

THE PARALLAX VIEW

screenplay  
by  
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FIRST DRAFT

Feb. 13, 1973

FADE IN:

1. EXT. SPACE NEEDLE (SEATTLE) NIGHT

A large crowd has gathered in the park surrounding the Space Needle in Seattle for a giant Fourth of July extravaganza. This is not the sort of Rotarian-VFW crowd usually associated with this kind of event. It has a pronounced 'counter-cultural' cast. Several limousines are seen driving through the park to the entrance of the Needle. Over this we HEAR the impeccable voice soon to be identified as that of LEE CARTER lady t.v. announcer.

LEE'S VOICE o.s.

...With me is Austin Tucker of the Evening Express...Austin, you've been with the Carroll campaign throughout the state...how do you feel about the Senator's chances?

AUSTIN

Well, first of all I think you have to compare...

Austin's wonderful William Buckley voice is immediately interrupted by a great cheer from the crowd as a very handsome, silver haired, middle aged man emerges from the lead limousine.

LEE'S VOICE (interrupting)

I'm sorry, Austin, but Senator Carroll has just arrived. Bill Winston is downstairs...over to you, Bill.

We SEE Carroll waving and smiling at the crowd, as he makes his entrance into the building. Austin's voice rises an octave in pitch when he is next heard.

LEE

Sorry, Austin, but...

AUSTIN

You bitch. You deliberately waited...

CAMERA PANS UP the side of the building to the revolving restaurant on top of the Needle.

2. INT. RESTAURANT

The restaurant is crowded with the radic-lib elite of Seattle. At the edge of the bar we find Austin and Lee. Austin is a short, florid, effeminate number. Lee is in her late thirties; very attractive in the lean, hard Lauren Bacall tradition. Standing in front of them is a T.V. Camera man absorbing a drink on his break.

CONTINUED

LEE  
Oh, knock it off. You'll be back on  
as soon as he gets in the elevator.

AUSTIN  
You deliberately waited. You did the  
same thing when...

LEE  
What are you looking at?

He has in fact been staring over her shoulder. She turns  
around to see what it is.

3. ANGLE TO FRADY (LEE'S POV)

It should be noted that the bar is rectangular. Lee and  
Austin are seated at the edge of the short side. Several  
seats down from end of the right side is FRADY. He looks  
like Warren Beatty-wearing a suit.

LEE'S VOICE os  
Oh, yes...I see...very pretty

Frady smiles in their direction.

4. LEE AND AUSTIN

They both smile back. Lee's expression slightly alters as  
she receives instructions through her headset.

LEE  
Come on, dear...time to plug your book.

The cameraman gets rid of his drink and trains the camera  
on them. Austin begins assembling his straight personality.  
The cameraman gives Lee the signal. She holds the mike  
and speaks into the camera.

LEE  
This is Lee Carter with columnist Austin Tucker  
Austin, you were about to tell us how you think  
Senator Carroll will fare in the Washington  
primary...?

AUSTIN  
Six months ago we'd all written him  
off completely but now there appears  
to have been a shift...strangely enough  
in the rural...

CAMERA MOVES AWAY from them to Frady's side of the bar.  
Frady is talking to a rather nervous tired looking man  
(whose name we will later learn is SHENSON). We can hear

CONTINUED

nothing of the conversation but it seems to amuse both of them.

5. ANOTHER ANGLE OTHER SIDE OF BAR & ENTRANCE

CAMERA MOVES BACK AROUND past Austin and Lee to the other side of the bar. To be noted here and remembered is the bartender.

AUSTIN (cont'd)

so called grass roots areas which are the traditional bastions of conservative strength in this state. Somehow Carroll seems to be getting through the hard hats to the soft brains underneath.

We want to note the bartender not because he's doing anything unusual... (He isn't) but simply to remember what he looks like.

6. ANGLE TO ENTRANCE

A great cheer goes up as the Carroll party enters the room.

LEE'S VOICE

Thank you Austin Tucker. And now I believe the Senator is entering the room. Dan...?

ANOTHER VOICE

Thank you, Lee the Senator has...

Dan continues to describe the Senator's progress from the entrance past the bar to the speaker's rostrum set up at the center of the room.

As the Senator's party passes our group at the bar we MAY notice the bartender moving toward the center section of the bar where Lee and Austin are. The kitchen door is across from the center of this section. Even if we don't notice this we should notice that Austin, Lee, and Frady are resuming their visual acquaintance.

7. ANGLE TO ROSTRUM

As the Carroll Party ascends the rostrum to wild applause. The rostrum is as I have mentioned in the center of the room, but set back against the window providing a background diorama of Seattle by Night. As everyone settles in on the platform, and the official in charge of welcoming and related matters steps to the microphone.

8. ANGLE TO CENTER SECTION OF BAR

CONTINUED

The bartender is now standing in front of the door watching the rostrum as is everyone else except Lee, Frady and Austin who are watching each other. Although, it should be clear that Austin is barely in the running.

OFFICIAL'S VOICE

The City of Seattle welcomes you to this very special...very 'far out' celebration of the anniversary of American Independence...

The bartender through the door.

9. ROSTRUM

OFFICIAL'S

Whew, I guess that takes care of that. Now, I can bring on the man...my main man...

Applause.

OFFICIAL

...Here he is in the black corner wearing white...the next president of the United States, Senator Charles Carroll...

Much applause as Senator Carroll moves to the microphone.

When the applause dies down.

CARROLL

My fellow dissenters, protesters, nay sayers, radicals, revolutionaries and...who did I leave out? Oh yes...subversives...This is our day. Somehow the law and order, wire tapping crowd has ripped it off, but it's time we got it back. I don't know what that other bunch sees in the Fourth of July because the Declaration of Independence is a document that has got to make them uncomfortable. It is a manifesto which proclaims and establishes the right to protest, the right to dissent, the right to say 'nay' to the power structure...Now, the present administration can't be happy about that. But you-know-who is out there on the White House lawn celebrating the Fourth of July. I have to wonder if he's read it.

10. ANOTHER ANGLE (INCLUDE BAR IN b.g.)

CONTINUED

Frady has moved over and is sitting next to Lee. They seem to be getting on very well to Austin's obvious displeasure.

11. KITCHEN DOOR

As a man in a bus boy's uniform comes out of the kitchen and goes out into the room. The bus boy should look vaguely dodgy. A moment later the bartender returns. Closer inspection will reveal that in fact this is not the same bartender, although he does resemble the first one. He stands in the shadow of the door.

12. ROSTRUM

Carroll continues.

CARROLL

Well, I'm not going to get started on the administration tonight. The Fourth of July is a time to talk about what's right with America and what's right about America is that the first principal of this country is the right to dissent and that's why I say this holiday belongs to us. Now let's get this party started...

Wild applause.

CARROLL (to official)

Where's that lever...?

A lever is pointed out and Carroll pulls it. Suddenly the lights go out, and we HEAR an explosion of fireworks.

13. EXT. SPACE NEEDLE

Fireworks burst out of the top of the Space Needle and a soulful version of America the Beautiful is heard over loudspeakers.

14. INT. RESTAURANT

Most people have thronged to the window to see the fireworks. There are however a few stragglers at the bar, among whom are Lee and Frady who wrapped in their own private, clearly carnal fog. Austin is trying to get the bartender's attention, fruitlessly. The six other people at the bar are doing other things of no particular interest. As Austin gets more insistent with the

CONTINUED

bartender, he steps out and says something to Austin. Austin says something back to him (We can hear none of this incidentally). As Austin becomes more insistent with the bartender, all eyes at the bar briefly focus on the exchange between the two of them.

15. ANGLE TO ROSTRUM

The Carroll party is now facing out the window watching the fireworks. The bus boy is discreetly working his way through the crowd behind Carroll presumably for a better look at the fireworks. I should also mention that the fireworks are the only source of light at the moment creating a kind of strobe effect.

16. LEE & FRADY

Exchanging silent promises of sexual outrage in the immediate future. There is a momentary lull in the fireworks, and then the second barrage hits.

17. ANGLE TO CARROLL & GROUP (THROUGH WINDOW)

As the multiple explosions of the fireworks are heard, Carroll suddenly slumps forward against the window and slides to the ground. Behind him we may be able to see the bus boy with a gun in his hand.

18. INT. RESTAURANT ROSTRUM

The sound of screaming can barely be heard of the fireworks and music. Carroll's wife and others in the party bend down to attend to Carroll. Others begin to go after the bus boy who is trying to get away.

19. BAR

All eyes are momentarily riveted to Carroll. The bartender is nowhere to be seen. The bus boy however has started in this direction, but is discouraged by Frady who has drawn his gun and is after him along with two security men from the kitchen. The bus boy fires a shot in their direction then shifts direction. Cries of "Don't shoot him" and just plain "Don't shoot" are heard all around. The bus boy heads straight for the terrace exit.

FRADY

Let him go out there. He's got  
no place to go.

The bus boy followed by a couple of security men, then Frady and more security men races outside.

20. EXT. TERRACE

As the busboy runs around outside the terrace looking for some avenue of escape. Security men seem to be converging on him from all sides, however, cutting off all means of escape except the fourteen floor jump. The busboy decides on the latter, and quickly mounts the railing and leaps before anyone can get at him. The security men race to the railing and look down.

21. ANGLE TO ASSASSIN

He is lying on his back pinned to the electro-magnetized girders which surround the upper level of the Space Needle. This system of girders is designed to prevent suicide leaps such as the one we have just seen. The assassin lies motionless, smiling up at his pursuers,

22. ANGLE TO SECURITY MEN

As they climb down to the girders to retrieve the assassin. They quickly reach him and as he is being lifted off the girders, he either wrenches free, or slips, or is dropped to his death fourteen floors below. It should not be clear how this happens.

23. EXT. SPACE NEEDLE (SERVICE ENTRANCE)

We SEE the mysterious second bartender come out of the service entrance. He has changed into a jacket and tie similar to those worn by the security men. He is also grinning in the Bremmer manner. He gets into a waiting car and disappears.

24. INT. RESTAURANT

A final look at Senator Carroll. He is dead.

FADE OUT

The screen is black. We HEAR noises of a small crowd which suddenly quiets as we HEAR people entering a room and taking their seats. As a microphone is being tested.

FADE IN:

A large news conference is about to get underway. At the end of the room a group of distinguished-looking gentlemen are settling into their seats behind a table. At the center of the table in front of the microphone is the most distinguished of the distinguished.

D of D

Ladies and gentlemen, you have been invited here today for the official announcement of the inquiry into the death of Senator Charles Carroll... This is an announcement, not a press conference. Therefore, there will be no questions.

Rumbling of discontent from the audience. TITLES OVER.

D of D (Cont'd)

A complete transcript of the investigation is being prepared for publication on March first. At that time, the committee will hold a full-scale press conference.

MORE TITLE while he puts on his glasses and fumbles with the prepared text.

D of D (Cont'd)

After nearly four months of investigation followed by nine weeks of hearings, it is the conclusion of this committee that Senator Carroll was assassinated by Thomas Richard Linder...

MORE TITLES.

D of D (Cont'd)

It is our further conclusion that he acted entirely alone, motivated by a misguided sense of patriotism and a psychotic desire for public recognition.

CONTINUED

25. CONTINUED:

TITLES.

D of D (Cont'd)

The committee wishes to emphasize that there is no evidence of any wider conspiracy... No evidence whatsoever.

(he looks up)

It is our hope that this will put an end to the kind of irresponsible and exploitive speculation conducted by the press in recent months.

A lot of murmuring over this. Some REPORTER attempts to ask a question.

D of D (Cont'd)

As I have said, the complete text of the hearings which provides the basis for the Committee's findings will be published March first. When you have had a chance to examine the evidence, you will have every opportunity to ask those questions which remain unanswered... if there are any. That is all. Thank you...

As they get up.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

26. EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - (DAY)

The day is just beginning, showing bleak promise of cold, clouds, and possibly even rain. We SEE a paddy wagon pull up to the entrance of the police station. It is heavily guarded by a lot of cops, some of whom are in uniform, others are in standard plainclothes cop gear, still others wear construction worker outfits with badges pinned on. The door of the paddy wagon is opened and a line of shaggy, sullen, militant FREAKS in handcuffs hustled out of the wagon and into the station. One of the freaks is Frady. While this is going on, another wagon pulls up a short distance away, and cops begin to

CONTINUED

unload a large cache of weapons: M-16's, grenades, etc....

CUT TO:

27. INT. PRECINCT

We SEE Frady still in handcuffs, being led by two COPS through the detectives squad room (or whatever those rooms with a lot of desks and people are called). They cross the length of the room and go through double doors marked "Tactical Squad".

28. INT. TAC' SQUAD OFFICE

Frady and his escorts enter. The cataloguing of the weapons haul is going on. Most of the cops we saw outside are here as well as a few others. The 'construction workers' have changed to less exotic police garb. As Frady comes in, he is enthusiastically greeted by those closest to him. Ad lib: "Way to go," "Good work," etc. Frady acknowledges. However, he angrily looks around the room.

FRADY

Where's Slavin?

(yells)

Slavin!

(to escorting cop)

Get me out of these things, will ya'.

'These things' are the handcuffs which the cop proceeds to unlock.

A short, squat, bull-necked central casting cop whom we will recognize from outside as one of the construction workers steps out of an adjoining office. This is Slavin.

SLAVIN

Who wants me?

Frady, free from the handcuffs, starts across the room toward him. He is angry.

FRADY (furious)

I do, you dumb son of a bitch!  
You nearly totalled this whole operation! I told you they knew your face. They recognized you right away.

CONTINUED

SLAVIN  
(overlapping)  
So what? We got...

FRADY  
(over him)  
...I told you to leave your fat  
ass at home. I told you that,  
and ...

SLAVIN  
I don't take that shit from you  
or anybody.

ANOTHER COP  
Will you guys knock it off? We  
got 'em, didn't we? Jesus...  
(And enough explosives to blow up --)

SLAVIN  
Right. We got 'em. What's the  
big deal?

After a beat Frady relaxes and smiles.

FRADY  
(facetious)  
That's right, Slavin. We got 'em.  
We sure did.

SLAVIN  
(wary laugh)  
Yeah...right. I mean, what's  
the big deal. We got 'em...  
you know.

FRADY  
(slowly, earnestly)  
Slavin... you are so stupid...  
it depresses me. I mean, I...  
(words fail him)  
Just get away from me, all right?  
Just get away...

SLAVIN  
(threatening)  
Listen, Frady, you shut your...

CONTINUED

FRADY

(low, menacing)

Would you get the hell away from me before I kick the living shit out of you?

Slavin takes a swing at Frady which he blocks. Frady then delivers a shot to Slavin's midsection, followed by the inevitable right cross to the face. Immediately, the other cops are all over the two of them, keeping them apart. There is a lot of general yelling. After a moment, Frady breaks loose from his restrainers and jumps on Slavin, knocking him and those holding on to him to the floor. We watch the melee for a moment, then...

CUT TO:

29. INT. RINTEL'S OFFICE - (DAY)

An office appropriate to an officer of the Tactical Squad.

RINTELS

Will you please tell me what the hell's the matter with you? I'm recommending you for a citation, and you start a fight in the squad room. I don't understand it.

FRADY

A lot of people...me...I could have gotten killed because of that moron.

RINTELS

Lissen, Pal. I handle the discipline in this department. You got complaints about...

FRADY

Complaints? The guy is just dumb. I mean the-man-is-dumb. You must understand these things.

RINTELS

I don't care if you beat his brains out. Just don't do it in my squad room.

Frady shrugs.

RINTELS

You know the guy you said was the one we had to look out for? The really dangerous one?

FRADY

Lewis, right. What about him?

RINTELS

He got away.

FRADY

How the hell did that happen?

RINTELS

The Bureau of Narcotics sprung him.

FRADY

What?

RINTELS

Seems he's a special agent of theirs. So far, out of the ten guys we caught, three of 'em are cops of some kind.

FRADY

Who's the third?

RINTELS

Joseph Chambers...special agent of the Treasury Department. You'd think these Federal guys'd at least give us a hint.

FRADY

Lewis was with the Bureau of Narcotics. I guess that figures... He always had the best grass.

RINTELS

Listen, pal, you're off this case now. You get caught smoking that crap and you're off the force.

CUT TO:

30. EXT. MOTEL - (DUSK)

A Ramada-Holiday Inn type motel. We SEE a car instantly recognizable to some as an unmarked police car pull into the driveway, and park. Frady gets out and walks into the office.

31. INT. MOTEL OFFICE

As Frady comes in, bag in hand. Leaping out from behind the desk to greet him is SCHECTER, a fat middle-aged man who wears cheap, out-of-date 'mod' clothes (white shoes, etc), and dyes his hair, and sweats a lot.

SCHECTER

(effusive)

Frady!... Hey, Frady's back. Hey, you were gone a long time.

FRADY

(mumbled)

How are you, Schecter.

SCHECTER

It hurts me all over.

Schecter is as amused by this remark as he was the first time he said it some fifteen years ago.

FRADY

Schecter, why is it always so hot in here?

SCHECTER

It just seems like it's hot because I sweat so much, but how are you? Hey, I bet it feels good to be home, huh? I got your room all ready for you.

FRADY

Why do you always say that like I should be surprised? I pay you to have it ready.

Schecter thinks that this is hilarious and that Frady is a great kidder.

CONTINUED

SCHECTER

Wait till you see Chrissy. So gorgeous you won't believe it. The greatest ass you've ever seen and tits out to here.

FRADY

She's your daughter, for God's sake.

SCHECTER

She's such a slut. I don't know what to do. Maybe you could talk to her.

FRADY

Sure... anything.

SCHECTER

I think she takes dope.

FRADY

I'll talk to her. Now could I have my key?

SCHECTER

You want your messages?

FRADY

I want my messages.

Schechter gets Frady's key and messages.

SCHECTER

Some woman's been calling you. Must have called fifty times in the last week. Mrs....

FRADY

Carter. I know. She's been calling the office, too.

SCHECTER

She must want it pretty bad, huh?

FRADY

(weary)

Just give me the key and the messages.

CONTINUED

SCHECTER

Sure, sure.

He does. Frady starts out. He walks out.

CUT TO:

32. INT. FRADY'S ROOM

An uneventful motel room of no particular distinction. Frady is in the process of unpacking. Although he is currently in the bathroom and not visible, we surmise that he is unpacking by the open suitcase and the bed littered with clothes. After a moment we HEAR a key turning in the lock as CHRISSY SCHECTER admits herself to Frady's room. All that needs to be added to Schecter's description of his daughter is that she is about sixteen, and that she is carrying a large cluster of keys. She drops the keys on the bureau. The noise of the keys summons Frady from the bathroom.

FRADY

I hear you've been a bad girl  
while I was gone.

CHRISSY

Schecter's on this big father trip  
all of a sudden. Did he tell you  
I was a slut?

FRADY

I believe that was the word.

CHRISSY

Lately you'd think it's the  
only word he knows. I'm not a  
slut. I just like to fuck a lot.

With this last, she suddenly jumps on Frady, flinging her arms around his neck, and knocking him back on to the pile of clothes on the bed.

CHRISSY

(smiling)  
There's nothing wrong with that,  
is there?

FRADY

'Rots your teeth.

CHRISSY

Shine it on.

CONTINUED

She laughs, and then kisses him. This is no innocent, childish kiss, nor is Frady responding in any kind of family retainer way.

CHRISSY

I learned a whole bunch of new stuff while you were gone. Really far out.

FRADY

Girls your age are supposed to be learning new dances, not new perversions.

CHRISSY

Not at my school.

FRADY

It's all right. I don't dance anyway.

CHRISSY

(thoughtfully)

What shall I do first?

(smiles)

Oh, I know... You got any Bianca?

33. The phone begins ringing in the middle of her last word. Frady reaches for it.

FRADY

(to Chrissy)

Any what?

CHRISSY

You don't have to answer the phone, you know. I mean, it's only a little uncool.

He answers the phone anyway.

FRADY

(into phone)

Yeah... Hi, Schecter...

He looks meaningfully at her. She could care less and still thinks it's uncool.

CONTINUED

FRADY

... Everything's fine. We're just going over a little school-work... What?... Yeah, well, listen. Entertain her for awhile. I'll be down in a few minutes. I don't want to break this up now... Give her a drink. That usually amuses her... I'll be there in five minutes.

He hangs up.

CHRISSY

What's that all about?

FRADY

(annoyed)

There's an old friend of mine in the lobby. We'll have to postpone "show and tell" until ... Where do you think you're going?

34. She in fact has started to get up.

CHRISSY

Any five minute numbers I'm not going for.

FRADY

I lied about the five minutes.

He pulls her back down on the bed, and kisses her. Kissing and general foreplay continue for awhile. As things are getting fairly heavy, there is a knock on the door.

FRADY

(steamed)

Shit...

He starts to get up. She tries to hold him down.

CHRISSY

(lust crazed)

Forget it. Forget it.

CONTINUED

Caught off-balance. He struggles for a moment. The pounding at the door becomes stronger.

FRADY

What do you mean forget...

CHRISSY

(cutting him off)

Schecter never leaves the desk.  
Don't worry. He never leaves...

More pounding.

LEE'S VOICE

Frady, if you don't open this door, I'll report you for child molesting.

FRADY

(under his breath)

That bitch.

(responding  
to the resumed  
pounding)

Just a minute!

(to Chrissy)

You better get your clothes on.

CHRISSY

Can't you just get rid of her?

35. Frady has gotten up and is straightening up his act. He does not look happy.

FRADY

Not Lee. She'll just stand there banging on the door until we let her in.

As if to prove his point, the pounding begins again. Frady tosses Chrissy her clothes.

CHRISSY

Well, you might as well let her in.

FRADY

I think you better get dressed first.

CONTINUED

CHRISSEY

I don't care.

FRADY

Seeing your body with clothes  
on will depress her, without  
them, she'll slash her wrists.

Chrissy shrugs and begins getting dressed.

36. Frady opens the door. We SEE Lee leaning against the wall opposite. She looks older, thinner. In truth, it must be said she does not look at all well. Her hair is concealed by a scarf; her face masked by giant sunglasses. She is smoking the obvious cigarette. Chrissy starts out the door.

FRADY

(to Chrissy)

We'll finish this later.  
Hello, Lee.

Lee smiles and nods.

LEE

Professor...

FRADY

Chrissy, this is Mrs. Carter.

LEE

I hope you'll forgive me for  
interrupting...

CHRISSEY

(interrupting)

I don't mind. Frady said you  
were an old friend. Bye.

Frady suppresses a smile. Chrissy strolls off down the hall. Lee watches her for a moment, then smiles at Frady. She smiles, but she is not amused.

LEE

I'll buy you if you're not careful.

CONTINUED

FRADY

Emotionally, she's a very disturbed little girl.

LEE

And kindly Dr. Frady is just helping out by slipping her the old therapy.

FRADY

O.K. Lee, what's the problem? If you've gone out with a scarf on your head, it must be serious.

LEE

Of course it's serious. You don't think I'd suddenly appear after a year kicking down your door in the middle of the cocktail hour if it weren't?

FRADY

Sure you would.

37.

Frady has perched himself on the bureau. Lee is wandering around the room in tight, nervous circles, smoking furiously. He is calmly waiting for her to begin.

LEE

How can you live in this dreary place?

FRADY

Inexpensively. Any time you want to start telling me about it, Lee...

LEE

Would you mind if we went to my house? I look bad enough without this lighting.

FRADY (after a beat)

O.K. Let's go to your house.

LEE

My God, you're indulging me. Do I look that bad? Never mind. I do. I know. I got the first clue at Elizabeth Arden's. They hung a bell around my neck and smeared the doorway with blood.

FRADY

It's good to see you, Lee.

CONTINUED

He puts his arm around her, and her facade callapses. She throws her arms around him and clings to him fiercely.

LEE

Frady, I'm so glad to see you I can't tell you. I've been calling and calling. I've been out of my mind for three weeks. I'm terrified to go home. Terrified to go out...

FRADY

Come on, Lee. You're making me nervous.

This shouldn't sound as callous as it looks. Frady intends it to cheer her up.

LEE

I can't help it. I'm just... scared.

FRADY

Don't be ridiculous. Nothing scares you.

LEE

Somebody's trying to kill me...And you, too. I know you're not going to believe me, but it's true.

FRADY

I can believe that. I'm just glad it's not anything serious.

Nothing from Lee.

FRADY

C'mon, pull it together and we'll go over to your house and straighten this out. You got nothing to worry about. I'm very good at this kind of stuff. 'Just shot a guy this morning as a matter of fact.

Throughout this last speech he has been gently hauling her out of the room. At the conclusion of the speech, they should be out the door.

CUT TO:

For a moment, the screen should appear to have gone blank. This is because we are looking at a blank wall. Sudden, the Picture appears on the wall out of focus and unrecognizable. The focus on the slide projector is adjusted and we see that it is a still shot of the bar in the Space Needle. Scattered around the bar are nine people. All of them are facing the Camera except Frady who at the time was talking to Lee, paying no attention whatever to either Carroll or the fireworks. Consequently only the back of his head appears. I should also add that neither of the bartenders is currently visible.

FRADY'S VOICE

Our first picture. (Kind of sweet of you to remember).

LEE'S VOICE

A national tragedy five minutes after we met should have given me a clue you weren't exactly Mr. Right.

FRADY'S VOICE

Think of the good times, Lee.

39. FULL SHOT ROOM

Even in the semi-darkness, we should be able to see that this is one of the great rooms; expensively impeccably furnished in Epic Chic. Lee operates the projector. Frady sits on the couch.

LEE

Since the assassination every one of those people at the bar has died in some kind of accident.. Except Austin, me and you.

FRADY

And you think our turn is coming?

LEE

I think those people were killed and that whoever killed them is going to try and kill us. Yes.

FRADY

And you think it's connected to the assassination?

LEE

Of course, it's connected to the assassination.

FRADY

Let's just consider this. You and I were both there at the assassination at the bar. Did you see anything that was different than the official report? Cause I didn't.

LEE

No, but suppose...

FRADY (interrupting)

do you have any tangible evidence, no theories, tangible evidence that would suggest that those accidents were anything other than just accidents?

LEE

Seven people sitting in the...

FRADY (cutting her off)

How about this. I'll send for the official reports on all the accidents. If one of them looks vaguely out of line I'll get all the cases re-opened. How's that?

CONTINUED

LEE

You think I'm being ridiculous about this, don't you? You really think M's just a coincidence.

FRADY

Yeah, but I can also see how something like this could make you nervous.

LEE

Nervous? I'm fucking terrified. You would be too, if you had half a brain.

FRADY

(lightly)

What for? You can't even see my face.

LEE

What do you mean that's enough...

FRADY

I don't want to talk about it any more tonight.

LEE

Somebody might say the dreaded word "conspiracy"?

FRADY

I'm just bored with conspiracies. I have listened to conspiracy theories on every conceivable subject. Freaks who think the campaign to legalize grass is a right wing plot to destroy the activist movement. Guys in the department who are still convinced that fluoridating the water is a communist plot. Everybody who's anybody has got some kind of conspiracy theory about something. And they've all got convincing arguments and a lot of "documented evidence." Who knows? Maybe fluoridating the water is a communist plot. Maybe everybody's right, and the whole country is crawling with conspirators. I don't know. I haven't got time to investigate every one of these goddamned things to find out.

CONTINUED

LEE

But, you're involved in this one!  
You're sitting in that row too,  
you know.

FRADY

I'll take my chances. Look, I said  
I'd look into the accidents. What  
do you want from me?

LEE

I wish you'd talk to Austin about it.  
Maybe you'd...

FRADY

That's exactly what I need to do.  
I'll just slip into a dress and  
go talk to Austin.

LEE

Austin's done a lot of research on  
this...

FRADY

That's how you got turned on to this,  
isn't it? From Austin.

LEE

I suppose you're going to tell me  
that because Austin's a fag that  
automatically excludes him from...

CONTINUED

FRADY

Austin isn't just a fag. He's the fag in chief.

LEE

You'll have to excuse me. I wasn't aware that heterosexuals had a monopoly on truth, but then, I haven't had police training. Frady...seven accidents like that. It can't be a coincidence.

FRADY

Sure it can. You ever hear of the curse of King Tut's tomb? You really think all those people died because of an ancient Egyptian curse? Or, do you figure it was the C.I.A.?

LEE

You seem to think I'm involved in this because I've got some political axe to grind. Believe me, that's not it. In two months I'm going to be forty. When I was twenty I thought I'd rather be dead than forty. I was wrong. I can't tell you how much I want to be forty.

FRADY

You've got nothing to worry about. First of all Austin's ahead of you in the picture, right?

LEE

What?

FRADY

He's standing on the other side of you in the picture. That makes him number eight. When they get him you can start to worry. All right?

CONTINUED

39. CONTINUED

LEE

That's very comforting.

FRADY

Why don't you call him up? It'll make you feel better.

LEE

He's away investigating the Bridges death.

FRADY

He's a very lucky man, Austin. He can be sure there's somebody who sincerely cares whether he lives or dies. Somebody who'll worry about him if he's sick. Someone who'll always be glad to hear the sound of his voice...

40. At some appropriate moment earlier on, Frady has taken Lee into his arms.

LEE

I wish you'd do something to reassure me.

FRADY

I thought I was.

LEE

Well, you're doing a lousy job.

FRADY

I don't know what else I can do.

LEE

I have always found sex to be reassuring.

He responds by kissing her. It is a lengthy kiss which increases in spirit as it continues. When it finally breaks, Lee firmly grips Frady's hand and leads him to the bedroom.

DISSOLVE TO:

41. INT. BEDROOM - (NIGHT)

Moments later Lee and Frady are concluding the tedious business of hooks, buttons, zippers, etc. The room principally consists of mirrors and an immense bed. The rest is unimportant. We are now treated to a few moments of impeccable love-making. All that can be heard are those sounds appropriate to the moment. Then, almost imperceptibly, we begin to hear traffic noises. The noises increase in volume until finally we HEAR a deafening blast of a horn, and an ear-splitting screech of brakes...

CUT TO:

42. EXT. STREET - (DAY)

The sound of screaming tires continues over as we SEE a car slam into a steel lamppost just off a highway. As other cars begin to stop...

CUT TO:

43. INT. FRADY'S OFFICE

OMIT

~~He stands behind a desk with a typewriter on it talking excitedly into a telephone. We don't hear what he's saying. After he hangs up, he briefly contemplates the space immediately in front of him. Abruptly he snaps out of it and races out of the office.~~

CUT TO:

44. INT. AUTOPSY ROOM

A couple of doctors are putting the corpse on the table back together while Frady talks to the reigning PATHOLOGIST. in the b.g. We can't actually see the corpse.

45. FRADY & PATHOLOGIST

The pathologist appears to be getting angry. Frady is making some effort at remaining calm.

PATHOLOGIST  
I've got six stiffis piled up out there, and there isn't a reason in hell to do this one again.

FRADY (sarcastic)  
The possibility of homicide is usually considered a reason.

PATHOLOGIST  
Are you trying to tell me my business?

FRADY  
I just want to be certain. That's all.

PATHOLOGIST  
I'm telling you...my examination indicates death due to accidental causes. And that's the way my report is going in. If you want to argue with it, argue with the coroner. Now, get out of here, I'm busy.

With this he turns and walks away. Frady looks like he would like to punch him in the mouth. Instead he turns and walks out.

FIRST DOCTOR  
What was that all about?

PATHOLOGIST  
Who knows...

46. ANOTHER ANGLE

This angle allows us to identify the corpse. It's Lee.

PATHOLOGIST'S VOICE OVER  
Maybe she was a great piece of ass.

CUT TO:

Rintels sits behind the desk looking at The Picture, and listening to Frady who paces and talks.

FRADY

...I'm not saying I buy all that conspiracy shit, but...eight "accidents" in two years? I just don't think so.

RINTELS (after a beat)

You want to know something? I've read a lot about that assassination, done a little checking into it on my own, and the whole thing smells bad to me.

FRADY

'Hard to believe I'm hearing this from you.

RINTELS

I'll go further than that. I think the whole official explanation is a total cover-up.

FRADY

For who?

RINTELS

Our pals in Washington.

FRADY

Jesus...You don't really think ...they did it? Do you?

RINTELS (contemptuously)

The only way those meatballs could have done it was by mistake. I don't think they did it. I just think they botched the investigation so bad we'll never know what happened. They must be scared to death that somebody's going to turn up with the truth.

FRADY

You're a regular radical. You know that? Then it won't break you heart if I try to get a few answers?

CONTINUED

RINTELS

Do what you want. I'll help you all I can. Did you get the reports on the other accidents?

FRADY

Yeah, nothing out of line in any of them. If they aren't accidents whoever's doing 'em is pretty good.

RINTELS

Well, that let's our pals out for sure. What about what's his name? The fruit?

FRADY

Austin Tucker.

RINTELS

Tucker, right. Did you talk to him?

FRADY

Can't reach him. He's someplace in Texas called Salmontail if you can believe it.

RINTELS

I know that place. We had a convention there a few years ago. 'Terriffic place...What's he doin' there? It's the last place a guy like him could hide out in.

FRADY

He's playing detective. Arthur Bridges, one of the victims in the picture died there. 'Fishing Accident.

RINTELS

According to the picture idea, shouldn't Tucker have bought it before your friend?

FRADY

Yeah...That's what I told her.

RINTELS

Well, if I were you I'd get down there right away. Maybe nose around in that accident case a little. I know the Sheriff he's not the brightest guy in the world.

FRADY

I know. I spoke to him this morning.

RINTELS

You might check in with him anyway when

FRADY

Do I have your official permission  
to leave?

RINTELS

You don't need it. You're on vacation.

FRADY

Why is it suddenly my vacation?

RINTELS

Because I can't be responsible  
for what you do on vacation.

FRADY

I thought you were going to back  
me.

RINTELS

Not officially, I'm not. What do  
you think I'm crazy?

DISSOLVE TO:

48. EXT. SALMONTAIL NIGHT

(Salmontail is the Lake Arrowhead of Texas). It's  
reason for being are the hills, lakes, streams, and  
forests which make it a popular resort. In the  
flatlands around the actual resort area, a rather  
ordinary small town has developed.

49. EXT. MOTEL NIGHT

This belongs to the same chain as the one Frady lives  
in. It looks slightly different than his residence, but  
not much. A sign on the front of it welcomes the world  
to the Ramada-Holiday Inn, Salmontail, featuring the re-  
nowned Crown Room. We SEE Frady's car parked in the  
lot. He is not in it.

50. INT. CROWN ROOM NIGHT

Booths, tables, and a bar. The decor is Olde English red  
vinyl with appropriate heraldic accessories. Business is  
not-booming. Two or three couples are scattered among  
the booths. There is however one very festive, raucous  
group seated at a table. It consists of two very large men  
(L. D. in his 40's and Red in his late 20's) who know they  
look like John Wayne and appreciate the responsibility  
incumbent in such an appearance. Their attire is cowboy  
casual. With them are two girls one of whom looks like an  
off duty cocktail waitress. The other one whom we will

CONTINUED

presently discover is called GALE is quickly identified by her gold lame mini-dress, mesh hose, and concrete curls as an on-duty cocktail waitress. As the scene opens one of this group has just uttered an impossibly funny, slightly ribald witticism. They are just recovering from this as Frady passes by them on his way to a seat at the bar. By local standards Frady's hair and mode of dress appear a lot more exotic than one would think possible. He therefore merits a good deal of attention from our group. The younger of the two men whistles at Frady which convulses the rest of them.

RED

Hey, L.D., I think your date just came in.

L.D.

Ain't she pretty?

Red and L. D. love a good joke.

GALE

I think y'all are terrible.  
Ever'body wears long hair now-  
adays

L.D.

Sure they do. Just look at you  
and Shirley here.

Red has forgotten how fast L.D. really is.

Gale moves off to resume her official duties behind the bar.

51. ANGLE TO BAR

Frady sits at the bar. If he's heard the the conversation it hasn't hurt his feelings. Gale appears in front of him smiling brightly.

GALE

Hi, my name is Gale. What can  
I fix you?

FRADY

I don't know, Gal. Do you think  
I want a martini?

GALE

Well, you know what they say about  
martinis...

Gale smiles wickedly. Frady has no idea what they say about martinis.

GALE

They say a martini's like a woman's breast. One isn't enough and three's too man.

Gale laughs salaciously. Frady manages a smile.

FRADY

That's an amazing joke, Gale.

She mistakes his meaning, and smiles coquettishly.

GALE

Isn't it?

He motions for her to lean forward.

FRADY

'Something I want to tell you.

She leans in. He whispers something in her ear which provokes a rakish laugh.

52. The interplay at the bar has not passed unnoticed at the Neck table. As Gale moves off to make the martinis, Red to the amusement of the others in his party gets up and sits down next to Frady. Frady just stares at him.

RED

'Buy you a drink, Miss?

L.D. and Shirley can barely suppress their laughter. Gale is waiting to see what happens.

Everybody thinks this is funny except Red who doesn't think it's funny at all.

RED

For a minute, I thought you were a man. Buy you aren't, are you?

Menace beginning to slide into Red's tone.

FRADY

Oh, no. I am a girl.

RED

Why don't you just go over there and tell 'em that. Real loud.

FRADY

Listen, my old man's gonna be here any minute. He's big and strong and knows karate. And he doesn't like me talking to strange men. And you're pretty strange, pal.

CONTINUED

RED

I told you to go over and tell those people what you are. You don't want me to tell you again.

L.D. and Shirley can't wait to see what's going to happen next. Gale doesn't like the tone of things. Frady reaches for his credentials.

FRADY

There's something you ought to know...

53. Red suddenly grabs Frady by the hair. Before he has gotten too far with this, Frady knocks him off the bar stool with an elbow to the solar plexus. L.D., Shirley, and Gale enjoy this thoroughly. Red gets to his feet. Frady is up and ready for him.

FRADY

You don't really want to do this.

Red takes a swing at him which Frady neatly blocks with his rib cage. As Frady and Red flail away at each other from one end of the bar to the other, L.D. and the girls watch with interest, applauding a particularly well aimed kick, nodding approval at an outstanding punch. Red is an experienced and talented bar fighter. Frady however, is that little bit better which marks the difference between talent and genius. After a considerable time and effort, Frady finally finishes Red off, leaving him slumped, unconscious, in a corner. Frady is totally exhausted. L.D. chuckles and looks delighted with the whole thing.

L.D.

Gale, give this man a drink.  
(to Frady)  
Come over here and sit down, son.  
You're all right.

FRADY.

I'll just pass if you don't mind.

Frady's tone indicates he's had enough of this shit. L.D. however is having a wonderful time.

L.D.

Listen, son, if you don't let me buy you a drink, you're going to have to fight me. And you don't look like you're up to it right now.

Frady considers this for a moment, then moves over to L.D.'s Table.

54. L.D. laughs and moves to make room for him at the table.

L.D.  
Shirley, go see Red's o.k. will  
you?

Shirley gets up pausing to speak to Frady as he sits  
down.

SHIRLEY  
You're as good as I've seen, Mister.  
And I've seen some of the best.

FRADY (bored)  
'Wonderful.

L.D.  
She's right, son. Ol' Red's a  
pretty good boy, and you did one  
helluva job on him.

Gale arrives with a bottle of bourbon and glasses.

FRADY  
Listen, you won't be offended if  
I call the police, will you. Because...

L.D., Gale and even Shirley thinks this idea is really  
funny.

L.D.  
Well, you ain't got far to call.  
Red's a deputy, and if that  
ain't good enough for you I'm  
the Sherriff.

FRADY  
'Figures...You're Pelikas? Right?  
I'm Lieutenant Frady. We spoke on  
the phone day before yesterday about  
the Bridges case.

Frady has hauled out his credentials.

L.D.  
Jeses H. Christ, if you aren't  
the goddamndest looking cop I  
ever saw.

FRADY  
Yeah, well you got some strange  
ideas about law enforcement. Cops  
are supposed to break up fights  
not start 'em. It says so in the  
handbook.

CONTINUED

L.D.

'Well, you're right I should have stopped it. And I would've if you'd been losin'. But Goddamn I loved seein' Red get stomped. 'Loved it!

FRADY

You say he's your deputy?

L.D.

Well, he's my sister's boy, and I had to do something for him. He's so mean nobody else'll have him. And dumb? The boy's a turkey. "Move his plate five inches and he'd starve to death.

Frady laughs.

L.D.

How about we get you something to eat?

CUT TO:

NIGHT

55. INT. L.D.'S HOUSE

Frady and L.D. sit in the kitchen with a bottle of bourbon. Gale cooks.

L.D.

C'ain't nobody be in this town more'n a day without me knowin' about it. Specially somebody 'looks like this here Tucker.

FRADY

Looking the way Austin does, he was probably tarred and feathered five minutes after he got here and you just didn't recognize him.

L.D.

We don't tar and feather people. We lynch 'em. That's why I know he ain't here.

Frady laughs. We should assume that he and L.D. are getting on famously.

L.D.

You ain't goin' to tell me you came down here just to look for this Tucker, are you?

CONTINUED

FRADY

Tucker's part of it, but I'm  
Curious about the Bridges case.

CONTINUED

L.D.

Think it might have been somethin'  
besides an accident?

FRADY

What do you think?

L.D.

I don't know. I sure would like  
it to be. I haven't had me a  
good murder case in years. This  
looked pretty much like an accident  
to me, but I haven't thought that  
much about it, either.

FRADY

It doesn't bother you that  
Bridges drowned in a river he'd  
fished for close to thirty years?

L.D.

'Doesn't bother me at all. I  
couldn't stand the son of a bitch.  
But if you mean does it look weird...  
I couldn't say that either. Bridges  
was the third one to go like that  
this year right in that same spot.  
Let me show you why.

56. L.D. begins arranging the glasses, bottle, sugar packets  
and whatever else is on the table for the purpose of  
the following demonstration.

L.D.

This here's the river, o.k.?

Frady nods.

L.D.

This up here is a big ol' resevoir  
for the power company. Bridges is  
standin' here where this side stream  
runs through this little gorge with  
about a four foot drop. You with  
me?

FRADY

Got it.

continued

L.D.

Now, you don't draw enough water out of the resevoir and it backs up. When that happens they open up this sluice to let off the overflow. And that water comes down out there like a wall. Now, standin' where Bridges is, you're gonna drown. I don't care if you've been fishin' there fifty years.

FRADY

Isn't there a warning system or does the power company love a good surprise?

L.D.

They got sirens and bells and big signs all over the place, and there's a watchman... You know, there just might be somethin' there.

FRADY

Where?

L.D.

The watchman, Buster Hinton. He's supposed to make sure there's nobody in the water in case they missed the warning. He said he just didn't see Bridges. I've known Buster a long time and I got no reason to doubt him...

FRADY

But...

L.D.

This is stretchin' things a bit, 'probably doesn't have anything to do with anything - but Buster just got himself a brand new shotgun. On what he makes he'd 'a had to been savin' for ten years to afford a Browning... which is what he said he did. Still, I suppose if you wanted to... you could say it looks funny.

FRADY

Maybe we ought to talk to Buster.

L.D.

I'd like to do it kinda casual -  
like if that's all right with  
you.

FRADY

Sure.

L.D.

The skeet range'd be the best  
place. He's there afternoons  
around five. And he'll have  
the gun with him.

FRADY

'Sounds good to me.

L.D.

That'll also give me a little  
time to check around and see if  
ol' Buster showin' any other signs  
of prosperity. You might get in  
a little fishing. There is one  
place...you might have a look at  
it.

DISSOLVE TO:

57. EXT. RIVER - (DAY)

OPEN CU on one of those warning signs L.D. mentioned.  
CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL the narrow gorge and four  
foot Niagra described last night. Frady is on a big  
jutting slab at the side, above the little falls, casting  
down into the pool below. He has just reeled in when  
L.D. emerges from the trees behind. Today, he wears  
full Sherrif's regalia, and is carrying a paper sack.

L.D.

Come up with anything?

FRADY

Nothing but fish. What about  
you?

L.D.

Couple things. I also brought  
you some lunch.

FRADY

L.D.... you are aces with me.

Frady comes in on the rock, catching the sack which L.D. tosses to him, and takes out a sandwich.

FRADY

What'd you find out?

The end of the question is drowned out by a sudden blast of a siren from upstream. The loudness is really startling in this narrow gorge. Then a gong begins to SOUND. They continue together for a bit, and then die away as startlingly as they began.

FRADY

The warning?

L.D.

That's it.

FRADY

It seems a little unlikely  
Bridges could have missed it,  
don't you think?

58. Frady takes a bite of the sandwich and stares upstream toward the source of the sound.

L.D.

My mother could have heard it  
and she's dead.

FRADY

What's the news on your pal  
Buster?

L.D.

(super casual)

Well, actually, there aint no  
Buster. I don't want to have  
to shoot you just yet, but I  
will if I have to.

As this news reaches Frady, his left hand is shoving the sandwich into his mouth, the right hand, however, is holding the fishing rod. L.D. is about halfway through the word "move" when Frady slashes him across the face with the fishing rod. As L.D. had figured, this news would be more of a surprise, his gun is not

quite out of the holster, which explains why the shot he fires doesn't hit Frady. Frady slashes him across the eyes again, and then jumps on him. As he lands and they begin to struggle, the siren begins to BLAST again, followed immediately by the GONG. The fight continues until Frady manages to separate L.D. from his gun, and then rolls off of him and comes up with his own gun drawn, As L.D. starts to get up, the alarm stops. Instead of silence, however, the alarm is replaced by the not too distant sound of rushing water.

FRADY

I want some answers from you  
real fast.

L.D.

You goin' to have to kill me,  
boy.

59. L.D. is about two feet away from the river's edge and three quarters turned away from it, facing Frady. His gun is closer to the edge about two feet away from him. As he concludes his last line, he starts for the gun.

FRADY

How about I just wound you a  
little?

The water is getting closer now, sounding like a tidal wave. L.D. lunges for the gun, the noise of the water is so loud we can barely hear Frady's gun as he shoots L.D. in the side. The shot slows L.D. but doesn't stop him. As he reaches the gun, the wall of water comes crashing into the gorge. L.D. picks up the gun and starts to turn it toward Frady. As Frady has little choice but to shoot him, he shoots him.

60. L.D.

As he falls back into the river clutching the gun. He momentarily disappears in the foam. Suddenly his head breaks the surface only to be hideously (and probably nauseatingly) smashed against the rocks. Seconds later, the water mercifully removes him from our sight.

61. FRADY

He watches the river for a moment, then kicks the paper sack and the remains of the sandwich into it, picks up the fishing rod and walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

62. EXT. L.D.'S HOUSE - (DUSK)

Just as the sun is going down, we SEE Gale leave the house, get into her car, back it out of the garage and leave. CAMERA MOVES around to the back of the house in time to SEE Frady breaking into the house through the back door.

63. INT. HOUSE

As Frady comes in and immediately begins a major search for God knows what.

64. SERIES OF SHOTS

Frady searching various rooms of the house.

65. INT. BEDROOM

In the bedroom, Frady appears to have found something of interest...a wall safe concealed in the back of a walk-in closet. As he begins to work on the safe...

JUMP CUT TO:

66. INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - (LATER)

Frady is still working on the safe. The quality of his work tells us that he is experienced in these matters. As he carefully slides the last tumbler into place, and opens the safe, the phone begins to ring. Frady's heart starts again when he recognizes the sound as that of a telephone rather than an alarm. He reaches into the safe and removes a steel strongbox. Finding nothing else in the safe, he starts to pry open the case as he wanders out of the closet. He opens the box and finds a bankbook and a sex book. The SOUND of someone picking up the phone in the other room freezes him.

CONTINUED

RED'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello... It's me, Red...  
Who's this? Gale? 'Lookin' for  
L.D.,... I saw his car parked out  
back and the door was open...

While Red has been talking, Frady has moved to the window, and is now looking through the curtains.

67. ANGLE TO STREET - FRADY'S POV

What he SEES is a Sherrif's car with another uniformed deputy perched on the fender obviously waiting for Red.

68. FRADY

Obviously the window is not the way out, He moves back through the room and out the door into the hallway, His look around the corner down the hallway is the very model of discretion.

69. FRADY'S POV

Red is standing in the living room directly at the end of the hallway,

70. FRADY

This isn't the answer either. No other alternatives immediately presenting themselves, Frady draws his gun and waits.

71. INT, LIVING ROOM

Red is still on the phone.

RED

I don't know. I just this minute  
walked in the door, Hold on,  
(yells)  
L.D.!... Hey, L.D..... Gale's  
on the phone...

While Red waits for an answer, he absently surveys the room which is in total disarray from Frady's search. The idea that this might be peculiar begins to strike him.

RED

He's probably in the can. I'll  
have him call you back...bye.

number with the other.

RED

(softly)

This's Red. You heard from L.D.  
yet?...Uh, huh...Send a couple  
boys over to his place right quick.  
Y'hear?

He hangs up, then moves quietly to the kitchen and the  
back door.

72. INT. KITCHEN

Red opens the back door. The house is constructed in such  
a way that he is still able to maintain his sightline to  
the living room and the front door. His view of the hallway  
however is blocked. He leans out the back door and issues a  
low whistle to attract his partner's attention.

73. ANOTHER ANGLE (FROM BEHIND RED)

As Red gestures for his partner to come towards him. We  
SEE Frady bolt through the living room for the front door.  
Red doesn't see him until he's at the door.

RED

Hold it!

Needless to say, Frady does nothing of the kind. Red  
fires a shot at him, but Frady's already out the door.  
Red rushes through the house to give chase. He throws  
open the front door and hurtles out, only to be felled by  
a blow on the head from a gun butt belonging to Frady who  
rather than foolishly fleeing into the street, has waited  
by the door for precisely this opportunity.

74. EXT. HOUSE FRONT DOOR

Frady takes a quick look back in the house and sees  
Red's partner rush into the kitchen. Frady slams the door  
shut and takes off around the side of the house. The shot  
has attracted some attention from a couple of neighbors  
who are starting to come out of their houses. A moment  
later, Red's partner comes out of the house. One of the  
onlookers points in the direction Frady went and yells  
something intelligible. Partner races off after Frady.

75. ANOTHER ANGLE

Partner comes around the side of the house, just in time to see Frady take off in his squad car. For the sake of appearances, he fires a couple of meaningless shots.

76. INT. SQUAD CAR

Red's partner's left his hat on the seat. As Frady sees one of the squad cars Red sent for coming towards him in the distance, he puts the hat on. A moment later the squad car whips by him, sirens SCREAMING. Frady waves. They wave back. Suddenly we HEAR a voice come over the squad car radio.

VOICE

Bob!...There's a squad car comin' your way. Stop it!

BOB'S VOICE

'Just passed it.

FIRST VOICE

Get after it! We're right behind you.

Frady flips on the siren, guns the engine and whips around a corner.

77. EXT. STREET

As Bob's car whips a quick U-turn in the middle of the street. Narrowly avoiding another squad car which has flashed around a corner. Both cars continue in hot pursuit without losing a beat.

78. INT. FRADY'S CAR

He tears around another corner at furious speed. The conversation on the radio continues.

FIRST VOICE

He's just turned east down Cutter.

ANOTHER VOICE

Hell, we're just off Cutter.

CONTINUED

FIRST VOICE

Who's that? Cecil?

CECIL

Yeah, we're on Mandalyay right by the shopping center.

Frady picks up the microphone.

FRADY

(affecting an accent)

How's it look to you, Cecil?

CECIL

Cain't see nothin' yet.

FIRST VOICE

Goddamn it, Bob, get off.

BOB'S VOICE

Wasn't me. It must 'a been him.

The SOUND of fumbling with the microphone.

RED'S VOICE

(furious)

Listen faggot! We goin' get your ass and it's gonna belong to me! You hear me?!

FRADY

You want my ass, you pay for it like anybody else, pal.

Frady then turns on the regular car radio and puts the microphone next to it, drowning out any further conversation with loud COUNTRY MUSIC. Through the windshield Frady sees what must be Cecil's car pull into the intersection in front of him, blocking his way. Cecil and his partner immediately get out, one of them carrying the shotgun which is standard on all cars. While they're still scrambling away from the car, Frady whips a left into a small parking lot in front of a small row of small stores tightly packed together. (These stores are a well-known and popular feature of this section of Cutter Street). Immediately, Frady discovers the drawback to this maneuver.

79. EXT. PARKING LOT & STORES

The only other exit is blocked by departing patrons, who are shortly reinforced by Cecil. Parked cars and the odd cement wall prevent him from crashing out. The entrance is immediately plugged by the trailing squad car. The lead car pursues him into the lot. It would seem that he is trapped. However...

80. INT. FRADY'S CAR

A solution occurs to him. As has been mentioned earlier, these stores are small and packed closely together. If one could but get into one of them and seal off the entrance ... Frady aims at the largest store entrance he can find and rams it with the car. Terrified people inside watch this in disbelief. As the entrance is not quite as wide as the car, it doesn't penetrate and no one is hurt. The entrance to the store however is effectively blocked. All that now remains is for Frady to find a way to get out of the car. Fortunately he has the answer for this one as well. He grabs the shotgun which I believe I have pointed out is standard on these units, knocks out the windshield, and climbs through it across the hood of the car and into the store. It is a liquor store.

81. INT. STORE

Frady enters the store carrying a gun in one hand, the strongbox in the other. The people in the store are totally galvanized. Frady points the gun at the CLERK.

FRADY

Back entrance?

CLERK

Through there.

He points. Frady races through the store and out the back.

82. EXT. PARKING LOT & STORES

The wisdom of Frady's choice of stores is immediately seen in that this store is made of brick and has no windows. (See Chalet Gourmet, Studio City). The fact that there is no space between the stores may be attributed to his good fortune. The sole avenues of pursuit are over Frady's car, or through adjacent stores, and there are deputies using both of these. Others however are racing back into their cars to head him off wherever he will have to come out. Red is in charge and shouting orders.

83. EXT. ALLEY

As Frady comes out of the liquor store and finds himself in an alley directly across from a fence which he vaults.

84. EXT. YARD

He is in someone's back yard. He races to the back door and into the house.

85. INT. HOUSE ~~omit~~

As Frady dashes through the house, we get a glimpse of a family at dinner who seem surprised to see him. Before any comment can be made, he is out the front door.

86. EXT. STREET

He emerges from the house and into the street. Even though it is a residential area, it is still a fairly busy street. He catches a car as it stops at a stop sign and jumps in it, to the obvious bewilderment of the DRIVER...an attractive black woman.

87. INT. CAR

She drives. Frady is climbing into the back seat. Her name is BARBARA.

BARBARA

What the hell...

FRADY

This is a police emergency. I'm requisitioning your car.

BARBARA

The hell you are.

He starts to hand her his credentials.

FRADY

These are my credentials. They'll tell you who I am.

BARBARA

I don't give a damn who you are. There is no way...

CONTINUED

Frady puts his gun against the back of her neck which is why she stops talking.

BARBARA  
Where we goin'?

FRADY  
Just get me out of here, and we'll work the rest of it out as we go along.

88. EXT. STREET

As it turns a corner and disappears, we SEE deputies emerging from other houses, and hear sirens in the distance.

89. INT. BARBARA'S CAR

Frady is crouched in back behind Barbara below window level. We HEAR the sirens, so does Barbara. The sirens, however, may appear to be in pursuit for a moment. This is an illusion.

BARBARA  
I think I hear some of your friends. Why don't you ride with them?

FRADY  
They drive like maniacs, those guys. 'Makes me nauseous.

BARBARA  
Let me explain something to you. Being a cop doesn't score you a whole lot o' points. Not in this car anyway.

CONTINUED

FRADY

I lied.

BARBARA

That's better.

(a beat)

Well, now that we're here what do you want to do?

FRADY

I'm very tired of this town.  
I would like to get out of it.

BARBARA

That may be tough. There's only two ways out of town; by car or by bus. And either way you'll have to get through the roadblocks.

FRADY

I was afraid of that. Do you think they've got 'em up already?

BARBARA

They hold the world's record for roadblocks.

FRADY

Wonderful...I will entertain suggestions of any kind.

BARBARA

Stick your face around here where I can get a look at you...

Frady does as he's told.

BARBARA

I think I may be able to help you.  
I can't promise, but I can try.

FRADY

Because I have an honest face, right?

BARBARA

No. You look like a stone crook to me, but your pretty.

FRADY

Oh.

CUT TO.

90. EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

We see Barbara's car parked next to a phone booth in a gas station. Barbara is in the phone booth. Frady is nowhere to be seen. Barbara concludes her conversation, gets back into the car and drives off.

91. INT. CAR

At the appropriate moment we will learn that Frady is lying on the floor in the back.

BARBARA

Well, you're straight. My man came through like a champ. You go out tomorrow at dawn.

FRADY

In a coffin.

BARBARA

No, in a truck...along with about ten pounds of cocaine.

FRADY

(after a beat)

Can I sit up now?

BARBARA

You don't have to be nervous. Jimmy does regular business with the state pigs and those are the ones on the roadblocks. All you have to do...

FRADY

I can't wait for this.

BARBARA

Is drive the truck the rest of the way once you get out of town. That's fair?

FRADY

Fair...very fair.

CONTINUED

91. CONTINUED

BARBARA

Listen, you're lucky he's doing it at all.

FRADY

Right. And Jimmy is a man of principle who wouldn't think of turning a quick buck by delivering me to the pigs - cops...whatever?

BARBARA

No. The man loves you. He thinks you killed the Sheriff. Pig Number One.

FRADY

Why does he think that, Barbara?

BARBARA

First, because the Sheriff's dead. Second, because I told him you did.

FRADY

Terrific. Just the kind of press I need.

BARBARA

Look here, people want to think you're a hero, you let 'em. It's the only thing you got going for you right now.

Frady doesn't say anything.

BARBARA

You did kill the Sheriff, didn't you?

FRADY

This is one of those trick questions isn't it?

BARBARA

Tell me you killed the Sheriff. You'll be glad you did.

FRADY?

Why will I be glad?

CONTINUED

BARBARA  
Trust me.

FRADY  
I killed the Sheriff.

CUT TO:

92. INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is very dark. We should just be able to see Frady and Barbara wrapped around each other in bed.

BARBARA  
Once more...please.

FRADY  
Barbara...

BARBARA  
Come on...Tell me again, and that's the last time.

FRADY  
I killed the Sheriff.

BARBARA  
I can't stand it.

Much moving around in the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

93. EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

We PICK UP a huge truck and trailer as it moves along the highway out of town.

94. CLOSE ON TRUCK

Simply to show that the driver is young, black and possibly even gifted. As this is of little importance our attention is immediately diverted to the rear of the truck. The more perceptive members of the audience will immediately and correctly divine Frady's presence.

95. EXT. ROADBLOCK

Farther down the highway, we find the police roadblock manned by State Troopers and one member of the Sheriff's Department whom we should recognize. The roadblock is conveniently set up adjacent to an A & W Root Beer stand or it's equivalent. As the truck and trailer approach, the Sheriff's man signals for it to stop. It does and the deputy approaches the cab.

DRIVER

What is this?

The attitude of the driver is suspicious and hostile.

DEPUTY

Just a routine check. Where you headed, boy?

The driver lights a cigarette and says nothing.

DEPUTY

Maybe you didn't hear me?

DRIVER

You better hope I didn't

96. CAMERA PANS TO ROOT BEER STAND

Two State Troopers sitting outside drinking root beer. One of them suddenly notices the truck and immediately jumps up and races over to it.

97. BACK TO TRUCK

The conversation between deputy and driver is getting heated.

98. INT. REAR OF TRUCK

Sitting in a gap in the bags of sugar, is Frady.

99. EXT. TRUCK - DEPUTY AND DRIVER

DEPUTY

All right, boy, get down out of there.

The State Trooper appears in b.g.

CONTINUED

99. CONTINUED

DRIVER

I'm goin' to give you a break,  
cracker...

The deputy starts to go for his gun. A .44 magnum  
pistol suddenly appears in the driver's hand.

DRIVER

You just pull that gun, and I'll  
blow your fuckin' head off.

TROOPER

(Yelling)

Hey, Cecil! what the hell you  
think you're doin'?

DEPUTY

We got us a nigger here 'needs...

TROOPER

You dumb son of a bitch, get over  
where you belong. I'll handle this.

DEPUTY

I ain't gonna let no...

TROOPER

You gonna do what I tell you.

The deputy (Cecil) looks at the trooper, then back at  
the driver who seems to have lost interest in him.

TROOPER

(Continued)

You're here as an observer under my  
jurisdiction. Unless I tell you otherwise  
you don't do shit...Go on back to the car...  
I'll talk to you later.

As Cecil slouches off.

TROOPER

(To Driver)

Sorry about this.

DRIVER

Yeah...

CONTINUED

TROOPER

You want to make a complaint or anything?

DRIVER

No reason.

100. ANOTHER ANGLE

As the truck passes through the roadblock.

DISSOLVE TO:

101. EXT. HIGHWAY

We PICK UP the truck moving rapidly across the open road. Frady is now at the wheel, the black driver is nowhere to be seen.

DISSOLVE TO:

102. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A middle class, modern, residential area wherever Frady's home town is. We SEE Frady approach the front door of a house and ring the bell. Eventually the door is answered revealing Rintels in a bathrobe and a gun. He has obviously been asleep, and is less than overwhelmed at the sight of Frady.

RINTELS

This better be important.

FRADY

No 'Hello'...how are you? Nothing?  
Aren't you glad to see me?

RINTELS

Frankly, no.

Frady has gotten inside the door which Rintels now shuts.

103. INT. DEN

RINTELS

This has been a big week for you.  
Punched up a cop, killed a sheriff.  
You trying out for the Panthers, or what?

CONTINUED

FRADY

It's those leather jackets and the terrific berets. Is this the first you've heard about me and your pal the Sheriff?

RINTELS

The first.

FRADY

That's pretty strange. I'd have thought they'd have been looking for me.

RINTELS

Give 'em time. I don't suppose you have any actual proof that this Sheriff killed Bridges.

FRADY

As it happens I do have some proof, although my word ought to be more than enough for you.

A dirisive snort from Rintels. Frady takes the L.D. bank books out of his pocket and gives them to Rintels. While Rintels looks at the bank books Frady begins browsing though the sex book which he has also taken out of his pocket.

RINTELS

They pay those Sheriff's pretty good down there...What have you got?

FRADY

Your basic smut.

RINTELS

What are you doing with it?

FRADY

Nothing yet. I thought I'd wait till I got home...What do you think about those bank books?

RINTELS

I'd say a hundred grand in a Mexican Bank.

(more)

CONTINUED

RINTELS  
(Continued)

Looks a little suspicious for a  
guy making six fifty a month, but I  
wouldn't say it's proof either. What  
about that book?

FRADY  
I found it in the safe with the bank  
books. Very sick. I don't think  
you should look at it.

RINTELS  
He kept it in a safe? Just that book?

FRADY  
Just this book. There were a bunch  
of them lying around, but this one  
he kept in the safe.

RINTELS  
Any idea why?

Frady nods and then holds up a page of the book (the  
ads not the pictures) the lower half of which has been  
torn out.

CUT TO:

104. INT. SMUT STACKS

Rintels and Frady are admitted to the Vice Squad smut  
library. A large room piled floor to ceiling with smut.

FRADY  
You mean this is all smut?

RINTELS  
Forty miles of it...

FRADY  
Laid end to end...I can't help it.  
The Vice Squad makes me nervous.

RINTELS  
Okay, we want Section S.

He starts off in search of Section S.

CONTINUED

104. CONTINUED

FRADY

I mean what possible purpose is there in keeping this stuff around?

RINTELS

Look, you want to find out what was ripped out of that book or not?

FRADY

I want to find out.

He joins Rintels in looking for Section S.

JUMP CUT TO:

105. INT. SMUT STACKS - LATER

Frady and Rintels going through the smut looking for another issue of the book taken from L.D.'s safe. Rintels seems to have gotten temporarily distracted.

RINTELS

Jesus, if I knew it looked like that I never would have done it.

A beat...Frady continues looking.

RINTELS

I mean look at this. I don't believe it. Look at it.

FRADY

What ever it is I'm sure I've seen it. Got it!

RINTELS

What have you got?

FRADY

Volume five number ten...That's the one.

He leafs through the book. Rintels comes over to have a look. Frady finds the page which corresponds to the missing half page in L.D.'s book.

FRADY

What the hell...?

## 106. INSERT AD

It reads: "If you're One Of Those SPECIAL People with BRAINS not just education who is not LIVING UP to your POTENTIAL through No Fault of Your Own, you can CHANGE YOUR LUCK. Send in this ad and receive FREE GIFT for taking our FREE Test."

## 107. BACK TO SCENE

RINTELS

It's a sucker pitch for one of those computer schools.

FRADY

Do you know or are you guessing?

RINTELS

I've seen a million of 'em just like that one.

FRADY

Not just like this one. Since when do computer schools go in for entrance exams?

RINTELS

Let's check it out.

FRADY

I think it's something...I mean does a middle-aged man, a Sheriff, see an ad in a sex book and suddenly decide that he's destined for computer school?

RINTELS

Doesn't sound right.

FRADY

No. Listen, I think I'm going to leave town for awhile.

He is tearing the ad out of the book.

CONTINUED

107. CONTINUED

RINTELS

Good. I don't want you around when they start asking questions about that Sheriff.

FRADY

Right... You haven't heard anything about Austin Tucker, have you?

RINTELS

Nothing, but I haven't been looking for him either.

FRADY

I think I'd better see what's happened to him. Is the Richard Parton-Phillip Farmer alias still good?

RINTELS

Why shouldn't it be?

FRADY

I'm taking it.

RINTELS

What... to look for Tucker?

FRADY

No, Richard and Phil are going to send for this test.

Frady tears the ad out of the sex book.

RINTELS

You realize you're defacing government trash?

CUT TO:

108. EXT. STREET - DAY

This is a main thoroughfare in a sleazy section of town. Massage parlours, smut shops, and motels abound. We house. PICK UP Frady going into one of the sleazier boarding/ His hair is combed back, he wears glasses and a new but tacky sport jacket over a T-shirt. He also carries a suitcase.

109. INT. BOARDING HOUSE

This is your basic dive. Frady exchanges a few words with a horrible looking woman behind the desk. He gives her money. She gives him a key and directions to his room.

110. INT. BOARDING HOUSE ROOM

As Frady comes in and looks around. It doesn't look good. He drops the suitcase and goes out again.

111. INT. POST OFFICE

We SEE Frady getting a Post Office box. (I would describe this better except I have no idea how to do it.) Then he goes over to writing counter, takes an envelope out of his pocket, removes the computer school ad from the envelope, and fills out the return address.

112. INSERT AD

We SEE that Frady has listed his return address as P.O. Box 24, Tuscon, Arizona (or whatever), and his name as Phillip Farmer.

113. BACK TO SCENE

He puts the ad back in the envelope and seals it.

CUT TO:

114. INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - DAY

A small but flashily decorated office on an upper floor of a Los Angeles office building. The office has a double walled picture window with a view of the city. Austin's agent, a middle-aged man wearing a monogrammed shirt with large cufflinks, an I.D. bracelet and a Cartier watch, sits behind his desk looking at Frady's police credentials. The agent has a world-weary, long suffering attitude.

FRADY

You represent Austin Tucker.

AGENT

Oh Christ...what's he done?

FRADY

Nothing. I just want to ask him a few questions.

AGENT

I'd like to ask him a few questions myself. Like when is he going back to work again. I can't afford for him to retire. Every week he doesn't work costs me money. Ungrateful little fruit.

FRADY

Do you know where he is?

AGENT

Yeah...he's lolling around Lake Powell on his goddamn houseboat. While I'm up here breaking my ass...

FRADY

Can he be reached by phone?

AGENT

That's what I mean. You'd think he'd at least call me. I'm only his agent for Christ's sake. The guy's crazy. All these guys are crazy. If they're not fags they're drunks, or dope addicts. This is no business.

FRADY

Yeah...well thanks.

AGENT

Glad to help. I hope you bust him. Maybe he'll go back to work. A writer in jail is like money in the bank.

DISSOLVE TO:

115. EXT. LAKE POWELL - DAY

Lake Powell looks like a resort area on the moon. It wanders through vast rock canyons in the Arizona desert. For reasons not immediately apparent in the photographs, it has become a popular playland for the very rich. They collect here on elaborate houseboats and fool around on a lavish scale. CAMERA PANS the lake to give us a glimpse of rich people having fun.

We SEE Frady along the shore passing a cluster of houseboats, eventually he stops at a private dock some distance away from the bevy of houseboats.

116. EXT. DOCK

There is no houseboat attached to this dock. Two bright colored tents have been set up on the shore next to it. Lounging on the dock are two very large, well muscled bronzed Mr. America types, LANCE and RIC. They appraise Frady as he walks out on the dock.

FRADY

Could you tell me where I could find Austin Tucker?

LANCE

Sorry.

FRADY

I was told this is his dock.

LANCE

Is that right?

FRADY

That's right. I'd like to see him.

LANCE

But would he like to see you?

FRADY

Why don't you ask him?

LANCE

Not necessary. When he's expecting somebody, he tells me.

CONTINUED

116. CONTINUED

FRADY

He's not expecting me, but he wants to see me. Why don't you tell him I'm here. My name's Frady.

Frady shows him his police credentials.

LANCE

You figure this improves your social acceptability?

FRADY

I figure it gets you to tell him I'm here...

LANCE

(after a beat)

You're right...

He picks up a ship-to-shore telephone.

LANCE

There's a cop here named Frady... says Austin wants to see him.

A beat as Lance smiles at Frady. As he gets his response on the phone.

LANCE

(into phone)

Okay...

(to Frady)

You were right. You can change in there. Pick any suit you like.

FRADY

I'm comfortable like I am, thank you.

LANCE

If you want to go on the boat... change. Otherwise, get a search warrant. Those are the rules.

Frady nods and goes into the tent.

JUMP CUT TO:

117. EXT. DOCK

Frady comes out of the tent wearing a very brief leopard skin bikini.

FRADY

Haven't you got something else?

LANCE

Just what's in there. Don't worry about it. You look lovely.

FRADY

That's what worries me.

Lance's quiet friend gets into the launch which I have neglected to tell you is anchored to the dock, and starts the engine.

LANCE

He'll take you out there. You get your stuff back when you leave.

Frady gets into the launch. As it takes off, Lance goes into the tent and emerges with Frady's gun.

CUT TO:

118. EXT. LAKE

The launch containing Frady and Ric moves through the labyrinthine canyons of the lake. Finally it emerges from a narrow passageway into a wide expanse of water which is deserted except for Austin's houseboat. As the launch nears the houseboat we see that Austin is not languishing for lack of company.

119. EXT. HOUSEBOAT

The launch docks and Frady climbs on to the houseboat assisted by another guy of the same general description as Lance and Ric. He escorts Frady to the deck area which is quite festive indeed. Austin's guests swim, sunbathe, play gin or backgammon, rub suntan oil on each other, talk and generally disport themselves in appropriate fashion. Among the guests we should notice several more spiritual cousins of Lance and Ric. The rest of the group are older and more austere in appearance. As Frady arrives on deck, Austin is being rubbed down with suntan lotion by one of the Mr. Americas and talking to

119. CONTINUED

an overweight, middle-aged lady wearing a large hat.  
She notices Frady.

WOMAN

My God, Austin, another numero...  
and it's not even Saturday.

Austin turns around and sees Frady.

AUSTIN

Mr. Albatross...come sit next to  
the Ancient Mariner.

He pats the chair next to him. Frady makes no move  
to sit down.

AUSTIN

Perhaps you'd rather just perch  
on my shoulder?

FRADY

No. I just want to talk to you.  
No perching at this time.

AUSTIN

You'll have to excuse my lack of  
enthusiasm for your presence, but  
it does reduce the odds on my  
continued breathing by a third.

FRADY

Wrong. It cuts 'em in half.

AUSTIN

In half..?

Austin is momentarily flapped.

AUSTIN

Oh...the Lee is...?

Frady nods.

AUSTIN

I see. Not the most tactful  
announcement of the death of a  
dear friend I've ever heard, but...

CONTINUED

119. CONTINUED

FRADY

You want to show me around  
the boat?

AUSTIN

I suppose so...since we're the  
only ones left in it.

Austin gets up.

CUT TO:

120. INT. LOUNGE

Austin shows Frady into a large tastefully decorated  
sitting room with glass walls.

AUSTIN

So of the little group at the bar,  
you and I are the only ones left,  
and neither one of us saw anything  
suspicious. I wonder if it would  
do any good to take an ad in the  
Times. To whom it may concern, we  
saw nothing, heard nothing, know  
nothing and wouldn't say anything  
even if we did.

FRADY

I doubt it would help...

Austin shrugs.

FRADY

Lee said you'd done some research  
into the Carroll assassination...

AUSTIN

Some? I've done a good deal more  
than 'some' research. I've done a  
hell of a lot of research into the  
Carroll assassination.

FRADY

Find anything?

CONTINUED

120. CONTINUED

AUSTIN

Oh, yes...I found out I should stop doing research into the Carroll assassination.

FRADY

Why?

AUSTIN

Several reasons...my own comfort and safety leaps to mind.

FRADY

And are you safe now?

AUSTIN

No...safer, perhaps...I think so anyway. At least now I have some kind of chance.

FRADY

Did you find any evidence at all of a conspiracy to kill Senator Carroll?

Austin laughs.

AUSTIN

Suppose I could tell you that I not only had evidence to prove there was a conspiracy, but that I also knew who was behind it. What would you do with this evidence? See that it reached the proper authorities?

FRADY

Something like that.

AUSTIN

But, suppose the people behind the conspiracy are the proper authorities? Have you ever tried to convict a judge in his own courtroom?

FRADY

Are you saying it's a government conspiracy? Is that it?

CONTINUED

120. CONTINUED

AUSTIN

The government for whatever reason has decided what it wants known about the Carroll assassination and it doesn't mean they did it although I would not rule that out. It simply means they have a stake in preserving their own explanation of what happened... In any event, the proper authorities are not likely to be pleased with any new evidence. I'm generalizing of course, but life is short.

FRADY

Who do you think is behind it?

AUSTIN

Someone very rich and to be redundant very powerful who no doubt feels he is acting in the best interests of the country and would gladly kill either one of us to protect those interests.

FRADY

And who is that?

AUSTIN

I am happy to tell you I...don't know. Stay around for awhile. I'm having a party tonight for a few of my favorite suspects.

DISSOLVE TO:

121. EXT. HOUSEBOAT - SUNSET

The launch pulls away from the Austin houseboat. Ric is at the helm. Austin and Frady are in the back.

Stay on the boat as it moves through the canyons of the lake. Over this we HEAR...

AUSTIN

(V.O.)

It is a party given by and for some of America's leading felons. Among  
(MORE)

121. CONTINUED

AUSTIN

(continued)

them you will find men who have plotted the overthrow of foreign governments, sent thousands of men to die killing thousands of other men, stolen millions and billions of dollars, salughtered women and children, polluted the air, defrauded the public in every conceivable way... In other words the creme of American society...the Best and the Brightests; The Rich and the Super-Rich...you'll love them.

The conclusion of the speech finds them in sight of a festively decorated Marina.

122. EXT. MARINA

As the boat ties up to the dock, Frady and Austin climb on to the Marina. A fair sized party is in progress in one of the more elaborate houseboats, spilling over on to the Marina. Frady follows Austin into the houseboat.

123. INT. HOUSEBOAT (SALON)

Austin leads Frady into this impeccable room which is crowded with impeccabile people. Austin is greeted enthusiastically by the hostess who then politely greets Frady in a manner appropriate to rough trade. Drinks appear immediately. While Austin talks to the hostess downing a drink without dropping a syllable, Frady clocks the room. He catches the eye of a very attractive girl who returns his glance for a moment, then smiles condescendingly rather than seductively and turns away. She says something to her escort who looks at Frady, says something back to her. They both laugh and Frady looks elsewhere. Austin suddenly grabs Frady by the arm.

AUSTIN

I want you to meet some wonderful people...

CONTINUED

123. CONTINUED

A waiter passes by with a trayful of drinks. Austin downs the one he has in his hand and replaces it with a new one off the tray.

AUSTIN

He is the Chairman of the Board of IWT. You remember them? Senator Carroll was investigating them at the time of his death. His death so depressed his committee, they lost all their enthusiasm for the investigation. Someone told me it saved IWT thirty million dollars. A paltry motive for murder in this crowd. You'll like his wife. She comes from a very distinguished family of Barracudas.

Frady is then presented to a rather distinguished looking gray haired man and his attractive wife.

JUMP CUT TO:

124. INT. HOUSEBOAT (SALON) - LATER

The party is whipping right along. Frady is talking to a woman of about sixty to whom the adjective handsome is inevitably applied.

WOMAN

Is this your first trip to America?

FRADY

What?

WOMAN

Is this your first trip to America?

FRADY

I don't know what you mean by America, but I was born in St. Louis.

CONTINUED

124. CONTINUED

WOMAN

Oh...I thought you were Greek.  
Someone told me you were Greek.

FRADY

No...

WOMAN

Your people are Greek, then?

JUMP CUT TO:

125. INT. HOUSEBOAT - LATER

Still at the party. Austin has now locked arms with Frady and is dragging him across the room. Austin, I should add, is thoroughly pissed.

AUSTIN

Over here leaning up against the wall in the crew cut and the seer-sucker jacket is a card carrying member of the military establishment. Very rare at these gatherings. Don't misunderstand the use of the term military. This by no means implies that he is now or ever has been a member of the Armed Forces. He is however a large, large contributor to various military causes. For example he is a backer of General Hammond's. Therefore, he is the only politically committed person in this room. The rest of them back the same side regardless of party affiliation. John Loomis is the token right-wing fanatic tonight. You should definitely meet him. He maintains the largest private army in the country, complete with it's own air force which is the fifteenth largest in the world. Lovely fellow John. Gay as a goose.

Frady is taken to meet John Loomis who is standing against the wall in a crew cut and a seersucker jacket.

JUMP CUT TO:

126. INT. PARTY - LATER

Frady is talking to an attractive young girl.

GIRL

You mean you're not in the Navy?

FRADY

I mean it.

GIRL

I don't know why I thought you were.

Austin seizes him by the arm, and drags him off to meet someone else.

DISSOLVE TO:

127. EXT. MARINA - NIGHT

Austin and Frady have left the party and found their way back to the launch. The engine of the launch is running, but Ric is nowhere to be seen. Austin looks around for him.

AUSTIN

Ric...Where the hell is he, for God's sake? Ric...

Another young man whom we have not seen previously, but who looks like someone who would know how to drive a boat, appears.

WOMBAT

Mr. Tucker? Ric had to go someplace. But I can drive you back if you like.

AUSTIN

I don't like. I will drive myself.

FRADY

Austin...

CONTINUED

127. CONTINUED

AUSTIN

I know a masher when I see one.  
Don't argue with me. Come on.

Austin climbs into the boat. Frady follows. Austin throws it into gear and bolts out of the marina at full throttle. The wake of the launch rocks every houseboat in sight causing some small comment from the residents.

CUT TO:

128. EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

As the boat illuminated by moonlight rockets across the lake.

129. INT. LAUNCH

Austin is clearly having a fine time at the helm. Frady isn't so certain.

FRADY

(Yelling)

Take it easy!

AUSTIN

Nonsense. This is the best part.

He pulls on the throttle trying to get more speed, but it is already as far as it can go.

130. EXT. LAKE

The launch is moving across a wide expanse of water headed for a small gap in the wall of rock which is the entrance to a canyon. As the launch nears the gap.

131. INT. LAUNCH

Frady is a little concerned about the approaching wall of rock.

CONTINUED

131. CONTINUED

FRADY

You're going too fast. Slow  
down.

Austin attempts to pull back on the throttle but it  
seems to be stuck.

AUSTIN

I can't. It's stuck.

He begins struggling frantically with the throttle with  
no result. The rocks are getting closer.

FRADY

Shut off the ignition.

Austin starts to follow instructions and reaches for  
the ignition.

132. INSERT IGNITION

The engine has apparently been hot wired. At any  
rate there is no key in it.

133. INT. LAUNCH

Austin is still fumbling for the key.

AUSTIN

I can't turn it off. There's  
no key.

Frady reaches across him to give the throttle a shot,  
but he can't budge it either. The rocks are really  
looming over them now.

FRADY

Jump! Get out!

AUSTIN

I can't swim.

Austin has set upon a different course of action  
involving turning the wheel. God knows what this is

CONTINUED

133. CONTINUED

supposed to accomplish. Frady tries to throw him out of the launch. Austin resists. Finally, at the last possible moment, Frady has no choice but to save himself and jump out of the boat.

134. EXT. LAKE

Frady jumps out of the boat. Austin attempting to swing the boat around doesn't quite clear the rocks. The boat ricochets off a rock smashes straight into a huge wall of solid and explodes.

135. EXT. LAKE

Frady is knocked around by the explosion but is still conscious. He swims for the nearest rock and climbs out of the water. He just sits on the shore for a moment watching the burning wreckage of the boat. The sound of pebbles falling near him gets him to look up.

136. FRADY'S POV

Standing on top of the rocks silhouetted against the sky, is a man with rifle. He starts down the cliff.

137. EXT. ROCK FORMATION

Frady begins climbing up the rock toward the man with the gun.

138. MAN WITH RIFLE (RIC)

We can see now that it is Ric. We follow his progress down the cliff. At one point near the bottom, Frady suddenly leaps out of a crevice and tackles him. They struggle for a moment then roll down the rocks back into the water.

139. INT. LAKE

Ric breaks free from Frady and begins to swim for the other side. Frady follows.

140. EXT. CANYON WALL

Ric gets out of the water, then starts quickly up the side of the mountain. Frady is not far behind. Ric reaches the top of the ledge first and takes off at a run back in the direction where we first saw him. Frady reaches the top and goes after him.

141.. ANGLE TO JEEP

Ric is headed for a jeep which is parked at the top of the ledge on the other side.

142. CANYON

As they scramble around on the rocks, Frady seems to be gaining on Ric, until Ric reaches something which seems to be a wide path and can run at full tilt. Frady hits the path and is in full pursuit, gaining on Ric when the mountain seems to drop out from under Ric and he abruptly disappears. Frady pulls up just short of the spot where he lost Ric, and then sees what happened. What looks like a shadow is actually a deep crevice. He looks down.

143. FRADY'S POV

Ric is sprawled out on the rocks far below. He looks quite dead.

144. FRADY

He considers his alternatives for a moment, then starts for the jeep.

145. ANGLE TO JEEP

As Frady approaches it. It is one of your pink jeeps with a pink and white striped awning. Frady prowls around it for a moment, finds nothing more important than a leather jacket on the seat. He looks through the pockets, and finding nothing, he puts on the jacket.

CONTINUED

145.CONTINUED

When he's got it on we should notice pinned to the collar is a small American flag exactly like the Sheriff's pin. Frady doesn't notice it right away, but he will. He starts the jeep and takes off.

DISSOLVE TO:

146. INT. POST OFFICE

Frady opens his box and finds a manilla folder. The return address is the American School of Data Processing.

Frady opens the envelope. Attached to several pages of multiple choice questions is a note.

147. INSERT NOTE:

It reads: "Congratulations: You have just taken the first step toward changing your luck. By merely answering the questions below, you will receive a free gift." Below that are pictures of an American flag pin and a Peace Symbol pin. Each has a box next to it. Written in parentheses above these is "Check box next to gift of your choice".

148. EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

We SEE Frady walking across the campus to a building clearly marked Department of Psychology.

149. INT. FACULTY OFFICE

Frady is in the office of DR. CHARLES LUFT, head of psychological testing for the University. Luft is looking at the test.

LUFT

It's just a standard personality test. I've never seen this particular test before, but it looks like a slightly more sophisticated version of a test the Army used to use.

FRADY

Can you tell if there's any one thing that test is designed to determine.

LUFT

Yes, it's designed to determine personality characteristics. Aggressiveness, tenderness...you know what I mean.

CONTINUED

149. CONTINUED

FRADY

Could you pick a killer or assassin off this test?

LUFT

That depends if you believe that killers and assassins have identifiable personality characteristics.

FRADY

Let's believe it for a minute.

LUFT

Then you could pick a likely killer.

FRADY

Doctor, what I really want to know is could you answer the questions on this test the way a killer would?

LUFT

What kind of killer do you want? There are different kinds, as I'm sure you know.

FRADY

The killer I want kind of splits the difference between a pro and a fanatic.

LUFT

Why don't you fill it out yourself?

FRADY

What does that mean?

LUFT

As a police officer and combat veteran I'm sure you'd score very high on that test.

FRADY

I'd have trouble with the fanatic part... As you can see since you're still alive after that last little joke.

CONTINUED

149. CONTINUED

LUFT

I wasn't joking.

FRADY

I wouldn't push it, if I were you.

150. Luft shrugs and thinks for a moment.

LUFT

Well, you see what the problem is. It depends not only on what kind of killer is wanted, but also on who wants him and for what. A lot depends on who is interpreting and evaluating the test. The Army needs killers but they try to accept as few Jack the Rippers as possible.

FRADY

Jack the Ripper is a perfect example of what I need. Cool, professional, and a sex freak.

LUFT

Unfortunately, all the data on him is purely speculative, since he was never caught, and we don't know who he was.

FRADY

Suppose you did have the data on him. Could you predict how he'd answer this test?

LUFT

A computer could.

FRADY

Our files are loaded with Jack the Ripper types. Suppose I gave you the data on one of them?

LUFT

The trouble is that all those Jack the Rippers have been caught which makes them suspicious as first rate professionals...But I have another idea that might be interesting...

CONTINUED

150. CONTINUED

FRADY

Hit it.

LUFT

We use the files of many different types of killers, fanatics, professionals, assassins, executioners, everything. We get the computer to construct a profile out of those, and then have the computer predict the answers on the basis of that profile.

We should begin the sound of a computer in full swing, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

151. INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Frady and Luft watch as a couple of white coated ASSISTANTS man churning computers.

FRADY

This ought to be the best killer in history.

LUFT

Theoretically...we probably should have thrown a couple of clods in there.

FRADY

What for?

LUFT

Genius is difficult to recognize. Whoever evaluates this test may not be good enough to know a great killer when he sees one.

FRADY

Didn't you tell me it would probably be evaluated by another computer?

CONTINUED

151. CONTINUED

LUFT

Yes, but it may have been programmed  
by Phillistines.

CUT TO:

152. INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Frady picks up his mail from the Post Office box. Sifting through the assortment of things in plain brown wrappers, he sees the one he wants, it bears the return address of the American School of Data Processing. Frady opens it. The letter says: "Due to the extraordinary and unique abilities shown in your test, you will be paid to take some more tests which will qualify you for certain exceptional opportunities. You will hear from us in the near future. The American School of Data Processing."

CUT TO:

## 153. EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

As Frady is leaving the motel he, along with the rest of us, notices a man soon to be identified as CHARLES talking to the Harridan in the front office.

## 154. EXT. SIDEWALK

Frady is standing on the sidewalk in front of a building waiting for the light to change so he can cross to the parking lot. It is a one-way street. A man with a pipe (Charles) has paused to pound out some old tobacco a discreet distance behind him. As the light changes and Frady crosses the street, Charles finishes with the pipe and crosses the street. Unlike Frady, however, Charles does not go into the parking lot, but ambles down the street against the flow of traffic.

## 155. EXT. PARKING LOT

As Frady pays the parking attendant, we SEE Charles get into his car which is parked on the street just beyond the parking lot exit. Frady also sees it. Charles finds a lot to do in the car before he actually starts the engine. Frady gets into his car, and starts for the exit.

## 156. EXT. STREET

As Frady comes out of the parking lot and pulls into traffic, Charles joins the traffic a moment later. Frady immediately turns on to another street. Charles follows.

## 157. INT. FRADY'S CAR

Frady finds Charles' car in the mirror. He seems pleased to find it there.

## 158. (In the interest of time I will merely summarize the following action and leave the details to those people who would quite sensibly ignore them anyway.)

What happens is that Frady loses Charles in a manner subtle enough not to appear deliberate. When this is done...

159. INT. FRADY'S CAR

Frady checks the mirror and grins when he finds no trace of the other car.

FRADY

That ought to get you in good with your pals.

DISSOLVE TO:

160. EXT. BOARDING HOUSE

Where Frady is staying under the Phillip Farmer alias. Frady pulls in, gets out of the car and starts for his room only to be halted by the piercing voice of the Harridan in the office.

HARRIDAN

Hey!

Frady turns around to see the harridan standing in the office doorway.

HARRIDAN

I got a message for you.

Frady goes toward her.

FRADY

What kind of message?

HARRIDAN

Some broad called up looking for you. Wants you to pick her up at the airport...Wait a minute, I wrote it down.

She goes back into the office. Frady goes in after her.

161. INT. OFFICE

The harridan looks for the message.

HARRIDAN

Said her name was Linda. Arriving Delta, Gate 25, tonight on the  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

161. CONTINUED

HARRIDAN

(Continued)

ten o'clock plane from New Orleans...  
That doesn't give you much time...

The clock behind her says it's nine twenty-five.

FRADY

Linda..?

HARRIDAN

Listen, pal, I just write 'em down.

FRADY

Thanks...

He starts to leave.

HARRIDAN

You want to hear the rest?

He does.

HARRIDAN

She said you better show, cause  
you're gonna get lucky...or  
somethin' like that.

Frady bolts out the door. She yells after him.

HARRIDAN

She also said you'd give me a  
buck for taking the message!

FRADY

(yelling, o.s.)

If I get lucky, you'll get it.

We HEAR the door of Frady's car slam and the engine start.

CUT TO:

162. INT. AIRPORT (ARRIVAL GATES) - NIGHT

Frady races to Gate 25, Delta, passing a clock which  
indicates he is five minutes late. As he arrives at

CONTINUED

162. CONTINUED

Gate 25 we SEE that it is practically deserted. He attacks one of the ground crew. Over the public address system we HEAR...

P.A. VOICE

Mr. Farmer...Mr. Phillip Farmer...  
Would you please step to the nearest  
white courtesy telephone. (etc.)

Frady is off to the phone.

163. ANGLE TO FRADY

On the phone.

FRADY

This is Phillip Farmer...

OPERATOR

(O.S.)

One moment...

After a beat.

ANOTHER VOICE

Mr. Farmer? I have a message from  
Linda. She says your ticket's at  
Gate 16. I'll call and get them to  
hold the flight 'till you get there.

FRADY

Where am I going?

VOICE

Gate 16. You better hurry.  
Your lucky it hasn't left.

He's off.

164. INT. DEPARTURE AREA (CONTINENTAL)

At Gate 16, a GROUND STEWARD hands Frady his ticket and rushes him onto the plane.

165. INT. ARRIVAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

As Frady is coming off the plane a UNIFORMED CHAUFFEUR stands by the gate with a sign in his hand reading "Mr. Farmer". Frady speaks to him.

FRADY

I'm Mr. Farmer.

CHAUFFEUR

If you'll just come with me,  
sir. The car is just outside.

166. EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Chauffeur holds the door of a cadillac limousine as Frady gets in.

CUT TO:

167. EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A warehouse in the desert outside of town. As the limo pulls up in front of it we can see that there are a lot of cars. Frady gets out of the car and goes in.

CUT TO:

168. INT. WAREHOUSE

He walks down a corridor. We HEAR a Voice. Certain words are stressed unnaturally heavily, as the caps indicate:

VOICE OVER

You are about to be TESTED for JOB SUITABILITY. The test begins the moment you enter the PARALLAX SUITE. If YOUR test is to have value, VALUE, if it is to measure YOUR capabilities, you must follow INSTRUCTIONS as exactly, EXACTLY, as possible. SAY NOTHING or DO NOTHING that you are not DIRECTED to SAY or DO. Here is an EXAMPLE. You now hold a CARD. It bears YOUR NAME and a SIX DIGIT NUMERAL. When and IF you are selected to proceed from the INTRODUCTORY Parallax Suite to an INDIVIDUAL TEST AREA, you must respond to that DIRECTION with the first INITIAL of your LAST name plus the FIRST FIVE digits of the numeral which follows. If the numeral after YOUR name were printed as, for EXAMPLE, 103 space 8-7-6 space 4, you would respond with your INITIAL plus 1-3-8-7-6. Note that in this context the printed SPACES would NOT be AUDIBLY VOCALIZED. Vocalization of the SPACES would be an ERROR. Errors cost POINTS. Errors will cause MANY of you to FAIL. Those who FAIL cannot be considered for a HIGH-PAID JOB OVERSEAS. To repeat, REPEAT, you must SAY NOTHING or DO NOTHING that you are not DIRECTED to SAY OR DO. The Parallax Corporation is a nationally recognized testing institute which conducts tests for MANY of America's LEADING MANUFACTURERS and ORGANIZATIONS. To each of you -- GOOD LUCK.

Frady is going down the hall, eyeing room numbers. He reaches 524. There's a sign hung on it. "KNOCK TWICE & ENTER." Frady knocks twice and goes in.

169. INT. SUITE ANTEROOM - ON FRADY

He stops short, just inside. ANGLE to HIS POV. On a bench in this small bare space sits a WOMAN quietly sobbing. Around one sleeved forearm she tightly grips a handkerchief. It's sopping red and blood is dripping from underneath it. Her eyes are terrified and huge with appeal.

170. FRADY

He looks up and around. Gaze holds on something.

171. CU - WHAT HE SEES

Somewhat hidden in fake flowers of a high-hung fixture is the eye of a little TV camera, aimed down.

172. BACK TO SCENE

Frady understands. Another DOUBLE KNOCK and the outer door opens. Another APPLICANT enters, holding his card.

APPLICANT  
Christ almighty!

Frady says nothing and does nothing. He continues on through inner door.

173. INT. SUITE

Maybe FIFTEEN APPLICANTS hang around in odd silence. Several look like nightmare versions of a Hells Angel, a couple look like they might be professional Maffia killers. One has the malevolent, boyish smile of an Arthur Bremer, and several the faceless look of a James Earle. At the end is a bar and a loaded buffet, and an ACCORDIONIST sits on a gilt chair playing loud polkas. A HOSTESS comes up to Frady. She smiles nicely.

HOSTESS  
Welcome.

That isn't a direction, so Frady doesn't respond. He looks around for more TV eyes. Hostess isn't offended.

HOSTESS  
Order a drink. Make yourself  
an interesting sandwich.

CONTINUED

Frady heads obediently for bar and buffet.

174. AT THE BAR

Behind it in a white jacket is a BARTENDER.

BARTENDER  
Spot o' redeye, pard?

FRADY  
Jack D. and water.

BARTENDER  
Si, señor.

175. FRADY - AT BUFFET

He's making a sandwich. He puts smoked salmon on a slab of rye, spreads it with strawberry jam. Then he adds mustard and peanut butter and dots the top with olives and whipped cream.

176. INT. CONTROL ROOM

Two people watching same on monitor. Heller quickly leaves the monitor. Finds a wire and pushes a call-button at the end of it.

177. ON FRADY - AT BUFFET

He bites his sandwich. Behind him, from apparently nowhere, a cute little KITTEN suddenly hops onto the table. It says miaou. Frady turns. He gives it a scrap of smoked salmon. Then the Bartender moves in, holding a vodka bottle by the neck. He whams it down, breaking the kitten's back. He picks it up by the tail and clubs it savagely again and throws it into his barside slop pail.

178. FLASH CUTS - THE ROOM

Plenty of people have seen this.  
The Accordionist keeps on playing.

179. FEATURING BARTENDER

He wipes his hands daintily with a rag. A LITTLE MAN who looks like a ribbon clerk rushes up, quivering.

CONTINUED

179. CONTINUED

LITTLE MAN  
You stinking bastard.

BARTENDER  
Cats carry germs.

The Little Man punches Bartender in the mouth. The Bartender slugs him back.

180. CU - FRADY

He takes another bite of his sandwich. He doesn't say anything or do anything.

181. ANGLE ON FRADY

He stands by the window, carefully looking out. He takes a small controlled sip of his drink. The Hostess comes up to him.

HOSTESS  
Could I see your card, please?

That was a question, not a direction. Frady doesn't move.

HOSTESS  
Give me your card.  
(he does, at once,  
and she looks at  
printed number)  
Follow me to a Test Room.

FRADY  
F19141.

That's the right answer. She starts to move and Frady follows.

182. INT. CORRIDOR

Hostess leads Frady to a room door a little way down from reception suite. She sticks a key in the lock.

HOSTESS  
Seat yourself at once.

She opens door. He goes in. She closes door again.

183. INT. TEST ROOM

It's lit by a single dim bulb. Black cloth has been tacked over the window. Only furniture is a metal desk and chair in exact center. On it is a box with a row of buttons numbered 1 through 5. Also another metal box with a binocular eyepiece in the front and a chin-rest below. Set up behind the desk, facing the chair, is a big translucent rear-projection viewing screen, set in what looks like a monstrously enlarged TV console.

Frady seats himself at once. He is obviously being observed by a closed-circuit eye somewhere, for he is no sooner sat down than the overhead bulb goes out. The other is a stop watch affair with a sweep hand which makes a full jerky revolution every five seconds. VOICE comes from speakers:

VOICE

Time is of the ESSENCE! You are being TIMED! The subject must be AWARE of time's passage, but he MAY NOT see the CLOCKS!

Clock images vanish but their LOUD TICKING goes on.

VOICE

You must ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS,  
You MUST, by pressing the button  
corresponding to your CHOICE.  
You must allow NOTHING to DISTRACT  
you...

(level falling)

...nothing MUST distract YOU...

Now a multiple-choice question flashes on the screen in huge letters:

THE SOLDIERS RETREATED LIKE...

(1) Dogs (2) Rabbits (3) Rats  
(4) Moths (5) Faggots

It flashes off as Frady hits Button Two, is instantly replaced by another

YESTERDAY WAS...

(1) Beautiful (2) Over (3) Cold  
(4) Dead (5) Tomorrow

CONTINUED

## 183. CONTINUED

Sudden STARTLING SOUNDS come from hidden speakers all around the room. The whine of a falling bomb, then an explosion that almost knocks Frady out of his skull, people shrieking. They continue, worse than merely distracting, on different tracks: people arguing, and Spiro Agnew delivering a speech, and fire engine sirens and children crying and some reading a sex manual, all mixed up together as questions follow each other on the screen:

THE QUEEN RULED...

- (1) Benevolently (2) Tyrannically  
(3) Maybe (4) Weakly (5) Evilly

HONEYBEES NEVER...

- (1) Fly (2) Flew (3) Answer  
(4) Fragmentate (5) Elucidate

INDECISION LEADS TO...

- (1) Happiness (2) Mary (3) God  
(4) Walter F. Jones (5) Sainthood

## 184. INT. CONTROL ROOM

Dr. Heller is seated at a table, intently watching continuing test results being printed out by some kind of interesting gadget. He makes quick calculations on a slide rule, jots figures down on charts spread out in front of him.

## 185. BACK TO TEST ROOM

Frady's battered by continuing cacophony of SOUNDS, barely holding onto his wits as questions flash on the screen:

HONEYBEES ALWAYS...

- (1) Crash (2) Aspire (3) Inspire  
(4) Respire (5) Smoulder

QUEENS SOMETIMES...

- (1) Rule (2) Lie (3) Fly  
(4) Lay (5) Glod

CONTINUED

185. CONTINUED

DEATH IS A...

(1) Flur (2) Ghaski (3) Hmnoly  
 (4) Tsof (5) Wquasp

The SOUNDS reach a billion-decibel climax and CEASE. On the screen now appears a waving American flag while a harp softly plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." In a trembling sweat of release, Frady looks at his watch. He can't believe it isn't much later, holds the watch to his ear. It's running all right. VOICE is heard again, with its loony imperative stresses:

VOICE

Part ONE has been COMPLETED.  
 PART Two will begin IMMEDIATELY.  
 If, however, you need to URINATE,  
 press a combination of BUTTONS  
 totaling SEVEN...

Frady jabs down the 5 and 2 together. The waving flag immediately vanishes from screen and is replaced by a shot of Niagara Falls, with SOUND of rushing water. We hear over this:

VOICE

You have been made conscious of  
 your NEED to urinate, but you MAY  
 NOT urinate. We continue to Part  
 Two. It is of greater VALUE than  
 Part One, it is more IMPORTANT.  
 Now place your EYES to the SOURCE  
 INSTRUMENT in front of you...

Frady's lips silently speak some very dirty epithet, but he does as directed.

VOICE

Your facial STRUCTURE must be as  
 CLOSE to the instrument as POSSIBLE.  
 You must be comfortable. YOUR  
 COMFORT will have bearing on the  
 VALUE of YOUR TEST...

186. THROUGH EYEPIECE - INTO BOX ON TABLE

Velvet blackness, with a glow in the center.

CONTINUED

186. CONTINUED

VOICE

Now adjust the FOCUS. You must be able to see the TINY LIGHT far down in the DISTANCE.

(Glow moving into  
pinpoint focus)

Do you SEE this tiny LIGHT?

187. ANGLE ON FRADY

Hunched at box, chin on the rest, eyes at eyepiece adjusting focus. The Voice suddenly booms real big:

VOICE

ANSWER!

Frady.

Yes.

VOICE

You must speak CLEARLY. All your answers will be HEARD and WILL be RECORDED. You should BEGIN NOW to feel DISORIENTATION. Does your back hurt? Does it HURT?

Frady hunches down somewhat, pushes his face forward harder against eyepieces.

FRADY

No but I want to PISS

Sound of rushing water at once grows very loud.

VOICE

That is a CHARACTERISTIC, that FORWARD motion of your FACE, of this part of your TEST. Now...

188. INTO THE BOX

VOICE

...you will WATCH that point of LIGHT until you see forming, far away from you, a WORD. The word will be seen as PARTS of TWO WORDS until it becomes ONE WORD. That is a PARALLAX EFFECT...

CONTINUED

And we have seen it. Vibrantly colored letters have appeared at both lower corners: "P-I-S" at one side, "O-O-N" at other. They rise as if over an elevation at an immense distance, then rush toward us to combine into a single huge word "POISON" which then blows up almost instantly into sparky points of fire.

VOICE

When you can READ the word, you will give, ANNOUNCE, the word that you ASSOCIATE with it. You will announce ONE WORD only. The word "POISON" was a PRACTICE WORD. There will be NO more PRACTICE words, only TEST words. There will be SEVEN HUNDRED of them. Now BEGIN!

189. MONTAGE OF SHOTS

CUs of Frady's face, and the letters form and racing up, and his eyes as seen from inside the box through the lenses, all this coming faster and faster as gives his answers:

FRADY

(To test word "red")  
 Blood --  
 (to "Black")  
 Mail --  
 (to "white")  
 Pus --  
 (to "knife")  
 Stab --  
 (to "gun")  
 Shoot --  
 (to "murder")  
 Everyone --  
 (to "sin")  
 None --  
 (to "drown")  
 Kittens --  
 (to "Jesus")  
 Jerk --  
 (to "cross")  
 Double --  
 (to "living")  
 Me --

(MORE)

189. CONTINUED

FRADY  
(Continued)  
(to "dead")  
You --  
(to "baby")  
Abortion --  
(to "rat")  
Sweet --

190. FRADY'S TEST MONTAGE

Words now coming so fast and exploding so brightly that it's almost unbearable. Frady's half crazy and shouting his answers:

FRADY  
(to "Santa Claus")  
Fake!  
(to "Hitler")  
Heil!  
(to "Stalin")  
Love!  
(to "justice")  
Crap!  
(to "money")  
Want -- want -- WANT!!

The words stop. Swirling, blinding sparks recombine into pinpoint spot of light.

191. ANGLE ON FRADY

He pants and trembles, his face still pressed against binocular eyepiece.

VOICE  
Your EYES remain at the VIEWER.  
You are in a FIX SYNDROME. This  
is NORMAL. Now you will see  
PICTURES. You must EXAMINE these  
pictures and EXPLAIN them in WORDS.  
This is the FINAL PART of your TEST,  
explaining in WORDS the PICTURES  
which you will SEE...

192. IN THE VIEWER

The point of light suffuses into a glow which becomes in turn an image full of violent color. Shadings and convoluted shapes, solarized, changing constantly. They begin rather like the nastiest blots of Rorschach set, and proceed from there into hints of happenings of mind-blowing disgustingness and horror.

CONTINUED

192. CONTINUED

FRADY'S VOICE

I see -- it's a garden -- yes --  
 a garden of flowers -- beautiful  
 flowers -- I think -- some little  
 children playing -- no -- now I  
 see they're angels -- clouds --  
 it could be heaven -- angels and  
 things -- loving --

193. CU - FRADY - AT TEST BOX

FRADY

Indians -- buffalos -- squaws and  
 kids and -- feasting and -- eating  
 each oth--no, it can't be -- eating  
 each oth--

(fighting nausea)

It's the happy hunting ground that's  
 what it is the big happy hunting  
 ground!

Suddenly Frady gasps and goes limp. The overhead bulb  
 goes on again as ANGLE WIDENS.

VOICE

The TEST is COMPLETED. Await your  
 NEW INSTRUCTIONS.

DISSOLVE TO:

194. INT. FRADY'S BOARDING HOUSE

Frady walks into the room and turns on the light to  
 reveal a MAN sitting there.

JACK

I hear you made a big score.

FRADY

Where'd you hear that?

Frady just looks at him.

JACK

My company has had its eye on you  
 for a long time.

FRADY

What company is that?

CONTINUED

JACK

We do a lot of research work for the government mainly overseas. We're very big. I'm sure you've heard of us...

FRADY

Why don't you tell me what it is anyway? What is this company?

JACK

I told you, it's a...

FRADY

I know what you said. I know what you didn't say. If it's the C.I.A. I want to see some proof.

Jack just smiles, takes out his wallet and gives it to Frady. Frady looks at his credentials, then gives them back.

FRADY

I just wanted to be sure.

JACK

It's all right. I understand perfectly...Why don't we sit down?

They sit. Jack positions his chair nose to nose with Frady.

FRADY

This whole thing's been pretty weird and I didn't want to get involved with no Russians, or anything.

JACK

I'll put it to you straight, Phil. We'd like to have you come in with us. If you're interested.

FRADY

I'm interested.

JACK

The country's got a lot of enemies, Phil. I don't mean just the Russians or the Chinese. There are a lot of people working to destroy the country from within. People you would never suspect. I could name names, but you wouldn't believe me.

CONTINUED

FRADY  
I'd believe it.

JACK  
It's our business to protect the country from these people. It shouldn't have to be. Sometimes we have to use methods which aren't always to our liking; methods which may seem extreme, even unscrupulous, but that's only because that's the way they play. If we have to play rough to win, then that's the way we'll play. We played by the rules before and lost. We don't mean to lose again.

Frady gives this a serious mull.

JACK  
Want to sign up?

FRADY  
Sure.

JACK  
You understand you may be asked to do some let's say unpleasant things? Things which won't always be explained to you.

FRADY  
You just point the motherfuckers out and tell me what you want done with 'em.

Jack laughs.

JACK  
Well, Phil, we'd like to know a little more about you...for example, we'd like to know who are you?

195. A major change in tone accompanies this last example. Menacing, threatening, etc. Frady's face hardens.

FRADY  
What do you mean?

JACK  
Simple question...Who are you, Phil? That driver's license is a phony. The work's pretty good, so you might have got by on that, but telling us about your service record was a mistake. There was a Phillip Farmer in the First Air Cavalry, but you're not him. So who are you, Phil?

195. CONTINUED

FRADY

(getting angry)

I go through all those goddam tests, and all the rest of that shit, now do you want me to work for you or not? Let's just forget the whole thing.

He starts to get up. Jack pushes him down rather easily, I may add.

JACK

I can make you tell me, you know.

Frady considers this for a moment, then seems resigned to telling him.

FRADY

Well, I guess I might just as well...

196. Frady suddenly goes for his gun. Before he can get to it Jack gives him a shot to the solar plexus, then slashes him across the face with the back of his hand. The first blow nearly makes him throw up, the second knocks him to the floor. Jack is immediately on him, twisting his arm in what looks like a very painful hammer lock.

JACK

Come on, Phil. Tell me.

FRADY

You son of a bitch...

Jack tightens his grip.

JACK

Don't make me break it.

A slight tightening.

FRADY

All right. All right. I'll tell you. Let go of my arm.

JACK

Who are you?

FRADY

Richard Parton. My name's Richard Parton.

Jack lets go of his arm.

CONTINUED

196. CONTINUED

JACK

Why did you say you were Philip Farmer?

FRADY

Look, I want a lawyer. I'm not sayin' anything else without a lawyer.

JACK

We're not the police, you know.

FRADY

Yeah, sure. I got the right to remain silent, I don't have to say shit to you.

JACK

Look, there aren't a lot of guys good enough to work for us. When we find one, we don't care what he's done before. I don't care if he's raped the third grade of a convent school...

FRADY

(steamed)

I didn't do any of that...

JACK

What did you do?

197. Frady seems to be debating whether or not to tell him.

JACK

One of the things the Company can do for you is take care of your problems with the police. We've done it before, you know...For the guy who raped the third grade at the convent school as a matter of fact.

FRADY

Well, shit, if you got him off I ought to be a cinch. All I did was kill a nigger.

JACK

The way you were goin' on about it, I thought you'd really done something. There are a lot of places where that isn't even a crime.

CONTINUED

197. CONTINUED

FRADY

But anywhere they got nigger cops  
you can figure it's gonna be a  
crime.

JACK

Every time.

FRADY

Well, I don't take shit off niggers  
I don't care what they got on.

JACK

A chimpanzee with a badge is still  
a chimpanzee.

Frady has never heard anything as funny as this.

FRADY

Right.

JACK

Well, Dick...

FRADY

Let's stay with Phil.

JACK

Phil...I think you're our man. You'll  
be on the Company payroll as soon as  
I clear channels.

FRADY

You mean check out my story?

JACK

Routine...There won't be any problem  
will there?

FRADY

One. I...Richard Parton died in a  
motel fire about a year ago. Body  
burned beyond recognition. Other  
than that, there's no problem.

JACK

Where was this motel?

FRADY

Detroit...about a week after some  
nigger cop got his head blown off.  
Bad fire.

CONTINUED

197. CONTINUED

JACK

Was Richard Parton ever in the Service?

FRADY

A felony conviction, and they wouldn't take him.

JACK

This might be a problem.

FRADY

Why? Cause the Marine Corps turned me down?

JACK

No, because your story's tough to check.

FRADY

Shit, I guess the Company doesn't work in this country much. You just check with the Michigan State Prison authority, or the Detroit cops.

Frady smiles. Jack smiles.

JACK

Phil...I think you're going to go far with the Company. I'll be in touch with you in a couple days.

They shake hands. Jack leaves. Jack looks very pleased with himself.

198. EXT. BOARDING HOUSE

Jack gets in a car. Charlie is at the wheel.

CHARLIE

How'd you like Mr. Wonderful?

JACK

I love him...The man is a total scum bag. He's perfect.

CUT TO:

199. INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Frady is on the telephone with Rintels. After a great sigh.

CONTINUED

199. CONTINUED

FRADY

Well...I have been through twenty four hours of total weirdness. I mean, let me hit with a couple of highlights...I've been to Las Vegas, I've butchered thirty, maybe forty thousand people. In the last two hours alone I've been hired by the C.I.A. Never mind...I'm coming to see you. Wait...just to be safe I'll meet you at your mother's.

200. EXT. SUN CITY - NIGHT

We PICK UP Frady walking through a retirement community. Oldsters wearing costumes zip around in golf carts with their first names printed on the back on their way to a costume party in the Rec Center. Constant reminders of the glories of life past sixty five appear on billboards and signs throughout the place. Frady goes into one of the buildings.

201. INT. APARTMENT

Frady is let into the senior Rintels' apartment by Mr. Rintels who is dressed as a sixteenth century King. Rintels sits talking to his mother who is dressed as a queen.

KING

You must be Mr. Farmer?

FRADY

Yes...Is Harry here?

KING

Sure...come on in.

Frady goes into the room. Rintels and his mother gets up.

RINTELS

Hi Phil...This is my mother.

FRADY

Glad to meet you...

CONTINUED

201. CONTINUED

She looks at him.

MOM

Haven't we met before?

FRADY

I don't think so.

MOM

I'm sure...

(to Rintels)

He looks just like that other  
fellow that used to come here.

RINTELS

Maybe a little...you better  
hurry or you'll be late for  
the party.

MOM

You boys have a good time.  
There's soft drinks in the  
ice box.

RINTELS

Thanks mom.

They leave. Frady waves good bye.

FRADY

One day she's going to remember  
me.

RINTELS

Not a chance. She could never  
tell my friends apart when she  
was young let alone now.

JUMP CUT TO:

202. INT. RINTELS' SR. APARTMENT

Frady is concluding telling his story to Rintels. I

CONTINUED

202. CONTINUED

should mention that the decor of the room is Early American and that the walls are covered with Right Wing memorabilia. Frady is talking to Rintels.

FRADY

Jack is no C.I.A. Agent, that I'm sure of. I think they're either ex-C.I.A. guys or ex-Special Forces

RINTELS

I did a little research on your computer school...

FRADY

And...?

RINTELS

It all looks very straight, very legit. But...it is owned by the Hammond Trust Fund.

FRADY

What is that?

RINTELS

It is a trust fund held by James R. Hammond...Formerly General James R. Hammond.

FRADY

It's almost too good to be true. Mr. Fascist himself.

RINTELS

It's guys like Hammond who give Fascists a bad name.

FRADY

I haven't got proof of anything so far...but if there was a conspiracy to assassinate Carroll I don't have a lot of trouble seeing Hammond as the guy behind it.

RINTELS

Well...you're the picture. Is there any way you can connect Hammond to the assassination?

CONTINUED

202. CONTINUED

FRADY

Not yet.

RINTELS

Then why would he be killing  
the people in the picture?

FRADY

I don't know...Maybe he thinks we  
saw something. Maybe we were in  
a position to see something which  
could connect him...I don't know.  
It could be a lot of things. I  
think the first thing is to find  
out if Jack and the computer school  
are killing the people in the picture.

RINTELS

How do we do that? Wait and see  
if Jack cuts your throat?

FRADY

That's one possibility, but there's  
one I like better. Jack hires me  
to cut my throat.

RINTELS

You want to run that one by again.

FRADY

Jack has just told me that he may  
have a job for me. If he's killing  
the people in the picture, the job  
must be to kill someone in the  
picture. And there's only one left...

RINTELS

You.

FRADY

Right. Only Jack obviously doesn't  
know it's me. I mean if he knew, I'd  
be dead, right? He's had a couple of  
chances to kill me, God knows.

RINTELS

All right. So you want Jack to hire  
you to kill yourself. Is that it?

FRADY

I just said that.

CONTINUED

202. CONTINUED

RINTELS

You're really crazy, you know that?

FRADY

But, you haven't heard my idea yet.

RINTELS

I can't wait.

FRADY

Get somebody in the lab to doctor up that picture. Put somebody else's face on my body...

RINTELS

Whose face you got in mind?

FRADY

Estelle Winwood. I don't know. Anybody's face except mine. Just fix the picture and arrange to leak it to some newspaper...new evidence in the Carroll assassination, whatever. Any underground paper will go for it in a New York second.

RINTELS

Then what happens?

FRADY

Jack hires me to kill the guy in the picture?

RINTELS

And then?

FRADY

We bust 'em. We turn it over to the F.B.I. Who knows? At least we'll know they are killing the people in the picture.

DISSOLVE TO:

203. INT. FRADY'S MOTEL ROOM

Frady is awakened by the telephone.

FRADY

Yeah...

JACK'S VOICE

Are you awake, Phil?

FRADY

No.

JACK'S VOICE

When you wake up, go to the Post Office. There's a present for you.

FRADY

What kind of present?

JACK'S VOICE

Our way of saying congratulations. Meet me at the Queen Mary at three.

Jack hangs up.

CUT TO:

204. INT. POST OFFICE

Frady opens his post office box and takes out a letter addressed to him with no return address. He opens it, peers inside and sees many one hundred dollar bills. Closes it and puts it in his pocket.

CUT TO:

205. INT. QUEEN MARY RESTAURANT

We PICK UP Frady as he crosses to a table occupied by Jack and sits down.

JACK

Your assignment's come through...

FRADY

(Grins)

It's about time. What is it?

CONTINUED

205. CONTINUED

JACK

The rest of the team arrives today, you'll find out then.

FRADY

How big a team?

JACK

Just one more. Contact him as soon as he gets here. Code name Ed. Tell him to come to your room at eight o'clock sharp. I'll see you after that. Okay?

FRADY

Sure...

206. INT. NEWSSTAND - DAY

Frady is standing among the racks of papers and magazines looking at a magazine. On the rack in front of him is a display of the local underground newspaper. The headline reads: "WHO KILLED CHARLES CARROLL? New Evidence of Conspiracy." Also on the page is a new version of The Picture. It appears to be a blow-up of the section containing Austin, Lee and Frady. There is now however a face on Frady's body. Obviously, it's not Frady.

207. EXT. HOTEL - DAY

As Frady walks up the steps of the best hotel in town and goes into the lobby. He appears grim faced, wandering around in his thoughts.

208. INT. LOBBY

As Frady comes in, sees something, and quickly turns and whips into the adjacent gift shop.

209. ANGLE TO DESK

Standing at the desk in the throes of checking in is Red. (Remember Red?)

210. INT. GIFT SHOP

Frady looks around at various items for a moment. His eye however is principally on Red's back which he can see through the gift shop window. As Red finishes checking in and makes for the elevator. Frady stalls a moment then ambles carefully back out to the lobby.

211. INT. LOBBY

Certain that Red is packed into the elevator, Frady crosses to the desk. The CLERK begins looking for Frady's key.

CLERK

Good afternoon, Mr. Farmer...  
That's 803, isn't it?

FRADY

I have the key...Listen, that guy that just checked in here. Was his name Ed? He looks like somebody I knew in the Army. I can't remember his last name.

CLERK

Mr. Harkins...that's right.  
Mr. Ed Harkins.

FRADY

Harkins...right.

CLERK

He's in 816, right down the hall from you.

FRADY

Great...Thanks.

He picks up an airline schedule from the desk. Frady consults one schedule for a moment then goes over to the house phone and picks it up.

FRADY

816, please...

It rings for awhile, then we HEAR Red's voice.

CONTINUED

211. CONTINUED

RED

(O.S.)

Yeah...

FRADY

Ed..?

RED

Who's askin'?

FRADY

This is Phil...I have a message  
for you from Jack.

RED

Right.

FRADY

Don't unpack...there has been a  
change in plans...How much money  
do you have left?

RED

Bout six hundred

FRADY

There will be another two hundred  
at the desk. You are to go back  
to the airport, take the five o'clock  
plane to Honolulu...

RED

Honolulu...

FRADY

Not bad, huh?

RED

Not at all.

FRADY

When you get to Honolulu take the  
first plane to the Island of Maui.  
When you get there rent a jeep and  
drive to a hotel called the Hanna  
Ranch...

CUT TO:

212. INT. AIRPORT

We SEE Red rushing to make the plane to Hawaii. When he's out of view Frady ambles into SHOT looking pleased with himself. He speaks to the ground HOSTESS.

FRADY

Do you need a passport to go to Samoa?

HOSTESS

Not to American Samoa.

FRADY

I hear it's nice there...quiet, out of the way.

HOSTESS

Yes. Hardly any phones or anything.

FRADY

Good...Where can I send a telegram?

HOSTESS

There's a desk in the main lobby.

Frady smiles and nods at her, watches as the plane moves to the runway.

213. INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL

As Frady is on his way to the telegraph desk, he passes a departure lounge where a group of people are watching television. CAMERA STAYS on Frady as he passes the lounge, then MOVES back to lounge.

214. INT. LOUNGE - TV SET

On the screen is the afternoon news.

COMMENTATOR

After a five-hour battle with Long Beach police the sniper was finally shot and killed by police sharpshooter, Richard Bailey, from the

CONTINUED

214. CONTINUED

COMMENTATOR

(continued)

roof of the building across the street. Five policemen including Captain Harry Rintels of the Tactical Squad were killed.

A picture of Rintels flashes on the screen.

COMMENTATOR

The sniper has yet to be identified, however a private source within the police department who prefers to remain anonymous told our reporter that he was convinced the sniper was a member of the Black Liberation Army, a nationwide organization dedicated to killing police officers...

CUT TO:

215. EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

We pick out a car in the traffic headed out towards the far reaches of the valley. In it are Jack and Frady.

216. EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

It is a not quite completed office building in the middle of not very much. The car pulls into the parking lot which is deserted except for one other car. Jack and Frady get out of the car and cross to the building entrance. Jack unlocks the door and they go in.

217. INT. BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR

Deserted, not quite finished, dark in spite of the bright sun outside...the total effect is ominous. Jack and Frady go to the elevator.

218. INT. CORRIDOR

Jack and Frady get out of the elevator and start down the hall footsteps echoing loudly. There is some dim fluorescent light here. Otherwise, it's as naked as the ground floor. Jack stops at a door with no number on it, none of the doors have numbers, unlocks it, and goes in.

FRADY

This is lovely...a couple of  
throw rugs and a pillow.

219. INT. OFFICE

The office is in a lot better shape than the corridor. There is a desk with several telephones, a couch, a couple of chairs, a filing cabinet. There is a large panel of shaded glass built into one of the walls and a connecting door built into one of the others.

JACK

Have a seat.

FRADY

What happens now?

JACK

We wait.

FRADY

For what?

JACK

Instructions.

FRADY

This whole thing is just because  
this guy...Ed...didn't show?

CONTINUED

JACK

There must be something more than that to get us this close to the throne.

FRADY

What do you mean?

We HEAR the sound of a buzzer.

JACK

There's himself now. You just sit tight. I'll be back in a minute with a few answers.

Jack gets up to leave.

JACK

Don't leave the room.

Frady indicates he wouldn't think of it. Jack leaves. Frady begins to amble about the room. He tries the desk drawers...locked. The file drawers are also locked. Just as he is giving up on the files, the door opens and Jack returns. He looks harried and mad.

FRADY

That was fast.

JACK

It's off.

FRADY

What do you mean?

JACK

We got some false information, so we're postponing.

FRADY

Until when?

JACK

Until we have the right information.

Jack unlocks the desk drawer and takes out some money.

CONTINUED

219. CONTINUED

FRADY

What about me?

JACK

Here's five hundred. Go on home,  
we'll call you when we've got  
something.

FRADY

You mean that's it?

JACK

For now, it is.

He gives Frady the money and the keys to his car.

JACK

The car's rented. Just drop  
it at the airport.

He opens the door for Frady.

FRADY

Look here, I don't...

JACK

I'm sorry, but there's nothing  
I can do about it. You'll have  
to excuse me, I'm in a big hurry.

FRADY

Isn't there something I could...

JACK

Not now. I'm sorry, Phil. It's  
not your fault.

Jack offers his hand. Frady shakes it and starts out.

FRADY

I'm sorry too...

Jack goes out with him.

## 220. INT. CORRIDOR

Jack watches Frady's progress to the elevator from the doorway.

JACK

We'll call you. I promise.

Frady gets into the elevator, the doors close. Jack smiles and goes back into the office.

## 221. INT. OFFICE

Inside the office, Jack turns off the lights. The purpose of this becomes clear when the lights in the room on the other side of the pane of glass go on. It is your basic trick mirror. Sitting on the other side of the glass is the Assassin wearing the traditional Arthur Bremmer sun glasses and a grin beyond Arthur's aspirations. He nods his head and raises two fingers in that classic gesture which means either peace or victory. Jack turns the lights back on and Art's image immediately disappears. Jack goes to the window and looks down into the parking lot.

## 222. JACK'S POV

Frady coming out of the building.

## 223. EXT. PARKING LOT AND STREET

As Frady crosses the parking lot to the car he notices (along with the perceptive viewer) that there is one more car in the parking lot than when he arrived. After dropping a subtle visual clue for the less perceptive viewer, he gets into the appropriate car and drives away, not very far away however.

## 224. ANGLE TO CAR

We follow the car until Frady can find a convenient place to observe the parking lot without being observed himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 225. EXT. PARKING LOT (FRADY'S POV) - DUSK

We see Jack fairly sprint out of the building to one of

CONTINUED

## 225. CONTINUED

the cars and take off.

Frady waits to see who the driver of the last car will be. Moments later he is rewarded by the appearance of the instantly recognizable Art. When Art is behind the wheel headed for the street.

## 226. ANGLE TO FRADY

As he gets back in his car (if in fact he is not already in it) and begins discreet pursuit.

## 227. SERIES OF SHOTS

Frady following Art; a task made relatively simple by Art's immediate entrance onto the San Diego Freeway (Southbound). At first the traffic is relatively light, but as they the Ventura Interchange it begins to become heavier. At an appropriate moment within this series when the traffic is heavier and the sky darker...

CUT TO:

## 228. EXT. SKY

Hovering above the Freeway perfectly innocent behind Frady's car is what appears to be a traffic helicopter.

## 229. INT. HELICOPTOR

Those foolish enough to trust the innocence of that helicopter will be quickly disillusioned by the presence of Charlie in the 'chopper'. He is looking down at the traffic through binoculars equipped with an infra-red (ultra-vilote? Neither?) lens.

## 230. CHARLIE'S POV

Through the red or violet lens the markings on the top of Art and Frady's cars become clearly and strikingly visible. One marked car obviously Frady's, trails the other by two or three car lengths a lane away.

## CHARLIE'S VOICE

He's doing great...three cars behind you. Stay in the right lane, so he doesn't get confused at the Santa Monica Interchange.

231. INT. ART'S CAR

As Charlie's instructions come over his radio, Art gives us a flash of the smile.

232. INT. FRADY'S CAR

Dilligently, professionally, naievely pursuing.

233. EXT. FREEWAY

Various view from the above mentioned points of view of the heliocopter and the two cars. Finally Art takes the Manchester off-ramp. Frady follows.

234. EXT. MANCHESTER BOULEVARD

Art is headed East toward the Fabulous Forum. Frady follows. The heliocopter follows more discreetly. Once both cars have entered the Forum parking lot...the heliocopter vanishes.

235. EXT. FORUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Art and Frady appear to be among the few late arrivals to an event which hasn't attracted the largest crowd in history anyway.

The event, as advertised on the sign at the entrance to the parking lot, is a VFW benefit featuring General James R. Hammond as principal speaker.

Art finds a parking space rather easily as does Frady. Art gets out of the car and heads toward the ticket windows. Frady follows.

236. ANGLE TO TICKET WINDOWS (INCLUDE ENTRANCE)

Art walks right past them without so much as a glance. As other stragglers seem to be buying tickets, Frady when he enters this SHOT stops at the window and buys a ticket. He watches Art mount the steps to the entrance, show a pass to an usher, and go in. Frady follows. As he disappears inside. we HEAR drums and bugles.

CUT TO:

## 237. INT. FORUM FLOOR

A raised stage has been set up at an end of the arena; it contains both performing area and speakers podium. Above and behind the podium are several rows of honored guests. The first row contains only four seats, one of which is occupied by General Hammond. At the moment he sits quietly watching the performance of the drum and bugle corps which occupies center stage, performing a medly of martial favorites.

The audience is confined to rows of chairs set up on the floor in front of the platform, and the first level. The upper levels are dark and presumably empty.

CUT TO:

## 238. INT. FORUM (PERIMETERS)

The walkways, ramps, whatever they are, which border the arena. The music is more than audible out here. Frady is a few yards inside the entrance looking around for Art, who is momentarily sighted.

## 239. ART (FRADY'S POV)

Still on the perimeter walking straight ahead (not quite since the Forum is curved) showing no signs of going in, is Art.

Frady shortly moves into SHOT in seemingly casual pursuit. HOLD until Art begins to disappear around the curve.

## 240. INT. ARENA

The drum and bugle corps is heading for a big finish. When they hit it, there is a whistling, stamping, rebel yelling roar of approval from the audience, led by the m.c., an obvious show business type. After exhorting the audience to applause far greater than the corps' merit, he signals for quiet. When he finally gets it, he goes into his monologue. The jokes are political and reflecting a point of view somewhere between Bob Hope and Attila the Hun. The actual jokes will have to be saved for later, but he is killing the audience; their rosy necks glowing positively vermillion in the dark.

CUT TO:

## 241. EXT. PARKING LOT

A car races into the parking lot, heading for the preferred parking area. Before disappearing into the privileged underground parking area, we are able to see that the driver is Charlie.

## 242. INT. UNDERGROUND AREA

This is the key to back stage at the Forum. Charlie gets out of his car and rushes over to one of the many security guards. After some brief unheard words, the guard accompanies him into the back stage-dressing room area. The m.c. has now induced the audience to a state of near apoplexy. Sounds of knee slapping are actually heard out here.

## 243. INT. FORUM PERIMETER

Art strolls around a major curve within sight of a roped off staircase with a uniformed security guard complete with gun standing in front of it. All the staircases feature these items. Art approaches the guard, says something which is lost due to the m.c.'s last joke, which once again has confounded the audience. Frady hoves round the curve into view, and is suddenly overcome with thirst and driven to the water fountain. Art points something out to the guard. The guard nods, then allows him admittance to the stairway.

Frady manages to lift his face out of the drinking fountain to see Art climbing the stairs. Inside everything has suddenly gone quiet, as the m.c. moves into a serious tone.

M.C.'S VOICE o.s.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor  
to introduce to you...I take that back,  
you know who he is...I have the honor  
to present you to General James R. Hammond...

Frenzy ensues. Frady has started toward the arena entrance, but is practically shoved aside by the guard, who has deserted his post for a glimpse of his man.

## 244. INT. ARENA

Hammond walks slowly to the podium, surrounded by hysterical devotion. At the podium, he smiles and raises his hand to silence the crowd. This only provokes greater enthusiasm. If they liked him before...He has no choice but to accept the tribute in total. A small section of the crowd begins to chant his name "Ham-mond...Ham-mond". It is soon taken up by everyone.

## 245. INT. SECOND FLOOR PERIMETER

As Frady arrives on the deserted second floor landing. Neither Art nor anyone else is to be seen. The chanting isn't much softer up here. There is a door next to the stairs - it's slightly open. He looks in. Frady considers the idea of mounting another flight of stairs, but decides instead to have a look inside. He goes into the nearest arena entrance.

## 246. INT. ARENA (FIRST BALCONY)

As Frady comes in, the chanting is reaching its highest point. The balcony is not entirely empty - there are several security guards up there. At the moment they are all standing in the front row shouting Hammond's name. Frady stands shrouded in the entrance until the chanting begins to die. Then, silence restored and Hammond about to begin his speech, the guards show signs of returning to their posts.

HAMMOND

I am here tonight to talk about one thing...the Armed Forces of the United States of America...You remember them, don't you?

Frady has faded back toward the landing.

HAMMOND

I remember when they used to be a force...at El Alamein, at Anzio, Normandy...At Midway, Iwo Jima, Okinawa... You people ever heard of those places?

Applause and laughter.

## 247. INT. PERIMETER

Frady edges out of the entrance, as nothing much appears to be happening, he moves across the landing to the stairs leading back to the first floor. The sound of someone coming up the stairs discourages him. He opens the door to the smaller ascending staircase, takes a quick look in, as there is nothing there he goes in, shutting the door behind him...A moment later, Terry (remember Terry...? The Hells Angel type from the computer school?) comes out of the arena entrance Frady just left. He crosses the landing to the stairway door.

## 248. INT. STAIRCASE

Frady, his gun now drawn, hasn't progressed past the bottom step. The sound of the door locking lowers his spirits. When he tries it and finds it is indeed locked he is depressed. Left with no other choice he moves up the staircase toward the next landing.

## 249. INT. PERIMETER - SECOND FLOOR

Terry stands in front of the door. Charlie appears from downstairs.

CHARLIE

Is he up there?

Terry just grins and nods.

CHARLIE

If he should somehow get back down here, don't let him get any farther... Understand?

TERRY

No way...

Terry, I have forgotten to mention, is dressed like a secret service man.

## 250. INT. STAIRCASE

Frady has reached the first landing, rounded the bend and started up the second flight of stairs, toward the small door at the top. This is a very long flight of stairs broken in the middle by a small landing with a door leading to a special light booth. The door at the very top leads to the grid. This information doesn't mean very much, particularly when the lights go out, as they now do. Frady continues blindly up the stairs to the first door, a light can be seen on the other side of it. He tries the door. It's locked. On to the next, the top door.

## 251. CLOSER ANGLE

Frady is standing on the small landing at the top of the staircase. We can hear Hammond's speech continuing in the distance below. Frady opens the door just as a great cheer goes up. Through the open door we can see

CONTINUED

251. CONTINUED

that Frady is at the very top of the Forum. A network of steel catwalks is suspended from the ceiling. At the nexus of the grid there seems to be an exit to the roof.

HAMMOND

I'd like to know what the hell happened? They spend billions of dollars a year on arms. Why the hell do that if you're gonna tie 'em behind your back?

Frady stands on the threshold for a moment, considering his options. Then walks out onto the catwalk heading for the opening to the roof at the nexus.

252. WIDER ANGLE

which allows us to see the window of the light booth just below and behind Frady. In it is Art...grinning and looking up at Frady.

253. PAN DOWN TO HAMMOND

HAMMOND

The President says we're the most powerful country on earth. The Pentagon says so too. Well I'd just like to know since we're so powerful...how the hell did we get beat in Viet Nam? Cause that's what happened. We lost in Viet Nam. The most powerful country on earth got its ass kicked by a bunch of little guys in black pajamas...And that wasn't even the main event. Viet Nam wasn't even supposed to be a contender. Just north of Viet Nam there are eight hundred million Red Chinese. How do you think we're going to do against them? But we don't have to worry about the Chinese, do we? They're our pals now. Aren't they?

He takes out a copy of the Little Red Book.

254. ANGLE TO FIRST ROW

In the first row of the audience is Jack. Almost casually he looks up toward the ceiling.

255. INT. LIGHT BOOTH

Art is still looking at Frady through the light booth window. He has a rifle which he starts to raise as Frady gets closer to the nexus.

256. EXT. CATWALK

Frady is a little more than halfway across the catwalk when he suddenly sees a rifle a few feet ahead of him.

HAMMOND'S VOICE

In 1957 Mao Tse Tung said America was a paper tiger. You think Viet Nam changed his mind? Hell, no, it just proved he was right! We are the paper tigers...

He is interrupted by the sound of rifle fire. This also freezes Frady.

257. SPEAKER'S ROSTRUM

The first two shots blasted Hammond back off the platform, the third one is simply to make sure. As people begin screaming, some rushing to Hammond's aid, others trying to get out of the line of fire, suddenly we HEAR Jack's voice.

JACK

There he is! Up on the ceiling.

258. ANGLE TO JACK

On his feet pointing up at Frady.

259. CATWALK

Frady looking down at the scene below. As the crowd below following Jack's instructions looks up at him.

JACK

Get a light on him! Quick!

A light is suddenly turned on him. As cries of "There he is" "Get him," etc. go up from below, doors at both ends of the catwalk open and security guards begin to converge on him. Among them are Charlie and Terry. As bullets come towards him, Frady runs for the opening to the roof and climbs out. The news of Frady's escape to the roof is shouted out on all sides.

260. EXT. ROOF

Frady's entrance on the roof is immediately noticed by the security people up here. They start toward him drawing their guns. Frady starts toward them.

FRADY

Wait! Don't shoot. I didn't...

A shot is fired. Frady changes direction and shoots one of the guards. Frady races to the edge of the roof as some of the other guards begin to appear on the roof in pursuit. He finds a ladder and after an exchange of shots starts down the side of the building.

261. ANGLE TO PARKING LOT (FRADY'S POV)

People are beginning to mill around below him although he appears to be unseen. Police squad cars begin to arrive, sirens blazing. Frady fires his gun to get their attention. Suddenly lights begin to point up at him.

262. ANGLE TO FRADY

Climbing down the ladder as the light looks for him.

263. ANGLE TO ROOF

Terry arrives at the top of the roof, he looks down at Frady, and takes aim with his pistol, and fires long shot side of building. We see Frady fall off the ladder on to the pavement below. A crowd quickly gathers around him

The screen goes black and quiet for a moment, then we HEAR sounds of papers rustling, chairs moving, and a Court Reporter's typewriter.

INVESTIGATOR'S VOICE

...ballistic tests have established that the gun found on the catwalk was the weapon which killed General Hammond...

FADE IN:

264. INT. HEARING ROOM

A panel of distinguished looking gentlemen is conducting an inquiry into the Hammond killing. At the moment they are hearing the testimony of someone who can only be described as looking like an F.B.I. agent.

F.B.I. MAN

Frady's fingerprints were not found on the rifle. He must have wiped them off after he used it.

CONTINUED

264. CONTINUED

INQUISITOR  
Why do you say that?

F.B.I. MAN  
Because there were no prints at  
all on the gun.

Nodding from the panel.

F.B.I. MAN  
The evidence indicates that he  
entered the Forum several hours  
prior to the event and hid until  
Hammond appeared.

JUMP CUT TO:

265. INT. HEARING ROOM

Testifying is the Harridan from the motel where Frady most  
recently lived.

HARRIDAN  
He lived in my place for about six  
weeks, and in the whole time I never  
saw him with anybody. Always by him-  
self. Kinda' creepy. You know. His  
whole room was filled with sex books.  
And once he got a call from some hooker  
in New Orleans...

JUMP CUT TO:

266. INT. HEARING ROOM

Same scene, new witness. It's Slavin, one of Frady's  
coworkers on the police force.

SLAVIN  
(Continued)  
to a minimum, we'd appreciate it.  
The police have got enough trouble  
as it is without having to take  
the rap for one bad apple.

JUMP CUT TO:

267. INT. HEARING ROOM

Same scene, new witness...Dr. Luft.

LUFT

He told me he was investigating the assassination of Senator Carroll. He believed that this computer school had something to do with it.

INQUISITOR

Did he tell you why?

LUFT

No.

INQUISITOR

Did he ever mention General Hammond to you?

LUFT

No. I would like to add that on the basis of the tests I gave him it seems most unlikely that he would have been capable of an act of fanaticism such as the assassination seems to have been. I find it very difficult to believe he could have done it.

INQUISITOR

Thank you, Doctor.

JUMP CUT TO:

268. INT. HEARING ROOM

On the stand is a bearded, tweed jacketed, analyst type complete with curved pipe. (DOCTOR HELLER)

HELLER

I am conducting a study which is attempting to isolate and define common patterns in our society which produce assassins. With the co-operation of the American School of Data Processing, we draw our subjects from advertisements in sex magazines. We submit them to a variety of tests designed to isolate aggressive, paranoid tendencies...

INQUISITOR

Did you test Frady?

HELLER

Yes, about a month ago. He was using the name Phillip Farmer, then.

CONTINUED

## INQUISITOR

Why do you think he was using another name?

## HELLER

The man suffered from so many paranoid delusions it's difficult to pick any one of them. He was one of the most seriously disturbed individuals we've dealt with. We tried to locate him after the tests to get him to accept treatment, but we couldn't find him.

Nodding.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 269. INT. PRESS CONFERENCE

In the same room as the press conference at the beginning. The panel of inquisitors sits at the table as their spokesman makes the announcement.

## SPOKESMAN

Frady was obsessed with the Carroll assassination and in his confused and distorted mind seems to have imagined that General Hammond was responsible for the Senator's death. He was equally convinced that the General was somehow plotting to kill him. And it is for those reasons that Frady assassinated General Hammond...Although I'm certain that it will do nothing to discourage the conspiracy peddlers, I will say that it is not only clear there is no evidence of a conspiracy in the assassination of General Hammond, it is obvious. Those are our findings. The evidence will be available to you as soon as possible. Thank you...

As he moves away from the microphone, questions begin to come from the floor.

## SPOKESMAN

This is an announcement, gentlemen. There will be no questions.

FADE OUT

THE END