

"THE EIGER SANCTION"

by

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THE EIGER SANCTION

FADE IN

1 TITLE: ZURICH STREET - NIGHT 1

A chilly, rainy spring night in Zurich. A narrow street is illuminated by light from a tavern's window.

2 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT 2

A fortyish man in a wrinkled worn suit is at the bar, swilling down his drink with the grim intensity of a man who worries too much and drinks too much. He looks at his wristwatch, checking it with the clock on the wall. He downs his drink and waves to the bartender and calls for another drink.

He stands, watching anxiously as the bartender pours. He picks up the glass, checks his watch again, checks the clock again, then slugs down the drink. He picks up his many coins of change, looks at them in his hand, selects two, then shrugs and leaves all the change on the bar for a tip. Without waiting for thanks, he goes out into the street. He has no raincoat and he hunches his shoulders up against the rain.

3 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 3

Walking down the street, he checks his watch again. At the corner he is approached by a panhandler with his hand out. The man reaches into his jacket pocket, pretends to take out a coin and places it in the outstretched hand of the beggar. From the beggar's hand, he takes a chunk of Bazooka-type bubble gum, slips it into his pocket and walks away, leaving the beggar looking at his empty hand.

A look of satisfaction on his face, the man continues walking, somewhat tipsily, down the street. He ducks into the doorway of a closed store, looks both ways down the street, then takes the bubble gum from his pocket and carefully unwraps it. Where there should be comics, there is a black speck on the gum. It is a piece of microfilm, which he demonstrates by holding it up to the lighted window. He smiles, replaces the film rewraps the gum, returns it to his pocket, and resumes walking to an old fleabag hotel. He enters.

4 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT 4

The man walks down a corridor to a room, unlocks the door, steps inside and is jumped and slugged. Almost by instinct,

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

he jams the gum, wrapper and all, into his mouth.
In the dim light through the window, a knife flashes.

FIRST MUGGER
(in a strained, unrecognizable voice)

No.

SECOND MUGGER
(in a vaguely foreign accent)

Shut up.

The knife flashes. The man's throat is cut. The bloody gum is removed. There is the sound of vomiting in the room.

SECOND MUGGER
Let's go.

The dead man's body sinks to the floor. Behind him, through the open door, two pairs of legs head for the stairway. One of them limps slightly.

5 EXT. LARGE CITY - DAY - ESTABLISH 5

6 EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY - ESTABLISH AS TITLES END 6

7 INT. THROUGH A CLASSROOM DOOR LETTERED:
"DEPARTMENT OF ART - DR. JONATHAN HEMLOCK" - DAY 7

Inside the room, Hemlock is lecturing to a group of 50 students. He is lean and athletic looking. He walks as he lectures, suggesting controlled tension, much as a cat pacing a cage.

One student, a mini-skirted girl in the first row with long black hair and theatrically made-up eyes, has inside her notebook a magazine article, headlined: "Hemlock, the Professor who Climbs Mountains." She scrawls across the page with a magic marker: "I'd like him to climb all over me" and shows the article to a girl in the next seat.

HEMLOCK
Now the school year is closing. Many of you will be going off to prove how cleverly you can run the world. More power to you as you step forward to take your turn in the barrel.

CONTINUED

7 CONTINUED

HEMLOCK (Cont'd)

Some of you will continue in school.
Some may even continue with your
interest in art.

(he looks at the
girl in the first
row)

Some of you may have other interests...
other talents. If we have learned
nothing else this year, I hope you
have learned the stupidity of the
statement that says art belongs
to the world. Art belongs to the
cultured man who can appreciate it.
The majority of the great unwashed
do not fit into any of those three
categories. Neither, I'm sorry to
say, do most of you.

During the lecture, Hemlock has been watching the class, but
has been unable to avoid looking at the girl in the first row,
sitting slumped in her seat, legs spread, screaming a proposi-
tion at him in body English.

The bell rings at that moment. Students applaud and Hemlock
quickly gathers up a few papers, rolls them into a tube in his
hand and leaves the room, without any small talk with the
students.

8 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

He walks through the halls, makes a turn, and up ahead is a
door: "Dr. Hemlock." Standing alongside the door is the
mini-skirted student. He nods to her as he approaches and
partially opens the door.

STUDENT

Dr. Hemlock. I just wanted to say
how much I enjoyed your course.
I've never felt this close to art
before.

HEMLOCK

(as girl moves
close to him)

How nice.

STUDENT

I have a problem though.

HEMLOCK

How terrible.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED

8

STUDENT

Yes. If I don't hold my B average, I'm going to lose my scholarship. And I'm afraid I'm not going to do well in your final exam. I mean... I've gained a real feeling for art, but you can't always put feelings down on paper.

HEMLOCK

How true.

STUDENT

If there was anything I could do to get a better grade...I mean...I'd be willing to do anything...anything at all. Really.

She looks at him hopefully.

HEMLOCK

(slowly, gravely)

You've considered all the implications of that offer?

The girl nods and swallows and Hemlock moves his head closer to hers, after first glancing along the hallway.

HEMLOCK

Do you have anything planned for tonight?

STUDENT

(clearing her throat)

No. Nothing.

HEMLOCK

Do you live alone?

STUDENT

My roommate's gone for the week.

HEMLOCK

Good. Then I suggest you break out the books and study your ass off. That's the surest way to keep your B average.

The girl's look of anticipation withers into one of hurt rejection. Her mouth moves as if to say something, but no words come. She turns to leave, shoulders slumped. Before she can walk away, Hemlock reaches out and pats her on the butt, in a fashion just a little more than locker-room friendly. She turns to look at him.

CONTINUED

8 CONTINUED - 2

HEMLOCK

Don't study it all off.

He winks at her and enters his office.

9 INT. HEMLOCK'S OFFICE - DAY

9

Inside his office, Hemlock sees a man seated behind his desk, his feet on the desk, his face hidden by the copy of Playboy he is reading.

THE MAN

Why didn't you boff that quiff?

HEMLOCK

I never pick on students or drunks.
Get your feet off my desk.

The man ignores him and continues reading. The man is fiftyish and instantly recognizable as an exception to the Peter Principle -- in that everything he has done has been at the level of his incompetence.

THE MAN

Mr. Dragon wants to see you.

Hemlock brushes by him and goes behind his desk.

HEMLOCK

I'm sorry, Pope. Working for you people no longer amuses me.

POPE

C-2 isn't interested in what amuses you, pal.

HEMLOCK

That's strange. Considering that your secret organization has spent so much time and effort trying to give the rest of the world a laugh. Remind Mr. Dragon that I'm retired.

Hemlock looks at the mail on his desk and begins to open a letter. He looks up.

HEMLOCK

Are you still here?

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED

9

POPE

You really expect me to walk out
that door, sweetheart?

HEMLOCK

Suit yourself, Pope. Either the
door or the window. We're only
four stories up.

POPE

Listen, pal....

HEMLOCK

And get your ass out of my chair.

POPE

Look, buddy....

HEMLOCK

And don't call me buddy or pal.

POPE

If I wasn't under orders...
(he flexes his shoulders
but stands up)
My superior wants to see you.

HEMLOCK

Your superior? That doesn't narrow
the field much, does it?

POPE

Mr. Dragon wants to see you. And
right away, pal.

Hemlock slams Pope against the wall.

HEMLOCK

I told you not to call me pal.

POPE

Mr. Dragon's not going to like this.

HEMLOCK

You've worked for him how long?

POPE

Twelve years.

CONTINUED

9 CONTINUED - 2

HEMLOCK

Then he's used to having grief in his life. Tell him I'm retired. C-2 will have to get along without me.

Pope looks confused, then angry, then turns toward the door. Hemlock points to a coat on the back of a chair.

HEMLOCK

Don't forget your trenchcoat. How will anyone recognize you without your disguise?

Pope snatches the coat from the chair, then leaves. Hemlock watches the door close, then shakes his head more in disgust than in anger. He returns to his mail. The first envelope, he feels, has something stiff inside it. He slits the top and shakes out the contents. A colored photograph of a painting drops out. With it, there is a handwritten note.

9-A HEMLOCK'S POINT OF VIEW

9-A

Hemlock picks up the photo and looks at it carefully, touching it lovingly. He smooths the note on his desk. It reads:

"I will have this Pissarro on Friday.
Ten thousand dollars to you."

The note is unsigned. Hemlock fingers the photo. From his jacket pocket, he takes his checkbook and opens it on his desk to the ledger sheet. It shows a balance of \$2,137.42. He snaps the checkbook shut angrily and returns it to his pocket. He looks at the photo again. The telephone rings. He lets it ring while studying the photo, then with a small sigh, he picks up the telephone.

HEMLOCK

Yes, Dragon.

10 EXT. SLEAZY OFFICE BUILDING IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY - DAY 10

11 INT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY 11

He goes to the elevator, punches the top floor button, the elevator arrives and he gets in.

12 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - DAY

12

Hemlock exits the elevator, pushes through a heavy fire door marked NO ADMITTANCE. Inside the door is a huge black man in coveralls. He has been polishing a tiny section of the wall. In his hand is a mop stick which he has started to separate into two pieces, obviously after having heard Hemlock at the door. He and Hemlock nod to each other and as Hemlock goes up the flight of stairs, the black man replaces the two halves of the mop stick, and returns to polishing the spot on the wall.

13 INT. UPPER FLOOR - DAY

13

The steps end and there is another fire door. Hemlock pushes through and is in a small anteroom whose only other exit is a door marked: Y.A. DRAGON, CONSULTING SERVICE. Hemlock goes through that door and seated inside at a desk is Pope. His name is on a metal desk plaque: CLEMENT POPE. He stands as Hemlock enters.

POPE
(triumphantly)
I knew you'd be here.

HEMLOCK
You finally wore me down with
your charm.

He starts to go past Pope's desk toward a door behind it.

POPE
Hold it. Empty out the pockets.

Hemlock puts two one dollar bills and some change on Pope's desk.

POPE
No wallet?

HEMLOCK
I knew I was going to see you. I
thought it best to leave my wallet
home.

Pope frisks him, but gingerly, his eyes on Hemlock's face.

POPE
All right, you can go in now.

Hemlock scoops the money up, puts it back in his pocket and passes through Pope's office to the next door.

14 INT. INNER OFFICE - DAY

A woman in nurse's uniform sits behind a desk. She is squat and muscular, with short hair, cold eyes pinched into slits by pouches of fat, her skin appearing scrubbed with a wire brush, her lip mustached.

HEMLOCK

You're looking inviting today,
Miss Cerberus.

MISS CERBERUS

I expected you before this. Mr.
Dragon does not like to be kept
waiting.

HEMLOCK

The impatient albino.

MISS CERBERUS

I don't think Mr. Dragon's affliction
is a joking matter.

HEMLOCK

That's odd. I think it's hilarious.
A spy network run by a bloodless
freak who can't stand light or
cold....

MISS CERBERUS

...or germs. Are you healthy?

HEMLOCK

Shall I turn my head and cough?

MISS CERBERUS

No known infections?

HEMLOCK

Just the usual lot. Syphilis,
bullhead clap with running sores.
All red blooded diseases...Dragon
can't catch any of them.

MISS CERBERUS

(angrily)

All right. Go in.

She presses a button that unlocks a door behind her.

15 INT. ANTEROOM - DAY

Hemlock steps into a small anteroom, dimly lit with red lights. The door closes behind him. On the wall before him is a thermometer. As Hemlock entered, the temperature dropped from 87 to 79. There is a blast of warm air into the anteroom and the temperature quickly moves back up to 87. When it reaches that number, the door opens automatically.

16 INT. DRAGON'S OFFICE - DAY

Hemlock steps forward into pitch blackness, trying to adjust his eyes. He removes his jacket.

VOICE

Come in, Hemlock.

The voice is metallic and brittle, with an asthmatic wheeze. The spacing of the words is slightly out of kilter with normal American speech. It sounds like a talking computer. Hemlock gropes forward in the dark, the door closing behind him.

VOICE

A little to the left, Hemlock.
I'll turn on a light.

Hemlock finds a chair and sits down. He looks toward the voice. There is a click, as of a switch, and a very dim red night light goes on behind the desk chair of the man in the office. It surrounds him with a faint red halo. As Hemlock's eyes adjust, the man becomes dimly visible. The halo shows his hair as snow white and kinky. His features are indistinct but pale. Occasionally, there is a glint of an eye and it shows up an eerie pink.

HEMLOCK

(referring to light)
Thanks. Could you spare it?

DRAGON

You know I'm something of a distinction -- a total albino. The slightest direct light causes me intense pain.

How have you been, Hemlock? It's been how long? A year?

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

16

HEMLOCK

Thirteen months, Dragon.

DRAGON

Thirteen months and four days to be exact.

HEMLOCK

Does your physical disability prevent you from coming to the point?

DRAGON

All right...if you wish no small talk...one of our agents was killed in Zurich by two men. We want you to sanction them.

HEMLOCK

Get somebody else to do your wet work.

DRAGON

Please. That is a distasteful phrase.

HEMLOCK

Call it what you will. Wet work... sanction...termination...it all means the same thing. Killing.

DRAGON

It is what you do best.

HEMLOCK

You seem to have forgotten, Dragon. I am a retired assassin. The operative word there is retired. Find somebody else to perform your two sanctions.

DRAGON

Conscience, Hemlock? How very strange. Particularly since we both know you are in this work because you have no conscience at all.

HEMLOCK

As you were: I was in this work. Include me out.

DRAGON

(pausing)

I understand a new Pissarro has come onto the black market.

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED - 2

16

HEMLOCK

I'll just have to do without it.

DRAGON

It's a very good Pissarro, I'm told.

HEMLOCK

All Pissarros are very good. But I'm out of the market now. I'm retired.

His voice sounds final; however, he does not stand up.

DRAGON

Your fascination with the paintings of Pissarro has always amazed me. You have how many now?

HEMLOCK

Twenty-one.

DRAGON

Marvelous. And all on a professor's annual eighteen thousand dollar salary. I should think your collection would be interesting material for the Internal Revenue people. How does an underpaid professor buy the works of a rare impressionist? Worth millions. A professor with a balance of \$2,137 in his checking account.

HEMLOCK

Don't forget the 42 cents. It would also be interesting material for the tax people if I told them where I got the money. By killing people for the United States Government.

DRAGON

(nodding)

True...True. But of course no one will believe you. And, even more important, it won't do anything for your paintings. What do you think would happen to them? I should imagine they'd be seized and auctioned off. Made available to everyone. Perhaps Mr. Pope would be able to buy one. Won't it do your heart good to think of one of your precious Pissarro's in Mr. Pope's hands?

HEMLOCK

You have a talent, Dragon, for describing the indescribable.

DRAGON

(coldly)

There are two assailants. Our Search Division has located only one of these men in Zurich. C-2 is working on the second one. It is my hope they will have identified him by the time you arrive in Zurich. We have reason to believe the Zurich man is responsible for the assassination of several of our agents in a most savage manner. You'd be doing C-2 a great service if you would perform these two sanctions.

HEMLOCK

I will perform one sanction and one only.

DRAGON

Well, we shall talk about the second sanction when the time comes.

HEMLOCK

I want twenty thousand dollars.

DRAGON

Twice your usual fee? Absurd!

HEMLOCK

Send someone else then.

DRAGON

Be reasonable, Hemlock. We have no one else available right now. As I said, there has been some... attrition...in the Sanction Division.

HEMLOCK.

I see. But if you have no one else, you really have no choice. Twenty thousand.

DRAGON

You are without conscience, Hemlock.

HEMLOCK

Totally. And to prove it, there is an added fee for the job.

CONTINUED

DRAGON

Which is?

HEMLOCK

I want a statement from the Internal Revenue Service. It will list my collection of Pissarros. It will say that the IRS has examined my paintings; that the IRS is aware of the circumstances under which I obtained them; and that my ownership of them is legal and without tax liability.

DRAGON

(after a pause)

You drive a hard bargain.

HEMLOCK

Fair trade. You want someone murdered; I want a piece of paper.

DRAGON

All right. You will have the IRS statement this evening. Here is the cash.

He produces an envelope from his desk drawer.

HEMLOCK

Twenty thousand dollars?

DRAGON

Twenty thousand.

HEMLOCK

I hate being predictable.

He stands, takes the envelope and moves toward the door.

DRAGON

You are never that, Hemlock. Miss Cerberus will give you the address of our search coordinator in Zurich. Her name is Felicity Tupp. She will be your contact for the first sanction.

HEMLOCK

The only sanction.

18

INT. AN APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Hemlock stands in front of the sterile door in a sterile hallway in a sterile apartment building. He hits the buzzer, then turns and looks with distaste at an art print on the wall. The door opens behind him and he turns. The woman standing there is a lush blonde.

WOMAN

I'm Felicity Tupp.
(she extends
her hand)
Do come in, Hemlock.

He holds her hand slightly longer than is necessary for greeting, then follows her into her apartment which is done in twentieth century kitsch.

FELICITY

Drink?

HEMLOCK

A scotch on the rocks.

FELICITY

Make yourself comfortable while I
fix it.

He watches appreciatively as her body shakes making his drink. She hands it to him. He holds onto her hand and sips the drink.

HEMLOCK

You know, this apartment is monumentally ugly. But my guess is that you are going to be very good.

FELICITY

Very good? Shall I finish my drink first?

HEMLOCK

Only if you're one of those women who gets a kick from denying herself pleasure.

FELICITY

Never. My motto is: if it feels good, do it quickly.

HEMLOCK

This will feel very good.

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

FELICITY
Then do it. Immediately.

19 CLOSEUP - THEIR GLASSES BEING SET DOWN

19

HEMLOCK
Tell me about the sanction. Where
is the bedroom?

20 CLOSEUP - THEIR LEGS WALKING AWAY

20

FELICITY
Through there. A special agent
code named Wormwood was killed by
two men.

21 CLOSEUP - HER SKIRT DROPPING ON FLOOR

21

HEMLOCK
The one you identified? Is he a
professional? Damn! These hooks
always confuse me.

FELICITY
I'll do it. Yes. His name is
Garcia Kruger. A very bad type
who has been working here for
years. Aaaaah. Aaaaah.

22 CLOSEUP - HER PANTIES DROPPING ON THE FLOOR

22

HEMLOCK
What do you mean, a bad type?
Press down with the soles of your
feet.

FELICITY
Ooooooooh. The way he got Wormwood.
Wormwood swallowed the gum with the
microfilm. Kruger went after it
with a knife. Cut his throat. Ooooh.
Oh, yes. Oh, yesss. The other man
couldn't take it, I guess. He
threw up.

HEMLOCK
Forget him. I'm only interested
in Kruger. Move this way. Do
you have his schedule?

23 CLOSEUP - FELICITY'S BARE FOOT, TOES POINTING SKYWARD 23

FELICITY

Yes. I've worked it all out. And I've got you a clean weapon too. Oh, please. I can't take any more of that.

HEMLOCK

I told you, keep pressing down with the soles of your feet.

24 CLOSEUP - FELICITY'S FOOT PRESSING DOWN ON BED 24

FELICITY

You're the doctor. Speaking of feet, Kruger's accomplice had a limp. Will you get the name of Kruger's accomplice before you kill him?

HEMLOCK

Arch your back now. No. That's not my job. It makes my work too risky. Besides I don't care who the second killer was. No more talk now.

FELICITY

Who's talking? Arggh. Ohhh.
(sighing)

I can believe you're a killer. You're killing me.

HEMLOCK

Only with kindness.

Felicity moans, sighs and comes.

25 INT. FELICITY TUPP'S APARTMENT - DAY 25

Hemlock is dressed. Felicity is wearing a short nylon negligee.

FELICITY

Kruger is very punctual. That schedule doesn't vary more than a couple of minutes all day long. The gun is in the box. It's clean.

CONTINUED

25 CONTINUED

25

Hemlock removes a revolver-cum-silencer from a shoebox and inspects it. He walks to the door.

FELICITY

Will you be back?

HEMLOCK

I'm afraid I can't. I've got a date.

(he smiles at her
disappointed face)

With an art dealer.

Hemlock is at the door of her apartment.

FELICITY

Thank you for the advice about pushing down with the feet. It really helps.

HEMLOCK

I like to leave people a little richer for having known me.

She holds out her hand and he shakes it ceremoniously.

FELICITY

You really have magnificent eyes Hemlock. I'm glad you came.

Hemlock smiles but does not touch the obvious line.

26 EXT. ZURICH STREET - DAY

26

Hemlock is walking along carrying a paper bag in his hand. He stops in front of a building outside which there are a series of signs. He reads:

CUBAN IMPORT AND EXPORT
GARCIA KRUGER 2ND FLOOR

Hemlock enters the building next door to which is a sidewalk cafe just opening for business.

27 INT. KRUGER'S BUILDING - DAY

27

Hemlock sees a stack of empty cardboard boxes in the corner. From his paper bag, he takes a white deliveryman's hat and puts it on. He places his paper bag on one of the empty boxes, picks up the box and walks upstairs. Next to Kruger's office is a dentist's office with a sign that says "Closed." Hemlock knocks on Kruger's door.

28

CAMERA: FROM INSIDE OFFICE WITH KRUGER'S NAME ON IT -
REVERSED THROUGH GLASS

A knock comes on the door. The back of a man is seen walking to the locked door. He holds a small pistol in his hand. He stands behind the door jam and asks irritably:

MAN

Who's there?

Kruger opens the door a few inches and peers out over the safety chain. Hemlock is there, looking simple, wearing his delivery hat, holding the carton in his hands, balancing the paper bag on top.

HEMLOCK

(lispig fag-like)

I've got a delivery here of dental floss for Dr. Fouchet, but he doesn't answer his door.

KRUGER

He's off today.

HEMLOCK

Now what am I going to do with this box?

KRUGER

I don't give a shit what you do with it, buddy.

Kruger slams the door in Hemlock's face. There is more rapping on the door. Angrily, Kruger opens it again, this time releasing the chain.

HEMLOCK

Well, it's not very nice to talk like that.

KRUGER

Get lost, cupcake.

Kruger again slams the door in Hemlock's face.

28-A INT. HALLWAY - DAY

28-A

Hemlock starts to knock again, but at the moment a janitor comes around the corner carrying a mop and pail and pushing a heavy floor waxer.

CONTINUED

28-A CONTINUED

28-A

He stares at Hemlock, then sets the mop and pail down and lights a cigarette. Apparently, he's going to goof off for awhile here in the corridor. Hemlock pauses a moment, then realizes the futility of waiting for this guy to finish his cigarette and leave, so he gives up and exits down the stairs.

28-B EXT. KRUGER'S BUILDING - DAY

28-B

Hemlock emerges from the building and begins studying it as he passes the small sidewalk cafe next door. As he arrives at a narrow alley running between the buildings, he pauses and then enters the alley.

28-C EXT. ALLEY IN BACK OF KRUGER'S BUILDING - DAY

28-C

Hemlock enters still studying the layout of the building. It is old and has had many alterations and maintenance additions made to it over the many years: drain pipes, utility lines, lighting fixtures, etc. Hemlock sets the box and paper bag down removing the gun from the bag and putting it in his belt. He approaches Kruger's building and begins to scale the side of it, making use of the few foot and handholds available. As he reaches the top floor, he tests two windows only to find them locked, but the third window is unlocked and he enters here, but only after having one or two near-fatal slips while reaching it.

28-D INT. BACK ROOMS OF KRUGER'S OFFICE - DAY

28-D

Hemlock enters cautiously. He crosses the room and listens at the door to Kruger's main office. He slowly eases the door open to reveal Kruger sitting at his desk with his back to Hemlock.

28-E INT. KRUGER'S OFFICE - DAY

28-E

Hemlock cautiously enters and eases his hand toward the gun in his belt. At that moment, the main door opens and the janitor enters not seeing Hemlock at first.

JANITOR

The fag is gone...He...

(spots Hemlock)

Kruger! Look out!

CONTINUED

28-E CONTINUED

28-1

Hemlock is momentarily caught off guard, but quickly recovers and spins toward the door, but before he can clear his gun, Kruger is on him pummeling him hard. The janitor immediately joins in and a real donnybrook ensues.

28-F INT. HALLWAY - DAY

28-1

The fight spills over into the hallway and although Hemlock has been giving a good account of himself, it is obvious the unequal odds are beginning to take their toll. Hemlock's gun gets away from him and skids across the floor to the far wall. The janitor makes a run for it and during a momentary break, Hemlock grabs a fire extinguisher from the wall and lets loose at the janitor with it. Foam hits the janitor, the floor, the walls and quickly turns them into a slippery wet surface. The janitor skids and falls crashing into the wall. Kruger is on Hemlock again. Hemlock lands a telling right giving him a moment to grab the heavy floor waxer, turn it on and shove it across the floor at the janitor, who is still trying to regain his footing in the foamy slush. As the humming waxer comes at him, the janitor grabs for it to protect himself. Immediately, the combination of 220 volts and the wet slushy floor combine to electrocute him in a burst of sparks and he goes down frozen in death to the waxer. Kruger has recovered and is coming at Hemlock again, but now he draws his knife from his pocket, the same knife with which he killed Wormwood. Hemlock backs up till he is against the wall. He desperately grabs out at the fire hose on the wall, hits the quick release valve and smashes the instant heavy burst of water into Kruger. Kruger is hurled back crashing through a window.

28-G POINT OF VIEW DOWN INTO STREET - DAY

28-C

As Kruger drops the several stories to the street, he crashes through the glass covering over the outdoor sidewalk cafe directly onto a table splintering it into kindling and abruptly ruining a sumptuous lunch for four. He is very dead.

28-H INT. HALLWAY - DAY

28-i

Hemlock peers down, then turns, unplugs the waxer, turns off the fire hose and surveys the hall. It's a shambles. He shrugs and turns to leave, retrieving his gun as he goes.

29 INT. PASSENGER CABIN OF JETLINER IN FLIGHT - DAY

Hemlock is sitting next to the window; the seat next is empty. From his jacket, he takes the blue envelope \$20,000, peeks inside, and closes it. The next envelope white. He takes out a paper which is on official Internal Revenue Service stationery. It is not necessary for him to read it. He smiles and replaces both envelopes in his pocket. From his pocket, he takes a book on art criticism and opens it to a dogeared page. He begins reading. On the left hand page, he has already scribbled margin comments. He takes his pen from his jacket and writes across the right hand page: "Crap."

WOMAN'S VOICE

Crap?

Hemlock turns to see a black stewardess, black and beautiful.

HEMLOCK

Pardon me?

The stewardess laughs.

HEMLOCK

You did begin this conversation by saying crap, didn't you?

STEWARDESS

No. I didn't say it. I asked it.

HEMLOCK

Is that today's alternative to coffee, tea or milk?

STEWARDESS

Only on our competitors' lines. I was reading over your shoulder and saw your comment. So I asked.

HEMLOCK

It was a criticism of this book I'm reviewing. All in all, a shabby piece of research, obscured by involuted style.

STEWARDESS

I can stand shabby research but involuted style really makes my ass drag.

HEMLOCK

I refuse to believe that you're a stewardess.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

29

STEWARDESS

Actually, I'm not. I'm a skyjacker in drag.

HEMLOCK

That's reassuring. What's your name so I can report you to the authorities when we land?

STEWARDESS

Jemima.

HEMLOCK

Pleased to meet you. I'm Uncle Ben.

STEWARDESS

I'm not putting you on. That's really my name. Jemima Brown. My mother was hooked on being ethnic.

HEMLOCK

Either that or she was frightened by a pancake. Anyway, have it your own way. Just so long as we both admit it's too much for a black girl to have a name like Jemima.

STEWARDESS

Oh, I don't know. People don't forget you when your name is Jemima.

She is perched on the armrest and her skirt rides up her leg. Hemlock concentrates on not looking.

HEMLOCK

I don't think men could forget you if your name was Alfred.

STEWARDESS

Goodness me, Dr. Hemlock. Are you the kind of man who picks up stewardesses?

HEMLOCK

No. Generally, I prefer my plastic neat. You know, cheap leather wallets, picnic forks, imitation leather dashboards. How did you know my name?

STEWARDESS

(becoming confidential)
It's this mystic thing I have with names.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED - 2

29

*try to
make
him fly
you
(Yvonne)*

STEWARDESS (Cont'd)
(she leans forward to
whisper in his ear)
A dark gift from the dark continent.
I look at a person carefully. Then
I concentrate.

HEMLOCK
And?

STEWARDESS
And then I look up his name on the
passenger list.

HEMLOCK
(nodding)
And what do people call you? Besides
Jemima and Smartass?

STEWARDESS
Gem. As in jewel gem.
(a bell rings)
You'll have to fasten your seat
belt.

HEMLOCK
It's all right. I won't try to
escape.

30 EXT. PLANE LANDING - LATE AFTERNOON - RAINING

30

31 INT. PLANE - LATE AFTERNOON

31

Hemlock is at the top of the plane steps, looking both ways
inside the plane, but he does not see Gem. Disappointed,
he goes down the steps.

32 EXT. FRONT OF AIRLINE TERMINAL - EVENING - RAINING

32

Hemlock waits with a gang of other people under the overhang
of the terminal. There are, of course, no cabs. A cab
with a passenger drives by, then stops short and blows its
horn. Hemlock looks. The driver gestures to him. Hemlock
looks behind him, then back to the cab. The back window of
the cab opens.

GEM
Are you going to get in or do you
like it out there?

She pushes the door open and Hemlock hops in.

33 INT. CAB - EVENING

33

HEMLOCK

I looked for you on the plane.

GEM

*after he
ventures cab?* No harm done, I was going in to
the city and you looked so funny I
took pity on you.

HEMLOCK

Aha, you fell for an ancient trick.
I always try to look funny when I'm
drowning. You never can tell when
some unbelievable black beauty
named Jemima may take pity on you.

DRIVER

This is going to be double fare,
you know, buddy.

HEMLOCK

Fine.

DRIVER

'Cause we ain't supposed to pick up
two fares in the rain like that.

Hemlock leans forward and talks softly to the driver.

HEMLOCK

Let's agree on a division of labor
right now. You drive and we'll
talk. All right?

(he sits back
and talks to
Gem)

How do you look so beautiful when
you're starving to death?

GEM

Am I starving to death?

CUT TO

34 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

34

Hemlock and Gem are seated at a table in a fashionable
restaurant enjoying a scrumptious meal.

HEMLOCK

Probably not. But I figure if I
can get you to dinner, I can get
you to bed.

SHERWOOD GAMES ENVIRONMENTAL COLLEGE CONTINUED

Hollywood, California 90028

GEM

You lose. This pickup was only for a ride.

HEMLOCK

Shucks. And here I thought I was going to score.

GEM

You know, I have this feeling you're not a nice person.

HEMLOCK

I'm not. Niceness is overrated. Being nice is how a man pays his way into the party if he hasn't got the guts to be tough or the class to be brilliant.

GEM

What kind of doctor are you, anyway?

HEMLOCK

Ph.D. An art professor.

GEM

You're undermining my stereotypes.

HEMLOCK

You mean I'm supposed to be a limp-wristed twit sucking on a pipe to hide the fact that I haven't any teeth?

GEM

Something like that.

HEMLOCK

Shame on you, Aunt Jemima. Of all people, you, talking about stereotypes.

GEM

Why 'of all people'? You thinking about black woman in white society? That whole sick gig?

HEMLOCK

You don't do me justice. Actually, I was thinking of a more important type. The stewardess as sex object. Smile, smile, smile -- when you're not balling the pilot -- and you know the tail section has just fallen off.

34 CONTINUED - 2

34

GEM

You're evil.

HEMLOCK

I'm evil? Here I am trying to put the make on some babe with a name off a pancake box and a face off a temple wall. And being rejected. And all because ah's white. Don't talk to me about evil.

GEM

(in broad Negro dialect)

Mistah Interclocutor?

HEMLOCK

Yassuh, Mistah Bones.

GEM

(suddenly serious)

Invite me home with you.

HEMLOCK

Come home with me.

GEM

Not tonight. Tomorrow.

HEMLOCK

Why not tonight?

GEM

N.G. I pick you up in a cab. You invite me to dinner. Then we go off to play house. Technically, that constitutes a quickie. It's not our sort of thing.

HEMLOCK

I wouldn't go near you tonight. A promise.

GEM

You'd cheat.

HEMLOCK

Probably.

GEM

Good. Because if you didn't I would. So we'll wait until tomorrow.

CUT TO

35 INT. CAB - NIGHT

35

HEMLOCK

That's the trouble with you people.
Always putting things off.

GEM

The white man's burden.

The cab pulls up in front of a highrise apartment building, and Gem gets out. Hemlock starts to get out but Gem stops him with a hand on his shoulder.

GEM

Tomorrow. We couldn't trust ourselves tonight.

HEMLOCK

What makes you think you'll be able to trust me tomorrow?

GEM

Oh, I know I won't. But I'll remember to bring my switchblade. I'll be able to fight you off.

She turns and runs across the wet pavement toward the apartment building.

HEMLOCK

(to driver)

Wait until she gets inside.

She disappears inside and the cab rolls off.

DRIVER

It's none of my business, chief, but I heard what she said about the switchblade. If you want my advice, you'd be careful with her. You know how those people can be like.

HEMLOCK

You're right. It's none of your business.

36 EXT. HEMLOCK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

36

Hemlock gets out of the cab in front of his house and enters.

37 INT. HEMLOCK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

37

Hemlock enters and goes right upstairs to his bedroom with a large Roman bath. He whistles as he changes into a karate robe, turns the water on in the tub, and carrying the blue envelope of cash and the white IRS envelope, he goes downstairs.

CONTINUED

37

CONTINUED

Hemlock walks through the double doors into the living area of his house. The main body of the house holds living room, dining room, kitchen. Hemlock mixes himself a drink and flips a switch which turns on outdoor spotlights that shine through the old windows.

Armed with his drink, Hemlock descends a curving stone stairwell to a basement chamber. He hits a wall switch and light floods the underground room. Paintings line the walls; the room is sparsely furnished. Couch, hassock, open stove, harpsichord. In the corner of the room is a desk. Hemlock walks into the room and as he walks past the paintings, he stops to look at some of them, occasionally reaching out a hand to touch one.

There are no paintings in the little alcove which holds Hemlock's desk. The walls are covered with photographs. Most of them show Hemlock in mountain climbing gear with a big man at his side. Hemlock touches the frame of one photo and it hinges forward, revealing a safe. He dials the combination, opens the safe, puts in the cash and the IRS statement, then closes the safe, and replaces the photo.

38

CLOSEUP - PHOTOGRAPH

38

As the photograph swings back, it is seen to be Hemlock in the center of a group of three men. The man on the left has dark curly hair; he is tanned and incredibly handsome. Around his head, someone has drawn a red circle, as if signifying a target. The man on Hemlock's other side is immediately recognizable as Wormwood, the man killed in Zurich.

39

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

39

Hemlock walks through the double doors to return to his upstairs room. He sees an envelope inside his front door; he must have failed to notice it earlier. It is Dragon's characteristic blue envelope. He takes it upstairs, turns off the tub water, and opens the envelope. A note inside reads: "Call me immediately." Hemlock tears the note up and throws it into a waste paper basket, then climbs into his bathtub.

40

EXT. HEMLOCK'S HOUSE - DAY

4

Gem, looking trim and chipper in a blouse and slacks, arrives at Hemlock's house in a beaten-up old Jaguar convertible. She parks, sits up on the back of the seat, looking the place over with obvious admiration, then grabs an airlines flight bag, hops lightly over the door and heads for the steps.

41 INT. HEMLOCK'S HOUSE - DAY

41

The door is ajar. Gem pushes it open slowly and hesitantly enters.

GEM
(calling)
Hemlock?

Hemlock enters the room and smiles.

GEM
Hemlock, this place is beautiful.

HEMLOCK
Thanks.

GEM
How do you afford it on a
professor's pay?

HEMLOCK
I moonlight as a paid killer.

GEM
Oh, good. I was afraid you were
a thief.

HEMLOCK
Would you like some lunch?

CUT TO

42 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

42

Hemlock enters the kitchen where he has been cooking steaks over a small table top charcoal grill. He starts to take the steaks off the grill as Gem enters the kitchen, carrying the distinctive blue envelope from Dragon.

GEM
Hemlock, I just found this inside
the front door.

She hands him the blue envelope. Without opening it, Hemlock slips it through the slots in the grill, onto the hot charcoal which ignites it. She looks disappointed.

GEM
You always do that with your mail?

HEMLOCK
Only the mail I don't want to read.

CUT TO

43 INT. HEMLOCK'S HOME - NIGHT - AFTER DINNER

43

Hemlock beckons with his finger and Gem follows him through the door behind his bar and down the dark stone steps.

GEM

A little spooky.

HEMLOCK

Nothing to worry about. I just want to show you my lime pit.

GEM

(nodding)

Oh, all right. What do I really know about you? Should I drop bits of bread so I can find my way out?

Hemlock turns on the lights and she walks by him and looks around at the paintings in amazement.

GEM

Oh, my. Oh, Jonathan.

Hemlock goes to his desk and sits while she moves from canvas to canvas, attracted by the next painting, unwilling to leave the last.

GEM

They're...they're unbelievable.

HEMLOCK

I think so too. That's the world's largest single collection of Pissarros.

GEM

Astonishing. So much life in them.

HEMLOCK

I'm getting another one tomorrow.

He pours her champagne and they clink glasses.

CUT TO

44 INT. HEMLOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

44

Pull back from champagne glass in Gem's hand. She is in Hemlock's bedroom, wearing one of his karate shirts. He is lying on the bed wearing another. She looks at the wall where boots, a coil of rope and an axe are hanging.

GEM

(whistles)

Man, I always heard you honkeys were freaky. Whips and boots and things. But an axe? Now that's a little much. Call me a cab.

44 CONTINUED

44

HEMLOCK

Just my mountain climbing equipment.

GEM

You climb?

HEMLOCK

I climbed. I'm retired.
(he sounds sad)

GEM

Maybe you'll climb again some day.

HEMLOCK

I doubt it.

(pause)

Still, sometimes people wind up
doing things they thought they
would never do again.

(he smiles)

Like rape. I thought I had
sworn off rape years ago.

He grabs Gem's wrist and pulls her down next to him on the
bed where they start to make love.

GEM

(in admiration)

Tell me the truth. How have you
avoided marriage this long?

HEMLOCK

Just lucky, I guess.

GEM

No, really.

HEMLOCK

I don't know. There were women
I thought were right. Then some-
thing in the back of my head says,
keep looking. There's somebody
better out there.

GEM

It sounds like a mountain climber's
curse. Always looking for a higher
high.

(pause)

You have beautiful eyes, Hemlock.
Or do they all say that?

HEMLOCK

All? Who all?

45 INT. HEMLOCK'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

45

Hemlock wakes up and reaches over to Gem's side of the bed. It is empty. He looks around. The phone rings. He ignores it but it keeps ringing. Finally, he picks it up.

HEMLOCK
(growling)

Hello.

GEM'S VOICE
Good morning, darling. Jonathan,
there's coffee by your bed. And
eggs on the stove downstairs.

HEMLOCK
The hell with coffee and eggs.
Where are you?

GEM'S VOICE
(slowly)
Jonathan...it's important that you
contact...Mr. Dragon.

Her words hit Hemlock like a blow; he is silent.

GEM'S VOICE
I'm sorry to drop it on you like
that, Jonathan. I truly am.

Hemlock hangs up the telephone. He gets out of his bed and a worried look on his face, exits to his art gallery.

46 INT. HEMLOCK'S ART GALLERY - DAY

46

The photo over the safe is tilted. He opens the safe. It is empty, both the blue envelope with \$20,000 and the IRS letter gone. Angrily, he slams shut the door of the safe. He lifts the phone on his desk and dials a number.

47 INT. A ROOM BEHIND DRAGON'S OFFICE - DAY

47

The room is dark with very little illumination. Miss Cerberus is pattering around preparing a transfusion for Dragon who lies on a hospital bed with black sheets.

DRAGON
Sorry for this, Hemlock. But twice
a year, my blood must be fully re-
placed.

HEMLOCK
With what?

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED

47

DRAGON

You are very bitter today, Dr. Hemlock. Ha-ha-ha. A joke. Bitter Hemlock.

HEMLOCK

Dragon, I've made this trip to the city for some very good reasons. First, to tell you that your using Gem...Jemima Brown...to steal my money was low, even for you. Second, to get my money and my tax statement back.

DRAGON

Is that all?

HEMLOCK

No, not quite. Also, I came to tell you that as far as I am concerned, you can still do the second sanction yourself. Maybe you can trap the target in a coal mine. At midnight. Try wheezing him to death.

DRAGON

Really, Dr. Hemlock. All this? Just for a girl? That is why I assigned her to you. To guarantee that I would see you after you completed the Kreuger sanction. If you remember, I sent you a note.

HEMLOCK

I destroyed it.

DRAGON

Miss Brown gave you another note which she brought with her to your home.

HEMLOCK

I destroyed that one too.

DRAGON

It would have been simpler, had you just complied and come to my office. It was imperative that I talk to you. Where is Miss Brown, by the way?

HEMLOCK

I thought you would know that.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED - 2

47

DRAGON

I have not heard from her since she called this morning. She said it was not necessary for Mr. Pope to buy the Pissarro because she had your money and you could no longer bid. You don't know where she is?

HEMLOCK

Let's forget her. Let's talk about my twenty thousand dollars.

DRAGON

It will be returned to you.

HEMLOCK

And the tax statement?

DRAGON

That too.

HEMLOCK

(standing)

Then we have nothing more to discuss.

DRAGON

There is still the sanction against the second man who killed Agent Wormwood.

Hemlock starts for the door.

DRAGON

I'll pay you another twenty thousand for this second sanction.

HEMLOCK

Stuff it. I'm back in retirement.

DRAGON

You're the only man who can do it.

HEMLOCK

Train Pope. In forty years, he should be ready.

DRAGON

Would you leave Agent Wormwood unrevenged?

HEMLOCK

Them's the breaks, Charlie.

DRAGON

Did you know who Agent Wormwood was, Dr. Hemlock?

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED - 3

There is no answer. Hemlock is at the door.

DRAGON
Wormwood was Henri Baq.

Hemlock stops, his hand still on the door, frozen by surprise. Into his mind flashes the picture over his safe, showing him, Wormwood and another man.

HEMLOCK
Henri Baq?

DRAGON
Yes.

HEMLOCK
But he was retired. He was living in France.

DRAGON
He approached C-2 and asked for work. Apparently he had financial problems. We tried to be helpful. Unfortunately, it turned out tragically.

Hemlock returns to his chair by Dragon's bed.

HEMLOCK
Why didn't you tell me this before?

DRAGON
We had reasons. They did not concern you. We preferred that you took the sanction for your usual reasons, greed and avarice.

HEMLOCK
Henri Baq was my friend.

DRAGON
Yes.

HEMLOCK
He saved my life.

DRAGON
Yes.

HEMLOCK
Why am I the only man who can perform this second sanction?

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED - 4

47

DRAGON

First. Do you accept the assignment?

During this dialogue, Miss Cerberus is moving around, setting up transfusion apparatus with tubes and needles.

HEMLOCK

I accept.

DRAGON

Just like that? No further aggression?

HEMLOCK

You'll pay for it.

DRAGON

I expect to. But not too much, of course.

HEMLOCK

We'll see. Tell me about the target.

DRAGON

First, the details of Wormwood's murder, as we know them.

HEMLOCK

Henri Baq. He was a human being... not just a code name.

DRAGON

As you will. There were two men involved in Baq's murder. The active role was probably played by Garcia Kreuger, now no longer with us. It was he who cut open Worm...Baq's throat to retrieve the film Baq had swallowed. The second man was apparently not prepared for violence on that level. He threw up onto the floor. Search Division estimates he is not a professional from the other side. The chances are he was in the business for the money -- a motive you must be sympathetic with.

HEMLOCK

What's the target's name?

DRAGON

We don't know.

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED - 5

HEMLOCK

Where is he now?

DRAGON

We don't know.

HEMLOCK

(sarcastically)

How about a post office box? Maybe I can drop him a note and invite him to dinner.

DRAGON

I'm sorry, Doctor, but our information is sketchy. What we have is this: the target is male. He is an accomplished mountain climber. We learned this from a note we intercepted. A witness said he limped.

HEMLOCK

That's lovely. You want me to kill every climber with a sore foot?

DRAGON

Not quite. Our man will be involved in a climb in the Alps this summer.

HEMLOCK

You're getting warmer, Dragon. That narrows it down to three or four thousand men.

DRAGON

Fewer than that, Hemlock. We know which mountain he will climb.

HEMLOCK

Well?

DRAGON

(pause)

The Eiger.

HEMLOCK

(slowly)

The North Face, of course.

DRAGON

That is correct. You are familiar with it?

CONTINUED

47 CONTINUED - 6

47

Miss Cerberus leaves the room now, with blood running into Dragon.

HEMLOCK

You know I am. I tried to climb it twice. It nearly killed me twice. If this man is taking a shot at the north face of the Eiger, the chances are good that my work will be done for me.

DRAGON

I cannot trust to chance, Dr. Hemlock. Now, the only climb planned on the Eiger is a goodwill climb with a team from Germany, Austria, France and the United States. The American representative was to have been a Mr. Lawrence Scott.

HEMLOCK

I know Scotty well. You're crazy if you think he had anything to do with Henri Bag's murder.

DRAGON

I agree. Recall, I said he was to have been the American member. Unfortunately, he had an auto accident yesterday and he will not climb again for a long time.

HEMLOCK

You really are a shit, you know.

DRAGON

Be that as it may, the Alpine Association will contact you soon to replace Mr. Scott.

HEMLOCK

They won't contact me. I haven't climbed in years. They know that. I'm not up to a go at the Eiger.

DRAGON

They will contact you. So your target is one of the other climbers. The Frenchman, the German, or the Austrian. We are continuing to work to try to identify him. Undoubtedly, we will have his name before it is necessary for you to climb the Eiger.

CONTINUED

DRAGON (Cont'd)

(drily)

Eiger means ogre -- man-eating monster, but you know all that don't you Hemlock. It's killed many of your fellow climbers, but I'm sure you will be up to it this time. Now you can appreciate why we need you -- and only you -- to perform this sanction. You used to climb mountains and the target is a mountain climber.

HEMLOCK

(crisply)

We have passed over the matter of payment.

DRAGON

Naturally, considering the rigors of the assignment, we intend to be generous. You will receive thirty thousand dollars. I am sure that is more than you expected.

HEMLOCK

It's more than I expected you to offer...but it's much less than I shall receive.

DRAGON

Oh?

HEMLOCK

Yes. I shall receive one hundred thousand dollars for this sanction. Plus expenses, of course.

DRAGON

You recognize that this is outrageous?

HEMLOCK

Yes, but I view it as retirement pay. This is my last assignment.

DRAGON

You're punishing us for using Jemima Brown, is that it?

HEMLOCK

It's me or no one. So just pay the money.

CONTINUED

DRAGON

(sighing)

Do you know, I think you have us?
All right. You will receive your
hundred thousand, after the work
is done.

HEMLOCK

No way. Before. If I wait, I'm
not likely to ever see the money.

DRAGON

All right. It will take some time
to raise, but it will be at the Eiger
for you. You drive a hard bargain,
Hemlock, but just to show there are
no hard feelings, I'm going to give
you a bonus.

HEMLOCK

Pardon me while I choke.

DRAGON

You will appreciate this. The
bonus is Miles Mellough.

HEMLOCK

Miles? What's he got to do with
it?

DRAGON

It appears that after the microfilm
was stolen from Worm...Henri Bag,
Miles Mellough was the courier who
carried it to the enemy. Since
he was not one of the killers, a
sanction technically is not called
for. However, you may have him
if you wish.

HEMLOCK

(coldly)

Thank you. I accept the bonus.

DRAGON

I thought you might. I imagine
this will be the last time you will
be here. I shall miss you, Hemlock.
Ha-ha-ha.

HEMLOCK

You always have Miss Cerberus and
Pope.

DRAGON

(sadly)

True.

HEMLOCK

Just in passing. If you want to keep Pope intact, keep him out of my way.

DRAGON

He is very loyal.

HEMLOCK

Of course. What else could he be? Just keep him out of my way. Being seen with him blows my cover.

Hemlock goes to the door, pauses there, then turns.

HEMLOCK

You could have saved yourself a lot of trouble. You should have told me at the start that the dead agent in Zurich was Henri Bag.

In the dim light, Dragon shrugs.

DRAGON

Good luck, Hemlock...with your latest assignment. The Eiger Sanction.

Hemlock pauses, considering a tone in Dragon's voice. He walks back.

HEMLOCK

You don't really have any intention of letting this be my last assignment, do you?

DRAGON

Who can tell what the future holds?

HEMLOCK

Let me give you an idea of what it holds if you ever call me again.

Hemlock takes his cigarette lighter out of his pocket and lights it. The room is dimly lit by the flame. However, to Dragon, it is a painful, searing beam. He screams and for the first time, we see Dragon for what he is -- a complete albino, without a trace of pigment in skin, hair, or eyes.

CONTINUED

47

CONTINUED - 10

HEMLOCK

You ought to get more sun. You're looking kind of pale.

He walks to the door, leaving Dragon screaming behind him. Miss Cerberus comes on the run.

HEMLOCK

(to Cerberus)

Isn't it wonderful to be needed?

48

INT. HEMLOCK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hemlock has just opened the double doors leading into the main living quarters. Suspended by a rope from an overhead beam is the Pissarro painting. He stares at it, then lowers his eyes and sees Gem stepping out of the kitchen. Her attitude is one of forced cheerfulness. Hemlock says nothing but walks toward the bar. Gem runs ahead of him, trying to be helpful.

GEM

A scotch, right? I've already made it.

Hemlock takes the offered glass wordlessly.

GEM

I guess I shouldn't have dropped it on you like that, Jonathan.

HEMLOCK

Oh? How should you have dropped it, Jemima?

GEM

I couldn't let it go on...I mean, I couldn't let us go on without your knowing I worked for Mr. Dragon. And I didn't have the guts to tell you face to face.

HEMLOCK

I must have been dazzled. You're a real dazzler. I never even noticed all the coincidences. You on the plane from Zurich. Just happening to pass by in that taxi. Even discovering that note from Dragon. How was it supposed to work? Were you supposed to deny me your body unless I agreed to do the sanction?

CONTINUED

47

48

CONTINUED

GEM

Don't make it sound cheap, Jonathan.

HEMLOCK

It's too shabby to even be called cheap.

He sips his drink. Gem stays on the other side of the bar, her hand on the large wooden beer tap.

GEM

For your information, I wasn't assigned to seduce you, Jonathan.

HEMLOCK

(wearily)

How long have you worked for Dragon?

GEM

Only a month. But I've been a C-2 courier for five years.

(leaning forward)

Do you have any idea how important this sanction is? That film that was stolen from Wormwood....

HEMLOCK

His name was Henri Baq. He was a friend of mine.

GEM

(after a pause)

Well, that stolen microfilm involves a new formula for germ warfare.

HEMLOCK

(sarcastically)

And I'm going to get it back by killing people? Let me tell you something, Aunt Jemima, that maybe you don't know. Do you know what purpose these sanctions serve? None at all. They're only retaliation. They kill one of ours; we kill the killers. No other purpose. Barbaric.

GEM

You've gotten religion late in life, haven't you?

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED - 2

48

HEMLOCK

I didn't quit because of religion.
I quit because of mathematics.

GEM

Oh?

HEMLOCK

Yes. The odds are against me.
Assassins who stay too long always
wind up assassinated. That's just
not in my game plan.

Gem reaches for his hand but Hemlock gets up, takes down the
Pissarro, and heads for his downstairs art gallery.

GEM

But...I don't pretend to know Mr.
Dragon's thinking. But there's
a germ warfare formula out there
and the other side has it. I'm
sure he knows what he's doing.

HEMLOCK

It's dangerous, child, to draw
conclusions when you don't have
any facts. Let me lay some on
you. First, your Mr. Dragon. Yes,
he knows what he's doing, this
great patriot of yours. Just as
he knew what he was doing when he
worked for the Nazis in World War II.

GEM

(in surprise)

Oh.

HEMLOCK

You didn't know that, did you?
Well, your fine wrap him up in red-
white-and-blue Mr. Dragon is a
goddam hessian and he'd sell our
side out as soon as he'd sell the
other side out. He'd sell his
mother out. That is, if the poor
bloodless bastard had one.

He heads down the back stairs to his art gallery.

HEMLOCK

And you think it's so awful that
the other side has a germ formula.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED - 3

48

HEMLOCK (Cont'd)
Terrible. Awful. Against the Geneva Convention, isn't it. It's even against the Jemima Convention, I suppose. Well, they stole it from us. What the hell were we doing with it? We're not supposed to have one either.

Downstairs now, he is hanging the Pissarro in an empty space near his alcove desk.

GEM

And you don't see any difference between our side and their side?

HEMLOCK

Not as long as there are Dragons and Popes helping to run our show. With them working for us, how bad can the other side be?

The painting hung, he backs off, looks at it.

HEMLOCK

Where's my change?

GEM

(hands him a blue envelope)

Ten thousand dollars.

Hemlock takes the money and goes to the safe. He touches the photo.

HEMLOCK

This was Henri Bag. I had a bullet in me once and he carried me for three days. I owe him one. He was a friend.

GEM

(looking at photo)

Who's the other man?

HEMLOCK

That's Miles Mellough.

With his finger, he outlines the red circle around the head in the photo.

HEMLOCK

He's the bastard who tipped off the people who put the bullet in me. An enemy.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED - 4

He puts the money in the safe.

GEM
(pointing to
Bowman's photo)
And who is he?

HEMLOCK
Ben Bowman. We climbed a lot of
mountains together. I'm going to
his climbing school to get back in
shape.

GEM
(wearily)
Friends...enemies...where do I fit
in?

HEMLOCK
Sorry, you don't.

He raises his glass in a mock toast.

HEMLOCK
Here's to us, the selfish killer
and the patriotic whore.

GEM
You have anything else to say,
honkey?

HEMLOCK
I already left your twenty bucks
on the mantle. You can pick it up
on your way out.

Gem runs out mad.

49 EXT. ARIZONA - DAY

49

A small private jet lands then taxis to the terminal. Hemlock
clanders down from the plane. A Land Rover comes pell-melling
along the strip, in and out of planes, narrowly misses a
Piper Cub, then screeches toward Hemlock and stops in a
screeching skidding lock of brakes. Before the Rover stops
rocking, a leathery bear of a man, dressed in chinos and work-
shirt and boots, jumps out. It is Ben Bowman.

BEN
John, goddam my eyes, how are you?

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

Before Hemlock can answer, Bowman has ripped one suitcase from his grasp and tossed it over the windshield of the Rover into the open back seat. Ditto the second. Then Bowman takes Hemlock's upper arms in his big hands and squeezes them affectionately, then backs up as if holding Hemlock at arm's length for inspection.

BEN

You're looking good, old buddy. A little soft, maybe. But goddam, it's good to see you. How are you? Goddam, we're going to drink a lot of beer. Wait until you see the place. How the hell are you?

(pause)

Jesus Christ, John, don't you ever say anything?

HEMLOCK

I was wondering how long you could flap your big mouth before it got tired.

BEN

(laughing)

Get your big lazy dude ass in the car. We ain't making no money standing here.

They get into the Rover and Ben drives across the runway toward a road in the distance. He barely misses a plane building up speed for the takeoff, then makes a sharp right turn and races along under the plane's wing.

HEMLOCK

For Christ's sake, Ben.

The plane pulls away and a whoosh of jet exhaust singes Hemlock. Ben skids off and heads up a small hill toward the roadway.

BEN

Can't help it, John. Can't beat a jet.

HEMLOCK

Stop trying.

50

EXT. ROAD TO RANCH - DAY

50

Ben surges up the hill, for a moment all four wheels are off the ground, then the Rover plops down on the roadway and skids into a right turn, racing off down the highway.

CONTINUED

50 CONTINUED

50

BEN
(shouting)
Just a piece down the road, old
buddy. You remember?

HEMLOCK
Yeah. About twenty miles, isn't it?

BEN
About.

HEMLOCK
Nice leisurely five minute drive.

He is gripping the front seat chicken bar, his knuckles white
from strain.

BEN
Only when I'm in a hurry.

Camera: Overhead shot showing Rover careening along a dirt
road through the desert, kicking up sand, skidding around rock
croppings, coming dangerously close to the edge of a sheer drop.

51 OMITTED

51

52 EXT. ROAD - DAY

52

HEMLOCK
No reason to hurry, Ben.

BEN
I know. That's why I'm taking it
easy. You won't recognize the old
place.

HEMLOCK
I hope I get a chance to see it.

BEN
Hang on, old buddy.

Overhead shot shows Rover skidding near edge of cliff.

HEMLOCK
I think I'd rather walk, you sui-
cidal old coot.

BEN
That city living's spoiled you, boy.
Made you soft. You ain't a pansy
yet, are you?

CONTINUED

52 CONTINUED

52

HEMLOCK

Stop this rolling death trap and
I'll show you.

Bowman laughs long and loud.

HEMLOCK

What the hell's so funny?

BEN

I was just thinking of the last
time we climbed. Remember how
you had to carry me off the mountain?

HEMLOCK

I should have left you there. You
still climb?

BEN

Nothing that a piss ant couldn't
hop over. I'm not a climber anyway.
I'm an impresario.

HEMLOCK

A what?

BEN

An impresario. At least that's
what somebody called me. It ain't
dirty, is it?

HEMLOCK

Last week, I could not even spell
stoopeervisor. Now I are one.

Bowman laughs, as the Rover rises up a hill and lunges to a
stop.

53

CAMERA - BOWMAN'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDSHIELD

53

Ben's spread is in a valley below them. There is a large
swimming pool surrounded on three sides by the body and wings
of a pseudo-Indian lodge done in Las Vegas kitsch. Bodies in
bathing suits dot the edges of the pool.

54

EXT. ROAD AND CAR - DAY

54

HEMLOCK

How long has this all been here?

CONTINUED

54 CONTINUED

54

BEN

About two years. Like it?

HEMLOCK

It's...it's...it's....

BEN

I know. It's so frigging ugly it makes me sick. But it keeps me in mocassins.

He starts driving down the road.

BEN

I've been taken over by the swinging singles.

HEMLOCK

No more climbing?

BEN

My guests are more interested in hunting than in climbing.

HEMLOCK

That's odd. I thought climbing was the whole point of hunting.

BEN

(laughing)

Damned if you ain't right, John.
Damned if you ain't right.

CUT TO

55 INT. BAR IN BEN BOWMAN'S LODGE - DAY

55

Bowman and Hemlock are sitting at the bar in the lodge. Before them are two bottles of beer each. Bowman soaks up beer like a bar rag. They are looking out over the swimming pool, peopled with vaguely-Mafioso and stockbroker types, and by young women who are lolling about hopefully, one knee up, advertising inner thigh.

HEMLOCK

Very posh.

BEN

Yeah. It begins to look like I'll make it through the winter.

HEMLOCK

I liked the old joint better. It had character.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

BEN

That it did. Character and unpaid bills, old buddy. Hey. It's really good to see you. Dealing with these phony bastards -- really makes my ass weary.

HEMLOCK

It's one of the perils of being an impresario.

BEN

(suspiciously)

You sure that ain't a dirty word?

HEMLOCK

Shut up and drink your beer.

A girl in an abbreviated bikini comes up to the bar and squeaks her still damp bottom on a stool next to Hemlock who ignores her automatic smile of greeting. Bowman reaches around Hemlock and slaps her ass with a moist smack.

BEN

(good humoredly)

Beat it, buns.

The girl giggles and goes back to poolside.

BEN

Well, that was just proof that you didn't come here for hunting. But your telegram made it sound like more than just a visit to an old buddy.

HEMLOCK

It is, Ben.

(he sips his beer)

You've got to get me in shape for a climb.

BEN

Much of a climb?

HEMLOCK

The Eiger. North face.

BEN

You're kidding.

HEMLOCK

No. I'm on an international team.

CONTINUED

55

CONTINUED - 2

55

BEN

Yeah, I know about the climb,
but what happened to Lawrence
Scott?

HEMLOCK

He had an accident.

BEN

(turning back
to his beer)

What are you now, John? Thirty-
five?

HEMLOCK

Give or take.

BEN

Yeah.

(he has made
his point)

HEMLOCK

I know what you're thinking,
Ben. But I have to go.

BEN

You've been on the Eiger before.

HEMLOCK

Twice.

BEN

Then you know.

HEMLOCK

(with determination)

Dammit, Ben, I'm going.

BEN

(with a big
smile)

Okay, old buddy. I did what a
good friend ought to do -- I
tried to talk you out of it.
Now I'll tell you the truth.
How I feel. Wahooo! I'm going
too.

HEMLOCK

You're going? To the Eiger?

BEN

Right. I'm going to be the ground
man for the climbing team. Ain't

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED - 3

55

BEN (Cont'd)
that enough to singe your ass?
I'll be there to nursemaid you...
just like I always used to do.

HEMLOCK

(happily)

Nursemaid me? I not only could
out-climb you the best day you
ever lived, I could out drink
you...and still can.

He reaches for his glass of beer, sips it, and Bowman removes
it from his hand.

BEN

Enjoy this one 'cause you're off
the sauce until you're in shape
to climb again.

56 INT. A DARK ROOM IN THE LODGE - NIGHT

56

Hemlock is sleeping. The phone rings.

HEMLOCK

Shut up.

(phone keeps ring-
ing and he picks
it up)

You'd be well advised to have a
good reason for calling me.

BEN (o.s.)

Rise and shine, old buddy.

HEMLOCK

Go piss up a rope.

BEN (o.s.)

Breakfast is in ten minutes.

HEMLOCK

Enjoy it.

BEN (o.s.)

You want me to send someone up
with a bucket of ice water?

HEMLOCK

He'd better be somebody you're
tired of seeing around.

CONTINUED

56 CONTINUED

56

Bowman laughs and hangs up.

57 EXT. A TRAIL - PREDAWN DARKNESS

57

Ben is leading Hemlock along a trail, rising into the hills behind the lodge. There is silence as they trudge on. Then:

BEN

Well, here's where I turn back.

HEMLOCK

Thank God.

BEN

Not you. You need the work.
George up there will take you on
up.

Hemlock looks up the trail. Sitting next to a rock is a figure, who rises and comes down to meet them.

HEMLOCK

Hey! She's a girl.

BEN

A lot of people notice that. Now,
George, this is Hemlock. Work him
out, then get him back for a meal.

The young, well-built Indian girl nods wordlessly, looks with scorn at Hemlock, turns and starts up the trail. Ben walks back down. Hemlock calls to George's retreating back.

HEMLOCK

You don't have to do everything
he tells you, you know. Here's
your chance to strike back at the
white man.

George continues marching and Hemlock, with a shrug, starts up after her.

58 CAMERA - QUICK CUTS

58

Between Hemlock's trudging stumbling feet and George marching along crisply, turning occasionally to wave Hemlock on.

59 EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

59

The sun is now high.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

HEMLOCK (v.o.)

You're a savage, George, I'm glad we stole your land from you.

The trail ends at a vertical rock bank 40 feet high, with only little dents in it that might provide foot and hand holds. George is leaning casually against the wall as Hemlock staggers up the trail. As he nears her, she brushes past him and starts back down, as cool and dry as Hemlock is hot and sweaty.

HEMLOCK

All right, animal.

He follows her down the trail. When the lodge looms ahead, George vanishes.

60 INT. LODGE DINING ROOM - DAY

60

Hemlock staggers in. It is past lunch hour and almost empty. An Indian waiter approaches Hemlock.

HEMLOCK

(almost gasping)

Crab meat cocktail. French onion soup. Broiled lobster tails. A scotch on the rocks.

WAITER

Very good, sir.

The waiter leaves and returns immediately with a tray for Hemlock.

HEMLOCK

(suspiciously)

That was quick.

He opens the tray. It contains a huge rare steak and a glass of milk. Hemlock looks for the waiter but he is gone. Hemlock sees Ben at the bar drinking beer. Ben tosses him a mock salute which Hemlock returns with his middle finger. Later, Ben joins the eating Hemlock at the table.

BEN

What do you think of George?

HEMLOCK

Lovely person. Warm and human. And quite a conversationalist.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

BEN

(proudly)

But she's a climbing fool, ain't she?

HEMLOCK

That she is. She wore me out.
But I'll do better tomorrow.

BEN

(laughing)

Tomorrow? Today, me bucko. You go back after lunch.

61 MONTAGE - A TIME-LAPSE RECOUNTING OF HEMLOCK'S DAYS.

61

Being awakened in his dark room by the phone: trudging along the trail after George: stopping at the rock face and following George down. Overhead, the sun goes from dark, through dawn, through high noon, through sunset.

HEMLOCK (v.o.)

Savage. Why not just scalp me, animal? Why couldn't Custer have won? Biiiiiitch!

62 EXT. THE TRAIL - DAY

62

Hemlock, moving smoothly now, turns the corner of the trail that leads to the 40-foot high rock face. Usually, George is leaning against it waiting. This time she isn't. He looks up. She is on the top of the rock. She waves to him to climb it. He shakes his head. She waves to him again. He shakes his head. As he watches, she smiles for the first time and begins slowly removing her clothes. He starts up the hill and takes it almost on the run. He arrives at the top only to find no trace of George.

HEMLOCK

(under his breath)

Filthy, hateful, scheming, evil,
dirty redskin bastard.

63 EXT. LODGE SWIMMING POOL - DAY

63

Hemlock is on a lounge chair when a bellboy approaches, holding the blue envelope.

CONTINUED

63 CONTINUED

BELLBOY

This just came for you, Dr.
Hemlock.

Hemlock nods, opens the letter and begins to read it.

64 INSERT OF LETTER

64

"Hemlock. No identification yet.
Will keep you advised. Dragon."

65 BACK TO HEMLOCK

65

He is looking at the letter when a small Pomeranian with a rhinestone collar begins to sniff his ankle, then mounts it and begins to hump Hemlock's leg. Hemlock shakes it off.

MAN'S VOICE

Leave Dr. Hemlock alone, Faggot.
I am sorry, Jonathan, but Faggot
has not yet learned to recognize
you straights.

Hemlock looks up. Standing above him is a foppishly dressed man with a tan and curly hair. He is very handsome. As Hemlock looks at him, there is a cut back and forth from the man's face to the circled head on the photo over Hemlock's safe.

MILES

How have you been, Jonathan?

HEMLOCK

Miles.

(he stuffs Dragon's
letter into his trunks)

MILES

How long has it been?

(pause)

A long time. Indochina. You and
me...and Henri Baq.

Hemlock's eyes hood over at the mention of Henri Baq.

MILES

No, Jonathan. Don't imagine I have
made a verbal blunder. It's about
Henri that I want to chat.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

65

HEMLOCK

There's only one thing we might have to chat about. You have an incurable disease and lack the guts to kill yourself.

MILES

Very good, Jonathan. But wrong. Shall we have a drink?

Hemlock does not answer but Miles scoops up the dog and moves to a wrought iron table next to Hemlock's chair. The waiter appears.

MILES

A scotch for my friend and a brandy alexander for me.

He looks deep into the waiter's eyes. The waiter leaves and Miles looks around poolside. He is the center of attention because he is so handsome. He beckons to Buns, the bikini-clad girl at poolside. She comes over.

MILES

Dear, would you take my dog for a stroll?

He places his hand on Buns' buttock.

BUNS

Sure. Anything.

MILES

Thank you. His name is Faggot.

BUNS

That's cute.

MILES

Be careful he doesn't rape you.

She giggles and leaves. The waiter returns with the drinks and Hemlock gets up and joins Miles at the table.

MILES

(to waiter)

You're a very handsome young man. It's God's gift to you and you should be grateful. I am grateful...just to see you.

The waiter smiles and leaves.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED - 2

MILES

I would say he's made, wouldn't you?

HEMLOCK

I assume you're covered.

MILES

Of course. At the bar.

Hemlock looks toward the bar. At the end, watching him, is a blonde man in his 40's, sun lamp tan, long bleached hair over his collar, 240 pounds.

HEMLOCK

That's all the cover you have?

MILES

Dewayne is very strong, Jonathan. He used to be a world's champion.

HEMLOCK

Didn't they all?

MILES

I'll send him away if he makes you nervous.

Hemlock smiles and Miles shrugs.

MILES

It must seem odd that I have looked you up. The fact is that I have grown tired of waiting for you to step up behind me one day and relieve me of existing.

HEMLOCK

Behind is your way. I'll walk right up to your face. I want to see your face when you die.

MILES

Have it your own way. It's been very damaging to my cool.

HEMLOCK

It will soon be over.

MILES

One way or another. I think I'm in a good bargaining position.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED - 3

65

HEMLOCK

Forget it.

MILES

Not even curious?

HEMLOCK

You betrayed both of us in Laos. We lived, no thanks to you. Then you killed Henri in Zurich.

MILES

I didn't actually kill him, you know.

HEMLOCK

I probably won't actually kill you.

MILES

That's very little comfort.

(pause)

Henri was a hopeless alcoholic, you know.

HEMLOCK

He was my friend. And yours at one time.

MILES

Friends come and friends go. You and I were friends at one time too.

HEMLOCK

Friends come and friends go.

Ben Bowman heads into the bar area. He smiles at Hemlock, starts to join him, then sees Miles and sits at the bar instead, eyeing the blonde wrestler type with disdain. Hemlock watches Ben.

MILES

You might at least pay attention, Jonathan. I may be saving your life. It should be worth something to you...unlike Henri's which was worthless.

Hemlock's hand flashes across the table to slap Miles. The wrestler gets up to head for the table; Ben gets up to intercept him. Without turning, Miles raises a hand and the wrestler halts in his tracks, does a Jimmy Cagney hitch of his pants which opens his jacket allowing Hemlock to glimpse a gun, then returns to his seat.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED - 4

65

MILES

I will allow that. It is the price I pay to get you to listen. After I left government spy service, Jonathan, I went into business for myself. I'm in transportation. I move things. All sorts of things. It's amazingly profitable.

All the while Miles is talking, he is dandling with his lace cuffs, his sleeves, the chain and medal around his neck.

MILES

Early this month, I received an assignment to transport information from Zurich to...to somewhere else. Getting the information required the killing of an agent. I did not participate in the killing because, unlike you, I am not an animal. But I know who did the killing. You got one of them and now you're after the other. Dragon has told you he will have the identity of this other person. Maybe. Maybe not. I know who it is, Jonathan. And until you have that information, you're in great danger.

HEMLOCK

How?

MILES

Suppose I tell this person who and what you are? He will hunt you.

HEMLOCK

But you're willing to sell this man out to me?

MILES

In return for your promise to leave me alone.

(pause)

What do you say?

HEMLOCK

I'll think about it.

MILES

Please don't play me like an amateur while you think about it. I'm tired of living nervously.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED - 5

HEMLOCK

You'll have my answer in two minutes.
(his voice mellows
and he holds out
his hand)

Whichever way it goes, Miles. We
were once friends, so....

Miles, surprised but pleased, shakes Hemlock's hand and Hemlock goes to the bar where only Ben and the bodyguard sit. He nods to Ben. The bodyguard is sitting on a stool, his back to the bar, the stool tipped backward, his eyes still on Miles. Hemlock speaks to the bodyguard, apologetically.

HEMLOCK

As you see, Miles and I have made
up. May I buy you a drink?
(he smiles weakly)

The bodyguard scratches his ear in disdainful silence and leans back farther on his stool.

HEMLOCK

Boy, I'm glad it worked out all right.
Nobody my size wants to tangle with
a guy built like you.

The bodyguard still does not speak, but presses his shoulder down to set his pectoral muscles.

HEMLOCK

Well, just so you know.

He starts as if to turn away, but with a sweep of his foot, he swipes the stool out from under the bodyguard. Dewayne falls, his head hitting first the bar, then the brass rail. Hemlock knee-drops onto his face. The nose crunches and Hemlock spins on his knee, breaking the nose further. He kneels over the bodyguard, snatches up the face by the hair until it is only an inch from his own.

HEMLOCK

Listen close, pal. I'm going to
ask questions later. I don't like
you out on my flank like that. It
scares me and I don't like being
scared. Pay attention. Come near
me ever and you're dead. You under-
stand?

Dewayne is dazed and does not respond. Hemlock yanks him
up by the hair.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED - 6

65

HEMLOCK

You understand?

DEWAYNE

(faintly)

Yes.

HEMLOCK

That's a good boy.

He lowers Dewayne's head gently to the floor, pats his cheek, stands, and his eyes meet Miles. Hemlock smiles. Miles nods, shrugs as if to say, "it's your funeral," then turns away, flicking dust from his sleeve.

66 INT. HEMLOCK'S ROOM - NIGHT

66

Hemlock is dressed, lying on the bed in his room, idly scanning the note from Dragon. There is a light tapping on his door. He moves behind it as it opens. The hall light casts two shadows on the floor of his room; one of a big man; the other of some kind of monster with a large disc over its head. The shadows begin to move into the room, but Hemlock slams the door shut. There is a crash and a clatter. He opens the door sheepishly. An Indian waiter is on the floor midst the wreckage of dinner. Ben is leaning against the wall.

BEN

There are some folks who just say
so when they ain't hungry.

HEMLOCK

I thought you were someone else.

BEN

I hope so.

(to the waiter)

Clean up this mess.

(to Hemlock)

Hell with food. I brought beer.
John, goddamit, what's going on
around here?

HEMLOCK

Don't ask.

BEN

Okay. It's not like it's unusual
anyway. What the hell. It happens
all the time. Slapping guys around

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED

66

BEN (Cont'd)
at the pool. Busting heads at my
bar. Busting up my dishes. None
of my business.

HEMLOCK
Right. None of your business.

BEN
You know what, old buddy? Way down
deep, you've got the makings of a
real bad ass. I don't know that
I'd like to be alone on a desert
island with you if there was a
shortage of food.

HEMLOCK
No worry. You're a friend. My
only one.

BEN
Ever had any enemies?

HEMLOCK
A few.

BEN
Any of them still around?

HEMLOCK
The one at the pool. Miles Mellough.
What do you know about him, Ben?

BEN
Nothing much. He checked in today.
He looks like he could change a
nine dollar bill in threes. Want
me to throw him out?

HEMLOCK
No. I want him right here.

BEN
And the other guy? Gorgeous
George-us? You want him too?

HEMLOCK
Him, too.

BEN
You set him up kind of neat for
an elderly college professor.

CONTINUED

66 CONTINUED - 2

66

HEMLOCK

You've got me in good shape.

BEN

It's not that. You set him up like you were used to setting up people.

HEMLOCK

Ben, these people killed a friend of mine in Zurich.

BEN

(slowly after a pause)

Oh...does the law know about it?

HEMLOCK

Nothing the law can do.

BEN

I get the real scary flash that all this has something to do with the Eiger climb.

HEMLOCK

Stay out of it, Ben.

BEN

John, climbing the Eiger's going to be tough enough for you, no matter what. You ain't gonna make it if you start frigging around with side trips like killing people.

HEMLOCK

It's sweet of you to worry.

BEN

George tells me you're ready.

HEMLOCK

Of course. Why not?

BEN

(shrugs)

Then I'm gonna turn in.

HEMLOCK

Sleep tight.

67

EXT. BASE OF BIG BEN NEEDLE - MORNING

67

HEMLOCK

Did you tell your cook we'll be back for lunch?

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

BEN

Man, you are full of piss and vinegar today. Promise to have mercy on an old man like me?

HEMLOCK

You want to lead? You've been up it before.

BEN

I'll just tag along.

HEMLOCK

(looking at vertical crack in rock)
This where you started?

BEN

It's one way, I guess.

HEMLOCK

You're really helpful today.

BEN

Hell, you're the one in training. I don't need the practice. I'm just along for the ride.

68 SHOTS OF BEN AND HEMLOCK

68

making the climb. Hemlock driving pitons, working up the vertical crack: Ben following him, then anchoring himself while Hemlock goes higher.

69 EXT. BIG BEN NEEDLE - DAY

69

BEN

You're climbing fine. Best I ever seen you.

HEMLOCK

Thanks. I know I am. I wish I were on the Eiger right now.

BEN

Why go at all, John. Isn't this a good enough climb?

HEMLOCK

Sorry, I'm going. Say, Ben, you ever meet the men I'm climbing with?

CONTINUED

69

CONTINUED

BEN

Yeah. A month or so ago.

HEMLOCK

And?

BEN

They're not a bad crew. They've got a lot of hills under their belts.

HEMLOCK

Any of them have a bad leg?

BEN

Now, who the hell can climb with a bad leg? Wait. The German was limping. He said he had a fall. Freytag. He makes noises like a leader. Funny guy...his family makes bug killer and he's worth a fortune, I guess, but he doesn't like to talk about it. Anyhow, he's got the look.

HEMLOCK

What look?

BEN

He looks like a guy who'll fold if the going gets tough. I wouldn't want to have to count on him on a mountain.

HEMLOCK

What about the Frenchman? Montaigne?

BEN

Jean Paul looks all right. But I think he's a little too old for the Eiger. I think he's your age.

HEMLOCK

Go screw a goose.

BEN

I'd rather screw Montaigne's wife. Wait until you catch her act. A man trap. I feel sorry for the poor bastard, having to keep an eye on her.

HEMLOCK

What's he do for a living?

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED - 2

BEN

He makes spray cans. You know, aerosol, Zzzt, zzzt. But he may be having trouble with the bucks. At least that's what the German let drop.

HEMLOCK

And the Austrian?

BEN

You'll love him, John. Meyer doesn't give a rat's ass about anything but climbing. He used to be a guide, you know. Everybody I talked to said he was...well, the kind of climber you used to be.

HEMLOCK

You mean, before I got old and weak?

BEN

You didn't look so weak yesterday jumping on blonde's head. Anyway, Meyer's something else. He killed a man once.

HEMLOCK

Oh?

BEN

Yeah. On a climb. A porter was stealing food. Meyer killed him with a knife. Ain't that something?

HEMLOCK

He sounds like a charmer.

BEN

John. If you've got to rope yourself to anybody up on that big hill, make sure it's Meyer.

HEMLOCK

What's he do for a living?

BEN

Nothing. He's a climbing bum. I guess, he does some guidework once in a while to pay the rent. Why all the curiosity?

CONTINUED

The two continue climbing. Hemlock is now under the overhang of the top of the rock. He moves back and forth but the rock is crumbling and he cannot find a seat for a piton. Ben is below him, lashed to a piton.

HEMLOCK

I can't find a way to the top.
How'd you make it?

BEN

Guts. Skill. Determination.
That kind of stuff.

HEMLOCK

Screw you.

BEN

Hey, old buddy, don't do anything hasty. This here piton is mostly for show.

HEMLOCK

You better hang on tight then.
Give me some slack.

BEN

Hey, let's just call it a nice climb the way it is.

HEMLOCK

Almost to the top is a goose-egg.
Give me the goddam slack.

Hemlock crouches under the overhang, facing outward. His feet are braced on pitons. With his hands, he eases himself out, one hand after the other. Finally, he is leaning out at such a sharp angle he can no longer remove his hands from the rock lest he shoot out into space. He skids his hands along, inch by inch, grinding the skin off his palms and wetting the rock with his blood. At last his fingers find the edge of the flange and curl up around it. He lets his legs go. He swings out and does a neat tuck roll over and onto the top of the mushroom shaped stone. Exhausted, he lies there, looking at his bleeding hands.

BEN

Hey. Anytime, you're through admiring yourself, you might bring me up.

Hemlock passes the line around a small outcropping of rock and holds it in a sitting belay as Ben scrambles up.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED - 4

69

BEN

Congratulations, old buddy. You took her cherry.

HEMLOCK

What do you mean?

BEN

You're the first man ever to get up here.

HEMLOCK

You've climbed it yourself.

(pause)

You said.

BEN

You ain't going far in life listening to a liar like me.

HEMLOCK

You were hoping I'd quit, weren't you? Then change my mind about the Eiger. Listen, Ben, if it makes you feel any better...maybe I won't have to climb the Eiger. There's a chance I can finish my business before the climb starts.

BEN

(shaking his head)

No way. When you get there, you're gonna want to climb. It's your way. Hey, you want a beer?

HEMLOCK

Why? You calling room service?

BEN

We got beer.

HEMLOCK

You carried a six-pack up this rock? You're insane. You know that?

BEN

Maybe insane, but not stupid. I didn't carry it. You did. It's in your pack.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED - 5

69

HEMLOCK

(removing beer)

I'll be damned. I think I'm going to throw you down on those rubber-necks. It's warm.

BEN

Sorry. But I thought you'd draw the line at hauling ice.

After drinking, they go rapelling down in great descending swoops and are met by well-wishers, Miles among them. Miles is holding his dog who keeps snarling at Hemlock.

MILES

Very impressive, Jonathan. But you seem done in.

HEMLOCK

(walking away)

Don't count on it.

MILES

I never underestimate you. That's why I hope you've reconsidered.

HEMLOCK

I don't think we have anything to talk about.

MILES

(after Hemlock leaves)

You don't leave me much choice.

(he nuzzles against Faggot's ear)

Your daddy doesn't have any choice at all, does he? He'll just have to tell on Dr. Hemlock. Or kill him.

70

INT. BEN'S OFFICE AT LODGE - AFTERNOON

70

BEN

Your two sweethearts...the fairy and the rassler...they just rented a car.

HEMLOCK

Maybe they want to drive out into the country and pick flowers.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

BEN

I figured maybe they want to get out of here in a hurry. Like maybe after they kill somebody. John ...the big guy carried a gun.

(he looks up)

You don't look worried.

HEMLOCK

I know he does, Ben. I saw it at the pool. That's why I ground his nose. I needed walking-away time.

BEN

I hope you can walk away this time.

HEMLOCK

Don't worry about it. I'll outlive you.

71 INT. HEMLOCK'S ROOM - NIGHT

71

Hemlock is in bed reading. There is a slight scratching at the door but before Hemlock can move, the door is unlocked and George enters. She heads straight for the bed.

HEMLOCK

(still lying down)

How are you this evening, George? Fine, Doctor Hemlock, and how are you? Excellent. Did you watch Ben and I make our climb today? Wasn't that something? Yes, Doctor Hemlock, that was indeed something.

George has kicked off her moccasins and she begins undressing, uncharacteristically hanging her clothes on the bed post.

HEMLOCK

It looks like I'll be leaving soon. In some ways, George, I'll miss you. I'll miss you too, Doctor Hemlock. One thing, George, no one can say you've cluttered up our relationship with sticky sentiment. I have an idea, George. Why don't we end all this chit-chat and make love?

She joins him on the bed and they begin to make love.

72 INT. HEMLOCK'S ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

71

Hemlock is lying on his stomach; George is trailing her fingers along his back; he is slipping into sleep. He feels something sting his shoulder. George jumps from the bed, Hemlock turns. George, naked, cowers in the corner, a hypodermic in her hands, both thumbs against the plunger and the point directed at him.

HEMLOCK

You little bitch.

He advances upon her. She lunges at him with the needle, but he dodges and backhands her face and sends her reeling onto the floor in the corner. He moves in when his head starts to buzz. He blinks his eyes and staggers; the room starts to swim. He stumbles to the phone.

HEMLOCK

Desk.

(a soft gasp)

Desk.

George is on his back, punching him. He keeps calling "desk." His voice thickens. Just before he lapses into unconsciousness, he gasps.

HEMLOCK

Send Ben. Send Ben.

73 INT. HEMLOCK'S ROOM - NIGHT

73

Hemlock is coming to. A bluxxy flesh-colored blob hovers over him. It comes into focus as Ben.

BEN

Take it easy, old buddy. The doctor says you're going to be fine. But take it slow.

HEMLOCK

(slowly sitting up)

Where is she?

BEN

I got her locked up and my men watching her. You want I should call town for the sheriff?

HEMLOCK

No. Not yet. Tell me, Ben....

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED

BEN

No, this Miles Mellough hasn't checked out yet. I thought you'd be wondering. The desk'll tell me if he makes a move.

HEMLOCK

So it was Miles.

BEN

That's what George says.

HEMLOCK

All right, he's had it. Why'd she do it, Ben?

BEN

Oldest reason in the world.

HEMLOCK

Love?

BEN

Money.

HEMLOCK

What'd she shoot into me?

BEN

Doc says some relative of morphine. Not big enough to be fatal.

HEMLOCK

Morphine figures. Miles is in the drug business.

BEN

Oh? But how come he didn't put you away for good? George says he promised her nothing serious would happen to you. Just wanted to scare you.

HEMLOCK

My guess is that Miles intended to come in after George put me under and then shoot me full of junk. My death would be just another overdose. It'd be typical of Miles.

BEN

What are you going to do about him?

CONTINUED

73 CONTINUED - 2

73

HEMLOCK

Something massive. Ben, what lies to the west of us?

BEN

Nothing.

HEMLOCK

That's what it looked like from the needle. What kind of nothing?

BEN

Bad ass nothing. Rock and sand. Goes on forever and makes Death Valley look like a frigging oasis. A hundred fifteen in the shade except there ain't no shade.

HEMLOCK

Good. Ben, I need something.

BEN

Name it.

HEMLOCK

In the morning, I'll need your land rover. Filled up. Two extra cans of gas and one of water in the back. A double barreled shotgun. Loaded. And a map.

BEN

You got it. Anything else?

HEMLOCK

Yeah. Get out of here and let me get some sleep, will you? What kind of impresario are you, anyway, annoying the guests.

BEN

(grumbling as he leaves)

Close-mouthed pain in the ass.

74 INT. LODGE DINING ROOM - MORNING

74

Hemlock enters and passes Dewayne at the bar. Dewayne's nose is heavily bandaged.

CONTINUED

74 CONTINUED

74

HEMLOCK

Good morning, Dewayne.

Ignoring the bodyguard's look of hate, he walks to Miles' table and sits down. The dog is tied to the table leg and snarls at Hemlock.

MILES

Good morning, Jonathan. You're looking well. Have a nice sleep?

HEMLOCK

I've decided to forget about you for now, Miles.

MILES

Have you? Just like that?

HEMLOCK

I'm going to be training here for a couple more weeks and I won't be able to concentrate on it with you in mind. I have a big climb ahead of me.

MILES

I sympathize with your problem, Jonathan. Truly I do. But unless this means you are crossing me off your list for good....

HEMLOCK

I might just do that.

Through the window, Hemlock sees his luggage being put into the Land Rover.

HEMLOCK

Tell you what. Let's have dinner tonight and talk about it.

MILES

(smiling)

I'll look forward to it.

Hemlock leaves the dining room. Behind him, Miles beckons Dewayne to come to his table.

75

EXT. PARKING LOT OUTSIDE LODGE - MORNING

75

Hemlock looks over the Land Rover. He sees the gas and water in the back, the shotgun on the front floor and, courtesy of Ben, a six-pack of beer on the front seat.

CONTINUED

75 CONTINUED

75

He gets in, sets the trip odometer to 0-0-0, opens the map on the seat alongside him. As he starts the engine, Dewayne sees him through the dining room window and runs back inside. Hemlock takes off fast down the road. After a few moments, he looks in his mirror and sees that a car is following him. In it are Miles and Dewayne.

76 INT. INSIDE MILES' CAR - DAY

76

Dewayne, driving, has his gun out. Miles restrains him.

MILES
Not yet. Wait until he gets on the highway to town. Then we can be sure of it.

Hemlock hits the highway and turns right.

DEWAYNE
He's turning away from town.

MILES
He must be heading for open country. He knows he can't outrun us between here and town. I think now is a good time to get him.

77 EXT. ROAD - DAY

77

Miles' car quickly closes the gap and is almost on Hemlock's bumper. He pulls on his headlights. Dewayne jams on his brakes and Hemlock pulls away.

78 INT. MILES' CAR - DAY

78

DEWAYNE
The bastard. I thought he hit his brakes.

MILES
The headlights. Henri Baq's old trick. After him.

Up ahead, Hemlock turns left onto a dirt road. As Dewayne follows him, they pass a sign.

MILES
He's trapped, Dewayne. The signs say this road has no outlet. Sooner or later, he's going to have to turn back.

79 OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE CHASE

79

The road is only one lane wide and every time Dewayne gets close, Hemlock waggles his wheels, kicks up a cloud of dust and forces Dewayne to fall back. Dewayne is dumb, however, and keeps trying to catch up.

80 INT. HEMLOCK'S CAR - DAY

80

Trip odometer reads 70 miles.

81 EXT. ROAD AND DESERT - DAY

81

The desert stretches flat, forever, in every direction. Except ahead, there is an outcropping of rock, a large boulder around which the road makes an S-turn. Hemlock slows down and lets Dewayne draw closer. Then he goes into the turns, hits his brakes, skids to a stop, raising dense clouds of choking dust. Hemlock snatches the shotgun off the seat and jumps from the Rover. Dewayne comes around the corner, sees the Rover, and jams on his brakes. Hemlock comes out from behind the rocks. Dewayne reaches for his gun. Miles and his dog scramble out the far side. Dewayne is lowering his window. Hemlock inserts the shotgun and fires. Dewayne is blown across the seat and out into the sand. Hemlock moves around and picks up Dewayne's gun. Miles is a few feet behind the car in the settling dust, slapping dirt from his gold silk suit. The Pomeranian dances epileptically around his legs, snarling toward Hemlock.

MILES

Really, Jonathan. This suit cost me three hundred dollars and five fittings.

HEMLOCK

Get in the car.

Hemlock holds Dewayne's gun high in his left hand as he ushers Miles into the car.

82 INT. HEMLOCK'S CAR - DAY

82

The odometer reaches 120 miles. Miles is sweating. His hands clench and unclench on his lap as he prepares to make a try for the gun. As he does, Hemlock hits the brakes and Miles goes face first into the steering wheel. Hemlock jumps out and drags Miles by the collar across the seat and dumps him out onto the heat cracked ground. The Pomeranian follows out after Mellough. By the time Miles gets up, Hemlock is back in the car moving away.

CONTINUED

82 CONTINUED

MILES

You're not going to leave me out here!

Hemlock tries to drive around him but Miles jumps onto hood, his face pressed against the windshield.

MILES

For Christ's sake, Jonathan, shoot me. Just don't leave me here.

Hemlock increases his speed, then hits the brakes. Mellough flies off the hood cracking a leg against a rock. Hemlock backs up and starts to drive around him, then stops.

MILES

My leg -- I think it's broken.
(near hysteria)
I can't walk.

HEMLOCK

No, you can't.

He pauses a moment and the Pomeranian looks at the fallen Miles, then jumps up into the seat next to Hemlock and begins licking his hand and purring. Hemlock scratches the dog's head.

HEMLOCK

(talking to dog)
You're awfully quiet now, aren't you, you little prick?

Hemlock drives away leaving Miles in the dust.

83 ESTABLISHING SHOT - LODGE HOTEL AT BASE OF EIGER

83

84 EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - DAY

84

People cluster around observation telescopes looking at the Eiger looming off in the distance.

85 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

85

The hotel is crowded with people, like a Holiday Inn at a sales convention. Hemlock sits in the lobby, reading a paper and casually watching a fat man pontificate in front of a papier maché replica of the Eiger. The man has attracted a crowd.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED

85

FAT MAN

This north face is called the death wall by many. It is a supreme test of climbing skill and nerves.

WOMAN

But it's just a sheet of rock. How can anyone climb it?

FAT MAN

Until not too many years ago, my dear, it was considered impossible. But that did not stop many men from trying. And many men died. Then a German climber discovered a path across the face -- here -- that allowed access to the top. So the mountain was finally beaten. But it still kills more men than ever make it to the top. The weather... the strain...but still men dare.

(dramatically)

Because it's there.

WOMAN

(interrupting innocently)

When did you climb it?

FAT MAN

Well...er...I've never really had that privilege...you see....

His voice trails off as a man approaches Hemlock.

MAN

Doctor Hemlock, I'm from Reuters. Why do you think men climb mountains like this?

HEMLOCK

Because they're not all there.

He begins to answer more but hears a familiar roar elsewhere, gets up and walks to the front desk.

BEN

Goddam my ass, what the hell do you mean you ain't got a room for me?

HOTEL MANAGER

My dear Herr Bowman.

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED - 2

85

BEN

My dear herr's ass. Just stick your nose in that book and come up with my reservations. Hey, old buddy, you're looking good.

HEMLOCK

(gripping Ben's arm)

What's the trouble?

BEN

Oh, this rinky dink's screwed up my reservations. Says he can't find my telegram. From the looks of him, he couldn't find his tally-whacker with a six-man search party.

HEMLOCK

The Eiger birds are starting to fly in.

Ben nods.

HEMLOCK

And our friend here is doing everything he can to create vacancies he can sell to them at inflated prices. Isn't that it?

MANAGER

I didn't know this person was a friend of yours, Dr. Hemlock.

HEMLOCK

He's in charge of the climb.

MANAGER

In charge of the climb? Oh, yes sir! Just one moment please.

The manager leaves.

BEN

You meet the others yet?

HEMLOCK

They're all coming in today. How's George?

BEN

(pause)

Fine. Look, about Miles....

CONTINUED

85 CONTINUED - 3

HEMLOCK
(as the manager
returns)

85

Later.

MANAGER

Everything is in order. You will be with the other members of the party on the second floor. Room 216. I will have your luggage taken up.

He hits a bell.

HEMLOCK

And have room service send up a dozen bottles of beer to my room.

The manager wrinkles his nose in distaste but nods.

86 INT. HEMLOCK'S ROOM - DAY

86

BEN

(between sips
of beer)

After you left all hell broke loose at the lodge. Government men all over the place, talking tough, making assholes of themselves.

HEMLOCK

They find anything?

BEN

Yeah. Gorgeous George-us blown in half with a shotgun. And Miles, they found in the sand.

HEMLOCK

Dead, I presume.

BEN

Dead as Kealey's nuts.

He looks up, searching Hemlock's face.

BEN

What the hell are you here for?

HEMLOCK

(looks at Ben, considering for a moment whether or not to tell him)

Forget it, Ben. It's best you don't know. It's just something I have to do. For a friend.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

BEN

Let's call off the climb. Tell 'em you're sick or something.

HEMLOCK

Forget it. You know...I really want another shot at the hill.

The telephone rings. Ben is nearer and he answers it.

BEN

No. This is Bowman.

He listens, then hangs up.

BEN

Well, if that don't beat all.

HEMLOCK

What?

BEN

That was Karl Freytag. 'You and Doctor Hemlock will be in Room 227 for dinner at 6 p.m. sharp, without fail, to meet the climbers.'

HEMLOCK

Latecomers will be shot?

BEN

The lucky ones.

87 INT. SMALL PRIVATE DINING ROOM - EVENING

87

As Ben and Jonathan enter, Karl Freytag, Jean Paul Montaigne and Anderl Meyer rises as Mrs. Montaigne remains seated at their oval table, near a window through which rain and lightening can be seen.

BEN

Jonathan Hemlock, this here's Jean Paul Montaigne.

MONTAIGNE

I have looked forward to meeting you, Mr. Hemlock.

(extending his hand)

They shake hands.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED

87

MONTAIGNE

And this is my wife, Anna.

Hemlock and Madame Montaigne exchange greetings.

BEN

And this is Karl Freytag.

Karl and Jonathan shake hands. Amused, Jonathan matches the unnecessary force of Freytag's grip.

HEMLOCK

Herr Freytag?

KARL

Herr Doctor.

BEN

And this here's Anderl Meyer, Jon.

They shake hands.

HEMLOCK

I've read a lot about you, Anderl.

MEYER

I used to read a lot about you.

KARL

(miffish)

It appears that you have read a lot about one another.

They all sit down at the table.

FREYTAG

It's snowing up there. How are the weather reports?

BEN

Not real good. A couple of clear days. But there's a bunch of weak fronts moving in on us that makes it pretty dicey after that.

FREYTAG

Well, that settles it.

HEMLOCK

What does that settle?

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED - 2

87

FREYTAG

We must leave immediately.

HEMLOCK

Have I time to finish my coffee?

Madame Montaigne laughs and watches Hemlock appreciatively. He is seated next to her.

FREYTAG

(flushed)

I mean as soon as possible.

BEN

With maybe a storm in four more days?

FREYTAG

The Eiger has been climbed in two.

BEN

And suppose you don't make it in two? Suppose you're pinned down up there in heavy weather?

MONTAIGNE

Benjamin has a point there. We must not take childish risks.

FREYTAG

(stiffly)

One cannot climb without some risk. Perhaps the young face these risks more easily.

Anderl Meyer has taken no part in this discussion, instead staring out the window with the attitude of one who could not care less.

MEYER

Good weather, bad weather. Now or later, anytime is fine for climbing.

FREYTAG

So, an impasse. Two in favor of climbing; two opposed. The democratic process. What do you suggest, Dr. Hemlock? That we climb halfway up?

HEMLOCK

It's three opposed. Ben has a vote.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED - 3

87

FREYTAG

But he will not be climbing with us.

HEMLOCK

He's our ground man. Until we touch rock, he has more than a vote. He has complete control.

FREYTAG

Oh, has that been decided upon?

MEYER

(firmly but without emotion)

It is always like that. The ground man has the last word now and the leader once we are on the face.

FREYTAG

Very well. That brings us to another issue. Who is to be the leader.

Hemlock pours coffee for Madame Montaigne. Her leg touches his under the table and the smile she gives him may be for the coffee but is more likely for the leg. Hemlock removes his leg.

HEMLOCK

I thought it was pretty much set that you would lead, Karl.

FREYTAG

And so it was. But that decision was made before the original American member of the team had his unfortunate accident. I think we should make sure we agree on who is to lead, especially now that you have joined us.

MONTAIGNE

You make a good point. It is true that Jonathan has climbed the mountain twice before.

FREYTAG

A correction, if I may. The good doctor has failed to climb the mountain twice before. I don't mean to offend you, Herr Doctor,

CONTINUED

FREYTAG (Cont'd)
but I am forced to say that I do not consider a record of failure automatically grants you the right to lead.

HENLOCK
I'm not offended. I think it's important that you should lead.

Freytag waves to a large photograph of the Eiger which he has mounted on the wall.

FREYTAG
I have spent months designing a new route up the Eiger. Taking the face by a new route will put us in the record books.

MEYER
(showing interest)
What is this new route?

Freytag stands and moves to the photograph of the Eiger.

FREYTAG
Many men died before the Eiger was ever beaten. At that time, this was the route all followed.

He pulls down a clear plastic overlay with dotted lines.

FREYTAG
(tracing lines with his finger)
The first day, they moved up the mountain's face, bivouacking near the railroad tunnel. Then their plan took them straight for the summit, across the three ice fields. Here here and here. The route never worked. Nine men died in trying it.

He pulls down a second clear plastic overlay.

FREYTAG
Then in 1935, Hinterstoisser devised this new method. From this point, near the railroad tunnel, instead of bearing for the summit, he went across the dry rock face of the mountain. The Hinterstoisser

87 CONTINUED - 5

FREYTAG (Cont'd)
Traverse. To here. Then, from here, they made the ascent, skirting the worst part of the three ice fields.

MONTAIGNE
They didn't make it. Hinterstoisser died on the mountain.

FREYTAG
But it was the weather that defeated them. All the successful climbs since then have used the Hinterstoisser Traverse.

MEYER
What is your new route?

FREYTAG
(proudly)
We do not take the Hinterstoisser Traverse.

He pulls down another plastic overlay.

FREYTAG
Instead, we go this way. Our first bivouac is high above the railroad station. From there, we go right up this chute and come out just below the third ice field. Then it's up to the top.

He looks around with satisfaction.

BEN
No one's ever been on that part of the face. We have no idea what it's like. Suppose you can't stay on the edges? What if you're forced down into the gut of the chute?

FREYTAG
I have no interest in suicide, Herr Bowman. If the edges are not a go, we shall retreat and follow one of the more classic routes. But all that can stop us is the weather.

BEN
You got some deal with God on the weather?

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED - 6

87

MONTAIGNE

I find the route intriguing. Anderl?
Jonathan?

MEYER

I* might go. But we would have to stay up on the edges of that gash. I would not care to be standing in it, directing traffic like a policeman, when an avalanche comes roaring through.

HEMLOCK

Just one thing. You realize, Kari, that your route will not allow for a retreat if we are blocked higher up.

FREYTAG

I consider it self-defeating to plan in terms of a retreat.

HEMLOCK

It might be stupid not to.

FREYTAG

(he shrugs)

Very well. I shall leave the planning of a retreat route to Dr. Hemlock. After all, he has more experience than I in retreating. May I take it my plan is accepted?

HEMLOCK

Under the condition the weather clears and freezes this new snow on. If it turns warm, we'll be buried in snow slides off those ice fields.

FREYTAG

(clapping his hands)

Fine. Our business, it is settled. Now I suggest we relax. Have a brandy.

The climbers mill around, looking at the photo, jabbering about the climb. Madame Montaigne approaches Hemlock, who is standing alone, looking out the window at the rain.

MADAME MONTAIGNE

You do not like Karl's route?

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED - 7

87

HEMLOCK

It may work. Actually, it's rather brilliant.

MADAME MONTAIGNE

Then you do not like Karl?

HEMLOCK

I do not like most people. Karl certainly does not qualify for an exemption.

MADAME MONTAIGNE

And what of me?

HEMLOCK

And what of you, Madame Montaigne....

MADAME MONTAIGNE

Anna.

HEMLOCK

Anna, we will be four men on a mountain. It will be difficult enough without there being suspicions...or mistrust...or undercurrents of hostility among us.

ANNA

Yet, Dr. Hemlock, I have watched you. And your eyes beam hostility and you seem to search for it in the others. How do you explain that?

HEMLOCK

I do not try, except to say that what I think is one thing and what I do is another.

ANNA

Yes?

HEMLOCK

What I think is that you're a very attractive woman. What I will do about it is nothing.

ANNA

Perhaps another day.

HEMLOCK

Perhaps.

CONTINUED

87 CONTINUED - 8

87

Anna drifts away and a few minutes later when Hemlock leaves, she is clinging to Karl and it is obvious that Freytag is on his way to being made.

88 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOTEL - NIGHT

88

Hemlock in a light ski jacket is walking through the scree toward the base of the Eiger. The rain has stopped and the temperature is dropping. He stands in the meadow, looking up at the mountain. He hears a sound behind him and freezes. Footsteps approach, crunchingly. He sees Gem and coldly turns from her. She stands alongside him.

GEM

Is this hotel always so crowded?

HEMLOCK

Only for a climb. Then the Eiger birds flock in.

GEM

Eiger birds?

HEMLOCK

Yes. Jet setters and other assorted zombies who come to watch a climb. If they're really lucky, they get to see somebody die on the mountain.

GEM

That's grim.

HEMLOCK

So's the Eiger.

GEM

It even looks grim. Must you go up?

HEMLOCK

Unless Search Division identifies the assassin first.

GEM

(shaking her head)

They've come up empty.

HEMLOCK

Is that why you came? As a courier for that message?

GEM

I could have phoned. I came because I wanted to be here with you.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

GEM (Cont'd)

(pause)

You know...I had a whole speech worked out. A good one.

HEMLOCK

How's it go?

GEM

I forget.

HEMLOCK

Why don't you just tell me why you set me up?

GEM

I did it because I believe you had to take this sanction.

HEMLOCK

I've taken it. Working together, side by side, loyal Americans like you and me and Dragon and Pope will save the Republic yet.

GEM

(changing the subject)

You've met the other climbers?

Hemlock nods.

GEM

Any suspicions?

HEMLOCK

It could be any of them. It could even be Madame Montaigne. A very destructive woman. You know the type.

GEM

It's getting cold.

(pause)

Jonathan? You know what I don't have?

HEMLOCK

A conscience...a sense of loyalty....

GEM

I don't have a room for the night.

HEMLOCK

I see. So you're a condemned man's last wish.

CUT TO

89

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

89

The climber's party is at one table; the dining room is crowded with Eiger birds, gawking at them.

FREYTAG

(looking at watch)

Four p.m. We leave in only 12 hours. We must do the first thousand feet before the sun loosens the ice chunks.

BEN

(glumly)

If the weather holds.

MONTAIGNE

(enthusiastically)

It will hold.

(he looks out
the window toward
the Eiger)

It is certainly magnificent.
A perfect choice for my last
mountain.

Meyer is staring out the window at young women on the balcony terrace, near the telescopes, who are coyly flirting with him.

HEMLOCK

Your last?

MONTAIGNE

I am no longer young, Jonathan.
Think of it. At forty-two, I shall
be the oldest man to climb the Eiger.

HEMLOCK

(to Anna)

How do you feel about this? Are
you interested in climbing?

ANNA

Climbing mountains I regard as
foolish.

MONTAIGNE

I have never been in better shape.
Ask Anna. Every night for six
months, I have performed two hours
of calisthenics before bed.

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED

89

HEMLOCK

By now, she must be very eager...
to see you make the climb.

Anna glances at Hemlock, then out the window. A man approaches
the table.

MAN

Mr. Bowman?

Ben looks up.

MAN

I'm Ralph Graham from International
Press. I understand the climb will
be tomorrow morning.

BEN

You can understand anything you
want.

Graham looks helpless and Freytag intervenes.

FREYTAG

Yes, Mr. Graham. At four a.m. I
will lead the team up the Eiger.

GRAHAM

Could you perhaps fill me in on
the route you plan to take? Any
special problems you expect to
encounter?

BEN

The biggest problem is the pain-
in-the-ass press and these goddam
ghouls around here hoping to see
somebody fail.

FREYTAG

(smoothly)

Mr. Graham, we will hold a press
briefing at eight tonight in the
second floor dining room. Please
invite your fellow journalists and
there we will answer all your
questions.

GRAHAM

Thanks.

(he leaves)

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED - 2

89

HEMLOCK

Get used to it, Ben. After we're gone, you're going to have to deal with the press.

BEN

I'll do it. But nobody says I have to like it. Goddam my eyes if they ain't been pecking at my door every five minutes. There's even a newsreel team here, did you know that?

A waiter arrives carrying a small silver tray, containing a note.

WAITER

Doctor, for you. From the gentleman over there.

Hemlock takes the note and looks up. At a nearby table sits Clement Pope, loudly dressed. He waves breezily to Hemlock. Hemlock ignores him and puts the note in his pocket.

FREYTAG

I think I shall take a stroll. Madame Montaigne, would you care to join me?

Before she can answer, Montaigne stands.

MONTAIGNE

I think I shall return to my room, if you will excuse me.

HEMLOCK

(to Anna after he leaves)

What's wrong with him?

ANNA

(shrugs)

Do you know the man who sent you the note?

HEMLOCK

(cautiously)

I may have met him somewhere. I don't recognize him. Why?

CONTINUED

89 CONTINUED - 3

89

ANNA

If you ever speak to him, you should really drop a hint about his clothing. Unless, of course, he wishes to be taken for a dance hall singer.

Meyer excuses himself and goes outside to join the two girls on the balcony. Immediately after, Freytag and Anna leave for a stroll.

BEN

What got into Jean Paul?

HEMLOCK

Jumpy, I guess.

BEN

More than jumpy. You been drilling his wife?

HEMLOCK

Not me.

BEN

You sure?

HEMLOCK

It's a thing I'd know. See you in the morning.

90 INT. HEMLOCK'S ROOM - EVENING

90

Hemlock is waiting in his room for a knock on the door. It comes, he opens the door and Pope comes in.

POPE

How's it going, Hemlock?

He extends his hand but Jonathan ignores it. Pope plops into the chair Hemlock had been sitting in.

POPE

Nice place you got here. You going to offer me a drink?

HEMLOCK

Get on with it, Pope.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED

90

POPE

Okay, pal, if that's the game you want to play, we'll get right to the nitty gritty.

HEMLOCK

No one is more qualified than you.

POPE

We deep-sixed that mess out in Arizona. You left us with some can of worms, baby. Mellough and that wrestler. But we covered it up.

HEMLOCK

That's once you called me pal and once you called me baby.

POPE

That really sticks in your craw, doesn't it? Well, that's just tough titty, pal. The days are long gone when we had to worry about your feelings.

HEMLOCK

I don't know how I'll live without your watching out for my feelings.

POPE

(sneering)

I didn't come to talk about your feelings. Just about the Eiger sanction.

HEMLOCK

I was hoping you'd get around to it.

POPE

Search Division has drawn a blank on your target. All we know is that he's here.

HEMLOCK

Miles Mellough knew who he was.

POPE

Did he tell you?

HEMLOCK

He offered to. The price was too high.

CONTINUED

POPE

What'd he want?

HEMLOCK

To live.

POPE

(nodding knowingly,
but shocked)

Anyway, that's what I came to tell
you. That we've drawn a blank and
you'll have to climb.

HEMLOCK

Jemima Brown told me that yesterday.

POPE

Well, I came just to make sure you
got the message. You know how the
schwartzes are. Can't trust them.

HEMLOCK

Pope, you know I don't really mind
you being such an asshole. You
can't help that. But I do mind
your lying to me, as if I were a
fool. You came here for just one
reason -- to be seen and attach
yourself to me. Just so the target
would know who I am and what I am.

Pope starts to speak, then shrugs helplessly.

HEMLOCK

And who'll do the sanction if he
gets me. You?

POPE

You don't think I can handle it?

HEMLOCK

In a locked closet, maybe. With
a grenade.

POPE

Don't bet on it, buddy.

HEMLOCK

And it really doesn't matter to
you that you've blown my cover?

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED - 3

POPE

Not a bit.

HEMLOCK

Suppose I walk?

POPE

No way, pal. You wouldn't get your hundred grand.

(he pats his pocket,
indicating he has it)

You'd lose your paintings and you'd probably do some time for smuggling them into the country. How does it feel to be in a box?

Hemlock walks to the small bar in the room.

HEMLOCK

You've done well, Pope. Want a drink?

POPE

That's mighty white of you.
(laughs)

Hey, that's a joke. I bet Jemima never said that to you...mighty white of you. How is that black stuff? Good, eh?

HEMLOCK

Pope, I really ought to tell you in advance that I intend to waste you a little.

POPE

(stands, pretending
he didn't hear)

About your gun, I've got one waiting for you at the desk. A C-2 standard with no serial number. It's in a candy box.

Pope has forgotten about the drink. He moves to the door and opens it. His fingers curl around the partially open door. Emboldened now because he is near escape, he turns back with a sneer.

POPE

What was that about wasting me?

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED - 4

90

HEMLOCK

You want to know? Really know?

Hemlock does not give Pope a chance to nod or answer. He slams his foot against the door, smashing it on Pope's hand and breaking some fingers. He pulls Pope back into the room and pummels him into unconsciousness, then sits coldly in his chair. He takes the money from Pope's pocket.

HEMLOCK

(softly, but without moving)

You'll be all right in a few days, Pope. Of course, you may have a little trouble playing the clarinet for a while. But now you're going back to the states and I am never going to see you again. Do you understand...pal?

Pope, frightened and in pain, nods.

HEMLOCK

(nodding)

Okay. Now, sweetheart, baby, pal, I'm going over to pour myself a drink. When I turn around, you'll be smart if you're gone.

Hemlock walks to the bar. Behind him he hears the door open and close.

91 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

91

Hemlock is walking toward his room, carrying the box of candy which contains Pope's gun. He sees Anna Montaigne coming quietly out of a room down the hall. Inside the room he sees Freytag. She sees him and walks forward calmly, almost contemptuously.

ANNA

Offer me a nightcap?

HEMLOCK

I'm sorry, but some other time.

Anna takes Hemlock's hand.

ANNA

I wish you luck tomorrow.

CONTINUED

91 CONTINUED

91

HEMLOCK

Thank you.

ANNA

(shaking her head)

I wish Jean Paul would change his mind. I cannot understand why he insists on making this climb at his age.

HEMLOCK

I can. He does it for you.

ANNA

For me?

HEMLOCK

He keeps you from younger men by staying young himself. By doing young men's things.

ANNA

Poor thing.

HEMLOCK

Yes. Particularly since it doesn't seem to have worked.

Anna looks at him angrily, then walks away. Hemlock opens his room door. In a mirror down the corridor is seen Jean Paul Montaigne's face, watching Anna walk away from Hemlock's room.

92 INT. HEMLOCK'S ROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

92

Hemlock is in bed with Gem, both sleeping. He is awakened by a sound. The door is swinging ajar and Montaigne is framed in the yellow rectangle of hall light. A gun is in his hand. He slowly begins to close the door behind him. Hemlock looks toward the dresser where his gun is still in the candy box.

HEMLOCK

Do not move, Jean Paul.

Montaigne freezes in position.

HEMLOCK

I can see you perfectly, Jean Paul. I shall certainly kill you if you make the slightest movement. Do you understand?

CONTINUED

MONTAIGNE

Yes.

Gem stirs but Hemlock puts a hand over her mouth to shush her, then pulls the cover up over her head.

HEMLOCK

Just to your right on the wall is a light switch. Reach out for it, but don't turn it on until I tell you.

Hemlock slips out of bed and puts on a bathrobe hanging on the end of the bed. He moves toward Montaigne. As he nears him, Montaigne turns on the light and wheels toward Hemlock. Hemlock has his hand in his pocket and points a finger toward Montaigne. Hemlock is now away from the bed and Montaigne has not yet looked there.

HEMLOCK

This is called a Mexican standoff. No matter who shoots first, we both die.

MONTAIGNE

What is next?

HEMLOCK

We put our guns away and talk the thing out. Any number of bathrobes have been preserved from damage that way.

MONTAIGNE

(lowering his gun)

I had no intention of shooting you, Jonathan.

HEMLOCK

I guess it was your gun that confused me.

MONTAIGNE

It is not even loaded.

Hemlock reaches out his right hand and takes the gun from Montaigne who shrugs when he sees Hemlock's gunless hand.

HEMLOCK

Now what is this all about?

CONTINUED

92 CONTINUED - 2

92

MONTAIGNE

Do not deny anything. I saw the two of you before.

HEMLOCK

The two of us?

MONTAIGNE

You and Anna. I saw her leaving your room...and....

He turns away, then sees the lump in Hemlock's bed.

MONTAIGNE

(to Hemlock)

You swine.

(to the bed)

Anna, you slut, get out of there.

He advances angrily toward the bed.

HEMLOCK

That is not Madame Montaigne.

MONTAIGNE

Don't....

GEM

(pulls down the covers and gives a Betty Boop wave)

Hi, y' all.

Montaigne is emotionally crushed with embarrassment. He turns toward the door.

MONTAIGNE

I shall return to my room.

HEMLOCK

You may want this.

He slips the slide on the automatic and a bullet pops out and hits the wall. He gives the gun to Montaigne.

MONTAIGNE

I could have sworn it was empty. My apologies, Mademoiselle. And Jonathan.

Montaigne exits.

93 EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - PREDAWN DARKNESS

93

The four climbers are walking toward the scree at the base of the mountain. Many well-wishers are out. Hemlock embraces Gem. Up ahead, in a small clearing illuminated by flashlights, is Ben, with volunteers checking gear.

MONTAIGNE

(moving past Gem
to Hemlock)

About last night.

HEMLOCK

Forget it.

MONTAIGNE

Yes. But will you?

He walks off. Hemlock joins Ben who is hopping around, clapping his hands together.

BEN

Colder'n a witch's tit.

HEMLOCK

Climbing weather, Ben.

BEN

You listen to me, old buddy. You come off that hill in one piece or I'm going to kick your ass.

HEMLOCK

You're not going to get sloppy on me, are you, Ben?

BEN

Now, look. You ain't told me anything, but I know somehow you and one of these foreigners is going to have trouble.

HEMLOCK

Maybe.

BEN

Well, you just guard your flank. Don't take your eyes off them.

HEMLOCK

I won't.

CONTINUED

93 CONTINUED

93

FREYTAG

(walking up)

Come. Let us be off. We must make our first move before the sun unfreezes the rubble.

Hemlock slips his gun into the top of his pack, puts it on, and the four climbers trudge off up the hill. A woman reporter with pad and pencil approaches Ben.

WOMAN

Tell me, Mr. Bowman, in your opinion, do these men climb out of a need to prove their manhood or is it more a matter of compensating for inferiority feelings?

BEN

Why don't you go get yourself screwed? It'll do you a lot of good.

Ben turns and walks away. One reporter grasps his sleeve as he pushes past a babble of questioners.

BEN

You real sure you don't have to use that hand ever again?

The reporter releases him and Ben walks away.

94 EXT. HOTEL TERRACE - SUNLIT MORNING

94

Gem is sitting near the railing when Pope, heavily bandaged, approaches and sits in the chair across from her. Gem is looking toward the mountain.

GEM

They're on their way.

POPE

That frigging Hemlock thinks he's so goddam cute.

(he smirks)

How do you think he'd feel if he found out this whole thing's a fake?

GEM

A fake?

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

94

POPE

(resting hands
on table and
leaning forward)

Sure. Hemlock's friend -- that
Wormwood -- he was supposed to
get killed. That's why we hired
the drunken bum.

GEM

But the germ formula? The other
side got it.

POPE

That's the real cute part. They
were supposed to get it. It's a
phony.

GEM

But...but why the sanctions?

POPE

To sell to the other side that the
formula is the real thing. If we
let them just steal it and don't
do anything about it, they'd get
suspicious. So we had to assign
Hemlock to sanction the assassins.

GEM

You mean he might be murdered up
there? For nothing?

POPE

(leering)

Don't look so upset. There are
a lot of men around.

GEM

Present company excepted.
(she slowly stands)
Jonathan told me once that you
people were no better than
animals. I should have listened
to him.

She walks away.

95

EXT. ON THE EIGER - SUNLIT MORNING

95

All the climbers wear different colored jackets. Freytag
and Montaigne are going up on one rope with Freytag leading
the way. Hemlock and Meyer are on another rope, leapfrogging

CONTINUED

their way up, each taking a turn at leading. They move faster this way than Freytag and Montaigne. Behind all the climbers, rocks are pummelling down the hillside, as the sun has loosened their nighttime cement of ice.

FREYTAG

(calling to Hemlock)

We are in the clear, Herr Doctor.

HEMLOCK

So far, so good.

FREYTAG

I knew it would be.

Hemlock and Meyer leapfrog along and are soon several hundred yards ahead of the other team.

HEMLOCK

We'd better hold up and wait for them.

Meyer nods. He climbs up after Hemlock onto a little balcony of rock. They hammer pitons into a wall, tie on, and sit butt to butt, their legs dangling in space. To the right, they can see Freytag and Montaigne coming up. Above them and to the left is the railroad tunnel and the observation windows above it.

HEMLOCK

Karl likes to lead.

MEYER

Even more, he likes the title of leader. As if that makes him a leader.

Hemlock sees Meyer's hand going to his jacket.

HEMLOCK

Ever spend much time in Zurich, Anderl?

MEYER

There are no mountains there worth climbing.

Meyer brings his knife from his jacket.

HEMLOCK

Clear day. I guess they're watching us now on the telescopes at the hotel.

CONTINUED

95 CONTINUED - 2

95

MEYER

I suppose so. We must give them
a good show, Jonathan.

He snaps open his switchblade. Hemlock's hand tightens around the handle of his axe. From his other pocket, Meyer takes a block of chocolate and deftly cuts it in half. He gives half to Hemlock, wipes and closes his knife and puts it away. Hemlock sighs in relief. They are eating as Freytag and Montaigne approach.

FREYTAG

Resting already, Doctor? We
must move on. Our plan requires
that we bivouac well above the
railroad tunnel tonight. Right
near the base of the chute.

He moves away from them with Montaigne looking weary,
following.

MEYER

(to Hemlock)

Jean Paul does not look well.
Something is on his mind.

HEMLOCK

I suppose.

96 INT. TERRACE OF HOTEL - EARLY EVENING

96

People are looking through scopes in the growing dark.

TEXAN'S VOICE

How about that? As soon as I get
to this here telescope, they stop
moving. What the hell they doing?
And after what this cost me too.
Floyd. How much was that? In
real money?

Ben is sitting at a table, drinking beer. He overhears the
man. So does Anna Montaigne who approaches Ben.

BEN

It's all right. They've reached
their bivouac. They're gonna bed
down for the night.

97 EXT. ON THE EIGER - NIGHT

97

On a small flat spot of rock, the climbers have made their camp. A small sterno fire is cooking water for tea. Montaigne is already asleep; Meyer is coiling rope; Freytag is next to Hemlock.

FREYTAG

You do not like me, Herr Doctor,
do you?

HEMLOCK

I don't dislike you, but I think
you're a fool. You knew you were
climbing with Jean Paul and still
you got involved with Anna.

FREYTAG

She told you?

HEMLOCK

She didn't have to. This climb
will be tough enough without any
intrigue.

Hemlock goes to sleep.

98 EXT. EIGER CAMP - NIGHT

98

Hemlock hears stirring and awakens. Anderl Meyer is doing something with rope.

HEMLOCK

What are you doing?

MEYER

I couldn't sleep. I am checking
the ropas. There was a frayed
strand near the end of yours and
I am cutting it out.

He tosses the piece of rope he has cut out to Hemlock who looks at it. It is frayed. But Hemlock spends the night awake.

99 EXT. THE EIGER - EARLY MORNING

99

They are climbing.

FREYTAG

Hurry. We must get through the
chute before the sun tells the
Eiger to dump out its morning
garbage.

CONTINUED

99 CONTINUED

99

Above them, they hear the sound of water rushing down the chute.

HEMLOCK

Sounds like we have wet work ahead of us, Karl.

He looks for a reaction to the phrase "wet work" but there is none.

FREYTAG

Surely, Herr Doctor, you have no objection to a morning shower?

HEMLOCK

The route would be easier in winter when there is less melt.

FREYTAG

Do you suggest we wait? We'll take the chute in a rope of four. I shall lead. Anderl will bring up the rear.

MEYER

Let's go.

100 EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - MID MORNING

100

Ben has set up a telescope in the meadow between the hotel and the mountain.

101 POINT OF VIEW THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

101

Ben can see the figure clambering up the dark scar on the face of the mountain which is the chute. A fuzz of spray at the outlet of the chute shows that it must be a rushing river.

102 BACK TO BEN

102

BEN

(to himself)

Yellow jacket. Anderl. All right. Anchor. That's Montaigne. And John. Good. They're moving. That channel's got to be a bitch.

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

VOICE

(behind Ben)

Morning. You using that scope?

Ben turns. A theatrically dressed couple, Eiger birds, are there.

MAN

Mind if my wife here takes a look?

WOMAN

Tell him we'll pay for it.

Ben turns back to the telescope.

MAN

Of course, we'll pay for it.

He reaches out, touches the scope and Ben loses the focus.

BEN

(straightening up)

Get out of here. If I ever see either of you two frigging vampires touch this scope, you'll need surgery to get it out of your ass.

The couple retreats, the woman shouting at Ben. He turns back and tries to see the climbers again.

103 POINT OF VIEW THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

10

Ben has trouble getting his focus, then finally zeroes in on the climbers.

104 EXT. THE EIGER - DAY

10

Montaigne is climbing when he is suddenly caught by a rock fall. One large rock hits him directly on the head knocking him unconscious and he falls until he is caught by the rope, hanging upside down and helpless.

105 BACK TO BEN

10

BEN

Jesus, it's Jean Paul.

106 EXT. THE EIGER - DAY

10

Hemlock is braced against a rock, holding Montaigne taut on the rope. Montaigne is unconscious, hanging upside down.

CONTINUED

106 CONTINUED

10

Below Hemlock, Meyer is moving up the rope. He gets to Montaigne and wedges himself in the gully holding the unconscious climber. This allows Hemlock to loosen his grip and scramble up the rock. Around a fold of rock, he finds Karl, braced with the rope to help the climbers below.

HEMLOCK

Help me. Pull.

Together they pull and by strength get Montaigne up, away from the weakening Meyer.

FREYTAG

What happened?

HEMLOCK

A rock hit Jean Paul. Knocked him out.

Together with Meyer who scrambles over rocks like a goat, they begin bringing Montaigne up to safety. He comes to and is able to climb.

MONTAIGNE

I'm all right.

107 POINT OF VIEW THROUGH TELESCOPE

10

Montaigne is seen climbing again.

108 BACK TO BEN AT TELESCOPE

10

BEN

Thank Christ.

He stands up, takes a full breath, more like a sigh.

109 EXT. ON THE EIGER - DAY

10

FREYTAG

Wet and cold but not much the worse for wear. And the worst behind us. You really needn't be so glum, Herr Doctor.

HEMLOCK

We can't get back through that chute if it comes to a retreat.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

FREYTAG

You have a defeatist mentality. We shall not retreat. We shall go forward.

Hemlock starts to answer, stops, then turns to Meyer.

HEMLOCK

Anderl, you were fine.

MEYER

(to Freytag)

You didn't know we were in trouble?

FREYTAG

No.

MEYER

That is not good.

MONTAIGNE

(touching his head)

It sounds exciting. Pity I slept through it.

FREYTAG

That's the spirit. Now we shall collect our senses and then up we go.

HEMLOCK

(as they move out)

Anderl, you notice anything? With the weather?

MEYER

It is warmer.

HEMLOCK

Maybe it is the sunshine.

110 EXT. THE EIGER - LATER THAT DAY

110

Our climbers continue up. Suddenly Meyer stops in short reacting to something off stage.

111 POINT OF VIEW OF BODY OF DEAD CLIMBER

111

He is a climber who has died on a previous climb. His body is wedged tightly between two rocks in a precarious position. The horror of his appearance seems to indicate that he has been in this position for some months. He is on that part of the cliff that is isolated from our climbers.

112 BACK TO CLIMBERS

112

Hemlock and Freytag now notice what Meyer has seen and react. Jean Paul still seems to be dazed and has no reaction.

MEYER

It must be Bruhl who disappeared on last winter's climb.

(pause)

We must bring him down.

FREYTAG

Bring him down? No! We cannot jeopardize the success of our own climb.

MEYER

But it's the honor of climbing. Climbers take care of their own.

FREYTAG

We cannot even get to him. It would be impossible.

HEMLOCK

Unfortunately, Karl is right. We'd all like to bring him down. It would take all of our efforts and I don't think Jean Paul is up to it after his accident.

MEYER

That's up to Jean Paul to say.
(turning to
Jean Paul)

What do you say, Jean Paul?

JEAN PAUL

(still dazed)

Pity I slept through it.

The others react to this and look to each other and then begin climbing again.

113 INT. HOTEL TERRACE - LATE AFTERNOON

11

Ben is drinking beer. Anna is with him. The Eiger birds are lined up at the telescopes.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Look at the beautiful clouds.

Ben freezes, then runs to the edge of the balcony. To the east, he sees buttermilk clouds moving in. He runs to the lobby.

114 INT. LOBBY - DAY

114

Ben rushes up to the desk clerk.

BEN

Get me the weather bureau.
(waits)

The clerk dials and hands the phone to Ben.

BEN

This is the Eiger climbing team.
What are those clouds moving in?

He listens and then slowly puts down the phone. His face looks pained as Anna joins him.

ANNA

What is it?

BEN

There's a foehn moving in.

ANNA

What is it, a foehn?

BEN

It's warm air, then rain, then a
freeze. Like all in a flash.

ANNA

Is it bad?

BEN

It's frigging awful. That entire
mother of a rock gets coated with
ice. You can't walk on it. And you
can't see through the ice to find
a crack to drive your pitons. The
snow is glazed over but you can
drop through up to your neck anytime.
And the worst thing is it's coming
from the south. They won't know
it's coming until it hits.

ANNA

They must come down.

BEN

Lady, by the time they find out,
they won't be able to come down and
they won't be able to go up.
They're gonna be stuck.

117 CONTINUED

11

MEYER

He must have gone during the storm.

HEMLOCK

Drink it.

Freytag does not move, however.

FREYTAG

How do you know he is dead?

MEYER

I looked at him.

FREYTAG

You saw he was dead? And then you made a pot of tea?

Meyer shrugs.

HEMLOCK

Drink the tea. Or let me have it before it gets cold.

Freytag looks at him in disgust but sips the tea.

MEYER

He had a concussion. The storm was too much. The man inside could not keep the man outside from dying.

FREYTAG

What now, Herr Doctor?

It is obvious that leadership has passed from him to Hemlock.

HEMLOCK

Climbing on is out of the question. This ice glaze makes it impossible. We must go back.

FREYTAG

Through the ravine?

HEMLOCK

No. It will be iced over. It'll just be a giant slide. Anderl, are you listening?

MEYER

Yes.

CONTINUED

117 CONTINUED - 2

HEMLOCK
Speak up if you disagree.

11

MEYER
You're doing fine.

HEMLOCK
I think we should try to get down to a point just above the railroad station windows. We can try to rope down from there. Ben will be waiting at the window with help.

Freytag nods.

HEMLOCK
I'll lead and cut steps in the snow. Karl, you follow. We'll carry Jean Paul's body on a separate line between us. Anderl will be last on the rope, and he'll keep looking for protected places to anchor us down.

FREYTAG
We are carrying Montaigne back down?

MEYER
A climber always brings home his dead.

FREYTAG
We will get down.

118 EXT. HOTEL MEADOW - DAYLIGHT - BEN'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH TELESCOPE 118

Ben sees the men coming down and recognizes them by their colored jackets. Three men. And something else. A bundle. Hemlock leads, cutting out a wide step. Freytag lowers the bundle to him; then comes down to join him. Meyer, the last man, comes halfway down, sets a deep belay and they start over again. The lump must be Montaigne.

119 ESTABLISH BEN AT TELESCOPE 119

Ben senses someone at his shoulder and turns to see Gem.

GEM
Mr. Bowman.

BEN
Go away. Wait. You're John's friend, aren't you?

119 CONTINUED

119

GEM

(nodding)

How is he?

BEN

(shaking his head)

They're coming down but I don't know. It looks like Montaigne is hurt...or dead.

GEM

Can they get down safely?

BEN

There's only one chance. Everything's iced. But if they can make the cliffs above the station window, maybe they can rope down and we can pull them in.

GEM

Is that any kind of chance?

BEN

Not much. But it's the only one. As soon as I'm sure that's what they're doing, I'll bring men up to the station.

Ben returns to his scope.

BEN

I didn't want him to make this climb. Montaigne's dead. I knew there would be death.

GEM

It was planned that way. And all for nothing.

Ben gives her a strange look.

120 EXT. THE EIGER - DAY

120

Freytag and Hemlock are together with Montaigne's body. Up above is Meyer, dug in through a crust of ice. Suddenly, there is a grating sound and the surface below Meyer begins to move. A vast slab of crusted snow has loosened from the face and is slipping downward. Meyer scrambles upward, trying to get off the sliding island. He slams his axe into the surface above him. Still he slips down, cutting a deep furrow with his axe. Freytag hears the sound first. He turns, then

CONTINUED

120 CONTINUED

12

shouts and throws himself on Hemlock and Montaigne, locking his hand around the two ice axes that have been their belay point. Meyer slips off the island of snow but keeps sliding toward the edge of the cliff, below which there is a sheer drop. The snow passes over Hemlock, Freytag and the body, burying them with terrifying noise. Then there is silence. Hemlock claws out past Freytag who then joins him, his skin still stuck to the cold axe.

MEYER

I can't move.

They look down to see him spread-eagled on the surface, his feet only three yards from the edge of the cliff.

HEMLOCK

Are you hurt?

MEYER

No.

He slides closer to the edge. Hemlock looks and sees that the rope from Freytag to Meyer goes up the hill, then back in a hairpin loop to Meyer. Hemlock slaps his axe and Karl's back into the deep snow and begins to lace the slack from Meyer's line around the two handles.

HEMLOCK

We've got to take up this slack so he doesn't go over.

Hemlock unropes himself and starts up Meyer's line, alternately clinging to it and ripping it from the snow. Each time he gets some slack, he lies down and Freytag laces the rope around the two axes. Hemlock reaches the point at which the rope begins to curve back down to Meyer. He works faster now and Freytag laces faster. Hemlock gets to within a few feet of Meyer but the rope is buried.

FREYTAG

Is there more slack?

HEMLOCK

Line's buried. I can't tell.

MEYER

Well, Jonathan, we can't stay here forever.

He grins fatalistically, then yanks the rope. It snaps out of the snow. Hemlock and Meyer swing to the side, both hanging onto the rope, Hemlock's body covering Meyer's. They stop swinging at a point directly below Freytag. Their feet overhang the cliff edge. Both scramble up the rope. Jonathan is shuddering after the release of tension.

120 CONTINUED - 2

MEYER

In the future, I wish you would not use me to ride around on, like a sled. I know what you were doing. Showing off for the people at the lodge.

HEMLOCK

By now, Ben knows what we're doing. He'll have men at the station. Three more hours.

MEYER

Jonathan, you are very good. I've really enjoyed climbing with you.

HEMLOCK

We'll make it.

MEYER

No. I don't think so. But we shall continue with style.

They continue down the cliff, rappelling on a double rope. There is only one more snowfield to cross before they reach the ice-coated brow of rock overhanging the station window. They keep trudging.

121 EXT. HOTEL GROUNDS - AFTERNOON

121

Ben is loading gear and volunteer climbers onto a train next to the hotel. Many press people climb aboard. The train chugs off, up the mountain to the tunnel.

122 INT. DARKENED TUNNEL - AFTERNOON

122

The train stops. Equipment is unloaded. Ben leads the climbers up a small stone tunnel toward glass observation windows placed in the hill. If there are windows, Ben rips them out. Chilly air pours in.

A VOICE

Oh, sweet Jesus.

BEN

Think what it's like up there. For them.

Ben looks out the window opening. There is a narrow ledge of stone running almost fifty feet in each direction. He touches the face of the rock. It is glazed with ice.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED

12:

BEN

We need ropes anchored along the face. Both ways.

Two climbers step forward. Ropes are tied about them. With axes and pitons, they move onto the thin ledge, one moving in each direction. They hammer in pitons as they go, looping a line through them. One loses his footing and slips with a scream. He dangles and is pulled in by his safety rope.

MAN

Sorry.

Without waiting, he goes back onto the line and continues hammering in pitons. Soon there is an anchored rope, shoulder high against the rock face, going in both directions from the windows.

BEN

Good work. Now if only they can get close to us.

(he leans out)

Come on, John, get your ass off that hill.

A reporter moves up next to Ben and leans out.

REPORTER

I see. When they lower by rope, somebody will be able to get out and pull them in. Clever. Very clever. Almost cut and dried now, isn't it, Mr. Bowman?

BEN

(wheeling angrily)

I'll tell you how cut and dried it is, you flea-brained excuse for a bastard. They won't have any idea from up there of where the window is. They might miss it by a couple of hundred feet. The first man over will be dangling out over a thousand feet of air. Maybe we can get a line to him. Maybe he'll be strong enough and not frozen enough to get it around himself. Maybe we'll be able to pull him in. Then maybe we can get the others. If they've got the strength to come down the rope. If they're not frozen. If their anchor point for the rope holds.

CONTINUED

122 CONTINUED - 2

122

BEN (Cont'd)

If their running line doesn't jam.
That's how cut and dried it is,
you stupid fuck. Now get out of
my sight before I put you on the
roof of the hotel like the bird-
shit you are.

The reporter backs off and Ben beckons a climber.

BEN

Get out there and keep calling
to them.

The young man ties a line on his waist, goes out onto the
ledge and begins to yodel, as evening sets in.

123 EXT. THE EIGER - LATE AFTERNOON

123

The three men are coming down. Hemlock cuts a large tub in
the snow, then beckons the two other climbers down.

HEMLOCK

I think this is as far as we should
go. Any closer and we risk break-
ing off the edge of the ice.

Meyer nods agreement.

FREYTAG

But we don't know where the window
is.

HEMLOCK

No. We'll just have to hope.

FREYTAG

If we miss by too much and the
rope jams, there is no hope for
the man on the rope.

MEYER

I will go.

HEMLOCK

No. I'll go. You two are the
strongest. I'll need you to anchor
me.

MEYER

What is that?

They listen and hear yodeling.

CONTINUED

123 CONTINUED

123

MEYER

Give me some line.

He slides down the ice, a line around his waist, then in a sitting position, yodels back. The yodel comes again and he answers. Again they yodel.

MEYER

(shouting)

What is this? A contest?

He turns and scurries back up his rope. Together with the others, they begin snapping ropes together to make a long line.

124 INT. RESCUE TUNNEL - LATE AFTERNOON

124

BEN

Shhh.

(clicking is heard)

They're making a harness. Someone's coming down.

Ben leans out and looks. There is a scuffing sound above and to the left. Boots come over the edge, then Hemlock appears, slipping down slowly, twisting under his line, dangling some 10 feet off the face of the rock.

A rescuer goes out on the ledge and begins working toward the end. Hemlock is above him and about twenty feet away. Hemlock looks down to the rescuer. His perceptions are dulled; he is freezing, but he realizes he should come lower.

HEMLOCK

(yelling up)

Can you give me more line?

MEYER

The rope. It's jammed.

FREYTAG

Can Herr Doctor get on the face and give us some slack to work with?

BEN

(leaning out window)

No!

MEYER

All right. I'll do what I can.

FREYTAG

No! Don't move.

CONTINUED

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124 CONTINUED

124

MEYER

Just hold me.

FREYTAG

I can't!

(a soft whimper)

Anderl, I can't.

125 ABOVE TO FREYTAG AND MEYER

125

The two men break loose from their hold on Hemlock's line and skid down, like sleds, then off, over the edge and out into space. Montaigne's body breaks loose too and begins sliding to the edge. Its rope is tangled at the piton which anchors Hemlock's rope. Montaigne's body goes off the edge. As it drops, its rope twists around Hemlock's rope, entwining the two.

126 BACK TO BEN

126

Ben watches in horror as Freytag and Meyer fall to their deaths. He backs away from the window a few steps then he walks back to the window, limping heavily.

127 HEMLOCK'S POINT OF VIEW

127

He sees a pair of legs limping heavily. He reacts and concentrates on focusing on the limper. Slowly Ben comes into view. Hemlock notes this.

128 BACK TO BEN AND HEMLOCK

128

BEN

(to rescuer on ledge)

Toss him that line.

The rescuer tosses the spare rope he carries up to Hemlock. It's end passes over Hemlock's arms. Hemlock is dazed by his collision with Montaigne's body.

BEN

John, you hear me?

Hemlock nods.

HEMLOCK

You're limping, Ben.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

128

BEN

(resigned)

It's the cold air on the mountain
-- bothers the old frost bite.
You ought to remember, John, you
hailed me off the mountain after
my feet were frozen.

(pause)

I'm the one you're after. The
one that got you into this thing.

(business-like)

There's a rope on your arms. Grab
it.

Hemlock doesn't move.

BEN

(angrily)

John, you hear me?

Hemlock nods and picks up the rope.

BEN

Now tie it around you.

Hemlock, groggy, ties it under his arms.

HEMLOCK

Can't tie too well. Cold. Want
to sleep.

Ben motions the rescuer in from the ledge.

BEN

Okay, let's try to pull him in.

The men pull on the rope. Hemlock's body moves toward them
but he is anchored firmly above.

BEN

Stop pulling. We'll break him in
half. John!

There is no response. Hemlock is fading.

BEN

John, pay attention. Your axe.
It's on your belt. Take your axe.

Hemlock numbly complies.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED - 2

128

BEN

Now cut the line above you, John.

Hemlock looks at Ben suspiciously. Leaning through the window, late shadows on his face, Ben looks malevolent.

BEN

(softly, insidiously)

Cut the line. We've got you on the other one.

Hemlock hesitates, then swings wildly at the rope above him but misses. The axe flies out of his hands and drops. There is a gasp of horror from the rescuers.

A VOICE

He'll freeze to death if we don't get him in.

The rescuers all look around in horror and confusion. Ben watches Hemlock hanging there. He waits, then finally Hemlock reaches up and cuts the overhead line. Hemlock breaks loose, drops and is caught up short by the two lines from the window. Behind him, Montaigne's body falls into the valley below.

HEMLOCK

(looking up)

Haul me in.

Hemlock is hauled to safety.

129 INT. TRAIN INSIDE RAILROAD TUNNEL - EARLY EVENING

129

Hemlock and Ben are in a compartment on the train traveling back down the mountain. Hemlock is putting his shirt and jacket back on over his heavily bandaged ribs. The train is moving out of the tunnel, down the tracks.

JONATHAN

I would never have killed you.

BEN

Not even if it meant your paintings and that goddamned house?

Jonathan is silent.

BEN

(bitterly)

You're not sure, are you.

CONTINUED

129 CONTINUED

129

Jonathan nods.

BEN

You wouldn't bullshit me, would you, ol' buddy? Because I'd hate to spend the rest of my life looking over my shoulder for you like Miles did.

JONATHAN

Don't worry. C-2 thinks they got their man, and I don't see any reason to disabuse them. Especially since I've already been paid.

BEN

I never planned for Henri Baq to die. I was just supposed to take him out and buy him some drinks and try to con him out of the microfilm. I was as surprised as anyone when Kreuger killed him.

HEMLOCK

I know that's not your style, Ben. How did you get involved with the other side anyway?

BEN

Miles Mellough conned me into it. I owed him some money and he helped get my daughter off drugs.

HEMLOCK

Your daughter?

BEN

George is my little girl.

Hemlock reacts with surprise.

HEMLOCK

You took a big chance coming up on the mountain for me.

BEN

You took a chance cutting that rope.

130 EXT. TERRACE - EARLY EVENING

130

A crowd is milling about on the terrace as Hemlock and Ben push through them. Gem is coming out of a door onto the terrace carrying a phone. She hands the phone to Hemlock, who is standing next to Ben.

GEM

It's red eyes.

Hemlock takes the phone from Gem.

HEMLOCK

Hello.

DRAGON'S VOICE

Hemlock, we do not know -- nor do we want to know -- how you managed to precipitate all three fellow climbers from the mountain. It is our assumption that, unable to discover which was your target, you took all three. Extravagant, but effective. And you've always been both.

Reactions of Ben and Gem.

DRAGON'S VOICE

It is with great reluctance that I place your file among the inactives. But I assume that one day you will be with our organization again. Good-bye, Dr. Hemlock.

Hemlock hangs up the phone and turns to Ben.

HEMLOCK

You going back home?

BEN

Yeah. Well, take care, ol' buddy. Maybe we'll do some climbing together some day.

HEMLOCK

See you around.

Ben exits and starts walking to the train.

GEM

You really didn't sanction all three of them, did you?

Hemlock gives her a strange look, then smiles.

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131 HELICOPTER SHOT

131

as camera dollies back revealing Hemlock and Gem on the terrace,
panning to Ben walking to the train, and finally panning to
the Eiger, as we

FADE OUT

THE END