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FINAL

THREE DAYS OF THE MONDOR

Screenplay

by

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and

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INT AN OFFICE SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK

OPEN CLOSE on a book printed in CHINESE CHARACTERS, held open under a moving SCANNING BEAM. A mechanical arm turns pages every couple of seconds while an AUTOMATIC TRANSLATOR wired to this device bangs out English text at terrific speed.

GLIMPSE of JANICE CHON, pretty, at least one of her parents is Chinese. Her dark hair falls as she BENDS to adjust the machine.

VOICE OFF (Ray)

Janice:

TITLES BEGIN.

CAMERA FOLLOWS JANICE to INTERIOR ANOTHER OFFICE

RAY MARTIN, standing at keyboard of an IBM punchcard machine, mechanically feeding in entries off of 3x5 index cards.

MOVE to HAROLD THOMAS, in the same office. He sits at a table piled with MYSTERY NOVELS, wearing a green eye-shade, going over a set of galley proofs with a marking pen.

RAY

What've we got?

HAROLD

Male Caucasian, mid-40's.
Appears to've been shot.

RAY

Where?

HAROLD

In his room.

JANICE

Very funny, Harold.

HAROLD

OK, the wound is just below
the heart.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

CONTINUED

2 CONTD

2

RAJ

He was shot once?

HAROLD

Seems to've been, yes.

JANICE

First you said "appears" to've
been shot ... now "seems" to've
been...

HAROLD

That's what the guy wrote!

JANICE

But the machine won't analyze
speculations.

3 INT SMALLER OFFICE

3.

OPEN on one wall which is painted BRIGHT RED. More
contemporary than the others, and personalized. A
PHOTO-BLOWUP of A. Einstein. Some homemade models
of submarine and aircraft designed by da Vinci.

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS as CREDITS CONTINUE.

Angle to door as Dr. LAPPE appears, carrying papers.
He's fiftyish, dresses British, smokes a trim cigar.

DR. LAPPE

(holding out papers)

Mr. Turner...?

He sees no one in the office. Glances, annoyed, at
his watch.

4 EXT BROADWAY IN THE EIGHTIES

4

Weaving through traffic on a mini-powered SOLEX is
JOSEPH TURNER. He is in a much-worn tweed jacket over a
heavy sweater. A long scarf is tied around his
throat and trails behind him. The SOLEX is battered
and misses occasionally. Sometimes he peddles to as-
sist the one cylinder engine.

CONTINUED

CONT'D

TITLES CONTINUE.

RAY'S VOICE

Why don't you just finish
reading it - and --

HAROLD'S VOICE

Come on - in five minutes we can
do it out - Save all that time.

JANICE'S VOICE

If Joey were here --

HAROLD'S VOICE

Turner's not the only mind
around.

RAY'S VOICE

Come on. What calibre slug?

JANICE'S VOICE

Oh, you're missing the point, Ray...

RAY'S VOICE

Huh?

5 BACK TO THAT OFFICE

5

JANICE

The machine'll come back with
a: 're-phrase' or 'please
express it in other words'...

RAY

So what do you want to feed in?

JANICE

Well think, Ray: why does the
author put it like that?...It--
'appears', he 'seems'...

6 EXT THREE STORY TOWNHOUSE EAST 70'S

6

It nestles among others of its ilk, behind a black
iron fence with a gate in it. SHIFT ANGLE to see
TURNER round the corner from Madison Avenue and pull

CONTINUED

6 CONTD

the SOLEX up onto the sidewalk in front of the building. He has a somewhat neglected beard and moustache. He begins to chain the SOLEX to a parking sign.

7 ANGLE ACROSS THE STREET 7

A small blue FIAT parked at the curb. A man is sitting. You do NOT SEE his face, just what he SEES in the rear view mirror. TURNER chaining the bike.

DROP TO THE MAN'S LAP. He FLIPS through a little pack of photos beside a list of names. GLIMPSES of Janice, Harold, Ray, Dr. Lappe. Photo of TURNER comes up. MAN checks off TURNER's name.

HAROLD'S VOICE

He always writes like that, he's a Republican.

JANICE'S VOICE

No no, it means something.

8 FROM THE MAN'S POV 8

TURNER under FINAL CREDIT moves toward the gate of the house and pushes it open. Beside the gate is a polished bronze plaque reading:

AMERICAN LITERARY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TURNER reaches the unlocked gate, pushes it open.

9 INT ALHS HOUSE RECEPTION AREA 9

A red light flashes and a warning buzzer sounds. Aside from that, the first floor of this place looks just like what that plaque says it is.

MRS. RUSSELL is at her cluttered desk. She has short grey disheveled hair and smokes incessantly.

JENNINGS, a burly ex-sergeant, not quite comfortable in civilian clothes, is bent over an open drawer loading film into a hidden CAMERA. They BOTH look toward a small TV monitor screen.

10 EXT ALMS HOUSE TURNER 10

He suddenly turns his back to the lens of a tv-camera which is discreetly placed.

11 INT ALMS HOUSE MRS. RUSSELL AND JENNINGS 11

They exchange a glance of disapproval of Turner's probably daily prank. As Mrs. Russell opens her desk drawer to press a button releasing the outer door you glimpse within it a .45.

The door opens. Turner enters.

FLASH CUT of Jennings' desk where the Camera quickly snaps a photo.

TURNER CLOSES the door behind him. He strides toward the stairs, flipping up the visor. He points to his nose.

TURNER

Turner, Joseph, no-middle-initial.

MRS. RUSSELL

Seventeen minutes late.

TURNER

I was bucking headwinds, put down twelve minutes. -- It's gonna rain by 10:20.

CONTINUED

11 CONTD

11 CONTD

MRS RUSSELL

Thanks a lot. I left my
umbrella on the bus.

All without stopping. TURNER moves toward the rear office, now taking his helmet off. He stops at the open door at rear. Plants fill the room, on desk, along windowsills, radiators and hanging from planters. And there's that odd ULTRA VIOLET LIGHT that encourages plant-growth.

TURNER

Dr. Lappe...?

DR LAPPE---standing on a chair, watering one of the hanging plants with a long-snouted watering-can--- just checks his pocket-watch, says nothing. Turner ignores the inference, goes on:

TURNER

Was there anything in the early
pouch?

DR LAPPE

Yes...but nothing in response
to your report.

TURNER

Oh.
(rallying:)
Maybe this afternoon.

DR LAPPE

Please have the book you're
working on analyzed and on the
computer by four o'clock.

TURNER

Yes sir.

And he's on his way again. Up the curved staircase.

12 INT TURNER'S OFFICE DAY

12

That one with all the models and the red wall. He enters -- crosses to his desk, picks up a mystery novel from his in-basket, looks at it a moment, then puts it aside. Under BRIGHT LIGHT, he arranges some IBM-runs. We can SEE they're machine-translations, side-by-side, in 3 or 4 languages.

12 CONTD

12 CONTD

JANICE'S VOICE

What was the calibre of the
bullet, Harold?

HAROLD'S VOICE

Apparently a .38.

JANICE'S VOICE

There it is again!... 'Apparently'...!

HAROLD'S VOICE

Well it made an entry-wound
characteristic of a .38...but
they couldn't recover the slug
itself.

RAY'S VOICE

Hey, we're getting somewhere!...

13 INT OTHER OFFICE

13

JANICE picks up some papers and moves toward the
door.

JANICE

You guys figure it out.

I have Far-East Journals to read.

Camera follows her down hallway to TURNER's office.

RAY'S VOICE

Was the slug smashed against
the wall?

HAROLD'S VOICE

No. Matter of fact, there was
no exit-wound.

14 INT TURNER'S OFFICE

14

JANICE watches him work a moment. He is very intent
on what he is doing. She moves around-behind him,
puts her hands on his shoulders.

JANICE

...what they've got to so far
is a .38 wound but no -- --

TURNER

(not looking up)

-- -- Ice.

JANICE

What?

TURNER

Instead of lead. The murderer
poured water into a .38 calibre
mold, froze it, kept it solid
until the crime...

JANICE

(beginning to get it)
Great...!

TURNER

He shoots the guy with the ice-
bullet. Cops show up in a
half-hour: a few drops of
water, no bullet, no ballistics.

JANICE

Great!

TURNER

Hey, what's this character?

It's part of a work-problem: he draws an IDEOGRAM,
using a thick marking-pen. She comes close:

JANICE

Your calligraphy's getting
beautiful...

She makes a minor change in the character:

JANICE

'Den'.
(then in English)
'Heaven'.

TURNER

Nothing else?

JANICE

(shrugs; doubtful)
It can mean 'the best'... 'Tops'.
Sometimes.
(then)
Why?

TURNER

I'm not sure.

14 CONTD (2)

14 CONTD (2)

JANICE
We going to Sam and Mae's
tonight?

TURNER
(back at work)
Mm.

JANICE
Why don't you talk to Sam about it?

TURNER
(looks up)
About this...?

She nods.

TURNER
I did... Interesting, he
says. (then smiles)
But not his department...
Which means he thinks there's
nothing...like Lappe. And
you.

JANICE
There's not much. A
murder mystery that's been
translated...

TURNER
(overriding)
A mystery that didn't sell...
translated into an odd
assortment of languages:
Turkish but not French, Arabic
but not German and not Russian.
Dutch!

Spanish... JANICE

TURNER
(admits)
Yes.
(beat)
Yes.

JANICE
Hey, where'd you get that thing
about the ice? Dashiell Hammett?

14 CONTD (3)

14 CONTD (3)

TURNER

Dick Tracy.

(no pause)

You sure about this ideogram?

JANICE

Look at this face...Could I be
wrong about an ideogram...

TURNER

It is a great face...

(back to work)

but it was never in China.

15 EXT ALES HOUSE

15

A light van pulls up and stops at the curb. As the DRIVER waits, a uniformed MESSENGER gets out and goes in through the gate. Logo on van and on the uniform says..."AAA-AROW MESSENGER SERVICE."

Suddenly it starts to rain.

16 INT HAROLD AND RAY'S OFFICE

16

HAROLD still works over galley proofs while RAY is working at the terminal of a computer. TURNER pokes his head in.

TURNER

When can I get some computer time,
Ray?

HAROLD

(shaking his head)

Dick Tracy???

TURNER

(serious)

He was a very underrated detective.

RAY

There's free time at 2:45.

JENNINGS' VOICE

(calling from below)

Morning pickup!

RAY starts from the computer terminal towards an envelope.

16 CONTD

16 CONTD

TURNER

No, go ahead, stay on schedule,
I'll take it.

17 WITH TURNER

17

as he heads for the stairs with the envelope.

19 INT DOWNSTAIRS RECEPTION AREA

18

The AAA-Arrow messenger is signing for his pickup
on Jennings' clipboard as TURNER comes up and gives
him RAY's envelope.

MESSENGER

Five pieces, right?

JENNINGS

Affirmative. Fiver.

The envelope goes into a dispatch bag. As TURNER
starts towards the stairs, DR LAPPE comes out of his
office carrying a sheet of paper.

DR LAPPE

Where is Mr. Heidegger?

MRS RUSSELL

He called in sick, Dr. Lappe.

JENNINGS

(mumbling)

Probably hungover again.

DR LAPPE

This is extraordinary. I was
just checking the files and I
found this carbon copy of an
enquiry he sent to Persian Gulf
Command.

TURNER stops on the stairs.

TURNER

Oh...he did that for me.

DR LAPPE

It never went through my office.

18 CONTD

18 CONTD

TURNER

Well...I just asked him to do
some research for me. I guess
he thought it wasn't that
important.

DR LAPFE

I wish you people would go through
channels.

Suddenly TURNER's attention is caught by the TV
monitor. He charges forward and out the doors.

19 EXT ALHS HOUSE

19

TURNER comes dashing out.

TURNER

(yelling)

Hey! Leave that bike alone!

CAMERA reveals two kids toying with the SOLEX.

ONE KID

What is it?

TURNER

Never mind, just leave it alone.

The kids walk away mumbling. TURNER looks up at the
black sky, holds his hand out to feel the rain, checks
his watch and nods. As he walks back inside CAMERA
PANS TO THE BLUE FIAT. PUSHES CLOSER to the man behind
the wheel. We still do not see his face. His only
move is to trace his finger down a list of names
computer typed on a sheet of paper. Then he pulls
up one photograph of an elderly leaky-eyed man. The
name under the photo reads R. BEIDEGGER. The MAN
checks his watch, then gets out of the car into the
rain.

20 INT TURNER'S OFFICE DAY

20

TURNER's standing at his desk. He compares those
machine-translations again, briefly -- and shoves
them aside. He sits, pulls the galleys of that novel
out of his "IN" box.

21 CLOSER ON TEST

21

TURNER's hand moving steadily down the page, part of some speedreading technique...passes a certain phrase, jumps back to it: we READ:

...The next morning, at dawn,
they transferred me to the
East Wing, 17. It was worse
than Lubjanka.

TURNER picks up a marker, draws a transparent yellow line through certain key words: "East Wing, 17... Worse than Lubjanka." He picks up the page and heads out.

22 INT HALLWAY

22

With TURNER as he walks down hall to a Xerox machine in an alcove. Taped to the top of it is a sign: OUT OF ORDER. TURNER tries to fiddle with it. Janice, coming out of her cubicle sees him.

JANICE

It's busted. Heidegger was
copying something. You know
him with machines.

23 EXT 77TH AND MADISON

23

A phone stand. The MAN from the BLUE FIAT is telephoning. We don't hear anything but the sound of the driving rain.

24 INT ALES HOUSE ALCOVE

24

TURNER works at the Xerox, removing panels, twisting wires, etc.

-DR LAPPE'S VOICE

This was in the pouch from New--
York Center.

CAMERA WIDENS to reveal LAPPE, who hands him a memorandum.

CONTINUED

24 CONTD

24

DR. LAPPE
HQ at Langley says there's
nothing from any other
intelligence source to
support your theory.

Turner pauses, then stuffs the memo into his pocket.

DR. LAPPE (contd)
(referring to
Xerox)
Is this your idea of working
on that book?

TURNER
(busy working)
Oh, I'll have it on the
computer by four.

Lappe watches as Turner continues to work on the Xerox.

DR. LAPPE
We have people to service these
machines.

TURNER
These things are fairly
simple...they just look
complicated.

DR. LAPPE
Mr. Turner...I wonder if you're
entirely happy here.

TURNER
(surprised)
Within obvious limits, yes sir.

DR. LAPPE
Obvious limits?

TURNER
I'd rather write...and...well
it bothers me that I can't tell
people what I do.

DR. LAPPE
Why is it taking you so long
to accept that??

CONTINUED

24 CONTD

24

TURNER

I actually trust a few people.
It's a problem.

DR. LAPPE

(shaking his head)

I believe it's your turn to
bring in lunch.

TURNER

What time is it?

DR. LAPPE

11:22.

TURNER

Rain should end by 11:30.

DR. LAPPE

You can wait 5 minutes.

25 EXT. EAST 77TH STREET - ANGLE ON BLUE FIAT 25

Brighter blue than ever, polished by the rain.

26 INT. BLUE FIAT - DAY 26

Cozy SOUND of rain on roof. The VIEW through the windshield distorted by rain rivulets. The MAN switches on wipers -- just a single stroke back and forth -- clearing VIEW for a moment. All he needs: he sees that the ALHS entrance is still quiet... before the VIEW is again gradually ruined by rain.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. ALHS HOUSE - RECEPTION AREA 27

Turner descends the stairs. He heads not for the front door, but a narrow one near the back.

JENNINGS

Mr. Turner!

But he is gone.

JENNINGS

Goddammit! That is not a
proper exit!

CONTINUED

27 CONTD

27 CONTD

MRS RUSSELL

He always goes out that way
when it rains...it saves him
a block.

JENNINGS

Personnel should enter and exit
premises by authorized means only.

MRS RUSSELL

(reaching for another
cigarette)

Gimme a light, will ya?

28 EXT REAR OF ALMS DAY 28

TURNER squeezes out of the coal chute, into a narrow alley. The close, overhanging buildings provide shelter from the rain. TURNER pushes through a gate leading to another alley that runs at right-angles to this one...leading out to East 78th Street.

29 EXT EAST 77TH STREET DAY 29

A MAN -- walking AWAY FROM CAMERA -- stops beside the blue Fiat. He tilts his umbrella to one side, sees that the rain has eased up enough to do without the umbrella; he collapses it, resumes his walk.

He looks straight ahead; seems uninterested in any of the street-life. He does one strange thing, however: passing a waste-basket, without stopping he shoves the umbrella deep into it, almost buries it in old newspapers and garbage.

30 EXT EAST 78TH STREET DAY 30

TURNER emerges from the alley, jogs across 78th Street, turns onto Madison Avenue.

31 EXT MADISON AVENUE EAST 70'S 31

A short stocky MAILMAN trudges along in the rain, with a fat POUCH slung over his shoulder.

32 EXT MADISON AVENUE 32

TURNER RUNS across it and goes INTO "Jimmy's Cafe".

33 EXT ALMS STREET HIGH ANGLE 33

The rain has LET UP greatly, but everything is very wet and shiny.

34 EXT ALMS DAY 34

From across E. 77th Street. CAMERA PANS OFF the ALMS now...PAST the blue Fiat...and COMES TO REST CLOSE ON the Man with the umbrella from a few moments ago.

His concentration, his unblinking eyes and clean, sharp features make him seem hawklike in this PROFILE VIEW. His name is JOUBERT.

Then two other figures APPEAR...coming west from Madison is the short stocky mailman, with his fat pouch.

Simultaneously, a VERY TALL THIN MAN rounds onto ALMS street from Fifth. His raincoat BULGES oddly.

35 INT JIMMY'S CAFE 35

TURNER leans on the cold-case watching with admiration as JIMMY works on the lunch order with deft hands.

JIMMY

How's it going, Shakespeares?

TURNER

Great. I'm building one of the finest collections of rejection slips in the world.

CONTINUED

35

CONTINUED

JIMMY

I know the feeling: I always
wanted to be Escoffier.

TURNER

It's not too late.

(points)

No mayo on Dr. Lappe's.

(then)

Van Gogh didn't begin painting
until he was almost 30...

JIMMY

(encouraged)

Yeah?

TURNER

On the other hand, Mozart was
playing piano at 3 and composing
at 6.

JIMMY

(nods)

Fast-starter...That's probably
better.

TURNER

(points again)

Mark Ray's no better.

(then)

I don't know: Van Gogh never
sold a picture in his lifetime
...and Mozart died a pauper.
Hard to say.

During this, ANGLE INCLUDES a half-wrecked CUSTOMER,
coffee-cup halfway up to his mouth, staring at Turner.

CUSTOMER

What'm I? In the New York
Public Liberry?

JIMMY

(to Customer,

referring to Turner)

Don't you hate him?

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

CUSTOMER

It's very educational in here.
That's why I come in.

TURNER

(to Jimmy:)

Will y'hurry it up? It's
going to start pouring again...

36 EXT ALHS STREET

36

JOUBERT starts across for the house. The Mailman and the Tall Thin Man are CONVERGING on the same spot from opposite directions, with the most perfect timing. As they reach the GATE and go in, the small blue car pulls out and drives AWAY.

37 INT ALHS RECEPTION AREA

37

MRS RUSSELL is typing, the inevitable cigarette dangling in her lips.

RED LIGHT and BUZZER. She reaches for door-opener under her desk.

As BELL RINGS, ANGLE to front door. CLICKING SOUND and it OPENS. The Mailman starts IN.

38 INT ALHS LIBRARY

38

JENNINGS is just coming down library ladder, with some books he is rearranging. He HEARS:

MRS RUSSELL'S VOICE

(pleasantly surprised)

Hallo! Don't tell me we're
really getting that afternoon
delivery you're always --

Her voice stops short. An instant. Then a curious CHU-CHU-CHU-CHU SOUND, followed by a HEAVY THUD.

39 WITH JENNINGS

39

Perplexed, he steps OUT into hallway. His eyes go wide. He LEAPS toward a closet across the way. Just as he yanks it OPEN there is that CHU-CHU-CHU again, and a stream of bullets send him FLYING. The shotgun he was reaching for CLATTERS to the floor.

39 CONT'D

39 CONT'D

The Mailman and the Tall Thin Man step into the extreme f.g. of FRAME, lowering their silenced stereo guns. They turn toward:

40 SHOT JOUBERT

40

He nods: proceed.

41 WIDER ANGLE

41

as the two gunners head for the stairs: JOUBERT goes to JENNINGS' desk and pulls OPEN the drawer containing the secret camera device.

DR LAPPE'S VOICE

(from above)

Mrs. Russell! Was the Kirkus report in this morning's mail?

(a beat)

Mrs. Russell?

His FOOTSTEPS at top of stairs. The Mailman aims his gun UP and FIRES. CHU-CHU-CHU-CHU-CHU! The gunners hurry UP as DR LAPPE's body comes TUMBLING DOWN, the pathetic toupée falling off.

42 EXT JIMMY'S CAFE

42

TURNER EMERGES with a big brown paper bag and starts to HURRY, while the rain is still let up.

43 INT ALHS TOP OF STAIRS

43

The gunners split. The Tall Thin One BOUNDS into TURNER's office, right across from the landing. He has almost pulled the trigger before he realizes that the room is unoccupied.

The Mailman steps INTO Harold and Ray's place.

RAY'S VOICE

Wait!...Wait!

CHU-CHU-CHU-CHU is HEARD.

CONTINUED

43 CONTD

43 CONTD

IN SECOND FLOOR MEN'S ROOM

HAROLD is paused, listening as he dries his hands.
A little mystified, he steps OUT.

He is frozen one moment, then LEAPS back into the
john, pulling the door shut. CHU-CHU-CHU-CHU.
The slugs pour through the flimsy door and FIND him.

44 INT ALHS LOBBY DAY

44

Contrasted with the violent activity upstairs, it's
a serene tableau down here: JOUBERT, waiting for
them to finish the job. Only a single, small movement:
he takes a cigarette from the pack on MRS RUSSELL's
desk. He sits at her desk. Beat. He becomes aware
of the sudden SOUND of machinery from upstairs.

45 INT JANICE'S OFFICE DAY

45

She's SWITCHED ON the translation machine. She takes
off her glasses and begins to polish them.

46 MACHINE IN OPERATION JANICE'S POV

46

It scans those Chinese characters and its phonetic
equivalent in so-called Romaji (our lettering),
followed by a literal English translation.

Abruptly, the machine is SWITCHED OFF. She HEARS:

JOUBERT'S VOICE
(very polite)
Would you move from the window,
please?

She turns.

47 HER POV

47

All BLURRY. Then it comes INTO FOCUS, as she puts
her glasses back on. It is astonishing. A striking
man is holding some kind of weapon, pointed right
at her.

FEATURE JANICE

JANICE

Pardon me?

47 CONTD

47 CONTD

He simply gestures this time: away from the window.

48 FAVOR JANICE

48

shaking her head no:

JANICE

I won't scream.

49 CLOSE ON JOUBERT

49

JOUBERT

I know.

His eyes remain on her but he reaches down, SWITCHES ON machine...nods. CAMERA PANS to Mailman who brings up STEN GUN.

50 FLASH CLOSEUP JANICE'S EYES

50

Opening wide at what's about to happen. Her HAND ENTERS FRAME, tears off her glasses -- CLATTERING of the machine.

51 EXT MADISON AVENUE TRACKING TURNER

51

He's had the paper back book open on top of the bag of lunch, snatching fragments, phrases, as he walks...

He stuffs the paperback into the bag, starts jogging down to East 77th...rounds the corner.

52 EXT ALHS DAY

52

Quiet. The rain has stopped; everything in the street seems washed clean, even the air.

TURNER goes up to the gate, pushes buzzer. SOUND of BELL inside, but no answering CLICKS. He peers UP at a window. Uneasiness prickles him. He gets out a door key.

53 INT ALHS RECEPTION AREA

53

TURNER ENTERS and sniffs an odd acid odor. He comes UP the inside steps and understands its origin.

CONTINUED

53 CONTD

53 CONTD

MRS RUSSELL and JENNINGS LIE where they fell. The only SOUND is the automatic typewriter up in JANICE's place, still BANGING away.

He SEES JENNINGS' shotgun. TURNER DASHES to it and SNATCHES it up, WHEELS around with it. There is no living target.

Like an automaton, shotgun at hip, he MOVES to the stairs.

54 WITH TURNER

54

He goes UP, edging past MRS RUSSELL's and DR LAPPE's remains. Like avoiding a crack in the sidewalk, he avoids stepping on DR LAPPE's toupee. He REACHES the second floor.

SEES things. Ray in his office. Harold half fallen out of the Men's Room into the hall.

Always the CLATTERING of the machine, LOUDER now as he approaches:

55 INT JANICE'S OFFICE DAY

55

and JANICE dead, beneath the window, her glasses clenched in her fist, propped halfway up.

56 TURNER

56

The shotgun forgotten in his hand.

57 JANICE

57

MOVING CLOSER WITH TURNER. He kneels. Her straight jet hair has fallen over her face; he pulls it back: CAMERA HOLDS CLOSE ON TURNER as he rises, looks about. He MOVES to the machine, SWITCHES IT OFF. The new silence makes it worse; he hurries out.

58 TURNER RUNS downstairs on rubbery legs. He stops 58 at MRS RUSSELL's desk, SNATCHES up the phone. NO TONE from it. Wires cut. Holding the dead receiver, his eyes register a detail:

59 MRS RUSSELL 59

The cigarette she was smoking fell on her breast and burned down nearly the whole way before it went out.

60 TURNER 60

Horried beyond description. He MOVES toward front door, stops. He tries to STUFF the shotgun he is still carrying under his coat, but it won't go. Pulls OPEN her drawer.

That .357 Magnum in there. He sticks it in side overcoat pocket, hand on it like a gangster, quickly DESCENDS to front door.

61 EXT ALHS HOUSE 61

TURNER OPENS the door a crack, looks out. ANGLE to the street. It looks normal enough.

62 BACK TO TURNER 62

He steps OUT quickly, shuts the door behind him.

MOVE WITH HIM down and into the gate. As he is going through it SOME UNSEEN THING GRABS HIM and almost pulls him over backward.

TURNER's mouth is opening to SCREAM when he realizes it is just his coat caught on the gate latch. As he RIPS it free, you are reading again that lying bronze plaque... "AMERICAN LITERARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY".

63 CLOSE TURNER'S SOLEX 63

The drops of rain make it sparkle.

64 FULL SHOT INCLUDE TURNER 64

He knows it would be too conspicuous -- also, there's no time. He turns away.

65 IN THE STREET 65

TURNER starts FAST along sidewalk Madison, suddenly HALTS.

63 CONTD

63 CONTD

Coming toward him is a WOMAN pushing a baby carriage. She is a dyky governess type, reflections GLINTING off her thick glasses. She SEES him. She STOPS too, and SENDS over the pram like to take something out.

Covering her with the pistol in his pocket, TURNER BACKS across the street.

What she takes from the pram is not a machine gun or hand grenade, of course, but just a BABY. She re-arranges the darling.

TURNER breaks into a RUN.

66 ANGLES WITH TURNER

65

He rounds the corner RUNNING onto Madison Avenue. Phone booth just around the corner where THAT MAN made the call earlier. It's occupied. TURNER hesitates a moment. Then dashes down the block to another phone.

67 PHONE STAND

67

TURNER barely manages to get the dime in. He dials 911 automatically. A beat.

FILTERED VOICE

Police Headquarters.

Suddenly TURNER doesn't know what to say, he just breathes.

FILTERED VOICE

Hallo?

Click. TURNER hangs up. He digs for another dime. Dials an easily remembered but totally impossible number: 111-222-333.

TURNER

-- Hallo?

68 INT A SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

68

Windowless. Could be anywhere. No sense of place,

CONTINUED

57 CONTO

58 CONTO

but a perfect sense of time: CLOCKS run around the walls, heading time-zones on the wall-maps.

TURNER'S V.O.

...Hello?

Coming from a massive SPEAKER hung from the ceiling.

A legless man in a wheelchair -- MITCHELL -- is alert, leaning forward. He fine-tunes knobs on a bank of communications equipment before him... Tape-recorders are already turning...then speaks into a talk-box:

MITCHELL

This is the Major.

TURNER'S V.O.

-- This is Joe Turner! Listen --

MITCHELL

Identification.

TURNER'S V.O.

What??

69 EXT PHONE & TURNER

69

We should be aware of how menacing PASSERSBY seem to TURNER.

TURNER

I told you, my name's Turner
-- I work for you! Something's
happened, somebody came in and -- !

MITCHELL

Identify yourself.

TURNER can only hold tight to the phone, his mind blank. So, very clear, level:

MITCHELL

What is your designation?

It's like talking to a goddamn computer: if you don't speak its programmed language, it won't respond. TURNER makes an enormous effort:

TURNER

This is...ch... Condor!

(MORE)

CONTINUED

69 CONTD

69 CONTD

TURNER (Cont)
Section 9 Department 17.
The section's been hit!

MITCHELL
What level?

TURNER
What?

MITCHELL
(cool; helping)
Level of damage.

TURNER
Total!...Everybody: Janice,
Dr. Lappe, and Harold was in
the -- !

MITCHELL
-- Are you on a Company line?

TURNER
I'm in the street! It's a pay-
phone, near the --

MITCHELL
-- You're in violation of secure
communication-procedures, Condor.

TURNER
(overriding outburst)
You stupid son of a bitch!
I'm telling you I came back
with lunch, it was raining and
the whole house was murdered!
Everybody's dead!

MITCHELL
Right. Has the...incident been
discovered by anyone outside the
company?

TURNER
I don't know. I don't think so.

MITCHELL
Are you damaged?

TURNER
Damaged?...No!

69 CONTD

69

MITCHELL

Are you armed?

TURNER

(reaching into
pocket)

I've got Mrs. -- what's her
codename? Nightingale?...she
was afraid of being raped, she
kept a gun...

MITCHELL

Identify your armament.

It takes all Turner's control to answer:

TURNER

...357 magnum.

(urgent;
whisper:)

Will you get me in? I'm not
a field-agent, I just read
books...

MITCHELL

Leave the area.

TURNER

Should I head downtown now?

MITCHELL

Negative! Find a secure
location.

TURNER

Where??

MITCHELL

Avoid any place you are known. Do
not go home. Do not go home.

TURNER

Then...where?? What's secure?!

MITCHELL

(calming:)

Concor? Look up an old friend.

CONTINUED

TURNER

Huh?

MITCHELL

A schoolshun...

TURNER

A what??

MITCHELL

(steady; insistent:)

...someone you've lost touch with,
haven't been seeing. Try the
phonebook...

(then)

Surface again and call the Major,
in two hours...That'll be...

70 INT. THE SMALL ROOM

70

Mitchell scans the wall-clocks...STOPS at the one
marked: NEW YORK.

MITCHELL

1430 your time. D'you have
it, Condor?

TURNER (V.O.)

(from speaker)

Yes.

MITCHELL

Walk away from the phone; don't
hang it up.

71 EXT. PHONE & TURNER

71

He looks at the phone hand-piece, then, risks shout-
ing into it.

TURNER

Hey! I've been out of school
fifteen years!

Absolutely nothing from the other end. Turner places
the hand-piece on the shelf. He backs away from phone.

72 INT. THE SMALL ROOM

72

Mitchell's pressing buttons and PBX keys. A RED PANEL LIGHTS UP: it reads "TRACING". Tape-records are re-winding fast as Mitchell speaks into the talk-box:

MITCHELL

This is the Panic Officer.
Section 9/17 may have been
hit. Indigo Alert in effect.
Activate following procedures:
NY 1,2,7. DC 4, 6, niner.
Replay of the report upcoming:
Stand by.

73 INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - DAY

73

MOVING WITH TURNER, through the maze of ramps. His expression is blank.

74 EXT. WEST SIDE WAREHOUSE.

74

Big old hulk near the river. Some VEHICLES come out. Plain cars, some panel trucks with various business logos on the side. On one van: "AUGEAN CLEANING SERVICE, INC."

75 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

75

SERIES OF CUTS that bring Turner out on Central Park West near Columbus Circle. VIEW OF THE COLISEUM.

76 EXT. ALHS HOUSE

76

That "AUGEAN CLEANING SERVICE" panel truck pulls up. 3 MEN in coveralls get out, carrying rug-shampoo machinery, etc. One of them jabs a key into the front door.

76A INT. COLISEUM - DAY

76A

Turner wanders through the displays. He continually checks over his shoulder. He tries to stay close to walls. Everyone looks suspicious. The most ordinary behavior seems threatening. He HEARS A MOAN, he WHIRLS. A woman faints. Turner bolts!

77
thru
83 OMIT

77
thru
83 OMIT

One of the men in coveralls -- NEWBERRY -- comes out moving a bit too fast, gets into the front seat of the panel truck, brings a radio-microphone up from under the dash:

NEWBERRY

Augie One to NY Center...

One of the top floors of the World Trade buildings. A VIEW of Upper NY Bay, Brooklyn Heights, Staten Island and New Jersey.

OPEN ON a man in his 30's named HIGGINS: he's precise and ambitious, dressed conservatively but not a cut-out. The faintest trace of Texas in his voice as he adjusts a talk-box, and:

HIGGINS

We read you, Augie One. Go ahead.

NEWBERRY'S V.O.

Who'm I talking to?

HIGGINS

Higgins. Deputy Director. I'm holding the baby. Go ahead.

86 NEWBERRY IN PANEL TRUCK

86

NEWBERRY
Hit confirmed. Maximum, as
reported. 6 cold items.

HIGGINS
What was the quality of work?

NEWBERRY
Clean. Fast. First-rate.

HIGGINS
...Except they overlooked one
item...

NEWBERRY
Nobody's perfect.

87 BACK TO CIA HEADQUARTERS NEW YORK

87

HIGGINS
(musing)
...or Condor is...w=it a minute!
Did you say six?

He's been shuffling through some papers on his desk.
Then:

HIGGINS
Excepting Condor, there should
be seven.

NEWBERRY
Repeat, six. Here's the rundown
on those items.
(reading from a slip)
Lappe, Chon, Russell, Jennings,
Martin, Mitchell.

HIGGINS closes down radio-link, he looks at TURNER's
folder; speaks to a COMMUNICATIONS TECHNICIAN who is
checking tapes nearby, but it's really just thinking
aloud:

HIGGINS
Who's Condor? We've got a research-
type...who likes to read comic
strips...

88

INT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY

88

Turner wanders. He doesn't know which way is safe.

HIGGINS (V.O.)

...A man who wants to write
murder-mysteries...but joined
The Company.

He's suddenly starved. He risks a heated pretzel. He
crams it into his mouth.

HIGGINS (V.O.) (contd)

I'll bet we've stuffed his head
with enough to write for 20
years...

Turner suddenly stops; stares.

89

OMIT

OMIT 89

90

TURNER'S POV

90

Seated on a bench is a leaky-eyed bum -- who takes a
slug from the typical brown-bag-covered-jug.

HIGGINS (V.O.)

...Now he's loose somewhere...
scared.

(then, flat)

Or maybe not so.

(then)

Let's get him in.

91

CLOSE TURNER

91

His mouth forms a word. We don't know what it is.
He moves away purposefully.

92

CLOSE NAMEPLATE UNDER BELL

92

"R. HEIDEGGER - 310". Finger pushes buzzer. CAMERA
PULLS BACK. Turner in the vestibule of a brownstone.
Ten or twelve other name plates and buzzers. No
answer. Turner checks the apartment numbers, then
pushes a buzzer on a floor above Heidegger's. He
gets the answering buzz and opens the inner door.

93 STAIRCASE

93

He bounds up and stops at apartment 310. About to knock he notices the door NOT QUITE CLOSED.

VOICE

(from upstairs)

Who is it?

TURNER pushes quickly into HEIDEGGER's apartment.

94 INT HEIDEGGER'S APARTMENT

94

The BALDING LITTLE GUY lies half off the bed in his pajamas. Clearly dead.

PUSH TO TURNER's reaction.

The apartment is a shambles. It has obviously been searched in the most thorough manner. An empty bottle of Irish Whiskey is tipped over on a night table.

95 EXT BROWNSTONE 95

A plain sedan pulls up and double parks. Two "E.F. HUTTON" types get out while a THIRD remains in the car. The two men start toward the door stoop.

96 INT HALLWAY OUTSIDE HEIDEGGER'S APARTMENT 96

TURNER comes slowly out and starts toward stairs. As he rounds the bannister he sees:

97 TURNER'S POV 97

Those "E.F. HUTTON" guys coming from two flights below.

98 BACK TO TURNER 98

He bolts back onto the landing and rushes up the next flight to the fourth floor. As he reaches a vantage point where he can see HEIDEGGER's doorway:

VOICE

Hey!

TURNER whirls, hand going instinctively into his pocket for the .357. WIDEN ANGLE TO INCLUDE a large beefy man holding a coffee cup, standing outside of a fourth floor apartment.

MAN

Did you ring my buzzer?

TURNER frantically puts his finger to his lips imploring the man to be silent.

99 HEIDEGGER'S DOORWAY 99

Where the E.F. HUTTON" guys have arrived. One looks up answering what he has just heard.

HUTTON GUY

It was a mistake, buddy.

100 TURNER AND THE BEEFY MAN 100

TURNER is panicked.

BEEFY MAN

(leaning over stairway)
Not you guys!

101 HEIDEGGER'S DOORWAY 101

But the two men are already inside and the door is slowly closing.

102 BACK TO TURNER 102

He bolts, taking the stairs three at a time.

BEEFY MAN

(shouting)

Hey you! Who the hell are you???

103 EXT DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D.C. 103

Busy and full of traffic but NO SOUND on the track. Instead we HEAR FILTERED METALLIC CLICKING. Then:

HIGGINS VOICE

(filter)

Go ahead.

VOICE

Augie three here. Hit on Item seven confirmed. He bought it at home after fun and games.

HIGGINS VOICE

OK. Button it up, Augie.

I'll send you more Janitors.

A CLICK, then:

HIGGINS VOICE

(no filter)

Let's have that Washington Relay.

104 INT CIA HQ LANGLEY, VIRGINIA DAY 104

MOVING DOWN a long corridor with another clean-cut-type: FOWLER. Rows of cubicles and OFFICE-WORKERS. This could be a big insurance company.

FOWLER STOPS at a door marked: 'O.I.C. DEPT. 19'. He KNOCKS.

105 INT WICKS' OFFICE DAY 105

WICKS is in his 40's, in conspicuously great shape.

105 CONTD

105 CONTD

Maybe he'd been Regular Army, a line officer.

He looks up at Fowler...and reads his trouble expression, waits for:

FOWLER

Somebody took out one of your sections.

WICKS

What?...

FOWLER

9/17.

WICKS

(almost laughs)

New York?...One of 'em got mugged maybe, but they --

FOWLER

(flat override)

They were hit.

WICKS

They're bookworms!

FOWLER

Got 7 out of 8. We're on the shuttle to La Guardia, Jim. 30 minutes.

WICKS nods, seems to be still thinking about the impossibility of it; then, vaguely:

WICKS

Did you say one of my people is OK?

FOWLER

Condor. D'you know him?

WICKS

(shakes his head no)

Is he OK enough to tell us what happened?

FOWLER

They didn't touch him: he was out to lunch!

105 CONTD (2)

105 CONTD (2)

WICKS

What'd he say happened?

FOWLER

He's not in, yet. First call was a little wild, scared.

WICKS

Who's bringing him in?

FOWLER

Higgins.

WICKS

He's good.

WICKS picks up a phone, punches an internal number;
we HEAR:

PHONE VOICE

Transportation.

FOWLER

We're already booked on...

WICKS

(into phone)

-- This is Wicks, O.I.C. 17.
I want a chopper on the roof-
pad.. Fuel for New York. Now.

106 EXT. WEST 20'S - DAY

106

OPEN CLOSE ON TURNER, watching: ANGLE ADJUSTS TO
INCLUDE a red brick building, across and down the
street.

He decides to risk it: crosses the street, and is
about to enter the building when he is stopped by:

106A FULLER ANGLE - INCLUDE LANDLADY

106A

She is dragging garbage cans from under the stairs for
collection.

LANDLADY

They're waiting for you!

CONTINUED

106A CONTD

106A

Turner whirls.

TURNER

What??

LANDLADY

Your two friends.

Turner freezes, begins to back away.

LANDLADY

They said you'd be home early.

(turns to him)

They just got h----

(he's gone)

Mr. Turner??

106B NEW ANGLE - CLOSE ON TURNER

106B

pressed flat, just around the corner: An abrupt reaction to:

106C EXT. BRICK BUILDING - TOP FLOOR WINDOWS - POV

106C

Shades are being pulled down!

106D EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

106D

HOLD. Then a HELICOPTER settles into frame, preparing to land.

106E INT. CIA - NEW YORK CENTER - DAY

106E

SHOOTING THRU WINDOW DOWN AT HELIPAD as Chopper settles. PULL BACK TO SHOW HIGGINS moving away from window.

106F EXT. BROADWAY NEAR COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

106F

CLOSE ON TURNER'S HAND DIALING. PULL BACK to see him in a phone booth, campus in b.g.

107 INT. THAT SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

107

The SERIES OF MUSICAL TONES we heard earlier, the STATIC...and the legless man, MITCHELL.

CONTINUED

107 CONTD

107 CO. 72

MITCHELL
This is the Major.

TURNER'S V.O.
(from Speaker)
This is Condor.

MITCHELL
Stand by. Routing you to
NY Center.

108 INT CIA OFFICE, NY DAY 108

No pause: HIGGINS activates his talk box and:

HIGGINS
Hello, Condor...

109 INT PHONE BOOTH DAY 109

TURNER

HIGGINS
...I'm Dep Director Higgins,
NY Center, controlling now.
Where are you?

TURNER
How come I need a codename
and you don't?

HIGGINS
...Where are you, Turner?

CONTINUED

TURNER

Here.

HIGGINS

(beat)

...Are you OK?

TURNER

Are you insane??...everybody's
dead!

HIGGINS

Are you ready to come in?

TURNER

They got Heidegger too! I went
to his house to see if --

HIGGINS

-- You're doing this wrong,
Condor! We know who they've
got. Let's get you in here.The door behind Higgins opens; Wicks and Fowler come
in.

HIGGINS (contd)

Here's how it'll be done:
d'you know the Ansonia Hotel?

TURNER

Broadway and 74th?

HIGGINS

There's an alley behind it.
One hour from now...that's
15:20...walk into it -- from
the 74th Street end.

TURNER

You'll be there?

HIGGINS

The head of your department
just got in from DC. He'll
bring you home.

TURNER

I never met him.

HIGGINS

No problem: he's checking our
pictures of you, now.'

(MORE)

CONTINUED

HIGGINS (contd)
(then, at Turner's
silence)
What's the matter?

TURNER
...I don't know you, either.

An exasperated look at Wicks and Fowler.

HIGGINS
(reassuring:)
We'll meet Turner.
(then)
He'll be carrying a Wall Street
Journal, left hand.

TURNER
There were a couple of guys at
my house.

HIGGINS
What were you doing there?!

TURNER
I was homesick! Who were they?

HIGGINS
...Curs.

TURNER
What were they doing in my
house?
(silence; then
an outburst)
Listen, I don't want to go
into an alley with you or
anybody you say and fuck The
Wall Street Journal!

HIGGINS
It's been a long, bad day.
Condor, you've been under --

TURNER
-- Damn right I've been under!

HIGGINS
All right. Turner? He'll bring
along somebody you know, a
familiar face.

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

TURNER
...Who's left?

Higgins refers to Condor's files.

HIGGINS
You have a friend down here
in Statistics...

TURNER
Sam Barber.

HIGGIN
Will he do?

TURNER
(more calmly)
Yeah. Sam'll do.

HIGGINS
(to Fowler)
Get him...
(into talk-box
again)
OK. Stay well for 60 minutes,
and you're home, Condor.

He hangs up.

110 HIGGINS AND WICKS

110

Alone: WICKS is checking PHOTOS of TURNER.

HIGGINS
Y'have 55 minutes.

WICKS
Do we know why?

HIGGINS
No.

WICKS
Somebody getting even? The firm
just hit a place in...Prague, was
it? The university.

HIGGINS
Bucharest.
(rejecting idea)
They were codebreakers. No, this
is...cdd: these people didn't
know much.

Wicks has been scanning Turner's folder:

CONTINUED

110 CONTD

110 CONTD

WICKS

...His psych-profile shows a
peak at Intellectual Curiosity
...dips at Conformity.

HIGGINS

They missed plenty: he's moody,
and excitable as hell! He'll
be shooting at shadows if we
don't get him in here.

WICKS

He's armed?

HIGGINS

.45
(then)
You didn't travel with anything,
did you?

WICKS

No.

HIGGINS

You know where Ordinance is...

WICKS

I'm just going to walk him
home...

HIGGINS

Somebody went to some trouble
to get the other 7.

SPEAKER VOICE

(soft, female)

Scrambler One, Mr. Higgins...

WICKS & HIGGINS both are impressed with the designation:

HIGGINS

Deputy Director Higgins...
Yes sir. I'll be glad to.
...That'll be no problem, sir.
I'll leave Wicks with the baby
...Thank you.

He replaces phone gently; then:

HIGGINS

54/12 Group is meeting.
He wants me to brief them on it.

CONTINUED

110 CONTD

110

WICKS

He'll be there, himself?

(Higgins nods)

Nice break.

111 OMIT

OMIT

111

112 INT. CIA, NY - ORDNANCE ROOM

112

Wicks and Turner's friend, SAM BARBER, a nice guy,
and fearless, far beyond his physical strength.

Barber is in a flak-jacket, arms held stiffly.

BARBER

This is ridiculous.

WICKS

You're not a field-agent; it's
standard procedure.

BARBER

-- To pick up a friend?

ORDNANCE MAN drops another flak-jacket on the counter,
and:

ORDNANCE MAN

What about you, Mr. Wicks?

When Wicks shakes his head no to the jacket:

ORDNANCE MAN

Sidearm?

WICKS

I don't know...D'you have a .45?

As Ordnance Man turns to fill the order, Wicks checks
Barber:

WICKS (contd)

Let me button that up for you.

(Beat)

How long've you known Condor?

CONTINUED

112 CONTD

112

BARBER

I knew him before he was a
bird, even. We went to CCNY.
My wife, too.

WICKS

She ever Condor's girl?

BARBER

(You son of a
bitch, but:)
Before she saw the light.
(then)
Hey will tell me what went
on today?

WICKS

When.

BARBER

This morning. Those murders.

WICKS

What murders?

He's buttoning Barber's jacket to the neck.

113 OMIT

OMIT 113

114 EXT. ANSONIA HOTEL

114

OPEN CLOSE ON some ornate stonework; WIDEN TO INCLUDE
an oddly-shaped window. This could be anywhere, a
marvelous chateau in the Loire Valley...PULL BACK TO
INCLUDE A BLUE NEON SIGN: 'AL ROON'S GYM'.

115 EXT. ALLEY

115

Between the hotel and neglected brownstones: garbage
cans and empty crates and boxes. MOVE IN to discover
Wicks and Barber. Papers blow against their legs.
Barber stamps his feet. Wicks' adjustment to the cold
is to remain motionless. Only one move: he opens his
overcoat.

Barber sees the move. It's alien behavior...but he
lets it pass: in a few moments, his friend will be
here.

CONTINUED

115 CONTD

115

WICKS

Move over against the wall...

BARBER

Why?

WICKS

(like to a dumb child)

So he will see you. The idea is
he recognizes you.

Barber starts toward the opposite wall.

116 SHOT TURNER 116
 standing against fire-exit at the side of the hotel,
 under a BARE RED LIGHTBULB, staring at his watch.

117 SHOT WICKS 117
 studying his watch, too...He looks down the alley.

118 TURNER 118
 He takes a breath, MOVES away from fire-exit. He
 STOPS in shadows, PEEKS around corner into the alley:

119 TURNER'S POV 119
 There's Sam Barber, standing against the wall.

120 SHOT TURNER 120
 Relief!...he STARTS around the corner...

121 ALLEY VARIOUS ANGLES 121
 TURNER, MOVING. BARBER SEES him now, too: a smile
 ...WICKS shifts position slightly: WE SEE him but
 TURNER doesn't. Then SUDDENLY WICKS DELIBERATELY
 KICKS the bottom crate out from under an unsteady
 stack...the crates CRASH across the alley.

122 TURNER 122
 Jumps to one side...reaches toward his gun. WICKS
 steps quickly out of the SHADOWS now -- brings up
 the silenced Magnum and -- incredibly! -- FIRES!

An inch over TURNER's head a brick is SHATTERED,
 sprays down on him...and the RICOCHET SCREAMS...

BARBER
 (screams)
Hey! It's him! What're y'doing??!

TURNER dives forward and to one side, CRASHING against
 garbage cans...

WICKS is unbelievably FIRING AT TURNER again!...

122 CONTD

122 CONTD

TURNER rolls over the garbage-cans, pulls the gun free. Thrusts it forward in both hands and pulls the trigger! The ECHO hammers at the walls of the alley! RE-ECHO! WICKS' leg is knocked from under him. He falls, his thigh shattered.

123 TURNER

123

scrambles up, can't believe it:

124 WICKS

124

trying to get into position to FIRE again!

125 TURNER

125

TURNER

Sam77!!

Another round slams past his ear. He RUNS.

126 WICKS

126

on his face, manages to FIRE again. Then -- he swings his pistol through a quick 90-degree arc, AIMS it across the alley --

127 BARBER

127

rooted, hypnotized! The stifled SOUND of the silenced Magnum! A SLUG RIPS THROUGH BARBER's throat, just above the flak-jacket.

128 EXT WEST 74TH STREET & BROADWAY

128

MOVING with TURNER, terrified! -- as he bolts out of the alley, through a GROUP OF KITCHEN-WORKERS who've come out of the back-door of a restaurant at the sounds of shooting.

He stumbles, keeps running -- pursued by their SPANISH CRIES.

129 EXT BROADWAY SERIES OF CUTS

129

TURNER darts THROUGH TRAFFIC, vaults the fenced-in

129 CONTD

129 CONTD

center-island on Broadway, jams the gun out of sight as he runs...

SIRENS. A PROWL-CAR heading the other way, down Broadway -- the SCREAM of its brakes.

TURNER turns off Broadway --

130 NEARBY STREETS & ALLEYS

130

TURNER zig-zagging between cars, trying to lose himself! SIRENS from other directions, now... He turns into Columbus Avenue -- and is met by the FLASHING LIGHTS of a prowl car SCREAMING PAST the intersection.

He flattens against a store window...watches as the prowl car STOPS at the next intersection and TWO COPS leap out, guns drawn...!

As easily as he can, TURNER ENTERS the store...

131 INT SPORTING-GOODS STORE

131

Sudden QUIET: Clothing piled on tables, hung on the walls. An unkempt mess of army-surplus, camping-equipment and stuff for winter-sports...

DISTORTED REFLECTIONS of all of it in anti-shoplifting MIRRORS...

TURNER tries to melt into a narrow aisle of old field-jackets. He tries one on, just to give himself time to stop trembling, catch his breath...Then, he notices...

132 NEAR CASH-REGISTER

132

A GIRL, late 20s, with her purchases: cross-country skiing stuff, lightweight boots, backpack, jacket, etc. CLERK is checking her Master Charge credit, reading info into phone:

CLERK

Katherine Hale...H,a,l,e.

08 1156 172 208...08/75.

Amount: 51.86.

(to Kathy, covering phone)

Where's there enough snow this early?

132 CONTD

132 CONTD

KATHY
Vermont...I hope.

CLERK
What's open? Sugarbush?

KATHY
I don't do downhill; this is for
cross-country.

CLERK
Don't like the lift-lines, uh?

KATHY
It's the IRT subway, with frost-
bite! I can use 2 weeks away
from that.

Interrupted by:

CLERK
(into phone; writing)
474...Thank you.

During this, ANGLE ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE back of store:
TURNER's gone.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

133 EXT COLUMBUS AVENUE

133

SHOOTING PAST sporting-goods store: a VW parked at
a meter and a METER-MAID about to write a citation.

KATHY emerges with her packages, hurries, calls:

KATHY
Don't do it! Here I am!...

METER MAID
Cuttin' it close, sister...

KATHY
Sorry...

TURNER'S VOICE
-- Kathy?!

As she turns:

134 NEW ANGLE

104

As if he'd been walking by, stopped...approaching her now:

TURNER

How've you been, Kath?

She doesn't recognize him of course, but in NYC you meet so many people, so briefly...

KATHY

Do I...?

SOUND of siren forces Turner to make his move faster than he intended: he steps closer:

TURNER

Here, I'll give you a hand with --

KATHY

Hey!-- I don't know you!

-- Too late: he's taken a knapsack from her, uses it to conceal the .357 Magnum from anyone on the sidewalk... but not from her: it's suddenly there, huge, close to her throat:

TURNER

Be quiet and nice, we're friends.
I need help.

KATHY

(referring to her things)

Here! Take the stuff!

TURNER

Put it in the car. Get in!

Her eyes dart toward the POLICE CARS, still converging on the area. He knows she's thinking of screaming. He brings the muzzle of the gun up close to her neck.

TURNER (contd)

Don't be dumb. Get in and open the other door for me.

Kate gets in, leans over and opens Passenger door.

His fixed smile -- as if they were a fun-couple off on a trip.

He slips in beside her. She grips the steering-wheel but doesn't start the engine. Looking straight ahead:

Listen. Please. Don't hurt me.

(overlap)

Where d'you live?

Brooklyn Heights.

Alone?

She fumbles with the ignition key, her hands shaking badly.

(continuing)

I...I live with a guy.

CONTINUED

136 CONTD

136

TURNER
What does he do?

KATHY
...Stock broker.

TURNER
...Where?

KATHY
Wall Street,

TURNER
What number Wall Street?

KATHY
1030.

TURNER
(briefest laugh)
You live alone.

137 EXT CIA, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA ROOF 137

Helicopter on rooftop pad. MEN waiting. HIGGINS climbs out. A few words INAUDIBLE under rotor. MAN hands HIGGINS a TELEX SHEET. He's moving away from pad reading it -- it FREEZES HIM.

ZOOM CLOSE on his reaction: shock. Consternation!

138 EXT BROOKLYN BRIDGE 138

The stone Gothic towers and the spiderweb of woven steel cables. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to KATHY's VW: she's staring straight ahead. TURNER with his own thoughts, too...At a certain point he turns to look at her. Both remain silent.

139 INT OLD CAGE ELEVATOR 139

HIGGINS ASCENDS through a big old building. Top-floor landing COMES INTO VIEW through the mesh.

CONTINUED

139 CONTD

139 CONTD

An incongruity: polished MARINE GUARDS and automatic weapons:

140 TOP-FLOOR LANDING

140

As he steps out of elevator, flips open his ID:

HIGGINS

From NY Center. Here to brief
54/12 Group.

MARINE checks ID against a list, and:

MARINE

Right, sir.

FOLLOW HIGGINS to closed double-doors. Faded gilt lettering on the dark wood: 'FIVE CONTINENTS IMPORTS, INC.' He STOPS, pauses like an actor about to audition, then TAPS and slides the doors APART.

141 INT OLD, ORNATE ROOM

141

SHOOTING OVER HIGGINS' SHOULDER: WE SEE IMPORTANT-LOOKING MEN, some in uniform, most civilian...sitting around a magnificent antique table, before a wall of leaded-windows.

An OLD MAN with the manner of a kindly uncle, rises to greet HIGGINS. As he comes TOWARD CAMERA, hand extended, the MARINE ENTERS f.g. OF FRAME, CLOSES DOUBLE-DOORS on our VIEW of the room.

142 EXT UNION STATION, WASHINGTON D.C.

142

Metroliner, SLOWING into station; CAMERA MOVING with a particular window, and the man there: it is JOUBERT.

143 EXT BROOKLYN HEIGHTS HIGH ANGLE DUSK

143

Tree-lined narrow streets; well-kept old houses. A stone promenade above the piers and railhead. The towers of lower Manhattan ABLAZE across Upper New York Bay. Conspicuous: the twin-skyscrapers of the Trade Center.

KATHY's VW backs into a tight parking-space.

144 CLOSE ON VW

144

Turner getting out. When Kathy gets out, moves toward trunk:

TURNER
Leave the stuff.

-- Suddenly KATHY DISAPPEARS, ducks down on far side of car. Turner moves fast -- stops in relief: she'd dropped her keys, stooped to pick them up. She starts along sidewalk...

145 FOLLOWING THEM

145

Just AHEAD: an oldish MAN and his leashed DOG. We SEE him recognize Kathy, start to greet her -- and his puzzled reaction as she averts her gaze, walks right past. The man's dog begins BARKING.

146 EXT. KATHY'S BUILDING DUSK

146

as they enter vestibule and she fits key into lock:

TURNER
You should've said hello.

The door is open. Suddenly she knows she can't go in. He sees her stiffen, balk!...and forces her inside. The door swings SHUT.

147 INT. OLD, ORNATE ROOM

147

HIGGINS is on his feet; he's been briefing this group of top-level men, the 54/12 Group. READING from the Telex, now:

HIGGINS
'Condor fired at us both.'
(puts down Telex)
That was the only statement
they could get from Wicks
before he went into the
operating room.

CIVILIAN
And the other man -- Barber?
He's dead?

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

Before he hit the ground.

OLD MAN (WABASH)

You should add that it was a remarkable shot: a half-inch above his flak-jacket.

CIVILIAN

Was Condor qualified with a handgun?

HIGGINS

(scanning folder:)

Two years military service.
Signal Corps, Fort Monmouth:
pvt, basic training; pfc,
telephone-lineman, long lines;
tec 5, switchboard maintenance...
six months overseas...separated 9/60
...College on the GI Bill...

MR. WABASH

The question was, Mr. Higgins,
was he qualified with a handgun?

HIGGINS

(beat)

No Sir...M-1 rifle and carbine.
No handgun. It was sheer luck...
(closes folder)

Or else...

— A phone RINGS SOFTLY. Mr. Wabash, answers it very quietly, listens. Out of deference to the old man, Higgins is silent. But another MAN at the table, a MR. ATWOOD, presses quietly:

ATWOOD

Or else what, Mr. Higgins...?

MR. WABASH

...Condor isn't the man his
tapes say he is...

CIVILIAN

Then where did he learn evasive
moves?

CONTINUED

147 CONTD (2)

147

Almost afraid to say it:

HIGGINS

He...reads.

CIVILIAN #2

What in hell's that mean?

HIGGINS

No. You don't understand. He reads...everything.

Civilian is about to protest again-- --but Mr. Wabash aborts it with a gesture...and appreciatively, to Higgins:

MR. WABASH

Yes. Very good.

(then)

Has the Bureau tried to get in yet?

HIGGINS

I had a call from Third Avenue, yes sir. I believe I bought us some time.

CIVILIAN

Do they know it's a domestic Intelligence matter?

MR. WABASH

They know...but they won't be a problem.

Moderate amusement from the others; turning to a CIVILIAN:

MR. WABASH (contd)

What does Counter Intelligence have?

ATWOOD

Absolutely nothing, sir.

CONTINUED

MR. WABASH
(beat, before:)
...Extraordinary!

Helpless gesture from Atwood.

ATWOOD
It was very well executed.

MR. WABASH
(not buying it)
-- Which requires planning...
communication...tracks. I don't
expect footprints...but a blade
of grass, a broken twig...
something disturbed!

ATWOOD
Yes, sir.
(A beat; then)
...Wicks seems to be all we've
got.

MR. WABASH
Wicks is alive...but won't be
able to chat sensibly until
tomorrow.

CIVILIAN
Where do we have him?

HIGGINS
We don't. He was rushed to
Roosevelt Emergency before we
got word.

MR. WABASH
...which leaves Condor.

ATWOOD
Wherever he is.

MR. WABASH
Wherever he is, indeed.

CONTINUED

147 CONTD (4)

147

ATWOOD

Perhaps we should publicize
the hospital. Try to get
Condor to...

MR. WABASH

...Let's not expect too many
mistakes from this man: he
sounds more interesting than
just another of our reader/
researchers.

148 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT

148

OPEN CLOSE ON Kathy, sitting motionless. Turner's
holding the gun.

MR. WABASH'S (V.O.)

For example: has he gone into
business for himself? Was he
turned around? Does someone
operate him? Is he a homosexual?
Broke? Vulnerable? Could he be
a ... Soldier of Fortune? Did he
arrange the hit?...Is that why he's
still in flight?

Turner's tossed a PLASTIC CARD on the coffee table.

MR WARREN (V.O.)

...Still, he may be an innocent.
But then: Why didn't he come
in from the Cold, gently, with
Mr. Wicks?

149 THE CARD

149

as she picks it up: we SEE a PHOTO OF TURNER, under
the words: TENTEREX INDUSTRIES, and an embossed
phone-number.

KATHY'S VOICE

Tenterex Industries...

TURNER'S VOICE

It's a cover...

150 BACK TO SCENE

150

TURNER

I work for the CIA.

KATHY

(helpless laughter)

Oh, Jesus...

As he looks around for a Manhattan phone-directory:

Continued

151 CONTINUED

151

KATHY

They ask you to go out and
kidnap a girl?

He tusses the phone-book on the coffee-table.

TURNER

Look it up: Tentrex.

KATHY

Come on.

TURNER

Then look up the number for the
CIA in New York.

KATHY

Y'mean they're listed? Like my
Aunt Gladys?

But she's been doing it...and finds:

KATHY

O.K., it's the same number.
(then)
You know, you could've --

TURNER

-- Made the card in a machine!
But I didn't...

TURNER is now up, MOVING around the apartment. He
looks off toward one wall.

151 SLOW PAN STILL PHOTOS TURNER'S POV 151

The PHOTOS are pinned. to a corkboard-
wall. Good pictures: no tricks in developing, nothing
stagey in composition. But there is a disturbing
- note. A bit like those remarkable photos of Diane
Arbus.

TURNER'S VOICE

(referring to photos)

You aren't exactly carefree, are
you?

152 WIDER ANGLE

152

KATHY

Why should I be?

122 CONTD

122 CONTD 57

TURNER

(re: photos)

Is this what you do for a living?

KATHY

I photograph boots! and shirts,
and Western-style pants! for a
mail-order house on 4th Avenue.

He's been checking through drawers, closets...

KATHY

You sure do get into it, don't
you? Master-spy for the CIA...

He pulls a couple of men's shirts out of a closet.

KATHY

Sometimes...somebody stays over.

TURNER

Same size.

KATHY

I dig 15-1/2, 34s.

(then)

What size are you?

Turner whirls.

TURNER

Hey, what're you?? A clown!?

KATHY

I'm scared!

TURNER

So am I!

KATHY

What the hell are you scared for?
You've got the gun!

TURNER

That's the point!

She stares at him. Then begins to laugh at the
incongruity of it. He senses it too, wipes his
brow with his arm.

TURNER

You're funny...and you take
pictures of empty streets...
and no leaves on the trees.

KATHY

It's winter.

152 CONTD (2)

152 CONTD '2

He moves to sink. Runs water in a glass, drinks, then raises the glass to his forehead. Quietly:

TURNER

Listen. I work for the CIA.
I'm not a spy. I read mystery novels, adventures, journals, everything published all over the world. We feed the plots-- dirty tricks, codes, anything -- into a computer, to check against actual CIA Plans and Operations. We look for leaks. Or new ideas.

(no response)

Who'd invent a job like that?

(he reads her expression)

You're right: a lunatic! One probably did invent it...but it wasn't me...

Then, an outburst:

TURNER

Hey! People are trying to kill me! People I know!

KATHY

Who?

TURNER

I don't know?

(then)

But there's a reason.
There is a reason...and I need some quiet...safe time to reason it out...put things together--

KATHY

...Because they're after you

...you're after me.

(shrugs)

That's only fair.

LOUD METALLIC CLANK-CLANK! from behind him. He whirls abruptly. The radiator . He's shaken, slumps wearily.

153 FAVOR KATHY

153

KATHY

I'm sure you are tired.
...all that running.

TURNER

(eyes closed; softly)

Who's the guy? with the shirts?

KATHY

(always soothing)

Do you mean who is he? Or do you want to know his name?

TURNER

(small smile)

O.K.

KATHY

Anyway, he's at a ski place... in the Green Mountains.

TURNER

(longingly)

Green Mountains.

KATHY

(a gentle plea)

...we just want to go cross-country...a couple of weeks away from everything...

(Turner just nods)

Do you have a name?

TURNER

Joe Turner.

(checks watch)

What time's the news go on?

KATHY

Seven.

TURNER

There's an early one at six.

(check's time)

40 minutes...

CAMERA MOVES with TURNER to a door, which he opens, looks into her bedroom:

TURNER

Come here.

She does; but as she gets closer, a plea:

13- C0.72

13- C0.72

KATHY

Listen...

TURNER

Lie down.

KATHY

Please.

TURNER

Lie down.

She sits on the bed. He gestures:

TURNER

Against the wall.

He presses her quiet onto the bed.

TURNER

You listen to me! I am tired.
I need to close my eyes. I can't
think straight! If you try to move
or climb off the bed... I promise
I'll hurt you.

He releases her; stretches out beside her. Beat.

KATHY

Can't you let me stay in the
living room...?

He barely shakes his head no.

KATHY

...I believe what you told me...

TURNER

(shakes his head no)
Doesn't matter.

KATHY

I'll let you rest.
(no response; then)
Don't you have any friends?...to
help you?
(no response)

(MORE)

154 CONTD

15- CONTD

KATHY (Cont)

Turner?

TURNER

Shut up.

KATHY

...Turner?

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER ON KATHY. She stares at Turner whose eyes are closed. It is a strange kind of violence.

CUT TO:

155 EXT BESIDE THE POTAMIC RIVER

155

Bare cherry trees; GLOBED LAMPS LIGHT the mist... and two figures strolling this esplanade. JOUBERT is checking the contents of an envelope handed to him by the other man... There are bills in evidence... As they PASS BENEATH A LAMP we recognize the other man-- ATWOOD! He watches JOUBERT counting the money and:

ATWOOD

(a dig)

That includes Condor, of course.

JOUBERT

Yes-- I owe you Condor.

ATWOOD

Otherwise, it was...

JOUBERT

'Otherwise' doesn't exist.

ATWOOD

Will Condor take long?

JOUBERT

You want an estimate?

ATWOOD

There is a time-factor.

JOUBERT

Always.

(then)

Condor is an amateur: lost,
(MORE)

JOUBERT (Cont)
 unpredictable... Perhaps senti-
 mental. He could feel a pro-
 fessional -- not deliberately,
 but precisely because he is lost
 and doesn't know what to do.
 -- Unlike Wicks. Who was
 entirely predictable.

(beat)

The man... Condor killed in the
 alley?

ATWOOD

Some friend of his.

JOUBERT

A close friend?

ATWOOD

I suppose so. Why?

JOUBERT

It interests me. What was his
 name?

ATWOOD

I don't know. He was nobody...
 He was...

JOUBERT is suddenly aware of a YOUNG MAN & WOMAN who
 have materialized -- quite close -- out of the river
 mists; he instantly switches to French:

JOUBERT

(in French)

-- He was someone to Condor.
 Find out his name...and where
 he lived. Have it for me when
 I telephone.

ATWOOD

(in French)

Yes. All right.
 (back to English)
 What about Wicks?

JOUBERT

Do you really want the firm to
 question Wicks?

(at Atwood's silence)

They will, you know.

155 CONTD (3)

155 CONTD (3)

ATWOOD

We...don't want that.

JOUBERT

(beat)

Cost nothing. I was careless
with Condor. Wicks will be
done for nothing.

156 INT KATHY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

156

ON THE CUT: CLOSE on Turner's eyes, staring, and
his RAPID BREATHING.

TURNER

...I thought it was that
flare smell...ozone or gun-
powder...but it was her cig-
arette...

ANGLE WIDENS to include:

KATHY

Whose?

TURNER

(almost rambling)

...burnt through her dress..
into her skin --who the hell
chainsmokes anymore?!...-and
...Janice...

His hand moves up to his own head: the gesture we
saw him make drawing Janice's hair away from her face.
KATHY just watches him, carefully. Then suddenly:

TURNER

What time is it?

KATHY

(quietly)

Newstime-

Turner gets up off the bed. He waits for Kathy to
precede him into the livingroom.

155A INT LIVINGROOM NIGHT

155A

She switches on the TV, then curls up on a chair
and watches TURNER. A COMMERCIAL COMES ON, then
some WEATHER FORECASTER. Turner paces, vaguely.
He studies her PHOTOS.

TURNER

...Lonely pictures

156A CONTD

156A CONTD

KATEY

So?

TURNER

Winter...not quite Winter.
They look like November.

KATEY

(impressed at his observation)

I never noticed it before.

TURNER

I like them.

KATEY

...Thanks.

TURNER

- - Shh!

He whirls toward:

157 ON TV-SCREEN

157

THE ANSONIA HOTEL ALLEY: COPS at work, keeping area clear, making chalk-marks, etc. Also clearly present: CLEAN CUT YOUNG MEN in business-suits overseeing the police-work and keeping TV-CREW at a safe distance from most of the cops.

TV REPORTER

--The shootings behind the
Ansonia Hotel remain a complete
mystery at this hour. The
victims' identities --

158 CLOSE TURNER

158

Sharp reaction:

TURNER

Victims??

TV REPORTER'S VOICE

--have not yet been released.

TURNER

...Victims??..did he say?

TV REPORTER

According to a police spokesman,

(MORE)

158 CONTD

158 CONTD

TV REPORTER (Cont)
drugs were not involved, and
it doesn't seem to have been
robbery.

The TV REPORTER gets past a Clean-cut Young Man and
manages to thrust a mike at a POLICE LIEUTENANT
passing by:

TV REPORTER
-- Lieutenant?! Can you tell
us anything about the possible
motive?

LIEUTENANT
(briefest glance at
Clean-cut Man, before)
Not at present.

TV REPORTER
(pressing)
Have you identified the victims?

LIEUTENANT
(stilted)
Yes. They're employees of a
large insurance company...making
a routine inspection for possible
violations.

TV REPORTER
-- And the man who's alleged
to have shot them: Did he know
the victims?

The LIEUTENANT is about to answer, but:

CLEAN-CUT YOUNG MAN
Absolutely not.

It's as if he said it for the Lieutenant...and pushes
him past the Reporter and away.

TV REPORTER
So there we have it: one dead,
one critically wounded...in an
alley on the west side of Manhattan.
And the man with the gun?...still
at large.

TV CAMERA PANS OFF TV REPORTER...PAST the fallen crates
and garbage-cans...HOLDS ON A CHALK OUTLINE OF A BODY,
where Barber had been.

159 ANGLE TURNER

159

TURNER

--Sam!?

TV REPORTER'S VOICE

Stan Roberts, Eyewitness News,
New York.

160 MOVING WITH KATHY

160

her eyes on Turner as she CLICKS OFF TV.

TURNER

...He looked --chunky! and
he's not...

(then:)

But...there wasn't much light...

He moves to table, grabs a sketch pad, begins to
scribble lines...the outline of the alley. He
rushes on, a bit incoherently.

TURNER

But I heard him; it was Sam's
voice: 'Joe!'...and then to
the other guy: 'It's him! what're
you doing??'

(then)

It was Sam. He sounded sur-
prised...but maybe...

He is marking where Wicks was, in the alley, and himself.

TURNER

..maybe it went exactly the way
it was supposed to go: Who
was that other guy???

His incoherence alarms her. She almost touches him.

KATHY

Take it easy...you're all over
the place.

TURNER

I didn't shoot him.

KATHY

(quietly)
You shot somebody. You said.

TURNER

But...Not Sam!

160 CONTD

160

KATHY

...nobody in that alley said
anything about the CIA...

TURNER

They must have been there!
To change the whole story.

KATHY

--wait a minute--

TURNER

Who killed Sam? It..it had
to've been the guy that shot
at me? Who the hell was that
guy? Wam was my friend, his
wife Mae..we all --
(out of nowhere)
--Higgins said the other guy
was, wait! he'd just come in
from Washington...! They'd
have to reach Sam...and he'd
call Mae....

161 FAVOR KATHY

161

161

watching TURNER go to the phone, DIAL a number, wait:

WOMAN'S VOICE (MAE)

Hello?

TURNER'S glad to hear the voice; his impulse is to
speak...but something warns him not to.

MAE'S VOICE

Hello?...Who is this??

TURNER's hung up. He puts on his coat. KATHY is
immediately alert.

TURNER

I need your car.

KATHY

That's called Grand Theft...
Y'don't want to get in trouble
with the police...?

TURNER

Hey?? I thought you'd quit clowning.

TURNER takes his own coat off, begins to search through
her closets for something else to wear. He finds an
old Navy Pea Jacket.

151 CONTD

151 CONTD

TURNER

This guy in Vermont? What
will he do when you don't
show up?

KATHY

...probably call...very
soon, now.

TURNER

(buttoning Pea Coat)
Just a call? Do I have to
worry about him coming back here
tonight?

KATHY

You're not entitled to per-
sonal questions! That gun
just gives you the right
to rough me up...

TURNER

--Have I roughed you up?

KATHY

Yes!...I was supposed to be
having fun with some --

TURNER

--Have I? Have I raped you?
(then)
You surprised I haven't raped
you?

KATHY

...A little bit, yes.
(then resorts to:)
But the night is young.

TURNER

(overlaps)
--Disappointed??

KATHY

You Louse!!

They stare at one another a moment. Then quietly:

TURNER

You don't believe...any of
this do you?

Beat...Then, quite differently...but so warily:

161 CONTD (2)

Revised 11/4/74 161

KATHY

...I believe you're in trouble.
Danger. Yes...But I don't know
what kind...and...I'm not sure
how much of it is...made up.
(quickly)
Real...but made up.

Suddenly TURNER is almost laughing, shaking his head.

TURNER

What the hell difference does
it make?

The speed and force of his move shocks her silent: he
flips her around, tapes her wrists behind her and pulls
her toward:

162 INT BATHROOM

162

KATHY

You crazy!...Bully! Ow! Ow!

as he SLAMS down the toilet-seat, shoves her down on
it, tapes her legs and wrists to the piping.

TURNER

I'll be back.

KATHY

Don't come back for me, you...
creep! Bum!...Damn you!

Her efforts spent, and her spirit: she's near tears.
She slumps, submits to the rest of what he does. Just
before he places a cloth gag over her mouth:

KATHY

...This is...unfair!!

TURNER

Yes.

163 EXT PETER COOPER VILLAGE NIGHT

163

ESTABLISH the sprawling high-rise apartment complex.

CONTINUED

163 CCNTD

163 CONTD

ANGLE TO Kathy's VW coming to a stop, parking.
HEADLAMPS GO OFF...but no other activity for a beat.
Then TURNER gets out, heads toward one of the buildings.
He knows the way.

164 INT APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY NIGHT 164

Small lobby, FEW PEOPLE. TURNER goes directly to
mailboxes, with nameplates and bell-buttons, and the
intercom above it.

SEE one of them: S. BARBER - 14F.

165 INT ELEVATOR 165

TURNER pushes buttons for floors 14 and 15. Doors
close. He's alone in the car.

166 INT 14th FLOOR LANDING 165

TURNER steps out, checks landing both ways, as he
heads for:

167 ANGLE ON DOOR 14F 167

TURNER reaches it silently, listens at the door for
a moment...Then he braces himself, presses button.
BELL SOUNDS from inside. SOUND of woman's footsteps
...STOP.

168 INT BARBERS' APARTMENT NIGHT 168

MAE BARBER opens the door: She's a quite young --
but somehow motherly -- woman; childless.

MAE

Hey, you're early!

She starts an easy embrace -- CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER
ON his face as he holds tight, prolongs it!...
what's this?

169 MAE heads back to the kitchen, with: 169

MAE

Janice working late...?

170 SHOT TURNER

170

Stopped! Silent.

MAE'S VOICE
(from kitchen)
So is Sam.

She doesn't know! CAMERA FOLLOWS TURNER's quick
glance across the living room: table's set for four!
...BACK TO TURNER, as MAE rambles on, from kitchen:

MAE'S VOICE
Pour one for me, too, will you,
Joe? It's their own fault if
we're zonked --

TURNER, stunned, hasn't moved; controlling his voice,
overlapping:

TURNER
-- How do you know...Sam is
working late?

Sounds of her cooking, etc., all during:

MAE'S VOICE
(lightly)
Think he's up to something else?
Tom-cattin' around?

CAMERA MOVES TO KITCHEN-ENTRANCE WITH TURNER...
where he STOPS. She glances up at him -- he flashes
an empty smile in response to her joke.

TURNER
When did he call?

MAE
2, 2:30. Maybe. Hey! Let's
give them an hour? If they
don't show...it's you and me
babe.
(sings)
"Just like old times, da-da-da-
da-dah..."

TURNER
What'd he tell you? Exactly.

MAE
He didn't exactly. Had the
Center call.

171

171

TURNER

Who, at the Center?

MAE

Not Miss Randolph. She's the
one I usually get, with the
Baltimore accent: 'He's oot!'
...No, this was a man.

TURNER

Did you recognize his voice?

MAE

(definite)

No.

She's been checking something in the oven, straightens
-- to find him preoccupied. A beat, before:

MAE

...Hey? Where's our drinks?

-- Shrill RINGING of telephone.

172 NEW ANGLE

172

as MAE moves past TURNER, fast; she's angry even before
she picks up phone:

MAE

Hello?

Nothing...then a CLICK...and a DIAL TONE. She SLAMS
down phone:

MAE

-- That's the third damn time
tonight!

TURNER goes very still, in f.g. of FRAME.

TURNER

Third time...?

MAE

Some creep burglar casing the
joint, that's how they find out
if --

TURNER

-- I have to go.

172 CONTD

172 CONTD

MAE
(can't believe)
-- What? What'd I say??

TURNER
I'm sorry!

As she moves to reach him at the door; it's all overlapping:

MAE
What's the matter?

TURNER
I'm so sorry, Mae!

MAE
What about dinner?...What happened?

TURNER
I'll try to call...but...

MAE
What? what is it??

TURNER
I -- can't! I'm sorry! Goodnight,
Mae, I don't know...when -- !
(stops; quickly)
Goodnight!

He's gone.

173 INT 14th FLOOR LANDING

173

In flight again, TURNER doesn't even check the hallway, moves quickly to the elevator, presses button.

ANGLE TO indicator LIGHTS: 18...17...16...as one car is coming down. 10...11...12...of another coming up.

SOUND of apartment-door opening: he doesn't want to turn!...but does:

174 INCLUDE MAE

174

She's standing in the open doorway. Her concern for him is so clear and so sweet... She says nothing.

174 CONTD

174 CONTD

TURNER is stricken. He lowers his eyes. At that instant, the UP ELEVATOR OPENS. JOUBERT steps out.

175 JOUBERT'S EYES

175

WE SEE THE FLASH OF RECOGNITION: he knows Turner from those photographs of ALHS people.

176 Door of UP ELEVATOR opens.

176

177 INT ELEVATOR

177

-- TURNER pushes past the OTHER PASSENGER into the rear of the elevator. He turns to face the doors -- and SEES JOUBERT step smoothly in! Doors close.

This man's odd behavior -- his quick round-trip -- REGISTERS ON TURNER's face...But that's all. He has nothing more on JOUBERT.

TURNER looks at JOUBERT: his posture, the way he's dressed, the way his hair is trimmed. He learns nothing...except perhaps he's a foreigner...

-- And then JOUBERT looks at him! An unreadable moment between them...JOUBERT looks away.

178 CLOSE ON TURNER

178

sweats, pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket -- TINKLING SOUND of something hitting the floor.

JOUBERT'S VOICE

(in French)

Your keys.

Startled to be spoken to! TURNER can't even deal with the meaning of the words, just looks at:

179 FAVOR JOUBERT

179

Effortlessly scooping SET OF KEYS off the floor, holding them out to TURNER:

TURNER

Oh yes!...Thanks.

and takes the keys.

179 CONTD

179 CONTD

JOUBERT

Don't mention it.

Suddenly the elevator STOPS. LIGHT above the opening door: 5th floor. A LADY gets off, and 3 TEENAGE KIDS pile into the car. They PUSH ALL THE BUTTONS; one KID smiles at JOUBERT. No response.

KID

4th floor: Ladies' Underwear!

Elevator STOPS, doors open -- and the KIDS pile out, with:

#2 KID

Bet we have to wait an hour!

KID

Nah! She'll be ready.

#3 KID'S VOICE

Her name is Freddy, she must be ready!

leaving TURNER And JOUBERT alone in the car. It seems to be taking a lifetime -- STOPPING at each floor. So, as if to fill the time:

JOUBERT

Kids....!

He shrugs tolerance, resignation; a kindly man.

TURNER

(calculates)

They different? where you're from?
...France.

JOUBERT smiles at TURNER's guess:

JOUBERT

Corsica.

(then nods)

Quite different. Respectful.

Elevator STOPS at the Lobby Floor. JOUBERT steps back to let TURNER precede him; TURNER does the same, with a gesture.

JOUBERT

(in French)

I beg of you.

179 CONTD (2)

(2) 179 CONTD

TURNER
(standing fast)
Please...

An impasse...JOURBERT gives in, walks briskly out:

180 INT APARTMENT LOBBY

180

Crowded and noisy; KIDS waiting for other kids.
Dressed for night-games and parties.

JOURBERT is through the lobby and out of the building
almost before TURNER steps out of the elevator.

181 EXT APARTMENT COMPLEX NIGHT

181

In sudden contrast: quiet and dark and deserted.

TURNER steps out of the building, hesitates, listens...

Something ENTERS F.G. OF FRAME -- OBLITERATES OUR VIEW
for a moment, THROWS IT OUT OF FOCUS -- THEN BRINGS IT
INTO SHARP FOCUS AGAIN:

182 EXT APARTMENT BUILDING CLOSE ON TURNER
(GOBO)

182

A REMARKABLY CLOSE, SOMEWHAT GRAINY VIEW OF TURNER'S
HEAD AND SHOULDERS -- HAIRLINE CALIBRATIONS IN
'SCOPE CLEAR AGAINST HIS HEAD.

THIS VIEW MOVES away from the building with TURNER.

IMAGE JARS slightly, as we HEAR a weapon being COCKED
for firing...STEADIES again, TRACKING TURNER...ALONG
THE CURVING path, TOWARD First Avenue...

-- TURNER's suddenly LOST FROM VIEW! -- other FACES
and FORMS race THROUGH FIELD OF VISION, IN AND OUT OF
FOCUS! KIDS!

JOURBERT'S VOICE
(a whisper)
Merde!...

183 EXT APARTMENT COMPLEX ANOTHER ANGLE NIGHT 183

TURNER's overtaken by the KIDS. Sensing the protection

183 CONTD

183 CONTD

they afford, he quickens his pace, walks to keep among them as they head toward the LIGHTS and traffic of First Avenue.

184 SHOT JOUBERT

184

weapon lowered; starting to MOVE FORWARD out of concealment -- a small, private parking-area for tenants.

185 EXT FIRST AVENUE NIGHT

185

as TURNER detaches himself from group, ducks into VW.

186 MOVING WITH JOUBERT

186

across complex, toward First Avenue, the weapon concealed, now.

187 INT KATHY'S VW NIGHT

187

TURNER KICKS OVER THE ENGINE, jackrabbits into traffic -- CAR-HORNS in protest! SQUEALING OF BRAKES, CURSES! ...but nothing spoils the look of relief on TURNER's face: safe!

188 EXT KATHY'S VW LONG VIEW NIGHT

188

Already half lost in traffic!...

CAMERA PANS HOLDS CLOSE ON JOUBERT: he slows to a stop. He detaches 'SCOPE from his weapon, brings it up to his eye, quickly:

189 EXT FIRST AVENUE TRAFFIC (GOBO) NIGHT

189

The 'SCOPE VIEW PANS PAST OTHER CARS, PAST KATHY'S VW, BACK TO IT AGAIN -- LOST FROM VIEW BEHIND OTHER CARS -- IN VIEW AGAIN...and then the LICENSE-PLATE BROUGHT INTO SHARP FOCUS! HOLDS ON IT for a beat, before:

ABRUPT CUT TO:

190 INT KATHY'S LIVINGROOM NIGHT 190

Empty; DARK, except for a small TABLE-LAMP.
Under it, PHONE RINGING.

ANGLE TO front door: SOUND of key inserted in lock
...beat...Then the door flies open and TURNER bounds
in, low his gun ready...

Nothing but the RINGING PHONE. He kicks the door shut,
locks it quickly...

191 MOVING WITH TURNER 191

FAST!...to the kitchen, where he picks up a knife,
then to:

192 BATHROOM 192

KATHY's half-off the lid-down toilet -- she's apparently
made some effort to free herself. But her wrists and
ankles are still bound back. Her eyes blaze at TURNER
above the washcloth-gag!

The PHONE RINGING PERSISTS. KATHY tightens, as TURNER
hurries to her, slips the cold steel of the knife-
blade under the tape holding her gag in place. He
slashes it; she SPITS OUT the cloth. He doesn't
free her wrists but does cut her ankles loose and --
about the INSISTENT RINGING PHONE:

TURNER
I want you to answer it!

KATHY
You answer it...!

193 MOVING WITH THEM 193

KATHY
...tell them what a brave sonofabitch
you are!

TURNER pushes her ahead of him...into:

194 THE BEDROOM 194

and shoves her on to the bed, near enough to the
RINGING PHONE. With her wrists still bound, TURNER

194 CONTD

194 CONTD

will have to hold the phone against her ear -- but he presses the muzzle of the gun against her other ear before he does:

TURNER

Be nice, and natural.

and lifts receiver so they can both HEAR, and she can talk:

KATHY

...Hello?

MAN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

-- Where the hell are you??

Despite his tone, KATHY closes her eyes with the pleasure of hearing his voice:

KATHY

(almost in tears)

Ben...?

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Who'd you think it is?...

KATHY

(plain, quiet)

Ben.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

You were supposed to be up here by now!...

KATHY

I know.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

But y'haven't even left!

KATHY

I was...held up.

TURNER jabs the gun into her ear.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Held up?? That's no excuse! Doesn't this trip matter to you at all...??

194 CONTD (2)

(2) CONTD 194

KATHY
(moved)
It matters.

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)
Yeah....

KATHY
(hears skepticism)
It does.....

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)
It's happened before.....last
minute something.....

KATHY
....this is different.

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)
What's the holdup? What could.....?

TURNER'S MOUTHED THE WORDS FOR HER:

KATHY
...The car....

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)
What about it?

KATHY
....busted...down...

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)
What 'busted'??

Again: TURNER MOUTHS instructions:

KATHY
....generator...want.

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)
AHHHH hell! That'll take forever!

KATHY
(looks at TURNER)
Maybe not.

194 CONTD (3)

(3) CONTD 194

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Better take a bus up in the morning.

KATHY

I'll....try.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER. Beat, before)

Y'sound funny. Is everything OK?

KATHY

Yes. It's OK.

194 CONTD (*)

(4) CONTD 194

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER. Another beat)
Y'still don't sound so hot.

KATY

I'm sore!...

TURNER presses the gun closer.

KATY

...at the delay...and you don't understand...

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Ah yes I do, babe, sure I do.

(then; more intimate)

Just disappointed.

(then)

Y'know...? I really wanted to be with you...up here.

Somehow his tone makes her feel the eroticism of her own position: bound, overpowered by an armed stranger, his weight against her. She's helpless.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Tonight, babe? Y'know?

KATY

(glance at Turner)

...I know. We'll have time.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Get the first bus out in the morning.

KATY

....Goodnight, sweetheart.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Yeah...Sweet dreams.

KATY just nods; her eyes have never left TURNER. He hangs up. They're very close; neither moves for a moment...

TURNER gets up, TURNS OFF LIGHT, pulls aside the curtain:

SHOOTING THROUGH THE DARKENED WINDOW: The street of brownstones is quiet, deserted.

He leaves the curtains open, the room lights out. He sits on the bed. The regular SOUND of her breathing, the ONLY SOUND, is hypnotic: he makes no move to free her taped wrists; nor does she ask. Spent, he doesn't even bother to pursue his own thought: they drift, like paper boats. Then:

TURNER

Listen, I'll be going.
(she's silent)
In the morning.

KATHY

Where?

He shrugs: he doesn't know.

KATHY

Was it all right?

TURNER

All right?

KATHY

Outside; was it safe?
Wherever you want?

TURNER

Oh.
(then)
I'm not sure.

KATHY

(looking away)
--God I wish I knew more...

It turns him.

KATHY

About you...and yesterday.
And today.

TURNER

(quiet)
I don't remember yesterday.
Today....it rained

KATHY

(strangely)
Why'd you have to lock me
up.

103 CONTD

103

He looks at her with a "You know why."

KATZY
You thought I'd call the
police.
(he nods)
...Would you have?

He feels the answer is no; it almost shames him.

KATZY
(shakes her head)
I wouldn't have.

TURNER
Why?

KATZY
Every once in a while I
take a picture that...isn't
like me. But I took it, so
it is like me, it must be!
(then, quickly)
..I put those pictures away.

TURNER
Do you tear them up?

She smiles, makes a slightly self-deprecating gesture:

KATZY
...No.

TURNER
I'd like to see those pictures.

KATZY
We don't know each other that
well.

TURNER
D'you know anybody that well?

Her silence says no. She's startled at his observation.
Looks at him a moment, then:

KATZY
I don't want to know you very
well. I don't think you're
going to live much longer.

TURNER
I may surprise you.
(then)
Anyway: you're not telling
the truth.

123 CONTD (2)

123 CONTD

KATHY

What do you mean?

He considers not telling her, but:

TURNER

You'd rather be with someone
who's not going to live much
longer...

(smiles)

at least someone who'd be...
on his way.

(then)

The man in Vermont wants to
stay. And you're afraid.

KATHY

(barely audible)

I'm not afraid of Ben.

TURNER

You joke. Instead of...
taking it. You take pictures.
Empty streets. November.

(long pause)

Why haven't you asked me to
cut those tapes on your wrists.She's silent. Breathlessly aware of how close he
is to her.

KATHY

Er...much...do you want?

TURNER

I just...want...to...stop it,
For a few hours, for the rest
of the night.

He begins to unbutton her blouse, very slowly.

TURNER

And then I'll go. In the
morning.

She barely nods:

KATHY

...That's almost no time
at all...Between friends.She slips her shoes off. CLOSE ON THE DETAIL. Her
hands still bound behind her begin to struggle with
the tape. His hands reach around and tear the tape.
CAMERA FOLLOWS CLOSE as her hands slowly encircle him.

CONTINUED

195 CONTD

195 CONTD

INTERCUT with these sad and lonely photographs of hers. The cutting accelerates into a montage of lovemaking.

After a beat CAMERA PANS OFF THEM...ACROSS THE STREET-LAMP-LIT FLOOR...holds on the window.

196 INT BEDROOM

196

Later. KATHY is asleep. TURNER isn't there, but from this angle we see LAMPLIGHT from the livingroom.

197 INT LIVINGROOM DAWN

197

He's been working under LAMPLIGHT on a SKETCHPAD that he's found among Kathy's photographic stuff.

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER ON PAD. There are many doodles, exsures, quick sketches. We read the following:
(NOTE: the lines and/or X's are intentional)

ALLES HIT:

Something in building?

No. Because Heidigger hit at home???

Information??? What information?

Who wants it? Why?

ALLEY:

Section chief. My Section chief.

Why did he shoot??

WAS he my Section chief?

Did Higgins say his name?

What the hell is his name?

POSSIBLE: Did he hit ALLES house? HIS OWN PEOPLE?
Why would he?

1. ~~EXPECTER~~ (no)

2. Double-agent? Maybe.

3. A-HEPPERS. (not)

4. Is the bastard alive. (Phone Roosevelt
Hcsp)!

198 SHOTS OF TURNER

198

thinking...writing...doodling. At one point he writes:
SECTION CHIEF, WASHINGTON, D.C....
And CIRCLES it.

Then he writes:

ALBS link with D.C.? what?
-- ONLY VIA NY CENTER...

199 CLOSE ON TURNER

199

remembers something: CAMERA MOVES with him to his
raincoat. He searches pockets -- finds that paper
Dr. Lappe handed him with the lunch-list, the
'negative report' about 'his theory'. CAMERA PUSHES
CLOSER as he unfolds it, smooths it out:

200 CLOSE REPORT

200

WE CAN READ its classification: CONFIDENTIAL.
And:

TO: 9/17
FROM: NY CEN
SUBJECT: REPORT/CONDOR
LOCAL EVALUATION:
-- Intelligence support from other-sources:
G-2: Nil
CIC: Nil
NSA: Nil

Conclusion:

Negative. However, since literary
and machine documentation by Condor
is consistent, NY Can is herewith
forwarding copy Condor Report to
EQ CIA, Langley, Attn: Chief,
Section 17.

201 SHOT TURNER

201

His eyes race to the bottom of sheet:

202 REPORT TURNER'S POV

202

WE READ:

cc: WICKS, J.W.

TURNER'S VOICE

Wicks...

203

MOVING WITH TURNER

203

to sketchpad. WE SEE HIM CIRCLE words "SECTION CHIEF" again...then DRAW AN ARROW to it, and WRITE in the margin: SW WICKS. And beneath that: a double-headed arrow; at one end: ALMS; at the other: DC. And then he SCRAMBLES: "possible connection: Possible motive!" ... Then he sees Kathy moving toward the kitchen.

204

INT. KITCHEN

204

Turner holds sketchpad. He watches her. She knows he is looking but she says nothing. Does not acknowledge him. Finally:

KATHY

Y'didn't sleep well.

TURNER

You didn't?

KATHY

You didn't. You were up early.

TURNER

I had some thoughts...

(indicates pad)

I, uh, have a plan that might work.

(beat)

I...need your help.

KATHY

Have I ever denied you anything??

TURNER

(softly)

Hey...

KATHY

(sorry she said it)

When things quiet down...

you're really a sweet man to be with.

(then)

You had bad dreams. You talked.

TURNER

What did I say?

CONTINUED

204

CINCO

217

KATHY

Who's Janice?

(beat as Turner

stares at her)

Was she a volunteer or a
draftee like me?

TURNER

She was a friend. She's dead.

Kathy looks at him a moment. Then can't help:

KATHY

Do I have permission to take
a shower?

TURNER

You don't have to help, you
know.

KATHY

Don't worry, you can always
count on the old spy-fucker.

TURNER

I'm sorry.

He moves quickly to gather his things and leave. Kathy
moves after him. Maybe takes his arm. She shakes her
head.

KATHY

I didn't mean...I can't help
it. I...do that.

(beat between them)

I...want to help. OK?

(he puts his things down)

I'll just be a minute. Watch
the coffee.

She starts toward the bathroom.

205

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL DAY

205

A PATIENT being wheeled by on a gurney. OVERHEAR
snatches of conversation between a DOCTOR and NURSE

CONTINUED

205 CUT TO

205

who are accompanying it. Over this sick person's face he is trying to persuade her to meet him tonight at Maxwell's Place, on Fridays.

206 INT. INTENSIVE CARE MONITORING ROOM

206

Soft noises begin as batteries of instruments start doing things. A couple of NURSES react sharply to the lights and dying curves.

1ST NURSE

18. Isn't that --?

2ND NURSE

Yes!

They push buttons to alert the team to a critical emergency.

207 ANGLE ON COFFEEPOT ON KATHY'S STOVE

207

It perks away. SOUND OF RUNNING SHOWER from the bathroom. Turner appears and picks the pot up.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Turner is instinctively JUMPING back from sight when he SEES:

208 POV THROUGH WINDOW TO EXT. APARTMENT

208

A MAILMAN stands there, pouch slung over shoulder. He is short and stocky. He is the same mailman who led the hit on ALHS house. His name is LLOYD. He is SEEING TURNER too, for he nods down at him with a friendly smile and SHOWS a smallish package.

209 ANGLE ON TURNER

209

He goes to the front door. About to open it, he

CONTINUED

remembers the CAT stuck in his waistband. He looks in. Quickly, other questions of course, CAT'S gone.

LLOYD

Meaning: Ordered package for
Feminine Tale.

TURNER

Well...she's in the shower --

LLOYD

That's OK. You can sign for it.
Her name on top - your name underneath.

And he hands him a ballpoint. TURNER starts to write
-- the pen just SCREAMS OFF.

LLOYD

(With a laugh)
Government pens...

Shaking his pouch, he pats his pockets: no other
pen or pencil.

TURNER

I'll get one.

TURNER DISAPPEARS into kitchen.

200

LLOYD

200

Shuts door behind him, looks. Whips STERILIZED STEAK
OUT out of ball-pouch. WHIPS FORWARDS... As he reaches
for eating-lever...

211

SCENE

TURNER IN KITCHEN

211

reaching for pencil attached to shopping-list --
HEARS A SHARP CLACK-THWANG!

He spins -- sees MALLORY in doorway. In one motion
he hurls the pot of boiling coffee into the MALLORY's
face.

212

MALLORY

212

throws up his hands to protect his face -- ! The
steam gun goes FIZZING.

209 CONED

209 CONTD

remembers the .357 stuck in his waistband. He HIDES it, hastily, under cushions of couch, OPENS DOOR.

LLOYD
Morning! Insured package for
Katharine Hale.

TURNER
Well...she's in the shower --

LLOYD
That's OK. You can sign for it.

And he hands him a ballpoint. TURNER starts to WRITE -- the pen just SCRATCHES DRY.

LLOYD
(with a laugh)
Government pens...

Unslinging his pouch, he pats his pockets: no other pen or pencil.

TURNER
I'll get one.

TURNER DISAPPEARS into kitchen.

210 LLOYD

210

shuts door behind him, kneels, whips SILENCED STEN GUN out of mail-pouch, MOVES FORWARD... As he reaches for arming-lever:

211 SHOT TURNER IN KITCHEN

211

reaching for pencil attached to shopping-list --
HEARS A SHARP CLACK-TWANG!

He spins -- sees MAILMAN in doorway. In one motion he hurls the pot of boiling coffee into the MAILMAN's face.

212 MAILMAN

212

throws up his hands to protect his face -- ! The sten gun goes FLYING.

213 TURNER & THE MAILMAN VARIOUS ANGLES 213

TURNER lurches after it -- the MAILMAN'S FOOT TRIPS him. He starts up again, glimpses something over his shoulder, ducks quick again --

Just in time! because the MAILMAN literally FLIES OVER TURNER with a FLYING SIDE KICK that would've broken his neck!

The MAILMAN lands on a scatter-rug -- slides, goes down!...He may be a bit out of practice -- but he's still up faster than TURNER, and ready!

214 TURNER 214

looks down at the sten gun: he's a little closer to it than the MAILMAN...but knows he'd never have a chance to fire it before the MAILMAN'd kick him to death.

215 MAILMAN 215

looks at TURNER...and the sten gun...and smiles. Makes a bizarre, exotic, move: he tests the hardwood floor with the tip of his shoe -- a black loafer, which TURNER should have noticed.

216 MAILMAN & TURNER 216

as the MAILMAN kicks off his shoes...and drops into a stance: legs bent, fists clenched, left arm in front -- perpendicular to the floor -- right arm held close to the waist.

TURNER can't believe it's going this way...but tries to imitate the stance.

The MAILMAN moves slowly forward...TURNER circles away to the right...They were 15 feet apart; the MAILMAN closes to 10...8...and at 6, makes his MOVE:

217 ANGLES 217

The MAILMAN YELLS, feints a back-hand slap with his left...Anticipating TURNER's duck to the right, he SPINS in a three-quarter circle on the ball of his left foot -- sends his right leg SHOOTING UP at TURNER's head.

217 CONTD

217 CONTD

-- Somehow it just hits TURNER's swinging shoulder, sends him against the wall! and as he BOUNCES off, he's NICKED on the left elbow by the MAILMAN's ferocious follow-up handchop!

218 DOORWAY TO BATHROOM

218

KATHY -- staring in disbelief!

219 TURNER & MAILMAN

219

MAILMAN's back is to KATHY; he drops into his stance again...TURNER's numbed left arm TWITCHES at his side.

220 KATHY

220

MOVES FAST! -- into the KITCHEN, comes out with a CARVING KNIFE, heads toward the LIVINGROOM...and the MAILMAN's back. But --

221 MAILMAN

221

-- SPINS. His low GUTTERAL CRY STOPS KATHY! Then his QUICK-SHUFFLING attack FORCES HER BACK...She's STOPPED by the couch -- His left foot SNAPS UP and knocks the knife out of her hand! and CHOP! his left knuckles split the skin over her cheekbone -- sending her against the couch, stunned! The MAILMAN's already SPINNING TOWARD TURNER again, when --

CHU-CHU-CHU-CHU! The same lethal SOUND we heard in the ALMS -- and the MAILMAN is SLAMMED over the couch, against the wall...and down to the floor behind the couch.

222 TURNER

222

lowers the sten gun...but holds tight to it, to keep from shaking apart...he MOVES TO the couch: there's some blood under KATHY's eye and she's RIGID, frozen. When he touches her, she shakes her head no! sharply, once, continues to stare...

CAMERA MOVES WITH TURNER, as he forces himself to go behind the couch and search the dead MAILMAN:

222 CONTD

222 CONTD

He feels something in one of the pockets, manages to pull it inside out: a KEY hits the floor...and a SMALL SQUARE OF HEAVY PAPER, torn off a memo-pad.

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER as he glances briefly at the key, drops it into his pocket...then looks at the paper: ACROSS THE TOP IS PRINTED:

5 CONTINENTS IMPORTS, INC.

And under that, handwritten:

840-6311

X-1891

223 NEW ANGLE

223

TURNER rises from behind the couch...sees that KATHY hasn't moved.

TURNER

Please get dressed, this place is no good...

He goes to the phone, DIALS. WE HEAR RINGING, then:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stella Boutique.

TURNER

1891, please.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Pardon me?

TURNER

Is this 840-6311?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes. Who's this?

TURNER

There's no extension 1891?

WOMAN'S VOICE

We're lucky we have any phone-service at --

TURNER

Sorry.

223 CONTD

223 CONTD

He's already DISCONNECTED, thinking...Then:
DIALS 'O'.

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Operator.

TURNER

The area-code for Washington, DC,
please?

OPERATOR'S VOICE

That's 202.

He DISCONNECTS, DIALS, waits...

WOMAN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

6311.

224 SHOT TURNER

224

Half-beat, before:

TURNER

CIA, Langley?

Exactly as she answered before:

WOMAN'S VOICE

6311.

TURNER

...Extension 1891.

RING. RING. Then:

MAN'S VOICE

1891.

TURNER

...Let me speak to Wicks.

Measurable delay, before:

MAN'S VOICE

Who's calling him, please?

CLOSER AND CLOSER on TURNER's face...as he puts more
and more together...and BEGINS TO HEAR CLICKING OF
EQUIPMENT...He just holds the phone, until:

224 CONTD

224 CONTD

MAN'S VOICE

Hello?...Listen, I'll be glad to take a message. Hicks is out of the office right now, but he'll call you back, can you give me y--

TURNER DISCONNECTS. He's no longer smiling; his look is stricken as if he'd been witness to an assassination: unbelievable! but too vivid not to believe.

225 WIDER ANGLE KATEY & TURNER 225

She's gotten up, stopped, now, by his expression.

KATEY

...What is it...?

TURNER

It's....it goes all the way up to Langley!

KATEY

What??

TURNER

(abruptly)

Get ready. Hurry!

226 THE WORLD TRADE CENTER. FULL VIEW DAY 226
(HELICOPTER?)

ESTABLISHING twin towers and their location in Lower Manhattan. MOVING CLOSER we hear:

MR WABASH'S VOICE

(THRU SPEAKER-PHONE)

D'you think he's gone double?...or dirty?

HIGGINS' VOICE

(NOT THRU SPEAKER-PHONE)

I don't know, sir?

227 HIGGINS' OFFICE INTERIOR, NY CITY DAY 227

He's at the window: a SPEAKER-PHONE arrangement on the desk behind him. THRU IT WE HEAR:

MR. WABASH'S VOICE
Do you think he's still in New York
City?

HIGGINS
I wouldn't be.

228 EXT. INT. KATHY'S CAR - DAY

228

MOVING across the Brooklyn Bridge TOWARD Manhattan-

KATHY
What'd you do to them?

TURNER
I'm not sure.
(then)
I filed a report. A guy in Wash-
ington read it....got on a
helicopter....and came to New York
to shoot me.

KATHY
Took it personally.
(then)
Did you know him?

TURNER
No.

KATHY
Did you know....
(gestures behind them)
the railroad?

TURNER
No.

KATHY
.....then you won't know the next one,
either.

TURNER
I'm not going to wait.

229 INT. THE OLD ORNATE ROOM - DAY

229

MR. WABASH, ATWOOD present; and the same SPEAKER-PHONE
set-up as in Higgins' office.

HIGGINS' VOICE
In any case, we've had his desk and his
last week's work sealed for study.

ATWOOD alert.
How soon will you get to it?

230 HIGGINS IN NEW YORK

230

HIGGINS

This afternoon.

MR. WREASH'S VOICE

He does seem rather expert to be entirely clean.

231 OPERATE ROOM

231

HIGGINS' VOICE

He may just learn fast, sir.

ATWOOD

Or was taught damned well. -- And planned. Years ago...for just this opportunity.

232 BACK TO HIGGINS

232

HIGGINS

What opportunity?

(beats)

See, that's what bugs me, Mr. Wreash: what could he have done from the Literary Society? Why plant him there?

233 THE WHITE
HUTCHINSON

KATHY'S IN
DAY

HIGHWAY, TOP OF

233

TURNER

That's all I reported: the stories were being translated into this odd group of languages. (quoting, from memory)

Query: is there an intelligence-network -- previously undetected by CIA -- linking certain Arabic-speaking countries with Spanish and Dutch speaking.

KATHY

Who wrote the stories in the first place?

TURNER

Different phony names. That's not unusual.

233 CONTINUED

233

Beat of silence.

KATHY

...Maybe you ought to run.
(indicates road
ahead)
...instead of this.

TURNER

They figure me to run.

She just shakes her head slowly, almost sadly:

KATHY

Spies...

234 INT. ORNATE ROOM

234

MR. WABASH

Conclude the Condor episode:
And without any more noise.
We're already visible; let's
not become conspicuous.

(then)

If Company agents aren't enough,
use freelance. Use whatever it
requires. End it.

CUT TO:

235 BACK TO HIGGINS IN NEW YORK

235

SWITCHES OFF HIS speaker-phone. Thoughtful.

236 EXT/INT KATHY'S VW DAY

236

They're off the highway, moving past Battery Park,
other points in Lower Manhattan. He makes a turn,
SLOWS TO A STOP: They've arrived. Turner looks
toward her. She puts her hand on the door handle.
Then:

KATHY

You're not exactly an ideal
boyfriend, you know.

CONTINUED

236 CONTD

CONTD 238

TURNER

Can we get this over with?

She gets out of the car.

TURNER (contd)

Kathy.

(She stops)

Thank you.

A solemn look on her face. She moves away.

237 INT CIA, NY CORRIDOR DAY 237

TRACKING BEHIND 2 CIA-MEN...They STOP at Higgins' office, PUSH DOOR OPEN: HIGGINS, still distracted, looks up.

CIA-MAN

Lunch?

HIGGINS shakes his head no. They let his door CLOSE...

CAMERA RESUMES TRACKING CIA-MEN...THROUGH GLASS SWINGING-DOORS...ALONG continuation of corridor...

Then, as they pass under a SIGN:

PERSONNEL DEPT
Screening Interviews

CAMERA STOPS, SWINGS FOR VIEW THROUGH OPEN DOOR TO PERSONNEL OFFICE: among PEOPLE filling out applications -- is KATHY! She's just handed a completed application-form to:

INTERVIEWER
4th door to your left, marked
'Clearance'. See Mr. Addison.

KATHY
Addison.

238 MOVING WITH KATHY 238

along corridor. We READ -- with her -- a SIGN on a door: CLEARANCE...and the name Addison.

She keeps right on going, conspicuously swinging the application-form in her hand.

WE MOVE WITH HER through an area marked:

GREEN BADGE AREA

She keeps moving...STOPS at door marked: DEP. DIRECTOR, and the name Higgins. She KNOCKS.

HIGGINS' VOICE
Come in.

She pushes OPEN the door: timid, having trouble reading application in her hand; barely looking at him:

238 CONTD

238 CONTD

KATHY
Uhhh...Mr. Addison?

HIGGINS
(back to work)
Clearance. You passed it.
On your left.

KATHY
Thank you.

She backs out. CAMERA STAYS, HOLDS ON HIGGINS:
slightest bit troubled, calls after her:

HIGGINS
-- and stay the hell on the
other side of the Green Area!

The door's closed.

239 PUSHCART HOT-DOG STAND LONG VIEW 239

The VW parked near it. TURNER's at the stand,
eating, waiting, freezing. All still in LONG VIEW:
KATHY moves quickly THRU TRAFFIC to join him. They
talk: WE DON'T HEAR. Then they separate.

240 EXT WORLD TRADE CENTER DAY 240

Across a busy intersection TURNER watches:

241 KATHY LONG VIEW TURNER'S POV 241

She nods. CAMERA PANS TO FOLLOW HER GAZE...HOLDS
ON HIGGINS leaving World Trade Center...with another
MAN!

242 SHOT TURNER 242

watching the two men walk a short distance...they
separate! He looks at:

243 KATHY 243

As the wrong man passes her, she makes a nasty face,
a thumbs-down gesture.

244 ON TURNER

244

He nods, and SIGNALS her to execute Step #2 of the plan he devised:

245 WIDER ANGLE INTERSECTION

245

KATHY follows HIGGINS on foot. TURNER gets into VW, RIGGS OVER ENGINE.

246 INT BAR & GRILL DAY

246

CROWDED. HIGGINS has found himself a corner...but it's a quick turnover lunch-place; people share tables. So HIGGINS just glances up, briefly, at KATHY, as she sits across from him -- then looks up sharply again, remembering the face!

She smiles.

KATHY

Yep.

(then)

I didn't get the job.

He says nothing...but his eyes scan the bar behind her.

KATHY

Looks good.

(then)

But I have this friend; he told me to tell you something.

Good.

(then)

Dear Mr. Higgins, this will introduce a friend of mine: Sparrow Hawk.

(as Kathy)

-- I don't understand that part of the message, do you? --

(back to it)

Please accompany her to the West Street exit of this place.

Now.

(as Kathy)

Personally, I'd do it. See, because he's got this huge gun and he can see us when it gets now while we're talking....!

246 CONTD

246 CONTD

HIGGINS keeps eating, stalling. KATHY moves her hand slowly to the glass of milk and pours it over his corned-beef sandwich.

KATHY
(flat; quiet)
Coops.
(she stands)
Shall we?

HIGGINS wipes his mouth:

HIGGINS
Why not? You're cute as hell.

247 FULL SHOT RESTAURANT

247

COVERING their move through the crowd to a short hallway past the kitchen, leading to a side-door.

WE SEE HIGGINS step OUTSIDE, INTO DAYLIGHT -- and something fast happens to him:

248 EXT BAR & GRILL DAY

248

TURNER's grabbed HIGGINS and drives him through the open door of the VW parked at the curb, and face-down on the floor behind the front seats! He uses force, fear, the .357 -- whatever it takes. The car's IDLING.

As KATHY hurries along beside them:

TURNER
...Drive!

249 INT KATHY'S CAR DAY

249

HIGGINS makes a move to push out the other side before KATHY can get her door closed.

TURNER
Try it, I'd love you to try it!
Try anything!

He jams HIGGINS down again, KATHY SLAMS the car-door shut...and they're away.

250 INT. KATHY'S CAR DAY 250
 HEADING west and north.

TURNER

Sit up.

HIGGINS

What're y'doing? I'm not armed!

251 INT. KATHY'S CAR DAY 251

Turner's searching Higgins' clothes -- more carefully than for a gun:

TURNER

They could be DF-ing us...if
 you've got a transmitter sewn
 into your --

HIGGINS

--Damn! You do read everything!

STOPPED, physically SILENCED by Turner:

TURNER

--It's no God damned book.
 Something's -- someone is rotten
 in the Company.

HIGGINS

Y'never complained...until
 yesterday.

TURNER

-- Y'began killing my friends
 yesterday!

Turner's caught by his own words. Stops himself.
 Beat.

HIGGINS

(nods toward Kathy)
 Who's she?

TURNER

(ignoring it;
 overlap)
 Who hit the Lit Society?

CONTINUED

251 CONTD

251

HIGGINS

We had a big meeting about
that...and your name came up.

Turner's handed the page from the MEMO-PAD to HIGGINS.

HIGGINS (contd)

(in re paper)

Where'd you get this?

TURNER

Five Continents? Ring a bell?

(then)

I took it from the mailman.

HIGGINS

Mailman?

TURNER

The one you sent...With the gun.

HIGGINS

We don't use mailmen.

TURNER

He had that piece of paper in
his pocket.

HIGGINS

...What's he look like?

Turner's pulling a photograph out of his pocket:

TURNER

Right now -- like this!

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSE ON: STILL-PHOTO of staring, dead
Mailman, behind couch in Kathy's apartment. Higgins
takes the picture. CAMERA FAVORS HIGGINS: his expres-
sion unreadable.

TURNER

...You wouldn't also happen to
be acquainted with a very tall
man. Six-four, blonde hair,
strong like a farmer. He's not
American. Has an accent. Country.
Toward Germany. Maybe Alsace-Lorraine.

CONTINUED

251 CONTD. (1)

251

Higgins looks at Turner, now; moment...Then quietly:

HIGGINS

All right, Turner...What've
you got?

252 INT. HOTEL-ROOM SOMEWHERE

252

CLOSE ON PACKAGE OF CAMELS. A HAND opens it, takes
out a cigarette. CAMERA MOVES UP TO JOUBERT'S mouth
with it. He LIGHTS up: we see his impassive face
looking out of DARKENING window -- at the Brooklyn
Bridge. PHONE RINGS. It's on a table near the
window so he keeps looking out, across the East River,
during:

JOUBERT

Yes.

ATWOOD'S V.O.

(FILTER)

Was the letter delivered?

JOUBERT

The return-receipt hasn't arrived.

ATWOOD'S V.O.

(FILTER)

You should've delivered it
yourself.

JOUBERT

A...more complicated package had
to be handled. But I may have
underestimated this one.

ATWOOD'S V.O.

I was told you never make that
kind of mistake.

(beat)

What will you do?

CONTINUED

JOUBERT

Wait.

ATWOOD'S V.O.

For what?

JOUBERT

People who move...leave word of
Change-of-address.

He hangs up.

253 EXT. FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER - LONG VIEW

253

An arc of light green steel linking Manhattan to an
island in the river.

SHOOTING PAST KATHY in her parked car, in f.g. of FRAME:
we SEE Higgins and Turner far out on the bridge. As
CAMERA MOVES CLOSER -- LOSING KATHY -- WE HEAR:-

TURNER

Come on, Higgins...Do you know
him?

HIGGINS

(Beat)

Professionally.

TURNER

Professionally he kills people!

HIGGINS

Yes.

TURNER

--He works for The Company?!

HIGGINS

He did. Once. He's a freelance.

(then)

Where did you see him?

Turner looks, shakes his head no; he's trusting people
less.

HIGGINS (contd)

...It'd help if I knew where.

CONTINUED

253 CONTD

253

TURNER

(ominous:)

Who would it help?

Beat. Turner's putting things together...almost
laughs at a deduction:

TURNER (contd)

You guys hire help: like
English butlers and Finnish
maids and Irish nannies--
-- killers from Alsace!

(then)

Who'd hire him now?

HIGGINS

Anybody.

TURNER

Terrific answer.

HIGGINS

...I wouldn't accept it, either.

TURNER

...How good is he?

HIGGINS

I'm surprised you're here.

Turner meets his gaze; then, hard.

TURNER

Who'd hire him, Higgins. I
mean, y'don't look up Joubert
in the Yellow Pages.

HIGGINS

...It would have to be someone
in the community.

TURNER

Community?

HIGGINS

The Intelligence field.

CONTINUED

TURNER

(soft laugh)

Community...!

(then, at Higgins)

Boy, you people are...kind to
yourselves! 'Community!'

HIGGINS

Let's see that report.

TURNER

It went up to Headquarters and
disappeared.

HIGGINS

Who read it?

TURNER

You mean beside Wicks?

(Beat)

You tell me. I pick up traces
of what I think's an Intelligence
network The Company doesn't know
about. I report it.

(Beat; then)

Now why would that make anybody
mad?

(pause)

Unless it was The Company's
network. And you didn't want
it blown, not even to your own
guys.

HIGGINS

(mind racing;

but quietly:)

...Whad did Headquarters say?

TURNER

See that's the thing. They
said no, nil. There's nothing
to it.

(then)

But if there's nothing to it...
why did the roof fall in? Why
kill people??

CONTINUED

253 CONTD (3)

253

A BOAT WHISTLE reaches them from a distance, it seems to quiet everything, quiet Turner:

TURNER

Now somebody's lying. Come on, Higgins, why is everybody so shy?

HIGGINS

(troubled:)

I'm not shy...But I don't know. And that worries me.

TURNER

Ask Wicks.

HIGGINS

-- -- Wicks died.

Turner's shock.

HIGGINS (contd)

Someone yanked him off the life-support system at Roosevelt.

TURNER

(flat)

Get me in.

HIGGINS

...What good would that do?

(Turner is stunned)

If you're right, and they're inside The Company...what good would it do to bring you in?

TURNER

Then...what'm I supposed to do?

HIGGINS

I'm sorry...Stay out, keep busy.

253 CONTD (4)

253

TURNER

(growing anger)

-- --I get it: you want me
to draw fire. I'm supposed
--to play one of those penny-
arcade bears?...parade back
and forth waiting for somebody--
--somebody very good!-- --to
take another shot! And you're
going to hang around and pick
him up just before he does it!...
or just after!

HIGGINS

(overlapping)

I'm going to try to find out
what's going on.

TURNER

(abrupt; starting
away)

Nice talking to you. Have a
nice day.

Turner's moving away; Higgins has to SHOUT:

HIGGINS

I'm going to crosscheck those
people you gave me, and then --

TURNER

You do that.

CONTINUED

253 CONTD (3)

252 CONTD (3)

HIGGINS

Hey! Where're you going?? Turner!
How'll I find you??

TURNER

(moving to the car through
a cold wind)
I'll find you.

252A EXT. YORK AVENUE IN THE 60's - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT 253A

Kathy's car turns off the FDR Drive, pulls into a gas-
station. During this move:

KATHY

D'you trust him?

Reaching into his pocket for money, Turner feels that
key he took out of the Mailman's pocket. He turns
it over and over in his hand.

TURNER

I don't know...
(thinking)
He called me Turner---instead
of Condor. He didn't insist on that
codename crap. Maybe he's not...
100% pre-sold: Company Man.

KATHY

Does he trust you?

TURNER

(almost laughs)
No. He's in the suspicion-business.

KATHY

That's what I mean: they're all
....real spies! How could anybody,
you know, sneak in? And fool them?

TURNER

Nobody did.

KATHY

Then.....?

TURNER

What if there's another CIA?
(beat)
Inside the CIA.

254 INT. MACHINE-ROOM, CIA, LANGLEY

254

ANGLE ON TWO COMPUTER-DISPLAY SCREENS, side by side:

FLASHING ON 'A' SCREEN: POLICE PHOTOS OF DEAD MAILMAN behind couch in Kathy's apartment. Sets of FINGER-PRINTS. A RUSH OF CLASSIFICATION NUMBERS, followed by:

A living HEADSHOT of the MAILMAN, solemnly FACING CAMERA: he's wearing a US MARINE CORPS uniform.
LEGEND beneath:

WILLIAM LLOYD
Gunnery Sergeant, USMC
320-618

HOLD for a beat; replaced on SCREEN by:

DETACHED SERVICE: CIA
LEBANON/1967-9/OPNS
LIBYA/1970/OPNS
VENEZUELA/1972-3/OPNS

HIGGINS' VOICE
(softly)
I'll be damned....

ANGLE TO HIGGINS, watching the display. FOWLER beside him, his fingers moving smoothly over the CONTROL-KEYS that punch up IMAGES pulled from CARDS and TAPES, part of an enormous memory bank of computers visible in B.G.

HIGGINS
All right. Now cross-run his tape against
Wicks' on the 'B' screen.

As FOWLER's fingers begin to move in new patterns:

HIGGINS (Cont.)
.....Hold any intersect....

255 ON THE SCREENS

255

IMAGES AND WORDS FLASH -- too fast to read -- on the side-by-side screens. Brief HOLD, when BOTH SCREENS READ:

HAT SIZE: 7

Another UN-MATCHING RUN -- HOLD again when BOTH SCREENS READ:

CIG PREF: CAMEL (NON-FILT)

255 CONTD

255 CONTD

Another DIZZYING RUN OF IMAGES -- AGAIN HOLD: BOTH
READ:

BEIRUT, LEBANON/9-9-69
in RE LUCIFER 2

HIGGINS' VOICE
Yeah!....Run Lucifer 2.

FOWLER's VOICE
Coming up.

After a SERIES OF WHIRRING SOUNDS, signifying changes of relays, tapes, etc.: IDENTICAL FILMS START RUNNING on the Lloyd and Wicks DISPLAY SCREENS -- one maybe a couple of frames ahead of the other for visual interest. WHAT WE SEE:

256 EXT. NARROW STREET, THE NEAR EAST - NIGHT

256

Scene is being PHOTOGRAPHED ON INFRARED FILM. by a CAMERA you can imagine is CONCEALED somewhere.

A MAN of Joubert's general build EMERGES from a shop --SIGN IN ARABIC above it. Just before we can see his face, he pauses to light a cigarette. The EFFECT OF LIGHTER ON INFRARED FILM IS DRAMATIC: FLARES OUT THE WHOLE IMAGE!....but then subsides AS THE MAN BRAYS OUT his lighter "guts" into a car parked at curb....

CAR BLOWS UP! DISINTEGRATES! As pieces rain down: FREEZE FRAME AND SUPER SLOW LEGEND ON BOTH SCREENS:

TERMINATION: FREE-LANCE
AGENT G. JOUBERT. Confidential
by CASE OFFICER: JIM WICKS
and ASST: M. LLOYD.

257 SHOT HIGGINS

257

Sorting this information, fitting it into what he already knows -- like a card-player arranging his hand. He heads OUT!

258 OMIT

259 INT. LOCKSMITH SHOP - NIGHT

LOCKSMITH
(shouting)
All I know: it's a hotel-room!

TURNER
(shouting)
What hotel?

259 CCNTD (2)

259 CONTD (2)

TURNER (Cont)
 (taps metal permit)
 You're a licensed locksmith.

He lays a \$20 bill on the counter.

260 EXT NEW YORK CITY SIDESTREET NIGHT 260

At one of the thousands of holes-in-the-ground in New York City: GREEN PLASTIC to protect it from the wind, a WARNING-LAMP and an EQUIPMENT TRAILER -- everything marked NEW YORK TELEPHONE COMPANY PROPERTY. BRILLIANT WORK-LIGHT.

WHILE THE TWO Workers are pre-occupied, TURNER pulls a TOUCH-TONE TEST SET and a flashlight out of their trailer....

261 EXT ELECTRONICS STORE NIGHT 261

SHOOTING THROUGH WINDOW: WE SEE KATHY buying a small tape-recorder and maybe a couple of small accessories.

262 EXT HOTEL EXCELSIOR NIGHT 262

A shabby, ordinary, 3-story hotel. FEATURE A WINDOW beneath the 'X' of 'EXCELSIOR'. We may SEE JOURNALIST at that window, smoking.

ANGLE DOWN TO street...Directly below JOURNALIST'S SIGN, walking close to the building, is TURNER. He disappears into SERVICE-ENTRANCE.

263 INT EXCELSIOR BASEMENT 263

TURNER crouches in front of an open TELEPHONE TERMINAL BOX. He clamps the stolen TOUCH-TONE TEST-SET across a pair of wires, TAPS OUT 8 - 1 - 9. Holds his breath -- it almost bursts from him when he HEARS FROM TEST-SET:

JOURNALIST'S VOICE

Yes?

TURNER

(into test-set)

...I'm doing a survey: do you
 (MORE)

263 CONTD

263 CONTD

TURNER (Cont)
believe that the Condor is
really an endangered species?

TURNER works fast: breaks contact, re-connects TEST-
SET -- But this time presses a tiny SUCTION-CUP to it.
A wire runs from the suction-cup, PLUGS into the
small tape-recorder -- which TURNER SWITCHES ON.

An INSTANT later; TURNER HEADS -- and is RECORDING
-- PHONE-NUMBER BEING TAPPED OUT. Before it rings,
WE HEAR THROUGH TEST-SET:

HOTEL INTERCEPT OPERATOR
Your room-number, please?

JOUBERT'S VOICE
819.

The number's already RINGING.

JOUBERT'S VOICE (Cont)
-- Operator? Was there -- a
moment ago -- a long-distance
call for me?

HOTEL INTERCEPT OPERATOR
...8197...Nothing, Mr. Joubert.

JOUBERT'S VOICE
Thank you.

-- Interrupted by:

ATWOOD'S VOICE
Hello?

264 INT JOUBERT'S ROOM STILL DARK

264

JOUBERT
Yes...I had an interesting call...

ATWOOD'S VOICE
Who is this?

JOUBERT
...in reference to an all but
extinct bird: the condor.
Have you had such a call?

ATWOOD'S VOICE
(overlap)
You're a fool to call me here!

JOUBERT
(unfazed)
You've had none, then?

ATWOOD'S VOICE
No!

JOUBERT
It must have been the Audubon Society.
I assume they're still located
in New York City.

265 END EXCELSIOR HOTEL BASEMENT

115

CLOSE ON TURNER, working: on the touch-tone test-set
he TAPS OUT: 311 555-6194. As he waits for it to
RING, he RE-WINDS tape-recorder to start of MULTI-
FREQUENCY TONES he'd just recorded.

RING! RING! Then:

VOICE
(FILTER)
Computer.

TURNER PLAYS MULTI-FREQUENCY TONES INTO TEST-SET.
STOPS. Waits for:

VOICE (Cont)
202 555-7489.

TURNER DISCONNECTS test-set, RECONNECTS and TAPS OUT
ANOTHER NUMBER.

RING! RING! Then:

WOMAN'S VOICE
(FILTER)
CNA, Mrs. Coleman speaking.

TURNER
(into test-set)
This is Harold Thomas, Mrs. Coleman,
Customer Service. CNA on 202
555-7389, please.

265 CONTD

265 CONTD

WOMAN'S VOICE

(GILTER)

One moment, please.

(almost at once)

Leonard Atwood, 765 MacKensie Lane,
Chevy Chase, Maryland.CLOSER ON TURNER: searching his memory for the name...
nothing.

TURNER

Thank you.

DISCONNECTS test-set, starts out of basement.

266 EXT. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. BLDG.

266

(Note: There's a reddish brick building, just below
Canal St. and another, windowless one, on Tenth
Avenue, around 54th Street.)ON THE CUT: Employees -- mostly FEMALE TELEPHONE
OPERATORS -- entering and leaving; a shift-change.

Among them, now we find: TURNER, going into:

267 INT. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. BLDG. LOBBY

267

TURNER sees a door marked "EQUIPMENT ROOM".

CAMERA MOVES WITH TURNER TO THE DOOR. He's
curious about the test-set. He's
seen before make his pass for a telephone company en-
gineer....

268 INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM

268

Endless BANKS OF DISTRIBUTING FRAMES, fantastically
complex WIRING AND RELAYS.

268 CONTD

258 CONTD

TURNER MOVES through the block-long aisles, turning between rows of equipment to avoid close contact... Finally, he STOPS, settles down, low, at the end of an aisle. There's a REEL OF COPPER WIRE nearby; he reaches for it.

269 INT THE SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

269

The legless man -- MITCHELL -- is just LIGHTING A CIGARETTE when, from the massive, ceiling SPEAKER:

TURNER'S VOICE

Hello...?

Tape-recorders are already TURNING by the time MITCHELL spins toward his TALK-BOX and:

MITCHELL

This is the major.

TURNER'S VOICE

Condor. Find Higgins for me.

MITCHELL

Routing you, Condor. Stand by...

His fingers have been working since TURNER said "Condor". That panel LIGHTS UP: "TRACING"...

270 INT EQUIPMENT ROOM. TELEPHONE CO.
ANGLE ON TURNER

270

He's using the test-set...but ANGLE ADJUSTS TO INCLUDE what else he's done with the copper-wire: he's laid it across the precise phone-company circuitry.

HIGGINS' VOICE

(FILTER)

Condor??

TURNER grunts at being called Condor, then:

TURNER

...The Hotel Excelsior...

HIGGINS' VOICE

(FILTER)

You're there now?

270 CONTD

270 CONTD

TURNER

...in Room 819 -- if you move
it! -- You'll find the Corsican
gentleman we spoke of.

HIGGINS' VOICE

(FILTER)

-- What?

(then, quickly)

Where are you, damn it?!

TURNER

Shhh...quiet down...

(then)

Higgins?

HIGGINS' VOICE

(FILTER; quiet)

Right here.

TURNER

Who is Atwood?

271 INT COMPUTER ROOM CIA, LANGLEY

271

HIGGINS holds the phone close to his ear. The others
in the room cannot hear TURNER's voice. CAMERA REVEALS
MR. WABASH seated apart from them, and ATWOOD! ATWOOD
stares at HIGGINS, who has just glanced toward ATWOOD.

TURNER'S VOICE

(responding to
Higgins' silence)

Who is Leonard Atwood?

(then)

Where are you.

CLICK as the line goes dead.

MR WABASH

Something...?

HIGGINS shoots a glance toward ATWOOD, just a half-
beat of hesitation before he PUNCHES INTERCOM BUTTON
and:

HIGGINS

-- Major??

272 INC. THE SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

272

The LIGHTED panel "TRACING" is REPLACED BY: "TRACE COMPLETED".

MITCHELL

Got him!

HIGGINS' VOICE

SHOW me the display.

MITCHELL spins. PUNCHES BUTTON:

273 FAVOR A LARGE ELECTRONIC DISPLAY-SCREEN --

273

HIGGINS walks closer; the others look at it, too:

ON SCREEN: ENLARGED STREET MAP OF SOUTH BROOKLYN. A RED ARROWHEAD marks a streetcorner. As he approaches SCREEN:

HIGGINS

How did he get there?....

MR. WABASH

(quietly)

Conder.

HIGGINS

We can have a unit --

MR. WABASH

still quiet

Well....

--FLASHING to a SUDDEN CHANGE ON SCREEN: A NEW RED ARROWHEAD APPEARS...then:

HIGGINS (CONT)

Hey!!

A BURST OF NEW RED ARROWHEADS HAS APPEARED -- ALL OVER SOUTH BROOKLYN! Like measles!

HIGGINS races back to INTERCOM; SHOUTS:

HIGGINS (Cont)

Mitchell?!...What's going on??

As EVEN MORE RED ARROWHEADS APPEAR BEHIND HIGGINS:

MITCHELL'S VOICE (VIA INTERCOM)

The son of a bitch!--wired together 30 phones!!!

HIGGINS

WHAT??

273 COMED

273

MITCHELL'S VOICE

(filter)

Everybody in Brooklyn's talking
to each other!

274
THRU
276

OMIT

OMIT

274
THRU
276

277 EXT. HOBOKEN STATION

277

Suddenly like forty years ago. Old, dirty, gloomy in
the early morning quiet.

278 INT. HOBOKEN STATION

278

Turner stands in the greenish light. Kathy moves over
from the cigarette counter and lights a cigarette.

TURNER

I didn't know you smoked.

KATHY

I quit years ago.

(then)

You're pale.

TURNER

...light in here.

KATHY

What are you going to do there?

TURNER

See a guy.

KATHY

More secrets.

(shakes her head,

then, right to

him:)

What's so hot about keeping
secrets? It's just...

unfriendly. That's all.

CONTINUED

TURNER

Like hiding those pictures.

KATHY

(she's fair)

Yes.

(then; not casual)

Some day, I'd like to show them to you...in case you live through this.

TURNER

I'd like to see them. Could you live through that?

KATHY

Yes, I could. Now. Thanks.

Then SUDDENLY, an almost hopeful thought.

TURNER

You could drive me to Washington.

KATHY

No. I couldn't.

(then)

You have a lot of fine qualities but...

(tries it another way)

I don't treat myself great, exactly, but I don't go out of my way to get myself machine-gunned, either.

TURNER

What fine qualities?

She almost smiles at his joke, but then:

KATHY

You have good eyes. Not kind, but...they don't seem to lie or look away much.

(then)

And they don't miss anything.

(beat)

I could use eyes like that.

CONTINUED

TURNER

But you're...overdue in Vermont.

(she's silent)

Is he a tough guy?

KATHY

(nods)

He's pretty tough.

TURNER

What will he do to you?

KATHY

...understand, probably.

TURNER

Oh...that is tough.

The LOUDSPEAKER announces the train to WASHINGTON.
Turner takes the cigarette out of her hands, throws
it on the floor.

TURNER (contd)

Kathy...I need time.

KATHY

Hm??

Turner is anguished, but has to reassure himself.

TURNER

8 hours?...at least until noon
tomorrow.

KATHY

So?

TURNER

(finally driven)

You have to give me that much
time. I mean...don't call anybody
right now, or...

She can't believe it! Her eyes FILL. She manages
the palest smile, and shakes her head from side to side,
slowly. Such disappointment and regret.

CONTINUED

278 CONTD (3)

279

KATHY

...Oh, boy...

He is stricken that he's come this far. He closes his eyes, squeezes them shut, wishing he hadn't revealed his suspicion. He can't take back the words so he grabs her, HOLDS HER TIGHTLY, the way one holds a child one has hurt...impulsively...trying to share the pain with her. THEN he takes her head in his hands and KISSES her face gently.

TURNER

Will you take care of yourself.

KATHY

Do my best.

TURNER

Do your best.

He moves through the doors and out onto the tracks.

KATHY

(quietly)

Will you take care of yourself?

278A EXT. HOLIDAY INN (Second Unit!) NIGHT

278A

A plain black sedan pulls up. Two plainclothes guys get out and go in.

278B INT. 54/12 ROOM - WABASH & HIGGONS NIGHT

278B

Atwood is gone. Higgins and Wabash wait near the phone.

MR. WABASH

...Why aren't you further along, Mr. Higgins?

HIGGINS

With the Company, you mean?

MR. WABASH

You seem perfect for it...

HIGGINS

Thank you, sir.

CONTINUED

2783 CONTD

2783

MR. WABASH

Are you perfect for it, Mr.
Higgins?

HIGGINS

I try to be.

MR. WABASH

Were you recruited out of school?

HIGGINS

No, sir. The Company interviewed
a few of us in Korea.

(compelled to
flatter)

You were with Mr. Donovan's OSS,
weren't you sir?

MR. WABASH

(smiles to remember:)

I sailed the Adriatic with a
moviestar at the helm! It
doesn't seem like much of a war
now. But it was.

(then)

I go back even further: to ten
years after the Great War, as
we called it. Before we knew
enough to number them.

HIGGINS

You miss that kind of action, sir?

MR. WABASH

No...that kind of clarity.

The PHONE RINGS LOUDLY. Mr. Wabash picks it up, listens,
then hangs up.

MR. WABASH (contd)

He's being held at New York
Center.

Higgins is up and moving toward the door.

CONTINUED

2783 CONTD (2)

2783

MR. WABASH (contd)

Mr. Higgins!...I believe you
do understand the Company's
position. What's to be done.

279 EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE, WASHINGTON NIGHT

279

A long view, dark, deserted. Then SUDDENLY THE NIGHT
AIR IS FILLED WITH LOUD BLASTING MUSIC.

280 INT. COUNTRY HOUSE NIGHT TURNER

280

CLOSE Turner, sitting in the dark living room beside
the hi-fi, holding the .45 loosely in his hand, waiting.

281 FULLER ANGLE TO VESTIBULE

281

The light goes on. An absolutely petrified Atwood
descends the stairs in rumpled pajamas. Turner does
not move. Atwood comes slowly into the darkened room.

TURNER

Who are you?

282 NEW ANGLE

282

ATWOOD

What is this?

TURNER

Who are you?

ATWOOD

What d'you want in here?

TURNER

I'm Condor.

ATWOOD'S SHOCK.

TURNER

Sit down.

(then)

What do you do for a living?

ATWOOD

Don't be ridiculous...

CONTINUED

282

CONTD

282

He starts to turn away -- he's in a swivel-chair behind his desk -- Turner soins him back - hard!

TURNER

What do you do...? Exactly.

ATWOOD

I'm with Counter Intelligence.

Turner can't quite put it together with what else he's come to know; he presses the .45 against Atwood.

TURNER

...What are you working on?
What are you doing?

(at Atwood's
silence)

What's the secret worth
murdering everybody at the
ALHS??

ATWOOD

There is no secret!

TURNER

Wicks showed you my report...

ATWOOD

What rep--?

Turner kicks the chair hard with his foot. It SLAMS against the wall.

ATWOOD (contd)

(choking)

Yes!

TURNER

It was your network I turned up.

Atwood's silence confirms it.

TURNER (contd)

...Doing what?

Atwood doesn't answer. Turner PULLS him out of the chair and SLAMS him against the wall.

CONTINUED

282

CONTD (2)

282

TURNER (contd)

Doing what!!?

Turner GRABS him again.

TURNER (contd)

What the hell does Counter
Intelligence care about a
bunch of goddamn books! A
book in Dutch!

He SLAMS him against the wall.

TURNER (contd)

A book out of Venezuela!

He SLAMS him again.

ATWOOD

Wait...!

TURNER

Mystery stories in Arabic!

He SLAMS him again.

TURNER

What the hell is so important
about...

(he stops dead. Still.

Then very quietly)

Oil...fields.

Atwood is petrified. His breath comes in hard rasping
grasps...

TURNER (contd)

(then)

This whole damn thing was
about oil.

Pointing the gun at him again.

TURNER (contd)

-- Wasn't it??...Wasn't it??

CONTINUED

282 CONTD (3)

282

ATWOOD

-- Yes!...It is! It still is.

JOUBERT'S VOICE

Don't turn for a moment.

(then)

Set down the gun...

(then)

Yes. All right.

283 ANOTHER ANGLE REVEALING JOUBERT

283

JOUBERT

(straight)

You were quite good, Condor...
until this.

(wave of hand

toward Atwood)

...This move was predictable:

Atwood LAUGHS a bark of a laugh -- in relief. Joubert
MOVES forward toward Turner.

284 CLOSER ANGLE ON JOUBERT

284

He suddenly swings around -- pushes the gun against
Atwood's head and FIRES.

285 SHOT TURNER

285

A SINGLE PROLONGED SHOUT, his hands over his ears, as
if the REVERBERATING EXPLOSION might still kill him.
Stunned, he watches Joubert:

286 WIDER ANGLE

286

Joubert is propping the dead Atwood into the posture
of a suicide...wipes off the pistol, places it in
his hand.

287 TURNER

287

appalled, still...but putting it together.

TURNER

You're -- working for The
Company again...!

JOUBERT

(quiet business)

Did you touch anything but
the lamp?

CONTINUED

257

CONTD (2)

257

JOUBERT (contd)

But you see...

(then)

Perhaps if he had a widow.

But he has none. He's a
selfish man, I think; this
house is empty.He makes a quick but experienced check of the whole
scene, and:

JOUBERT (contd)

Come.

268

EXT. ATWOOD'S HOME DAWN

268

Looking far out over sloping lawns and a meadow. A
pretty VIEW. Joubert FILLS HIS LUNGS, deeply. A car
is parked a safe distance from the house:

JOUBERT

Tell me about the girl.

TURNER

What, ... about her?

JOUBERT

She was chosen ... how? By
age? Her car? Appearance?

TURNER

At random. Chance.

JOUBERT

Really?

(then)

Can I drop you?

TURNER

(slowly)

I'm...going back to New York.

JOUBERT

You have...not much future
there.

Turner looks at him.

JOUBERT (contd)

(lighting a cigarette)

It would happen this way: ...

You may be walking one day ...

may be the first sunny day of

the spring...And a car will slow...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

Joubert's wiping it clean.

TURNER

(dazed)

— Jesus, they took you back.

JOUBERT

(shrugs)

Just for this: for Atwood.

Turner is still reeling.

TURNER

But...he's with the Company,
why would they want him
killed?

JOUBERT

(a 'stop' gesture)

I don't interest myself in
'why?'. I think more often
in terms of 'when?'. ...
sometimes 'where?'. And
always 'How much?'

(very brief)

I suspect he was -- about to
become -- an embarrassment.

(then, level)

As you are...

Beat; Turner nods.

TURNER

(sad, ironic
laugh)

So you're not finished.

JOUBERT

Pardon?...oh no, I have no
arrangement with them
concerning you. They didn't
know you'd be here.

(beat)

I knew you'd be here.

TURNER

But, didn't you send the
mailman?

JOUBERT

Oh...that was a business
arrangement with Atwood.

(then; a gesture
at corpse)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

266

(2)

266

TURNER

I don't think so.

(beat)

Would it be too much trouble
to drop me at Union Station?

JOUBERT

(shrugs)

It would be my pleasure.

As Turner rises to walk down the slope to the car,
Joubert holds out the .45. Turner looks at it, then
at Joubert. Joubert shrugs:

JOUBERT (contd)

For that day...

Beat. Turner takes the gun.

Full view of the street. Trucks being loaded in the bins of the Newspaper building. A small SALVATION ARMY BAND plays and sings GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN.

An ordinary looking car comes to a STOP on BROADWAY. Higgins gets out; the Driver and another Man remain inside. Higgins looks up and down the street until:

TURNER'S VOICE

--Higgins!

Higgins spins around and sees:

289A
thru
289E

OMIT

OMIT

289A
thru
289E

290

TURNER

290

In the middle of 43rd Street. Pedestrians pass him. He looks tired, needs a shave.

291

FAVOR HIGGINS

291

He smiles, but is taking everything in. Where Turner is standing, he moves toward Turner as angle widens to include both. Higgins almost throws a welcoming arm around Turner, as Turner backs across 43rd towards the singing Salvation Army Band.

HIGGINS

It's great to see you.

(Turner nods,
vaguely)

You look really beat.

TURNER

Yeah, I'm tired.

(then)

The car for me?

HIGGINS

Sure. It's safe now. We need a few hours debriefing; the network had some pretty complicated wiring and --

TURNER

--Higgins? Let's say...for . purposes of argument...I have a .45 in one of these pockets.

Pause.

CONTINUED

TURNER (contd)

So if I asked you to take a
walk with me...you'd do it,
right?

HIGGINS

(quietly)

Which way?

TURNER

West. Slowly. Four or five
steps in front of me.

292 TRACKING TURNER AND HIGGINS

292

The sound of singing grows louder.

Higgins shivers as a cold gust of wind chills them.
Another plain car is moving East TOWARD THEM ON 43rd Street.

HIGGINS

Where are we going?

TURNER

(indicating the car)

Wave them off...

Higgins makes a slight head move. The car stops and parks.
Turner moves up closer to Higgins.

TURNER (contd)

Do we have plans to invade the
Middle East?

HIGGINS

Are you crazy??

TURNER

Am I?

HIGGINS

Look, Turner...

TURNER

Do we have plans?

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

No. Absolutely not.

(then)

We have games. That's all.
We play games. "What if?",
"How many men?", "What would
it take?", "Is there a cheaper
way of destabilizing the regime?"

(quieter)

That's what we're paid to do?

TURNER

So...Atwood just took the games
too seriously. He was really
going to do it...wasn't he?

HIGGINS

It was a renegade operation!
Atwood knew 54/12 could never
authorize it: not with all the
heat on the company.

TURNER

Suppose there'd been no heat?
And I hadn't stumbled on the
plan? Nobody had?

HIGGINS

(shrugs)

Different ballgame. The fact
is, it wasn't a bad plan. It
could've worked.

TURNER

Jesus -- What is it with you
people? You think not getting
caught in a lie is the same as
telling the truth.

HIGGINS

It's simple economics, Turner...
There's no argument. Oil now,
10 or 15 years it'll be food, or
plutonium. Maybe sooner than
that. What do you think the
people will want us to do then?

CONTINUED

TURNER

Ask them!

HIGGINS

Now?

(shakes head)

Huh-uh. Ask them when they're running out.. When it's cold at home and the engines stop and people who aren't used to hunger.. go hungry! They won't want us to ask...

(quiet savagery:)

They'll want us to get it for them.

TURNER

Boy. You really found a home.

(then)

There were seven people killed!

HIGGINS

The Company never ordered...

TURNER

...Atwood did! And who the hell is Atwood?? He's you! All of you. There were seven people killed and the games go on.

HIGGINS

I can't let you stay out, Turner.

Turner slowly stops, leans back against a building, shakes his head sadly.

TURNER

Go home, Higgins. They have it all.

HIGGINS

What are you talking about?

TURNER

Don't you know where we are?

Higgins looks around. The huge newspaper trucks are moving out.

CONTINUED

TURNER (contd)

It's where they ship from.

Higgins' head darts upward and he reads the legend above Turner's head. THE NEW YORK TIMES. He is stunned.

HIGGINS

You dumb son of a bitch.

TURNER

It's been done. They have it.

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER on Higgins. All the physical options run through his brain...and he comes up with...nothing to do.

HIGGINS

You've done more damage than you know.

TURNER

I hope so.

HIGGINS

You want to rip us to pieces, but you damn fool you rely on us.

(then)

You're about to be a very lonely man, Turner.

Without warning, Turner SLOWLY starts away, still facing Higgins. He throws a glance over his shoulder at the car.

293 HIS P.O.V. - THE PLAIN CAR

293

The two men waiting for a signal from Higgins.

294 TURNER AND HIGGINS

294

HIGGINS

It didn't have to turn out like this.

TURNER

Of course it did.

CONTINUED

124 INTD

294

HIGGINS

(calling out)

Turner: How do you know they'll
print it?

Turner stops. Stares at Higgins. Higgins smiles.

295 CLOSE HIGGINS

295

HIGGINS

You can take a walk. But how
far? If they don't print it.

296 CLOSE TURNER

296

TURNER

They'll print it.

297 HIGH ANGLE - TURNER AND HIGGINS

297

Pedestrians move between them.

HIGGINS

How do you know?

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND LOSES THEM IN THE NEW YORK STREETS.

THE END