

"THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER"

FINAL

2/7/72

Received from Stenographic Dept.

1 SCRIPT

Title "THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER"

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Signed _____

FADE IN:

1. INT. DATA DYNAMICS COMPUTER CENTER HOUSTON DAY

Four young men, all of them dressed in long-sleeved white shirts and black ties, sit playing nickel-ante seven card stud at a small metal table surrounded by mountainous computer equipment.

Around the room automatic typewriters click away, light-boards constantly flash ever-changing patterns, I.B.M. cards riffle through a sorter, memory units spit out long winding tear-sheets... aisle after endless aisle of computer hardware...

One of the four men is WEBSTER MCGEE, a blonde, broad-shouldered man of twenty-eight. He has acquired a large stack of coins that are piled neatly in front of him. The other players are professional looking men with rather domesticated appearances.

FIRST MAN:

Cards.

SECOND MAN:

Three.

WEBSTER:

Three.

TED:

Two cards. Think of everything you're going to miss. Vectors, programming units...

FIRST MAN:

...The warm feeling you get when you work for a progressive corporation... I'm out.

SECOND MAN:

...Smiling faces cheerfully going about their duties. Nickel.

WEBSTER:

You're not concentrating. See you and raise.

TED:

You going to come back and visit us?

WEBSTER:

Nothing to come back for. Another couple of months the machine will have your jobs.

(CONTINUED)

1 (Cont.)

FIRST MAN:

Not true. There's always got to be somebody to change the typewriter ribbons.

Webster studies the remaining two hands on the table.

WEBSTER:

Just what I've been waiting for. Three clubs showing. Six more around the table.

SECOND MAN:

Big deal, play.

WEBSTER:

Don't rush me.

He turns to the computer behind him, pulls a punch card from a desk drawer and feeds it into the mouth of the machine. Webster watches as the unit springs into life... lights flashing, tape wheels turning... a moment later a tear sheet comes down the channel. Webster reads the sheet, then returns to his chair.

WEBSTER:

I thought so. You're bluffing. Raise you twenty-five cents...

The Second Man disgustedly throws down his cards, as the other players groan. Webster rakes in the pot.

WEBSTER:

You see how science alters our lives. Better things through progress.

2. EXT. DATA DYNAMICS

LATE AFTERNOON

Huge windowless buildings dominate the skyline; Webster and Ted walk rapidly toward the parking lot.

TED:

What do you hear from New York?

WEBSTER:

She's doing all right.

TED:

I always thought you two would work it out.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

We worked it out fine. She divorced me.

TED:

Yeah. But that doesn't mean you should quit your job and do absolutely nothing...

WEBSTER:

What's bothering you? It's not like I got fired...

TED:

It's just that unemployment offends my Protestant upbringing.

WEBSTER:

We all have to make adjustments. As a consolation you can have my office... you know, the one with the view.

Webster gestures to the windowless building behind him.

TED:

Thanks.

WEBSTER:

Anything else I can do for you?

TED:

As long as I'm at it, I'll take your parking spot.

WEBSTER:

You've got one.

TED:

Yours is ten steps closer.

WEBSTER:

Be my guest.

3. EXT. PARKING LOT

Hundreds of cars parked in geometric rows. Ted leans in at the window of Webster's white Austin-Healy roadster.

WEBSTER:

(starting the engine)

My best to your wife and children.
Don't forget the house payment...

(CONTINUED)

3 (Cont.)

TED:

You've got no reason to be happy,
you're divorced and jobless.

WEBSTER:

There's always hope.

TED:

(now somewhat serious)

Sure you're okay?

WEBSTER:

I'm fine. I'm just worried about
you. I don't want you to be bored.

Webster slips the car into gear and pulls forward. Ted
watches him leave the crowded parking lot.

4. EXT. TURNPIKE HOUSTON DUSK

The white Healy rolls along with the commuter traffic,
caught up in the congested lanes...

5. EXT. CITY STREETS HOUSTON

Webster parks the Healy, then quickly enters a dreary modern
apartment house.

6. INSIDE THE APARTMENT HOUSE

as Webster hustles up the dark stairway...

7. WEBSTER

comes down a bleak corridor, stops, then lets himself into
an apartment at one end of the hallway.

8. WITHIN THE APARTMENT

Webster enters and flips on the light revealing a stark,
two-storied apartment -- a functional place with an unlived-
in look, but possessing a degree of masculine charm.

The appearance of the apartment has not been helped by the
fact that Webster has set up many various-sized windowpanes
around the living room. Webster removes his overcoat, looks
at the windowpanes, then quickly crosses to one...he lifts
a large rubber suction from the sofa and applies it to the

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

glass, a circle is then lined on the surface with a suddenly appearing glass cutter. The CAMERA ZOOMS IN as he pulls out the suction cup and a perfect armhole appears within the pane.

The TITLE, "THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER," appears at one side of the SCREEN.

9. A SMALL OFFICE SAFE

sitting on a dining room table in front of Webster. He is reading a book which shows a cross-section diagram of a safe lock. SUPER TITLE:

He spins the lock with his right hand, with his left he holds a stethoscope flush against the metal door. SUPER TITLE:

10. A TABLE

with a huge collection of doorlocks lying in disarray. Webster practices opening the locks with several plastic playing cards, then continues opening more locks with a burglar pick. SUPER TITLE:

11. WEBSTER

crawling on his back between two electric eye monitors; he labors with difficulty, gets most of his body through -- he raises his knees slightly to enable himself to get more traction... an alarm bell goes off in the corner of the room... SUPER TITLE:

12. WEBSTER'S APARTMENT

CAMERA is on a CLOSEUP of a stopwatch, PULLS BACK to REVEAL Webster now blindfolded, opening the safe on his dining room table. As the sweep secondhand turns, he finally gets the door open. SUPER TITLE:

13. AT A BENCH

set up in Webster's kitchen. He shoves a blank key into a door lock -- Webster then opens a small locksmith's lathe... he begins grinding the key to size...

Webster fits the key into the door lock, it turns...SUPER TITLE:

14. BURGLAR TOOLS

laid out like surgical instruments on a king-sized bed; beyond the assembly a black medical bag stands open. Webster's eyes gently glide over the instruments. Webster smiles, puts on a pair of black gloves, then begins placing the tools into the medical bag.

SUPER FINAL TITLE:

15. INT. HOUSTON GYM

DAY

with modern stainless steel exercise equipment and polished linoleum floors. Webster and DYNAMITE (a tough-looking Chicano about thirty-five years old. Born in Mexico, he's still having trouble with the nuances of the language) are doing a few miles on traction bicycles -- Dynamite looks over to Webster with a somewhat questioning eye. Webster continues to pump vigorously away at his machine...

16. WEBSTER

climbing a rope within the gym; he pulls himself steadily upward, hand over hand. As Webster touches the metal plate at the top of the rope, his face breaks into momentary exultation... Dynamite watches from the floor below.

17. DYNAMITE easily climbing the rope -- Webster now gazes up at him...

18. WEBSTER AND DYNAMITE

doing bench presses side by side in the weight room...After they both finish five heavy reps...

DYNAMITE:

Why you always hang around me? I don' like it. You really bother me.

WEBSTER:

Just trying to stay in shape.

DYNAMITE:

No. Is more than that.

WEBSTER:

Truth is I need some help, Dynamite.

(CONTINUED)

18 (Cont.)

DYNAMITE:

You no call me Dynamite. My name no
Dynamite. My name Hector. Don't
never forget it.

WEBSTER:

Sorry. Okay Hector, I need some help.

DYNAMITE:

(very skeptical)
I am not the Red Cross.

WEBSTER:

People tell me you do a lot of night
work...

DYNAMITE:

Peoples always talk. You wanna stay
okay, then you stay away from me.

19. AT ANOTHER PART OF THE GYM

Dynamite, wearing heavy training gloves, is pounding away
at a heavy bag. Webster, similarly dressed, watches from
close-by.

WEBSTER:

How about the help, Dynamite?

DYNAMITE:

(he stops punching
the bag)
You bother me a lot, man...You gonna
get hurt.

20. WEBSTER

now banging away at the heavy-bag; Dynamite watches care-
fully...

WEBSTER:

I'm not really asking you to do
anything, Dynamite. I just need...

He stops punching the bag...

WEBSTER:

(continuing)
...a little introduction.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

DYNAMITE:

(avoiding the
issue)

Okay, Buddy. You know hitting the
bag is no very hard. Is no
opposition.

Dynamite's big smile is an obvious challenge.

WEBSTER:

Any time, Dynamite. Any time.

21. WEBSTER AND DYNAMITE

boxing furiously at the center of a ring, both men now wear
training helmets. Dynamite sinks a wicked shot into
Webster's stomach...

DYNAMITE:

You like that one?

WEBSTER:

(wincing)

Not bad.

As Dynamite closes in for more, Webster suddenly lashes out
with a combination, catching Dynamite by surprise...an
angered Dynamite now stands toe-to-toe with Webster, again
the two men flurry with both arms, Webster finally staggers
Dynamite...

WEBSTER:

That make you feel good?

DYNAMITE:

You shut up.

Dynamite slams an overhead right to Webster's jaw. Both men
stare bullets at each other.

DYNAMITE:

I got lots more.

WEBSTER:

Let's see some.

He rips a left hook into Dynamite's rib cage.

DYNAMITE:

You no very smart.

(CONTINUED)

21 (Cont.)

Dynamite throws four vicious punches, all of them landing... Webster's nose shows a trace of blood. Neither man now offers any defense, the object is to finish the other when it is his turn to punch.

Webster grinds his teeth and comes forward; he rakes Dynamite with a combination of his own, culminating in a right to the temple.

WEBSTER:

All I want is a little help.

DYNAMITE:

(furious)

I give you some help.

He rages back at Webster, both arms pumping like a steam drill -- the two men rock one another with punch after punch...

They part...look at one another...both so tired they can hardly raise their arms. Webster's nose continues to bleed.

Dynamite steps forward, hits Webster again, then takes a punishing left hook for his trouble.

Dynamite stares at Webster -- both men are rivers of perspiration. Dynamite finally smiles...

DYNAMITE:

You okay man. I like you. I help you.

Webster brushes his nose with his glove, then the two of them smile at one another.

22. INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN

NIGHT

Webster is at the kitchen table, a typewriter and large file card index sit before him. With a pair of scissors he cuts a small item from the society section of the Houston Post. Webster quickly pastes the news item onto a file card, then holds the card up...

WEBSTER:

(reading)

"Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Henderson have left their heavy social schedule in the Houston area to enjoy a second honeymoon, a month's tour of Europe..."

Webster smiles and files the card into the index.

23. INT. WE-FIX-ALL PLUMBING TRUCK

DAY

Webster, wearing a thick moustache and horn-rimmed glasses, is behind the wheel. He guns the repair truck down the roadway.

24. EXT. STREET SUBURBAN HOUSTON DAY
Elegant homes and estates. The plumbing truck whips by.

25. THE TRUCK
as it pulls into the driveway of an impressive mansion.

26. WEBSTER
hops from the cab, takes a large tool-kit from the rear of the truck and moves off to the side of the house.

27. EXT. APPROACHING THE REAR ENTRANCE OF HENDERSON MANSION
Webster removes a mini-camera from his jacket pocket, puts down the tool-kit and begins to snap pictures of the house.

28. WEBSTER'S HAND
turning the valve on a water line...

29. WEBSTER
now at a rear door of the house, mini-camera out of sight. A large middle-aged maid answers his purposeful knock...

WEBSTER:
They sent me out, trouble on the main line, got to test the water pressure...

WOMAN:
(she eyes Webster skeptically)
Our water's fine.

WEBSTER:
Better check it.

30. INT. KITCHEN
The maid crosses to the sink and tries the tap... it gurgles dry.

MAID:
Wouldn't you know it.

She moves back to the porch.

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.)

MAID:

You better come in, young man.

WEBSTER:

Be glad to...

As he enters.

WEBSTER:

(continuing)

It's those County engineers...
they overload the line, triggers
the automatic shut-off...

MAID:

How long's this gonna take?

WEBSTER:

I'll move as fast as I can but it's
hard to say, lady, hard to say.
You stay here and watch the tap,
I'll check the gauge in the basement.

31. WEBSTER

now holding a wrench at the foot of the basement stairs.

WEBSTER:

(shouting upward)

Yell when the water comes on.

MAID:

(v.o.)

Okay, young man.

Webster again whips out his camera and begins photograph-
ing the basement, locating both the fuse and the alarm
box -- he pauses in his research occasionally to whack on
the overhead waterpipes with his crescent wrench.

WEBSTER:

(still shouting)

Anything yet?

MAID:

(v.o.)

Not that I can see.

WEBSTER:

(banging another pipe)

How about now?

32. BACK IN THE KITCHEN HALLWAY

Webster passes the maid who still stands near the sink...

WEBSTER:

Keep watching there, I'll run upstairs and turn the bathroom taps on, I don't want those seals to blow out when the pressure hits...

MAID:

I'm never gonna get the washing done...

WEBSTER:

You know those guys that work for the County...

He moves off at a trot up the stairway.

33. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Webster taking pictures as he runs along -- he pauses at the entrance to the study... Webster notes the electric eye monitor and mirrors at the doorway... he stamps on the floor several times, making it sound like he is very active.

34. INT. STUDY

Webster enters, looks about the room, makes several photographs, then stares at a large Boroque mirror...

35. AT THE BACK PORCH

The maid stands ready to pull the door shut...

WEBSTER:

I can't understand it. I'll check the pressure valve out back. You should have water...

MAID:

(slamming the door)

Nothin' ever works right around these big houses.

36. WEBSTER

runs back toward the garage, re-locates the valve and turns it on.

WEBSTER:

(shouting)

How about now?

37. INT. KITCHEN

The sink tap spits out some air-pocketed water.

38. WEBSTER

Hollering to the MAID.

WEBSTER:

Any water yet?

MAID:

(v.o.)

It's running!

WEBSTER:

Good!...

39. EXT. ROADWAY

A smiling Webster pulls the truck out of the driveway and zips off down the street.

40. INT. WEBSTER'S BATHROOM

NIGHT

The bathroom has been converted into a darkroom. Webster again sans moustache, is leaning over the tub, developing pictures.

41. WEBSTER

LATER

holding some contact prints up to the red light -- He studies the layout of the home he has just visited.

42. INT. BOBBY DEAMS' RED ROCKET LAUNDRY AND DRY CLEANERS DAY

Webster enters the establishment, crosses the coin-ops and moves past the counter toward the rear of the building...

43. REAR OF LAUNDRY

Webster walks along long rows of cellophane-bagged clothes -- steam cleaning machines are being run by sweating, T-shirted men...

44. AT A REAR OFFICE

past the cleaning equipment and laundered clothes. Webster knocks at a door, then briskly enters. Through a window in the door Dynamite and BOBBY DEAMS are visible.

45. INT. OFFICE

Deams is a chubby, slick-haired man of thirty-five. Wearing a rumpled seersucker suit and a loud tie, he works at an account book behind a metal desk. Dynamite is seated on a stool nearby, reading the sports page of a Mexican newspaper.

WEBSTER:

Deams?

DEAMS:

(he has a deep east
Texas accent)

That's the name.

WEBSTER:

I'm Webster. Webster McGee.

DYNAMITE:

(to Deams, he speaks
very quickly)

Is the one. Is okay. Is my friend
I tell you about. Wants do business
with you...

Deams looks at Dynamite with irritation.

DEAMS:

(to himself)

Known him for ten years, still can't
understand a word he says...

(back to Webster)

What'ya need here, bright eyes?

WEBSTER:

I want to get rid of some merchandise...
at top dollar.

DEAMS:

(still wary)

I don't need any color T.V.'s or
hubcaps.

WEBSTER:

I'm not talking about hubcaps...Jewels
...pearls...I want the stuff to move
fast.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont.)

Deams, still skeptical, looks over to Dynamite...

DYNAMITE:

Is okay. I tell you. Is the one.

DEAMS:

All my stuff moves fast.

WEBSTER:

What about our financial arrangements?

DEAMS:

I give as good a deal as you gonna find.

WEBSTER:

So I hear.

DEAMS:

(back to Webster)

I can get fifty percent of the value of the item or we can play the insurance game.

WEBSTER:

(stating the obvious)

I don't know the insurance game.

DEAMS:

We sell it back to them. They give us ten percent of the value, don't look for us, and don't help the police.

WEBSTER:

The insurance companies are doing well enough without us.

DEAMS:

Okay, I take half of whatever we get. The rest is yours.

DYNAMITE:

(to Webster)

You know is good deal. Very good.

DEAMS:

(with a calmness that is truly vicious)

Why don't you just read your newspaper.

(back to Webster)

I think it's a real fair proposition.

WEBSTER:

I imagine you would, Deams. It's ten percent over what you usually get, but I'm swayed by your honest face.

45 (Cont.1)

DEAMS:

You've got good taste, partner.
Tell you what, bring your laundry
in here...I'll give you a cut rate.

WEBSTER:

From the moment I met you, Mr. Deams,
I knew your heart was in the right place.
By the way, no starch in my collars, makes
my neck break out.

46. INT. WEBSTER'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

Webster stands before a full-length mirror dressed in fashionable burglar attire -- basic black: cardigan and jersey, bell bottoms, addidas, socks and gloves. The phantom of the hour tries on a black stocking cap...adjusts the angle...picks up the medical bag...

47.. EXT. RIVER OAKS SECTION HOUSTON

NIGHT

The white Healy speeds along the roadway.

48. INT. HEALY

Webster driving; small signs of tension: he clutches the wheel tightly, wets his lips...

49. EXT. STREET CORNER

The Healy makes a hard right onto a deserted suburban street; halfway through the turn, Webster cuts the headlights.

50. THE HEALY

quietly prowls up the tree-lined avenue.

51. EXT. HENDERSON MANSION

The Healy turns up the long, twisting driveway, passes to the rear of the house, and parks out of sight behind a huge thicket. Webster climbs out of the car, carrying his black bag. He pauses, nerves himself, then moves toward the house.

52. WEBSTER

steps gingerly across the expansive lawn. Suddenly the

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

automatic sprinkler system kicks on; huge plumes of water dance upward and turn in concentric circles. Webster dodges through the shower, running zig-zaggedly over the grass.

53. BACK PORCH

Webster is drenched, his nifty outfit soaked and dripping.

WEBSTER:

Son-of-a-bitch...

He wrings himself out a bit and then reaches into his bag, extracting the glass cutter and huge suction cup. The heavy oaken back door has one large window. Suction cup in place, blade grinding against the glass, deft jerk of the suction cup... The entire window SHATTERS into a thousand fragments and falls with an ear-splitting CRASH.

WEBSTER:

Son-of-a-bitch...

54. INT. MANSION BASEMENT

NIGHT

as Webster, guided by his flashlight, moves to a fuse box, throws the power off, cuts the alarm box wires, then turns the power on again.

55. INT. MANSION STUDY

Continuing to use his flashlight, Webster illuminates the Baroque mirror...He pulls it back, revealing a huge door-sized safe.

56. WEBSTER LATER

removes the stethoscope from his bag, applies it to the lock, listens as he begins turning the lock face...

57. WEBSTER LATER

setting aside the stethoscope. He pulls the safe handle... It doesn't open... He begins anew...

58. WEBSTER YET STILL LATER

pulling the safe handle...it doesn't open...

59. WEBSTER

Yanking the safe handle... It doesn't open...

(CONTINUED)

59 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

Son-of-a-bitch, son-of-a-bitch,
son-of-a-bitch...

He rests a moment, eyes the safe, gently turns the handle, the lock disengages, the big door pulls open... Webster quickly removes several papers and then a leather case. He opens it. A diamond necklace and pin shine in the glare of his flashlight. Alongside the necklace another large handful of jewelry is visible. A metal box is next withdrawn from the safe. Webster forces the small lock, removes more papers and a stack of bills -- several thousand dollars...Moving quickly he empties the entire contents of the safe into his black bag, he slams the safe shut, starts to move away...

WEBSTER:

God dammit...

He retraces his steps, pops open the medical bag and withdraws a black chess pawn with a note attached. He ties the pawn to the safe handle.

60. THE NOTE

is briefly illuminated by Webster's flashlight. It reads:

"PAWN TO KING FOUR"

The light snaps off.

61. WEBSTER

coming out the back door...he jauntily moves toward his parked car when...

62. EXT. MANSION FRONT GATE

NIGHT

A Buick convertible pulls onto the driveway and parks near the house.

63. WEBSTER

freezes, then moves behind a bush. He sees...

64. INT. BUICK WEBSTER'S P.O.V.

A young couple seated in the open convertible. The Boy kills the lights, then slips his arms around the winsome and willing Girl.

65. WEBSTER

still behind the bush, muttering to himself...

66. THE YOUNG COUPLE

LATER

kissing, feeling, touching. The car radio has been left on, a SOFT-ROCK NUMBER wafts across the grounds.

67. WEBSTER AT THE BUSH

impatiently waiting, he glances at his watch...

68. INT. BUICK

YET STILL LATER

The Young Couple are now about to become the fabled beast with two backs...Suddenly: The side of the car is given a tremendous smashing blow, a white light dazzles their eyes... The Young Man and Woman pull themselves upright, covering bare skin, grabbing clothes...

69. WEBSTER

is in silhouette behind the blinding highpower flashlight.

WEBSTER:

(shouting)

What the hell's going on here!
This is private property!

BOY:

(still wide-eyed)

I didn't know this place had a
watchman.

WEBSTER:

You know it now! Haul ass or I'll
have the cops here in five minutes.

BOY:

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. Leaving right
now.

Still shirtless, the Boy kicks the engine over, rams the car into reverse and rubbers down the driveway...

70. WEBSTER

watches the car leave.

WEBSTER:

(softly)

I'm sorry.

He snaps the flashlight off. From the blackness...

WEBSTER:

(v.o.)

I really am.

71. EXT. GALVESTON RIVER BAYOU HOUSTON DAY

Webster, Deams and Dynamite are seated on a grassy jut of land, the murky river passing in front of them, the gray industrial section of Houston visible at their backs. Webster is preoccupied with a pocket-sized chessboard. He reads a manual on the art as he plays, with the aid of the book he has almost managed to defeat himself.

Deams lifts the jewelry pieces from the Henderson safe out of a bag, studies them with a jeweler's eyepiece, makes a notation in a log book, then hands each piece to Dynamite, who immediately takes each stone out of its setting.

DEAMS:

(looking at a ruby ring)

This is clear cut, about four Karats.

WEBSTER:

The paper gave me some nice reviews.

DEAMS:

Chess Burglar! What kind of dumb pecker-head trick are you pullin'? Careful there Dynamite, that setting may bring us a couple hundred.

WEBSTER:

I thought it showed a touch of the dramatic.

DEAMS:

Dumb. Just plain Tom Dumb.

DYNAMITE:

Yes. Tom Dumb.

DEAMS:

You stay out of this.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

DYNAMITE:

No, I can talk. Is my business too.

Deams looks furiously at Dynamite for a moment, then turns back to Webster.

DEAMS:

It's just the kind of God damn stuff they put in books. Nice piece here Chess Burglar. About two and a half karats.

DYNAMITE:

Newspaper say you not know about Chess.

WEBSTER:

The chess expert of the Houston Post said, '...obviously the thief doesn't know the game well, according to the rules, white always has the first move...'

DYNAMITE:

Yes, everyone know that.

DEAMS:

I don't know that and I don't give a God damn.

DYNAMITE:

Is common knowledge.

DEAMS:

Put a lid on it, Dumbo.

DYNAMITE:

My name Hector.

WEBSTER:

(looking up from
his chess set for
the first time)

Fellas, please. You're wrecking my concentration. I'm trying to learn this game.

Deams has now emptied the bag, he consults his ledger.

DEAMS:

If it's not too much trouble, can we talk a little business here, Mr. Chess Burglar?

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.1)

WEBSTER:

Anytime, Mr. Deams.

DEAMS:

According to my calculations we will
net about twenty thousand dollars
from this drop.

WEBSTER:

(moving a rook
into place)

Not bad for a peckerhead.

DYNAMITE:

(still pulling
jewels from their
settings)

No. Is good for peckerhead.

Webster looks over to Dynamite. Deams shrugs his shoulders.

72. INT. WEBSTER'S KITCHEN

DAY

Webster again sits at the kitchen table, his typewriter and set of file cards before him along with a large stack of glossy photographs. He types a card, files it, pulls another from the index, hesitates, then lifts one of the 8X10 photos -- he places the file card next to the photograph, studying them both... He stops and starts to read one of his reviews from the Houston Post.

73. EXT. RIVER OAKS SECTION HOUSTON

NIGHT

A black M.G. - T.C. cruises down the roadway.

74. INT. M.G.

Webster driving his new car, radiating confidence.

75. EXT. DRIVEWAY OF DONNER HOME

NIGHT

a handsome, two-story house with a steeply inclined roof. To all appearances the house is deserted. The M.G. pulls up to the curb near the front gate. Webster hops out of the car, wearing his dark outfit, but without his black bag. He moves quickly to the side of the house and begins to scale a tree.

76. WEBSTER

nimbly moves out on an overhanging branch; he poises himself for a short leap down onto the housetop. There is a lurch and a SNAP as the branch breaks under him. Webster tumbles downward onto the inclined roof. Unable to hold his balance, he rolls wildly across the housetop, catching himself at the drainpipe. He collects himself momentarily and retreats to a position behind the chimney. He crouches -- listening intently. Deciding that he is undetected, he skips across the roof to a second floor landing, raises a window and enters the house.

77. INT. LIBRARY

The walls are lined with leather-bound books and fine prints. Webster checks behind several etchings, discovering only blank surface -- he then crosses to the door and cracks it open.

78. INT. CORRIDOR

The library door opens -- Webster looks in both directions... all clear... He steps gingerly down the hallway...

79. INT. DONNER BEDROOM WOMEN'S DRESSING ROOM ANNEX

Webster smoothly enters and crosses the room, stopping before a mahogany Empire vanity table. He opens a drawer, then another, then another, his search proves disappointing...

80. AT THE DONNER'S FRONT DOOR

Mrs. Donner, a pleasantly attractive woman in her early forties, and a dignified gentleman let themselves into the house. Their affection for one another is apparent by the firm grasp Mrs. Donner has on his arm.

MRS. DONNER:

(flipping on
the light switch)

How about a martini?

PRESTON:

I don't think so, Alice. I'm a little pressed for time. You know how she worries.

MRS. DONNER:

How is Faye these days?

They cross immediately to the stairwell, heading upward...

81. INT. DONNER MASTER BEDROOM

Webster still looking for the jewels...

82. A SUEDE JEWEL CASE

contains an outrageous collection of jewels, pearls, diamonds and sapphires.

83. WEBSTER

taking a jewel from the abundant collection, when startled by the sound of the approaching voices, he quickly slaps the box shut and slams it back into the drawer.

He runs across the room, then flattens himself against the dressing room wall, near the doorway.

84. EXT. HALLWAY

Mrs. Donner and Preston approach the bedroom door.

PRESTON:

(mid-sentence)

Everyone told me the boy would
straighten out when he got older.
Damn kid's twenty-three and worse
than ever.

MRS. DONNER:

Give them everything and they still
don't have any respect...

85. INT. DONNER BEDROOM

Mrs. Donner and Preston enter, arm in arm. She crosses the room and pulls the drapes.

MRS. DONNER:

Put on some music.

He crosses to the hi-fi and flips it on. From a nearby table he lifts a small, very ugly statue.

PRESTON:

This is new.

MRS. DONNER:

Yes, Clint brought it back from
Venezuela with him.

PRESTON:

Just the kind of thing he'd like...

(CONTINUED)

85 (Cont.)

MRS. DONNER:

Oh, Tom...

86. INT. LADIES DRESSING ROOM

Webster is at the doorway, nervously listening to their conversation.

87. BACK IN THE MASTER BEDROOM

Preston glances at his watch. Mrs. Donner is now at his side.

MRS. DONNER:

You know where everything is.

PRESTON:

I think so.

Mrs. Donner goes into her dressing room as Preston slips into the bathroom.

88. THE BATHROOM DOOR

shuts behind Preston.

89. INT. DRESSING ROOM

Mrs. Donner enters, crosses its length, moves into a second bathroom and shuts the door. Webster stands pressed against the wall. After Mrs. Donner is out of sight, Webster quickly tiptoes out into the bedroom.

90. PRESTON

opens his bathroom door suddenly...

PRESTON:

Alice?

91. WEBSTER

has moved behind the first bathroom door just in time as it opened. Preston has now removed his coat and tie.

92. INT. SECOND BATHROOM BEYOND THE DRESSING ROOM

The door springs open...

MRS. DONNER:

Yes, Tom?

93. WEBSTER BEHIND THE DOOR

He is sweating bullets.

PRESTON:

(v.o.)

Where's the cologne?

94. INT. SECOND BATHROOM

Mrs. Donner peers beyond the dressing room to the bedroom.

MRS. DONNER:

It's that new maid. Look in the cabinet behind the shower.

95. INT. FIRST BATHROOM.

Preston smiles broadly.

PRESTON:

All right, my dear. Thank you.

96. INT. SECOND BATHROOM

Mrs. Donner returns his smile.

(CONTINUED)

96 (Cont.)

MRS. DONNER:

See you in una momentita.

She shuts her door.

97. PRESTON

shuts the first bathroom door.

98. WEBSTER

heads for the doorway leading to the hall and escape. He stops, returns to the bed, and pats the pillows up, turns down the bedspread. He then runs from the room, stops, comes back and gently places the chess piece and the note:

"QUEEN TO KING'S ROOK FIVE"

A black Queen anchors the slip of paper.

99. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS LABORATORY DAY

A huge display table revealing blown-up photographs of Webster's notes, chess pieces, and the Donner and Walker mansions. Red crayon circles have been marked over the burgled rooms; photographs of the open safe and jewelry box as well as the actual notes and chess pieces are also in evidence. Four men stand around the table; TWO uniformed LAB TECHNICIANS, SERGEANT DEL CONTE (in plain clothes) and insurance investigator DAVE REILLY. Reilly is tough and Irish; thirty-eight years old, a ruddy Celtic face, hundred dollar suit and solid tie.

LAB TECHNICIAN:

Olivetti 100, an extremely common model but identifiable if we can come up with the particular machine, no fingerprints, probably fine-grain gloves...

DEL CONTE:

The chess pieces?

(CONTINUED)

99. (Cont.)

LAB TECHNICIAN:
Plastic, any department store...

DEL CONTE:
First he used a black pawn. It
might mean something that in the
second job he used a black queen...

DAVE:
Issue an all points for a Negro
with a lisp.

DEL CONTE:
Cute.

DAVE:
Let me have copies and photostats
of all this material, okay?

The Lab Technician looks over to Del Conte.

DEL CONTE:
You're going to help us this time?

DAVE:
Have to. Nobody's tried to sell
the stuff back to us yet.

DEL CONTE:
I think I'll quit and join an in-
surance company.

DAVE:
You guys get more money and a
better pension.

DEL CONTE:
Yeah, but I have to play by the
rules...

100. INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS CORRIDOR DAY

Dave and Del Conte pacing down the busy hallway -- Dave now
carries a folder bulging with papers.

DEL CONTE:
What are the odds on your company
holding policies on both jobs?

(CONTINUED)

100 (Cont.)

DAVE:

Probably a hundred to one... My boss thinks it's a conspiracy.

DEL CONTE:

Any ideas?

DAVE:

Amateur all the way. Somebody just got lucky.

DEL CONTE:

Amateur, pro, we'll get him.

DAVE:

If you don't, I will...

101. EXT. CLEAR LAKE TWO BEDROOM HOME HOUSTON DAY

The isolated house fronts a private beach and dock; a "For Rent" sign has been staked onto the lawn. From behind a Jesuit priest can be seen; he stares intently at the house and the small pier.

A late model car steams up and parks next to a black M.G. A man wearing a rumpled grey suit exits the car and approaches the priest. As the Jesuit turns to greet the man it becomes apparent that the man of the cloth is none other than Webster. He has adopted metal-framed glasses for the occasion.

MAN:

(obviously a crook)

Father Cahill?

WEBSTER:

Yes.

MAN:

Emmet Lasker, Father. Of Lasker Realty. Glad to meet you. Sorry I'm late, but I just made a quick sale on the other part of the lake.

WEBSTER:

How fortunate. Must make you feel good.

LASKER:

Yes, it does. But all in a day's work, Father. How can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

I'm interested in renting this house.

LASKER:

Fine piece of real estate. Two bedrooms. You can see the dock. Here, let's go inside...

WEBSTER:

Oh, that's all right. I'm sure I'd like to take it. You see, I need an area for weekend retreats...

LASKER:

A place for meditation?

WEBSTER:

Yes...exactly!

LASKER:

It's certainly a secluded little spot.

Lasker pauses, takes a breath...

LASKER:

(continuing, slightly ill-at-ease)

It's difficult for me to discuss money with a man of the cloth... but I do have to tell you that it's an expensive site, Father, especially in the summer months...

WEBSTER:

Oh, I understand. But that presents no problem.

LASKER:

(brightening)

Fine. Shall I make out the lease to the parish?

WEBSTER:

No, no. There's a special reason why I'd like to put it in my name...

LASKER:

(broad smile)

Say no more. I understand, Father. You'd prefer that this business arrangement not be discussed with anyone.

(CONTINUED)

106 (Cont.1)

LAURA:
He was a Puerto Rican.

WEBSTER:
Oh. Well, maybe Gene has
selected me as a potential
reformer.

LAURA:
Oh, no. Only the wives want to
reform me. The men like me the
way I am.

On her smile...

107. EXT. HENDERSON DRIVEWAY

NIGHT

Laura and Webster stand beside Webster's car parked among
the huge, dark limousines. Webster is vigorously kissing
her -- really applying the old lip power...

LAURA:
(as he lets off)
I like that.

WEBSTER:
So do I. Tell me, how did
you get mixed up with that
crowd?

He gestures back to the still brightly lit mansion.

LAURA:
I belong with them. My
family's quite wealthy, you
know.

WEBSTER:
I figured that. It's just
that you don't seem like a
native.

(CONTINUED)

107 (Cont.)

LAURA:

Oh, I am. But Daddy always said Eastern schools and Western men.

WEBSTER:

He was obviously a sound thinker.

Webster pulls the tiny car door open...

108. INT. M.G.

(A LITTLE LATER)

NIGHT

as it whips down the highway; Laura snuggles against Webster's shoulder as he drives.

LAURA:

What do you do, anyway?

WEBSTER:

My profession?

LAURA:

If you have one.

WEBSTER:

I'm an independently wealthy retired former businessman.

LAURA:

I don't believe that.

WEBSTER:

Why not?

LAURA:

You're too young and obviously putting me on.

WEBSTER:

What difference does it make what I do?

LAURA:

Because I've never known a man with character who didn't have some kind of profession.

WEBSTER:

I may have more character than you can handle.

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

LAURA:

Try me...

109. EXT. LAKE FRONT MANSION

NIGHT

The M.G. pulls up the driveway of the tree-lined estate, stopping near the entrance to the house. Webster pops out of the sports car, moves to the opposite side and opens Laura's door.

110. AT THE FRONT DOOR

Webster stands waiting for Laura to produce a key.

WEBSTER:

Aren't you going to open the door?

LAURA:

You expect the key? I thought you just said you were a burglar? Where's your flashlight?

WEBSTER:

You want me to break in?

LAURA:

Of course.

WEBSTER:

Right now?

LAURA:

If it's not too much trouble.

WEBSTER:

I can't do that. Besides I had other plans.

He puts his arm around her, she gently pushes him back.

LAURA:

Come on, hurry up and start stealing.

WEBSTER:

Nobody breaks into their own house.

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

LAURA:

Think of it as a technical exercise.

She kisses him.

WEBSTER:

You are persuasive.

111. BACK OF M.G.

Webster snaps open the trunk lid and removes his black bag. He extracts the flashlight -- Laura stands near him -- her look remains skeptical.

112. BACK AT THE FRONT DOOR

Webster removes his wallet and withdraws five or six credit cards... Laura watches skeptically...

WEBSTER:

Pick a card. Any card.

Laura selects a Master Charge card. Webster inserts the card into the door-jamb... a moment later the front door pops open...

WEBSTER:

Voila.

LAURA:

(nervous smile,
beginning to believe)

You really are a burglar.

Webster pulls her inside.

WEBSTER:

That's right. Now let's go upstairs and discuss locks.

LAURA:

No, no. You have to open the safe too.

WEBSTER:

Oh, come on.

LAURA:

You want to impress me, don't you.

(CONTINUED)

112 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:
I thought I already had.

Webster snaps his flashlight on.

113. INT. STUDY

Webster and Laura prowl about the large room, guided by the flashlight beam. Webster plays the white light on one oil painting, then another.

WEBSTER:
Can't we forget this?

Webster continues to try to slip his arm around her and pull her close.

LAURA:
Shhhh!

WEBSTER:
What do you mean shhh? This is your house.

LAURA:
I want this robbery to be authentic.
Is it always behind a painting?

WEBSTER:
In a house like this it is.

Laura points to a particularly large oil.

LAURA:
I bet it's behind that one.

WEBSTER:
You ought to know -- but only a moron would put it behind a painting that difficult to take down...

Webster focuses on a small oil behind a desk.

WEBSTER:
(continuing)
That the one?

LAURA:
Try it.

113A. THE SAFE

as Webster applies the stethoscope from his black bag.

(CONTINUED)

113A (Cont.)

LAURA:

Let me listen.

WEBSTER:

Anything you desire.

Laura takes the stethoscope from Webster and begins to listen. Webster spins the safe lock with one hand, holds her with the other -- he begins kissing her...

LAURA:

Stop it. I can't hear a thing.

WEBSTER:

What do you want to hear? It's just some tumblers.

LAURA:

Shhh.

WEBSTER:

Having trouble? Here.

After a moment's work he throws the safe open.

LAURA:

I can't wait to see what's inside.

She reaches in, extracts a couple of papers, nothing else.

LAURA:

(continuing)

Would you look -- nothing but a couple of deeds!

WEBSTER:

You're smart not to keep your valuables here.

LAURA:

Well, look at this. The Tylers owe the bank two hundred thousand.

WEBSTER:

Tylers?

Webster takes the papers, begins to examine them.

WEBSTER:

Who are the Tylers? Aren't your parents named Keaton?

LAURA:

You met the Tylers -- they were at the party tonight. They're obviously living way beyond their means. Silly people are nearly broke...

(CONTINUED)

She tosses the deeds back into the safe, shuts it.

WEBSTER:

Laura -- whose house is this?

He stands, begins edging toward the door.

LAURA:

Ray Don Tyler's. You really are a terrific burglar.

He continues to move toward the exit...

WEBSTER:

Never mind that. Where are the Tylers?

LAURA:

Upstairs, asleep, I suppose. They're certainly smart enough to recognize a dull party, they left long before we did.

WEBSTER:

Thank you very much. It's been nice knowing you, I wish you well. Good night.

He bolts for the front door, she dashes after him.

LAURA:

(loud whisper)

Webster! Wait for me!

114. EXT. TYLER MANSION

NIGHT

Webster and Laura running like hell for the car. Doors slam, engine starts -- the M.G. speeds into the night.

115. INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM

NIGHT

Ludicrous burglar activities occasionally land a goddess; Webster is between the sheets with Laura...

LAURA:

Are you really blackmailing Gene Henderson?

WEBSTER:

No doubt about it.

LAURA:

That's not a very honorable form of thievery.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

It's acceptable when you only do it
for introductions.

LAURA:

Introductions? You've already met
the only interesting person Gene knows.

WEBSTER:

You're right.

(he gives her a
light kiss)

But I'm determined to meet all those
uninteresting people with interest-
ing bank accounts.

LAURA:

Oh, you're only doing research.

WEBSTER:

That's right. It helps to know the
people you're going to rob.

She runs her hand over a blue lilly tattooed on Webster's
shoulder.

LAURA:

Who is Carol?

WEBSTER:

Who?

She pinches his arm.

WEBSTER:

Carol. Oh, just an old friend of
the family.

LAURA:

Sure. When does my name go on the
honor roll?

She runs her finger above the lilly.

WEBSTER:

I don't know. Depends on the kind
of grades you get. We've only been
friends for two hours.

LAURA:

You're so negative.

WEBSTER:

I've been trying to overcome it.

(CONTINUED)

115 (Cont.1)

They embrace, then Laura pulls slightly away...

LAURA:

Webster, what does it feel like when you break into somebody's house?

WEBSTER:

Like a heart attack with a lot of fear thrown in.

LAURA:

It's exciting?

WEBSTER:

It is to me.

LAURA:

At least it's more stylish than blackmail.

WEBSTER:

All right. Do you want to know how I'm able to blackmail Gene Henderson?

LAURA:

I'd be fascinated.

WEBSTER:

Because I found out he steals a lot more than I do.

LAURA:

Why pick on Gene? I've known him for years. I'm sure he just plays the game.

WEBSTER:

That's right. So in a world of thieves why not be a real one?

Laura is quite taken by this bit of intellectual capitalism.

LAURA:

I love you, Webster.

WEBSTER:

(somewhat taken aback)

Really?

LAURA:

Of course not. But almost...

Webster again pulls himself close to her, Laura smiles and prevents him from ravishing her body by gracefully surrendering -- a ploy of the feminine arts that is certainly not to be disrespected.

116. INT. DAVE REILLY'S CAR STREETS OF HOUSTON DAY

Dave, in shirt sleeves, his tie loosened -- drives while eating a sandwich. A tape recorder has been set up on the seat next to him... the tape wheels are turning...

TAPED VOICE:

(gruff)

... these are just a few ideas we've been kicking around here in the office. Study up on chess, there might be something to that crap that we aren't getting, also stay in close touch with Driscoll on the West Coast, he'll know first if any hot stuff shows up out there...

DAVE:

I already have.

TAPED VOICE:

... also check on Deams and Dynamite.

DAVE:

(gazing at the sidewalk)

I already have.

117. EXT. SIDEWALK DAVE'S P.O.V.

Deams and Dynamite are walking along, seemingly mid-point in an argument. Deams smacks Dynamite on the shoulder with a rolled-up magazine...

118. INT. DAVE'S CAR

Dave continues watching the two men. Dave stares after them a moment, then accelerates away...

TAPED VOICE:

One more thing while I'm thinking about it, you had a seventeen dollar lunch on your expense account last Tuesday. I know you gotta take the cops to lunch and God knows they'll never grab a check, but couldn't you...?

Dave snaps the recorder off with an angry flip of his hand. Approaching a signal he pulls his automobile onto a crowded highway...

119. OMITTED

120. EXT. CLEAR LAKE

DAY

The M.G. pulls up to the waterfront home. Laura accompanies Webster across the grass and towards the doorway. The "For Rent" sign has now been removed.

121. INT. BEACHFRONT HOUSE LIVING ROOM

DAY

The blinds have been pulled down, throwing the barren house into semi-darkness. Stacked around the room are various indications of Webster's profession: spare night suits on hangers, torches, black medical bags, scuba gear, diagrams of locks pinned to the wall... Webster is wearing a wrist stopwatch. He sets it in motion, then slaps a small bit of detonating plastique onto the lock of a thick safe placed at the end of a workbench. Webster jams an electrode into the putty. Laura enters from the adjoining dock as he hurries through the experiment.

LAURA:

Really, Webster, this place could be so charming if you'd just clean it up and get all this junk put away.

WEBSTER:

(concentrating;
untangling wires)

Mmmmmmm...

LAURA:

Pay attention, now. We could stay out here in the summer.

WEBSTER:

(still engrossed)

Uh huh, uh huh...

Webster hurriedly pays out the detonating wires, running to the back of the room. Laura moves to his shoulder.

LAURA:

We could put all your stuff upstairs and entertain down here.

He attaches a stray contact to the detonator.

LAURA:

No, listen to me. Cocktails overlooking the water...

WEBSTER:

(finally looking at her)

Look, don't you understand that's not what this place is for.

(CONTINUED)

121 (Cont.)

LAURA:

You're such a boor, Webster -- if you can't be a stylish criminal, then you're not the man for me.

She smiles and kisses him; he kisses her back... finding the taste marvelous, he then really begins kissing her...

122. WEBSTER AND LAURA

now lying on the wooden floor, their clothes are in a state of disarray; he looks at his stopwatch, clicks it off.

WEBSTER:

You wrecked my timing.

LAURA:

Oh, Webster. It'll still work.

Laura reaches out, lifts the fallen detonator switch and snaps the toggle. There is a muffled EXPLOSION.

122A. THE SAFE DOOR

cracks and falls open.

123. WEBSTER

clicks the stopwatch off and checks the dial.

WEBSTER:

(glum)

What good does that do? Twenty-two minutes and seven seconds.

LAURA:

(smiling)

You'll do better next time.

As she snuggles closer...

124. EXT. FARM HOUSE BREEDING KENNEL

EVENING

Webster whips his M.G. up the driveway, jumps out of the car and runs into the building.

125. INT. DOG KENNEL

Webster briskly enters the business office, passes the various caged animals and approaches the service counter. An ATTENDANT approaches with a smile...

(CONTINUED)

125 (Cont.)

MAN:

Can I help you?

WEBSTER:

I certainly hope so. I'd like to
buy a large dog in heat.

MAN:

(still smiling)

I beg your pardon?

126. EXT. SHAMROCK HOTEL HOUSTON

NIGHT

A crisp fall evening. Limousines arrive and disgorge
costumed guests prepared for a Texas masquerade.

127. INT. BALLROOM

Laura, in costume, stands at the entrance way, greeting
guests as they filter past. The prevailing disguises are
frontier Western and space exploration.

Laura is approached by a stout couple dressed in buckskins...

LAURA:

Mr. and Mrs. Slater -- I'm delighted
that you could join me tonight.

MR. SLATER:

Our pleasure, splendid evening...

Another guest draws near.

MAN:

Real fine, Laura, real fine. Looks
like we're all gonna get wet tonight.

LAURA:

I certainly hope so, Roy.

128. INT. M.G. CITY STREETS OF HOUSTON

NIGHT

Webster driving swiftly along -- an Irish Setter on the
seat next to him... as the dog licks his ear...

WEBSTER:

Steady girl, steady... save yourself
for later...

129. BACK AT SHAMROCK HOTEL

Hi-jinks on the ballroom floor -- and the band plays, dancers twirl, a woman leads a pet bull across the width of the room, Laura dances with an elderly man...

130. INT. DINGY GARAGE

NIGHT

Webster, clothed in his night suit, sits on the fender of a blue Camaro; Bobby Deams and Dynamite stand nearby -- a pay phone hangs on the wall immediately behind them. Dynamite hands Webster the car keys.

DYNAMITE:

I test it these afternoon -- it goes good.

DEAMS:

I can personally guarantee this car will outrun any police vehicle on the Delta...

WEBSTER:

Very good, Bobby, just what the occasion calls for...

DEAMS:

There is one little problem though...

DYNAMITE:

(cutting in)

Yes, one thing is no good...

DEAMS:

Button it up over there. God damn you got bad manners...

DYNAMITE:

Is all right if I talk -- I have right...

DEAMS:

You got rights and you got trouble with the language...

(back to Webster

as Dynamite continues to mumble)

He always makes me forget what I was talking about.

WEBSTER:

Problem with the car.

(CONTINUED)

130(Cont.)

DEAMS:

Oh, yeah. The plates could be some trouble. Oklahoma floaters... I didn't have time to get fake registration...

DYNAMITE:

You see, I steal these one at noon.

DEAMS:

Do some careful driving. If the police stop you they'll check the plates. Bad habit they got.

WEBSTER:

Safety first, Bobby. The life I save may be my own.

131. INT. SHAMROCK HOTEL LOBBY PHONE BOOTH NIGHT

Laura pulls the accordian door shut, waves to an entering guest, drops a coin and begins to dial. She turns her look toward the ballroom.

132. SHE SEES

the chubby buckskinned Slaters exchanging pleasantries with a Grizzly Bear who munches at a caviar-covered wafer. A Texas Ranger and a Martian lend an ear to the conversation...

133. INT. GARAGE NIGHT

The PHONE RINGS for THREE QUICK BURSTS, then goes silent. A pause. Webster, Deams and Dynamite stare at the cradled receiver. After a moment the phone rings again, this time for two measures, then is again silent.

WEBSTER:

(smiles)

The Slaters are at the party.

(CONTINUED)

133 (Cont.)

DYNAMITE:

That means they no at home.

DEAMS:

(shakes his head)

No doubt about it, Dynamite, you're real smart.

134. WEBSTER

slips behind the Camaro's steering wheel, kicks the engine over...

DEAMS:

Ninety minutes, you'll be dancing with all them people with heavy wallets and big diamonds...

WEBSTER:

Why Bobby, you sound like you don't like them.

DEAMS:

(leaning in the car window)

I don't like anybody that's got more money than I do.

WEBSTER:

A stirring appeal for a classless society, Deams. I didn't realize you had a political conscience.

Dynamite pulls the garage door open as the Camaro smokes off, speeding into the blackness.....

135. INT. SHAMROCK HOTEL BALLROOM

The band has now increased its tempo. The good old boys are beginning to get a shade red-faced from their consumption of alcohol... Two huge cakes, one with a rocket, the other with an oil well as centerpieces are wheeled in by white-coated caterers...

135A. TWO TEXANS AT THE BAR

both in their fifties... both already drunk.

WYATT:

How come you sold that piece of land up near the big thicket so cheap?

(CONTINUED)

135A (Cont.)

BOB:

Ten thousand acres and they wouldn't let me cut the timber. God damn government agency wants to make a park out of the place.

WYATT:

Those Washington boys get their nose into every little thing...

BOB:

Nothing there but a bunch of God damn birds and trees.

136. EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSTON

The blue Camaro powers along.

137. EXT. PRIVATE ROAD

NIGHT

The Camaro turns down a half-block side street. The roadway dead-ends near the wall-surrounded grounds of a three storied Neo-Georgian mansion (or whatever Polly can find). Webster stops the car, kills the lights and shuts off the engine.

138. INSIDE THE CAMARO

Webster reaches for his tool kit, lifts it, then exits the car.

139. AT THE TRUNK OF THE CAMARO

Webster pops open the deck-lid and extracts a huge box of great weight. He struggles with the load, carrying it near the massive iron gate that guards the driveway to the mansion. The burglar kit has already been deposited near the gate.

140. WEBSTER

Sets the box down near the entrance to the gate; several air holes can be seen along the surface of the box.

141. WEBSTER

Deftly breaking the lock on the gate with a crowbar. He looks anxiously across the enclosed ground between himself and the mansion...

Webster puts two fingers in his mouth and lets go on a shrill, piercing wolf-whistle...

142. THE YARD

No sign of movement.

143. WEBSTER

Shrugs, whistles again. At a corner of the Mansion, a Mastiff, roughly the size of a Kodiak bear, rounds the corner of the house -- two other equally huge dogs follow.

144. WEBSTER'S

Jaw tightens as the angry dogs make a beeline for him and the gate...

145. THE DOGS

are real killers, slavering as they run forward -- one look at them and you know they'll go for the throat.

146. WEBSTER

Turns and lifts the cover off the box, revealing a very sexy Irish Setter. She lets out a low moan of desire...

147. THE MASTIFFS

Hit the gate in a rage; then catching the sight and smell of the Setter, they reduce their fury, becoming aware of certain biological needs. The dogs KEEN back and forth to each other...

148. WEBSTER

now satisfied that the Mastiffs are under control...He still holds the Setter by the collar. He kneels beside the dog, speaks into its ear.

WEBSTER:

Okay, Bertha, have a ball...

He pulls open the gate and releases the Setter; the four dogs go trotting away down the road; the canines frolic as they leave, nosing at each other's private parts...

149. EXT. SLATER MANSION ROOFTOP

NIGHT

Webster clambers onto it from a third-floor ledge. He moves cautiously across cold, slick tiles, reaching a transom, he opens his bag and begins to cut the glass...

150. INT. SLATER STUDY

Webster lowers himself via rope from the transom. He quickly gathers himself, lifts his bag, moves toward the door...

151. INT. SLATER STAIRWAY

Webster moving downward, guided by his powerful flashlight...

152. INT. SLATER BASEMENT

Webster prepares to enter through a doorway at the bottom of the stairwell -- he shakes a can of talcum powder across the threshold, revealing an electric-eye beam -- he steps over the beam...

153. WEBSTER

Now inside the basement, his flashlight beam illuminates an enormous steel vault, the door as large as a man. Webster stops before a huge, HUMMING power board. He kills the juice and begins to dismantle the alarm system, shutting down the units in a non-consecutive pattern.

154. INT. SLATER BASEMENT THE SAFE

as the surrounding latticework stands open. Webster slaps a mass of plastique over the lock, rams in the electrode, then retreats across the room and into the hallway.

155. INT. HALLWAY

Webster activates the switch; the SOUND of a muffled boom.

156. THE VAULT

contains a diamond as large and white as a pigeon egg. Webster lifts it to his eye...He smiles.

157. INT. SLATER MANSION MAIN HALL

NIGHT

Webster whistles "Dixie" as he calmly strides down the corridor. He opens the massive front door and, still whistling attaches a Black Bishop and note to the doorknob. Leaving the door wide open, Webster exits with style.

158. EXT. CITY STREETS HOUSTON

NIGHT

The Camaro carefully moves along with the light traffic.

159. INT. CAMARO

Webster is feeling great. He glances at his watch...all is well. He pulls up to an intersection, stops for a red light.

160. EXT. STREET

A woman is speeding along in a big Buick -- driving with one hand, trying to attach an earring with the other -- The Buick plows full bore into the back of Webster's Camaro.

161. INT. CAMARO

Webster groans.

WEBSTER:

Oh, shit!

162. EXT. CAMARO

Webster gets out of his car, walks to the rear of the Camaro and inspects the damage to the deck -- it is tremendous.

The Woman exits the Buick and joins him.

LADY:

Are you all right?

WEBSTER:

(in a panic)

I'm fine. Really, I'm fine.

LADY:

(flustered)

I'm so sorry. All my fault. You're sure you're all right?

WEBSTER:

Sure, no problem. No problem at all.

LADY:

You must have a whiplash.

WEBSTER:

Oh, no. I feel great.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.)

LADY:

Don't worry about a thing. I've got good insurance.

WEBSTER:

Listen, accidents happen. Forgive and forget.

LADY:

No, no. Take my name, my license number.

WEBSTER:

Nonsense. It's nothing. Forget the whole thing.

LADY:

But your car?

WEBSTER:

Don't worry about that. My brother owns a body shop. He'll pound it out for nothing.

LADY:

I just don't understand.

WEBSTER:

Live and let live. I forgive you. Let's drive away, forget the whole thing.

A police car suddenly pulls up. The OFFICER on the passenger side rolls down his window.

OFFICER:

Little trouble here?

WEBSTER:

No, no problem at all, officer.

OFFICER:

Looks like a hell of a wreck.

(CONTINUED)

162 (Cont.1)

WEBSTER:

Minor damage. A simple mistake.
We've got it settled.

LADY:

It was all my fault.

OFFICER:

Only take me a minute to write up
a report.

The two officers emerge from their patrol car.

WEBSTER:

I don't want to press charges. I'm
partially at fault for being parked
there.

OFFICER:

This is a first -- nobody hollering
at each other. Now just give me
your driver's licenses and registration
slips and we'll get this over fast.

WOMAN:

(going through her purse)
I want to cooperate, officer. I was
entirely at fault.

WEBSTER:

(very polite)
Registration slip? Oh, well, hold
on a second, I'll get mine.

163. WEBSTER

now in the front seat of the Camaro...he reaches for the
glove compartment...pretends to look for some papers...
Webster turns and looks through the back window...

164. THE POLICE WEBSTER'S P.O.V.

Both men stand talking to the woman...

165. WEBSTER

starts the engine, jams the car into gear and smokes away.

166. THE TWO POLICEMEN

turn in amazement, watching the Camaro streak across the intersection and make a quick turn, narrowly missing several head-on collisions...

One officer runs to the police car, grabs his radio microphone...

167. EXT. STREET

NIGHT

The Camaro makes several left and right turns, tires shrieking...

168. EXT. ANOTHER STREET

NIGHT

Several police cars bore down the roadway, sirens howling, red lights flashing...

169. EXT. ALLEN'S LANDING

Webster turns the Camaro down the street...discovering that it is a dead end...the car slides to a stop...he hesitates for a moment, then leaps out of the car, jumps the stone wall and climbs the arch of the bridge crossing the river...

170. SEVERAL POLICE CARS

come tearing up the landing...they quickly surround the Camaro -- guns extended...

171. WEBSTER

is crawling under the freeway-bridge, approaching the train trestle... Now across the river, he moves carefully onto the overpass...

172. THE POLICE

approach the Camaro...

173. THE GETAWAY CAR

is empty; a note and a Black Bishop are pinned to the driver's seat.

174. THE FIRST POLICEMAN

stares into the Camaro over his gun. He reads:

"ROOK TO WHITE
QUEEN THREE"

175. WEBSTER

slips across the trestle down to the roadway on the opposite side...he is enveloped by the night.

176. INT. BEACHFRONT HOUSE

NIGHT

The light snaps on as Webster enters the living room. The walls and floor remain threadbare save for the recent addition of a large couch. After placing his bag down on the workbench, Webster begins ripping off his clothes...

177. EXT. REAR OF CLEAR LAKE BEACHHOUSE

NIGHT

Webster hurries out the rear door of the house toward the dock. He wears a wet suit and carries his black bag...

178. EXT. LAKE

NIGHT

Webster swims toward a buoy about a hundred feet from the dock...

179. WEBSTER ON THE LAKE

holding a rubberized sack; he reaches the buoy and sinks into dark waters, disappearing into the murk.

180. INT. SHAMROCK HOTEL BALLROOM

NIGHT

Swirling costumed dancers, the BAND loudly playing -- Webster, costumed as a burglar, enters through the

(CONTINUED)

180 (Cont.)

lobby and crosses the crowded floor toward Laura -- their eyes meet -- they smile...

181. LAURA AND WEBSTER

take a turn around the floor.

LAURA:
Everything all right?

WEBSTER:
Contrary to appearances, I'm an exposed nerve ending...

LAURA:
You're forty minutes late.

WEBSTER:
I'll tell you about it sometime...

A group of dancers approach.

WEBSTER:
(continuing)
Keep smiling. Keep smiling.

Webster nods to them.

LAURA:
At least you dance well.

The Slaters twirl past...

WEBSTER:
(big smile)
Hello there...

As they move off to a safe distance...

(CONTINUED)

181 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:
(continuing;
still smiling)
I just stole your God-damn
diamond...

The Slaters continue to smile idiotically back at Webster and Laura.

LAURA:
Oh, Webster.

They move to the center of the floor; their voices become intimate.

LAURA:
I've never been in love.

WEBSTER:
Most people never are...

LAURA:
Treat me nicely, Webster.

WEBSTER:
I will.

She pulls him close as they turn to the music...

LAURA:
Because...

WEBSTER:
Yes?

LAURA:
Because if you don't...I'll have you
arrested.

The waltz BUILDS to a CRESCENDO...

182. CYLINDER PRESSES

whirling and BANGING -- spitting out edition after edition
of the Houston Post.

183. INT. PRESS ROOM HOUSTON POST

DAY

Dave Reilly passes through rows of typewriter-mounted desks and U.P.I. tickers; grim reporters and sleepy proof-readers are knocking out page after page of copy; CLATTERING NOISE, dark wooden floors, peeling walls... he stops at the door to a small office near the rear of the room.

184. THE OFFICE DOOR

features opaque glass with black lettering:

B. ZUKOVSKY
CHESS EDITOR
HOUSTON POST

Dave raps on the office door; he enters after HEARING a muffled response.

185. INT. ZUKOVSKY'S OFFICE

DAY

Framed and autographed photos of Grand Masters, diagrams of various classical games, and a number of trophies and awards dot the office walls.

ZUKOVSKY rises from behind his desk to greet Dave; the Chess Editor is a small, precise man -- he has the face of a laboratory rat.

ZUKOVSKY:

Mr. Reilly... What can I do for you?

DAVE:

I didn't want to go into it on the telephone, Mr. Zukovsky -- I have an idea that would concern you and help me in my investigation of the Chess Burglar...

ZUKOVSKY:

Oh, that fellow... I see he struck again last night...

DAVE:

Yes, he did... What do you think of his style of play?

ZUKOVSKY:

An amateur. He knows nothing about chess. Plus the fact that he has no one to play against, his moves become totally meaningless...

(CONTINUED)

DAVE:

That's why I've come to see you.

ZUKOVSKY:

Oh?

DAVE:

To be his partner. Challenge him to a match. Hit him with his amateur standing. I think he might respond...

ZUKOVSKY:

Don't be ridiculous. I couldn't take him seriously -- he's only a dilettante.

DAVE:

Afraid of him? Why, Mr. Zukovsky?

ZUKOVSKY:

Of course not. I doubt if he'd fall for it, anyway.... it is rather theatrical.

DAVE:

I think it would appeal to him, he seems to like this sort of thing -- you might help us catch him.

ZUKOVSKY:

(bogus reluctance)

No, no, I couldn't do that.

DAVE:

It might also help boost your readership... you'd be a hero.

ZUKOVSKY:

Well, if my editors will agree to it -- I'm sure there won't be any problem.

(loves the idea)

I think I'll use the white chessmen -- for justice and purity --

186. INT. ZUKOVSKY'S OFFICE

DAY

The office is crowded with REPORTERS and TV NEWSMEN. Flashbulbs and microphones. A huge chessboard has been set up in the center of the room -- the chessmen stand a full six inches high.

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.)

A smiling Zukovsky sits at the chessboard, fingering a white pawn. Seated opposite the Chess Editor, on the black side of the board, is a life-sized MASKED MANNEQUIN. The dummy's face, below the mask, is bent into what some would call a quizzical smile.

ZUKOVSKY:

(over the noise)

Gentlemen, I have the first move in our Chess Burglar Challenge Match...

(he moves the pawn)

... It is pawn to Queen Black Four...

Dave Reilly stands behind the Reporters, carefully eyeing the ceremony.

VOICES:

Do you expect a difficult match?
Do the police expect a quick reply?
Will you finish the match if the burglar's apprehended?

187. DAVE

watches grimly from the back of the room.

188. INT. LAURA'S KITCHEN

LATE MORNING

Webster sits reading the morning edition of the Post as Laura stands at the stove preparing breakfast -- she displays a graceful domesticity as she works. On the front page of the newspaper there is a picture of Zukovsky moving the white pawn.

WEBSTER:

What arrogance. Zukovsky has challenged me to a match, right on page one...

LAURA:

Who's he?

WEBSTER:

The Post chess columnist. If he wins I'm supposed to turn myself in.

LAURA:

Some game.

(CONTINUED)

188 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

They really must be desperate,
they actually want me to attempt
more robberies...

LAURA:

You're not going to fall for it?

WEBSTER:

How can I resist? They're playing
by my rules now... besides it's a
question of style.

LAURA:

Yes, I've noticed how stylish
those men in penitentiaries are.

WEBSTER:

Now, now.

LAURA:

But this man is a chess expert.
You won't stand a chance...

WEBSTER:

That does present a problem, but
chess is only a matter of prob-
abilities... I could easily pro-
gram a computer...

LAURA:

Where would you get one of those?

WEBSTER:

My old job, remember?

LAURA:

But that's cheating.

WEBSTER:

It certainly is...

As she serves Webster a breakfast plate, the doorbell
SOUNDS.

189. INT. LAURA'S FRONT HALLWAY AT THE DOOR DAY

Laura opens the door, Dave Reilly stands waiting.

DAVE:

I'm Dave Reilly of Texas Mutual,
Miss Keaton.

(CONTINUED)

189 (Cont.)

LAURA:
(slightly flustered)

Yes?

DAVE:
Could I speak to you for a few minutes? I'm investigating several thefts committed by the Chess Burglar.

Laura stands aside, Dave enters her home.

LAURA:
Oh. Well, please come in...

190. INT. LAURA'S FRONT ROOM

As Dave and Laura enter, Webster stands in the middle of the room, still in his bathrobe, holding a cup of coffee.

LAURA:
I'm afraid I don't know anything about the Chess Burglar, Mr. Reilly.

WEBSTER:
(to Dave)
The old Chess Burglar, hey? What do you think about him?

DAVE:
(somewhat taken aback)
Well, I don't really know what to think. But I hope to catch him...

LAURA:
Mr. Reilly, this is Webster McGee.
Webster, Mr. Reilly of Texas Mutual...

WEBSTER:
(as they somewhat awkwardly shake hands)
Delighted.

DAVE:
(turning toward Laura)
I should tell you, Miss Keaton, I'm only an insurance investigator, not an Agent of the law. So you're under no compulsion to answer my questions or even to talk to me.

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.)

DAVE: (Cont.)

But I would very much appreciate any cooperation you could give me -- I'll try not to bother you for very long...

LAURA:

I'll be glad to help in any way I can.

DAVE:

You're very kind. And there is one way. If you have it, a list of the guests at your party.

LAURA:

Of course. It's in the library. Excuse me a moment, won't you?

Dave nods and Laura exits. He stares after her, oblivious of Webster.

WEBSTER:

Gorgeous, isn't she?

DAVE:

Yes, she certainly is... you were at the party, Mr. McGee?

WEBSTER:

You haven't done your homework, Mr. Reilly. I was Laura's escort.

Laura enters carrying list, hands it to Dave.

LAURA:

I'd hate to think my guests were going to be harassed, Mr. Reilly. Though you don't seem like the sort of man who would do that...

DAVE:

I won't trouble them. It's merely routine. But since we have so little to go on, we have to check everything. One thing though, would you be able to pinpoint the time of arrival for individual guests?

(CONTINUED)

190 (Cont.1)

LAURA:

A few, possibly.

DAVE:

Mr. McGee was with you all evening,
perhaps he could help you remember.

WEBSTER:

Mmmm.

LAURA:

I'm sure he could.

WEBSTER:

Absolutely. Two hundred people,
constantly entering and exiting,
most of them wearing masks...
seriously, I don't think anyone
could tell who was there.

DAVE:

(rising)

I guess that's true, Mr. McGee.
Well, thank you very much.

(crosses to
the door)

Hope to see you again.

LAURA:

No trouble at all, Mr. Reilly, any
time...

The door closes and Dave is gone.

WEBSTER:

Any time?

LAURA:

(smiles with relief)

I was terrific wasn't I? We really
put him away...

WEBSTER:

(sarcastic)

Yeah -- we really fooled him.

191. INT. COMPUTER BANK

DAY

Data processing equipment stands in neat rows about the large
room. Alongside a WHIRRING memory unit, Webster stands fac-
ing shirt-sleeved TED...

(CONTINUED)

191 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

Some work in two-ply game theory --
multiple factors within each quad-
rant...take me about a couple after-
noons a week...

TED:

I knew you couldn't stay away.

WEBSTER:

Just want to keep my hand in.

TED:

Sure, Web, whatever you need...
miss being around here?

WEBSTER:

Not even a little bit.

192. GLOVED HANDS MONTAGE NIGHT
rifling an open safe, leaving a black chessman and note
behind -- "Castle to Black King Three."
193. A SILHOUETTE MONTAGE NIGHT
moving across a rooftop...
194. INT. COMPUTER BANK MONTAGE DAY
Webster shuffles a stack of I.B.M. punch cards and feeds
them into a memory unit -- the machine HUMS to life,
digesting the information...
195. INT. BEACH HOUSE MONTAGE DAY
Webster putting jewels under false floorboard.
196. BLACK ADDIDAS MONTAGE NIGHT
padding over an Oriental rug...
197. A BLACK CHESSMAN MONTAGE NIGHT
dangling from the knob of an open door...

198. INT. COMPUTER BANK MONTAGE DAY

Webster stands before a high speed line printout; the paper jerks downward, the tearsheet rips off in Webster's hand...

199. THE TEARSHEET

It reads: "Castle to Black King Three".

200. EXT. DINGY BEACH HOUSE MONTAGE DAY

Webster cruises across the water attaching a bag with a sinker to the buoy.

201. GLOVED HANDS MONTAGE NIGHT

removing precious stones from an Oriental jewel box...

202. INT. ZUKOVSKY'S OFFICE DAY

Dave and Zukovsky stand at the chessboard; black is still fairly well intact, however, several white pieces have fallen.

DAVE:

There must be something you can tell me about him, from all the moves he's made...

ZUKOVSKY:

(a bit snippy)

Not really. He's playing a classical game, right out of some textbook, I suspect, nothing very original...much like Meyerhof's game at Berlin in 1924...

DAVE:

Yes, I see...

203. EXT. BUFFALO BAYOU DUSK

Two dim figures trot down the path alongside the river. Moss covered twigs line their trail. Webster jogs easily along, Dave Reilly has fallen several paces behind. The pair of runners move in silhouette against the setting sun...

DAVE:

Sorry to trouble you like this...

(CONTINUED)

203 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

It's no trouble at all, Reilly, seeing you fit right into my workout schedule... you don't mind running with me, do you?

DAVE:

(beginning to puff)

No, not at all...

WEBSTER

What's on your mind?

DAVE:

I'm convinced the Chess Burglar knew the Slaters were going to that masquerade.

WEBSTER:

Sounds reasonable, Dave. But so what?

DAVE:

So the best source of information would be the people at the party.

WEBSTER:

I suspect the servants myself...

DAVE:

They've been with the Slater family for years...

WEBSTER:

By now you must have investigated the people at the masquerade...

DAVE:

Certainly. The majority of Miss Keaton's guests are easy to check -- eminently respectable people...

WEBSTER

That goes without saying...

DAVE:

So I'm looking for someone who was there, but doesn't fit...

WEBSTER:

An outsider...

(CONTINUED)

DAVE:

That's the idea.

WEBSTER:

Well, it shouldn't be too hard to find such a person.

DAVE:

No, it wasn't. There is one, only one, in fact.

WEBSTER:

Really? What's he like?

DAVE:

A strange fellow. Father was an accountant. Grew up on the West coast. Won a scholarship. Captain of an athletic team in college...

WEBSTER:

Sounds like an outstanding young man.

DAVE:

That's right. Graduated with honors, married his college sweetheart, gets a promising job with a growing company... Then...

WEBSTER:

Not a divorce?

DAVE:

You guessed it. Suddenly everything changes. Quits his job as an electrical engineer, loafs around, becomes a gigolo... turns up living off of a rich young society girl...

WEBSTER:

You don't say? Well, that's certainly no crime.

DAVE:

No, but it's enough to make someone very suspicious.

WEBSTER:

Maybe you should arrest him.

DAVE:

I haven't got any evidence...so far.

Webster accelerates as the end of the trail comes into view. Dave puffs after him.

WEBSTER:

Then pursue him, Reilly, pursue him...

(CONTINUED)

DAVE:
(panting)
I'm trying, I'm trying...

204. INT. BAR DOWNTOWN HOUSTON OVERLOOKING THE RIVER DUSK

Webster and Dave sit at a black leather booth surrounded by mirrors which reflect the interior of the lounge. Webster seems thoroughly refreshed, while Dave has not yet totally recovered from his exertions.

WEBSTER:
Feeling better, Dave?

DAVE:
I'll make it.

WEBSTER:
Good, you know you really ought to get yourself into condition, it would give you a better outlook, sharpen your reflexes...

DAVE:
I guess it might help me find what I'm looking for. I'm sure the Chess Burglar keeps himself in good shape...

WEBSTER:
I'm sure he does, Dave, I'm sure he does. An awfully crafty fellow too, I suspect... Well, I really must go.

Webster signals for a Waitress to bring the check, then reaches for his wallet.

DAVE:
Let me. It'll go on expenses.

WEBSTER:
(as he pays the girl)
Put it on expenses anyway, make a little pocket money.

DAVE:
That's not honest.

WEBSTER:
No, but an acceptable form of thievery, Dave...and very common.

DAVE:
Not with me.

WEBSTER:
You're a rare one, Dave. Goodnight.

Webster rises and heads for the doorway.

DISSOLVE TO:

205. INT. HOSPITAL PRIVATE ROOM

DAY

Dave is in bed, propped up on several pillows -- scowling over a newspaper account of the Chess Burglar's latest daring exploit. A shadow falls across the bed, Dave looks up...

WEBSTER:

Gee, Dave, you look a little rocky.

DAVE:

Don't get your hopes up. I'll be out tomorrow...what are you doing here?

WEBSTER:

I came to see you, Dave, wish you well, try to cheer you up a little ...I didn't know you had a heart condition...

DAVE:

I don't, it was just that damn running...my pump started fluttering last night. The tests were negative...

WEBSTER:

I'm glad to hear that, old scout. You know, I feel awfully responsible for this... Here, I brought you a little gift.

Webster drops a copy of TRUE CRIME DETECTION MAGAZINE across the bed.

DAVE:

Not funny.

WEBSTER:

No, I suppose it isn't. Still thought you might enjoy it... here's something else that might cheer you up.

Webster hands Dave a handsomely bound leather volume...

DAVE:

(examining the book)

Don Quixote?

WEBSTER:

A special edition, Dave. Awfully tasteful if I do say so myself...

(CONTINUED)

205 (Cont.)

DAVE:

(touched)

Thank you, Webster. It's... It's very nice.

WEBSTER:

I'm glad you like it. You know the story don't you? About a deluded man who believed that society was held together by institutions and moral codes...

DAVE:

I know the story.

WEBSTER:

(with a big smile)

Of course you do. I'm sorry, Dave, I didn't mean to be patronizing.

DAVE:

How'd you know I was here?

WEBSTER:

Called your office. I wanted to know if you planned to follow me some more... I thought I could arrange to meet you.

DAVE:

You're very considerate.

WEBSTER:

Anything I can do to help, Dave. Just name it.

206. WEBSTER MONTAGE

DAY

inside the data processing room. Computers HUM, tape units spin, I.B.M. cards are racked and disappear into the compatible system. A tear sheet comes streaming out, the Chess Burglar smiles...

207. THE STETHOSCOPE MONTAGE

NIGHT

held against a safe door...

208. A JIMMY MONTAGE

NIGHT

snapping the hinges off a thick oaken door...

209. GLOVED HANDS MONTAGE NIGHT
cutting a hole in a massive picture window...
210. A DIM FIGURE MONTAGE NIGHT
lowering itself by hook and line down the side of a building...
211. THE CHESS BURGLAR MONTAGE
on the roof of a Colonial mansion... he enters by way of the Captain's walk...
212. A PEARL NECKLACE MONTAGE NIGHT
being deposited within the black medical bag...
213. THE CHESS BURGLAR MONTAGE NIGHT
lowering himself like an alpine climber down the side of a skyscraper apartment house.
214. OPEN SAFE MONTAGE NIGHT
black chessman and note inside:
"BISHOP TO WHITE QUEEN THREE"
215. INT. NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM HOUSTON NIGHT
An elegant cocktail party is in progress within a large exhibit room. A number of Houston's leading families are gathered -- many of them circled around a large plexiglass dome which contains a massive collection of precious and semi-precious stones. A uniformed GUARD stands near the exhibit. Laura and Webster are near the Museum Curator -- the Official smiles before his select audience... obviously a man who is fully enjoying the occasion.

CURATOR:

I would like to welcome the friends of the Museum to this special preview gathering. We are fortunate to have this display, which has just come to us from London and New York... within the case you will see labeled both

(CONTINUED)

215 (Cont.)

CURATOR: (Cont.)

polished and unpolished stones... The set piece is the duly famous Mokinoor Diamond, which at one time or another, has belonged to several of Europe's royal families...

216. WEBSTER

smiles at Laura, then moves close to the plexiglass dome...

CURATOR:

(v.o.)

The Mokinoor was found in the Transvaal Region in 1868... it is an uncut stone of 350 karats... should it ever be cut, it would probably go down to 110 karats. Surrounding the Mokinoor are matched Saphires, Coubouchon emeralds from South America, a 200 karat uncut ruby... There are a total of 24 stones in the exhibit...

217. WITHIN THE DOME

the precious stones glimmer invitingly, reflecting off the overhead light.

218. LAURA

frowns at Webster, who is nodding in a friendly manner to the Guard.

219. WEBSTER

moves away from the guests, some of whom listen patiently to the curator -- others have broken off into their own conversational groups... he notes a closed-circuit television camera trained on the jewel collection.

Webster slips quietly out of the exhibit room.

220. INT. MUSEUM STAIRWAY

Webster moves up the staircase, his eyes searching the museum walls...

221. INT. DISPLAY ROOM

Webster, now alone, looks at exhibit on solid-state rockets... his glance takes in the windows high along the walls...

222. INT. NATURAL SCIENCE ROOM

Webster, still entirely alone, walks quietly, his heels clicking along the wide marble floor.

223. ON ANOTHER STAIRWAY

Webster lightly steps downward, seeing the basement, he pokes his head inside. A half-finished dinosaur skeleton is housed in the darkened room.

224. BACK AT THE RECEPTION

A smiling Webster re-enters the room. He crosses immediately to Laura, who stands, sipping a cocktail.

LAURA:

Feeling well?

WEBSTER:

Never felt better. You know, Laura, it's staggering how much there is to learn about the wonderful world of nature and man's progress through the ages.

LAURA:

You're broadening your horizons. I didn't realize you were so interested in natural history.

WEBSTER:

I am now.

225. A CHURCH BELL

ringing, pealing.

226. EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH

MORNING

A bright Sunday morning. Clean, well scrubbed families answer the call of the church bell and file through the front entrance to the church.

Bobby Deams is standing with Webster on the cement steps leading to the church.

DEAMS:

What's your trouble?

(CONTINUED)

226 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

No trouble at all. I just want you to find someone who can handle a big drop.

DEAMS:

How big?

WEBSTER:

Million dollars. Maybe more.

DEAMS:

I don't like doin' business on Sunday. This is the Lord's day...

WEBSTER:

Well, I didn't mean any disrespect. I've been trying to get a hold of you since Thursday. You're getting hard to track down.

DEAMS:

Having trouble with my laundry. Damn hired help went on strike.

WEBSTER:

You ought to pay them a little more.

DEAMS:

I got to support my family. See them over there? My wife, Darlene, my two boys, Leroy and T.C.

Webster grins and nods across to the Deams family, they smile back to him.

DEAMS:

(continuing)

I never miss a service...those boys are gonna grow up God damn fine or I'll know the reason why...

WEBSTER:

I'm sure they will.

(CONTINUED)

226 (Cont.1)

DEAMS:

Sure don't want to come in,
hear the holy word?

WEBSTER:

Well, I'm kind of pressed for
time this morning, Bobby.

DEAMS:

It's surely your loss. I'm gonna
be late...

He moves to join his waiting family.

DEAMS:

(turning back
to Webster)

You don't worry about that little
thing. I can get to a man who
can handle it... Just so it's no
slender pickin's....

227. INT. M.G.

NIGHT

Webster speeds along the highway. He suddenly stares into
his rear-view mirror.

WEBSTER:

That man is persistant.

228. IN THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR

Dave is driving a '64 Ford.

229. EXT. CITY ROAD - HOUSTON

as the M.G. makes a sharp right turn. The Ford follows.

230. AT ANOTHER CORNER

The M.G. makes a sharp left turn. Again, the Ford
follows.

231. AT AN INTERSECTION

The M.G. moves through a green light, but the Ford is stopped as the traffic signal blinks to red. Webster pulls off to the side of the road, waiting for Dave to clear the intersection.

232. A NARROW ALLEY

as the M.G. pulls in; the Ford slips past in the street beyond.

233. WEBSTER

climbs out of the sports car and moves up the alley to the street.

234. ON THE STREET

as Reilly's Ford returns, cruising slowly, looking for the M.G.

235. WEBSTER

steps into the street, flags down the Ford.

236. THE FORD

as Webster steps to the window, leans his head inside...

WEBSTER:

You gave me a scare, Dave. I was afraid I'd lost you.

DAVE:

I'll bet.

WEBSTER:

You know, this kind of game is only interesting when the competition is at least adequate.

DAVE:

(with a smile)

That's an odd reaction for an upright citizen who claims he's anxious to cooperate.

(CONTINUED)

236 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

I am, Dave. I am. What would you like to know?

DAVE:

All right. Why'd you quit Data Dynamics?

WEBSTER:

Because I didn't want to end up with another wife that didn't like me after four or five years, a house in some suburb that I didn't like but couldn't afford to get out of, and a job that literally bored the life out of me.

DAVE:

(nervous smile)

Sometimes my job gets boring too...

WEBSTER:

I should think so, Dave. Look at you driving around in the middle of the night, getting lost in that crumby company car of yours...

DAVE:

Things have been better.

WEBSTER:

I'm sure they have. Listen, Dave, mind if I ask a personal question?

DAVE:

(wary)

What's that?

WEBSTER:

How's your marriage?

DAVE:

She divorced me a couple of years ago.

WEBSTER:

Any particular reason?

DAVE:

She said she was tired of me...

WEBSTER:

Funny, that's the same excuse my wife used... You know, you and I might have a lot in common.

(CONTINUED)

236 (Cont.1)

DAVE:

Maybe... but there's one thing
I'm sure we have in common.

WEBSTER:

What's that?

DAVE:

The Chess Burglar.

WEBSTER:

Him again? Listen, Dave, if you
want to follow me some more, I'm
going back to Miss Keaton's place
now.

Dave watches as Webster heads back to his M.G.

WEBSTER:

(calling back
to Dave)

You remember the way, don't you?
Dave? We take the freeway to the
interpass, get off on San Angelo...

Webster smiles and gets into his car; as he quickly
accelerates away, Dave is left staring after him...

DISSOLVE TO:

237. INT. ZUKOVSKY'S OFFICE

NIGHT

Dave and Zukovsky are again standing at the chessboard.
Black has been martialled into a strong position, half
the white pieces have now been removed from combat.

ZUKOVSKY:

(a manic tone to
his voice)

I mean really, this nonsensical
contest that I've been trapped
into. What are the police doing?
What are you doing, Mr. Reilly?
Why don't you arrest the man?
He can't be that hard to trace,
he's obviously getting help from
several chess masters...

DAVE:

We're doing all we can, Mr.
Zukovsky.

238. INT. WEBSTER'S APARTMENT

LATE NIGHT

The SOUND of a key turning in the front door lock. Webster enters. Somewhat disheveled, he crosses through the front room and gingerly moves up the stairwell.

239. INT. HALLWAY

Webster passes down the dark corridor and enters the bedroom.

240. INT. BEDROOM

A nightlight is on near the bedstead, the evening paper appears on the nightstand. Laura is in bed, but wide-awake, staring up at the ceiling. She doesn't look over to Webster as he enters.

WEBSTER:

(undressing, reaching for his pajamas)

My God, you're still awake, what a night. I got a really fine pearl necklace and sapphire pin but the damn maid caught me. I tore my shirt jumping out the window.

Laura makes no response, shows no sign of interest.

A pause.

WEBSTER:

Something wrong, love?

LAURA:

Your wife called while you were out. The number's on the pad by the phone.

WEBSTER:

Jackie? From New York?

LAURA:

No, she called from Houston. You never told me she was an actress.

WEBSTER:

I never thought she was.

(CONTINUED)

240 (Cont.)

LAURA:

No? Take a look at this...

She picks up the newspaper on the nightstand and tosses it at him. Webster takes the paper, glances at it.

WEBSTER:

I guess I should check the theatrical section a little more often... I must say her name looks good in print. Even in small letters.

LAURA:

They are small.

WEBSTER:

That's interesting. They're doing Sartre's "Respectable Prostitute"... That should go over big here.

A pause.

LAURA:

Yeah, I'm sure. Aren't you going to call her?

WEBSTER:

It's three-thirty in the morning. I'll call her tomorrow.

LAURA:

(sarcastic)

I hope she doesn't sit up all night waiting to hear from you.

WEBSTER:

For Christ's sake.

He throws the newspaper down.

WEBSTER:

(continuing)

I love you, we live together, and you know enough to send me to jail for three hundred years.... What do I have to do to prove myself?

He moves to her, as they embrace.

241. INT. ALLEY THEATRE HOUSTON BACKSTAGE DAY

Dave and Jackie stand at one wing of the stage -- behind them the matinee performance is being well received by an invisible but noisy audience. They speak in a loud whisper -- there is great desperation in Dave's voice...

DAVE:

And I think your ex-husband may be connected with the robberies...

JACKIE:

You evidently don't know Webster very well, Mr. Reilly. One thing he has is principle.

DAVE:

Yes, but people sometimes change. The first thing I'd like to ask you is did Webster play chess often?

JACKIE:

Never.

DAVE:

Who were his old friends? Did he ever run around with known criminals?

JACKIE:

(as if to a child)

Do you see that? It's a curtain. That's a stage. Those are actors. The actors are working. I'm an actress. I'm working. Do you understand that?

A STAGE MANAGER gestures over to them for quiet, also indicating that Jackie should be ready for her entrance.

JACKIE:

(continuing)

I don't see how I can help you, Mr. Reilly. I wouldn't want to see Webster go to jail even if he were the thief.

Jackie starts for the stage area, Dave exits with her -- staying right at her shoulder. The SOUND of the audience grows louder...

242. EXT. ALLEY THEATRE ARTISTS'S ENTRANCE DAY

An area at the rear of the building. Several actors and stagehands come through the door. Dave waits expectantly, then closes in as Jackie appears.

DAVE:
(slightly ill
at ease)
I enjoyed your performance.

JACKIE:
Really?

DAVE:
I thought you were terrific.

JACKIE:
That's very kind, thank you...

DAVE:
Now if we could...

JACKIE:
Talk about Webster.

DAVE:
Please.

She begins walking up the alleyway toward the street, Dave at her side.

JACKIE:
Why don't you call Miss Keaton?
I'm sure she could give you more
information than I can...

DAVE:
I doubt if she'd be very helpful
...they seem to have formed a
very close alliance...

JACKIE:
So I gather... tell me, what's she
like?

DAVE:
(smiles)
The old possessive instinct?

JACKIE:
Certainly. Are you married?

(CONTINUED)

242 (Cont.)

DAVE:

Divorced.

JACKIE:

Aren't you curious about who's sleeping with your ex-wife?

DAVE:

No. He's an engineer, two years younger than me and I hate him.

JACKIE:

(big smile)

Why, Mr. Reilly, I seem to have struck a sensitive nerve...

They arrive at the front of the theatre. Jackie hails a cab, competing with other pedestrians.

DAVE:

(goes right on)

He's got to have someone fencing the jewelry... I've checked all the old acquaintances that I could run down. Is there anyone you remember that might fit?

JACKIE:

Of course not, all of our old friends were dull, boring... Do you like asking these questions?

DAVE:

It's my job.

JACKIE:

I know that. But do you like it?

DAVE:

I believe it's necessary.

JACKIE:

Then you think it's necessary to catch Webster...

DAVE:

If he's guilty...and I'm sure he is, Matter of fact, he's my only suspect.

(CONTINUED)

242 (Cont.1)

A Yellow Cab pulls up. Dave holds the rear door open for her.

JACKIE:

Funny, in some ways you remind me of him.

DAVE:

I remind you of Webster? He lives with a beautiful woman, I live alone. He has loads of money, I've got two thousand dollars in my savings account. He's a thief, I'm an honest man. Now how the hell do I remind you of Webster?

JACKIE:

(with a big smile)

He used to be just as serious as you are.

She shuts the car door, the cab pulls away. Dave watches the receding automobile for a moment, then turns towards a nearby newsstand.

243. EXT. STREET CORNER

Dave buys a newspaper from a magazine stand, as he examines the front page...

DAVE:

(moaning)

Oh, Goddammit... He did it again...

A headline about the Chess Burglar is visible.

244. EXT. PRIVATE AIRFIELD

DAY

A Piaggio Amphibian Plane taxis down the grass runway and makes several kangaroo leaps, finally lifting into the air...

245. INT. COCKPIT

A panic-stricken Webster is at the controls, Laura sits in the co-pilot's seat.

(CONTINUED)

245 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

Sure I'm doing everything right?

LAURA:

Just be gentle with the stick...

WEBSTER:

This is worse than breaking into a house.

LAURA:

Level off at five thousand, you can reduce your r.p.m's to thirty-five hundred.

WEBSTER:

Okay, okay. Whatever you say...

246. EXT. PIAGGIO PLANE

The plane levels and cruises comfortably along.

247. BACK INSIDE THE COCKPIT

They look down at the city below.

WEBSTER:

Listen, does this thing take off on land and water?

LAURA:

With you, I'm not too sure.

WEBSTER:

You're supposed to give me confidence. What's the cruising range?

LAURA:

Cruising range? Getting rather technical, aren't we? You've only been flying for twenty minutes.

(suddenly soft)

Webster?

(CONTINUED)

247 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

Yes.

LAURA:

I have an interesting idea...

WEBSTER:

You're avoiding my question.

She reaches over and kisses his cheek.

WEBSTER:

(slight panic)

Does this thing have an automatic pilot?

LAURA:

(with a slow smile)

It does now.

248. THE PIAGGIO PLANE

begins a very steep climb, comes level, then goes into a dive from which it seems unlikely it will ever recover.

249. INT. ZUKOVSKY'S OFFICE

The Copyboy enters, deposits a few papers on Zukovsky's desk, collects his column from the box and turns to leave...

Zukovsky is seated at the huge chessboard, head in hand, opposite the masked dummy. The Copyboy moves to Zukovsky's side and studies the situation. The white pieces have been reduced further...

COPYBOY:

Maybe if you moved your rook to here...

Zukovsky slowly turns to face the young man.

ZUKOVSKY:

(he speaks very calmly)

Get out of here or I'll kill you.

250. BLACK GLOVES

going through the drawers of an upright desk.

251. INT. STUDY LAURA'S HOME

A shadowy form in the darkened room abandons the desk and crosses to a secretary. As the cabinet is being searched the SOUND of a door opening below is heard along with several muffled voices.

252. THE SHADOW

crosses to the study door, opens it slightly and peers out.

253. INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM

Laura and Webster, dressed in evening clothes, have just entered.

WEBSTER:

... go to a birthday party and forget to bring the present...

LAURA:

I thought I left it on this table -- it must be upstairs...

She turns toward the stairway.

254. THE SHADOW

has moved into the dark corridor. He hesitates a moment, turns back toward the study, then realizes that he is trapped... the Shadow moves toward the stairwell.

255. ON THE STAIRWAY

Laura gazes upward, becoming apprehensive.

LAURA:

Webster -- there's someone on the stairs.

WEBSTER:

Oh?

256. THE SHADOW

descends into the light, materializing into Dave.

DAVE:

Don't let me startle you -- it's
Dave Reilly.

WEBSTER:

Why, we're not startled, Dave -- we're
stunned. Laura -- do you realize --
we've caught the Chess Burglar!

LAURA:

Mr. Reilly! I never would've guessed.
This is so thrilling...

WEBSTER:

How'd you break in, Dave? Dynamite?
Jimmy a door?

LAURA:

Nothing stops the Chess Burglar,
Webster, you know that.

WEBSTER:

Have you finished searching or do
you need more time?

DAVE:

No. I'm finished.

WEBSTER:

And?

DAVE:

And nothing.

WEBSTER:

I'm sorry, Dave. Really. Next
time, let us know in advance and
we'll leave a few incriminating items
lying about. That way you can feel
like a real detective.

DAVE:

(his embarrassment
turning to irritation)
Seems to me an innocent man would be
more outraged at my breaking in...

WEBSTER:

Outrage? No, I'm surprised, Dave.
Really surprised. I thought you were
strictly a rule book man. Straight as
an arrow...

(CONTINUED)

256 (Cont.)

DAVE:

Sometimes it takes a thief....

WEBSTER:

Catchy, Dave, catchy. You know you really have a lot in common with the Chess Burglar...

DAVE:

(wary)

How's that?

WEBSTER:

Both of you have decided that only some of the rules apply...

DAVE:

(dogged)

I'm just trying to do my job.

WEBSTER:

(smiles)

Yes, I'm sure you are...

LAURA:

(sliding in at a sticky moment)

We have to go, Webster...

WEBSTER:

We'd stay here and entertain you, Dave, but we're already late... why don't you just take it easy, sit here for a while -- fix yourself a drink...

LAURA:

Yes -- please do. Everything's in the cabinet.

She nods in the direction of the liquor cabinet, spies her wrapped gift on the cabinet top, crosses to retrieve it.

LAURA:

(continuing)

Ah, here's my present. Goodnight, Dave.

(CONTINUED)

256 (Cont.1)

Laura crosses to the door. Webster follows.

WEBSTER:

Yes, goodnight, Dave. And listen,
if you don't mind, lock up on your
way out, will you?

257. DAVE

watches them leave; he's awfully pissed.

258. DAVE

moves forward in the manner of a jungle cat sighting an
antelope.

DAVE:

I think Webster McGee is the
Chess Burglar, Mr. Henderson. I
also think you know it.

259. INT. HENDERSON'S OFFICE

DAY

EUGENE HENDERSON stands near his massive desk, Dave is in
the center of the room...

HENDERSON:

That's a rather wild accusation,
Mr. Reilly... it's also slander.

DAVE:

It's not slander unless I make the
charge in public -- and it proves
to be untrue...

HENDERSON:

You're wasting my time.

(CONTINUED)

259 (Cont.)

DAVE:

The connection has to be you. Your house was hit by the Chess Burglar and you're the one who introduced McGee into his new social circle -- for no apparent reason.

HENDERSON:

I don't have to listen to this!

DAVE:

Webster burgled your house and, besides the money and jewels, he found something to blackmail you with.

HENDERSON:

If that were true, why would you come to me?

DAVE:

I'm offering you immunity...

HENDERSON:

From what?

DAVE:

From criminal prosecution. If you're willing to testify against him, we might even be able to get Webster to confess and waive a jury trial. That's my offer.

HENDERSON:

That would only be tempting if I were a crook. I'm a busy man. Our little chat has ended, Mr. Reilly.

DAVE:

I'd think very hard about my proposition.

Dave extends Henderson a card, pulling it from his wallet with a deft motion.

(CONTINUED)

259 (Cont.1)

DAVE:
(continuing)
By the way, here's my card, if you
care to get in touch with me...

HENDERSON:
Don't worry, I won't.

DAVE:
Just in case.

As Dave turns to leave...

260. EXT. MODERN OFFICE BLDG. SUBTERRANEAN DRIVEWAY DAY

A black, chauffeur driven Lincoln pulls out into the street
-- Eugene Henderson in the back seat. Dave's Ford appears
a moment later, following the Lincoln.

261. INT. LAURA'S LIVING ROOM

Laura opens the front door, wearing a dressing robe. A
worried-looking Henderson stands outside.

LAURA:
Yes, Gene.

HENDERSON:
I have to see him.

LAURA:
You'll have to wait a few minutes...

HENDERSON:
(rushing through
the doorway)
That's impossible.

LAURA:
Gene?

262. INT. LAURA'S BATHROOM

Webster is in the tub, soaping himself with a washcloth --
he sings several bars of "The Man Who Broke The Bank At
Monte Carlo" as Henderson bursts through the bathroom door.

WEBSTER:
Well, Gene -- hello. How are you?

(CONTINUED)

262 (Cont.)

HENDERSON:

This is serious... damn serious.

The informal surroundings are clearly to Henderson's distaste...

WEBSTER:

(perfectly
at ease)

What can I do for you?

HENDERSON:

That insurance man called on me today.

WEBSTER:

Dave Reilly. He's figured out our little arrangement. He's also offered you immunity if you'll testify against me -- right?

HENDERSON:

How did you know?

WEBSTER:

He's not dumb, I expected it. Could you hand me that towel?

HENDERSON:

Well, what do we do?

WEBSTER:

Why, do whatever you think best, Gene. Oh, would you mind...?

Webster indicates that he would like Gene to turn his eyes away as he emerges from the tub.

HENDERSON:

(his back now
to Webster)

What if I turn states' evidence?

WEBSTER:

(now drying himself)

I'll no doubt go to jail and you'll no doubt be disgraced...

HENDERSON:

He said they could keep things hushed up and that you might confess and waive a jury trial.

(CONTINUED)

262 (Cont.1)

WEBSTER:

Yes, I'd say that too if I were him. But it wouldn't work, Gene, I won't waive a jury trial. And my lawyers would demand to know what you were being blackmailed with. And I would tell. Everything.

Webster smiles warmly.

HENDERSON:

God, I hate you.

WEBSTER:

Good, just remember the political implications of some of your shenanigans would be rather interesting to our friend the District Attorney... You haven't forgotten him?

HENDERSON:

We have to do something.

Webster, now dry, slips into a robe.

WEBSTER:

Not really. Dave can't prove anything. If he could, he wouldn't have gone to you.

HENDERSON:

Just a damn weasel trick he tried to pull off...

Webster moves in front of the mirror, admiring his image as he brushes his hair.

WEBSTER:

Let's not get too righteous, Gene, after all, we're the guilty ones... Reilly's clever, in fact, I'll bet he followed you here. I wouldn't be surprised if he's parked across the street right now...

263. EXT. STREET AT THE FRONT OF LAURA'S APARTMENT DAY

Henderson grimly moves to his car, pausing to shoot a steel-eyed look at Dave's parked Ford. Webster, now in his robe, crosses the street and approaches Reilly.

(CONTINUED)

263 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

Why, Dave. Hanging around the old neighborhood, hey? Do you want to break into Laura's house and look around again?

DAVE:

Not this time, Webster. I got what I wanted. Henderson gave himself away...

WEBSTER:

Now, Dave, you're jumping to conclusions. Gene was just upset by your accusation -- he came to tell his old friend all about it...

DAVE:

And you punched holes in my offer...

They both smile.

WEBSTER:

Why, Dave, I don't know what you're talking about.

DAVE:

You must really have Henderson where it hurts to keep him that afraid... At least, I've validated the theory to my satisfaction...

WEBSTER:

Whatever turns you on, Dave. By the way, how's Jackie?

DAVE:

Jackie?

WEBSTER:

Sure. I understand you're seeing quite a bit of her.

DAVE:

(embarrassed)

It's not like that...

WEBSTER:

I like to keep up with these things, you old son-of-a-gun...

He punches Dave's shoulder.

264. INT. WEBSTER'S APARTMENT

NIGHT

Jackie and Webster enter the apartment's living room, appearing from the adjoining corridor...

JACKIE:

I'm sorry I was late...

WEBSTER:

That's all right. How are you, Jackie?

JACKIE:

(she stares around the room)

I'm fine.

WEBSTER:

Good. I'm glad to hear that.

A long pause as they stare at one another. She moves to the couch, Webster stands at the open sliding glass door, staring out at the night.

JACKIE:

How's the burglar business?

WEBSTER:

(he crosses and sits down near her)

Really warm tonight. You know I still haven't gotten that air conditioner...

JACKIE:

You haven't answered my question either.

WEBSTER:

Why don't you ask Dave Reilly?

JACKIE:

You know what Dave thinks.

WEBSTER:

He's a very determined man.

JACKIE:

Are you, Webster?

WEBSTER:

What?

JACKIE:

A thief?

WEBSTER:

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

264 (Cont.)

JACKIE:
I don't know. The man I was
married to wasn't.

WEBSTER:
Sometimes people change.

A pause. She looks across to a large modern painting on the
far wall.

JACKIE:
You finally got to hang that
monstrosity...

He smiles...

JACKIE:
Are you happy, Webster?

WEBSTER:
I think so... at least for the
moment. And you?

JACKIE:
I've missed you.

WEBSTER:
Some habits are painful to break.

JACKIE:
I suppose so... you know something?

WEBSTER:
What's that?

JACKIE:
Regrets don't help much...

WEBSTER:
I think they do. They show there was
something...something worth waiting for.

A long moment.

WEBSTER:
(he stands up quickly...
changing the mood)
Hey, what a lousy host I am. Let
me get you a drink.

JACKIE:
(brightening)
I'd love one. For old times.

WEBSTER:
(gentle smile)
For some of the old times...

DISSOLVE TO:

265. INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM WEBSTER DAY
making crayon X's on a large blueprint of a building floor-plan that has been pinned to the living room wall.
266. WEBSTER AND LAURA
watching a shaky home movie of the exterior of the Houston Museum. Laura appears within the film, posing tourist style near the stone lions. The eight-millimeter camera pans off her and onto several UNIFORMED GUARDS at the entrance of the building.
267. WEBSTER
working with compass and protractor at a large map, charting a course over land and sea. At regular intervals, he pins a small clock face to the map -- each clock showing one hour's progress.
268. EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY HOUSTON LATE AFTERNOON
Our old friend, Father Cahill, has changed his appearance somewhat since he was last seen. He now wears a dark cloak over his bulging Jesuit garb -- he seems to have gained at least forty pounds. The disguised Webster begins waddling toward the entrance to the Museum...
269. THE FRONT DOOR
is pulled open as our burly man of the cloth enters.
270. WITHIN THE LOBBY
WEBSTER:
How long before closing?
ATTENDANT:
About an hour, Father. Four o'clock on Wednesdays.
WEBSTER:
Oh, good. Thank you.
Webster gives a friendly smile and salute to the ATTENDANT as he passes into the galleries. Many patrons are exiting in the opposite direction.

271. FATHER CAHILL

browses along several museum exhibits, seemingly highly interested in their contents. Very few museum guests remain.

272. INT. CLOSE CIRCUIT TELEVISION ROOM MUSEUM BASEMENT

A GUARD watches several monitors, one of them trained on the jewel collection -- our disguised priest appears on one of the screens, moving along with other museum patrons.

273. ON A STAIRWAY

Webster, now alone, steps carefully downward.

274. INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT

A welter of half-complete exhibits, packing crates, workbenches and various supplies. Webster enters, checks the immediate vicinity, then climbs into one of the half-open wooden packing crates. He pulls the hatch cover closed.

275. INT. MUSEUM MAIN DOOR

As the last patrons leave, TWO GUARDS are locking up for the evening. They set the time lock on the thick glass doors... one guard moves off, the other remains posted near the doorway.

276. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR

A UNIFORMED GUARD makes his rounds, looking for stray patrons.

277. INT. CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION ROOM

The guard stares at the monitors -- other than occasional passing guards, none of them reveal a sign of human activity.

278. INT. EXHIBIT ROOM

A UNIFORMED GUARD sits near the jewel collection -- he reads a copy of the Police Gazette.

279. INT. ZUKOVSKY'S OFFICE

LATE AFTERNOON

Dave and Zukovsky stand near the board. The White Army has been reduced to a Pawn, Rook and Queen; all three pieces are cornered.

ZUKOVSKY:

(shrieking)

Look at this! Do you realize that he is one move away from check-mating me? One move! Why don't you apprehend him? You tricked me into this! I can't understand how you and the police can be so incompetent. This fiend is loose on the streets of Houston and you can't so much as find him!

Dave lowers his eyes.

280. INT. WORKROOM MUSEUM BASEMENT

LATE AFTERNOON

The lid on the packing crate begins to move -- Father Cahill emerges from his not very elegant quarters and heads for the stairway.

281. INT. STAIRWAY NEAR THE TELEVISION MONITOR ROOM

Webster moves quietly upward.

282. INT. HALLWAY

Webster pulls a large sponge and bottle from the mid-section of his frock... he dumps a bit of the fluid onto the sponge.

283. INT. CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION CONTROL ROOM

Webster appears behind the guard, coming quickly through the door at the rear. Before the guard can turn, he smashes the dripping sponge into his face. The burly guard struggles for a moment, then collapses into unconsciousness. Father Cahill reaches into his pocket, extracts some masking tape... he quickly binds the guard's hands, feet and mouth...

284. INT. MUSEUM NEAR FRONT DOOR ENTRANCE

Webster approaches the guard from behind -- sponge up-raised...

285. FRONT DOOR ENTRANCE

LATER

Webster finishes taping the guard... he moves back into the main portion of the building...

286. INT. TELEVISION ROOM BASEMENT

The guard, still unconscious, as Webster appears on several monitors...

287. INT. MAIN EXHIBIT ROOM

Webster calmly moves into the exhibit room, not at all concealing his entrance. He stops before a large display featuring a stuffed polar bear...

The guard looks at him in amazement... then gets up and crosses to Webster's side.

GUARD:

Father, the museum is...

WEBSTER:

Isn't this a glorious animal? Most people believe the kodiak is the world's largest bear, but recent discoveries have proved beyond a doubt that the polar bear is the world's largest carnivore...

(CONTINUED)

287 (Cont.)

GUARD:

Yes, Father ... do you realize the museum is closed?

WEBSTER:

Really? I must have got lost. Could you show me the way out?

GUARD:

Certainly, Father... we'll have to go through the basement... the main door is on a time lock...

WEBSTER:

How interesting.

As the guard turns, Webster mashes the sponge into his face.

WEBSTER:

(continuing)

Bless you, my son.

As the guard continues to struggle ...

WEBSTER

(continuing)

Peace, be still.

288. INT. CLOSED CIRCUIT TELEVISION ROOM BASEMENT

The burly guard has reawakened; he furiously watches Webster on a monitor as the exhibit room guard ceases fighting and collapses to the floor.

289. BACK IN THE MAIN EXHIBIT ROOM

Webster has completed taping the guard; he next reaches into his midriff pack and withdraws a small acetylene torch ... he moves to the plexiglass dome ...

290. WEBSTER

halts at the dome, traces several nearly transparent electric tape wires to the base of the dome, then shorts them out with paper clips.

This accomplished, he strikes the torch and begins cutting through the two-inch plexiglass ...

291. INT. TELEVISION ROOM

The burly guard watches as Webster cuts into the dome with the torch. He begins to struggle with his bonds; rolling across the room, he arrives at the wall, stands up with great difficulty, then with his shoulder he breaks out a small window -- he begins cutting his taped hands loose on the jagged panes ...

292. WEBSTER

finishes melting through the dome ... he takes a baggie out of his pack, deposits the smaller jewels inside. Setting the baggie aside for a moment he turns his attention to the large Mokinoor Diamond. Slowly and with great care he slips a stiff cellophane strip beneath the large stone ...

293. INSERT MOKINOOR DIAMOND

as the cellophane is pushed beneath it. The electric alarm needle is held in place by the intruding cellophane...

294. WEBSTER

lifts the diamond and puts it into his baggie ... he carefully lays his torch over the needle to affix a weight to the cellophane.

295. INT. TELEVISION ROOM

The guard has freed his hands, he pulls the tape off his mouth, bends and begins to untape his feet ...

296. WEBSTER IN THE EXHIBIT ROOM

Father Cahill is now radiant -- as a final flourish he places:

297. A BLACK KNIGHT

on top of the felt-covered pedestal within the dome. It is now the only item on display.

298. THE NOTE

reads:

"KNIGHT TO KING 7. CHECKMATE. AMEN."

299. INT. MAIN STAIRWAY

Webster, in high spirits, saunters down the stairs.

300. INT. TELEVISION ROOM BASEMENT

The guard is now free ... his eyes search the monitors ... he presses the alarm button ...

301. WEBSTER

Nearing the bottom of the stairwell as the alarm bell goes off. He looks up with amazement, then begins running for the basement...

302. THE GUARD

Gun in hand, he runs from his control booth.

303. WEBSTER

Arrives in the basement in time to see the galvanized aluminum doors near the loading dock automatically slam down ... he is now trapped.

304. THE GUARD

gun out, runs down a basement corridor and into the crate-littered workroom -- as he turns the corner he is poleaxed by a shattering right fist connected to the arm of Father Cahill ... the blow leaping from nowhere and exploding on his chin ...

As the guard falls, his gun goes clattering and spinning across the floor.

(CONTINUED)

304 (Cont.)

Webster stands over the fallen man, then turns away ... a mistake as the guard lunges at him, pulls himself upward, and hits the priest squarely in the face.

Webster staggers back, nearly falls, then grabs a dinosaur bone which he breaks over the much bigger man's head. The guard responds by throwing a packing crate at Webster, which is dodged, then hitting Webster with a picture frame. Webster hurls a stuffed monkey at the guard, hits him with a left hook, then kicks him in the kneecap. This guard is all man, however, he slams a right to Webster's jaw, knocking him down -- he next breaks a wooden slat over Webster and kicks him in the chest. Webster pulls him down, applies two crushing blows to his face ... the guard finally slumps backward.

Webster then looks at the now sealed aluminum doors ... he spots a small econoline delivery truck parked on the concrete ramp nearby ... as he runs to it ...

305. THE GUARD FROM THE EXHIBIT ROOM

appears at the bottom of the stairwell, he takes out his gun ...

306. WEBSTER

has started the truck, he grinds it into gear and roars toward the aluminum door ...

307. THE GUARD

levels his gun and fires three times at the speeding truck...

308. INT. TRUCK

Two bullets smash out the windshield around Webster, the third hits him in the shoulder ...

The truck crashes through the galvanized door, bursting into daylight ...

309. EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT REAR OF BUILDING LATE AFTERNOON

Webster rips the truck past the security gate, breaking through the wooden restraining arm ... a half-awake attendant leaps to his feet as the truck roars by and out onto the highway ...

310. IN A NEARBY ALLEYWAY

Webster pulls the truck to a stop -- leaps out clutching his wounded shoulder, then quickly enters his waiting M.G.

311. INT. M.G.

Webster, obviously in pain, starts the engine and puts the car into gear. The M.G. pulls forward ... police cars roar past the alley toward the Museum.

312. EXT. CLEAR LAKE BEACH HOUSE DUSK

Webster pulls his M.G. up to the grass -- he moves out of his car and staggers toward the door.

313. INT. PIAGGIO AMPHIABIAN CABIN DUSK

as Laura, piloting the plane, tries to get a view of the lake below.

314. EXT. DOCK CLEAR LAKE BEACH HOUSE

Webster moves slowly down the pier toward the waterfront. He leans heavily to one side, favoring the wounded shoulder, still wearing his bulky costume.

315. ALONG THE DOCK

Webster stands at the end of the pier, his eyes searching the sky. The SOUND of the plane engine is HEARD overhead.

316. INT. PIAGGIO

Laura continues to stare out the plane's window. Finally, a smile crosses her face.

317. SHE SEES

Webster's house on the tiny lake as the plane breaks through the cloud cover.

318. THE PIAGGIO

sets down on the water and taxis towards the small dock.

319. EXT. PLANE

Laura opens the cabin door and stares out ...

Webster is standing at an angle, blood covering his arm and shoulder.

LAURA:

My God, Webster -- what happened?

WEBSTER:

The plan had a slight flaw ...
Ever tried it on a dock with a
wounded priest?

LAURA:

(helping him in
plane)

Oh, Webster, you poor dear.

320. EXT. PIAGGIO IN FLIGHT

DUSK

as the sun sets over the horizon.

321. INT. COCKPIT

NIGHT

Laura is at the controls. Webster is at her side.

LAURA:

And then?

WEBSTER:

And then he shot me. I just don't
understand how someone could shoot
a Jesuit.

(CONTINUED)

321 (Cont.)

LAURA:

He was probably a Lutheran. How do you feel?

WEBSTER:

All right. Much better now, no bones hit ...

LAURA:

God, so much blood ...

WEBSTER:

(wincing)

No descriptions, please. How we doing on fuel?

LAURA:

We should make it, ought to be there in twenty minutes.

WEBSTER:

Thirty minutes behind schedule ...

322. A NINETY-FOOT YACHT

DAWN

comes around and drops anchor as the Piaggio circles overhead. The plane lands a few hundred yards distant. As the plane taxis toward the ship, Deams and Dynamite can be seen on deck, standing within a small group of men.

323. THE PIAGGIO

propellers stop turning. The cabin door opens and Webster tosses a line across to several waiting CREWMEN. The Sailors immediately move into action as the plane comes alongside and is secured. Gas caps are popped off and fuel hoses are rammed into the open tanks. A compressor kicks on, pumping gasoline from huge drums on the ketch's deck into the Albatross.

(CONTINUED)

323.. (Cont.)

Deams, Dynamite and RIVERA, an imperially tall man with wavy, silver hair, watch as Webster painfully leaps from the plane to the deck of the ship. Webster eyes the refueling operation; a jacket now conceals his bandaged arm. Laura has remained in the plane's cockpit.

324.. EXT. STERN OF YACHT

DEAMS:

Webster, this is Senor Rivera.

RIVERA:

Good morning.

WEBSTER:

My pleasure, Senor.

Deams hands Webster a portfolio.

DEAMS:

No slim pickins at all. One point six million.

RIVERA:

If the amenities are over, perhaps I could see the jewels?

WEBSTER:

But of course.

After handing Rivera the baggie, Webster crosses to the rail, watches as the crewmen finish the refueling operation, he then flashes the peace sign to Laura up in the plane's cockpit.

325. RIVERA

Studying the baubles with a jeweler's eyeglass. Webster is at his shoulder.

RIVERA:

Exquisite.

WEBSTER:

Senor, I don't wish to rush you, but we have to be starting back to the city.

(CONTINUED)

325 (Cont.)

RIVERA:

Quite right, I have my own plane
to catch ... I shall be in the
Netherlands this evening.

326. EXT. PIAGGIO

Engines turning as it lifts away from the sea, circles
the ketch, dips a wing and turns into the morning sun.

327. INT. LAURA'S BATHROOM

MID-DAY

Webster steps out of a steaming shower and into Laura's
arms. She kisses him gently, then turns off the faucets.
Webster attempts to dry himself with one hand, a nasty
gash apparent on his shoulder. Laura takes the towel
from Webster and begins rubbing it over his body...

328. LAURA

applying a compress to a tired-looking Chess Burglar's
wound, then binding it with gauze and tape ...

LAURA:

Better?

WEBSTER:

Mmmmmmm. It sure is. Now for
about ten hours of sleep...

The doorbell SOUNDS with a belligerent CLANG.

329. INT. FRONT HALLWAY

Laura descends the stairs and crosses to the front door.
A very intent-looking Dave stands on the other side of the
entrance.

LAURA:

Mr. Reilly...

DAVE:

You can call me Dave, Miss Keaton,
may I come in?

(CONTINUED)

329 (Cont.)

Dave starts through the doorway as he asks the question.

LAURA:

(hesitant)

Yes...

DAVE:

You'll have to excuse me for not calling ahead, but I'm close to capturing the Chess Burglar. I take it you read the papers?

LAURA:

No, I just got up...

DAVE:

Oh, sleeping late? He hit the jewel exhibit last night -- but...

(he smiles)

He got shot in the process, really caught a good one from the amount of blood. Is Webster here? I'm looking for a wounded man.

LAURA:

Yes...he's upstairs...

Laura and Dave start upstairs...

LAURA

(worried)

Webster... your friend's here...

Webster...

(to Dave)

I'm sure he'll just be a few moments.

DAVE:

That's alright, Miss Keaton. I know the way. How's Webster been feeling?

(CONTINUED)

329 (Cont.1)

LAURA:
Webster? Why, he's fine.

330. INT. FRONT ROOM

Dave, with a Cheshire cat smile as he looks across to Laura...

LAURA:
Could I get you something?

DAVE:
No, thanks.

An uncomfortable pause.

LAURA:
I'll just go get Webster,
perhaps he didn't hear me...

The SOUND of feet barreling down the corridor -- Webster pops into view, wearing his jogging clothes.

WEBSTER:
Dave, well, for Christ's sake.
What are you doing around here?

Webster dances around Dave like a shadow-boxing prize-fighter.

WEBSTER:
(continuing)
Let's take a run, down the street
and over to the park. Just a
quick couple of miles. I'm
sweating off a really big head...
Man, let me tell you, stay away
from the sauce after midnight --
Christ, I mean this is a brain-
splitter...Come on, Dave, Let's
sweat some of the poison out of
our systems.

(CONTINUED)

330 (Cont.)

Dave is obviously crestfallen at Webster's condition.

LAURA:

(excited)

Webster, Dave's nearly captured the Chess Burglar.

WEBSTER:

(continuing his gymnastics)

Really? I'm glad to hear that, Dave... Come on, I'll take it easy on you.

DAVE:

I can't, I don't really have time...

LAURA:

He's on his way to arrest him now, Webster.

WEBSTER:

Must give you a real feeling of satisfaction. Bringing in such a cunning fellow...

Webster shoots out a few right-hand leads, grazing Dave's mid-section.

WEBSTER:

(continuing)

Well, I'll see you, Dave, maybe you'll still be here when I get back...

He starts down stairs. Dave and Laura follow.

DAVE:

I really must be going...

LAURA:

Yes, well, be sure and call us after you catch him.

DAVE:

(almost sad)

I will. I will.

(CONTINUED)

330 (Cont.1)

Webster jogs down the block. As the door shuts, Laura runs back through the house to the bedroom door. She pulls it open as Webster staggers through it.

LAURA:

Are you all right?

WEBSTER:

(in pain)

Yeah. I'm fine. Never felt better.

He immediately collapses onto the bed.

331. INT. ZUKOVSKY'S OFFICE

NIGHT

Pitch blackness is shattered as the office door opens and Zukovsky enters and snaps on the overhead light. Zukovsky is alone; elegantly dressed; dark suit and overcoat, homburg -- he carries a cane.

He moves to the board, stares a long moment, then, with a nod to the Mannikin, moves a black knight into position.

ZUKOVSKY:

(sad)

Checkmate.

He turns his eyes to the masked dummy.

ZUKOVSKY

(continuing)

Thank you for the game, my friend.

Zukovsky turns to leave, pausing for a final glance at the board -- never let it be said that he lost well -- he suddenly lashes out with the cane, sending chessmen scattering across the room. Demolishing the board with two whacks, Zukovsky then turns his attention to the dummy, pummeling away at the masked marvel.

(CONTINUED)

332. THE MANNIKIN

smirks like hell despite the vicious attack.

333. INT. INSURANCE OFFICE

DAY

Dave stands before his BOSS' desk.

BOSS:

I think a change would be good for you, Dave.

DAVE:

You're reassigning me? Jesus, I'm not the first investigator whose had a little trouble catching a crook. The police haven't caught him either, not to mention you...

BOSS:

Look, you wasted all your time on McGee. The jewels were moved in Holland the next night...

DAVE:

I still think it was him... I'll nail that Webster sure as God made green apples.

BOSS:

I talked with Lloyd's of London this morning -- they've insisted on taking the case over...

DAVE:

I'll quit before I'll give up on this one...

BOSS:

I'm sorry to hear that, Dave. You've been with us seventeen years now...

(CONTINUED)

333 (Cont.)

DAVE:
(the dawn lifts)
You want me to resign?

BOSS:
I'm sure you can get on somewhere
else. It's not the end, Dave. We
just have higher standards than
most companies...

DAVE:
(biting the
bullet)
Yeah... I guess you do...

Dave dejectedly turns and heads for the office door.

334. EXT. COORIDOR

Dave exits his former Supervisor's office, then shuts the
door. He walks slowly up the hallway, then stops, lifts a
barrel-like ashtray off the floor and hurls it through the
opaque glass on the Boss' door.

The Boss looks stone-faced at Dave through the jagged pane...

335. EXT. STREET STORE WINDOW TIFFANY'S

Webster and Laura, arm in arm, are looking through the glass.

WEBSTER:
I've been reading about that chess
set... It's three hundred years old...
valued at more than fifty thousand
dollars...

LAURA:
Oh, Webster, you wouldn't...

WEBSTER:
But it's perfect. My farewell move,
a final bow. Great theater demands
a curtain call... and, I might add,
a gift to Mr. Zukovsky.

LAURA:
Who cares about Zukovsky? What about
your promise to me?

(CONTINUED)

335 (Cont.)

WEBSTER:

How can you deny him such an exquisite chess piece? He'll love it.

They walk on down the street.

LAURA:

What about me? You promised you wouldn't take any more foolish chances.

WEBSTER:

Don't you understand? I was dead before the Chess Burglar came along. When he dies, I'll die...

LAURA:

We're still getting out tomorrow morning?

WEBSTER:

Of course. It'll be good to move on. The competition around here is getting a little stale. I only have one regret...

LAURA:

What's that?

WEBSTER:

I'm sorry I'll miss the afternoon edition of the Post. I'd like to read my review.

LAURA:

Don't you think it's about time you showed some modesty?

WEBSTER:

I suppose. I'll have Deams mail it to me.

336. INT. STORE WINDOW TIFFANY'S

NIGHT

A gloved hand carefully lifts the chess set out of the window.

337. THE STORE DOORWAY

is empty. After a moment, Webster appears, carrying what appears to be an attache case -- clearly the carrier for a chess set.

(CONTINUED)

337 (Cont.)

Webster turns up the deserted street and starts off. Suddenly, he hears the SOUND of applause. He stops, but does not turn back.

338. A SHADOWED MAN

is revealed to be Dave Reilly, applauding loudly from a nearby store-front doorway.

339. WEBSTER

doesn't look back; the SOUND of the applause dies away.

WEBSTER:

Is that you, Dave?

DAVE:

That's right, Webster. I've nailed the Chess Burglar.

WEBSTER:

Been a long chase for you.

DAVE:

Damn right. But right now it's worth every minute of it.

WEBSTER:

(speaking quietly)

Why's that, Dave?

DAVE

Why! You bastard. You ran me around and made a fool out of me.

WEBSTER:

(sincerely)

I wasn't trying to make a fool out of you, Dave. You just got caught up in my game.

DAVE:

Don't give me anymore of your worldly wisdom crap. That's the trouble with you. You think everything is a game.

WEBSTER:

I'm not giving you a line. Everything is a game. You and I just play by different rules.

(CONTINUED)

339 (Cont.)

DAVE:

Your two-bit philosophy gives me a
pain in the ass.

A pause.

WEBSTER:

Dave?

DAVE:

What?

WEBSTER:

Are you carrying a gun?

DAVE:

What do you think?

WEBSTER:

Then you're going to have to shoot
me. Because that's the only way
you'll take me in.

DAVE:

(quietly)

I might just have to do that.

WEBSTER:

I know... If that's going to make
you feel better tomorrow, then you
have no choice... I'd sure hate to
be in your shoes, Dave...

Webster quietly turns and moves into a dim alleyway.
Dave's look follows Webster as he gradually vanishes.

Dave pulls away from the flickering lamplight and begins
walking back down the sidewalk...

He moves very slowly along the dark street, but he also
moves with a very certain dignity.

FADE OUT.

THE END