

"DIRTY HARRY"

Screenplay

by

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11/17/70

FADE IN:

1. INT. BANK LOBBY LONG SHOT M.O.S. [NIGHT FOR DAY]
S & W

16 mm
We are witnessing a holdup through the fisheye lens of the bank's closed circuit monitor. Everything is seen in contrasty black and white and the CAMERA NEVER MOVES. The is confusion on the floor of the lobby. Different figures run in and out of frame. From time to time a grotesquely convex funhouse face appears right on top of the lens. Finally one of the holdup men runs for the door with a satchel in one hand, a gun in the other. He stops dead in his tracks, throws his hands in the air and is knocked back head over heels by a blast from outside the bank.

CUT TO:

2. EXT. HOTEL LONG SHOT M.O.S.

~~Amos~~
16 mm
color
We are seeing an amateur's home movies in crude color. His family poses on the sidewalk in front of a downtown hotel. They change positions in the lineup, responding to his instructions from off CAMERA. A junkie comes walking out of the hotel and is accosted by a policeman. The junkie draws a gun and shoots him down, then starts to run almost directly toward the CAMERA. The CAMERA moves off the family onto a second policeman, who knocks the fleeing junkie head over heels with a blast from his shotgun. The family scatters like ten pins. The policeman fires another shot and the CAMERA DIPS to the pavement as the photographer ducks to avoid getting hit.

CUT TO:

3. EXT. SUBURBAN HOME LONG SHOT M.O.S.

16 mm
color
The CAMERA PANS OFF a mobile teevee truck onto a nice suburban house. It isn't clear at first what we are meant to be seeing. After a moment a man comes out of the house with a gun to the head of a lady hostage. He warns the police who have surrounded the house to stand back. He walks to the driveway and gets in the lady's car. He pulls through the crowd of cops and reporters. He seems to be safely away when a gas grenade explodes through the back window and fills the car with a white vapor. The kidnapper comes stumbling out of the car, coughing. He seems about to shoot when a blast from a gun off CAMERA knocks him back into the cloud of vapor.

VOICE OF HARRY:

Used to be it was something to be a cop. There was teeth in the job and people would listen...Now you need stopping power.

CUT TO:

4. MONTAGE BLACK AND WHITE M.O.S.

PROJECTOR

STILL
LIST

A quick montage of glossy photographs of dead policeman develops on the screen. Harry stops the CAMERA from time to time when he finds an image that suits his purposes. We see, among other things, a highway patrolman laid out in the headlights of his car; a narco sprawled across the floor of an ice house; a park detective's feet protruding from within a fountain, etc.

VOICE OF HARRY:

Stopping Power: where it counts.

Another still appears, this one of a detective in a stairwell, lame and bleeding.

VOICE OF HARRY:

(continuing)

These are cops.

A small figure emerges at the bottom of the huge screen, part of the projected image on him: HARRY CALLAHAN, -- it is his voice we have been hearing.

HARRY:

That cop was hit by a 10 gauge.
You got a name on him?

VOICE OF PROJECTIONIST:

James Romberg.

HARRY:

James Romberg. A 10 gauge.

He clicks a control in his hand -- another slide of a dead cop in a car, mouth agape.

HARRY:

That man with a .30-06. Through the door.

PULL IN on him as more photos appear on the screen.

HARRY:

They were probably good officers, qualified with their weapons. Their adversaries were better qualified.

He motions. Bright lights come on and the screen goes up revealing a target range behind him. A row of watermelons and cans of paint are set on a table in the target area.

HARRY:

I'm here to teach you manners in the field of weapons.

5. CLOSE ON HARRY

He paces.

HARRY:

Now the issue sidearm of this department is the 38 special revolver. I know your combat instructors have made you feel quite invincible with this weapon. Well, you're not. Any of you who think that just because you can put them in the black at ten yards, you can hold your own with the animal element of this city are full of crap and you're likely to end up in an alley with your balls in your mouth and someone has rolled you for your shoes.

He walks over to a table and picks up a gun.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Now I don't mean to say that the 38 won't kill a man. The 38 will kill a man in a second. It's just I feel that it might not get the job done every time. When I drop the hammer on a killer I want to know that he will go down and not get up next thing. I feel safer this way, knowing that he will stay on the pavement.

He wheels and fires into a watermelon with the pistol. Five shots from a crouched two-handed position. The watermelon is shattered and red chunks are blown onto the white back-drop. Harry tosses the gun on the table. The broken melo is still standing.

HARRY:

(continuing)

That was the standard police 158 grain round nose load. Any gun that won't knock over a watermelon with five shots does not inspire confidence. What's more, a cart-ridge that was found incapable of stopping huckalucks and pygmies in the Philippines in 1903 I don't feel has any place in modern law enforcement. Now some have advocated the government 45 for detective use.

He picks one up and works the slide chambering.

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont.)

HARRY:

It's compact, fits under a suit coat
nice without ruining your press.
And it has what I call...stopping power.

He drills three melons in quick succession, knocking them
off their stands and blowing pieces onto the backdrop.

HARRY:

(continuing)

You drop a felon with a 45 and you
can come back in a half hour and
know he's going to be on the pavement
waiting for you.

He paces back and forth, then puts the gun on the table.

HARRY:

Now I know some of you men are wondering
is the automatic safe? Will it let me
down? Does it have a nickname like
"Shady Lady" for nothing? Well I can
assure you that you do your part and it
will do its. It has served its country
well through four wars without improve-
ment. It will serve you. Next you're
probably thinking how did I carry a 45
due to departmental regulations. Well
there's no restriction on your off duty
weapon and you never can tell what you're
going to have to do off duty. But if
you have to use the 38, use it well.
Forget the vital spots. A crazy man can
have his heart blown out his back and
empty six into you and be half way through
reloading before he realizes he is a dead
man. I seen a man hold his heart in his
hands, so break bone! Bust your prey
down! Deny him mobility. Inflict pain
and crushing damage making him incapable
of returning fire -- then finish him!

He picks up a pump shotgun from the table.

HARRY:

The twelve gauge shotgun is a cop's
best friend. It is the most powerful
and effective man-stopper we have. It
stops the short and it stops the tall.

He blows a melon all over the backdrop and with a second
shot explodes a drum of milk.

(CONTINUED)

5 (Cont.1)

HARRY:

When a criminal looks down the tubes he's going to respect whatever needs to get respected.

He does a flourish with the shotgun.

HARRY:

Probably you think that a weapon of this size has no place in detective work. That its presence can alarm the average citizen and compromise the vital element of authority. Well let me tell you that there is no position more compromising than that of laying face down on a sidewalk with someone from Homicide scooping your brains into a plastic baggie. And there is nothing more alarming to the average citizen than the sight of dead cops.

Harry stops and thinks.

HARRY:

One more thing. I want you to remember that your killer hasn't memorized the departmental restrictions. He may face you down with any weapon whatsoever. I'm pulling this out of my hat but he may face you with a .44 magnum.

He pulls a huge Smith and Wesson .44 Mag from his hat.

HARRY:

Here now!

He turns and blows the last watermelon and paint can all over the room. He smiles mischievously.

6. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

Harry studies his feet.

HARRY:

The 44 Magnum is my stopping gun
but you take your pick. My advice:
match the gun with the job. You
have a match, you'll never get
in trouble.

He continues to pace.

HARRY:

You're supposed to be hunters.
If you want to hunt, you got
to know weapons.

(he holds up the
big pistol)

The 44 was developed for cops
and for hunting. You want to
hunt, you get your badge.

FADE OUT.

TITLES OVER

~~7.~~

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT GUN MUZZLE

The frame opens in complete blackness. The blackness shifts and an eyeball appears center frame at the end of a gun barrel. It withdraws from view briefly and a tiny drop of oil spirals down the barrel following the line of the rifling.

~~8.~~

CLOSE SHOT HANDS AT RELOADING PRESS

A man selects a number of empty cartridge cases from a drawer, sets one of them in his priming press, seats it with the pull of a lever, removes the case and seats it in the turret of the press. He pulls another lever, releasing a powder charge onto a scale pan. The scale does not balance the charge is too light. He allows a few more grains to trickle onto the pan and tips the charge into the case.

He turns the turret to the projectile seating position, selects a shining bullet from a small can full of oil. He checks his manual and looks at the gleaming slug. He places it in a vice and drills a 1/16" hole in the top with an overhead drill press, which will cause it eventually to open immediately upon impact. He places it now in the seater. The bullet is seated with a pull of the lever.

He turns the turret to the next station and pulls the press down again, crimping the lip of the case. He now removes the finished cartridge from the press. In all this we have had no idea of the size of the cartridge really, but now as he holds it in the palm of his hand, we see that it is huge. He jams this and other shells into the magazine.

~~9.~~

CLOSE SHOT RIFLE CASE

He dusts his finger prints off the blue on the barrel, then seats the 50 caliber rifle in a telescope case lined with green velvet.

~~10.~~ CLOSE SHOT FINGERS

He sprays his finger tips with hair spray, then coats them with nail polish.

~~11.~~ EXTREME LONG SHOT CITY DAY

We see him from three quarter rear move unnoticed, even with the telescope case, through traffic along a busy downtown street. (NORTH BEACH)

~~11A.~~ LONG SHOT CITY

We pull back from an extreme long shot of the city to see his hands in CLOSE SHOT finish mounting the rifle to an outcropping of pipe. He places a final shell in the chamb and releases the bolt with a snap. He inserts the magazin into the rifle.

~~12.~~ SNIPER'S P.O.V. THROUGH CROSS HAIRS

We quickly survey a posh townhouse, a construction crew at work on the street in front of the house, a teamster's foot truck, a black limousine waiting in front of the house, et. We TILT first to the second story of the townhouse, where some men are leaving a conference, then down to the doorwa where a Chauffeur awaits them. *Woman (extra)*

~~12A.~~ CLOSE SHOT HEAD THEN HAND

The CAMERA MOVES from his eye against the scope down to his trigger finger, which edges inside the guard.

LAST TITLES OVER

13. INT./EXT. HARRY'S APARTMENT HOUSE CLOSE SHOT MORNING

Harry rushes from his apartment with an armful of dirty shirts. He is slightly unkempt, dressed in more dated styles than any of the men we shall see around him. He winces at the bright morning light. He heads for a Chinese laundry across the street and drops off his load.
PRETTY CHINESE GIRL:

13A. EXT. STREET HARRY

He leaves the laundry and walks a distance. As he does, the DIN of jackhammers is developing.

13A. EXT STREET HARRY

13B. EXT. STREET SAME AS SCENE 12

He rounds a corner and sees a CHAUFFEUR leaning against a limousine in front of a posh townhouse. Across the way construction workers are breaking up the street while a teamster watches them from his food truck. Harry sees an opportunity to take his breakfast on the move. He stops at the truck, draws a cup of coffee and takes a donut.

14. HIGH ANGLE TELEPHOTO LONG SHOT SNIPER'S P.O.V. CHAUFFEUR

We TILT from the Chauffeur up to the second story of the townhouse, where some men are in conference in the study, then down to the Chauffeur, who now waits impatiently in front of the door.

15. TEAMSTER'S FOOD TRUCK MEDIUM SHOT HARRY, TEAMSTER

The TEAMSTER, with no other customer at his truck, samples his own food. Harry draws another cup of coffee.

S.F.
TEAMSTER: LARRY HANKIN

You owe me forty cents but you get a break.

HARRY:

Yeah, well I don't want one.

TEAMSTER:

Yeah?

Harry takes a donut and slaps his change on the counter. The Teamster has a sullen look.

HARRY:

This is garbage, this stuff.

TEAMSTER:

It wouldn't seem like garbage to some Filipino kid.

HARRY:

You know, lots of guys on the street, I hear them saying how easy it is to rip stuff off your wagon.

TEAMSTER:

They say that really?

(CONTINUED)

15 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Yeah.

TEAMSTER:

Well, I can take care of myself.

16. OMITTED

17. TRUCK MEDIUM SHOT HARRY

Harry gives him an empty look, then reaches into the ice underneath a shelf and extracts a beer. The Teamster is embarrassed. Harry opens it and takes a sip.

HARRY:

Some cops would make you pay to run beer out of this chili wagon.

TEAMSTER:

There's something wrong with you, mister, if all you know is sassy first thing in the morning.

Harry presses a handful of ice to his forehead. The Chauffeur moves in the distance to open the townhouse door for the men who were in conference in the study: an ORIENTAL MAN and an ELDERLY MAN, then their host, a GENTLEMAN:

STUNT (3)

18. HIGH ANGLE TELEPHOTO LONG SHOT TOWNHOUSE MEN

They exit onto the walkway in front of the townhouse. The Chauffeur salutes them. He takes a briefcase from the Elderly Man. When he tries to prise a large box from the Oriental, the Oriental demurs. Together they walk toward the limousine now.

The Gentleman remains behind to lock the door. He fusses with his keys. A bullet smashes into the brick wall above his head, but again the jackhammer covers the sound of its impact. Chips of masonry fall on him. He is briefly startled but visibly assumes that the vibration of the jackhammers shook something loose.

Meanwhile, in the foreground, the Chauffeur is opening the limousine trunk while the two visitors confer. There is a suggestion of the SNIPER'S P.O.V. in all this but the cros hairs are not seen.

19. CLOSEUP FINGER

The Sniper's finger draws back on the trigger.

20. CLOSEUP BULLET EXTREME SLOW MOTION LIMBO

The muzzle of the gun explodes with a flash. A shock wave slightly disturbs the CAMERA. The bullet leaves the muzzle behind a rush of gas, spinning evenly in extreme slow motion.

21. TRUCK MEDIUM SHOT HARRY OVERLAPPING TIME

HARRY:

I got to move.

TEAMSTER:

Well, I don't forget a favor.

Harry is reaching for his wallet to pay the teamster when the NOISE of the jackhammers stops abruptly. An unfamiliar WHINE is heard in this new silence. Harry alone seems to recognize the noise. He instantly drops to all fours, turns and sees the Gentleman crawling toward him with blood on his face and hands. The Gentleman removes his hat and expires in the grass. The Chauffeur arrives at his side.

22. LONG SHOT SIDEWALK MEN OVERLAPPING TIME

The Gentleman is still investigating the masonry and the Chauffeur opening the trunk as we continue where SHOT EIGHTEEN (18) left off.

A shot from the sniper sends the gentleman crashing through the front door of the townhouse into the foyer. The jackhammers cover the NOISE of both the shot and his fall. After a moment he comes crawling back out the entrance toward the street. At this moment the jackhammer stops, duplicating the same moment in SHOT EIGHTEEN (18). The same WHINE is heard and the Gentleman expires in the grass after doffing his hat. From over his prostrate body we catch a glimpse of Harry in his position at the end of SHOT EIGHTEEN (18). At each CUT in this sequence of overlapping time, the CAMERA STOPS MOTION FOR TWO FRAMES.

As the Gentleman crawled wounded out the townhouse door, the Chauffeur slammed the trunk and went to his side. The visitors turned to look, cued by his reaction. The first shot we heard (the third shot fired) hit the Elderly Man

(CONTINUED)

22 (Cont.)

and knocked him across the hood. He now slides off the hood, leaving a path of blood; the Chauffeur runs for cover against the side of the house; the Oriental stumbles up onto the lawn with no clear intention.

23. TRUCK MEDIUM SHOT HARRY OVERLAPPING TIME

Harry starts toward the fallen Gentleman from his position as above, then retreats for the cover of the truck as another SHOT is heard. He motions for the Teamster to duck.

TEAMSTER:

They're shooting at us.

Harry draws his gun, the 44 Magnum. This further alarms the Teamster. Nearby, the workmen drop their tools and look at one another.

24. LONG SHOT STREET OVERLAPPING TIME

Meanwhile the Oriental runs back toward the house. The glass canopy in front of the entrance shatters to pieces, blocking his retreat. He throws his box in the air and drops into a fetal position. Standing in the flowers at the edge of the house, the Chauffeur surveys the scene with dismay. He feels constrained to raise his voice.

CHAUFFEUR:

* That's enough of that...This man's
EXPAND a respected man in the community...

A bullet has winged him in the upper arm though we can't be sure just when this happened. He inspects the wound and nearly faints at the sight of his own blood. He shows his bloodied fingers to Harry, the single bystander, as if to have his sympathy, then runs and hides under the limousine.

The Oriental comes out of his fetal position as a ricochet spangs off the pavement. A FAINT POP is heard and suddenly his hand looks like a veal shank. Uncomprehendingly he heads back down into the street. A car spins to avoid him, then is hit from behind by another. He is pierced by another shot, careens past the workmen, through a barrier, then lifeless onto a dirt pile.

A dizzy lady comes walking down the middle of the street, carrying her groceries. A workman takes off his shirt in

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

preparation for something or other. The jackhammer hose has been nicked and squirms like an angry snake. The

S.F. DRIVERS of the wrecked cars argue despite the commotion.

(2)

FIRST DRIVER:

What the hell kind of talk is that?

SECOND DRIVER:

They're shooting real bullets out there. You hear?

Throughout all of this, only Harry has been calm. He, in fact, has been almost impassive, scanning the rooflines and waiting for the sniper's fire to abate. He inches away from the truck, his gun close to his waist, the lifeless body of the Gentleman at the doorway, then back into the street. A PEDESTRIAN spots him.

THE DITTY LADY
PEDESTRIAN:

There's a man has a gun on the sidewalk.

DRIVER:

Leave him alone, he's got a gun. He's got a gun, he knows how to shoot.

Everyone around Harry is hysterical; nearly everyone who sees him figures him to be the shooter. The shooting seem to stop now, but he is cautious nonetheless. He runs across the street and down the sidewalk, in the shadows of the buildings, completely purposeful.

25. INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LONG SHOT HARRY

S.F. Harry comes rushing upstairs toward the CAMERA. An impassive JANITOR is standing on one of the landings. He speaks calmly to Harry.

JANITOR:

Listen, sonny, we aren't buying that shit around here.

Harry responds by hiding his gun inside his coat.

26. EXT. FIRST ROOF HARRY

From outside we hear Harry kick fiercely at the door, but won't budge. His calm returns to him and he simply opens. He leaps over the threshold and lands on his stomach in the chat, his gun outstretched. He yells, hoping the noise alone will flush his quarry. It doesn't. A pigeon takes flight with a start. Harry swings and almost fires. He looks down at the confused activity on the scene of the crime, then sights another building five hundred yards off.

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27. HARRY'S P.O.V. HIGH ANGLE TELEPHOTO

The CAMERA tilts down from the building Harry has sighted to show him running on the street below. We see cop car approaching.

28. EXT. STREET LONG SHOT HARRY, ROOKIES

SF. Harry turns around in circles, scanning the roofline. A police car with TWO ROOKIES skids to a stop in front of him, blocking his pursuit. The shotgun rider leaps out with a shotgun.

FIRST ROOKIE:

Halt, halt, halt, halt, halt.

He FIRES a warning shot at Harry, who continues running.

SECOND ROOKIE:

Dope, it's Harry.

He steams past them, shaking his head and puffing. They scan the roofline, following his example.

29. EXT. SECOND ROOFTOP HARRY, ROOKIES

Harry runs onto a second rooftop with the rookies in tow. He runs quickly around the perimeter of the roof but finds nothing. Then he stops and fixes at a distant tower, point slightly taller, and we ZOOM from over his shoulder onto a third rooftop, the tower's. CARY-JONE

29A. EXT. THIRD ROOFTOP (MATTE SHOT OR STEREO?) HARRY, COPS

Harry walks calmly onto this roof, certain the sniper has already fled. The rookies arrive. Harry is still breathing hard. He puts his head in his hands, then turns and tells them:

HARRY:

Don't stand behind me.

Harry walks to the edge of the roof and looks off at the chaos in the far distance. ~~ambulance and more squad cars are arriving~~ Harry sniffs the air and begins his inspection, aware that he will have only a few minutes to himself before the regulars arrive. He is like a cavalry scout in modern dress. The rookies stand to the side now.

HARRY:

Cordite!

(CONTINUED)

29A (Cont.)

FIRST ROOKIE:

What?

HARRY:

Cordite. It's either Army Ordnance
or an English elephant rifle.

FIRST ROOKIE:

You couldn't get a hit with anything
from this far.

HARRY:

You could if you had some Army ordnance.

SECOND ROOKIE:

Hey, lookit here.

He motions them over to a tarry portion of the wall on
which is chalked a white hand.

SECOND ROOKIE:

That's recent. I can tell and I'm not
a lab man.

HARRY:

Yeah, well, seal this place off. I want
a seal on this place.

He inspects the sign from inches away, for no apparent
reason. Other cops burst through the door and join them.

30. EXT. STREET LONG SHOT HARRY, SERGEANT, CAPTAIN

Harry walks preoccupied through a gaggle of newspapermen
and rubbernecks. An ambulance stands in the f.g.; it
is only now being loaded. In the b.g. we CATCH A GLIMPSE
of a plain figure who will later turn out to be the KILLER
(TRAVIS). We also SEE the CAPTAIN for the first time. He
is a balding man in his early forties. A SERGEANT ap-
proaches Harry.

SERGEANT:

Captain said for you to quit doing that,
Harry.

HARRY:

What?

SERGEANT:

Walking around in circles like that,
like a con in the hole. That's what
he said and I came to tell you.

(CONTINUED)

VIC TAYLOR
STOCK
DETECTIVE
#1

30 (Cont.)

HARRY:

I'm not going to stand still.
I almost got blown off back there.

SERGEANT:

I don't know anything about that.

The ambulance is closed. The Sergeant signals that it can leave, and it moves off. Harry walks over to the Captain. Many of the cops carry sniper shields, some on their arms, some on rolling dollies.

CAPTAIN:

So there'll be no misunderstanding,
it's a straight no to everything you
ask, Harry.

HARRY:

Who you gonna put on this? Medavoy,
Jablecki, Murphy? Those boys aren't
half as cop as me.

CAPTAIN:

They can control themselves.

HARRY:

Has Medavoy got a record you can
respect? He's got his duke in the
tamborine. He's not going to take
chances.

CAPTAIN:

You lose me when it comes to insults,
Harry.

HARRY:

You tell me: how many's Medavoy
brought in?

CAPTAIN:

Not very many but they were alive, Harry,
not dead.

HARRY:

You know I never dropped the hammer on
any killer that wasn't fixing to give
me the same.

CAPTAIN:

I don't know, Harry, it's just, well
...there's always some guy gets a hard-
on in a fire fight.

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.1)

HARRY:

Just to track him, that's all I want.
You can have him when I'm done.

CAPTAIN:

You're a meateater, Harry. We got
no use for you.

The Captain starts to withdraw, but Harry blocks his path.

HARRY:

Seriously, Captain, I think you need
me on this one. I wouldn't push my-
self if I didn't think so.

CAPTAIN:

No thanks.

HARRY:

You know who that was got shot?

CAPTAIN:

Report says small fry, then a big
construction man name of Clark Reinhardt.

HARRY:

Well, there was a lot of sand in his
concrete.

CAPTAIN:

What does a remark like that mean?

HARRY:

It means you're going to have a gang
war on your hands if you don't watch
close. You want another killing?

The Captain walks off.

HARRY:

(continuing)

You want a dogfight?

31. INT. CORRIDOR IN CELLBLOCK MED. SHOT HARRY, CAPTAIN

The Captain walks down a long corridor in the cellblock.
Harry is dogging his heels. Doors open and CLANK shut behind
them. Guards and inmates alike fall silent as they pass.

HARRY:

I'm not going to make anybody look
bad.

(CONTINUED)

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31 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:

I won't let you.

HARRY:

You're not running for Senator.
What's the matter?

CAPTAIN:

You asked me whether I wanted another
killing. The answer: I don't.

HARRY:

You can watch me every step of the
way.

CAPTAIN:

That's how to have another killing,
turn you loose.

HARRY:

So don't let me loose. Put your best
man on me, keep me honest, so called.
I just want to track.

CAPTAIN:

I've got twenty, thirty men to put on
this. I think they can make up for
one gloryboy.

HARRY:

Gloryboy! How come I'm the only one
around here doesn't have a cent?

CAPTAIN:

You got a sick dog. I dunno.

HARRY:

Listen, Captain, there's a nut out
there could kill a lot of people.
He's got a nut loose... I thought
you'd like to know so you could be
looking over your shoulder.

They enter the Captain's office and the Captain SLAMS the
door.

CUT TO:

32. INT. ARMORY LONG SHOT

A Weapons Manufacturer is conducting a demonstration in the
middle of the arena. There is a carnival spirit in the air.

(CONTINUED)

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18.

32 (Cont.)

Several anti-riot devices, each displayed at a different booth, are under discussion. The CAMERA PICKS Harry up walking past an open area where a SALESMAN is ballyhooing a sprae called: "Instant Banana Peel" that makes the ground underfoot completely slippery. Police cadets and their elders from Division slide around like kids on the first ice of winter, drowning out the ballyhoo with SQUEALS of delight. Harry progresses past a couple of booths.

Someone is explaining the workings of the 201Z (1 1/2" bore) Gun. Harry studies one of the onlookers, a fellow detective named: JOE BRESSER. In the b.g. we HEAR a SALESMAN'S pitch throughout:

SALESMAN #2:

This gun has got a fine breakdown pattern. There's no doubt about that. If you want to use it as a kill factor, though, you just aim a little higher and there you have your kill factor... Let's say, though, that they're attacking into your tactical control group. Well, you do this, you load a cannister of CS and lay it down behind them. We feel this little gun's as good as the Mark Four, plus which its shape gives it a funny voodoo effect on crowds. Sure we've had complaints. The North Koreans complained about the F-86 if I remember correctly.

Bresser finally notices Harry and turns to look at him.

HARRY:

Hi, I'm Detective Sergeant Harry Callahan.

BRESSER:

Yeah?

HARRY:

Captain said we're going to work together.

BRESSER:

Yeah, he told me.

HARRY:

Well I'm ready. Let's move.

Bresser studies him. Bresser is slick and vain and acts like he has seen a lot of movies about himself. He dresses beyond his means with a taste for aluminon fabrics. We can as easily imagine him in the middle depths of the underworld.

(CONTINUED)

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19.

32 (Cont.1)

BRESSER:

Yeah.

33. DIFFERENT ANGLE

They amble toward the exit. Bresser is already on the defensive.

BRESSER:

You're on the leash, Captain said.
You're the hound and I'm the trainer.

HARRY:

That's okay by me.

BRESSER:

Maybe you got rank on me, but get
one thing clear. I'm out there to
keep an eye on you.

HARRY:

It's a job.

BRESSER:

Yeah, it's my job. You do whatever
you want but step out of line, I'll
do my job.

HARRY:

Fine.

BRESSER:

And if I can't get the job done,
then the Captain'll get someone in
there who can.

HARRY:

That sounds okay to me.

BRESSER:

It's a funny thing to ask but let's
shake on this.

HARRY:

Okay.

BRESSER:

Sure it's okay. You do whatever you
want, just remember where I stand and
we're 100% good buddies.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/17/70
20.

33 (Cont.)

Harry nods and they continue on ahead.

BRESSER:

(continuing)

You know anything about this sniper?

HARRY:

Not yet.

BRESSER:

Well, one thing you know right now,
he's elusive, gonna be tough to
catch without us putting on our
thinking caps.

HARRY:

Mmmmmmm.

BRESSER:

Boy I love it when one of these hoodlums
gets blown off. It's like a big stick
rattling in a beehive.

HARRY:

It's like a dogfight.

BRESSER:

That's right.

They are silent for a moment.

BRESSER:

(continuing)

What's your department?

HARRY:

I'm a professor but I used to work
Homicide.

BRESSER:

Terrific. You ever have to shut off
fire hydrants in homicide?

HARRY:

No.

BRESSER:

You didn't? I had to shut off forty
in one day.

CUT TO:

CHANGE
11/17/60
21.

34. EXT. ROOF CLOSE SHOT HARRY, BRESSER, COP DAY

Bresser withdraws his hand from on top of the chalked hand symbol on the roof from which the sniper fired. Various other officers from the Criminal Lab work around them. A TECHNICIAN examines the chalk marking.

HARRY:

Anybody found anything on the sign?

TECHNICIAN: George Miller

It's symbolic of something. It doesn't mean anything by itself, though.

BRESSER:

You mean it's just a lot of bullshit.

HARRY:

It may be bullshit to you but it's not to him.

BRESSER:

(sarcastically)

That's a very elaborate view.

HARRY:

He wants you to know who did the work. He's proud of himself.

Both men look at him oddly. He gets up and walks over to the wall where more lab technicians and ballistics experts seem to have determined the point of fire. A DETECTIVE looks up and smiles at Harry.

DETECTIVE: Emilio Galante

Fifty caliber. Lab ran a check. Hollow point fifty.

HARRY:

He musta customized a military bullet. He musta done some homework.

BRESSER:

Listen to him!

HARRY:

What makes you think he shot from here, anyway?

TECHNICIAN:

Trigonometry. Powder burns on the asphalt, too. You can see for yourself.

(CONTINUED)

34 (Cont.)

Harry turns away.

HARRY:

You got the range yet?

TECHNICIAN:

About 1630 yards. About a mile.

Harry walks further down the roof edge to where a cluster of plumbing is located. He inspects the tiniest details of the pipes, reaching between them on a hunch, but he finds nothing and cleans his hands.

BRESSER:

He was shooting.

HARRY:

He was out there to shoot.

Harry runs his hand along the roof edge. He smells his fingers.

HARRY:

(continuing)

He's not a tripod shooter: no tripod marks. Still I don't think he hand-held a 50 caliber and got that nice accuracy at 1600 yards.

BRESSER:

So what about the powder?

HARRY:

Could've come from an ejected case.

Harry puts his hand on a piece of pipe sticking out of the roof. It looks like all the other pipe except it is bright where it has been newly threaded.

BRESSER:

(to Detectives) ~~457: SIMON~~

Hey - come over here - we got something.

~~STEEL CO. 2~~

HARRY:

(almost to himself)

He cut it off - threaded it and mounted his gun - look, you can see cracks in the asphalt from recoil.

The others cluster around to see.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/17/60
23.

34 (Cont.1)

BRESSER:

He's a pipefitter, maybe, working
with pipe like he does.

A DETECTIVE comes over with a portable phone unit.

DETECTIVE: ~~#~~ 3

Harry - it's emergency from Division.

Harry picks up the phone - the others cluster around the new
discovery. Bresser watches Harry. He daubs at his neck
with a handkerchief and carefully folds his coat.

HARRY:

Yeah - Harry here. No I'm not doing
anything - why - No - No, not another
jumper.

CUT TO:

35. MED. SHOT BUILDING JUMPER, POLICE

~~JUMPER~~ ~~HAL ENGLAND~~
A MAN clutches at the smooth side of the building - twenty
stories. His feet are spread out precariously on a thin
ledge. Police are at the nearest windows. Firemen and
crowds are below. His mouth moves noiselessly, like a
fish's.

CUT TO:

36. CLOSE SHOT ROOF HARRY

He still has the phone in his hand.

HARRY:

He's going to have to wait. I
won't come if he won't wait.

He hands the phone back - turns to Bresser, shaking his head.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Let's go. Maybe he'll jump before
we even get there.

CUT TO:

CHANGE
11/17/60
23A.

37. FULL SHOT HIGH BUILDING FIREMEN, HARRY

Bresser's car pulls up, SIREN blaring. Firemen have ladder ready - cops control the crowds. Firemen hold the traditional rescue net. Harry gets out, laughing at them. The FIRE CHIEF walks over.

CHIEF:

Hi, Harry.

HARRY:

Hello, Pete.

(pointing to net)

You aren't serious about that thing, are you?

CHIEF:

It looks good. People like to see a net. Take good care, Harry, you hear now?

HARRY:

You don't worry about me.

He enters building. Bresser close behind.

CUT TO:

38. INT. ROOM MED. SHOT POLICE, HARRY

Harry enters - a DETECTIVE SERGEANT smiles. CAPT. GOTTLIEB
Stock Co. # 4:

DETECTIVE:

He waited for you, Harry. We said you were coming and he's ready for you.

HARRY:

Where's the nearest window?

DETECTIVE:

I hate to tell you this, Harry, but there isn't a window close to him. You could yell but he's not going to buy anything - that way.

HARRY:

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.)

DETECTIVE:

Don't worry, it's a wide ledge and we'll rope you.

HARRY:

I'm scared of heights.

DETECTIVE:

I'm not a shrink, so don't look at me.

39. EXT. WINDOW HARRY, OTHERS

Harry is rigged with ropes and harnesses. He looks disgusted.

DETECTIVE:

You're the one, Harry. You're the one.

He gets his courage and climbs angrily out on the ledge.

40. EXT. LEDGE MED. SHOT HARRY, JUMPER

The JUMPER is in f.g., position unchanged. Harry edges towards him along the ledge. When he's about three yards away the Jumper glares at him. Harry stops, holding the wall and not daring to look down.

JUMPER:

Don't you come near me!

HARRY:

You're a crazy man. This is as close as I get. You're the one that wants to get killed - not me.

The Jumper just glares at him, trembling.

HARRY:

(continuing)

You jump, you'll try to grab me for sure. It happens every time. I'm not getting one inch closer. Change your mind at the last minute, try and grab me as you go, and you'll miss - I can guarantee you that - You'll go alone.

JUMPER:

I'm gonna jump! Just wait.

He turns quickly around the other way to see if anyone was sneaking up on him. Then back to Harry.

JUMPER:

(continuing)

You're not going to grab me?

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Hell no - I could get killed -
squashed to a pulp.

JUMPER:

You're not gonna stop me! Joan can
stop me, not you.

HARRY:

Squashed to pulp - I've seen it from the
bottom, buddy - you can't tell their
heads from their feet. It cracks the
pavement up, too. You ever drop a
grapefruit off a bridge or something
like that?

JUMPER:

Get away from me!

HARRY:

It makes a kind of splatter - your
hand could be twenty or thirty feet
from the center of the hole.

The Jumper is beginning to whine. Harry fumbles for a
pocket notebook and pencil. He slips a little and is forced
to look down.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Oh God!

He pulls himself together again.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Would you mind giving me your name and
address please?

JUMPER:

Everybody'll know who I am.

HARRY:

No - no it'll be really hard - I mean
identification is damn near impossible-
the blood an' all - you can't read the
papers. We have to use your teeth -
you can save us all a lot of time.

JUMPER:

I'm sick, I'm gettin' sick - Oh God!

40 (Cont.1)

HARRY:

You could injure someone puking on 'em this high up. Besides you'll get dizzy and probably fall. You don't wanta fall - you wanta jump don't you?

The Jumper looks down, thinking about all this...

41. FULL SHOT JUMPER'S P.O.V.

Below are the firemen with the net - a small spot in the crowd.

HARRY'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Oh - the net, eh - you looking at the net? I can't look down. They'll run out of the way when you go...no one wants to take a chance on getting hit by someone this high up. Even if you hit it center, you'd just go right through. It's a public relations thing.

42. CLOSE SHOT JUMPER THEN HARRY

He looks back at Harry, his face full of shock. It starts to rain.

HARRY:

 You'll do 25 half gainers, then make a terrible slam when you hit. You wouldn't think it would sound like that....

(pause)

Okay, we got to know your religious affiliation -

43. MED. SHOT JUMPER

His face contorts as he looks down - twenty stories - his head snaps toward Harry. He has become suddenly catlike and alert.

44. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He senses something and starts to move back, panic on his face. He recedes in the FRAME and the Jumper comes into it, moving along the ledge towards Harry - both of them towards the window where policemen wait. The Jumper is

(CONTINUED)

44 (Cont.)

gaining on Harry, intense, maniacal. Harry can retreat no faster. If he looks down, it's all over. The cops at the window reel in Harry's safety line. The Jumper gains to within a yard.

HARRY:

Hey, cut that stuff out.

He leaps at Harry.

45. CLOSE SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

Their bodies meet with terrific impact. There is clawing and scratching. They both go over the ledge and dangle - connected by the jumper's death grip. The line is being pulled in. Harry is suspended over a twenty story drop - looking down! It is almost too much for him, let alone the strangling hold of the Jumper. Harry has him by the arm and neck. The Jumper bites through Harry's coat. They rise towards the window slowly. There is no sound save a distant almost cheering from the crowd and the desperate breath from the two men. Finally hands reach out, and they are clawed into the building.

46. INT. MED. SHOT ROOM COPS JUMPER HARRY

There is general confusion. The two are tangled in Harry's line. Cops grab the jumper, trying to get him in a straight jacket. He is sobbing hysterically. Harry scrambles at him and starts punching his face.

HARRY:

(shouting hysterically)

You bastard, you fruitcake bastard,
you tried to kill me.

Men rush now to restrain Harry. They pull him away toward foreground. Bresser stands there open mouthed. Harry mumbles.

HARRY:

(continuing)

I'm all right. I'm all right.

They let him go - he tries to pull himself together, the harness is taken off. Doctors rush to the aid of the Jumper.

COP: ED CALL

You really pushed off him, Harry. STOCK CO. #5

Harry looks at his arm; it is bloody, and his coat ripped. He is soaking wet as well.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/17/70
28.

46 (Cont.)

HARRY:

He bit me, then he tried to kill me.

He throws a lamp at the Jumper but succeeds only in hitting another cop.

HARRY:

Go ahead! Try to kill me again.

He is stopped and held by most of the cops and doctors who have to all but put him in a straight jacket. Bresser is angry about something and stares across at Harry.

BRESSER:

(to himself)

Shut up or we'll use the sap on you.

DISSOLVE TO:

47. EXT. SWIMMING POOL BEHIND MANSION TELEPHOTO DAY

From a high ANGLE we see a couple of BLACK KIDS playing in the backyard of a fancy house. A woman comes to the side of the pool with some drinks, then turns back toward the house. A man is floating around on a raft in the pool. The CAMERAMAN shivers and next moment a red slick of blood is spreading through the water. The raft has exploded and the man has disappeared. There was no evidence of the shot on SOUND. police radio is HEARD in the background.

BLACK
STUNT

POLICE RADIO:

We have a brain stem prep, name of Martinson. Rich guy...He's the one they found behind the stock fixing (BLACK) in the Valley...Just got the word from the ambulance jockeys: he's a D.O.A.

48. EXT. CITY PARK TELEPHOTO

EARLY MORNING

Again from a high ANGLE we see a man jogging along with a pair of St. Bernards. Someone drives along behind him in a golf cart, evidently an aide. The recticle in the sniper's gunsight moves onto and off of him as the sniper steadies his aim. Suddenly the man does a flip in the air and lands falling on his back. The aide jumps out of the cart and starts crawling on his belly for the nearest tree, a thin sapling.

(CONTINUED)

STUNT

48 (Cont.)

POLICE RADIO:

We can't get a pressure, figure he's dead. Kenneth Langdon Wagner...Under Grand Jury indictment for fraud. Eighteen indictments, no convictions. You pull his chart, you'll see what I mean...sniper deserves a wreath from the Benevolent Association.

49. OMITTED

STUNT: GIL PERKINS

50. TENNIS COURT TELEPHOTO POLICE NIGHT

The CAMERA fades off black onto a rooftop tennis court where an elderly GENTLEMAN is holding his own against a young PRO. A young WOMAN and a hulking BODYGUARD watch. The court is posh; it belongs to a private club, no doubt. The Gentleman takes a point and goes to the baseline to serve. He puts the ball in the air and as his racket addresses the ball, something happens, though at first it is not obvious what. The ball dribbles toward the net. The Gentleman is knocked off his feet. The Pro jumps over the net and heads for the exit without hesitation. So, after a moment of shock, does the girl. Only the Bodyguard remains; he draws his gun and looks for the sniper.

51. ROOFLINE HARRY'S P.O.V. NIGHT

~~SM II~~ The CAMERA pans from low ANGLE over the roofline opposite the court.

52. TENNIS COURT CLOSE SHOT HARRY THEN POLICE

Harry surveys the roofline of the neighboring buildings, searching out the angle of flight of the fatal shot. The CAMERA withdraws to reveal the whole court buzzing with activity. Kleig lights have been set up for the police photographers. On SOUND we hear the sirens of arriving cars. A detective interviews the three witnesses to the killing. All are completely stunned. The body of the Gentleman is covered with a black plastic shroud. An ambulance driver tags the big toe. A Technician lays down tapes to continue the direction of the Gentleman's fall. In the background we hear:

BACKGROUND VOICE:

STOCK CO. #2 One Spalding Smasher, Item 131. Six
Wilson Topflite Tennis balls, Item 132.
One Wilson SunVisor, Item 133. One

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

BACKGROUND VOICE:

(o.s.)

Ad'd * Seiko 70 watch, Item 134...He must have
Paddle Tennis jargon. had a wallet. Did someone steal the
wallet?

Harry has been standing in a crowd of cops, studying some papers that he is holding. He detaches himself now and walks to the edge of the roof. Bresser follows him, skimming through a sheaf of papers, summarizing their content

BRESSER:

We got a preliminary report of the stiff. He's some lawyer named Bernoulli. He got the other stiff's off their charges: Reinhardt off tax evasion, Martinson off perjury. The whole bunch of 'em either got fancy lawyers like Bernoulli to keep them outa court or else they're on ice. I worked a summer in Frauds and this Bernoulli dropped the laundry for our Captain...Something about this one has lived off highway fundage, I dunno.

He stops and looks at Harry.

BRESSER:

They're all of them the big hoodlums can't any of us touch. The legitimate stuff.

HARRY:

Mmmmmmmmm.

BRESSER:

You draw your own conclusions, Harry. It's a can of worms.

They walk over to the group of witnesses. The corpse is being chalked out in front of them.

DETECTIVE: #1 TAYRACK

We asked them and they didn't see anything.

BRESSER:

You guys know you're jopes? Who're you protecting by not saying?

HARRY:

Maybe they didn't see anything.

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.1)

BRESSER:

They don't talk to anybody except
their own people. They're like Masons.

The Detective nods at the witnesses to indicate that he will
have to be alone with Harry for a minute.

DETECTIVE:

You heard who that is under the sheet?

HARRY:

Bresser told me. Ivory Joe Bernoulli.

The Detective whistles and shakes his head to think of the
repercussions this will cause. Bresser beats his chest with
anticipation. The Detective takes a cue and hoots.

HARRY:

We're stuck though.

BRESSER:

Listen, we'll pull the records on
psychos, bible readers, potshot
artists: everybody.

HARRY:

Naw, with his style, this has gotta be
his first time out. He won't have
any records.

BRESSER:

Then we check the wards, the outpatient
clinics, etcetera: maybe they got a
psycho on the loose.

HARRY:

This one's been doing too much homework
for a psycho.

BRESSER:

Yeah.

HARRY:

We're looking for a vigilante.

Harry takes a pencil out of his pocket and works it into a
hole that one of the sniper's bullets has made in the wall.
He sees which way it points and takes a rough sighting. As
this goes on we hear someone approach the Detective in the
background.

VOICE: STUCK ON IT 3 SMOKE

(O.S.)

We got reporters out there. How about
them?

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.2)

BRESSER:

(o.s.)

Let's play it dumb with them, okay?

VOICE:

(v.o.)

That shouldn't be hard.

Harry points to a building in the distance.

HARRY:

Let's start there.

They walk for the exit. Harry turns to Bresser.

HARRY:

(continuing)

I wouldn't have minded cutting down
on Ivory Joe Bernoulli but a cheap
shot like this?

He shakes his head. The Detective sighs with sympathy.

DETECTIVE: ~~#1~~ TAYBACK

He was some kind of gentleman.

CUT TO:

53. ROOF OF BUILDING LONG SHOT HARRY BRESSER NIGHT

Harry and Bresser move through a clutch of police technicians on the roof.

BRESSER:

I'm not going down to the morgue this
time of night.

Everyone is full of excitement about the recent events.

DETECTIVE: ~~#1~~ **#2** DELGADO

We haven't found anything good, Harry.

BRESSER:

You check the plumbing? The guy likes
to mount his piece off the plumbing.

DETECTIVE:

There's no exterior plumbing around here.

BRESSER:

Yeah, well keep checking. You guys don't
like to move.

Harry smiles at Bresser's initiative.

CHANGE
11/17/70
33.

54. INT. BOILER ROOM MED. SHOT DETECTIVE

A Detective has opened the rooftop maintenance shack and a boiler stands exposed in the foreground. A fresh length of heavy conduit has been attached to the crisscross of pipes. It is newly threaded and gleams with oil. A window opens off the tiny room with a direct view to the tennis court. The Detective studies the pipe from up close but is careful not to touch anything.

DETECTIVE: ~~#3~~ SIMON

You say anything about a pipe?

He shrugs triumphantly as others rush onto the scene. Harry wedges his way through them.

DETECTIVE: #3

(continuing)

Look and see, Harry. There's nowhere he could shoot except the tennis court really.

The technicians whistle and nudge one another. Harry looks out the window.

54A. HARRY'S P.O.V. - thru Binoculars

We SEE the tennis court where they were standing a half hour earlier. Body gone, witnesses out, only a few cops + trucks left.

DETECTIVE: #3

(o.s.; continuing)

Ten, twelve city blocks.

55. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Harry stands with his arms folded. Bresser sights the court through a surveyor's device.

BRESSER:

Sixteen hundred yards, give or take a few. We're looking for Leonardo di Vinci.

DISSOLVE TO:

56. INT. CAR CLOSE SHOT HARRY BRESSER DAY

They are moving down a broad avenue. Bresser sits at the wheel, banging the radio mike against the dash. Neither of them has had any sleep.

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.)

BRESSER:

Hey, we need a channel...This is
Callahan and Bresser, heading out
Valleywards.

He turns to Harry, who is filling out forms, as he does in
every spare moment.

BRESSER:

(continuing)

You want to check out that rifle fire
in the Valley? They got to know.

HARRY:

Sure.

BRESSER:

(into radio)

Okay, leave us alone for a while.

Bresser starts to speak but Harry motions for him to keep
quiet until Harry finishes with his thoughts.

HARRY:

He could be using a fifty caliber,
adapted. It's light off a mount and
accurate. With a Leupold scope you
could really put them in the black.

BRESSER:

Yeah but where's he get one?

HARRY:

Stole it from an armory, from some buddy,
I don't know. There's a lot of people
interested in heavy pieces these days.

BRESSER:

It used to be the only people interested
was Marines.

HARRY:

Time sure flies. It's been said before -
but it's true.

They pull up beside a meat truck at a stop light. Bresse:
notices something peculiar, jumps out of the car, runs over
to the truck and beats on the door.

BRESSER:

Hey, this wagon isn't refrigerated.
You're breaking least five City
Ordinances, buddy.

(CONTINUED)

56 (Cont.1)

DRIVER:

Stick 'em, I don't care. It's a
gypsy outfit.

Harry leans out the window.

HARRY:

Leave him alone.

BRESSER:

I won't leave him alone.

HARRY:

Come on Bresser.

Bresser returns to the driver's seat as the light changes.

BRESSER:

It's not refrigerated.

HARRY:

Minimoooooooooooo.

BRESSER:

We had us a permanent supply of
good steaks if you could've waited.

Harry has no comment.

57.

EXT. BOAT IN CANYON LONG SHOT

DAY

Harry and Bresser drive across the open yard of a clapboard
house in a canyon. They must dodge transmission parts and
rusty auto hulks. Behind the house rests a weathered boat
at least sixty feet long. A MAN is at work on the boat,
arguing sporadically with a DETECTIVE. A host of animals
surrounds them. Harry and Bresser walk onto the scene.

DETECTIVE: 1:14 GOTTEN

You tell me when you heard these
things, everything will be okay
and I'll leave.

MAN: TERRY MALIK

I'm not looking for any more from you.

BRESSER:

When did you hear them, like what date?

MAN:

I heard fire. I don't know if it was
a 22 or what. I think it was a 38.

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.)

HARRY:
Week, two, month ago, what?

MAN:
Somewhere in there.

BRESSER:
How come you never reported this
before. We could have your ass.

MAN:
Look, it coulda been a fireworks
or a practice drill, I dunno.
Coulda been a backfire on the
delivery truck.

The man goes back to work on his boat. He is angry.

BRESSER:
Wait a minute, hold on here.

Bresser feels a lot of hostility toward this man whose
attention it is so hard to get.

MAN:
Look, you're not on top of this
thing. I'd say it for everybody
to hear but I don't have the time.

HARRY:
What did the shots sound like?

MAN:
Pops, they were pops, then a low
moan like a sick heifer.

BRESSER:
What's that mean? You don't have
to talk in jive.

MAN:
You got a great mind, buddy, I
can tell.

HARRY:
Come on Bresser.

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.1)

MAN:
(continuing)
He's your friend. What can I
tell you?

Harry claps his hands.

HARRY:
Hey, look at this.

He holds out his newly patched coat. The man looks at
the sleeve.

MAN:
Yeah.

HARRY:
I got those from a maniac. He
bit me.

MAN:
Jesus. You don't have to tell
me. I've seen it happen.

HARRY:
I had to pay the cleaning bill
at Doheny Cleaners myself.

MAN:
Jesus.

HARRY:
Where'd the shots come from?

The man points.

MAN:
There.

HARRY:
Where?

The man makes a sweeping gesture taking in all the
area being surveyed and the hills beyond.

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.2)

MAN:
See over there?

HARRY:
Yeah.

He turns to Bresser.

HARRY:
(continuing)
You think we can get a traffic
copter this time of day.

DISSOLVE TO:

58. MONTAGE

Harry and Bresser walking up hills, through ravines, beating their way through heavy brush with other cops. Pulling aside bushes and looking under them. Walking, always walking, getting dirty and tired. From time to time other cops join them and chat. And, from time to time, they see a strange, caterpillared armored car on the horizon. "The Creeping Mother."

59. EXT. HILL LONG SHOT HARRY, BRESSER, CREEPING MOTHER
LATE DAY

Harry sits pitching rocks and watching a Creeping Mother approach them, appearing and disappearing below the hills. He looks at the sun setting over the near lunar landscape, coughs and spits. Bresser studies his feet with a frown.

BRESSER:
We're walking in the rocks
and me with a lighter fluid
shine.

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

HARRY:
Where you get a shine like that
anymore?

BRESSER:
Did 'em myself.

HARRY:
Your wife won't give you a shine?

BRESSER:
She would if I asked. I got my special
ways of getting her to do things.

His walkie-talkie comes to life. He puts it to his ear but
can only get static. He bangs it against his hip, with no
result. Meanwhile the Creeping Mother has drawn closer and
closer, grinding and wheezing. Now it is right on top of
them. It stops. Someone looks at them from the plexiglass
turret, then disappears inside. A door swings open with a
crash and a VOICE comes to them over the loudspeaker.

VOICE: ~~GU~~ GOTTIES
The guys with the smart money
are in here where it's cool.

BRESSER:
You got anything?

VOICE:
They found a old bus, said it
looked like it'd received some
heavy arms fire.

First Bresser, then Harry steps inside the Mother.

59A. INT. CREEPING MOTHER HARRY, BRESSER, COPS

The Mother lurches over the rocky terrain toward the site
where they found the bus. The cops all sit on hard-metal
benches in the bay of the Mother. They have removed their
coats.

COP: ~~11~~
You the guys gonna get the
sniper?

BRESSER:
Yeah.

COP: ~~11~~
Why you want to pile on him?

(CONTINUED)

59A. (Cont.)

COP: (Cont.)
He's given us a lot of help
already this year.

BRESSER:
I don't care about him much.
This man next to me is hot to
nail him.

The Cop nods at Harry and Harry smiles politely.

COP:
I say he's a secret asset.

BRESSER:
Yeah, well these things are hard
to know.

They sit for a moment in silence.

CUT TO:

60. EXT. RUSTY BUS HARRY, BRESSER, COPS

They walk around the ancient hulk. It rests askew on its
axles and its side is full of gaping holes where once there
was a lettered insignia.

DETECTIVE:
It's been here a while.

He speaks by radio with another group of cops standing ~~near~~
~~at~~ a mile away, driving a pole with a white flag into
the ground. The Detective points and Harry turns to look
at them.

DETECTIVE: ~~44~~ GOT LIEG

(continuing)
They found a empty shed over
there where he could set up his
piece. Sixteen hundred plus yards.

BRESSER:
I was in the service, I never saw
anyone could shoot like that.

Harry fingers the holes, then walks around behind the bus to
inspect their jagged exit punctures. He looks back at the
distant group of cops again.

HARRY:
He's a real target man.

(CONTINUED)

60 (Cont.)

BRESSER:
He's sure that.

HARRY:
Still, there's one thing he's got,
a limitation.

BRESSER:
Yeah.

HARRY:
If he doesn't sight in somewhere
else, he'll have to make all his
shots at 1600 yards, thereabouts.

They start walking back to the Mother.

BRESSER:
He could redo his sights.

HARRY:
No, you can't get accuracy at a mile
without testing your load.

61. EXT. HARRY'S APARTMENT LONG SHOT HARRY BRESSER

They get out of their unmarked car in front of a rundown
apartment building in the city's inner belt.

62. INT. HALLWAY LONG SHOT

Harry and Bresser walk down a hallway past several quiet
apartments. The light is dim. Harry takes a key off the
molding overhead and opens the door to his place.

63. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT MED. SHOT

They enter. Harry has a cheap efficiency apartment; most
his rent goes for the neighborhood. On the walls are
pictures of flamingos and plaster lake trout, some trophies:
framed clippings and citations for bravery beyond the call
duty. A gun chest stands in the background, but otherwise
the place is quite spartan in spirit, like an artist's
garret. Harry puts his coat on a clothes horse. Bresser
swings around the apartment, sizing things up. He stops at
one of the citations.

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.)

BRESSER:

What's this? "...entered the felon's room drawing his direct fire from companion officers and traded fire with the felon shot for shot until..." What's this?

HARRY:

That one I got with a heart shot through an icebox door. Through the butter tray matter of fact.

He nods at the citations.

HARRY:

(continuing)

They were all looking to give me a heart shot. I got there first.

Bresser stares at the citations and tries to nod the same way Harry did. This is the first time we've seen him off balance

HARRY:

(continuing)

They were mostly crazy men and it doesn't say on there that nothing's harder to get than a crazy man. You think maybe it took brains? No, it took a lot of huffing, like you saw today.

BRESSER:

You got more (citations) than the Commissioner for chrissakes.

HARRY:

Just huffin', that's how.

He gets a couple of quarts of beer from the refrigerator and sits at the dining room table, one end of which he has been using as a reloading bench. Bresser is uncomfortable in the austerity of these surroundings.

BRESSER:

My wife would never let me have a bench in the house. You're lucky.

He notices a framed picture of a pretty woman on Harry's desk

BRESSER:

(continuing)

You married?

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.1)

HARRY:
Naw.

BRESSER:
You ever?

HARRY:
Sure, I been married, had kids both.

BRESSER:
That your ex on the desk?

HARRY:
Yeah. She was a telephone operator
I met on the phone. She liked me I
guess, so we met at a place.

BRESSER:
You still see her?

HARRY:
She went back to Springfield, Illinois.

Harry smiles slyly. He takes Bresser's beer out of his hand
so that Bresser will listen more closely.

HARRY:
(continuing)
Listen, I been thinking. If you
could take any one of the big hoodlums
in this town, which'd you choose?

BRESSER:
Jeez, I don't know. There's so many
'em. Willie Weld is out of town.

HARRY:
Not the alleycats; you got to raise
your sights and think bigger.

BRESSER:
Skoronski, Carioca, Perez. Robbie
Perez is on the putting green every
day in Versailles Hills.

HARRY:
Not Perez. He's not select. Who's
the slimiest for chrissakes?

BRESSER:
I really don't know.

HARRY:
Well, the answer is Stenvig.

(CONTINUED)

63 (Cont.2)

BRESSER:
Oh yeah?

HARRY:
I did a tail on him once.

BRESSER:
Boy, you got theories only a mother
could love.

HARRY:
I'm just surprised he hasn't gotten
it yet. He'd really be number one
for me.

BRESSER:
He'd be very sweet, Harry, but where
would you take him? I bet he don't
get out much.

HARRY:
So you take him at home.

There is a KNOCK at the door. Harry answers reluctantly. A
~~plain blonde~~ stands in the threshold with Harry's laundry.
She spots Bresser.

~~GIRL: PENNY MARSHALL~~
I'm sorry. You have someone here?

HARRY:
He's just a friend.

He turns to Bresser. He is embarrassed about her appearance
or, rather, its implications.

HARRY:
(continuing)
This one's a friend of mine. Her
name is Sylvia.

BRESSER:
Hey there, Sylvia.

HARRY:
(to girl)
We got to have a business meeting.
Talk soon.

64. OMITTED

65. BRESSER'S P.O.V.

Harry talks in hushed tones with the girl. He closes the door.

66. HARRY

returns to the table. Bresser has made some guesses.

BRESSER:

She knows how to make herself look good.

Harry rotates his hand suggestively.

HARRY:

I don't play that stuff with her, though.

Bresser isn't sure what to say.

BRESSER:

I never said anything about that.

CUT TO:

67. MONTAGE

Harry and Bresser are seen on different roof-tops, waving to another, always pointing to the same modern condominium, presumably Stenvig's address. Each of them has a pair of binoculars; Bresser has a range finder, too. They are studying the area for a clear lane of fire 1600 meters into Stenvig's apartment and they find various reasons for giving up on each rooftop. At last, though, Harry waves excitedly. Bresser sees him and heads over in his direction. Throughout the foregoing we have barely heard them talking to one another by walkie-talkie, more or less as follows:

HARRY:

(v.o.)

He'd be too high for his shot over here. You see something two, three stories lower?

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

I'm tired and gotta sit down here on the ledge.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

You keep moving, I'll be fine.

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

That's not what I said. I said I'm tired. You see me?

(CONTINUED)

67 (Cont.)

HARRY:

(v.o.)
Yeah, I think I got you then.
Which street is that below you?

BRESSER:

(v.o.)
I can't tell from here, not too
well. Lemme look.

HARRY:

(v.o.)
While you're looking, I'm gonna see
if I can see the apartment from the
other side.

68. EXT. ROOFTOP ONE LONG SHOT HARRY, BRESSER

Harry is still in the flush of discovery when Bresser
arrives. He is tossing wads of paper off the roof and
watching their drift.

HARRY:

Give me a read from here.

Bresser sets down the rangefinder and begins to sight on
the condominium.

BRESSER:

Line of fire is clear all the way.

HARRY:

It's a tough shot with the downdrafts
over the street but that's his problem.

Bresser has determined the range now.

BRESSER:

Okay, I read...seventeen hundred yards.

Harry tugs at Bresser so he can have a look.

CUT TO:

69. HARRY'S P.O.V. THRU RANGEFINDER

We see several floors of the condominium and a dozen apart-
ments, then Harry shifts the eyepiece to another power and
zeroes in on the Stenvig apartment, a penthouse. A beauti-
ful woman is moving around the apartment. A well attired
man, evidently Stenvig, enters, looking for something on t
coffee table, then leaves.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

HARRY:

(o.s.)
That guy is real crazy to leave
his window open.

BRESSER:

(o.s.)
Maybe he'll try Stenvig from close
range.

HARRY:

(o.s.)
With those monkeys all over the place?
...You want to live in a nice place,
where there's not piss in the elevators.

Harry is HEARD to sigh.

70. HARRY

Harry paces around the rangefinder.

HARRY:

Great...He could set up on any one
of these, though.

He points out the many neighboring rooftops.

HARRY:

(continuing)

We got to get someplace we can watch
'em all.

He indicates a building half a block away, slightly higher
in elevation.

CUT TO:

71.

EXT. INDICATED ROOFTOP LONG SHOT HARRY, BRESSER
Coming through w/ supplies & stuff.
We are looking back over their shoulders toward the rooftop
where, in the previous scene they were standing.

BRESSER:

I just thought: he don't have to
come here tomorrow. He's got his
choice. We could wait around here
till Easter.

HARRY:

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

BRESSER:
We going to sit here by ourselves?
I want a answer, Harry, I want you
to look at me and say.

HARRY:
You go find him if you got a hunch.

BRESSER:
You're crazy.

HARRY:
So is he.

BRESSER:
We need help. What if we don't see
him set up for chrissakes?

HARRY:
Then we see the flash and we nail
him.

BRESSER:
Even you're right, some guy over
there's still gonna buy the farm.

HARRY:
Stenvig? Hell with him. He's a
crook.

Bresser doesn't care for Harry's obsession with catching
the killer. In particular he doesn't care for being
alone with an obsessed man.

BRESSER:
Naw. I'm gonna call the station,
get a stakeout on this guy.

HARRY:
Yeah, you do that you'll make a mess
of everything.

BRESSER:
Why?

HARRY:
Captain'd never let us use Stenvig
for bait. You can't use a ordinary
citizen for bait, not till the guy
is proven guilty.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.1)

BRESSER:

He says that.

HARRY:

Besides, if it gets out about a stakeout, everybody'd think he was protecting crooks and riffraff. You just use your head.

BRESSER:

What about doing my job? I got a job.

HARRY:

You're supposed to keep me in line, that's all. Report in every so often, say we're walking around cold, keep them off our backs.

CHANGE
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47.

71 (Cont.)

BRESSER:
I'm gonna have to think about this,
Harry.

HARRY:
Well, while you're thinking, let's
get ready.

CUT TO:

71A. MONTAGE

They make preparations. Bresser is soon hauling sleeping bags and provisions onto the rooftop, then adjusting a searchlight on its century stand. Harry improvises a blind for a hunting rifle and gets his range.

72. EXT. ROOFTOP HARRY, BRESSER, HOOKER NIGHT

Bresser had brought a hooker with a huge bouffant hairdo onto the roof. They are holding hands. Harry is obviously uneasy with her. He eats a Chinese dinner out of a sack.

BRESSER:
You and me could knock down a lot of
money in Oregon, Harry - pension
after twenty years.

(he pokes at a cartridge
with the toe of his shoe)
Check the size of that mother.

HARRY:
It's mine so I already seen. 458
Winchester Magnum.

He hands the cartridge to the hooker, quite politely.

HARRY:
(continuing)
5140 pounds of energy it develops
at the muzzle.

Bresser tips the hunting rifle toward himself and lifts it into port arms position.

BRESSER:
It's a weapon.

He shoulders it and sights an imaginary bird on the wing.
He whistles.

HARRY:
What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/17/70
48.

72 (Cont.)

BRESSER:
It's heavy but that's not a criticism.

HARRY:
It's made for heavy game. It's for
safaris. See the wood?

Bresser has no take. Harry turns shyly to the hooker.

HARRY:
It's got a distinctive grain in the
wood.

BRESSER:
Hey, whatcha want a gun like this for,
Harry?

HARRY:
He's got a 50 caliber device there.

BRESSER:
Well, you still hadn't convinced me.
I need a lot of convincing.

HARRY:
I'm not going to try.

Harry always takes Bresser's cockiness at face value. He
glances at the hooker for support.

BRESSER:
It's no good you talk to her. She
don't speak a word of English.

HARRY:
Well, tell her to scram then.

Bresser slaps her on the bottom and steers her gently in
the direction of the exit.

BRESSER:
Okay, what am I supposed to shoot?

HARRY:
You hold the light and draw his fire.

73. MONTAGE

While Bresser sleeps, Harry sights the building across the
way through his spotting scope. First he surveys the
rooftops, then he moves the scope down onto the apartments.

CHANGE
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49.

74. HARRY'S P.O.V. THRU SCOPE

The scope sweeps over several windows, then settles upon a fully lit but empty apartment. The remnants of dinner stand on the table. Harry passes to other apartments.

75. NEW APARTMENT

#1 Two faces are barely visible in the grey haze of a tele-
#2 vision.

76. NEW APARTMENT

A pair of legs pedals on exercising bicycle.

77. NEW APARTMENT

Harry turns his scope over several dark windows to an apartment where a woman with a large bosom is sitting at her dressing stand, brushing her hair, looking at herself dreamily in the mirror.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Hey, baby, jump over here.

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

Who's that?

HARRY:

(v.o.)

We got some stuff going over here.

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

Hey, you can't hog on me...I get to have a look by right.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Well, you better look quick.

CUT TO:

78. EXT. ROOFTOP

DAY

Bresser stamps his feet in the early morning cold. Harry is just waking up. A luminescent fog lies on the city.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/17/70
50.

78 (Cont.)

HARRY:

How was it?

BRESSER:

Nothing... I been thinking, three days late: why don't we move inside when Stenvig hits the sack.

HARRY:

He could set up any time. We gonna have to wait.

Bresser nods.

BRESSER:

I'm getting tired of wait. Let's not wait.

HARRY:

Well, nobody killed since we been here. I said that once already.

Bresser shakes his head.

BRESSER:

Yeah, one thing, you done a really good job protecting that lady has the tits.

DISSOLVE TO:

78A. HARRY'S P.O.V. MOON

NIGHT

We see the moon through the crosshairs of the gunsight.

79. MED. SHOT ROOFTOP

NIGHT

They are looking at the moon through the scope.

HARRY:

It's 250,000 miles from us.

BRESSER:

Yeah?

HARRY:

It doesn't have an atmosphere.

BRESSER:

Really?

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Well, that's the best information
we have.

BRESSER:

Where'd you learn all this?

HARRY:

I read an article.

BRESSER:

I read one, too, but I don't remember
the specifics.

HARRY:

You'll probably be able to live there
before long.

BRESSER:

I thought about that and I'm fine
here.

He looks through the scope again.

BRESSER:

(continuing)

Another thing, before you say about
the moon...

HARRY:

Yeah?

BRESSER:

I've never even had a citation.

HARRY:

So what?

BRESSER:

What I mean is that I never killed a
man on the job. I killed a man but
it wasn't on the job. I had some kind
of accident.

HARRY:

Mmmmmmm.

BRESSER:

I've used my piece. That's different.
I shot the windows out of this killer's
Mercury. He got off, needless to say.

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont.1)

HARRY:

That's why first thing when I catch a meateater, I blow him off. What're they gonna do, put him in prison?

BRESSER:

Yes.

HARRY:

Well, it's a revolving door, prison. Kid goes down, he learns how to sharpen spoons for killing and put Bonami in the spades' food. He hears the old cons bullshit one another and the trustees get to bugger him. Pretty soon he's a crazy man like all of 'em. Crazy? You can't even give him a toilet seat without him braining a buddy of his.

BRESSER:

Now you don't have to listen to me: I'm a Presbyterian. But I think some criminals are born that way.

HARRY:

Look, everybody starts out trash. I used to sell stolen melons on the crosstown highway, was fifteen before I found out the City paid the cops too.

BRESSER:

(sympathizing)

You're not trash or crazy, either one.

(MUST FENCE)

Harry turns his scope to other windows in the apartment building. In one apartment, a solitary man fences with his shadow. He leaps over chairs and sofas until finally he puts his blade to imaginary gut and collapses in triumph on the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

80. HARRY'S P.O.V. THROUGH SCOPE

LATER

Just below the roof there is a dimly lit penthouse apartment with a balcony. Harry almost passes this and comes back suddenly, revealing a couple embracing passionately on the balcony.

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.)

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

That big penthouse over there's where
the music's coming from.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

I see.

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

If you find anything, let me know.

The couple squirm and writhe; the man is working his hand
up over the girl's thighs.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Yeah.

Her mini dress is above her waist and he is trying to undo
it from the back.

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

What're you looking at?

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Nothing. I thought I saw a chick.

She pulls the dress over her head and stands in her bra
and panties. She starts to unbutton his shirt.

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

What're you looking at? Lemme see.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Get yourself together, Bresser, and
check the other roof.

Through the glass, we can still SEE their figures dimly lit
by a blue lamp. She lies down on a couch arching her back
and pulling him towards her. He picks her up and carries
her out the door.

HARRY:

(continuing; v.o.;
to himself)

No, no.

(CONTINUED)

80 (Cont.1)

The scope frantically searches for them. Harry swings too far over, off the end of the building; pulling back he passes something moving on the roof which is out of focus. He returns to the bedroom window.

81. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

realizes that he passed something on the roof.

82. TELEPHOTO THROUGH SCOPE

He returns to the roof and changes his focus. A man is working on a huge rifle.

A man is
working on a huge rifle.
TRAVIS

HARRY:

Judas Priest.

83. CLOSE SHOT HARRY THEN BRESSER

Harry motions, but Bresser doesn't move.

BRESSER:

I won't come except for some rough stuff.

Bresser scrambles over, and Harry grabs him. He puts his hand to Bresser's mouth, though whatever he sees is so far away that he need not worry about being heard.

HARRY:

The man is here.

BRESSER:

What're you saying?

Then Bresser understands. Harry pushes him and he crawls for the searchlight. Harry shoots the bolt on his rifle.

BRESSER:

It's dark. I can't hardly see a thing.

HARRY:

He's messing around out there. Look, but don't let him see you.

Bresser looks quickly through the scope, then with his naked eye adjusts the position of his searchlight.

HARRY:

You okay now?

(CONTINUED)

83 (Cont.)

BRESSER:

Yeah. I'll have to play by ear once
the light is hot.

Harry crouches against a large water tank for support.

HARRY:

You locked on him?

BRESSER:

Yeah, let's shoot him.

There's a moment of silence.

84. CLOSE SHOT HARRY'S HAND-RIFLE

He flicks off the safety.

85. CLOSE HARRY

He raises the rifle.

HARRY:

Okay... You call it.

86. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER

He raises the beacon. It fills the roof across the way
with light.

BRESSER:

Now!

87. LONG SHOT HARRY'S P.O.V. THROUGH SCOPE

The light falls to the left of the killer. The killer duck
frantically into the darkness. Bresser adjusts. The man
scrambles behind the plumbing and wheels his gun around.
Harry fires. There is a tremendous ROAR, then a whine as
the heavy slug ricochets off the plumbing. Harry works the
bolt and sights again.

BRESSER:

Three o'clock.

88. P.O.V. THROUGH HARRY'S SCOPE

Killer is aiming directly at him. Scope drops as killer
blasts.

89. FULL SHOT HARRY AND BRESSER

A huge chunk of the water tank's top is blown away. The ricochet goes SCREAMING into the night.

Harry lines and fires. He works the bolt and fires again. Another bullet from the killer's big fifty WHINES off the top of the tank.

HARRY:
(shouting)
Keep on him, Joe! He's sighted high.

90. P.O.V. HARRY (THROUGH SCOPE)

He blasts again, blowing a hunk of metal from the roof across the way. The killer dives from his gun.

HARRY:
He's down! We got him.

The killer ducks behind the roof wall.

*DELETED
11/17/70*
~~Lights are going on everywhere; people rush to their balconies. Others shut their windows. There is SCREAMING in the distance but no one turns the music off.~~

Harry jams four more cartridges into the magazine and flick the bolt. He blasts a hole the size of a basketball in the wall - chambers and fires again, bracketing on where he last saw the man. Bresser is dancing as he holds the light.

BRESSER:
There he is, looking for cover.

91. ON STREET

Half a dozen people look up from the sidewalk, then break and run as masonry and cornice work fall to the pavement.
EXTRAS

92. P.O.V. HARRY

The killer dives for his gun and pulls it back into the shadows.

93. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

He scrambles for his extra cartridges. Bresser looks through spotting scope, the searchlight in his right hand.

BRESSER:

He's on us.

He dives to the ground.

There is a tremendous BURST as a jagged hole appears in the water tank just above them. Water explodes out with fire hose intensity. Harry, on his back, reloads his rifle. He looks quickly at Bresser and throws him his pistol. They both come up firing as a second BLAST smashes through the wall; Bresser's light is extinguished and the entire bottom of the tank gives way, inundating them with a wave of water that almost hurls them over the roof.

94. MED. SHOT HARRY

He looks frantically for the killer.

CUT TO:

95. OMITTED

96. INT. HALLWAY LONG SHOT PEOPLE, HARRY, BRESSER

They brush through startled people in hallway, soaking wet. They rush to the roof door. SIRENS are heard in the distance.

97. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Harry kicks it open. We TRACK WITH THEM as they bound across the roof. There's no one. Harry moves with stealth to the big gun. There is pandemonium below.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

50 cal anti-tank rifle. It's a vintage item.

98. INT. LAB CLOSE SHOT BULLET THEN HARRY AND OTHERS
DAY

One of the fifty caliber cartridges is held in a vise. A POLICE BALLISTICIAN carefully removes the bullet. We PULL BACK onto Harry and Bresser looking over his shoulder. The bullet is removed; the powder spills into a pan below. The Ballistician reads from his notes.

HARRY:

There's no issue this type: Spitzer broadtail, eight hundred gram full jacket hollow point. It's got personality?

BALLISTICIAN: ROBERT ITU

I don't know but it sure opened it up fast when it hit. It must be the country's number one mushroom.

Harry shakes his head, smiling to himself. He is full of respect for the killer and the others agree in this.

HARRY:

He's got his mind on his business, this one. He's a thinker.

99. REVERSE ANGLE LAB

A few feet down the bench, pointed towards them, the Snipe gun stands on its mount.

BALLISTICIAN:

It has the four groove rifling with a twist rate of one turn per twelve inches. Action is front locking type, well, you can see for yourself.

The Ballistician leaves them to themselves.

HARRY:

The receiver locks the recoil plate to the barrel. Look at the mount, too.

BRESSER:

He had it mounted. That sound suppressor looks like Army issue.

HARRY:

No, but it sure is good workmanship. So is the rest of the mount.

Harry smiles to himself.

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

HARRY:

He must have made it himself, the mount.

BRESSER:

Thing must weigh a ton. He probably brought it up piece by piece. We were eating chicken probably and he was bringing it up piece by piece.

HARRY:

That's a manufacturer's target scope. It's got special springs, return it to battery every time.

BRESSER:

I like it. I like what I see.

Harry stops to think.

HARRY:

We're screwed as long as he can get this kind of stuff. We're gonna be outgunned.

Harry gets behind the rifle and sights through its scope. He makes a firing noise and smiles with delight.

BRESSER:

That's silly, Harry. You were shooting with a safari piece.

HARRY:

It's the best I could manage. I can't get this kinda stuff. They won't let me.

A MESSENGER enters the room.

MESSENGER: ~~DETECTIVE~~ - STICK # 5

Captain wants to see you two.

CUT TO:

100. INT. HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR HARRY, BRESSER

Their footsteps resound in the vacant corridor.

BRESSER:

He's going to ream us good. I should have called in like I said.

Harry walks on ahead in gloom.

(CONTINUED)

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61.

100 (Cont.)

BRESSER:

He don't think it's a big thing to
catch this guy quick.

CUT TO:

101. INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE HARRY, CAPTAIN, BRESSER

Harry and Bresser enter together. The Captain sits with a
couple of grim OFFICIALS. There is a tape recorder on his
desk. Harry has prepared his own defense.

HARRY:

STOCK CO # 445.3

GOT THE...
SIMON

Well, you got to believe me that I'm
sorry. I missed and I'm sorry. I
couldn't read my sights in the dark.

CAPTAIN:

Yeah?

HARRY:

He'll back off for awhile, though.
I'm pretty sure of that.

CAPTAIN:

He's back in action, Harry. We copied
this from a phone call to headquarters
at seven-thirty this morning. Just
listen.

He turns on the tape recorder. The Killer speaks with the
mildest southwestern accent. He sounds at times to be read-
ing from a text.

POLICE OPERATOR:

(v.o.)

What is your present address?

KILLER:

(v.o.)

I'm not saying about that. You listen
to me.

BRESSER:

(off)

It's the phoniest accent I ever heard.
I was at Lackland Field.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

I'm just here to say that I'm the "sniper",
that's right. no joke, and laiy, I want my
gun back. And I want the one took it to

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

KILLER:(Cont.)

(v.o.)

bring it back to me. I won't hurt him, I swear to God. Just him not bring a handgun, though!

HARRY:

(off)

How we know this isn't another nut? That stuff was in the papers.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

Okay, here's some information..... He should stand on the Southeast corner of Hillcrest and Myrtle in Cisco Beach area and be there sharp at ten ayem. He almost killed me, whether you saw or not. I could have cut down on him, too, but I didn't...What's next? Oh yeah, you can trace this call, it won't make a bit of difference to me...And I'm the one leaves the interesting mark, says I'm the one that did what you see there. You don't give me back my gun, you gonna have a lot of trouble. Or rather, those hoodlums gonna have more trouble and that's a different matter. Which brings me to my next point, which is that I'm doing you suckers' work for you so you can lay off me unless...

The Captain flips off the recorder and folds his hands.

CAPTAIN:

He goes on some more but it doesn't add to our understanding.

HARRY:

What's next?

CAPTAIN:

I think we just have to give back the gun, then try to get a trail on him. It sounds right to the Mayor but everything sounds right to him.

BRESSEF:

Anyway, you're going to be the one out there with his gun, Harry.

HARRY:

That's fine by me.

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.1)

CAPTAIN:

I know it's fine with you, sucker.
You're like the Mayor. But get this.
You're going unarmed and you're on
your own. We'll be watching but I
don't know how he'll make the contact.
He's no fool.

BRESSER:

He's wearing his thinking cap, this
one.

CAPTAIN:

We're in there to deliver the weapon,
one, then to see what's cooking. We
can't risk a blowout on this.

HARRY:

You give 'em back the gun, he's gonna
keep cuttin' 'em down.

CAPTAIN:

Someone thought about that, Harry and
they came to the exact same conclusion
as I've already said.

HARRY:

Well, I'm ready.

CAPTAIN:

One thing and that is, he could have
some fun and shoot you through the ears.
He'd have the rifle and no problems, so
watch yourself.

HARRY:

Yeah, well when we meet?

CAPTAIN:

Ten. He said ten. Let's move.

102. INT. BALLISTICS LAB CLOSE SHOT RIFLE IN TELESCOPE CASE
The case is lined with velvet and the rifle looks resplend-
ent.

CAPTAIN:

(o.s.)

We even cleaned it for him. You can
tell the bastard.

The Captain closes the lid and looks at Harry.

(CONTINUED)

102 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:
You have to sign a blue slip.

HARRY:
How about this: if he doesn't contact me, I keep the gun.

CAPTAIN:
You signed, that's all I know.

CUT TO:

103. EXT. REAR OF STATION MED. SHOT HARRY AND OTHERS

*A Creeping
Mother
is present.*

They stand at the back of headquarters, preparing to leave. They are bounded by the jail on one side, by a link fence and some rail yards on the other. PLAINCLOTHSMEN and POLI SNIPERS stand around in groups, receiving their final order and a supply of ammunition. A bomb squad mills about in heavy armor. Everyone is excited. Harry hands his 44 Magnum to one of the detectives. He makes a move to leave but the Detective stops him. Before Harry can react he reaches in the back of Harry's pants and extracts a tiny derringer. Harry is embarrassed.

~~DETECTIVE: #4 GOTTEN~~
It looks like a tumor back there, Harry. It's not cool.

HARRY:
Don't use that word with me; cool.

Bresser approaches Harry and pulls him behind an unmarked car. They are alone for a moment. Bresser straightens Harry's tie and as he does he clasps a bug microphone onto his shirt. Harry sees it and smiles. Bresser nods at the bug.

BRESSER:
It's got a mile range.

HARRY:
You could get in trouble.

BRESSER:
For what? Anyway I'm off duty at noon and I can do anything I want on my own free time. Can see a picture, take a stroll, stay in sight.

HARRY:
Well, we're on the way.

CUT TO:

CHANGE
11/17/70
65.

104. EXT. ROOFTOPS HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT POLICE SNIPERS
DAY

Police snipers deploy along the rooftops above the street which the rendezvous will occur.

104A. EXT. STREET LONG SHOT HARRY DAY

Harry walks along a sidewalk on a street full of grind houses and pornie bookstores. A few industrious hookers cruise in the noonday heat. Otherwise, with its businesses closed, the street is relatively empty.

105. HARRY'S P.O.V.

Obvious cop types sit in cars and feign different interest. As he walks, Harry studies the different signs along the street. STOCK CO. # 1, 2 - T-4600 DELGARD
Extremely mean-looking man

106. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER

drives by in his car
Bresser waits beyond the line of police. He takes measure to conceal himself from them.

107. HARRY

sets the gun case down on the sidewalk. He notes that it is slightly before ten. The street is suddenly quiet. A woman leaves a phone booth down the street and as soon as she is twenty feet away, it begins to RING. Harry is puzzled. He walks to the phone and lifts the receiver but does not speak. There is a moment of silence.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

You the man?

HARRY:

Which one?

KILLER:

(v.o.)

You know, I mean the man.

HARRY:

Yeah, I'm the man.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

Okay, you got the signal?

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.)

HARRY:

What?

But the Killer has disconnected. Harry turns to face the street. It is sunny and bright. Suddenly an EXPLOSION rips out one of the pornographic literature shops. The street is silent for a moment in the aftermath. Shreds of paper and girlie pictures waft into the street. The phone RINGS again and Harry answers. DETECTIVES BLINDLY COVER & RUN FOR EXPLOSION
OLD WOMAN SREAMS

KILLER:

(v.o.)

Anybody hurt?

HARRY:

Not that I can see.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

You damn right nobody hurt! It wasn't but a ten pound charge. You feel okay?

HARRY:

I feel fine.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

Well, that's neither here nor there. You got the signal and it's that I don't want any monkey business.

HARRY:

Me neither.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

I got a bomb planted somewhere important in public and it's going to blow unless I'm around to turn it off tomorrow or next week, whichever I set. It's equivalent to 4000 pounds of TNT. Well, that's a lie, but it's powerful and you coppers are going to be wiping egg off your face if anything happens bad to me. Now you tell those plainclothes to get on

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.1)

KILLER: (CONT.)

(v.o.)
home, to split. I won't say whether
I can or can't see them, but I know
they're there.

108. EXT. SIDEWALK EXTREME LONG SHOT HARRY, CAPTAIN

Harry steps out of the booth as he waves to the Captain who inches forward in a taxi. They confer briefly as the Captain withdraws, herding a number of plainclothesmen along with him. It seems that half the people in the street have gone

109. INT. BOOTH CLOSE SHOT HARRY

HARRY:

All taken care of. Wasn't my fault,
incidentally.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

What's your name?

HARRY:

Callahan, Harry Callahan. What's
yours?

KILLER:

(v.o.)

I know it's not gentlemanly but I
better not say. We don't have time
for niceties, it seems.

Harry becomes friendly, even ingratiating.

HARRY:

No, I understand. You got your
own way of doing things.

(CONTINUED)

109 (Cont.)

KILLER:

(v.o.)

You don't try to humor me like I was deluded, friend. I'm as all there as you, any day.

HARRY:

Sorry.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

Now I'm going to make you run. You understand?

HARRY:

Not exactly.

110. EXT. STREET LONG SHOT HARRY

Harry bursts out of the booth and races down the street, slamming into people with the case. A few heads are turning among the crowd of bystanders in front of the porno store. The balance of their conversation in the booth is HEARD on SOUND.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

You run from phone to phone, man! You'll have just enough time to get there. I ring four times, that's how I work, four. If you don't answer or there's monkey business with the coppers, I'm going to leave that bomb ticking.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

Okay.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

I even think that if there's any cutting up the bomb will go. Now get moving and give me time to think. Phone booth, Sixth and Fontaine in eight minutes. A slow jog is what you'll need.

There is the SOUND of the phone being hung up at the other end.

CUT TO:

111. DIFFERENT ANGLE HARRY MARKET STREET (HIDDEN CAMERA)

Harry has slowed down a bit. He is completely winded. Peo stare at him. He turns onto Market Street near the Blue Fence and though we are in EXTREME LONG SHOT, we HEAR his breathing and mutterings abstracted from the crowd noise.

112. EXT. PHONE BOOTH LONG SHOT HARRY

When he gets twenty feet from the booth, he sees that some one is standing inside making a call. He tears the phone of his hands and hangs up, then shoves him out of the booth and shuts the door. The phone RINGS almost immediately, m to Harry's relief and the man's surprise. He stands aroun outside the booth. Harry notices him and flashes his badg The man kicks the door and leaves.

OK HARRY WICK

113. INT. BOOTH CLOSEUP HARRY

Harry waits till the fourth ring to answer. He slumps in exhaustion.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

Listen, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you couldn't say a word. So don't try, just let me say I'm sorry you had to hit a run but that's how it had to be.

Harry tries to speak but wheezes and coughs instead.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

Boy, I don't like the sound of that cough.

HARRY:

I'll be fine.

Even this exertion makes him gasp for breath.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

I'm counting on you to be fine. The others gone?

HARRY:

Yeah.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

You think.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/17/70
70.

113 (Cont.)

Harry has a stitch in his side. He groans.

KILLER:

(v.o.)

You know, we're on the same side, Harry. I'm doing a job here that's going to help outsmart coppers like you and dumb coppers too, in the long run. So don't try to run me off the board while I'm out there trying... You probably started out fast, didn't you?

HARRY:

Yeah.

KILLER:

You ever think to pace yourself?

HARRY:

No.

They wait.

KILLER:

Look, I'd like to have a tea party but we've got business on the agenda. You started out too fast last time but this one will be easier. Eight blocks to Palmera and Cruz - and you've got eight minutes.

The phone CLICKS. Harry is off walking fast. Pained, but walking fast.

114. LONG SHOT HARRY

He walks up a slight hill through a maze of telegraph pole takes a couple of jogging steps but returns to walking.

← 114A-B

115. STOCKER STREET LONG SHOT SIDEWALK

Harry rounds a corner and hits a sprint.

116. LONG SHOT PHONE BOOTH

Harry walks the last few feet to the phone and waits for it to ring. A THIN MAN makes an approach to the booth. Harry shoves him away but is too tired to explain himself.

(CONTINUED)

THIN MAN:

I got a dime.

The man pockets his dime and leaves. As he does an OLD CC hails him from the distance.

OLD CON:

Hey, Harry, I hadn't seen you since back when.

HARRY:

Howsit go?

OLD CON:

I'm keeping to myself, Harry. I'm a clean man.

HARRY:

You on parole?

The phone begins to RING.

OLD CON:

Yeah.

HARRY:

Since when?

OLD CON:

Since last month... My picture was in a magazine so they let me out early.

117. CLOSE SHOT BOOTH HARRY

He lets it RING four times, then waves goodbye to the Con and answers.

HARRY:

I thought of something.

KILLER:

What's that?

HARRY:

You could have killed innocent people with the ricochets.

KILLER:

Well, if I could have killed innocent ones, then the ones I got were guilty. I'm sorry but you're caught there.

(CONTINUED)

117 (Cont.)

HARRY:
I'm not caught. But I'm not going
to have a big discussion either.

KILLER:
Okay, then it's three blocks to the
Chevron Station at Ala Moana. Two
minutes.

The phone CLICKS OFF. Harry bursts out and runs for all it
worth.

118. EXT. STREET HARRY MOVING SHOT

He walks and runs sporadically. An athletic man starts to
run after him. He flashes his badge and the man leaves him
alone. He doubles over in pain then continues to run.

119. EXT. CHEVRON STATION

Harry runs across the apron.

120. CLOSE SHOT HARRY BOOTH

He claws open the door. He is angry and exhausted. A gre
monkey rounds the corner.

HARRY:
This the only phone?

GREASE MONKEY:
They all eat change, buddy.

At this moment the phone in the booth RINGS. He snatches it
up. IN B.G. - FAT ITALIAN CRAYFISHING THROUGH
LITTLE

HARRY:
It's me.

KILLER:
You'd like to get me, wouldn't you?
You'd like to take me out.

HARRY:
Yeah.

KILLER:
Why?

HARRY:
Because I got to enforce the law.

(CONTINUED)

120 (Cont.)

KILLER:

You guys don't enforce the law. You just referee the crooks. Then you see me take off the gloves and what you think?

Harry doesn't reply.

KILLER:

(continuing)

It's a mile back to Tranon and Oak. Seven minutes.

Harry HEARS the CLICK and runs a few steps down the sidewalk, then hops on the running board of a passing truck. It takes him a few blocks but then must turn.

121. RESIDENTIAL STREET LONG SHOT HARRY

Harry runs along a residential street of cheap apartment buildings. Exhausted, he slows to a walk. Then, twenty feet away, he sees a woman unloading her groceries from the back of a station wagon. He stops and thinks. The woman figures Harry is going to help her unload and smiles. He son looks at him indifferently.

122. DIFFERENT ANGLE

Harry jumps in the car and drives down the street. The son is the first to protest.

SON:

There's someone out stealing the car.

The woman runs down the street after Harry and throws her pocketbook at him in frustration when she sees that she won't overtake him. Harry stops out of range and politely loads her last bag of groceries from the rear onto the street.

123. CLOSE SHOT HARRY BOOTH

He is sitting in the booth, casually. ~~The woman's car is parked at the curb.~~ The phone RINGS. He snatches it.

HARRY:

Hi, killer boy.

KILLER:

You don't sound winded, Harry, and you don't call me killer boy.

(CONTINUED)

123 (Cont.).

HARRY:

I'm getting better, killer boy.

KILLER:

You better stop that kid talk and consider the facts. Suppose you knew a fella was guilty of some big crimes but you couldn't ever prove it to anybody. Would you be in the right to kill him, give him what he deserves. Suppose you were the only one who knew? See, I'm just doing my duty here.

HARRY:

So am I.

KILLER:

We can't both be doing it the same time and run up against each other this way.

HARRY:

I'm gonna get you once I've done this errand for you.

KILLER:

That's a kid thing if I ever heard one, Harry... But listen close. Take the next bus to Arlington and I want you on the bus. You'll have fifteen minutes. You okay?

Harry looks up as the bus is arriving at the stop. As he leaves, the coin return makes an unusual SOUND. He turns back and digs into slot, then runs madly for the bus, which is starting to move.

124. INT. BUS MED. SHOT

Harry pays and moves back as the bus lurches ahead. He studies the faces of the people as he goes. No one looks back at him. Most are elderly NEGRO WOMEN, a SMALL MAN in soiled business suit and a couple of DRUNKS. Harry sits behind them.

125. DIFFERENT ANGLE HARRY

The bus stops. A LARGE MAN gets on with his hands in his coat. He walks back, looks directly at Harry and sits down facing him. Their eyes meet for a second, then the man looks out the window. FOUR YOUNG WHITE TOUGHS also get on, laughing and slapping at each other. They give the driver some

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.)

trouble, then walk back and SEE Harry. They sit across f him. Harry looks at the beefy man, then at them. One of them stares back.

FIRST TOUGH:

Hey, what're you staring at me like that buddy? I owe you any money?

Harry doesn't answer.

FIRST TOUGH:

I owe you any money?

HARRY:

No.

The others turn and stare at Harry.

SECOND TOUGH:

You were looking at him that way.

FIRST TOUGH:

Maybe you owe me some money and I forgot all about it while I was looking out the window here.

SECOND TOUGH:

There's a possibility. What's you got in that there?

They look at the gun case.

THIRD TOUGH:

We want to look through your telescope.

SECOND TOUGH:

You an astrologer? You want to do my hand, buddy.

The bus stops. The big beefy man moves to another seat. Harry watches him.

SECOND TOUGH:

Hey, I'm talkin' to you.

THIRD TOUGH:

He's not a big talker but now he's talking.

FIRST TOUGH:

You got some private reason you can be rude to us.

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.1)

The Third Tough kicks the case.

THIRD TOUGH:

What's in the box?

Harry doesn't say anything.

SECOND TOUGH:

You better answer him.

FIRST TOUGH:

He's got the willies.

HARRY:

I don't want any trouble but I don't have the willies.

FIRST TOUGH:

Well, trouble's what's you gonna get. And willies.

SECOND TOUGH:

You ain't seen the kinda trouble he means, friend.

HARRY:

Still I don't want any.

Harry stands up, pushes quickly to the door as the bus starts. They are taken by surprise and follow.

126. LONG SHOT STREET

Harry gets out. There aren't too many people around. The Four Toughs follow him. Harry seems scared and skips along the street. With a frightened look back at the Toughs, he makes a dash into an alley. The Toughs run after him.

127. P.O.V. HARRY

Toughs come running into alley and stop dead. Hands come. Harry stands with the sniper's gun pointed at them.

SECOND TOUGH:

Please no, mister. I'm not the one you're talking about.

A TAILOR comes out the back of his shop into the alley. He raises his hands at the sight of Harry.

(CONTINUED)

127 (Cont.)

HARRY:

I want you on your knees. I want you to close your eyes and hold your ears so tight you can't hear me.

THIRD TOUGH:

Don't kill me, please... I'm not ready. I was loaded, wasn't listening to what I was saying.

HARRY:

Knees!

They get on their knees.

TAILOR:

How about me?

HARRY:

Shortie, you're with them or you're dead.

TAILOR:

I'm not either.

HARRY:

You make trouble, you're dead.

Harry stops the Tailor with a tap on the shoulder.

HARRY:

I need a car. You got one?

TAILOR:

I got one, sure.

HARRY:

Where's that?

TAILOR:

A Chevy right over there. Go ahead because I got the keys here.

He tosses the keys at Harry's feet.

HARRY:

I'm the Sniper mentioned in the papers. You hear that?

TOUGHS:

No reason to kill us, though. We don't none of us want to die.

HARRY:

You stay here till night or everyone dies.

(grabs the Tailor

by the lapel)

Shortie, I want you at the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

127 (Cont.1)

The Tailor starts over to an older car.

HARRY:

Okay, the penalty for moving is death.
Hepcats.

They hold their ears tightly.

128. MED. SHOT CAR

Harry shoves the man into the driver's position, then he gets in the back seat, wedging the sniper's gun across to get a position behind the Tailor's ear.

HARRY:

(low) Move!

~~Arlington Square.~~

128A. Long shot - Harry gets out, waits for CUT TO: -
he walks across tracks.

129. LONG SHOT POLICE CAR

The Tailor approaches a policeman sleeping in his patrol ~~on a corner of MacArthur Park.~~ He hesitates to roust him first, but finally decides that if he does, it better be with good cause, so he SCREAMS.

TAILOR:

It was the sniper. He showed me the gun and said about the sniper. He called me his wheelman.

The Patrolman looks him over coldly, then opens the back

CUT TO:

130. LONG SHOT STREET CORNER HARRY

Harry steps casually onto a corner of Arlington Square. (speed past; he looks them over carefully. A number of dr sit around outside a liquor store across the street; otherwise the street is empty. We SEE Bresser's car pass but Harry doesn't.

131. MED. SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

A drunk comes over from the liquor store; is almost run c by a truck on the way. Harry thinks the drunk may be the sniper in some peculiar disguise, so the fellow keeps his attention.

Microphone

(CONTINUED)

"It was this big..."
(indicates barrel size) *

131 (Cont.)

DRUNK:
You there with the fishing pole.

HARRY:
What's the matter?

DRUNK:
I bet you don't know who I am.

HARRY:
No.

DRUNK:
I'm a poor sonuvabitch hasn't
eaten, that's who.

He puts his hand on Harry's shoulder.

CUT TO:

132. MED. SHOT BRESSER IN CAR

He listens quietly about a block and a half away.

DRUNK:
(o.s.)
You wanta give me to eat? I trade
you a smile for a dollar bill.

HARRY:
(o.s.)
Get away from me. You stink.

DRUNK:
(o.s.)
You think I'm a bum.

HARRY:
(o.s.)
Get away from me or I'll kill you
with a knife and dump you in a
trash barrel.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/17/70
80.

132 (Cont.)

Bresser strokes his head.

CUT TO:

133. LONG SHOT HARRY CABBIE

DRUNK:

I prefer the California wines.

Harry leaves the drunk and walks to the corner. A taxi cab stops in front of him.

CABBIE:

You the one called the cab.

HARRY:

You got the wrong man.

CABBIE:

Your name Harry Callahan?

Harry is completely surprised. He gets in the cab.

134. INT. TAXI MOVING SHOT

LATER

CABBIE:

I don't get a lot of calls for the shipyard, not on Saturday.

HARRY:

That's not my fault.

CABBIE:

You got a short fuse. You a bad character?

HARRY:

We'll wait and see.

He sits back in the seats.

134A. ~~EXT~~ ~~INT~~ EXT
Taxi approaching drug store area.

CHANGE
11/17/70
81.

135. EXT. SHIPYARD LONG SHOT HARRY

AFTERNOON

The cab drives along a tall barbed wire fence and stops at the entrance to the shipyards. There is no one in sight except for a man tinkering with his car engine a quarter m away. Harry pays the cabbie. A stray dog notes the trans action.

CABBIE:

You got to be nuts to pilot one of those things, Captain. You can't have a home life...

Harry paces up and down the fence. The gate seems locked and there is no clear way of getting inside. A hawser sla the water in the distance and a weather horn is HEARD. Ev noise is suspicious to Harry. He talks into the microphone that Bresser gave him.

HARRY:

Joe, can you hear me? You think he's in there somewhere?

Harry is reluctant to enter the shipyard simply because it would be such an easy place to get killed. He continues pacing until he notices a small roll of paper stuck in one side of the gate. He takes it and reads:

NOTE: #2 LAUNCHING WAY

WALK TO ~~PIER SEVEN~~ AND PLEASE, NO MONKEY BUSINESS.

He notices at the same moment that the gate is not really locked; the lock has simply been clasped onto a set of chains. He opens the gate and enters.

CUT TO:

136. HARRY'S P.O.V. LONG SHOT

Long rows of warehouses and freight barns recede in front Harry. His footsteps sound in the afternoon quiet. The killer could be anywhere. Harry yells to announce his pre ence, perhaps to test the echoes, then mumbles to himself.

CUT TO:

137. NEW ANGLE

Harry walks down to ~~Pier Seven~~ ^{4th WARE}, keeping to the shadows. However, there is no one to be seen. A large Japanese freighter shifts at its moorings in the next berth. Harry

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/17/70
82.

137 (Cont.)

sets down the gun case and dangles his feet over the edge of the pier. A tomcat watches him.

138. HARRY'S P.O.V.

Irridescent water, full of oil and fibers, laps at the pilings.

139. EXT. PARKING LOT CLOSE SHOT BRESSER

Bresser lies stretched out on the seat of his car in the parking lot beyond the shipyard.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

I'm down at Pier Seven now.

Bresser adjusts the volume.

140. MONTAGE

DAY, THEN NIGHT

Harry sits and paces in turn. Overcome with boredom, he takes the gun from its cage and climbs the boom arm of a crane. Later he sights two workers on a distant tanker through the gun and snaps the trigger. No one comes. He waits until the sun sets, then for hours afterwards, as ~~the~~ night ~~sets~~ he finds a tarp and covers himself. He looks with disgust at the effect of all this on his suit. At one point he begins to feel hungry. He finds a candy machine; it doesn't work so he smashes its glass front with a crowbar. Next we see him eating from a neat stack of chocolate bars. He becomes more and more tired. The tomcat still watches him. His head sinks further and further. Thinking that the sniper may have lost track of him he moves into a pool of light offered by the blue mercury lamp overhead. He leaves the gun case open as a kind of advertisement. Muted noises of the city come to him from across the water. The wind slams a door shut and he starts awake. He notices a rat and feeds it part of his candy bar.

141. CLOSE SHOT HARRY

Suddenly, very faintly, the RINGING of a telephone is heard. Harry doesn't hear at first but when he does he springs to his feet, grabs the gun case and begins to run. He must stop a couple of times to get his bearings on the noise. It continues to RING.

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142. LONG SHOT LOW ANGLE HARRY

Harry is running full tilt down one of the lanes. He passes under a mercury lamp and a lasso drops over him. He is brought to earth with a terrific crash. Before he can collect himself ~~a man~~ in a Halloween mask has calf-tied him hand and foot with tremendous proficiency.

KILLER:

Well, there you sit like Thanksgiving dinner.

HARRY:

Let me out of here.

KILLER:

I'm just having a little fun, Harry, same way you did me.

HARRY:

I don't feel like fun. I'm tired.

KILLER:

.....One thing sure, you did a lot of running out there today.

Watching Harry carefully, he edges over to the gun case and opens it. He tests the bolt and sights, then checks its general appearance. He sighs.

KILLER:

You left it out in the salt air. You could ruin the blue.

Harry presses his face to the ground.

HARRY:

You ought to be glad I ran all over with that thing. Some cops would have said the hell with him.

KILLER:

Now don't get me wrong here. I really appreciate your efforts out there. And listen: you won't be sorry you helped out.

HARRY:

I didn't help.

KILLER:

Well you put it however you want. I got to say thanks, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

Harry struggles against the ropes.

KILLER:

Hold on there. You gonna hurt yourself.

The Killer walks around uncertain what to do next.

KILLER:

(continuing)

Listen, you don't have to have such a bad time. You can have a fair time.

HARRY:

Where's the bomb?

KILLER:

Well I couldn't have much respect for my own intelligence if I told you right now. Just straight out with my not taking any precautions.

The Killer is not being sarcastic; he genuinely sympathizes with Harry and he wants Harry to have a favorable opinion of him, too.

HARRY:

Still, you got the gun. Where's the bomb? That was the deal.

KILLER:

Look, friend, there was nothing in the deal about my telling you the very minute I got the gun. I just wouldn't make a deal like that, so you better try to remember again. I believe, well, I don't think you'll recall me saying the exact words: 'You get to know about the bomb just as soon as I get the gun.'

Harry is unconvinced.

KILLER:

(continuing)

But I'll check. I got a copy of what I said, what I meant to say, at home. That sounds fair.

HARRY:

Just tell me, where's the bomb?

(CONTINUED)

KILLER:

Now don't be such a pain in the ass about where's the bomb. I said you'd find out when I feel safe and that no one's going to shoot at me.

HARRY:

That could be awhile.

KILLER:

I'm really surprised at you, Harry.

He tries to say how much but he can't find the adjective.

KILLER:

(continuing)

I mean, you're saying things that are really calculated to offend and if I was a bad egg I would take offense like that...

He snaps his fingers and paces in circles.

KILLER:

(continuing)

...like that, and you would have put the whole public in danger.

Harry has again become somewhat condescending with the Killer.

HARRY:

I'm listening.

KILLER:

I'm not one that needs to be humored, Harry. It's stupid to think so.

HARRY:

You're a fruitcake bastard.

KILLER:

Listen here, I don't need that kind of talk.

HARRY:

You need some snatch.

KILLER:

Well, I'm glad you know my whole life history and can say something like that.

He paces angrily. Harry is angry, too.

(CONTINUED)

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142 (Cont.2)

KILLER:

(continuing)

You say fruitcake but I bet that's not what your buddies down at headquarters think: fruitcake.

143. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER

Bresser runs down the alley behind Harry and the Killer. He hits an empty oil drum and the Killer is heard over his bug.

KILLER:

(o.s.)

What was that? I heard a noise.

Bresser is close enough to them that there is some slight reverberation in the Killer's voice, even from where he stands.

144. MED. SHOT HARRY AND KILLER

The Killer picks up his rifle, draws a pistol from his belt and waits in silence.

HARRY:

You're getting the willies and there's no way you can shake them.

The Killer is interested in rebutting this remark of Harry but he must listen for the sound instead. It is not clear whether Harry is covering for Bresser now.

HARRY:

(continuing)

Well let me out of these things before you go over the edge.

The Killer sees a movement in the darkness now. Bresser steps to the edge of the light, holding his revolver with both hands, trembling slightly.

BRESSER:

Okay, Slick, let loose real easy now.

Though Bresser has the drop on him, the Killer doesn't drop his gun but instead turns to face Bresser. After a moment of reflection he fires at him. Bresser ducks, amazed that he and the Killer have each been so bold. He starts to fire from behind a stack of lumber but Harry stops him. He speaks calmly.

(CONTINUED)

144 (Cont.)

HARRY:

Don't kill him, Joe, don't kill him.

Harry thinks the Killer may fire at him and he squirms toward the darkness. Though the Killer certainly has enjoyed the opportunity, he does not seem interested in hurting either Harry or Bresser. His shot at Bresser could have been only a warning shot, given the range.

145. CLOSE SHOT KILLER

The Killer retreats methodically.

KILLER:

Boy, way to keep a promise. That's a fine thing.

But he doesn't. Instead he drops his prized rifle and breaks into a run. Bresser starts to chase him but Harry stops him short.

HARRY:

Untie me first, untie me first.

Bresser returns to Harry's side and cuts him loose with a switchblade. Harry, once he's free, grabs the pistol out of Bresser's hand and runs in the direction the Killer went without a word of thanks or apology to Bresser. Bresser lopes reluctantly after him.

146. LONG SHOT HARRY

Harry runs down an alley, stopping to listen at each intersection for any sign of the Killer. At last he hears a NOISE, a vague slam. He peers into the darkness. Bresser comes to his side, dragging the sniper's gun along behind him. Together they run down the alley toward the NOISE, certain that the Killer is waiting for them, with no clear idea what they will do once they reach their destination.

147. SAME ANGLE CLOSE SHOT

A station wagon with its lights dowsed bears directly down on them. They both jump the walls and it roars past underneath them. Harry fires a WARNING SHOT but the Killer continues into the distance, unintimidated. The SOUND of his car fades abruptly.

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148. LONG SHOT HARRY AND BRESSER

They run for Bresser's car, a Buick Riviera.

BRESSER:

It was an old station wagon. I think
it was red.

HARRY:

I couldn't see.

BRESSER:

Well, it was red.

They reach the car. Harry shoves Bresser away from the
driver's side. Bresser is offended.

BRESSER:

This is my private car.

149. INT. CAR MED. SHOT

Bresser ducks into the car. Harry hesitates a second at the
wheel. Bresser touches him and he hits Bresser across the
shoulder in anger.

150. LONG SHOT CAR

The car topples an oil drum and fishtails across the parking
lot.

151. CLOSE SHOT BRESSER

is alarmed.

BRESSER:

You been watching too much television.

152. LONG SHOT GATE

The car roars through the gate, barely fitting between the
open leaves. The car roars
into the night and the CAMERA lingers briefly on the broken
stillness they have left behind.

.CUT TO:

153. INT. CAR MED. SHOT HARRY, BRESSER

He roars down the single access road to the city, which twinkles in the distance. There are very few cars out this early in the morning. The CAMERA SEES over their shoulders from the back seats. They shout at one another above the screeching of the car.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

You ruined a whole night's waiting.

BRESSER:

(v.o.)

You sounded in trouble.

HARRY:

(v.o.)

You're a simpleton.

154 - OMITTED
155.

156. EXT. CITY STREET

Galileo's car
NIGHT

Harry rounds a corner and nearly runs down a BLACK MAN standing in front of a yellow Thunderbird which has run up onto the curb. The black man is shaking his fist at something in the distance. Harry slaps on the brakes, throws the car into reverse and stops in front of the man, who ducks cagily behind his car, unready to become embroiled in a feud. As they jump out of the car, Bresser is arguing with Harry.

BRESSER:

This is my private car.

His concern about the car is greater than his anger, though. He checks the tires and front grill as Harry approaches the black man.

BLACK MAN:

You talking private car, this chuck
(he nods at Harry)
almost run me over. Chucks all over
me tonight... I want some cops.

HARRY:

We're cops, what happened?

BLACK MAN:

I lost some paint. Lookit there: I
can't get a match on that, ~~man~~.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.)

BRESSER:

Tell us quick what happened. We don't want to hear any jive.

BLACK MAN:

Okay, down comes this chuck in his tan or red station wagon, comes around the corner, runs me off the wall... It's the ~~oxidizing~~ makes that ~~maroon~~ yellow look smart. *Special league*

HARRY:

Which way did he go?

BLACK MAN:

He went in the direction I'm pointed here, man! I got his license written here on this piece of paper... I got a lady in the car, too.

(FROSTY BLONDE)

Bresser takes the paper. Harry snatches it out of his hand and runs back toward the car. Bresser assumes it is merely to get a radio trace and continues questioning the black man.

BRESSER:

Did you get a good look at him?

MAN:

I didn't see a thing and I'm not going to lie about something like this... Still, it was the chuck's fault. I saw that.

Harry revs the car and tears off in the direction the black man indicated. Bresser runs down the street after him, furious that he has been abandoned.

BRESSER:

Hey, hey, hey.

He turns with a thought to commandeering the Black Man's car, but the Black Man guesses his thought and shakes his head.

BRESSER:

Gimme the keys.

(CONTINUED)

156 (Cont.1)

BLACK MAN:
They're my keys.

157. INT. CAR CLOSE SHOT HARRY

speaks into the mike.

HARRY:
Records, yeah, I need a reader on
California 44450.

VOICE ON RADIO:
One second. Okay, for California
44450 we read: Jonathan Waugh,
370 Alta Loma Way, Binghamtown.

Harry throws the car into a bootlegger's turn and heads
back towards the shipyards.

158. INT. HOUSE MED. SHOT HARRY, WAUGH AND FAMILY

Harry comes bursting into a modest house after kicking
the front door off its hinges. His eyes are red and
he is wild. A woman sees him and quietly returns to
her room. Her children break down the hall like a
covey of quail. As Harry rounds the corner, the senior
Waugh comes forward to talk sense with him.

HARRY:
Everybody be quiet. Everybody
be quiet.

They comply.

HARRY:
Which of you is Jonathan
Waugh?

(CONTINUED)

158 (Cont.)

WAUGH: ~~GARY~~ GOODROW
Me but I haven't done anything. I
don't know your name; I can't see
how you know mine.

HARRY:
Where's your car, Waugh?

He shoves him back against the headboard. Dishes shatter
inside. A small dog snarls at Harry. Waugh no longer has
his wits about him.

HARRY:
Car, car, car, car.

WAUGH:
Travis borrowed it, down the street.
His battery was dead...You don't hurt
us, mister, we been good.

Harry kicks his feet out from under him.

HARRY:
Stay in here and keep your mouths shut.

Harry flips over the breakfast table arbitrarily. If not
arbitrarily, then perhaps to make sure he is taken serious.
He turns at the door.

159. CLOSEUP HARRY

HARRY:
And don't call the cops or you haven't
seen trouble... Now which is your
friend's house?

160. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET HIGH ANGLE LONG SHOT HARRY
DAWN

The CAMERA shows Harry walking down the sidewalk in front of
the Waugh house toward Travis' house as Waugh, standing on
his front lawn in pajamas, indicates it. The morning sun has
barely cleared the horizon and the streets are quiet. As
Harry approaches the Travis house the CAMERA cranes down to
intercept him. He tries the doorknob gingerly and to his
surprise it is open. He inches past the threshold, his gun
moving up slowly.

161. INT. TRAVIS HOUSE LONG SHOT TRAVIS, HARRY

TRAVIS, a man of the same height and build as the one Harry
(CONTINUED)

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161 (Cont.)

saw in the shipyards, sits at the breakfast table. The interior of his house is exactly the same in feel as the interior of Harry's own apartment. Harry walks calmly across the room, preparing his attack, offering no explanations. Travis rises from his breakfast but says nothing.

HARRY:

Where's the car?

TRAVIS:

What?

HARRY:

You heard me.

TRAVIS:

One I borrowed last night? Someone stole it while I was having steak dinner.

HARRY:

Why didn't you report it to the police?

TRAVIS:

You know how it works. Some kid steals a car, leaves it a few blocks away. You find it next morning and there's not the big hassle.

HARRY:

Still, why didn't you tell your friend across the way?

TRAVIS:

No reason for both of us to get worried.

Travis speaks with a neutral accent, unlike the voice on tape recording and the masked man in the shipyards. This throws Harry a bit.

HARRY:

Let's hear you talk some more.

TRAVIS:

What do you mean?

HARRY:

Just talk, say some words.

TRAVIS:

Well, first off, I don't know who the hell you are. I assume you're some kind of police officer but I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.1)

Harry seems to nod.

TRAVIS:

(continuing)

Well, police officer, they should teach you some manners and that you don't come busting into someone's house early when he's still in his pajamas.

HARRY:

You're the big killer.

TRAVIS:

I don't know what you're talking about but leave me alone.

HARRY:

I'm sitting here in the same room with the killer. I saw his face on the building across the way two, three days ago.

TRAVIS:

I got no idea what's in your head, man. You a cop, why no other cops with you? I haven't done a thing.

HARRY:

What's your name.

TRAVIS:

My name is Travis.

Now Harry changes pace.

HARRY:

You're smart, Travis, which is all I wanted to know. You slipped in a couple of places but now I see that you're basically smart and the slips, those were the percentages.

Harry walks around the room, like a cat wearing down its prey. His head is down as he works out his thoughts.

HARRY:

(continuing)

I've thought about what you said on the docks and you're right. Here I'm a cop doing the same thing as you really, only the uphill way. I mean, if you know someone's a killer or pusher, why not

(CONTINUED)

161 (Cont.2)

HARRY: (Cont.)
cut a few corners or you risk it all
in the courts. So I'm ready to give
you some help from the inside...

He looks at Travis for the first time in this speech.
Travis is smiling only slightly but in some way that man
to confirm for Harry that he, Travis, is indeed the kill
While Harry is certain of his man in this moment, we can
appreciate that in a few minutes he will doubt whether h
remembers correctly.

HARRY:
(continuing)
We've just got to get the size of
one another.

He moves to shake Travis' hand. Travis collects himself
and says.

TRAVIS:
Still, I don't know what you're talking
about.

Harry swings and hits him in the throat. He goes to his
knees and Harry dropkicks him. The breakfast crashes off
the table. Harry goes after him and doesn't stop, talkin
quite calmly the whole time.

HARRY:
Nothing important really. I'm only
wondering if I can get you to talk to
me and say the truth because it's no
fun listening to a liar lie out of
his own mouth.

TRAVIS:
(shouting)
Leave me alone. I'm going to have
your ass, copper. I'm going to sue.

Harry smiles and extracts Bresser's gun. He stomps Travi
throat flush against the floor, then hits him full across
the face with the barrel of the gun.

HARRY:
I'm gonna thump you.

He comes down on the top of the head with his backstroke,
sending a puddle of blood across the floor. Travis doesn't
make a sound under this attack.

162. EXT. LAWN IN FRONT OF TRAVIS HOME WAUGH AND NEIGHBORS

(+) Some older WA
KIDS.

Harry seems to be cooking in the kitchen. In any case he is heating several empty pans on the electric stove. He leaves the kitchen and enters the living room where Travis is tied with sash cord to a heating register. He is speckled with blood and Harry is too, but the victim no more than his attacker. Harry is going about things more methodically now. He has knocked the bulb out of a table lamp and is jamming the live socket onto Travis' bare toe. Travis screams with fear and disbelief.

HARRY:
Where's the bomb? You tell me where's
the bomb.

I don't know, I don't know.

Yeah, still, where is it?

THAVIS:
No such bomb...I don't know about bombs.

You sure about that?

1. Debris from into the house. CALL

They have ~~put the cuffs on~~ Harry, and they push him out the front door, ~~without bothering to check whether he's a cop~~ as he loudly claims. TRAVIS is loaded now Black & white.
by 2 ~~undisciplined~~ policemen who have respect.

The whole of the courtroom sequence, as follows, will be shot in 16mm in the style of TV news programs. Confusion reigns outside the central courtroom in the Hall of Justice. The Travis trial is just breaking up and newsmen are rushing to the phones while photographers and cameramen crowd the

(a) RAILWAY w/ LINE:

COMMITTEE ON WATERWAYS & SOUND
(CONTINUED)

164 (Cont.)

entrance. A young man exits and he is swamped. He is on of the DEFENSE ATTORNEYS.

FIRST DEFENSE ATTORNEY: ~~450241~~

I'm free now to answer your questions without prejudicing the trial. I can say that it's been a tough uphill road in this climate that says if he's accused he must be a little guilty.

CAMERAMAN: ~~COMMITTEE IMPR~~

We didn't get sync, Eddie. Can you say the very same words again? Just a second.

FIRST DEFENSE ATTORNEY:

Well, things went pretty much according to our expectations...You have sync now?

A second defense attorney comes to his side, as does a NEWSMAN. The cameraman continues to check his sync cable

NEWSMAN:

You'd originally hoped for a mistrial, right?

SECOND DEFENSE ATTORNEY: ~~SCOTT 61~~

No, I have to say no to that. We were hoping for exactly what we got: a motion to suppress the evidence as illegally obtained. The prosecutor had to drop the indictment is what happened.

NEWSMAN:

That's what you've got to say?

FIRST DEFENSE ATTORNEY:

The whole thing was science fiction from the onset. Here we had some evidence that at best could be construed as purely circumstantial. Sergeant Callahan's violation of the defendant's constitutionally guaranteed rights, well it's scandalous this indictment ever got off the ground.

NEWSMAN:

You going to be looking for revenge?

SECOND DEFENSE ATTORNEY:

Hardly revenge, Fred, but we will want to check more closely into the police handling of this whole thing. How about

(CONTINUED)

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164 (Cont.1)

SECOND DEFENSE ATTORNEY: (Cont.)
the status of Sergeant Callahan, who has
not been repentent, though I never ex-
pected he would be?

Unfocused figures block the CAMERA'S LINE OF FIRE at the
Attorneys.

CUT TO:

165. DIFFERENT ANGLE

The PROSECUTING ATTORNEY leaves the courtroom. He looks
bored and tired. He must have expected that Travis would
be acquitted.

NEWSMAN:

Mr. Prosecutor, we need a statement.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY:

Yes, certainly. Once again we see
the police denied any way of getting
to some clear criminals. That's the
statement.

NEWSMAN:

You still feel that Mr. Travis is guilty?

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY:

Sergeant Callahan is telling the truth.
I mean, what about the stolen car! You
guys use your heads.

CUT TO:

166. CLOSE SHOT DEFENSE ATTORNEYS THEN TRAVIS

REPORTER:

The stolen car? How about that?

FIRST DEFENSE ATTORNEY:

We went over that ground in the hearing.
There are hundreds of cars stolen each
week in this city: Frank has the exact
statistics. Anyway, Mr. Travis shouldn't
be victimized for having his friend's
car stolen.

SECOND DEFENSE ATTORNEY:

May I interrupt here, Art? We now plan
on filing suit for personal damages
against the City and conjointly against

(CONTINUED)

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166. (Cont.)

SECOND DEFENSE ATTORNEY: (Cont.)
Sergeant Callahan the man. Mr. Travis
will have more to say at the proper time
but we're angry about this.

167. MED. SHOT TRAVIS THEN HARRY

TRAVIS:
Thanks for everything. It's been a
hard road and I got a debt of thanks
to everybody.

At this moment Harry and Bresser exit the courtroom in
the b.g.

TRAVIS:
(continuing)
Who says police shouldn't have their
head but this goes beyond the pale,
I got to say...I realize the emotional
strain the police are under but they've
got to learn to handle it, same way as
you and I have to.

Harry breaks through the cordon of reporters in an attempt
to assault Travis, cursing and making threats. A bailiff
and Bresser restrain him. Harry shouts back at Travis.

HARRY:
I'll fix you...I keep a promise.

The CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he is jerked down the hall.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

168. INT. BULLPEN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS MED. SHOT HARRY
BRESSER

Harry is waiting at a desk in the bullpen. He sees Bress
coming down the corridor and feigns an interest in some
papers.

BRESSER:
Meeting broke up minute ago. It's
probation.

(CONTINUED)

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168 (Cont.)

Harry throws a paperweight into the bullpen in anger. A con ducks and smiles.

HARRY:
That's a helluva note.

BRESSER:
You're lucky to get that. You make
it tough on everybody else.

HARRY:
He was the one did the killings.

BRESSER:
It don't mean a thing if you can't
get the papers on him.

HARRY:
Leave me alone.

BRESSER:
Let's get a handshake on this first.

HARRY:
I don't need a pepperbelly to shake
my hand.

Bresser turns and walks away, more surprised than hurt.

169. MONTAGE M.O.S.

DAY THROUGHOUT

Harry follows Travis everywhere, hoping some objective evidence of Travis' guilt will fall into his hands, though he has no idea what to look for in particular and finally is only following Travis to make him uneasy.

1. EXT. TRAVIS HOUSE: Travis leaves his house in the morning and Harry is waiting across the street, out of sight.
2. INT. TRAVIS HOUSE...Harry sneaks into the house and snoops around. He studies everything, right down to the seams in the concrete porch. Then a distant NOISE alerts him and he leaves.

(CONTINUED)

169 (Cont.)

- on foot*
3. CITY STREET: Harry follows Travis ~~in a taxi~~ but only, it turns out, to the barber shop.
 4. STOCKYARDS: Harry watches Travis and fellow workers on their coffee break. Later Harry is waiting for Travis when Travis gets off work, late in the day. The streets are empty and ominous but neither takes the play to the other. Travis seems to lose Harry for a minute but...
 5. PARKING LOT:...when he appears at his car Harry is waiting, watching, only a few slots away. Travis says something to him but Harry walks away without answering. Travis calls after him.
 6. GRIFFITH PARK: Travis is standing idly in the middle of an open field. A woman, evidently his former wife arrives in a sports car with their common child. Travis has visiting privileges. She walks across the field and hands him the child, exchanging only a few words. Harry, standing in the distance, is strangely affected; perhaps because it is so much like what his life used to be.
 7. GRIFFITH PARK: Travis takes the child to the carousel and there, while riding a wooden horse, spots Harry watching him.
 8. CITY STREET: Travis is crossing an empty city street. A car roars down the street and passes him as he stands in his tracks. Though it could easily have hit and run, it didn't. The driver was Harry. We should see here that Harry doesn't simply wish Travis dead, without suspicion.
 9. PARKING LOT: Travis tries to start his car in the parking lot outside a restaurant but it won't catch. He stops and sits back in his seat, suspecting Harry. Then he becomes suddenly fearful and runs, nowhere in particular, as fast as he can. Harry watches from nearby.

There has been rhythmic MUSIC throughout the foregoing.

CUT TO:

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170. INT. BOXING HALL LONG SHOT TRAVIS AND BOXING COACH

The hall is completely empty, it seems, except for Travis. Travis walks to a pay phone near the main ring. He puts a dime in the phone and makes a call. The phone RINGS and RINGS. Finally Harry answers.

HARRY:

(o.s.)

This Harry Callahan...Hello...
Who's this?

Travis hangs up without speaking and thinks a few seconds. Then he walks down a row of seats and rousts a sleeping figure, the BOXING COACH. Together they walk into a dark corner of the hall.

TRAVIS:

I'm ready.

COACH:

You sure this is what you want?

TRAVIS:

He's been ragging my ass, Luther,
and I want it stopped. I'd rather
you than him.

The Coach takes off his sweat shirt and slips on a single light bag boxing glove. They shake hands. Travis closes his eyes.

TRAVIS:

(continuing)

Watch out for the teeth.

The Coach belts him across the bridge of the nose. There is a DULL THUD on SOUND.

CUT TO:

171. EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND GYM LONG SHOT

The Coach leads Travis into the alley like a blind man. Travis is muttering.

TRAVIS:

Maybe it doesn't look right yet.

The Coach hits him again beneath the ear. He falls hard.

(CONTINUED)

171 (Cont.)

COACH:

Christ Almighty, Travis, shouldn't I
stop?

There is no answer from Travis, though.

172. SAME ANGLE LATER

A stumblebum wanders down the alley and notices the pros-
trate figure.

STUMBLEBUM:

You looking bad, man. You been cut.

He goes to the corner and shouts at the passersby.

STUMBLEBUM:

(continuing)

There's a little cat in here is cut.
I don't know a thing about him.

No one pays any attention to him.

173. SAME ANGLE LATER

Travis is lifted onto a cot, then shuttled into the back of
an ambulance. His face is puffy and discolored. He speaks
to one of the drivers.

TRAVIS:

It was a cop that hit me.

DRIVER:

He had a good pair of hands.

The ambulance door is shut.

CUT TO:

174. INT. ACADEMY CLASSROOM LONG SHOT HARRY

Harry stands on a dais at the front of the hall, lecturing
to his class of cadets. He is depressed and reads directly
from his notes in singsong tones.

HARRY:

In prosecuting a homicide, a
statement made by the deceased as
to the cause of his death, is
admissible, if it appears to the

(CONTINUED)

174 (Cont.)

HARRY: (Cont.)
satisfaction of the judge that when the statement was made the deceased had given up hope of recovery. The deceased must have been competent to witness, and the facts stated to be such that he could have testified to them. A witness to be competent to testify to dying declarations, must be able to state the substance of them as they were made, though he need not repeat them verbatim...

He looks to the back of the hall. A couple of four lieutenants motion for him to leave the lecture and come with the He excuses himself and walks down the rows of cadets. Bresser, he sees, is slouched in the doorway.

STOCK # 1 & 2

175. INT. ACADEMY CORRIDOR LONG SHOT HARRY, BRESSER

Their footsteps resound in the empty corridor.

HARRY:
What's happening?

BRESSER:
You been suspended.

HARRY:
Whatcha mean? Why?

BRESSER:
I don't know about the whys and wherefores, Harry. You're off the force, that's all.

CUT TO:

176. INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE MED. SHOT HARRY AND OTHERS ALL STOCK CO.

There is pandemonium in the room. Everyone is slightly out of gear, talking at once.

CAPTAIN:
I've had enough of your shit.

HARRY:
You got to tell me what's happening, you sapheads. Nobody levels with me around here.

(CONTINUED)

176 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN:
Bresser spotted you following him,
Harry. You find an opening?

HARRY:
Bresser's a saphead.

BRESSER:
You're making us look very bad,
Harry...

HARRY:
I haven't touched the bastard. I
never laid a hand on him. You tell
me what's happened. I get a hearing.

CAPTAIN:
You got your hearing now.

The Captain throws his out file at Harry. Papers settle
over the room. Harry rips his badge out of his wallet and
rests it calmly on the table.

HARRY:
I don't even want one. I want out
of here.

CUT TO:

177. INT. BALLISTICS ROOM MED. SHOT SHORTLY AFTERWARDS

Harry walks swiftly through the room, exchanging greetings
with the technicians. They nod and pay little attention.
He goes to a display case of criminals' weapons in the
rear and fetches an old 45. Then he walks back through
the room, exchanging the same greetings.

178. SERIES OF ANGLES CAR - *1st - CU HARRY*

on freeway
He drives through the city to Travis' house.

178B - Coming from him near Travis' house

179. INT. TRAVIS HOUSE MED. SHOT HARRY

178 E - CU HARRY
Harry and
an lady

Harry uses a credit card to unlatch the rear door of the
Travis house, then enters. He waits until after dark, the
late into the night, but Travis does not return and at
length he dozes. As he dozes we CUT outside to Travis, who
approaches the front door but, sensing something amiss,
heads around to the back door. He makes a slight noise as
he enters but this is enough to start Harry awake. Harry
pours fire into the blackness around him, then approaches

(CONTINUED)

179 (Cont.)

the back door. No one is there. He notices a curtain sag stirring in the breeze and decides that this must have been the cause. He goes back to his chair and sits, then a muffled SHOUT from outside reminds him that the neighbors will be calling the cops and that he no longer has any professional excuses now that he is suspended. He leaves in great haste.

180. MONTAGE M.O.S. WITH MUSIC

Harry gets paranoid on his walk home. He keeps to the shadows and walks in zigzags. He studies the rooflines of the buildings on his route, mindful that the sniper could be anywhere.

181. INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT LONG SHOT HARRY

He sneaks into his own apartment through the ~~rear window~~ ^{front door}, falls onto bed and starts to work on a case of beer. He stacks the cans neatly on his night stand like a fraternal boy. At length he notices one of the citations on the wall across the way. He gets out of bed and studies it, then slams it against the wall. He goes to the others in the living room and smashes them to pieces, at first quite methodically. Then, giving way to madness and despair, he smashes everything in his apartment, all his cheap furniture, the hated bric-a-brac that is all he has to show for twenty years of work and a botched life. At length he falls onto his broken sofa, exhausted. The phone RINGS in the silence. He answers but there is no one on the other end. He is puzzled and further upset.

182. SAME ANGLE

DAY

Dawn finds him in the same position on the couch. Again the phone RINGS. Harry traps the receiver as if it were a bird about to fly.

HARRY:

Yeah.

TRAVIS:

Good morning, Harry. Listen, listen to me.

HARRY:

Where are you?

(CONTINUED)

182 (Cont.)

TRAVIS:

Just listen... Now I'm real sorry to hear about that suspension. I knew how much that badge meant to you. You're a gogetter and they're gonna have a hard time finding someone can push like you know how and, Harry, I'd like to talk to you man to man.

HARRY:

Where?

182A. INT. CAR MED. SHOT HARRY -

The dialogue continues on sound. Harry says his own lines out loud in the car, with the exception of the first.

TRAVIS:

(v.o.)

At work. At the stockyards.

HARRY:

I'll be right over now.

TRAVIS:

(v.o.)

No, on my lunch hour. I can't walk off a packing line, goddammit. ...First, you promise not to kill me or anything?

HARRY:

Okay.

TRAVIS:

(v.o.)

Well, myself, I'm not going to try anything out of the ordinary. Hear?... You listen to me: I'm an ordinary kind of fellow and don't want any trouble. Well, so long and talk soon.

HARRY:

Yeah. Bye.

There is the SOUND of the dead wire.

CUT TO:

CHANGE
11/17/70
108.

183. EXT. STOCKYARDS LONG SHOT HARRY THEN TRAVIS

Harry gets out of his car at the stockyards and asks the nearest worker where he can find Travis. We do not hear their conversation, partly because of their distance in long shot, partly because of the LOWING of beef cattle coming to the slaughter toward the CAMERA. Harry falls into line behind the cattle and likewise approaches the CAMERA. There are pens of animals on each side of him and a frantic SQUEALING of pigs is becoming barely audible in the distance. Some of the yardmen are eating their lunch the shadows of the loading platforms; others continue work on the dock. A VOICE hails Harry from OFF SCREEN.

VOICE OF TRAVIS:

Hi there, gentlemen.

Travis is sitting on the top rail above one of the pens, a windbreaker over his shoulder. He is dressed in the style of a shipping clerk and still shows the effect of his bearing. His manner is completely calm and rational in sharp contrast to Harry's obsessiveness.

TRAVIS:

(continuing)

Come up here and let's talk. Howsit go?

HARRY:

(softly)

I'm fine.

Harry clambers over the heads of the cattle up the rails to Travis' perch, unhappy to be getting himself so dirty.

TRAVIS:

You are fine, Harry. You can say it loud. One of the finest policemen on the force but you're making it hard for me. See, I can't get the job done.

HARRY:

I lost a job because of you.

TRAVIS:

How else was I going to get you off my back? I could have killed you but that wouldn't have been like me. I'm not a criminal. You have a gun with you?

HARRY:

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.)

TRAVIS:
I'll take it then we can talk.

He brings a pistol out from under his windbreaker and Harry raises his hands slightly, angry to have been caught off guard, even embarrassed. Travis throws the 45 into a wastebasket below in one of the pens. He sits down and opens lunch. He shoves a sandwich in Harry's direction.

TRAVIS:
(continuing)
You want a egg salad? You work around here, all you can eat is egg... You know what I was thinking? It's a crazy kind of thing but I was thinking we could get together. You're a good shot and I'm not bad. That one on Mr. Bernoulli was only a six inch diameter at sixteen hundred yards. Bet you're not in the mood for business, though.

HARRY:
No, I'm not.

Harry notices a row of slaughterhouse implements stuck in the posts below and beside him: longshoreman's hooks, claw hammers, rusty knives, broken cattle prods, etc.

TRAVIS:
I've had my eye on you, though.

HARRY:
Yeah?

TRAVIS:
You want to know my plans? Who's next, etcetera?

HARRY:
I know.

TRAVIS:
Who?

HARRY:
You.

TRAVIS:
Wait a second, buddy. You said you wouldn't kill me. You forgotten already?

(CONTINUED)

183 (Cont.1)

HARRY:
I'm not going to kill you...

He pulls a rusty packing knife out of the post beside him

HARRY:
(continuing)
...I'm going to scalp you.

TRAVIS:
Okay but you're making a big mistake, Harry. They were all of them hoodlums. You kill me and you're doing their work for them. Big favor. They're all going to be saying, thank you there, Harry.

HARRY:
No.

Travis brandishes his gun. He is angry that Harry won't be reasonable enough to respect his clear edge.

TRAVIS:
Otherwise, I'm going to have to kill you in the course of defending myself. You got a record of leaning on me, remember that. They believe me, remember that too.

At this moment, Harry begins to advance toward Travis. Travis fires a couple of shots into the ground, but to his amazement Harry will not be stopped. He just plods ahead. Travis begins to shout, louder and louder, but always in a rational voice, like a tenor doing his scales.

TRAVIS:
You dumb bastard, I don't want to shoot you. Listen to me.

Harry stops dead in his tracks. Somehow he senses that Travis will not shoot him. Travis backs off tentatively, then turns and starts to run through the pens. Harry follows. Travis slips and falls in the excrement. He fires wildly at a large steer drops to its knees.

184. EXT. LOADING AREA

Travis runs into a loading area, screaming for help, but everyone is looking out for his own and no one is willing to get involved. They duck behind crates and into truck bottoms.

FIRST PACKER:

I don't know about that stuff, baby.

SECOND PACKER:

Man with a gun, man with a knife!

Harry comes tearing after Travis, not far behind, brandishing his knife.

185. EXT. STOCKYARDS

They go running through the street but no one intervenes. This terrifies Travis more than does Harry. He jumps on one of the workers and hugs him. The worker breaks loose. He tries to shout but his voice won't come to him. He speaks in a weak falsetto.

TRAVIS:

There's a maniac after me...Help over here.

People watch furtively. Travis fires a warning shot into the air. A comment is heard.

VOICE:

The one with stuff on him has done some tussling.

186. EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE BESIDE STOCKYARDS

Travis heads back toward the stockyards. He fumbles with his gun but Harry is so hot on his heels that he can't take proper aim. He heads into the neighboring slaughterhouse. Harry rounds a corner and is caught in a thundering herd of pigs. Ahead of him, in the same herd, he spots Travis. He rounds a second corner, looking for Travis, and the pig passes him by on the conveyor, already slaughtered.

187. INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE

They run past rooms where men in red slickers are slaughtering and preparing cattle. It is all surprisingly antiseptic. Harry loses, then resights Travis, once, then again. The carcasses move monotonously down the conveyor. Since ever, one runs from place to place on the slaughterhouse floor,

(CONTINUED)

187 (Cont.)

no one pays much attention to Harry and Travis until Travis cries out in agony and frustration. Then these men in red slickers, they stand and watch with empty faces, their knives upheld in some peculiar safety posture.

188. CATWALK HARRY AND TRAVIS

Meanwhile, Harry has chased Travis out of the cold rooms. He spots him climbing a steel ladder. Harry gives chase. Travis turns at the top of the ladder; using the top rung as a rest, he levels the gun at Harry, now only fifteen feet below. But Harry doesn't care and doesn't stop. Travis is by no means trapped but he is completely exhausted and he stops, a bit angry, perhaps ready to force a showdown. Harry lumbers after him; his wind is gone and he is dizzy. They rest for several seconds, neither of them able to make a move. On the floor below, a dozen meat packers look on, awestruck. Travis gets his feet moving, but Harry advances toward him. Travis knocks on a closed wooden door but no one responds. He catches his breath for long enough to exclaim:

TRAVIS:

You stupid monkey, you're the only one that knows. People not going to take your word... You leave me alone.

Travis puts a shot over Harry's shoulder but Harry continues to advance, relentless. Travis looks for a place to rest his gun hand. He is trembling so much he can't get a clear aim. He can't accept that Harry won't stop. A pig shriek in the distance.

TRAVIS:

You leave me alone.

At his wit's end, he throws the gun over the side of the catwalk.

TRAVIS:

It's gone, Harry. I'm unarmed and you kill me, you're a killer gets sent to San Quentin.

But Harry has been provoked to the point where he can't make these distinctions. Travis realizes this and grabs a 2 by 4 from a nearby box. He shies backwards, moving the 2 by 4 in great swooping slices like a buccaneer.

(CONTINUED)

CHANGE
11/17/70
113.

188 (Cont.)

Harry carries his knife close to the waist, though, like an experienced street fighter. Travis beats him to his knees, then nearly senseless, but Harry persists. He pokes at Travis and when Travis moves to parry, Harry comes in over the top and stabs him in the solar plexus. Travis' face is full of understandable dismay. He topples over the railing and falls forty feet down the sluice onto a pile of bones.

Harry looks down at him. He shoots his cuffs and removes his tie, to keep it out of his own blood.

189. LAMB PEN

Sheets of yellow lights arch down through the dusty air. Harry has wandered half-dazed down a catwalk above a huge pen of sheep. He is seriously hurt but, it should be clear, will not die. He topples off the catwalk into the pen. After a moment, he collects himself and sits down in a feed trough, overcome by a new surge of exhaustion. The sheep surround him.

END CREDITS AND FADE OUT.

THE END