push him too hard. He was tough before he left; now he'll have rawhide for brains, depend on it.

MUSIC: BRIEF TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) At the corner of Front and Castle, I spotted the Albatross Café -- half on land, half teetering on a set of spindly stilts ringing the high-water mark with ragged lumps of barnacles. I parked down the street and started back when the door swung open and the lantern-jawed moose Sharky lumbered out. I watched him cross the street without seeing me and disappear between two buildings. I waited a couple of minutes and then I went in.

SOUND: CAFE DOOR (WITH LITTLE RINGING BELL) OPENS ... MARLOWE STEPS IN ... CAFE BACKGROUND ... THEN DOOR SHUTS AND MARLOWE SITS BEHIND--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Took a booth near the front. Place was neat and clean, even the tablecloths. A soft, brown-eyed blonde in a crisp peasant dress picked up a menu and came over.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: CHRISTINE'S STEPS APPROACH

CHRISTINE: (RESERVED) Good evening, sir.

MARLOWE: Chris?

CHRISTINE: Yeah?

MARLOWE: Oh. Well, Chris, it's probably not on the menu around here, but - how 'bout a double order of plain facts, straight?

CHRISTINE: (AMUSED) What are you talking about?

MARLOWE: Johnny. You remember Johnny Dyke, your husband?

CHRISTINE: (GUARDED) Who are you, mister?

MARLOWE: Private detective named Marlowe. All I wanna do is talk to him, Chris; just talk. Is he here?

CHRISTINE: No, I - I haven't seen him. He hasn't even called me.

MARLOWE: Hmmm. How do you feel about this bird known as Sharky?

CHRISTINE: He's a louse.

MARLOWE: Oh?

CHRISTINE: He always crowded Johnny and now he's got his job.

MARLOWE: I hear he knows something. Have you seen him lately?

CHRISTINE: No, I haven't.

MARLOWE: That's funny. He just left here.

CHRISTINE: Okay, so I'm a liar.

MARLOWE: Maybe you're just blind. I've heard that love does that, baby.

CHRISTINE: Maybe. Is it any skin off your nose?

MARLOWE: Nope. Cigarette? (NO ANSWER) Then how 'bout a match for me, huh?

CHRISTINE: I suppose so. Let's see. Yeah. (CLOSE) Here.

MARLOWE: Thanks.

SOUND: MATCH STRIKES

MARLOWE: Hey! These are cute. That crimped border around the edge, especially -- one put there by somebody's jittery thumbnail, huh?

CHRISTINE: (GASPS, STAMMERS NERVOUSLY) Listen, I - I--

MARLOWE: (SLOWLY, GENTLY) Maybe your eyes are bad; maybe not, Chris. But you better do something about your nerves; they're shot. Goodnight, baby.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) I didn't look back, but I knew she was watching me all the way out the door and down the street, so I made it real good -- as far as the next block and around the corner. Then I doubled back fast and stayed in the shadows until I got within sight of the Albatross Café again -- and in time to see a man ease out a side door and slip out of sight among the pilings under the building. I moved in closer and found a rickety trail of greasy planks

that led out through the forest of slimy pilings under the piers. It felt better than a tightrope, but it was home ground to Johnny Dyke. I felt my way slowly along the slippery planks. Then from behind a piling, an arm like steel springs snapped under my chin while a hand pressed the point of a long thin knife with a curved white handle up against my throat.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT SHARPLY

SOUND: DURING ABOVE NARRATION, PIER BACKGROUND SNEAKS IN (WATER LAPS THE PILINGS, ET CETERA) ... CONTINUES IN BG

JOHNNY: (THREATENING) You said you wanted to talk to me, Marlowe, so talk!

MARLOWE: (CHOKES)

JOHNNY: But fast, because I don't have much time.

MARLOWE: Ease up on my throat, will ya?

JOHNNY: Okay.

MARLOWE: (INHALES)

JOHNNY: There.

MARLOWE: (EXHALES) You're a sucker. Why don't you give up tryin' to even the score? Get out of town and forget it.

JOHNNY: Sure. Sure, to you, that's easy. You didn't spend three long years in the cooler for somethin' you didn't do. I'm gonna get even, all right. I don't know how for sure yet, but I will.

MARLOWE: Wind up right back in the coop, sucker -- for keeps this time. Is it gonna be worth it?

JOHNNY: Could be. I was a good boy up there. Every time I wanted to slug a guard, I said "Mike Basso" to myself instead. Now I've got it all bottled up inside me. I'm not gonna carry all that hate around forever. I'm gonna get rid of it, and there's only one way to do it.

MARLOWE: Ed Giles was right, you've got rawhide for brains. Better put the knife away, Johnny, I think we got visitors.

JOHNNY: Sure we have, Marlowe. Rats! Big ones. The piers are full of 'em.

MARLOWE: You should feel right at home, punk.

JOHNNY: Just don't sleep too long, pal. (GRUNTS WITH EFFORT AS--)

SOUND: JOHNNY CLOBBERS MARLOWE WHO FALLS TO WOODEN PLANKS UNCONSCIOUS

MARLOWE: (GRUNTS IN PAIN)

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES, GROGGY AT FIRST, THEN INTENSE) Between the-- Between the throbbing in my head, and the - the numbness across my shoulders where my back had struck the planks, it took me five minutes to get to my feet, and another five to climb up to street level. By then, the pier was deserted. So I headed for the Basso docks on the double with the unpleasant answer to my client's question, plus the added attraction that I'd even seen the knife Dyke intended to use. I still had a block to go when I saw a hulk that had to be Sharky's stride off the pier and turn in my direction. When he got close enough, I hailed him.

SOUND: WATERFRONT BACKGROUND

SHARKY: Yeah, I'm Sharky. What do you want, bud?

MARLOWE: Is Mike still in the office?

SHARKY: Who wants to know?

MARLOWE: Come on, this is no time to stall, heavy! I'm Marlowe; I'm workin' for him. I got a message; it won't keep! Is he there or no?

SHARKY: No. The office is locked up; he's gone. I'm lookin' for him myself.

MARLOWE: Why? What do you want him for?

SHARKY: Because I'm pretty sure that Johnny Dyke is holed up in the back room of the Albatross Café.

MARLOWE: Yeah, I only wish you were right, Sharky, but you're about a half hour too late.

GINGER: (BLOODCURDLING SCREAM, FROM OFF)

SOUND: MARLOWE AND SHARKY'S HURRIED FOOTSTEPS UP THE STREET, THEN TO GINGER ... IN BG, IN AGREEMENT WITH--

SHARKY: Hey, what was that? Came from up the street there.

MARLOWE: Yeah. Let's go, Sharky. Maybe we're both too late. Let's find out.

SHARKY: Yeah. (A BEAT AS THEY RUN, THEN--) Hey!

MARLOWE: What?

SHARKY: The dame by the guard rail. (RECOGNIZES HER) Ah, it's Ginger, a pal of Mike Basso's.

MARLOWE: Yeah, you're right. (CALLS) Ginger?! Ginger, what's the matter? What happened?

GINGER: (WHIMPERS IN FEAR) Down there. Take a look, will ya? I'm scared.

MARLOWE: Down where, Ginger?

GINGER: In the water. I think maybe I'm gonna be sick.

SHARKY: (CALLS, FROM OFF) Marlowe? Hey, Marlowe, come here. Look.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, MARLOWE'S STEPS TO SHARKY

MARLOWE: (LOW) Holy smoke.

SHARKY: That's - that's Mike down there -- with a knife in his back.

MARLOWE: (GRIM) Yeah. A long thin knife with a curved white handle. Belongs to a guy named Johnny Dyke.

MUSIC: CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: In just a moment, the second act of "Philip Marlowe," but first--

He may be a close neighbor of yours; at least, he lives quite near you. You go to the polls, you elect him, you bid him farewell -- trusting him to represent you in Washington. From then on, what happens to your congressman in the nation's capital? What pressures are brought to bear on him? In how many hundreds of fields must he rapidly become a good expert? Why does he vote as he does? Tomorrow night on CBS, you'll hear Ralph Bellamy -- star of radio, stage, and screen -- playing a typical freshman congressman in the Eighty-First Congress. His story will be a drama taken from interviews and talks with many regular congressmen, with Washington experts, with politicians, with-- Yes, with voters like yourselves. This CBS Documentary Unit drama, "The People's Choice," starring Ralph Bellamy, will come to you over most of these same CBS stations.

MUSIC: GONG

ANNOUNCER: Now with our star, Gerald Mohr, we return to the second act of "Philip Marlowe" and tonight's story, "Night Tide."

MUSIC: INTRODUCTION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Lying with his face muzzled into the sand and the rest of him half-submerged in the shallow lapping water, Mike Basso was violent death at its ugliest. Ginger turned and walked slowly away from us, trembling like a wino caught in the morning sun. I told Sharky to go get the police and I headed for the Albatross where I figured I might get a lead on Mike Basso's murderer. When I got there, I skipped the formality of the front door and quietly moved around to the back, where I entered without knocking and made my way along a narrow dusky corridor as far as a half-open door labeled "Private," where I met Christine Dyke talking on the telephone. When she looked up and gasped at the sight of me and then slammed the phone down abruptly, I was willing to bet that the party on the other end had been husband Johnny, nobody else.

CHRISTINE: (NERVOUS) What do you want, Marlowe?

MARLOWE: Most of all, one Johnny Dyke in handcuffs. Don't bother with the "My Man" pitch, honey, because at the moment the lyrics'll make me sick. I just left the corpse that used to be Mike Basso.

CHRISTINE: (BEAT, QUIET DISBELIEF) Basso? Dead, Marlowe?

MARLOWE: Yeah. All because of Johnny's knife; it's sticking in his back, Chris.

CHRISTINE: No. No, Marlowe. Johnny wouldn't do a thing like that. He couldn't!

MARLOWE: You're wrong, Chris. He did. Now, where is he?

CHRISTINE: I - I don't know.

MARLOWE: You're lyin', baby! You were just talkin' to him on the phone. You gotta know!

CHRISTINE: No! No, I don't. He - he didn't say where he was or-- (INHALES SHARPLY)

MARLOWE: Or what?

CHRISTINE: Or anything about Basso being dead, so--

SOUND: CHRISTINE QUICKLY PULLS GUN FROM DRAWER

CHRISTINE: Don't move, Marlowe.

MARLOWE: (BEAT) Well. Husband with knife, wife with gun. Charming couple.

CHRISTINE: Never mind that. I'm not gonna see Johnny in trouble again for something he didn't do. So get in that closet, Marlowe, where you'll be out of the way. Now!

MARLOWE: All right. In it is.

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS INTO CLOSET BEHIND--

MARLOWE: But first, baby, a word of advice. He isn't worth it, believe me.

CHRISTINE: I don't. So get in and keep your mouth shut!

SOUND: CLOSET DOOR SLAMS

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES, QUICKLY) The closet in Chris' office, which doubled as a storeroom for the restaurant, had no window and a three-inch thick oak for a door. So I was twenty minutes as a one-man mob scene, bouncing the inventory around before I was heard, and a little man with a big meat cleaver who belonged in the kitchen opened up and demanded to know what I was doing in there. I heaved a Number Ten Tomato Juice can at him for an answer, started

running, and didn't stop until I was outside, in my car, and pointed for Ed Giles' cottage -- the only other place I knew where Johnny Dyke might go for help.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) When I came to a stop at the house and found Giles himself standing on the outside steps looking puzzled at a pair of taillights that were blinking out of sight, I knew I was too late.

GILES: Yeah, Marlowe, it was Christine. And all upset about getting her hands on five hundred dollars. Said I had to lend it to her for Johnny's sake.

MARLOWE: She say why?

GILES: No, only that he needed help.

MARLOWE: Murderers usually do. Your boy Dyke just killed Basso, Giles. A knife in his back.

GILES: (LOW, DISBELIEF) Johnny--? Johnny killed Mike?

MARLOWE: 'Bout an hour ago, over on the beach. Tell me, did you give her the money?

GILES: No. She ran out of the house before I even got to my safe.

MARLOWE: Without saying anything?

GILES: Without sayin' a word, Marlowe. I wouldn't even know she was gone yet if I hadn't heard--

MARLOWE: (BEAT) Heard what, Giles?

GILES: (REALIZES, TO HIMSELF) The desk drawer in the living room. (UP) Come on, Marlowe! Quickly!

SOUND: GILES AND MARLOWE'S HURRIED STEPS INTO THE HOUSE ... FRONT DOOR CLOSES ... STEPS INTO LIVING ROOM ... DESK DRAWERS OPENED AND SHUT ... IN BG, IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--

GILES: I heard the drawer open when I was inside near my safe. I wondered what she was looking for. When I called to her--

MARLOWE: You got no answer. You ran outside after her, is that it?

GILES: Yeah, yeah, and I-- (EXCITED) Hey, Marlowe! They're gone! The boat keys! She musta taken them for Johnny! Askin' for the money was only a trick to get me out of the room!

MARLOWE: Wait a minute, wait a minute! What boat keys are you talkin' about, Giles?

GILES: The master set, Marlowe. Two keys on a large brass ring. They fit the

ignition lock on any boat at the Basso docks. She knew I had 'em.

MARLOWE: Yeah. But she also knew that, even as a friend of Johnny's, you'd balk at handing 'em over if you knew he'd killed Basso, right? Or are you still shielding old friends, Giles? Which is it?

GILES: Don't be stupid, Marlowe. I draw the line someplace.

MARLOWE: All right. Now, one more question. Do you have a gun?

GILES: A gun? Oh, yeah. I do.

MARLOWE: Good. Then get it because we're going to the Basso docks, Giles. Come on!

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) We both piled into my car and in something less than ten minutes ripped through the wide empty streets to the Basso docks, which were two parallel piers set about a hundred feet apart and jutting out deep into the bay with more than a score of boats moored to the inward side of each. But when we were out of the car and saw nothing of Johnny Dyke or the girl, and heard no sound other than the dull thump of wood on wood and the rhythmic slap of water against the hulls, I decided that we should split and I told Giles to search one pier carefully while I took off for the other. But a minute later, just as I started out alone over the oil-soaked planking, I remembered the panoramic view of the docks I'd gotten earlier that evening from Basso's office. So I stopped and turned and ran for the flight of wooden steps that led to it. (LOW) I was halfway up them when I stopped again.

MUSIC: OUT

MARLOWE: (NARRATES, LOW) There was somebody ahead of me, and with a key, opening the office door.

SOUND: KEY TURNS IN LOCK ... OFFICE DOOR OPENS ... THEN MARLOWE'S STEPS IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING--

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN ... UNEASY ... BEHIND MARLOWE'S NARRATION--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES, LOW) I crouched low and moved closer, one slow step at a time, toward what I knew might be Johnny Dyke. But in the next second, the light clicked on in the office and I forgot all about being subtle and leveled the thirty-eight in my hand at the belt buckle of the sharply silhouetted figure. It was Sharky. (UP BIG, TO SHARKY) I wouldn't move if I were you, buster!

SHARKY: (OFF, SURPRISED) Well-- Who is it?

MARLOWE: Marlowe, Sharky. Who were you expecting?

SOUND: MARLOWE'S STEPS TO SHARKY

SHARKY: (CLOSER) Nobody, funny man, but I wouldn't want it to be Johnny Dyke

at the moment. He might wanna settle old scores. You know, Marlowe, the price for two murders is the same as the price for one.

MARLOWE: So I've heard. But now, lest we stray from the subject, Sharky, do you mind telling me what you're doing here? And don't say I'm getting personal or I will. Come on, talk up like a big boy!

SHARKY: All right. I'm here because I don't like cops, and right now they're down on the beach swarmin' around Basso's body like kids around a maypole. Also I figured that before he blew, Dyke might come up here after the money he knew Basso always kept on hand. Satisfied?

MARLOWE: In a word, no.

SHARKY: Why not?

MARLOWE: Because I buy the switch first. You're here, Sharky, to steal that dough and let people think that Dyke took it on his way out.

SHARKY: You can't prove that, Marlowe.

MARLOWE: Only because I haven't got time. You see, Sharky, it's an odds on bet that Dyke's out on one of those boats right now, just waiting for the--  
(REALIZES) For--

SHARKY: (BEAT) What is it, Marlowe?

MARLOWE: Sharky, what time is it?

SHARKY: Huh?

MARLOWE: The time! Quick, what is it?

SHARKY: It's eleven thirty-five. Why? What's that gotta do with Dyke shovin' off?

MARLOWE: From where I stand, everything. Now, look, Sharky, get back down to those cops, get 'em up here, and--

SHARKY: Hey, Marlowe, look!

SOUND: TWO GUNSHOTS, FROM OFF

SHARKY: Over there at the end of the starboard pier! It's Dyke!

MARLOWE: Yeah, and tryin' to get away. (URGENT) Go on, Sharky! Get to the cops, fast!

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES, RAPIDLY) I took the wooden steps back down to the docks three at a time and then raced across the starboard pier and out on the length of it until I was close enough to the end, where I could see Johnny Dyke

climbing over one of the boats. I was about to call to him to stop, when I saw something else. Standing almost opposite to me in the shadow of some nearby rigging, gun in hand and taking careful aim at Dyke, was Ed Giles, his finger slowly closing on the trigger. It was too late for words, so I followed suit and fired before he did!

SOUND: GUNSHOT

GILES: (FROM OFF, CRY OF PAIN)

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) Got him high in the shoulder!

SOUND: WATERFRONT BACKGROUND ... MARLOWE'S STEPS TO GILES BEHIND--

GILES: (IN PAIN) You fool, Marlowe! It's me -- Giles. Dyke is out there.

MARLOWE: I know. The man who murdered Basso isn't. He's right here, Giles.

GILES: Huh? What do you mean, Marlowe?

MARLOWE: That I just found out you're a liar about seeing Dyke last night from the deck of Basso's launch; you couldn't have.

GILES: So what?

MARLOWE: So you weren't shielding him, Giles; you were framing him. Framing him so that you could get rid of Basso and pin his murder on Dyke -- who you'd also get rid of while playing public citizen who's helping a private detective apprehend a killer. Well, what do you say, Giles? Is that it?

GILES: You're - you're a smart guy. Figure it out for yourself.

MARLOWE: Come clean, Giles, or I'll blow your head off.

GILES: All right. All right, Chris and I framed Dyke.

MARLOWE: (SKEPTICAL) Chris?

GILES: Yeah.

MARLOWE: What are you givin' me?

GILES: Honest, Marlowe. We figured that we'd be in the clear with the money we took from Basso and with Johnny well-tucked away in a big strong prison.

MARLOWE: You dirty louse. Keep talkin'.

GILES: So we took advantage of Johnny's loud mouth and, incidentally, of you as well. With Basso gone, I was gonna step into his spot.

SOUND: CHRISTINE'S STEPS APPROACH

CHRISTINE: (HARDBOILED) You're the one with the loud mouth, Giles.

MARLOWE: (DRY) Well. Little Red Riding Hood. And I went for your line.

CHRISTINE: Funny what a sucker a smart guy can be.

SOUND: JOHNNY'S QUICK STEPS APPROACH

JOHNNY: (INTENSE, SMOLDERING) He wasn't the only sucker, baby.

CHRISTINE: (GASPS, TERRIFIED) Johnny!

GILES: Dyke!

MARLOWE: Stay back, Johnny! Shoot if they move an inch. She's got a gun.

GILES: Shoot, Chris, shoot! Come on!

CHRISTINE: Get away, Johnny. Get away from me.

GILES: Shoot him!

JOHNNY: You wouldn't shoot me, Chris.

CHRISTINE: Please-- Please, get away from me.

JOHNNY: You wouldn't shoot your own husband.

GILES: Shoot him! Shoot him!

JOHNNY: The man you talked into runnin' away until things quieted down.

GILES: Shoot!

SOUND: SNEAK IN ... POLICE SIRENS APPROACH, IN BG

JOHNNY: The man you'd move heaven and earth to help. So he could be shot in the back!

CHRISTINE: Johnny, I-- (WEEPS, IN BG)

GILES: Hurry, Chris! The police! Shoot!

JOHNNY: But you can't shoot me while I'm facin' ya, can ya?

SOUND: JOHNNY SLAPS CHRISTINE REPEATEDLY BEHIND--

JOHNNY: (EXPLODES) You cheap, filthy, double-crossing little--!

CHRISTINE: (OVERLAPS WITH ABOVE, TEARFUL) No! No! No!

MARLOWE: That's enough! Johnny! Cut it out!

CHRISTINE: (WEEPS HORRIBLY, IN BG)

JOHNNY: (PAUSE, EMOTIONAL) Okay, Marlowe. Okay.

SOUND: POLICE SIRENS UP

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES) It was a long hour of questions and answers before the police were finished and they'd left with Chris and Giles in tow. Johnny and I were standing alone out on the end of the pier, where I was looking down at the shallow black water below and listening to him try to convince himself that the whole night had been something more than a bad dream.

SOUND: WATERFRONT BACKGROUND

JOHNNY: (DISBELIEF) Chris against me. Giles against me! From the very beginnin', Marlowe.

MARLOWE: That's right.

JOHNNY: Giles because he wanted to be in Basso's place. My wife, Chris, because - she wanted him.

MARLOWE: That's right. When Basso hired me to see what you had in mind, after that beating he'd taken from what he thought was you, but was really Giles laying the groundwork, I fell into the role of star witness.

JOHNNY: Hm?

MARLOWE: Somebody reliable enough for them both to play against.

JOHNNY: Oh. Yeah, I get it. So you could testify that at first Giles had tried to shield me like a - a good friend.

MARLOWE: Yeah.

JOHNNY: And then in the end had to kill me when I tried to escape.

MARLOWE: Sure. And just to make sure there were no slips, Chris kept feeding you instructions under the heading of wifely advice. Yeah, it practically ran on a timetable, Johnny.

JOHNNY: Yeah.

MARLOWE: But there was one slip. I found out Giles was a liar and trying to frame, not shield you.

JOHNNY: Huh? How was that, Marlowe?

MARLOWE: Well, look. He said he saw you beat up Basso in his office at eleven-thirty last night when he was down on the deck of Basso's private launch investigating a strange noise.

JOHNNY: Yeah?

MARLOWE: Well, Johnny, he couldn't have. Because at eleven-thirty last night, as well as eleven-thirty tonight, the tide was low; of course, the launch with it. And from Basso's office you couldn't even see the launch.

JOHNNY: Yeah. Or the other way around. From the launch you couldn't see the office. Right?

MARLOWE: That's it. So in the end, Johnny, you did have a friend who stuck by ya. The sea.

JOHNNY: Yeah. I guess that's as good a place as any for me. Maybe the sooner the better.

MARLOWE: Any place in particular?

JOHNNY: No, just the sea. I'll drop you a card whenever I make port, Marlowe. After all, I really had two friends. (MOVING OFF) I won't forget that. So long, fellow.

SOUND: DURING ABOVE, JOHNNY'S FOOTSTEPS WALK OFF

MUSIC: MEDITATIVE ... SNEAKS IN GENTLY BEHIND MARLOWE--

MARLOWE: (NARRATES, CONTEMPLATIVE) I watched him walk away until he'd gone the length of the empty pier and was swallowed up in the emptier night. Then I turned back to the shallow black water beneath me, which, where the sea and the land were close to meeting, was coated thick with oil, and dirty, and almost stagnant. And I thought a lot about Johnny; people like Chris and Giles he'd mixed with and trusted. I felt sorry for him. But then-- Then I looked up a little, away from the water at the pier, and out toward the open sea, where it was deeper, cleaner. And the further I looked, the cleaner it seemed to be. Then I remembered that was where Johnny Dyke was heading, and I felt better.

MUSIC: UP, FOR A SPIRITUAL CURTAIN

ANNOUNCER: "The Adventures of Philip Marlowe," created by Raymond Chandler, starred Gerald Mohr and are produced and directed by Norman Macdonnell. Script is by Mel Dinelli, Robert Mitchell, and Gene Levitt. Featured in the cast were Michael Ann Barrett, Lou Krugman, Howard Culver, Frank Gerstle, Georgia Ellis, and Frank Richards. The special music is by Richard Aurandt.

MUSIC: TAG AND UNDER

ANNOUNCER: Be sure to be with us again next week, when Philip Marlowe says--

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

MARLOWE: I was hired to find a thief -- and I did. Eight thousand miles away from home. But first, I found a hammy Othello, a lush with a Luger, and a fresh corpse in the closet -- all because the only woman in sight wouldn't play fair.

MUSIC: TAG AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: (RECITES)

A tortoise told a household pest, "Goodbye, goodbye."  
An M. D. said, "You'll pass the test, up in the sky."

This is the newest phantom lyric on CBS' Saturday night "Sing It Again" program. And later tonight over most of these same CBS Network stations, you'll hear the Phantom himself singing them. Fifty-one thousand dollars ride on solving the Phantom's identity and answering one more question about him. Twenty-six thousand in wonderful prizes for telling who he is. Twenty-five thousand in cash for answering the extra question. How's for listening in tonight? Phone calls go out to CBS listeners throughout the nation. This is Roy Rowan speaking. Now stay tuned for "Gangbusters," which follows immediately over most of these same CBS stations.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME ... UNTIL END

ANNOUNCER: This is CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.