

For James S. Hartzell Library

CALIFORNIA RAIN

by

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Golden Award 1978

REGISTERED: WGAw

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132 LASKY DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF. 90212

FADE IN

EXT. NIGHT -- A Los Angeles Street. A soft drizzle is falling in the early morning hours. It is close to two a.m. Several lights from bars and disco joints are still lit. The traffic has dwindled to a mild trickle, giving evidence that most of the evening's action has gone indoors.

A HOOKER is walking down the street. She is dressed in a flashy manner, pants suit under a shiny raincoat with matching hat. She is carrying a large shoulder bag and pretends not to notice a luxury car following her.

The Hooker continues walking, smiling to herself...

-- FIRST HALF OF TITLE AND CREDITS ROLL --

The Hooker stops at a traffic signal. She turns her head slightly and sees that the luxury car has stopped at the signal. She walks around the corner as the light changes. The luxury car makes a turn and follows the Hooker down the side street next to a dimly lit bar.

The Hooker walks over to the car. The window rolls down. She speaks with the Driver. The door opens and the Hooker enters the car. It drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- The Bar. It is closing time. There is one final customer at the bar, BERNIE CRUSHER, early 50s, overweight, gray hair, wearing a suit jacket, shirt open at the collar. Bernie is sleepy and drunk.

Behind the bar is the BARTENDER, 30, taking one last drag on a twisted cigarette. He stamps it in a nearby ash tray and looks at his watch.

Nearby at a table is a couple, pawing and licking at each other, oblivious to anything else. Two half filled glasses are on the table.

Bernie glances at the couple, then turns back to the Bartender.

BERNIE

If I were a casting director,
those two would get overtime
for good behavior.

BARTENDER

(To the Couple)

Gotta lock up folks!

The weekend lovers get up, arm in arm, and walk toward a side
door that leads to a parking lot.

BARTENDER

Drink up Bernie.

Bernie drains his glass. He places it on the bar next to a cork
coaster. He is writing on the coaster, making heavy repeating marks.

BERNIE

A problem with the younger
generation is that you never
slow down.

BARTENDER

I'll slow down to a stop if I
don't get some sleep. I still
have to stack chairs.

BERNIE

How old are you?

BARTENDER

Thirty. Why?

BERNIE

Interesting age. Very interesting.

EXT. NIGHT -- The Parking Lot. It is still drizzling as Bernie
emerges from the bar.

He walks to the far end of the parking lot. The only car in the
vicinity is a late model high priced vehicle. Bernie is whistling
out of key. He stops next to the driver's door and with a relaxed
look, begins to relieve himself after a night of drinking. He burps.

BERNIE

(To Himself)

Nothing is as underrated as a
good, healthy, piss.

Bernie fixes himself, then begins seaching for his car keys. He finds them and has trouble placing the correct key into the car door. He tries several times, with different keys. Then the keys drop to the wet pavement.

Bernie stoops to get the keys. SUDDENLY he takes an open handed chop on the back of the head! He goes down, spread-eagled. Bernie tries to get up, pulling himself to hands and knees.

An ASSAILANT straddles Bernie's back, as if mounting a pony.

Bernie's face contorts. He is shocked, mad.

BERNIE
What the fuck?

The Assailant produces a shiny stiletto and quickly plunges it into the base of Bernie's skull.

Bernie drops, motionless. His eyes are open. From under his head blood mixes with rainwater. The hand of the Assailant takes a wallet from Bernie's inside coat pocket.

A SECOND ASSAILANT, wearing gloves, takes the key ring from the pavement, moves to the car. The Second Assailant gets into the car and rifles through the glove box.

The rain drizzle is seen through the windshield as the sounds of the car's interior being torn up are heard.

-- SECOND HALF OF CREDITS ROLL --

INT. NIGHT CAR -- One Hour Later. A car is moving down Sunset Boulevard. The rain has stopped.

Driving the car is JACK FOYLE, about 37, tired and yawning, one day's growth of beard. He has the look of someone who was pulled out of a sound sleep, which he was. Foyle is a reporter for the Los Angeles Bulletin.

As Foyle's car approaches the bar he sees police cars, lights flashing, in front and in the parking lot. Foyle stops his car across the street from the bar. He checks a notepad beside him and opens the door.

EXT. NIGHT -- Sunset Boulevard. Foyle walks across the street. He has a limp to his right leg as he approaches a uniformed POLICEMAN who holds up a hand.

Robotlike, Foyle takes out his press pass.

FOYLE
Jack Foyle. Los Angeles Bulletin.

The Policeman looks at the laminated pass and hands it back.

POLICEMAN
Gotta John Doe 187. Suspected robbery victim.

Foyle takes a few steps into the parking lot. He sees something in the parking lot that he doesn't like.

Foyle approaches a SECOND POLICEMAN. The rear area of the parking lot is roped off. Again, Foyle flashes his press pass.

FOYLE
L.A. Bulletin. Is that the victim's car?

The Second Policeman looks at the pass.

SECOND POLICEMAN
Guess so. Just got here.

A DETECTIVE is standing near the rope. Foyle recognizes him. They nod. Foyle moves under the rope.

FOYLE
What's Bernie Crusher's car doing here?

DETECTIVE
Because it's Bernie. No I.D. Car's been torn up. Who'd wanna drop a reporter?

Foyle says nothing. He slowly walks, with his limp, toward the body. Pictures are still being taken by Coroner's Investigators. A CORONER moves to stop Foyle but the Detective intervenes.

DETECTIVE

It's okay Sid. He can make
an I.D.

Foyle goes down on one knee. He stares at Bernie's cold, wet, face.

CORONER

You know this guy?

FOYLE

Yeah. Bernie Crusher, 51. An
investigative reporter. One of
the best once. Combat correspondent,
Vietnam, Isreal and Angola. And a
good friend.

CORONER

Next of kin?

FOYLE

He's been divorced for years.

Reeling from confusion and shock, Foyle stands and looks at the
entrance to the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR. Ten Minutes Later. Foyle is using a pay phone in the
Men's Room, talking to his city desk.

FOYLE

They think it was robbery, knife in
the back of the head.

(Pause)

Hell, I don't know what he was
working on.

Foyle takes out a pen. He makes a mark but it doesn't write.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

Shit, my pen doesn't work. Tell
me the number. I'll remember.

Foyle nods, hangs up the phone and leaves the Men's Room.

INT. NIGHT -- The Bar. The Bartender has just poured a stiff
double for himself. Two homicide Detectives have completed questions.
They nod and leave as Foyle approaches the bar.

FOYLE

Was Bernie in here with anyone?

The Bartender lights a cigarette and gives Foyle a blank look.

BARTENDER

They told me not to say nothin'.

FOYLE

I knew Bernie well. I was even in here with him once.

BARTENDER

Hey, I don't want no trouble. I just run a joint, ya know?

Foyle nods, looks around the bar. He notices several glasses still on the bar.

FOYLE

Where was he sitting?

The Bartender points to a glass. Next to the glass is the cork coaster that Bernie was doodling on. Foyle walks to the bar stool. He stares at the cork coaster.

FOYLE

Uh, my pen doesn't work. Can I borrow one?

The Bartender turns, pulls out a drawer and rummages through it until he finds a working pen. While his back is turned, Foyle takes the cork coaster and puts it in his coat pocket. The Bartender turns, doesn't even notice what Foyle did. Foyle takes the pen and begins writing on his pad.

BARTENDER

If he was a friend, I'm sorry.

FOYLE

Was he talking to anyone when he was here?

BARTENDER

He was flashing a big wad. Hey, they told me not to say nothin'.

Foyle nods and finishes writing. He puts the pen in his shirt pocket and walks toward the door leading to the parking lot.

The Bartender takes another jolt of liquor, grimaces as it goes down. He looks at the glass that Bernie Crusher used.

EXT. NIGHT -- The Parking Lot. Foyle exits from the bar. From a distance he watches as the Coroner's Investigators load Bernie's body into an ambulance.

Foyle stares at the scene. A friend is leaving.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- A Small House. Los Angeles. The phone is ringing in the kitchen. After several rings an attractive blonde, KITTY CHANDLER, 27, swathed in a bath towel, comes running from a nearby bathroom. She picks up the phone.

KITTY

Hello?

There is heavy breathing on the other end. Once, twice, three times. Kitty realizes what it is. She starts to say something but is cut off by a...

VOICE

Does it feel good? Tell me
how good it feels?

Disgusted, Kitty starts to hang up, but doesn't.

KITTY

It always feels good stud, but
your breath stinks.

Kitty slams the receiver into the cradle, looks at the phone and gleams a victorious smile. She returns to the bathroom, humming to herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY -- The Front of the House. Foyle's car pulls up. Foyle gets out looking more haggard than before.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The House. Foyle opens the front door, walks into the small living room, then to the kitchen. He opens the frig and removes a can of beer, cracks the opener.

KITTY'S VOICE

Welcome back. What was it?

FOYLE

Rough. Very dead.

Foyle returns to the living room. He sits on a couch and takes the cork coaster from his pocket. He drinks from the can.

The coaster has written on it -- JUNE 1948.

Kitty walks into the room, sits in a chair while combing her hair. She has a concerned look on her face.

KITTY

My agent called. I'm one of six for the part in the cop show.

FOYLE

Great. About the phone call that got me out of bed?

KITTY

Yeah. What about it?

FOYLE

A murder victim. Bernie Crusher!

Kitty puts both hands to her mouth. She gasps and slowly shakes her head.

KITTY

Oh my God.

FOYLE

They took his wallet and tore up the car, like they were looking for something.

Kitty gets up, walks across the room, trying to compose herself. She thinks back to the heavy breathing call, looking at the phone.

KITTY

Christ, this town.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY -- The Front of a Church. Several Days Later. A memorial service for Bernie Crusher has just concluded. Foyle, walking with his limp, is leaving the church.

Foyle walks down the street toward his car. He passes a Rolls Royce with tinted windows. A rear door opens.

A MAN, dressed in a tailor made business suit, leans out.

MAN

Oh Mister Foyle.

Foyle stops. He turns around and approaches the Rolls.

FOYLE

Yes?

MAN

I realize this is sudden but
could you spare me a moment?

Foyle runs his eyes over the car's smooth lines, then back again.

FOYLE

About what?

MAN

We can talk in here.

INT. DAY -- The Rolls Royce. Foyle climbs into the back seat.
The only other occupant is a uniformed DRIVER.

FOYLE

Be a nice car once you get it
fixed up.

The Man laughs.

MAN

I like someone with a sense of
humor, even in trying times.

Foyle stares at the Man. There is an uneasy silence.

MAN

To the point. I represent certain
interests which will go unnamed.
Clear on that?

FOYLE

(Nodding)

Unnamed.

MAN

You were perhaps Mister Crusher's
closest friend, correct?

FOYLE

We go back a ways. Combat correspondents
in Vietnam. That's where I got the
gimp leg. We also worked in Chicago.

MAN

Ah camaraderie. It's a shame to
lose a buddy, isn't it?

FOYLE
You know, you're fulla' shit.

MAN
I don't like being insulted.

FOYLE
It seems we both knew Bernie.

MAN
It seems Mister Crusher was working
on a project, simply referred to as
"Thirty." Does that mean anything?

Foyle thinks for a beat, then shakes his head.

MAN
(Continuing)
Well, Mister Crusher was in
possession of some pertinent
information.

FOYLE
We had a professional relationship.
He'd lie to me; I'd lie to him.

MAN
I'm sure. But with the, uh,
tragedy...well, this places things
in a different arena.

FOYLE
I'm still waiting for the point.

MAN
We would like the information in
the "Thirty" file returned, no
questions. There will be three
payments. Here's the first...

The Man produces a legal envelope, hands it to Foyle.

MAN
(Continuing)
...Five thousand dollars.

Foyle inspects the envelope and takes a long look at the Man.

FOYLE
If you want the file, go to the
editors or the publisher.

MAN
A bad move. They don't know
exactly which projects were
hot for Mister Crusher.

FOYLE
You think I know?

MAN
Now you come to the point. We are willing to pay a price for a property which is ours. Will you deliver it?

FOYLE
Are there other payments?

MAN
The next envelope will be ten thousand. The one after that will be double the previous two.

Foyle licks the envelope flap, seals it and hands it back.

FOYLE
Can't say one way or another.
Best promise is no promise.

Foyle gets up and opens the door. He gets out of the car.

FOYLE
(Continuing)
But I'll poke around. Give me a few days.

Foyle walks toward his car as the Man leans out of the Rolls and watches him. The Man looks at the sealed envelope, thinking...

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Newsroom. Los Angeles Bulletin. Foyle is sitting amid an array of desks. At a nearby desk is RANDY ALLBRIGHT, middle 40s, thin with gray hair.

Foyle walks to a nearby filing cabinet and begins removing manila files. He returns to his desk with an armload of files as Randy watches.

RANDY
Did anyone check Bernie's apartment?

FOYLE
Nothing. Bernie kept his files here. His apartment was burglarized twice when he was on other stories.

RANDY
What are you looking for?

Foyle stops leafing through the files; he feels rather foolish.

FOYLE
I really don't know.

RANDY
Spoken like a true reporter.
(Pause)
You think Bernie was onto something?

FOYLE
He was onto a lotta' things.
So somebody thinks.

RANDY
He liked to talk. But he was tightlipped about something big.
I dunno.

Foyle nods and continues looking through the files. He comes across a file labeled PROFILE/ALAN FAIRCHILD Jr. (THIRTY). He opens the file.

A closeup on the file reveals some press releases and a political brochure stating PUT SOMETHING FAIR IN CONGRESS -- VOTE FOR FAIRCHILD! There is a publicity photo of Fairchild with his attractive WIFE, a brunette. Next is a legal envelope.

Foyle opens the envelope and removes several negatives. He holds them up to the light. He then puts the negatives back in the envelope and picks up the cork coaster that Bernie wrote on in the bar. A phone rings o.s.

RANDY
Jack, pick up two-six.

Foyle is jarred from his thoughts. He picks up the phone.

FOYLE
Jack Foyle.

The voice on the other end is the Man in the Rolls Royce.

MAN'S VOICE
Mister Foyle, it's been a few days.

FOYLE
I know. Look, I have to know specifically what we're talking about.

MAN'S VOICE

The project was a political
profile on Alan Fairchild Jr.

Foyle is staring at the publicity photo. He smiles.

FOYLE

First I heard of it. Lemme jot
it down.

MAN'S VOICE

We have a time frame Mister Foyle.
When can we have the project?

FOYLE

Hey, remember I'm promising nothing.
Bernie's files have been temporarily
sealed. Nobody knows what he was
working on.

MAN'S VOICE

I'm going to be blunt Mister Foyle.

FOYLE

You haven't been sharp.

There is a long pause on the line. Foyle looks at the file in
front of him, the press releases and photos. He toys with the
cork coaster.

MAN'S VOICE

Will the file be handed over?

FOYLE

Two reasons. First, I don't have
it. Second, Bernie's files are
sealed. Maybe in a....

Foyle is cut off by an abrupt click. The line is dead. He
stares at the phone then slowly replaces it in the cradle.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- A Conference Room. Later. Foyle opens the door and
enters. Behind him are Randy, DORIS PIVKO, the Society Editor,
pants suit, late 30s; LEO MILLER, Assignment Editor, bald, early
50s, shirtsleeves, pencil resting on the right ear.

Foyle paces about while the others sit in the chairs, each
wondering why this is taking place. Leo closes the door.

LEO

Jack, this better be good.

Foyle ignores Leo. He looks at Doris.

FOYLE

Doris, remember when you said how
sorry you were about Bernie?

Doris doesn't get an answer out.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

You said anything you could do,
remember?

Doris looks at the others then back to Foyle.

DORIS

Jack, what the hell is this?

Foyle plops the "Thirty" file on the table. He opens it.

FOYLE

What little information there
is in this file is why Bernie
Crusher was killed.

LEO

What's in the file?

Foyle lifts up the envelope with the negatives.

FOYLE

Some old negatives. I'll give
these to the lab for prints.

Foyle brings out the publicity photo of Alan Fairchild and his Wife.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

Somehow this bozo figures in.

Leo and Randy look at the photo and press releases.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

Bernie wouldn't have been keeping
that stuff if it didn't mean
something.

Leo leans back in his chair.

LEO

Jack, Randy here has been covering this town for a long time. (Turns to Randy) You wanna tell Foyle about "this bozo."

RANDY

He's one of the top prosecutors in the D.A.'s office. Stanford Law School. All the right tickets. He's Fletcher Marsden's hand picked successor for Congress.

DORIS

Jack, if a list were made of the five or six wealthiest California families, the Fairchilds would be on it.

RANDY

Third or fourth. Nobody knows for sure how much the old man has made, banking, foreign investments.

LEO

Jack, if Alan Fairchild Sr. wants his fair haired boy in Congress, the kid's going.

Foyle continues pacing. He stops and leans on the table.

FOYLE

Then why does some sharpie in a Rolls Royce pick me up after the Memorial service? Why am I asked to return this file?

LEO

Have you been threatened?

Doris gives Foyle a curious look.

FOYLE

I have a feeling it's coming.

LEO

Anything else?

By the look on his face it is evident that Foyle wants to say something else, about the attempted bribe. He hesitates.

Randy and Doris are looking at Foyle, expecting him to say something.

Leo looks around the room, senses something lost. He stands and starts for the door.

LEO
(To Foyle)
If you get something concrete
let me know. I've got wire copy
to take care of.

Leo exits the conference room.

As the door slams, Foyle looks at Doris and Randy.

FOYLE
I need help on this. We all
knew Bernie.

DORIS
Some better than others.

RANDY
I didn't care for some of the
company that he kept, that
street crowd on Sunset.

DORIS
Jack, have you been leaned on?

Foyle looks at both of them; he smiles.

FOYLE
They always lean on Foyle.

Randy stands. He begins to exit. He turns at the door.

RANDY
I know some people around town.
It might help.

Randy leaves. Doris is still sitting at the table looking at
Foyle.

DORIS
You got touched, didn't you?

FOYLE
Did it show?

DORIS
Your face did. Leo and Randy
don't study faces that much.

FOYLE
Doris, this story is the classic
iceberg.

DORIS
So what do you want?

FOYLE
I owe you a lot. I think
you're a great...

DORIS
(Interrupting)
Oh stuff it! I'll help you.
(Pause)
But you're fulla' shit.

Doris smiles, gets up and walks toward the door.

DORIS
(Continuing)
I'll help because I liked Bernie.
By the way, check your pigeon
hole and call your ex-wife.

Doris slams the door, leaving Foyle alone.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Newsroom. Foyle walks to a side of the newsroom, near the main entrance, where each of the staff writers has a pigeon hole mail box. He goes to his box and takes out a phone message. He looks at it.

Foyle returns to his desk, picks up the phone and dials a number. He looks at the message again, then over to Doris' corner, where the society section is located.

From across the room Doris looks at Foyle. She shows a sarcastic smile and returns to her work.

Foyle is jolted by the answering of the phone on the other end.

FOYLE
Hi, got your message.

CUT AWAY:

INT. DAY -- A Kitchen. An attractive woman in her mid-30s, is talking on the phone. This is ELLEN, Foyle's ex-wife. She is a brunette with the appearance of a younger woman.

ELLEN
I read about Bernie. Sorry.

FOYLE'S VOICE
C'mon Ellen, you hated his guts.

ELLEN

I'm sorry when somebody is killed.
Especially the way he was. Bernie
was a human being. Or just a reporter?

CUT AWAY:

FOYLE

Sorry. I've been uptight.

ELLEN'S VOICE

What I called about is that Lisa
is clear for Sunday.

FOYLE

How was her report card?

ELLEN'S VOICE

One B, the rest A's. Don't worry.

FOYLE

I know. She takes after you.

ELLEN'S VOICE

You have had a bad day.

Foyle shrugs, knowing how well Ellen senses his moods.

FOYLE

Why not make it a threesome?

CUT AWAY:

ELLEN

Don't you have to punch in? Isn't
there an aspiring actress in the wings?

FOYLE'S VOICE

Isn't there a Century City stockbroker
somewhere?

Ellen pauses. This is an old song for her.

ELLEN

Let me see what I can do. And Jack,
I am sorry about Bernie.

CUT AWAY:

The Newsroom. Foyle is looking around.

FOYLE

How about a picnic in the park?
Some chicken and wine?

Foyle smiles. He hangs up and stares at the phone.

INT. LATE AFTERNOON -- A Los Angeles Bar. Foyle enters and sits at the bar. The place is dimly lit. At the nearby juke box, a heavy WOMAN, mid-40s, is choosing some songs while the Dorsey Brothers classic "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," is playing.

The bar woman, MILLIE, also heavy set, tired face, been around the track a few times, walks over. She smiles.

MILLIE

Hey Foyle, it's been a few moons. Whaddya need?

FOYLE

Just a beer.

Millie turns and takes a bottle of Olympia from a refrigerator. She pops the cap with her teeth, then pours the beer spitting out the cap.

FOYLE

Millie, the only reason I come in here is to see you pop bottles.

MILLIE

Bull guano. You want some information.

Foyle takes a drink of beer.

FOYLE

It's gettin' so a decent guy can't lie anymore.

MILLIE

All the decent guys are either dead or impotent.

(Pause)

You wanna know about Bernie.

Foyle nods and takes another drink.

MILLIE

Like I told the cops, he was in here that night, earlier.

FOYLE

Did he say where he had been?

MILLIE

He had a buzz on. And he was bragging about a big day at the track. (Leans Forward) Say, how could a guy like Bernie afford to bet on the ponies?

FOYLE

He did some free lance writing
on the side, detective stories.

MILLIE

He did a lot of stuff on the side.
That car he drove? How many reporters
have a car like that?

FOYLE

What have you heard?

MILLIE

A few things. You know how the
word gets out.

FOYLE

Faster than Western Union.

MILLIE

Bernie and you used to be friends.
He used to talk about that after a
few belts. Vietnam, right? You
got wounded.

FOYLE

Long time ago. We had different
beats at the Bulletin.

MILLIE

Well honey, your buddy Bernie had
some rough playmates.

Foyle's interest perks up. He takes another drink.

FOYLE

Try me.

MILLIE

He cross the line. Walked with every
pimp and hustler on the strip. He
was fascinated by them.

Millie spits on the barroom floor. She picks up a tooth pick and
works it in her teeth while talking at the same time.

MILLIE

(Continuing)

That was his problem. He liked
the wrong people.

FOYLE

C'mon. Like who?

MILLIE

Like Pervis for one, short for pervert,
which is what all of 'em are.

FOYLE
Your fangs are showing.

MILLIE
Bernie thought those hookers and
pimps were his friends.

Foyle finishes the beer, gets up. He puts a dollar on the bar.

FOYLE
Did you ever like men?

Millie takes the bill. She smiles.

MILLIE
At one time. Uh, lemme know
how it turns out with Pervis.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT -- A Street. Foyle leaves the bar and begins walking
to his parked car, which is on a side street.

Foyle crosses the side street as a moving car, headlights off,
is seen in b.g.

The car speeds up.

Foyle turns and sees the car bearing down on him.

The moving car is now feet away!

Foyle dives to side just in time. He rolls over on a lawn. The
sound of screeching tires is heard.

The car is now in reverse, coming back to finish the job.

Foyle quickly looks around for cover.

The car window rolls down. A .44 Magnum revolver appears, pointed
right at Foyle.

Foyle dives again, this time to a nearby tree as three quick shots
are squeezed off, ripping up grass and tree splinters.

The car speeds off and is soon out of sight, around a corner.

Foyle waits for the sound to die off. He stands and wipes himself
off, looking down the street in the eerie early evening quiet.

EXT. NIGHT -- Kitty's House. Foyle's car pulls into the driveway. He gets out cautiously, looks around and enters the house.

INT. NIGHT -- The House -- Foyle walks to the refrigerator, takes out a can of beer, cracks the opener and takes a long drink.

He walks into the cluttered living room and sits down. He holds out his hand. It is shaking. He takes another pull from the can. SUDDENLY he hears a noise in the kitchen. It is too dark to tell what it is.

Foyle gets to his feet not taking his eyes from the direction of the kitchen. He moves closer to a nearby wall, to conceal himself.

A light goes on. Kitty comes running in from the kitchen. She is elated, carrying a bottle of wine.

KITTY

You won't believe it! Not only did I get the part but I'm up for another one.

Foyle tries to mask his anxiety as Kitty throws her arms around him and kisses him.

KITTY

(Continuing)

Let's celebrate. I bought this wine. For the time being, I'm a working actress.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- Kitty's House. Later That Evening. Two empty chairs are in front of a table. The meal has ended; the candles are burning down. The wine bottle is empty.

Sounds of passionate lovemaking are heard o.s.

In the bedroom Foyle and Kitty part. Foyle rolls over on his back.

FOYLE

Too bad you don't get a role every day.

KITTY

Seems we both got one.

FOYLE
I'll settle for that.

Foyle stares at the ceiling. Kitty props herself up, resting her chin on her right palm. She senses something.

KITTY
How come every time I'm in a great mood, you're not?

FOYLE
How would you feel if somebody was watching every move you made?

KITTY
What happened?

FOYLE
They made another move, tried to get me coming out of a joint.

KITTY
Why do you go into those places?

FOYLE
To check out Bernie's movements that last night.

KITTY
Did they chase you?

FOYLE
Hell, they even backed up and squeezed off a few shots.

Kitty sits up, shocked.

KITTY
What? Let's call the cops.

FOYLE
What can they do? Take a report?

KITTY
Jack, someone is stalking you.

FOYLE
Sure. Someone who wants a file on Alan Fairchild, someone with a lot to lose.

KITTY
But you said that there's nothing in that file, some negatives and press releases.

FOYLE

There's something in that file.
I can't figure it yet.

KITTY

Jack, go to the police.

FOYLE

Somehow Bernie got onto some
damaging stuff. Heavy information.

KITTY

How heavy?

FOYLE

Dunno. But apparently somebody thinks
it's worth a life or two.

KITTY leans over and kisses Foyle lightly.

KITTY

How about if we get away. Like a
drive up north Sunday?

Foyle pauses, remembering the date with Ellen.

FOYLE

Sunday's visiting day.

Kitty lies back on the pillow, dejected.

KITTY

Shit, can't you switch days?

FOYLE

Not now.

KITTY

I suppose Ellen will be there.

Foyle looks over at Kitty.

FOYLE

She has a guy. You know that.
He's a Century City stockbroker.

KITTY

You know how you get after you
see your daughter.

FOYLE

Kitty, I'm not gonna break a
promise to a 12 year-old girl.

Kitty looks at Foyle, quite disappointed.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Newsroom. The Next Day. Foyle and Randy are at their desks. A TECHNICIAN, from the photo lab, walks by Foyle's desk.

Foyle is typing. Three prints are plopped on his desk. The Technician continues on his rounds. Foyle stops typing and examines the prints.

Closeups of the prints: A 12 year-old girl in a party dress; an attractive mid-20s Woman at a supper club. The hair styles and dresses mark the time as the early 60s. The third print is an old Hollywood studio handout. It is a face shot of a distinguished Man in his early 40s.

Foyle flips the studio handout Photo to Randy. The print lands on Randy's desk. He stops typing and looks at it. Then he turns over to Foyle.

FOYLE
Politician or jail bird?

RANDY
Hey, maybe a film director. Those
1940 street films. Face is familiar.

FOYLE
Not recent though?

RANDY
Don't think so. What else?

Foyle hands over the other prints. Randy looks at them.

RANDY
Don't know about the girl but the
fox is great. I've seen her.

FOYLE
Where? Some bar or in a film?

RANDY
TV. Late 50s, early 60s. Westerns.
Think she was even in a few features.

FOYLE
Would Doris know?

Randy winks.

INT. DAY -- The Newsroom. The Society Section. Foyle shows the print of the attractive Woman to Doris.

Doris studies the print, then looks up.

DORIS

A favor, or one of the leftovers?

FOYLE

A print from Bernie's file.
Recognize her?

Doris leans back and produces a wry smile.

DORIS

What's in it for me stud?

Foyle is getting upset but doesn't want to spoil his chance for an important favor.

FOYLE

Helping me and Bernie. And
Answering some dark questions.

Doris takes a pen, writes on a memo pad.

DORIS

A friend of mine, Rita Lavin, is
a librarian at the Motion Picture
Academy. Here's her number. Tell
her I suggested you call.

Foyle looks at the memo.

FOYLE

How can she help?

DORIS

You said that there was some Hollywood
type connection. If she ever worked in
films Rita will know. They keep a file
on everything over there.

Foyle breaks into a roguish smile.

FOYLE

How can I thank you?

DORIS

Just stay out of trouble. None of us
has any idea what this is about.

Foyle takes the print back.

FOYLE

Randy said something about her
working in westerns.

DORIS

Don't we all play in westerns?
Remember how we all grew up to
be cowboys?

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Margaret Herrick Library, Academy of Motion
Pictures Arts & Sciences. Foyle walks in and signs the book
register. He shows his press pass to the RECEPTIONIST.

FOYLE

I'm Jack Foyle from the L.A.
Bulletin. I have an appointment
with Rita Lavin.

The Receptionist looks at the press pass and hands it back.

RECEPT.

Rita's at the far desk, the one
wearing glasses.

Foyle walks through the library to a long counter at the opposite
end of the room. He approaches a scholarly looking woman in her
late 30s, wearing glasses, RITA LAVIN.

RITA

Can I help you?

FOYLE

I'm Jack Foyle, Doris' friend
from the Bulletin.

RITA

Oh yes. We got the photo through
a messenger this morning.

FOYLE

Any luck?

Rita smiles. She points to a nearby table and chairs.

RITA

Yes. Meet me at that table.

Foyle walks to the table and sits down. He opens his note pad
to some empty pages. He jots a few lines down. Rita emerges from
behind the counter and sits down, holding two manila envelopes.

FOYLE

The print has to do with a story
I'm working on.

Rita gives the photo to Foyle.

RITA

Her acting name was Alicia Simmons.

FOYLE

I understand she appeared in some TV westerns and features.

Rita takes some clippings from one of the manila envelopes.

RITA

I went through these earlier. Alicia Simmons appeared in 37 adult TV westerns. The late 50s, early 60s.

FOYLE

So she was a working actress.

RITA

Apparently during that time. As you know, this business is quite competitive.

Foyle continues jotting down some notes.

FOYLE

What sort of roles did she have?

RITA

Maverick, Wagon Train, Wanted Dead or Alive, The Rifleman, Gunsmoke. She worked a lot back then.

Foyle picks up a few clippings and studio publicity releases. He examines another photo, Alicia Simmons in a western costume.

FOYLE

She appeared in some features too.

Rita gives Foyle a piece of paper.

RITA

Only three. I wrote them out.

Foyle looks at the paper.

FOYLE

The Barbarian and the Geisha!
That was one of John Wayne's worst films.

RITA

I know. She was in some real turkeys.

FOYLE

Win some and lose some. Does she have a current address?

Rita shakes her head.

RITA
Sorry about that.

FOYLE
She drop out of sight?

RITA
She certainly did. The old
jaded actress bit.

Rita takes the second manila envelope and puts the clips on the table.

RITA
(Continuing)
Before you examine the clippings
let me give you some biography.

FOYLE
Try me.

RITA
Alicia was a Kennedy Democrat in
1960. She did a lot during the
convention that summer. Then her
career did a nosedive.

FOYLE
What happened?

RITA
She kept up with the support roles
in the TV westerns. Then she was
considered for a Paul Newman film.

FOYLE
And she didn't get it.

RITA
It would have been a turning point.
It didn't work out.

FOYLE
Typical Hollywood ending.

RITA
The actress who got the part was
nominated for an Academy Award. And
Alicia Simmons went into obscurity,
with the help of booze and pills.

Foyle picks up a newspaper clipping. He is surprised.

FOYLE

Oh no.

RITA

From what we have the body was pulled from the Stone Canyon Reservoir on November 26, 1963, an apparent suicide.

FOYLE

Did she leave a note?

RITA

It's in the obituary. It said that she couldn't go on anymore.

FOYLE

What about a family?

RITA

She was divorced. Her husband was a flaky actor who was using her. Yuck!

FOYLE

Is there anything on him?

RITA

He didn't even show up for the funeral. But there was an inquiry about three years ago.

FOYLE

About what?

RITA

Her suicide. She died only four days after the JFK assassination.

Foyle examines the clippings then his notepad. He didn't catch it and has a foolish look.

FOYLE

Who was inquiring?

RITA

Some arrogant east coast TV reporter. A conspiracy buff. Alicia knew a lot of politicians. She was an actress. But this dippo, pea-brained reporter, nothing personal...

Foyle smiles.

RITA

(Continuing).

He was trying to make a connection that wasn't there. Hoping for an award. This country likes awards. But Alicia Simmons simply committed suicide.

Foyle glances at more of the clippings and publicity releases.

FOYLE

Can I make copies of these?

RITA

Sure. And if you're interested in the films some of the prints are in the UCLA archives.

FOYLE

I'll make a note of it. By the way, who took care of the funeral arrangements?

RITA

According to the files an old director friend, Drake St. Clair.

Foyle stares at Rita.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- The Stacks. Los Angeles Bulletin. Randy is high up on a ladder, poking through bindings of back issues. The bin he is looking in is marked OCT. NOV. DEC. 1963.

Randy pulls a binding from a stack and cautiously descends on the ladder.

Foyle is at a nearby table where several other bindings are open to various pages.

Randy puts the latest binding on the table. Foyle begins leafing through the pages.

FOYLE

Shit, the page makeup was horrible back then. Look at this stuff.

RANDY

If Leo knew we were checking out the JFK assassination he'd laugh in our faces. Then he'd fire us.

FOYLE

Hey, I have a date and a name. I didn't have that before.

Foyle stops leafing through the pages.

A headline states: ALICIA SIMMONS, ACTRESS, DROWNS IN RESERVOIR.

Foyle begins jotting down notes.

FOYLE
Typical Hollywood obit. You have
to die before anybody says something
nice.

Randy is looking at the newspaper photo of Alicia Simmons.

RANDY
What a waste. Such a beauty.

FOYLE
Rita Lavin, the librarian at the
Motion Picture Academy, said that
arrangements were taken care of
by a director friend.

RANDY
Did she give a name?

FOYLE
Drake St. Clair.

Randy snaps his fingers.

RANDY
The other photo! That's the film
director.

FOYLE
Finally, things are picking up.

RANDY
I'm not so sure about that.

FOYLE
Whaddya mean?

RANDY
You got two names, Alicia Simmons
and Drake St. Clair.

FOYLE
Names I didn't have before.

RANDY
What about the little girl?

FOYLE
I haven't gotten to her yet. I'm
taking the least resistance.

RANDY
Jack, I think St. Clair died about
six years ago.

FOYLE
You're a big help.

RANDY
Well, the little girl's probably
still alive.

Foyle turns and looks back at the Alicia Simmons obituary.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY -- The Echo Park Lagoon. Foyle and his daughter, LISA, 12, are playing catch with a frisbee.

Trying to catch the frisbee is Lisa's dog, Rex. Foyle makes a circus type catch and taunts the dog.

Ellen is watching from a nearby table. She pours a little leftover wine from the lunch and watches her ex-husband play with Lisa.

Foyle goes running after a high frisbee, trips and falls magnamously on his butt. Rex retrieves the frisbee and scampers off.

Ellen laughs, shakes her head at the antics of her ex-husband.

Foyle picks himself up and looks at Lisa.

FOYLE
You and Rex finish it.

LISA
Daddy, he beat you.

Foyle sees that Ellen is laughing. He smiles, walking over to the table.

FOYLE
The galleries are full of critics.
(To Lisa)
Keep away from the water!

They watch Lisa as she plays with Rex.

ELLEN
God, how she loves that dog.

FOYLE
She's growing up too fast.

ELLEN

So are we.

Foyle looks at Ellen. He doesn't want to pursue this.

FOYLE

She's the same age of a girl
in a picture.

ELLEN

What do you mean?

FOYLE

The file I was telling you about.
There's a photo of a young girl
in it. She looks like Lisa.

ELLEN

Have the police gotten anywhere?

FOYLE

Asking a lot of questions. I showed
them the file. They didn't think it
meant much. So much for the police.

ELLEN

Have you told them about being shot
at and then bribed?

FOYLE

Nah. It'd just get everybody upset.
With a little time I think I can flush
these creeps out.

ELLEN

Is it the story you're after or the
excitement?

FOYLE

A lot of things, I guess. I'm working
day and night. Randy and Doris have been
a big help. And Leo doesn't like it.

ELLEN

Some things have a way of staying
the same the more they change.

FOYLE

I thought I knew Bernie pretty well,
especially after Vietnam. I'm beginning
to think he had a dark side.

ELLEN

Everybody does. Even Jack Foyle.

Foyle glares at Ellen.

FOYLE

Hey, this is a picnic, not a place to nit pick, okay?

ELLEN

Just some feministic wisdom.

FOYLE

Really? And females have a cornerstone on wisdom these days?

Ellen laughs.

ELLEN

Okay, I'll back off.

(Pause)

Uh, are you intrigued by the people who killed Bernie rather than Bernie?

FOYLE

Why do you ask that?

ELLEN

Hey, I'm the only woman who ever married Jack Foyle.

FOYLE

What's that supposed to mean?

ELLEN

A comment on those who haven't made that mistake.

FOYLE

Vietnam?

ELLEN

You weren't the same after coming back, bouncing around from newspaper to newspaper. You were changed.

FOYLE

Christ, can we get off this?

ELLEN

Like anything else, you're the one who got on it.

Foyle looks around the park.

Lisa is playing with Rex near the water's edge.

FOYLE

Lisa, get away from the water!

Lisa turns and waves to her father.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- Lisa's Bedroom. Foyle is sitting on the edge of Lisa's bed. She runs her little hand along the lines of his chin.

LISA

Are you still working on that killer story?

FOYLE

Honey, I'm always working on a Killer story.

LISA

Daddy, don't play around with me. I'm not little anymore.

FOYLE

I'm sorry. You are growing up. And yes, it's a big story.

Lisa grabs him around the neck.

LISA

I want you to know that I had fun today. I love you.

Foyle gives Lisa a hug; he loves her too.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- Ellen's Living Room. There is a fire in the fireplace. Foyle walks in from Lisa's bedroom.

He kneels down in front of the fireplace and Ellen. She looks at him.

ELLEN

For all the stuff you've done to me, I've never knocked you in front of her.

FOYLE

I respect you for that.

ELLEN

You should.

FOYLE

Why did you come with us today?
You didn't have to.

ELLEN

I wanted to.

FOYLE

Bullshit. Why did you come?

Ellen pauses. She knows that she cannot fool Foyle.

ELLEN

I think you're in trouble.

FOYLE

I'm always in trouble.

ELLEN

God, you're such a fool.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- Ellen's House. Foyle and Ellen walk toward the front door. At the door, Foyle turns and faces Ellen. He smiles.

FOYLE

This reminds me when we were
first dating.

ELLEN

You were always nervous at the
door. I thought it was dumb.
Maybe it was.

Foyle grabs her. He kisses Ellen passionately.

At first Ellen is receptive, then she breaks away.

ELLEN

I know you want to stay. It's one
of those. But you're going to leave.

Foyle gently kisses her. She makes no move to resist. He parts from her.

FOYLE

You're right. We're divorced.
Let's call it a night.

Still in each other's arms, they hesitate to part.

FOYLE
Isn't this where the guy says
"Here's looking at you kid?"

ELLEN
Your Bogart gets a C minus.

They smile . Then they stop smiling.

FOYLE
I gotta get outa' here.

Foyle opens the door. He stares at it. Then he closes the door.

He turns and takes Ellen in his arms again.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- Ellen's Bedroom. Later. Ellen and Foyle are laying in bed. They have obviously finished making love.

Both are staring at the ceiling, alone in thoughts.

FOYLE
We can call this a conjugal visit.

ELLEN
I'd call it a semi-rape.

FOYLE
Really? Who raped whom?

Ellen's eyes begin to water. She turns on her side.

ELLEN
Oh Jack, leave me alone.

Foyle sits on the edge of the bed, back to Ellen.

FOYLE
Jesus H. Christ, what do you
want from me?

ELLEN
To be a father to Lisa.

FOYLE
And you don't want a stud?

ELLEN
Honey, I never had one.

FOYLE

Still bitter about me going
to Vietnam?

ELLEN

I knew it could wreck our marriage.
And I was right.

FOYLE

We've had this conversation before.

ELLEN

You're always obsessed with something.
Back then it was Vietnam, now it's
Bernie Crusher's file.

(Pause)

After this is over you'll find
something else, right until they
cart you away.

Foyle lies back in bed. He sighs out of frustration.

FOYLE

Sometimes life is fulla' shit.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING -- Kitty's House. Foyle comes in through the
kitchen entrance.

He quietly goes to the phone and dials a number.

FOYLE

Hello Randy? It's me, Jack. Tell
Leo I'll be in later on.

(Pause)

Okay...I'll talk to him when I
get there. Yeah. See ya.

Foyle hangs up the phone. He turns around.

Kitty is standing nearby in a robe. She is also fuming mad.

KITTY

Get everybody tucked in?

Foyle senses trouble. He smiles, goes to the stove, takes a
kettle and fills it with tap water. He places the kettle on
a burner.

FOYLE

I'll make some coffee. Then
we can talk.

KITTY

I'm dying to hear how it was, being a family man for one day -- and one night.

Foyle looks at her and ignores the biting remark. He dishes some instant coffee into two mugs.

FOYLE

Don't you start shooting this week?

KITTY

We're in rehearsals, and I feel like shooting right now.

FOYLE

Oh come off it Kitty!

KITTY

Okay, I'll be liberal. I've got no reason to be upset. I'll call an old boy friend and maybe make it with him.

Foyle is getting annoyed at Kitty.

KITTY

(Continuing)

We'll go the whole route, up and down.

FOYLE

Let's stop this.

Kitty's anger begins to mount.

KITTY

Damn right we're gonna stop this. You want it both ways. It's great coming home to me, isn't it?

FOYLE

Kitty, look...

KITTY

(Interrupting)

No! You look. I'm not going to sit around every weekend while you screw your ex-wife.

Foyle winces at the remark. He steps toward Kitty.

Kitty quickly darts to one side, picks up the kettle, filled with water, and throws it at Foyle.

Foyle puts up his arms, shields himself against the kettle but catches a spray of water.

Kitty runs from the kitchen into the bathroom.

Foyle looks at the water on his shirt, then he hears sounds of bottles breaking. The sound comes from the bathroom.

Foyle moves to the bathroom doorway.

Kitty is taking his shaving lotion, cologne and other bathroom objects and singlely throwing them into a sink and against the wall.

KITTY

Take this stuff and get the hell outa' here! I'll pick up the rent but you get out, right now, you dirty sonnuvabitch!

FOYLE

Kitty, will you calm down?

Kitty continues smashing anything of his that she can get her hands on.

KITTY

I won't calm down! I take a chance on you and expect you to treat me the same as I treat you.

Foyle enters the bathroom and throws both arms around Kitty preventing her breaking anything else.

FOYLE

C'mon, take it easy.

KITTY

Take your Goddamn hands off!

Kitty tries to wring herself free. Foyle won't let her go. He picks her up and carries her into the bathroom.

As they enter the bedroom Kitty is trying to kick and scratch.

KITTY

Let me go, you two-faced bastard!
Get out of this house, right now!

Foyle dumps Kitty on the bed. She sits up, hair messed and straggled in her face. She is gasping for breath.

KITTY

I mean it Jack. I don't want you here anymore. Just get your stuff and split, right now.

Kitty reaches over to her dresser and hands Foyle a piece of paper.

KITTY

If you came in and I wasn't here I wanted this waiting for you.

A closeup of the note: JACK, I TRUSTED YOU ONCE TOO OFTEN. YOU HAVE LIED FOR THE LAST TIME. GET YOUR STUFF OUT OF HERE. Underneath is another line: I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. GOODBYE, KITTY.

FOYLE

Okay. I'll pack a bag and come back for the rest.

The phone rings o.s.

KITTY

Good.

Foyle leaves the bedroom and walks back to the kitchen. He picks up the phone.

FOYLE

Hello.

VOICE

We're going to try and be nice one more time Foyle. When do we get that file?

FOYLE

How'd you get this number?

VOICE

You've been asking some questions around town. If the file was sealed, like you said, how come you're asking questions?

FOYLE

It's my business to ask questions.

VOICE

We don't like being lied to.

Foyle looks at the phone, recoiling against being called a liar for the second time in a short while. He puts the phone back to his ear.

FOYLE

Look, we have nothing to talk about. The file stays where it is.

VOICE

You're an asshole, Foyle. You know what this means?

FOYLE

It means if you come after me again with some punk who can't handle an oversized pistol be ready for a fight, because I am. You got that, asshole?

Foyle slams down the phone. He is breathing hard.

He looks over and sees Kitty standing nearby. They stare at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Bulletin Newsroom. This is the beginning of the working day. Foyle enters, looking like the Sunday morning of a Saturday night party. He takes some notes from his pigeon hole mail box and somehow finds his way to his desk.

Nearby Randy is reading the latest edition of the Bulletin. He is smoking a cigarette and drinking from a coffee mug.

FOYLE

I need a favor.

RANDY

So who do I call this time?

FOYLE

You don't. Kitty and I split. I need a place for a few nights.

Randy is shocked.

RANDY

Split? I thought she was nuts about your ass.

Foyle sits down and thumbs through some papers on his desk.

FOYLE
It's a long story.

RANDY
They all are.

Foyle looks at the front page of the latest edition. He sees the headline: FAIRCHILD FAVORED AS PRIMARY NEARS.

Foyle picks up his coffee mug. Under the mug is the cork coaster that he took from the bar the night Bernie was killed. He picks it up.

RANDY
Leo still wants to see you.
You're gonna get some flack.

FOYLE
Flack? I'm getting more flack
than the 8th Eighth Force. Ah
hell, tell Leo I've got an
appointment.

Randy looks up and sees Foyle getting to leave.

RANDY
Where are you going?

FOYLE
I've decided to break into show
business. I have a cute smile,
a hard luck story and I'm a great
lay.

Foyle nods to Randy and walks out of the newsroom.

CUT TO:

Rehearsal Hall
INT. DAY -- A / LOUISE, a script supervisor, is
holding a stopwatch. Next to her is VAN, unbalanced moustache,
black turtle neck sweater, balding, looking older than his mid-30s,
and a chain smoker. Van is the director of the TV show which
Kitty has been cast in.

Kitty, uptight, is sitting around a table, with two attractive
male ACTORS. She is wearing a sweater with a neck scarf.

The Director, Van, stares at her as the Script Supervisor, Louise,
clicks the stop watch.

KITTY

Back off on my case pig! I've told you the truth, but somehow you can't accept it.

Kitty finishes the line and looks up.

Van looks over at Louise's notes. He inhales on his cigarette.

VAN

Kitty, the emphasis should be on "somehow you can't accept it!"

KITTY

You said earlier that I should emphasize pig.

VAN

Did I say that?

LOUISE

He mentioned the importance of the scene, the denial.

Kitty looks across the table at the Actors. They give her sympathetic looks but no verbal support.

KITTY

Isn't that what you meant?

VAN

What I'm driving for is the essence of the scene. The totality.

KITTY

You said that I should emphasize the word pig.

Van looks around the table. He sighs and puffs on his cigarette.

VAN

Let's take a break. We all need to relax a little.

Kitty gets up from the table and walks to the closest door.

INT. DAY -- A Pay Phone. Kitty walks to the phone and drops a coin in the slot. She dials a number and waits for answer.

VOICE

Good morning. The Bulletin.

KITTY
Newsroom please.

Kitty waits. She looks around.

ANOTHER VOICE
Newsroom. Allbright.

KITTY
Randy! This is Kitty Chandler.

CUT AWAY:

The Newsroom. Randy, knowing the situation between Foyle and Kitty, is uneasy.

RANDY
Kitty! Uh, Jack's out of the building.

KITTY'S VOICE
When will he be back?

RANDY
His astrologer might know. You know how Jack is.

CUT AWAY:

Kitty is at the phone.

KITTY
That's part of the problem. Tell him I called and I'll call later.

RANDY'S VOICE
Should I tell him anything?

KITTY
No. It's between us. It can wait. I have to get back now. I'm in a rehearsal with an idiot director.

RANDY'S VOICE
That's show biz. I'll tell Jack.

Kitty hangs up the phone. She hears the coin drop and looks at the machine.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY -- Sunset Boulevard. Foyle gets out of his car and walks toward the entrance of the Directors Guild of America.

INT. DAY -- The Directors Guild. Foyle is waiting in an outer office.

A nearby door opens. Through the door walks BENNETT PHELPS, early 50s, glasses, slim, serious. He looks more like a bank executive.

Phelps approaches Foyle and shakes his hand.

PHELPS
Mister Foyle, I'm Bennett Phelps.
We can talk in my office.

INT. DAY -- Bennett Phelps' Office. Foyle enters behind Phelps, notices the thick carpet, the tasteful style of furnishing.

chair
Phelps settles behind his/and glances at his notes. He waves Foyle to a nearby chair.

PHELPS
Now then, your inquiry concerns a
director who worked in the industry
some years ago...

Phelps reads from his notes.

PHELPS
(Continuing)
Uh, Drake St. Clair.

FOYLE
Right, I have an old publicity photo
and his name. Nothing else to go on.

PHELPS
I see. According to our files there
was a Drake St. Clair.

FOYLE
You might not believe it but that's
some of the best news I've heard.

PHELPS
He hit his peak after World War II,
when film noir, uh, the street films,
came into vogue.

Foyle opens his notepad and begins writing.

FOYLE
Where can I get a list of his films?

PHELPS

My secretary is getting it for you. Uh, why the interest in Drake St. Clair all of a sudden?

FOYLE

Like I said on the phone, I'm doing a piece on past actresses and directors, most of whom went into obscurity. It's offbeat.

Phelps appears unimpressed. He blankly nods.

PHELPS

I doubt if I can be of much help.

FOYLE

Where is St. Clair now?

PHELPS

A good question. You see Mister St. Clair had the misfortune to direct three, uh shall we say, "turkeys" in a row.

FOYLE

Some directors do more than that.

PHELPS

Not with a studio in the late 40s. But he also compounded that feat by getting caught up in the witch hunt.

FOYLE

Was he blacklisted?

PHELPS

Not the way some were. First there was the group known as the Hollywood Ten. Beyond that there were about 350 blacklisted writers actors and directors.

FOYLE

Was St. Clair part of the 350?

PHELPS

We can check but I doubt it. He did appear in front of the HUAC people but nothing came of it.

FOYLE

So it didn't affect his career?

PHELPS

Remember those were terrible times. You had some congressmen milking that issue for publicity reasons.

FOYLE

What was the reason then for
St. Clair to leave the industry?

PHELPS

It was most unpleasant. I think
it was 1948 or 1949. There was
a trial involving an underage
girl.

FOYLE

Something like the Errol Flynn
trial?

PHELPS

Yes, only in St. Clair's case things
didn't work out so favorably.

Foyle makes some more notes.

FOYLE

I can check it out.

PHELPS

Drake St. Clair never worked after
that.

FOYLE

Where is he now?

Phelps shakes his head and leans back in his chair.

PHELPS

To be perfectly honest, I think
he's dead. The last address we
had on him was in Santa Monica.
That was twenty-two years ago.

Foyle's enthusiasm is draining; the disappointment is evident.

FOYLE

And that's all you have on Drake
St. Clair?

PHELPS

Like I said I don't think I can
help much. Directors, actors and
writers come and go in this business.
Timing means so much. St. Clair's
timing was bad.

Foyle shrugs. He stands and shakes hands with Phelps.

FOYLE

Thanks for your time. You've given me a few things anyhow.

PHELPS

My secretary will have that list for you. I'm afraid that's all we can do.

FOYLE

Well, hooray for Hollywood.

Foyle exits the office as Phelps gives him a curious look.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY -- Kitty's House. Foyle parks his car across the street.

He gets out. Something has caught his attention.

Two police patrol cars, lights flashing, are in front of the house. A Paramedic ambulance is parked in the driveway. Several curious neighbors are gathering in front of the house.

FOYLE

Oh no. Kitty.

Foyle runs toward the house, as well as he can with his limp.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- Kitty's House. Foyle walks in the front door.

A uniformed POLICEMAN stops him.

FOYLE

Hey, I live here.

The Policeman nods. Foyle proceeds then stops and turns back toward the Policeman.

FOYLE

What the hell's going on?

POLICEMAN

Better check inside.

Foyle goes down the hallway. Voices are coming from the bathroom. He taps a black DETECTIVE, overweight, mid-30s, on the shoulder. The Detective turns around.

FOYLE

I'm Jack Foyle. I live here.

The Detective takes Foyle by the arm and walks him into the living room. They stand next to a table.

DETECTIVE

Get a grip on yourself.

FOYLE

Try me.

Foyle looks around the room, expecting the worst, keeping his emotions under control.

DETECTIVE

You lived here with Kitty Chandler?

Foyle nods.

DETECTIVE

Look at this note.

Foyle looks at the table. On it is part of the note that Kitty showed him after the argument. He reaches to take it but the Detective stops him.

DETECTIVE

Not so fast. It hasn't been examined yet. Just read it.

A Closeup of the note shows that the top part has been ripped off. What is there reads: I JUST CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE. GOODBYE, KITTY.

Foyle stares at the note, remembering the argument.

FOYLE

Where is she?

The Detective motions for Foyle to follow. They walk toward the bathroom.

Foyle enters the bathroom. Also there are a PARAMEDIC and a CORONER'S INVESTIGATOR.

Foyle slowly turns and looks into the bathtub. He gasps!

Kitty is lying nude in the bathtub, frozen in death, sightless eyes bulging. She has an electrical cord, stripped of its insulation, wrapped around her. There is a small level of water in the tub under her. Tightly gripped in her hand is a connection to an extension cord that leads to an outlet.

DETECTIVE'S VOICE

Apparently she put water in the tub,
stripped the cord, got in and connected
the cord with the extension.

Foyle kneels next to the tub. He places his hand next to Kitty's cheek and slowly strokes her face.

FOYLE

Kitty, oh my God. This is my fault.

As Foyle continues looking at Kitty several camera strobes pop. Foyle whirls around, angered.

FOYLE

Is that stuff necessary?

CORONER

Sorry Mister, just doing my job.

Foyle stands, goes to the bathroom door and takes Kitty's robe off of a hook.

Holding the robe he walks back to the bath tub. Slowly, but reverently, Foyle places the robe over Kitty. Then he leans forward and kisses her on the forehead.

FOYLE

Damn...damn.

Foyle turns and walks out of the bathroom. He goes into the kitchen, opens a cabinet and takes out a bottle of Irish Whiskey. He pours himself a shot. The Detective approaches him.

FOYLE

I don't care what it looks like.
She didn't kill herself.

DETECTIVE

Whatever. We have to complete
a full investigation.

(Pause)

Was the note in her handwriting?

FOYLE

Yes, but it was several sentences longer. The top part was ripped off. Can't you see that?

The Detective nods. Foyle pours himself another shot.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

We had an argument. I was going to move out. She wrote that note for me. I only returned now to get the rest of my things.

DETECTIVE

If it was a homicide, can you name a suspect?

FOYLE

Not really, nothing I can substantiate. Look, it wasn't a suicide. She was an actress and had just gotten a part in a TV pilot film. And she had another part coming up. Would someone like that kill herself?

DETECTIVE

Who knows. Actresses have been killing themselves in this town for years.

Foyle starts to say something then realizes what the Detective has said.

FOYLE

She didn't kill herself!

The Detective sees that a strain is beginning to surface. He sighs.

DETECTIVE

Have a seat in the living room. We'll need a statement from you in a little while.

The Detective turns and goes back to the bathroom.

Foyle walks into the living room, then to the front door.

He walks out of the house and heads for his car.

EXT. DAY -- Foyle's Car. Foyle puts a key into the trunk and opens it. He reaches into the trunk and rummages through a carry-all bag.

Foyle takes out a .38 snub-nosed revolver housed in a clip-on holster. He quickly puts the holster on his belt at the small of his back, then closes the trunk.

He then gets in the car starts it up and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Bulletin Newsroom. Foyle walks in, goes to his desk. There is obvious silence. People appear sympathetic but do not want to say anything.

Foyle sits at his desk. Randy comes by with a mug of coffee. He hands the mug to Foyle.

Foyle nods a thank you. He takes a sip of the coffee and places the mug on the cork coaster.

RANDY

I'm so sorry Jack. We all are.

Foyle nods again. He has a look of grim determination.

RANDY

(Continuing)

Leo had to attend a luncheon. He told me to tell you to take a few days off. He'll talk with you after that.

Foyle picks up the mug and takes another drink. He stares across the newsroom.

FOYLE

They say working at a time like this keeps your mind off things. It's good therapy.

Randy turns and goes back to his desk.

Doris Pivko approaches. She affectionately places a hand on Foyle's shoulder.

DORIS

I'm sorry. She was a nice kid.
If you need anything...

Foyle nods. Doris returns to her desk.

Foyle's eyes come upon the cork coaster. He stares at it, then moves closer. He puts down the coffee mug and picks up the coaster, remembering something.

Foyle stares at the writing on the coaster: JUNE 1948.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Stacks. Foyle is again looking at old newspaper bindings from the spring and summer of 1948.

Randy is on the high ladder, taking a binding from a bin. He blows some dust off the cover.

RANDY

I hope this is the last one.

Randy starts down the ladder.

Foyle is at a table, making notes. His determination has a look of vengeance.

FOYLE

Damn, I should have checked this
stuff a long time ago.

Randy places the last binding on the table.

RANDY

I still don't know what the hell
you're looking for.

FOYLE

Drake St. Clair.

RANDY

I thought he was dead.

FOYLE

He might be. Hey, look at this.

Randy moves closer to Foyle, looking at the front page.

The front page has the same publicity photo of Drake St. Clair. Above the photo is the headline: DIRECTOR CONVICTED OF STATUTORY RAPE.

RANDY
Sonnuvabitch! No wonder he
dropped from sight.

FOYLE
(Reading)
Convicted in the statutory rape
of an unnamed 13 year-old girl who
was sharing his Santa Monica home
for a number of months.

Foyle moves to the front page of another binding.

FOYLE
(Continuing)
I found an earlier story. His
arraignment was delayed so he
could finish a film.

RANDY
Is the girl's name mentioned
anywhere?

FOYLE
Are you kidding? Even if it
happened today you wouldn't find
her name.

RANDY
Well, now what?

Foyle is still making notes.

FOYLE
Make copies of these stories.

RANDY
This still doesn't lead anywhere.

FOYLE
That trial washed him up.

RANDY
Jack, this was 30 years ago. Who
are you going to talk to? These
people are dead.

FOYLE

You know anybody at the UCLA
film archives?

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Newsroom. Foyle and Randy come back into the newsroom. Foyle has a thick file under his arm. He is also carrying the "Thirty" file.

Foyle goes to Doris' desk.

Doris looks up from her typewriter, suspecting something.

FOYLE

This time it's big.

With sympathetic weariness Doris stops typing and stares at Foyle.

DORIS

A story always is. Now what?

Foyle sits next to Doris. He opens the thicker file.

FOYLE

In June 1948, Drake St. Clair was convicted of statutory rape on a 13 year-old girl who was sharing his Santa Monica home.

DORIS

The director in Bernie's file?

FOYLE

Right. I need to know what happened to him, if he's still alive. Most of all, where he lives.

DORIS

How can I find out that?

FOYLE

A phone call to the county hall of records. Your old boy friend.

DORIS

Jack, that was over a year ago.

FOYLE

Doris, if Drake St. Clair is still
alive, living somewhere in the county,
he's most likely paying property taxes.

Doris looks at him. She gets it. Doris leans back in her chair
and nods.

FOYLE

What's more certain than death
and taxes?

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- A Screening Room. Melnitz Hall, UCLA Film
Archives.

Foyle and Randy are the only ones in the room, viewing an old
western feature. A young WOMAN'S voice is heard.

Foyle is intently taken with the actress, Alicia Simmons.

ALICIA'S VOICE

But Sheriff, this man is a threat
to our family. We're all in this.

SHERIFF'S VOICE

Ah know ma'am. But like I said ah
just enforce the law. Right now,
there's nothing I can do.

ALICIA'S VOICE

That's the problem. Nobody cares
in this town. Life is cheap and all
anyone cares about is power.

Foyle turns and looks at Randy.

INT. NIGHT -- The Screening Room. Later. Final credits are
rolling as the fade out music is playing.

The film ends. Lights come on and the projector shuts down.

Randy and Foyle are silent, alone in their thoughts.

A STUDENT comes out of the projection room.

STUDENT

Did you want to see the Drake
St. Clair film also?

FOYLE

How long will it take to thread
it?

STUDENT

I'll have to rewind the last reel
of this one. About 10 minutes.

FOYLE

Thanks. That'll be fine.

The Student goes back into the projection room.

FOYLE

I was in high school when I saw
DONNER PASS. Lemme see, Alicia
Simmons was about 26 when she
did this.

RANDY

She only made two other features.
I hope you don't wanna see those.

FOYLE

I'll be back. I have to check in
with Doris.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- A Phone Stall. Melnitz Hall. Foyle has just
finished dialing a number.

FOYLE

Doris? It's Jack.

CUT AWAY:

Doris is at home, reading from notes in her lap.

DORIS

Sometimes you live right.

FOYLE'S VOICE

People usually tell me that I live
wrong. What have you got?

DORIS

Drake St. Clair owns some of the best real estate in Los Angeles County. He's very much alive, and quite wealthy.

CUT AWAY:

Foyle is at the phone. He's been waiting for a break like this. He takes out a pen and begins writing.

FOYLE

Great. How about an address?

DORIS' VOICE

In Woodland Hills. Take this down...

Foyle smiles.

CUT AWAY:,

EXT. NIGHT -- Kitty's House. Foyle's car pulls up in front of the house. Foyle gets out, starts walking to the front door. He stops. Something has caught his eye.

Foyle ducks behind a nearby tree. He reaches to the back of his belt and pulls out the .38 revolver.

There are lights on in the house. Someone is inside.

With stealth, Foyle approaches the house. He walks around the side, peering into windows, hoping to see something.

He approaches the back door. It is slightly ajar.

Foyle thinks for a moment. He returns to the side windows.

From his POV, Foyle sees a middle-aged MAN walking from the living room to the bedroom.

Foyle checks the area to see if anyone else is around. He sees nothing unusual on the outside.

Again, from his POV, Foyle sees the Man return from the bedroom to the living room.

Foyle moves to the back door again. He cocks the revolver and enters through the back door.

Foyle enters the darkened kitchen, moving quietly.

The Man is in the living room with his back toward Foyle.

Foyle assumes a two-handed shooting position, aiming the pistol at the Man's back.

The Man senses something. He turns and sees Foyle with the gun.

FOYLE

Freeze! Or I'll splatter your head all over.

The Man tries to hide how terrified he is. He slowly raises his arms.

FOYLE

Down on your stomach.

(Pause)

Try anything cute and you'll be bleeding on my carpet in a minute.

The Man clumsily kneels down and then goes forward on his stomach.

Foyle approaches him and places a right knee in the small of the Man's back. He goes into the Man's back pocket and takes out a wallet. Foyle then places the pistol behind the Man's right ear.

FOYLE

You gotta name asshole?

MAN

Harold...Harold Chandler. I'm Kitty's father.

Foyle flips open the wallet and looks at it. He uncocks the pistol and puts it in the holster. Foyle then moves around and embarrassingly offers Chandler a hand to get up.

FOYLE

Damn, I'm sorry. I never met any of Kitty's family.

Chandler gets up and takes his wallet back from Foyle, glaring at him.

CHANDLER
Something tells me you're not
a cop.

FOYLE
Jack Foyle. I, uh, shared this
house with Kitty.

Chandler continues glaring at Foyle.

FOYLE
(Continuing)
I'm really sorry about this. Would
you like to sit down, maybe have a
drink?

Chandler turns around and resumes packing a suitcase resting on
a nearby chair. He keeps his back toward Foyle.

CHANDLER
I'm not gonna make any excuses for
Kitty. I only came to get the rest
of her things. The police let me
in.

Foyle is surprised at this announcement.

CHANDLER
(Continuing)
By the way they want to talk to you
some more. Something about a
statement.

Foyle sits in a nearby chair while Chandler continues packing.

FOYLE
Kitty was beginning to get some
place when this happened.

Chandler appears not to be interested in Foyle's remarks.

FOYLE
(Continuing)
She didn't take her own life.
You see...

Chandler has heard enough. He turns and faces Foyle.

CHANDLER

I see one thing. I see how the style of living down here is as warped as the people.

FOYLE

I understand how you feel.

CHANDLER

The hell you do! I'm taking my daughter's belongings and her body back to Portland.

(Pause)

I helped bring her into this world, sent her to school, gave her advice and supported her in everything she did... And now I'm taking her home to be buried. Maybe you're not a father. Do you know what it means to be a father?

Foyle starts to say something, then realizes that it would not be the right thing.

CHANDLER

Kitty was one of the few things I loved in this messed up world.

Chandler slams shut the suit case.

FOYLE

If you don't mind, I'd like to come up for the funeral.

CHANDLER

If you show up, I'll break every Goddamn bone in your body.

Chandler picks up the suitcase he was packing and another one nearby. He walks, with both suitcases, to the front door. He stops and turns around at the door.

CHANDLER

If you ever have a daughter, make sure she doesn't meet someone like yourself.

Chandler exits leaving Foyle alone. Foyle looks around the empty house. He puts his head in his hands.

EXT. DAY -- Woodland Hills. Foyle is driving down a street. His car stops along a curb. He sets the parking brake gets out and looks at the expensive houses.

He takes a piece of paper from his shirt pocket and checks the address.

Foyle walks toward a house with a small Spanish type wall around it. An arced driveway goes up to the house. It is evident that there are more grounds in the back.

Walking up the driveway, to the front door, Foyle notices an expensive Mercedes-Benz sitting in the front.

Foyle rings the doorbell. He waits.

The door slowly opens. Standing in the doorway is a tall, muscular man, SIMPSON, mid-20s, wearing an open sportshirt and sunglasses.

SIMPSON

Yes?

FOYLE

My name's Jack Foyle. I'd like to speak with Mister St. Clair.

SIMPSON

About what?

FOYLE

Uh, I'm checking into various real estate investments.

SIMPSON

One minute.

The door closes. Foyle waits. He turns and takes another look at the Mercedes-Benz and the expanse of the front lawn.

The door opens. Simpson is standing in the doorway. Foyle turns and faces him.

SIMPSON

Are you a real estate agent?

FOYLE

Uh, no but...

SIMPSON
(Interrupting)
I'm sorry, Mister St. Clair only
deals with real estate agents.

FOYLE
Well if I could just...

SIMPSON
(Interrupting)
Mister St. Clair is not a well
man. I'm sure you understand.

The door is shut.

Foyle stares at the door, turns and slowly walks back down the driveway.

At the end of the driveway Foyle stops and looks at the wall going along the side of the house. He starts thinking...

EXT. DAY -- The Wall on the Side of the House. Foyle leaps up, onto the wall. He swings his bad leg over carefully.

Foyle looks around and hears what sounds like water falling. He quietly drops to the other side.

He has landed on a beautifully manicured lawn. Foyle adjusts himself and takes in the area.

This is Drake St. Clair's pool area and back yard. To the side of the kidney shaped pool is a magnificent fountain, with water falling to several levels, finally emptying into the pool.

SUDDENLY Foyle takes a heavy blow to the back of the head! It knocks him flat.

Foyle, dazed, looks up. Simpson is standing over him.

SIMPSON
Most intelligent people understand
the word "no."

Foyle gets to his feet slowly, rubbing the back of his head.

Another man is walking along the edge of the pool. Only his trousered legs can be seen.

Foyle is still rubbing his head, looking at Simpson.

FOYLE
Hey, let's talk this over.

VOICE
(From Poolside)
Simpson, is that the man?

SIMPSON
Yes sir. He tried to get over
the wall. I'll take him out.

FOYLE
You already did.

The Other Man sits down at a pool side table. He is in his early 70s, weathered face, a distinguished shock of white hair. He is wearing sunglasses. This is Drake St. Clair. He takes off his sunglasses and stares in Foyle's direction.

ST. CLAIR
Bring him here.

Simpson goes to take Foyle by the arm. But Foyle throws up his arm; he can walk by himself. As Foyle approaches the poolside table Simpson follows close behind.

St. Clair gives Foyle a piercing once over, as if he had expected, sooner or later, to meet this man and what he represents.

ST. CLAIR
I'm Drake St. Clair.
(Pause)
I know what you are but not
who you are.

FOYLE
Jack Foyle. I was a friend of
Bernie Crusher's.

St. Clair looks at Simpson who still has a catlike stance, as if at a mention he will pounce on Foyle.

ST. CLAIR
Thank you Simpson. I'd like
to speak with Mister Foyle.

Simpson leaves. With a wave of the hand St. Clair offers a seat
to Foyle. Then St. Clair takes off his sunglasses.

Foyle sits down.

FOYLE
I assume you know why I'm here.

ST. CLAIR
You don't lie well enough to be a
real estate agent. And, under the
circumstances only a reporter would
have the motivation to negotiate
the wall.

FOYLE
To the point then. We can start
with Bernie Crusher.

St. Clair sighs, nods his head in an exposing manner.

FOYLE
(Continuing)
After Bernie was killed I checked
his files. In one there were some
negatives, campaign literature and
a studio publicity photo that...

St. Clair makes an interruption with another wave. He stands,
puts on his sunglasses and walks around the table, thinking.
He stares at the fountain.

ST. CLAIR
I used to think that the grim
reaper would solve what remaining
problems I have.

St. Clair turns and faces Foyle.

ST. CLAIR
(Continuing)
I should have known that when Bernie
Crusher was killed someone like
yourself would come around. We
never seem to hide thing; we just
put them off.

FOYLE

Put them off?

ST. CLAIR

Mister Foyle, I'm going to tell you something that I haven't detailed in over 10 or 11 years, closer to 13.

St. Clair removes his sunglasses, walks back to the table and stands behind his chair.

ST. CLAIR

(Continuing)

In 1948, March sometime, I was 42. I had just divorced my third wife.

(Pause)

She was, by nature, one of the ugliest people that the Almighty placed within my eyesight. Her assets were beauty and sexual performance, the latter of which she attempted to set records.

(Pause)

Attempted hell; she did!

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE -- FLASHBACK -- 1948

INT. NIGHT CAR -- A much younger Drake St. Clair is driving a late model Lincoln in the rain.

ST. CLAIR'S V.O.

The divorce was a relief. After it became final I celebrated and went to a party one night. I was on my way home.

From St. Clair's POV, he sees a YOUNG GIRL, standing in the street, ringing wet, with a hitchhiker's thumb outstretched.

ST. CLAIR'S V.O.

I picked up a hitchhiker, the most pitiful looking waif you ever saw.

The car stops. St. Clair smiles, opens the door. She gets in.

The car speeds off into the rainy night.

ST. CLAIR'S V.O.
Her name was Sally Allman. She had
run away from an orphanage.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAY -- The St. Clair House. Poolside. St. Clair is seen
through a sheet of falling fountain water.

Foyle watches as St. Clair returns to the table and sits down.

ST. CLAIR
(Continuing)
Her real name was Sarah, which I
preferred to use.
(Pause)
I took her home, put her in something
dry, gave her warm food. She stayed
that night. And the next...

St. Clair replaces his sunglasses.

ST. CLAIR
(Continuing)
Nobody cared about this 13 year-old.
I even thought about enrolling her
in school. I could afford it...

Foyle is hooked, totally captured by the tale.

ST. CLAIR
(Continuing)
For the first time in my life I
felt something like a father. It
was a nice feeling.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE -- FLASHBACK -- 1948

EXT. NIGHT -- Santa Monica. The younger St. Clair is walking
along the beach with Sarah.

ST. CLAIR'S V.O.

She stayed at my house that spring.
We used to take nightly walks. She
spoke of a horrible childhood. I
promised myself that she would never
again see the inside of an orphanage.

(Pause)

I kept that promise.

DISSOLVE TO:

EX.T NIGHT -- 1948. A House in Santa Monica. It is raining as
the car pulls into the driveway.

The younger St. Clair emerges, slightly weaving. He walks to
his front door.

ST. CLAIR'S V.O.

Now to the dark side...

(Pause)

I came home late one night. I
had been drinking. And there was
a bad thunderstorm.

The younger St. Clair opens the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- The Doorway. Sarah, clad only in a nightgown, is
standing in the hall way, frightened and crying.

St. Clair walks in, closes the door and kneels in front of her.

ST. CLAIR'S V.O.

Sarah was in the hallway crying, so
scared of the storm.

(Pause)

She wanted to sleep with me.

St. Clair leans over and lightly kisses Sarah.

Taking Sarah down the hallway by the hand, St. Clair walks her
to his bedroom.

ST. CLAIR'S V.O.

She slept with me that night,
and the next and the next.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DAY -- The St. Clair House. Poolside. St. Clair is standing behind the chair, sunglasses off. Only the sound of the falling water is heard for several beats. The sound trickles...

ST. CLAIR
We became lovers.

Foyle is still eagerly listening, hardly blinking an eye.

St. Clair moves around the chair and sits down.

ST. CLAIR
(Continuing)
Our arrangement was first discovered by nosy neighbors who freely informed to a private investigator whom my third wife had hired.

(Pause)
My only satisfaction was telling my ex-wife that Sarah was a better lover than she. I assume that you've read about the trial?

Foyle nods.

ST. CLAIR
(Continuing)
Sarah was pregnant. It was the only time in my life when I felt like committing suicide. What future I had as a director was gone. I was given a light sentence.

FOYLE
She was never named.

ST. CLAIR
I know. But I arranged for both Sarah and the child. The baby was placed in a foster home. So was Sarah. I'll never forget the day we said goodbye.
(Pause)
I set up a trust for both. Then fell back on real estate. Sarah finished high school. And sometimes a studio gave me something, dialogue polishing, consultation, on the q.t. No credit. I had some friends.

FOYLE

What happened to Sarah?

ST. CLAIR

I wanted to send her to college. This was after I went into obscurity and she graduated from high school. At first I was reluctant when she told me of wanting to act. But, with some connections, I decided to do something. And she worked hard, starting with acting classes then to the stage.

(Pause)

She reversed her initials and asked me to pick a name. That was how Alicia Simmons began!

Foyle nods with a sympathetic smile.

FOYLE

I've seen her films.

ST. CLAIR

She got a lot of TV roles. I'm sure you know about her three features, the failed marriage and then the suicide.

FOYLE

Yeah. I recently had a detective tell me that actresses have been killing themselves in this town for years.

ST. CLAIR

That's nice. I'm sure this detective knows what actors and actresses must endure.

FOYLE

Probably, which is why he's a detective.

ST. CLAIR

I think Alicia's was the smallest service Forest Lawn ever had, the staff and me.

FOYLE

What was the connection between Bernie Crusher and Alicia Simmons?

ST. CLAIR

None. Crusher never set eyes on Alicia.

St. Clair stands and walks near the edge of the pool.

ST. CLAIR
(Continuing)

Alan Fairchild was the connection.

FOYLE

Fairchild! That was the campaign literature in Bernie's file. After I came across it someone tried to bribe me, then I was shot at.

(Pause)

And finally, a...close...friend was murdered. It was disguised as a suicide. She, uh, was also an actress.

ST. CLAIR

I'm sorry.

(Pause)

When I mentioned Fairchild I meant the father, not the son. The father is another story.

FOYLE

I know. Self made man, international investor, financial wizard.

ST. CLAIR

Wizard? Anybody with a little bit of brains can make money. It's no trick.

(Pause)

When Alan Fairchild made his fortune he sent his son to Stanford Law School, after Yale. The son married a girl after a whirlwind courtship. Naturally the father objected but love won out.

Foyle jerks his head. Something has come to mind. He stands.

FOYLE

Married! That's it, why...

ST. CLAIR

Congratulations Mister Foyle.

(Pause)

Yes, Alan Fairchild Junior, the prominent district attorney and congressional candidate married my daughter by Alicia Simmons.

Foyle sits back down, completely amazed.

ST. CLAIR
(Continuing)

The Fairchild family, with the campaign and all, doesn't want this sensationalized. At any cost.

FOYLE
Sensationalized? By today's standards this would make the girl something of a celebrity.

ST. CLAIR
Possibly, by today's standards. Tell me Mister Foyle what do you think of when someone tells you of an "illegitimate child?"

FOYLE
Someone born out of wedlock. Some call it a bastard.

ST. CLAIR
Only in this case the bastard is a different person.

(Pause)
It's been said that there are no illegitimate children, only illegitimate parents.

FOYLE
I can appreciate that.

ST. CLAIR
I'm glad you can. But unfortunately Mister Fairchild senior is from another generation, the old school. That's a school which cares more about appearances than reality.

FOYLE
How does that affect you?

ST. CLAIR
It doesn't. It affects my daughter.

FOYLE
Like how?

ST. CLAIR
Alan Fairchild cares more about the publicity surrounding that trial than he does about my daughter. He wants that sleeping dog to lie forever.

FOYLE

And Bernie came across this information. Damn!

ST. CLAIR

The usual campaign checks when the son announced he was filing to run. Crusher confronted me first. I brushed him off, told him to write what he wished.

FOYLE

But Bernie never wrote a word.

ST. CLAIR

He confronted the old man. Bernie Crusher wasn't the first reporter to go on a second payroll. I guess Crusher had a great time, a new car, a day at the races with the usual fast women and slow horses.

Foyle shakes his head.

ST. CLAIR

(Continuing)

I understand there were some arguments, threats countered by other threats. Then on a rainy night Bernie Crusher died in a parking lot.

FOYLE

There's another name for it, murder.

ST. CLAIR

Mister Foyle, a long time ago a writer once said that strange things happen when it rains in California. He wrote that the rain is different out here. It washes everything away, only to come back later. Do you believe that?

FOYLE

I believe it's about time for a trip to the police.

ST. CLAIR

Really? I'm surprised at you. Don't you know about the rich and the powerful? Didn't the press learn anything from Watergate?

FOYLE

Everything makes sense now.

ST. CLAIR

There is a ruling class in this country Mister Foyle. Alan Fairchild wants his son to be President. This story would ruin any chance. At this point the police would make a bad thing worse.

FOYLE

Well, I have...

ST. CLAIR

(Interrupting)

I have a heart condition. At my age that is terminal. I do have a few semesters left and I would like to spend them with my daughter.

FOYLE

Is she aware that you're still alive?

ST. CLAIR

No. I kept a safe distance all these years. Then when I read about Bernie Crusher it made me think.

FOYLE

I know what you mean.

ST. CLAIR

Then you showed up today. I guess this is as good a time as any to start. It's time that the Fairchilds were confronted with reality. And it's time that my daughter and I met.

FOYLE

And how are you going to do that?

ST. CLAIR

Not me Mister Foyle, but we. You are going to help. Fairchild can handle the police but he is afraid of the press. Bernie Crusher proved that.

FOYLE

Now wait a minute.

ST. CLAIR

You told me earlier that you lost someone in all of this. Doesn't that mean anything to you?

FOYLE

Of course it does.

ST. CLAIR
Fine. Then we understand each other.

FOYLE
I still don't see...

ST. CLAIR
(Interrupting)
Mister Foyle, if I didn't think you
were the key, Simpson would have made
you part of that wall behind us.

Foyle looks over at the wall.

ST. CLAIR
(Continuing)
That wall was your Rubicon. Mister
Foyle, you're on my side now.

Foyle stares at St. Clair.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Newsroom. Foyle enters the newsroom and walks
to his desk.

Sitting at his desk he pulls out the "Thirty" file and looks
through a few notes. He picks up his phone and dials a number.

Randy, sitting nearby, looks at Foyle then goes back to work.

FOYLE
Yes, hello. Can you tell me what
time the Fairchild rally starts?

Foyle jots something down.

Randy is looking at Foyle as he hangs up the phone.

RANDY
Watch it Jack. The word's out.

FOYLE
What word?

RANDY
About you and Bernie's file.
Leo's been getting some calls.

FOYLE
Good for Leo.

RANDY
Tell him yourself.

Foyle looks at Randy, then senses that someone is watching. He turns and looks up.

Leo Miller, the Assignment Editor, is standing next to Foyle's desk.

LEO
Let's talk. My office.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- The Editor's Office. In front of a large desk are two chairs. On the wall behind the desk, above a credenza, are framed pages of historic newspaper headlines.

LEO
Close the door and sit down.

Standing in the doorway, Foyle appears foolish. He shrugs his shoulders, closes the door and moves to one of the chairs.

LEO
(Continuing)
I don't like the police calling here for you. It should be the other way around.

FOYLE
Oh yeah, they want a statement about Kitty. I got pissed and walked out.

LEO
I also got a phone call from the district attorney's office. They want to talk to you.

FOYLE
I'm not surprised. And it's one D.A. in particular who just happens to be a candidate for congress.

LEO
You see too many movies.

FOYLE
Sometimes not enough. Look Leo,
I have...

LEO
(Interrupting)
Gone crackers! I'm sorry about Kitty.
I mean that. I had an aunt who took
sleeping pills once. Those things
happen.

Foyle's face hardens.

FOYLE
Leo, she was snuffed. It was the
same people who...

LEO
Yeah, yeah. Whatever. Look Jack,
this shit has to stop. You know how
long it's been since you turned in
some good copy?

FOYLE
I've been digging.

LEO
I call it wheel spinning.

FOYLE
Okay Leo, I'm spinning my wheels.

LEO
We'll start there. I want you back
on your regular beat. Enough of this
stuff about Bernie's file. I'm sick
and tired of hearing about it.

(Pause)
And stay off the strip. Am I coming
through?

FOYLE
Sure Leo. I get you.

LEO
Well finally something has gotten
into that thick head of yours.

Foyle smiles at Leo.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT -- Kitty's House. Foyle is in a den sitting at a desk. Nearby is a portable typewriter. He is going through the "Thirty" file once again.

Foyle looks at some notes then picks up the publicity photo of the younger Drake St. Clair. He studies it remembering the story as St. Clair recounted the unusual events.

He picks up the photo of Alicia Simmons, in her mid-20s, at a supper club. Foyle places that photo next to St. Clair's.

Next, Foyle picks up the photo of the daughter in a party dress. He puts the daughter's picture next to Alicia's.

He continues looking at the arrangement. After several moments he glances at his watch.

INT. NIGHT CAR -- Foyle is driving along a street. He appears to be watching for someone moving along the sidewalk.

Foyle sees something. He pulls over.

A young BLACK GIRL, in tight jeans tucked into boots, short jacket and wide brimmed hat, approaches his car.

Foyle reaches over and rolls down the curbside window.

BLACK GIRL
Have I met you sweet lips?

Foyle smiles.

FOYLE
Burbank Kiwanis Club.

BLACK GIRL
Shee-it. What you got.

FOYLE
I'm looking for Pervis. You know her?

BLACK GIRL
I can hum you jus' as good. You
like your coffee hot and black
don't you?

FOYLE
I'm a cream and sugar guy.

BLACK GIRL
You a cop?

FOYLE
Do I look like one?

BLACK GIRL
You all look alike to me.
(Pause)
Pervis is down the street,
gettin' a hamburger.

The car pulls away with the Black Girl watching. She shrugs
and waves to another passing car...

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT -- A Nearby Corner. A young, white, GIRL, obviously
one who works the street, comes walking out of a hamburger joint.

She is dressed in white Levis, tucked into boots, a short jacket
of cheap fur and a flowered hat. This is PERVIS.

Pervis walks across the street, as a horn beeps. She turns and
smiles.

Inside the car Foyle is watching Pervis walk toward his car. He
rolls down the window as she approaches.

PERVIS
I know you?

Foyle smiles and hands her a crumpled bill.

FOYLE
you were recommended.

Pervis takes the bill and looks around.

PERVIS
Drive halfway down that sidestreet.
I'll meet you.

INT. NIGHT CAR -- The Sidestreet. Foyle pulls his car over to the curb. He checks the rear view mirror.

Foyle nervously drums his fingers on the steering wheel.

The opposite door opens. Pervis gets in and smiles.

PERVIS
You gotta place or do we get a
motel?

Foyle steps on the accelerator and the car moves out into the street.

FOYLE
We'll just drive around.

Pervis has a suspicious look.

PERVIS
You kinky?

FOYLE
Straight as a hard on.

PERVIS
Bondage? Maybe you like to lick
women's underwear?

FOYLE
If they want their laundry done they
can send it out.

PERVIS
My menu is shorttime, half and half,
around the world, a French 75 or
all night. You want the rates?

Foyle gives her another bill. She takes it and looks at him.

FOYLE
I need some information.

PERVIS

You mean all we do is talk?
No balling?

FOYLE

No balling. No fooling.

(Pause)

I was a friend of Bernie Crusher's.

Pervis is caught by surprise. She thinks for a beat then gets angry. She throws the bill into Foyle's face.

PERVIS

Shit, stop the car! Lemme outa'
here.

Pervis opens the door while the car is moving. She hesitates.

At a nearby intersection a Police Car is waiting for the cross traffic to clear.

Pervis closes the door, frustrated.

PERVIS

Goddamn it, it's gonna be one a'
those nights.

Foyle keeps driving.

FOYLE

You're probably on a first name
basis with cops, even politicians.

PERVIS

I'm sorry about Bernie.

FOYLE

L.A. was sorry about Bernie.

PERVIS

He wasn't a bad guy. Drank too
much. Lousy fuck.

FOYLE

We all are. Hey, was Bernie getting
some information from you?

Pervis looks out of the window.

PERVIS
He was checking out one of my
regulars.

FOYLE
Specifically?

PERVIS
He comes around every ten days
or so. Well healed. We call him
Donkey Dick. Bernie wanted to know
something about him.

FOYLE
What kinda car he drive?

Pervis looks rearward then back to the front again.

PERVIS
The best, a Rolls Royce.
(Pause)
Not like that cop car that's
been following us.

Foyle checks his rear view. He sees an unmarked police car
with two plainclothes officers in it. He knows why they are
tailing him. He pulls over.

PERVIS
What about me?

FOYLE
Relax. We're on a date.

PERVIS
Creeps! I always get creeps.

Foyle rolls down his window and waits.

The Black Detective, the one who led the investigation into
Kitty's death, approaches the car.

DETECTIVE
Enjoying the tour? Which did you
like best, the street or Universal
Studios?

FOYLE

Nice to see you again. If this isn't something important, you can excuse us. We're on a date.

The Detective leans next to the window and looks passed Foyle.

DETECTIVE

Isn't that cozy. How's the action Pervis?

Foyle turns and looks at Pervis. She is disgusted.

FOYLE

Can't win 'em all.

PERVIS

I knew I should have stayed home and watched The Waltons.

EXT. DAY -- Hollywood Police Station. The Next Day. Foyle emerges from the station. He walks to his car.

INT. DAY CAR -- Foyle gets into the car and looks at his watch. He shakes his head and looks at himself in the rear view.

Foyle sees from the mirror that besides needing a shave he looks absolutely like he feels, the pits.

FOYLE

(To Himself)

Just another pretty face.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY -- An Intersection. Later. Foyle's car comes around a corner. It stops next to a curb.

Foyle gets out and walks toward a parked Mercedes-Benz. He opens the back door and climbs in.

INT. DAY CAR -- The Mercedes. Beside Foyle in the back seat is Drake St. Clair, wearing the usual sunglasses. Simpson is at the wheel.

St. Clair has been waiting for some time. He is naturally upset at Foyle's tardiness. St. Clair glances at his watch, for dramatic effect.

FOYLE

Sorry I'm late. Had a rough night with the police.

ST. CLAIR

Mister Foyle when we agreed to this I naturally thought...

FOYLE

(Interrupting)

I had to give a statement about Kitty's death. The assholes are still classifying it as a suicide.

St. Clair is reassured. He nods sympathetically.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

I was also trying to run down a lead, one of Bernie's holdovers.

ST. CLAIR

Are we clear about today then?

FOYLE

The rally? Sure, I'll try to get next to her.

ST. CLAIR

She was christened Mary Elizabeth. But they call her Beth.

St. Clair hands Foyle a note. Foyle puts it in his pocket.

FOYLE

Shouldn't you confront her?

ST. CLAIR

When the time is right. Use that note if all else fails.

FOYLE

She's gonna be hard to approach. Hell, you were.

ST. CLAIR

After the speeches the candidate
and my daughter are supposed to
mingle and shake hands.

FOYLE

And that's my cue?

ST. CLAIR

(Nodding)

As you shake hands, smile and say
"Your real father is still alive
and wants to see you."

FOYLE

And that will do it?

St. Clair is disconsolate.

ST. CLAIR

It should have been said 25 years
ago.

FOYLE

What about me?

ST. CLAIR

You're resourceful. Besides would
they be foolish this close to the
primary?

FOYLE

From what you've told me anything
is possible.

Foyle gets out of the car.

ST. CLAIR

Just use your judgement and common
sense.

FOYLE

In my case that might not be the same.
Remember what you said about the rich
and the powerful? He may be a
presidential candidate in six years.
Right?

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY -- A Park. The occasion is a political rally the day before the California primary. Foyle approaches a huge throng. The program has yet to start.

In front of the crowd is a stage with a podium. Behind the stage are banners: PUT SOMETHING FAIR IN CONGRESS. VOTE FOR FAIRCHILD. IT'S THE NEXT GENERATION.

Foyle walks through the crowd as a Speaker begins the program, hyping the candidate, explaining to the people about what a fine candidate Alan Fairchild Jr. is.

Foyle works his way to the side of the crowd and looks at the stage.

From Foyle's POV, he can see the Speaker. Sitting behind the Speaker is Alan Fairchild Jr., early 30s, handsome, dressed boyishly in a dark business suit. Next to him is an attractive brunette, MARY ELIZABETH FAIRCHILD.

Foyle stares at Mary Elizabeth, remembering the St. Clair story.

He looks across the line of dignitaries on the stage and notices a distinguished older man. He is staring at this older man when he feels a tug at his sleeve.

Foyle looks down at a LITTLE GIRL, about 12.

LITTLE GIRL
Mister, there's a man who wants
to see you down there.

Foyle stares at the Little Girl. For a moment he cannot believe what she is saying. Then he looks off in another direction, to a path that leads out of sight.

FOYLE
What did this man look like?

LITTLE GIRL
He was wearing a suit.

The Little Girl melts into the crowd. Foyle looks at the winding path.

The Speaker is now introducing dignitaries as Foyle starts moving down the path...

EXT. DAY -- Another Part of the Park. Foyle is walking down the path, far away from the crowd, although the sound of the Speaker is still heard o.s.

The path leads to a bridge. Standing on the bridge is the Man from the Rolls Royce, the one who approached Foyle after Bernie's funeral, old Donkey Dick.

Foyle cautiously approaches the bridge. He unbuttons his jacket.

The Man turns and looks at Foyle, expecting him. He smiles and beckons Foyle to approach, like Robin Hood and Little John.

Foyle walks onto the bridge and stops in front of the Man.

FOYLE

The gall. I'm really surprised.

The Man is relaxed, informal, as if conversing with a friend.

MAN

Nothing you do surprises me. We have to talk.

FOYLE

Really? Did you always feels this way or was it an overnight impulse?

MAN

I'm assuming that you know what Bernie Crusher found out, okay?

FOYLE

Do I get the envelope now or later?

MAN

I'll let that go. Exactly why are you here?

FOYLE

The election is Tuesday, or
don't you read newspapers?

MAN

Not your shitty rag.

FOYLE

I'll let that go. Been a
lotta water over the dam.

MAN

I sympathisize with, uh...

FOYLE

Don't feel sorry. After all,
I was warned.

The Man stares at Foyle. The two are inches from each other,
both leaning on the bridge railing.

MAN

Things have taken quite a turn
since last we met. I honestly don't
know what's going to happen now.
Even I have my job to consider.

FOYLE

And exactly what is your job?

MAN

You'd never know.

FOYLE

Try me.

MAN

Foyle, I'm as fed up as you. I
didn't even want to meet you like
this. But sometimes there are
pressures over which we have no
control.

FOYLE

No control? You and your people
are responsible for all of this
coming about.

MAN

Not any more. Look, leave this
alone. It's so big you have no
idea. Am I coming through?

FOYLE

You sound like you're ready to give a lecture on the rich and the powerful.

(Pause)

How does it go now, "money talks and bullshit walks."

MAN

I should have known. You're too far gone.

(Pause)

Okay Foyle, it was a chance. You're really bullheaded.

FOYLE

Pity.

MAN

Goodbye Foyle.

The Man turns to leave. SUDDENLY he whirls about and lands a closed handed chop across Foyle's face.

Foyle is caught off guard. The impact takes him over the bridge railing. He falls less than 10 feet, landing along a muddy bank, feet in the water.

EXT. DAY -- The Bank of a Lagoon. Foyle lands with a thud and is semi-conscious. He slowly props himself up and looks up at the railing.

Foyle puts his right hand to his face and notices that he is bleeding from the mouth and nose. The music from the rally is getting louder.

Still dazed, Foyle gets to his feet. He looks up at the bridge again. Then a fist slams him on the chin! He goes over on his side.

A HEAVY MAN, sweatshirt and beard, about six-foot, four, well over 250 pounds, picks up Foyle by the scruff of the neck and drags him into a clump of brush and trees.

Foyle makes an attempt to free himself. The Heavy Man takes his righthand, cups it under Foyle's chin and throws him back against a tree as if swatting an insect.

Foyle hits the tree trunk and slinks to the ground.

Methodically, the Heavy Man takes out a section of electrical wiring. Part of it is stripped of the insulation.

Foyle sees the cord.

As the music gets louder, with a voice coming over the loud speaker system, the Heavy Man, cord stretched through both hands, advances on Foyle.

The Heavy Man is seen, from the rear, moving toward Foyle. Suddenly the Heavy stops. His body jolts once, twice.

The Heavy Man falls to his knees, so surprised that Foyle was armed. He never thought of it; now it is too late. The Heavy Man reaches out with his right arm, toward Foyle, then drops over.

Foyle is on the ground, revolver in hand. The music is softer but the voice is still coming over the loud speaker system, urging everyone to VOTE FOR FAIRCHILD!

Breathing hard and still in shock Foyle stares at the body lying in front of him.

EXT. EARLY MORNING -- Venice Canal. Two Days Later. A JOGGER walks out of her house and takes several deep breaths of morning air. She is dressed in a warm-up suit and running shoes.

The Jogger leaves her yard and begins running along the canal path. After about 20 yards something catches her eye. She slows to a mild trot then goes to a walk. Finally she is stopped next to the canal. She can't believe what she is looking at.

The body of a Man is lying half in the water, on his back, sightless eyes pointed toward the sky. It is the Man who Foyle met on the bridge in the park.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY -- Ellen's House. After Election Day. Foyle is asleep on the couch. He is wearing an old tee shirt and has a growth of beard. His face harbors a few scabs from the beating.

A newspaper is plopped on Foyle's chest. He awakens and sits up, still aching. He looks at a headline from the Los Angeles Bulletin: FAIRCHILD WINS BY 3-1 MARGIN.

Ellen sits on a chair next to the couch.

ELLEN
Everybody loves a winner.

Foyle is disgusted. He flings the paper across the room.

Ellen gets up and retrieves the paper.

ELLEN
There's another story you should look at, on page 3.

Foyle has a wondering look. He takes the paper as Ellen sits down again.

FOYLE
About the ape in the park?

ELLEN
No, he's still unidentified. Take a look at page 3.

Foyle opens the paper. Another headline: VICTIM FOUND IN VENICE CANAL. He quickly reads the first several paragraphs. Then he sighs and leans back on the couch.

FOYLE
I always wondered what his name was. Carl Trippet, used to be a bouncer at an Atlantic City casino.

ELLEN
It also says that he was known to have mob connections on the east coast.

FOYLE
Well, he doesn't have them any more.
(Pause)
So they've wiped the slate clean.

ELLEN
Have you tried calling St. Clair?

FOYLE
I left a message. I'll be hearing
from him soon.

Foyle glances at the paper again.

FOYLE
Says here that a victory party is
being held for the Friends of Alan
Fairchild.

ELLEN
What are you thinking of now?

FOYLE
Our only hope is a confrontation.

ELLEN
You mean you're going to crash
that party?

FOYLE
Why not? I owe a lot to Alan
Fairchild.

ELLEN
You told me you were going to stay
put until your cuts healed.

FOYLE
That was before you showed me the
paper. This forces my hand and
St. Clair's.

ELLEN
Jack, will you please...

Lisa enters the room with her dog, Rex.

Ellen looks at Lisa then over to Foyle, trying to remain calm.

Lisa approaches Foyle.

LISA
Are you feeling better Daddy?

FOYLE
Much better honey, more than I
can say.

Foyle looks at Ellen as Lisa sits on the couch next to her father.

FOYLE
Almost like old times.

LISA
Will you be staying some more?

FOYLE
I gotta say goodbye hon. Maybe when this job is finished we can all get together for another picnic.

Ellen shakes her head, gets up and leaves the room.

Foyle is sitting on the couch with Lisa, Rex nearby, watching his ex-wife leave the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT -- An Exclusive Residential Neighborhood. Several members of an auto valet service are in front of the lavish, rambling home of Alan Fairchild Sr. Autos are stopping; people are emerging from the vehicles and getting a ticket from a Valet.

These are the Guests of the Fairchilds for the evening. They are walking up a driveway. Every room in the house is lit.

A Mercedes-Benz swings around the line of cars waiting for a Valet. Simpson is at the wheel.

EXT. NIGHT -- A Street. One block away. The Mercedes pulls over to the curb and comes to a stop.

INT. NIGHT CAR -- The Back Seat. Foyle, wearing a tan raincoat, is sitting in the back seat with Drake St. Clair.

FOYLE
It shouldn't be difficult. I've done this before. You just walk in like you own the Goddamn place.

ST. CLAIR
I'm familiar with the script but it's the acting I'm worried about.

FOYLE
There's still time to back out.

ST. CLAIR
At this point? Foyle, I admire
your sense of humor.

Foyle looks out of the window for a beat.

FOYLE
Paper said it might rain.

Foyle takes two envelopes from inside his raincoat. One is a white legal envelope, the other a larger manila type. He looks at them.

FOYLE
Give me about 15 minutes after I
get inside. I should be able to
get to him by then.

ST. CLAIR
Right.

FOYLE
Make sure he's out of the room
before you confront her.

ST. CLAIR
I'll wait for the right moment.
After all this time, it's down to
moments.

Foyle puts the envelopes back in his raincoat and opens the door.

FOYLE
Here we go. Can't get wet if you
don't jump into the pool.

St. Clair nods and smiles. Foyle gets out and closes the door.

St. Clair looks at his watch.

EXT. NIGHT -- The Fairchild Driveway. The Guests are still
getting their cars parked by the valets.

Foyle walks up the driveway as laughter and music comes from
the inside. There is a line of Guests at the front door.

EXT. NIGHT -- The Front Door. Alan Fairchild Jr. and Mary Elizabeth are greeting the Guests just inside the door. The men are in black tie tuxedo and the ladies display expensive elegance.

Fairchild Jr. nods and smiles to an older, distinguished couple, FRED and MARGARET.

FAIRCHILD JR.
Fred, glad you could make it.
You and Margaret know Beth.

MARY ELIZ.
So nice of you to come.

Mary Elizabeth dutifully smiles and shakes hands.

As Fairchild Jr. is still talking to Fred and Margaret, Foyle moves out of line and walks right in, like his owns the Goddamn place.

INT. NIGHT -- The Fairchild Home. Foyle enters the living room, smiling and aware that he is the only one not in formal attire.

With defiant coolness Foyle walks through the huge living room to a table spread of roast beef, turkey, cold cuts, salad, crackers and liver pate. Nearby is an open bar.

A young man, an AIDE to Alan Fairchild Jr., approaches Foyle who is now holding a glass of wine and eating a cracker with pate.

AIDE
Excuse me.

Foyle turns and smiles at the Aide.

FOYLE
Yes?

AIDE
I'm an Aide to Mister Fairchild.
Are you from the press?

FOYLE
You know the types, huh?

AIDE

I'm afriad there's been some misunderstanding. This is a private function for the Friends of Alan Fairchild.

FOYLE

No shit. That's why I crashed.

Foyle picks up a finger sandwich and munches on it. He is still smiling as the Aide is becoming uncomfortable.

FOYLE

The pate is a little flat.

The Aide is aware that he has a troublemaker on his hands. He nervously smiles at some nearby Guests.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

Understand the old man is really gonna unbuckle the pocket book for the fall election.

AIDE

As I said, this is a private function.

FOYLE

Did you know that the candidate facing Fairchild in the fall beats his wife? Check it out.

AIDE

I must ask you to leave.

FOYLE

Hey, c'mon, the working press. Don't be such a poop.

AIDE

When we want coverage we'll schedule a press conference.

FOYLE

When you want? What about the voters? Don't the hoi-polloi deserve to know how a candidate celebrates a win?

AIDE

Please, let's not be difficult.

As the Aide goes to assist Foyle out with his arm, he suddenly discovers that he is holding Foyle's wine glass. Foyle is now looking around the room while the Aide is wondering why he is holding the wine glass.

From Foyle's POV, he sees Alan Fairchild Sr., late 60s, a trim man with a rocklike jaw and a commanding appearance. Fairchild Sr. is wearing a velvet dinner jacket and smoking a thin cigar. This is the same older man who was on the stage the afternoon of the rally.

FOYLE

Is that the old man?

The Aide, still holding the glass, turns and looks.

AIDE

Yes, but you're...

FOYLE

Going to stay, to see the old man.

The Aide is thoroughly confused now.

AIDE

Pardon me?

FOYLE

I'm here to see Alan Fairchild Sr. I couldn't care less about junior.

The Aide looks around the room for help.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

I'll be waiting in the study.

(Pointing)

You tell the old man that my name is Foyle and I have the file material. Remember, Foyle is here with the negatives. You can remember all that can't you. You guys are all Stanford men.

AIDE

Now you listen to me...

The Aide puts down the wine glass and now discovers that Foyle is gently holding him by one lapel, an iron fist in a velvet glove. Foyle forces a smile on his face as he clenches his teeth.

FOYLE

Hey chump! If you value your little political job, you'll tell that to the old man. If you try and toss me out of here you're gonna end up on your back with a busted face, in front of these nice people.

(Pause)

Now be a good little boy and tell the old man.

Foyle releases his grip and walks away toward the study door. The Aide watches Foyle, then recovers and approaches Alan Fairchild Sr.

The Aide moves next to Fairchild Sr. and whispers in his ear. The elder Fairchild slowly looks over to the study door.

INT. NIGHT -- The Fairchild Study. It is paneled in oak. There is a massive desk at the far end of the room. Bookcases go to the ceiling; original paintings hang on the walls.

Foyle walks to a set of French Doors that lead onto a patio. He opens the doors and looks out at the expanse of lawn which lies beyond.

Outside it is starting to rain, a light but steady, drizzle.

Foyle smiles. He closes the French Doors. He turns and looks toward the doorway and sees:

Alan Fairchild Sr. is standing just inside the doorway of the study with the Aide. Fairchild nods and the Aide leaves, closing the door.

Fairchild walks across the room to the desk. Foyle circles from the French Doors. It is almost as if these two have drawn swords and are circling for an opening touche.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Enventually I knew we'd meet Mister Foyle.

FOYLE

Really? I'm probably the last person
you want to meet. You're doing it
because you have to.

Fairchild sits down behind the desk. He starts to open a drawer,
then stops. He is looking at Foyle's back.

Foyle is taken with an original on the wall, obviously done years
before. It is a portrait that bears a faint resemblance to
Alicia Simmons.

Fairchild is getting irritated.

FAIRCHILD SR.

I'm a busy man Mister Foyle.

Foyle turns, slowly sneering.

FOYLE

Bullshit. You just have more
money. You don't know what
busy means.

Fairchild stares at him, taken aback. It has been years since
someone walked into his house and spoke in this manner. Fairchild
is obviously not used to it. A nervous hand places the thin
cigar in an ash tray.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Foyle, we're two different types
of people. Let's get that straight
first.

FOYLE

Wrong. We're cut from the same tree.
I'm a prick but I know it. You're a
prick and it's been so long, you don't
know it. You're a bigger thief than
I am. (Pause)
I'm saying this as one prick to another,
understand?

Foyle smiles and walks closer to the desk. He stares at Fairchild
who is trying to mask his uncomfortable feeling.

FAIRCHILD SR.

(Pompous)

Foyle, I, uh, look at things in a different light. When one is reared with wealth one has certain obligations, to the human condition.

Fairchild stands and walks behind the desk, next to a window. He notices the drizzling on the pane.

FAIRCHILD SR.

We intend to use our wealth wisely and judiciously. For the first time I actually feel like I'm doing something worthwhile.

FOYLE

I have the same feeling.

Fairchild turns and glares at Foyle, understanding the double meaning.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Foyle, my son has the chance of a lifetime in front of him, a chance I never had.

Foyle glances around the room, taking in the opulence.

FOYLE

I'm sorry you didn't have that.

FAIRCHILD SR.

My life has been hard. I lost a daughter in a traffic accident, a son in Vietnam. You wouldn't know about those, would you?

FOYLE

I lost two close friends recently. You know about them. As for Vietnam I was probably there about the same time your son was.

(Pause)

But we're not here to discuss the unfairness of life, are we?

Fairchild halts. He walks back to the desk and toys with a paperweight.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Alan did well at Yale and Stanford.
He was impressive as a District
Attorney. Now he's a cinch for the
House of Representatives.

Fairchild moves to a nearby family portrait which was obviously
posed for when he had a full family. He keeps his back toward
Foyle.

FAIRCHILD SR.

(Continuing)

When Senator Corman retires in four
years Alan will be perfectly groomed
for the Senate.

(Pause)

And after that...well, all things
in the due course of time.

FOYLE

I have to admit, you've covered your
tracks.

Fairchild turns and looks at Foyle.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Covered my tracks?

FOYLE

Sure. There's nothing pointing to
you. When Bernie Crusher got greedy
you had him tailed and hit by two men,
not one. You assumed that he had the
file with him. But that night he
didn't.

Fairchild forces a smile.

FAIRCHILD SR.

I'm quite amused.

FOYLE

That's why Bernie's car was torn up.
Next came the attempt on me, subtle
at first, then you got rough. Finally,
you had a nice kid who never hurt
anyone snuffed, by the same two guys.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Must I listen to this drivel?

FOYLE

You bet your ass! At this point you still didn't have the negatives or the file. And now you knew I was onto the story. You got desperate when I showed up at the park the other day.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Desperate? I didn't even notice you.

FOYLE

You're a liar! You had me set up against the same two who hit Bernie. Only nobody assumed that I would be carrying something.

Foyle moves closer to the desk.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

After they found the big guy's body, that forced you to get rid of the other guy, Trippet. Then he ends up in the Venice canal. You know, this has been an expensive campaign.

FAIRCHILD SR.

(Grimly)

What do you want Foyle?

FOYLE

Now we're getting somewhere.

Foyle walks over to the French Doors. He looks at the rain streaming down the separate panes.

FOYLE

(Continuing)

Amazing. That little file held so many secrets. Thirty years, a rags to riches story about an actress who had a child out of wedlock and committed suicide. And her daughter is now your daughter-in-law. Quite a story.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Foyle, I'm a reasonable man. I realize my daughter-in-law had no control over her unfortunate birth. She couldn't help it if her mother was a slut.

FOYLE

I admire your compassion.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Do you think, for one moment, that I'm going to allow the publicity of that scandalous trial damage my son's future?

FOYLE

You're beautiful. Four people are dead and you're worried about your little boy.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Resurrecting that trial could ruin everything that I've...I mean what my son's worked for.

FOYLE

You were right the first time.

Fairchild sits down and slowly opens a desk drawer. He takes out a steel box and opens it with a key.

Foyle watches Fairchild like a cat.

Fairchild takes out a stuffed manila envelope. He opens it. Crisp one thousand dollar bills are spread out on the desk.

Foyle stares at the cash then looks at Fairchild.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Everyone has his price Foyle. You're looking at \$250,000.

FOYLE

I've already counted over \$100,000.

FAIRCHILD SR.

It's yours on the conditions that I get the negatives and any prints that you had made. In addition, there will be no media coverage. And there is no record of this meeting.

FOYLE

You trust me?

FAIRCHILD SR.

It isn't a matter of trust. I know what you've been through and you know what I want. Foyle, I want those negatives and I want to be done with this matter.

Foyle appears deep in thought. He smiles and clucks his tongue.

FOYLE

I guess this is where we came in.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Crusher wasn't that expensive.

Foyle reaches into his raincoat and produces the envelopes. He plops them both on the desk next to the cash.

FOYLE

The negs are in the white envelope.
The prints are in the bigger one.

Fairchild opens the white legal envelope, holds the negatives up to a light. He studies them. Then he opens the manila envelope and goes through the prints.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Are these the only prints?

Foyle nods.

Fairchild appears relieved. He leans back satisfied.

FAIRCHILD SR.

The cash is yours.

FOYLE

I have to say one thing Fairchild.
You're the most unprincipled
multi-faced sonuvabitch I've ever
run across.

Fairchild smiles.

INT. NIGHT -- The Fairchild Front Door. There is no longer a receiving line. Guests are freely going among the bottom first floor rooms.

Drake St. Clair enters the house. He stops just inside the doorway and then moves toward the living room.

INT. NIGHT -- The Living Room. Alan Fairchild Jr. and Mary Elizabeth are standing next to a long couch, each conversing with a separate couple.

Mary Elizabeth has just finished saying something to the couple next to her. She turns and flashes a smile.

Drake St. Clair is standing there, eyeball to eyeball with his daughter.

MARY ELIZ.
Hello. How are you?

St. Clair smiles and shakes hands with his daughter.

INT. NIGHT -- The Fairchild Study. Foyle is gathering and stuffing the bills into the envelope. While he is doing this Fairchild is re-examining the negatives and prints from the "Thirty" file.

FOYLE
I guess this concludes our business.

FAIRCHILD SR.
I never want to lay eyes on you again Foyle.

Foyle smiles as he stuffs the envelope into a pocket.

FOYLE
You have my word, from one prick to another.

Foyle is standing at the desk when suddenly loud noises and shouting are heard, coming from the living room.

Fairchild stands, wondering what the racket is about. The door opens.

The Aide opens the door and stands inside the doorway.

AIDE
Mister Fairchild, you better
come out here.

Fairchild moves immediately to the doorway. The Aide and Fairchild exit the study.

INT. NIGHT -- The Living Room. Fairchild Sr. and the Aide emerge from the study. The Aide whispers something to Fairchild Sr.

There is a cluster of people around the couch as Fairchild Sr. works his way through the Guests.

When Fairchild gets through the crowd he sees:

Mary Elizabeth sitting on the couch, weeping, holding a hankerchief. On one knee next to her is Drake St. Clair. Sitting on the other side of Mary Elizabeth is a very uncomfortable Alan Fairchild Jr.

The Aide gets through the crowd and whispers something to Fairchild Jr. The latter listens and then appears shocked.

ST. CLAIR
This was the only way Mary Elizabeth.
I should have done it years ago.

MARY ELIZ.
I can't believe it! I never questioned
anything. I was told that you were
dead and that there was enough money.

Mary Elizabeth dabs at her eyes as the Guests begin talking amongst themselves.

GUEST
That's Drake St. Clair. I remember
his films.

GUEST

They're father and daughter?

MARY ELIZ.

We have so much to talk about. I've never been able to learn anything about my mother.

ST. CLAIR

She was quite a lady. And you look just like her.

St. Clair looks up at the Guests staring at him. He then looks back at his daughter as if they were the only two people in the room.

Fairchild Sr. is standing near St. Clair. He looks around the room and painfully notices that all eyes are on St. Clair and Mary Elizabeth.

St. Clair is now holding Mary Elizabeth's hand. He looks up at Fairchild Sr.

ST. CLAIR

Years ago we would have both been safer with the truth.

(Pause)

In the time I have left it will be a welcome stranger.

Fred, the older man whom Fairchild Jr. was greeting at the door, leans over to his wife, sotto voce.

FRED

Remember that trial, the one involving the girl, a long time ago?

MARGARET

Drake St. Clair, yes. It was in all the papers.

St. Clair stands. Mary Elizabeth, still dabbing at her eyes, looks up at her father.

MARY ELIZ.

You aren't leaving, are you?

ST. CLAIR

Yes, my doctor says I shouldn't
stay up late. Besides, it's raining.

Fairchild Jr. has heard enough. He stands and looks at St. Clair.

FAIRCHILD JR.

Do you expect us to believe that
you can just walk in here and explain
that you're her natural father?

GUEST

(Sotto Voce)

St. Clair never married the mother.

Another Guest nods. Nobody is moving from this little circle.
There is more murmuring.

ST. CLAIR

I expected something like this.

St. Clair goes into an inside pocket and produces an old, canceled,
check. He hands the canceled check to Fairchild Jr.

ST. CLAIR

(Continuing)

This is one of the checks with which
I paid Mary Elizabeth's education.
It came from a trust fund I established.

Mary Elizabeth stands. She takes the check from her husband.

MARY ELIZ.

Yes. This was from the trust account.
I've seen these checks many times.

An older WOMAN turns to her Husband.

WOMAN

Charles, I, uh, think we had
best be going.

The Guests begin to whisper louder than before.

FAIRCHILD SR.

Please, ladies and gentlemen...friends.
There's nothing to be alarmed about.
Let's all get on with the party. We
can all...

Mary Elizabeth turns to St. Clair.

MARY ELIZ.

Would you mind terribly is I went
with you tonight?

Fairchild Sr. hears this and motions for the Aide. The Aide almost
knocks over a Guest in order to get close to the elder Fairchild.

FAIRCHILD JR.

Beth, we, uh, have the campaign
to consider. Next week we're starting
on the fall schedule. You know that.

MARY ELIZ.

Alan, this is only for one night. How
often does something like this happen?
I want to visit with my father.

ST. CLAIR

I'd consider it an honor and pleasure.

GUEST

My Lord! An illegitimate child as the
daughter-in-law of Alan Fairchild.
What's this world coming to?

Mary Elizabeth leans over and kisses St. Clair. He smiles and
puts his arm around her.

Fairchild Jr. makes an impulsive move, by force, to stop his wife
from leaving. The Aide intervenes giving a head jerk as to advise
the younger Fairchild that such a move, in front of people, would
be foolish. The Guests stare in utter amazement.

St. Clair and Mary Elizabeth start for the door. Several Guests
follow, since they're also on their way out.

Fairchild Jr. is left standing next to the couch, angry and desperate
knowing that he cannot do a damn thing. Beyond that, his once
enviable future suddenly seems cloudy.

Fairchild Sr. suddenly remembers that Foyle has the cash. He grabs the harried Aide.

FAIRCHILD SR.
Get into the study and get Foyle.
Get him! Use some of the others.
He robbed me, you understand, he
robbed me!

The confused Aide signals two other Aides. They run toward the study.

INT. NIGHT -- The Fairchild Study. The door flies open and the three Aides enter. They stop just inside the doorway and look around.

The room is empty of anyone. One of the French Doors is open, allowing the rainy night air to come in.

The Aides look at the open French Door, then to each other.

INT. NIGHT -- The Living Room. Most of the Guests are moving toward the front door.

Fairchild Jr. and his father are arguing with each other, walking toward the study. They meet the Aides at the doorway.

Fairchild Sr. stops for a beat. He slowly enters the study, realizing the worst.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT -- The Driveway. St. Clair's Mercedes pulls up with Simpson at the wheel. Mary Elizabeth and St. Clair get into the back seat.

More Guests are still leaving as the Aides emerge, vainly searching for any sign of Foyle.

INT. NIGHT CAR -- The Back Seat. Foyle is sitting in the back seat. Mary Elizabeth smiles as she sits between Foyle and St. Clair.

St. Clair points to Foyle

ST. CLAIR
This is Jack Foyle. He's a friend
of mine...and yours.

Foyle smiles at Mary Elizabeth.

FOYLE
And your mother's.

The car pulls out of the driveway.

FOYLE
You can drop me at my car.

ST. CLAIR
Very well.

Foyle looks at the rain streaming on the window next to him.

FOYLE
The paper was right about the
rain tonight.

ST. CLAIR
Remember what I said, about strange
things happening when it rains in
California?

FOYLE
Yeah. It's different when it rains
in California. When it's over you
start out fresh.

St. Clair looks at Mary Elizabeth. They smile.

FOYLE
(Continuing)
St. Clair, I've been thinking. Exactly
who said that, about the rain in California?

ST. CLAIR
Me.

EXT. NIGHT -- A Los Angeles Street. The Mercedes stops in the drizzle and makes a turn.

The car moves down the street in the rainy night...

FADE OUT

THE END