

WHEREABOUTS

A Screenplay by
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THIRD DRAFT

"WHEREABOUTS"

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - DAY

Morning sun burns through fog, and the skyline of San Francisco appears like an enchanted city beside the western bay.

The hills are beautiful and charming, as always, but we also get a sense of the size and population of this modern city: bottlenecks of early traffic on the freeways, millions of people swarm the central streets.

EXT. BOOKSTORE

A small bookstore tucked away on a side street in the heart of the city. The sign reads: "MISSING CLUE BOOKSTORE", and the brisk sound of confident typing drifts through the open second story window above the sign.

This is a store that specializes in mystery novels, and the front window display is a masterpiece. Mannequins create a scene from "Revenge of the Shark", an old novel written by Jonathan Murdoch. The display is vintage 1947: a bar in the tropics, overhead fan, white piano. A private eye in a trenchcoat and fedora stares across a whiskey bottle at a beautiful woman sitting at the bar. In her lap, she has begun to withdraw a pearl handle revolver from her purse.

The sound of typing has stopped. CAMERA PANS UP the wall to the open window, and we look into the cluttered office of STEVE TURNER. Turner is shaggy haired and rumpled in ragged running shorts and a 49ers T-shirt as he sits at his old Underwood typewriter and reads the page he has just written.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

The office reeks with mystery atmosphere: first editions, photos of authors, lurid pulp illustrations, and movie posters of Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, Bogart and Bacall. In the middle of it all, Turner is an affable man of high energy, optimism, enthusiasm, and very big dreams. He seems transfixed as he reads his own writing.

TURNER

That's great, that's great. You know how great this is? I'll tell you.

Ripping the page out of the typewriter, Turner crumples it into a ball and throws it out the window. He rises from the chair and swings his arms vigorously for a moment.

TURNER

Too tight -- too tense. Loosen up, will ya? Get the rhythm flowing.

He runs in place for a moment, then does some jumping jacks.

TURNER

A writer's like a jock -- like a great jazz musician. Instinct, not intellect. Turn off your brain. Relax....

One entire wall of the room has been divided into sections that represent chapters of Turner's novel-in-progress. Each section is crammed with notes that Turner has scrawled on every type and color of paper imaginable, including the backs of candy bar wrappers and invoices. He studies the wall carefully.

TURNER

Too many characters in this damn story. Kill a couple of them. Good idea.

Turner climbs a stepladder to the top of the wall and rearranges some of the notes. Sitting on top of the ladder, he scans the collage.

TURNER

What if we knock off kind old Dr. Bradley? No -- we need him to run the chemical tests on the victims in the cellar. What about Dunston? Great! Wait a minute, wait a minute -- Dunston's already dead back here in Chapter Four. What's this doing here? This belongs in Chapter Nine....

Turner takes a note scribbled on a parking ticket out of the Chapter Five section, then reaches down precariously and places it in Chapter Nine. Still sitting on top of the ladder, he is hanging upside-down, reading the notes in Chapter Nine.

TURNER

Here's one -- aha! Mrs. Brockmaster. Let's knock her off back here in Chapter Six -- strangled with her own brassiere. Hey, she's been asking for it.

Like an orchestrator, Turner moves his notes around and almost falls off the ladder as he reaches for something in Chapter Fourteen.

INT. BOOKSTORE

Downstairs, the bookstore is old, comfortable, and leathery. Everything is geared to the pleasures of mystery loving customers: overstuffed chairs, soft lights, free coffee, and colorful Persian rugs on the floor. Thousands of early editions and contemporary mystery novels cram dozens of bookcases.

CAROL SHAW is a slim, attractive young woman at the main counter. She goes over the financial records, adding more red ink to the columns.

Among the handful of CUSTOMERS who browse among the shelves, we find a well-dressed, dignified Jamaican named JOSEPH WINDBURNE. Unobserved by anyone, he takes photographs of the store from many angles with a silent camera the size of his palm.

Suddenly, the front door opens and two burly men walk in with empty boxes and a dolly. These are the Rizzo Brothers, GUIDO and VINCE. Guido slaps an overdue invoice onto the counter in front of Carol.

GUIDO

Quality House Publishers bids you greetings. You still owe us fifteen hundred bucks -- we came to get the books.

CAROL

Wait, wait -- who? What?

VINCE

That's what they all say, sister. We've heard every sad story in the book.

VINCE

You got a problem, call Mr. Thorpe at the number on the invoice. Have a nice day.

The Rizzo Brothers begin to clear Quality House books off the shelves. Joseph Windburne secretly snaps pictures as Carol hurries to the stairway and calls up to Turner's office.

CAROL

Steve -- they're taking your books!

TURNER

Not now -- I'm on a roll. You're making me lose it.

CAROL

What you are losing are your books. They are repossessing a bunch of your books!

The typing suddenly stops. Turner thunders down the stairs and into the bookstore, where the Rizzo Brothers are loading up the dolly.

TURNER

What are you doing? You can do that! Those are my books!

GUIDO

We're doing you a favor, pal -- we're letting you keep your shirt.

TURNER

Hey, wait a minute! Not the John Cooper books! People buy those!

VINCE

The boss says bring back cash or bring back books. You got fifteen hundred bucks?

TURNER

Sure. Hell, yes. I'll put the check in the mail this afternoon.

GUIDO

Gee, we never heard that one before.

The Rizzo brothers have the books on the dolly, and they push them out the door. Turner and Carol follow them, trying to change their minds. Joseph Windburne takes the opportunity to slip over to the counter for a quick look at the ledger book that Carol left open.

WINDBURNE

Astounding. The man is a fiscal imbecile....

Windburne moves away from the counter just as Turner and Carol come dejectedly back into the store. The Jamaican slips past them and heads out the door.

TURNER

I'll be upstairs, writing.

CAROL

No. Wait. We have to talk about this.

Turner starts up the stairs, but Carol follows him determinedly.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

Turner crosses to his desk and sits back down at his typewriter.

CAROL

Steve, you've got to face facts. Look at the numbers in the book. You're not going to be able to hold onto this store much longer. The bank is ready to foreclose.

TURNER

I don't know anything about banks. I'm a writer. Here -- look at this. Read these pages I wrote this morning.

CAROL

What's the point? I already know who the killer is.

TURNER

You can't know. You've only read two chapters.

CAROL

It was Muriel Fortescue.

Turner is stunned, but he covers it with a laugh.

TURNER

That's why this is a great novel. You really fell for the trap. Muriel Fortescue. That's a laugh. Sucker-of-the-year award for you.

Carol looks upset.

CAROL

If you lose your bookstore, you'll be the real Sucker-of-the-year.

TURNER

Hey, don't worry. I'll take care of it. My novel is dynamite. We're gonna be rich, and get married, and live happily ever after.

Carol looks depressed as she leaves the room to go downstairs. Turner picks up the stack of pages he has just finished typing and drops them into the waste basket.

TURNER

So much for Muriel Fortescue....

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM - DAY

An intense meeting is underway in a swank, boardroom. Two opposing factions of BUSINESSMEN face a podium manned by two corporation presidents, MR. SANTIFER and MR. WALLACE.

Sitting between the groups is KELLY SLOAN. She is young, intelligent, energetic, and savvy to the world of big business.

KELLY

One thing we haven't addressed is the issue of controlled publicity. If our two companies are to merge without outside interests mounting a hostile takeover bid, we have to act with speed and secrecy to officially finalize the merger.

SANTIFER

All I have to do is sign my name and it's official.

KELLY

I suggest you do that immediately. I'll release an early quarterly report on both companies to keep the stocks under control.

WALLACE

Good thinking. Anything you need
--

KELLY

I have it all in my briefcase. You won't be needing me any more -
- I'll get right on it.

Rising, Kelly moves quickly to the door. She pauses to glance back at Santifer as he finalizes the merger with his signature, then she leaves. Wallace and Santifer shake hands, and everyone in the room looks pleased.

WALLACE

That's a very bright young woman you have there, Santifer. I want to see more of her.

SANTIFER

(confused)

Wait a minute. She's with your company, isn't she?

Both men are instantly alarmed.

WALLACE

Call Security! Stop her! Don't let her out of this building!

One of the other men in the room scrambles for a telephone.

INT. LOBBY

Kelly walks rapidly down a corridor and through the lobby. She smiles flirtatiously at the GUARDS and walks briskly out the door. The phone suddenly rings urgently as an alarm sounds throughout the building.

EXT. CORPORATE BUILDING

A limousine is parked outside the building in an elegant office park. GLORIA DAVIS, a plump, face-in-the-crowd type person, waits in the back seat. She raises a camera and snaps a series of photographs of Kelly.

Kelly ignores the limousine and walks briskly across the lawn to a waiting helicopter, poised for lift-off. She climbs aboard as several Guards run out of the building. The chopper lifts off, leaving them behind.

Their attention is drawn to the sight of Gloria Davis and her camera, and they run toward her. She makes a motion to her CHAUFFEUR, and the limo screeches away.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO -- HELICOPTER SHOT

A spectacular aerial view of the city, emphasizing the unique skyline and the maze of streets.

INT. HELICOPTER

Kelly ignores the view, concentrating on a portable computer and various printouts from her briefcase. The chopper passes above Fisherman's Wharf, moving over Coit Tower and Russian Hill, toward downtown.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT

The helicopter circles the Transamerica Tower, amid the tall structures of the Financial District, then descends to a rooftop landing on one of the buildings. From a nearby patio, several male BROKERS look on while taking a cigarette break. One of them, ROLLINS, is unduly snide as Kelly climbs out. He follows her toward the rooftop elevator.

ROLLINS

What's up, Wonder Woman -- another hot tip?

KELLY

You're not going to steal this one, Rollins. I trusted you last time and lived to regret it.

ROLLINS

I'm a changed man, Kelly. Give me a break. I'm on a cold streak.

KELLY

Make an appointment. I'll set you up a nice portfolio.

She smiles with insincere sweetness as the elevator door closes in Rollins' face. He runs quickly for the stairs.

INT. STOCK EXCHANGE TRADING FLOOR

Madness everywhere. Absolute chaos that somehow has structure and order to its participants. Kelly exits the elevator, takes a quick look around the room, then makes a beeline for a stockbroker associate, named OWENS.

KELLY

I've got something really hot.

To her dismay, Kelly sees Rollins run out of the staircase and surreptitiously take a nearby position for eavesdropping. Although his back is to her, his ears are wide open.

Kelly picks up a telephone, dials, then presses the receiver button to cut off the call. She speaks into the dead phone.

KELLY

Get me Gavitt, quick.

(a pause)

Frank? This is hot and very secret. I want to sell Eastern Electronics, every share our clients own. Old man Santifer just had a stroke. Yes -- ten minutes ago. They'll deny it, of course, but the whole company will go under in a week....

Rollins is off like a shot, hurrying through the crowd and spreading the news. Kelly watches him confer with two other brokers excitedly, and they take off in different directions. Kelly hangs up, turning back to Owens with a sly grin.

KELLY

Eastern Electronics. I want to buy a quarter of a million shares.

INT. TRADING FLOOR GALLERY

Gloria Davis arrives at the visitors' gallery, high above the trading floor. She scans the packed floor, searching for Kelly, then suddenly spots her. Davis begins to snap more photos through a telephoto lens.

INT. TRADING FLOOR

Kelly is madly bidding for stocks when she is practically knocked off her feet by the urgent arrival of FRANK GAVITT. In his early forties, perfectly groomed, looking like a sleek gray fox, Gavitt is handsome, successful and ambitious. He drags Kelly quickly aside to a private cubicle.

GAVITT

What's wrong with you? You're buying Eastern El, and the bottom's falling out of the stock. You want to ruin us all?

KELLY

In about two hours that stock is going to turn around and jump right off the board. Eastern is merging with Ecomco. They're announcing at the closing bell.

GAVITT

You haven't heard that old man Santifer just croaked?

KELLY

He looked great when I left him a few minutes ago at the secret merger meeting. Don't believe every rumor you hear, Frank.

Kelly gives Gavitt a knowing smile, and he looks incredibly relieved and admiring of her moxie.

GAVITT

You're really something.

KELLY

Outta my way, boss -- I'm trying to make you look good.

Kelly gives him an affectionate touch of her forefinger to the tip of his chin, telling us there is something more to their relationship than employer-employee.

Kelly returns to her frantic bidding as her associate, Owens, fights his way through the crowd to her. His face is flushed and his eyes are wild with worry.

OWENS

Did you hear?

KELLY

Not now! I've got another quarter million shares to....

OWENS

South Florida Citrus -- it's bust! We've got a margin call!

Kelly's face is frozen with the words: "Margin call...."

KELLY

I own six thousand shares....

OWENS

It caught us all by surprise. You've got five days to come up with thirty-five grand.

Kelly is thunderstruck, but cool under fire. She whispers a quick obscenity, then returns to the bidding.

EXT. MURDOCH'S MANSION - NIGHT

A sprawling mansion surrounded by high walls and an iron gate. The brass plaque on the gate reads "MURDOCH". Ocean waves thunder ashore, less than fifty yards away.

The limousine we saw earlier pulls up, and the chauffeur opens the gate with a remote control device, then drives through. In the back seat, we see Windburne and Davis.

INT. MURDOCH'S OFFICE

The top floor of the mansion is a dream office: thousands of books, solid antique furnishings, and many writing awards, including several "Edgars", the top mystery story prize. Wide windows overlook the choppy black waters of the Bay, and we see the skeletal outline of the Golden Gate bridge that stretches toward the lights of Sausalito.

JONATHAN MURDOCH sits at his expensive word processor and types like a man possessed. Bearded, strong and vigorous, he perceives himself as an eccentric genius -- a larger-than-life figure in the mold of Hemingway. His gray hair is thick and healthy, while his eyes are young and on fire.

The office is filled with classical music that blares from half a dozen speakers, and flames dance wildly in the fireplace. There is an eeriness to the entire scene, as though we are observing the work of a demon.

MURDOCH

(as he types)

"All the answers...were behind me
now...lying back there...in the
morgue...."

(with finality)

"The end."

Murdoch presses the "print" button on the word processor, and the last few pages of his novel begin to roll out of the machine. He hears a loud buzzer, then glances to a TV monitor where he sees Windburne and Davis at the front door of the mansion. Murdoch presses a button that unlocks that door, and we see Windburne and Davis come into the house.

Murdoch takes the pages that have just been printed, and he places them into a box that contains at least 800 other typed pages. Then he presses the "erase" button on the word processor, blanking the manuscript document.

Murdoch scribbles something onto a piece of paper, then tapes the page to the top of the manuscript box. He sits back and breathes a long, satisfied sigh.

MURDOCH

Ten long years.... A masterpiece.

Raising a goblet of red wine, Murdoch elegantly toasts himself and his achievement. CAMERA PANS DOWN to the note he scribbled on the manuscript box. It reads:

"To be opened in the event of my death. Jonathan Murdoch."

Murdoch drops the box into an empty drawer as Windburne and Davis suddenly enter the far end of the room. Murdoch gives them a delighted smile.

MURDOCH
Right on time. A pleasant day?

DAVIS
If you can call chasing a tornado pleasant. She didn't even stop for lunch.

Sitting down, Davis rubs a tired foot and looks exhausted.

MURDOCH
And Turner?

WINDBURNE
I have a feeling you already know all about Turner. I think you send us out on these research missions just to irritate me.

MURDOCH
I send you out to verify what I suspect is true -- and to irritate you. I love to see those small veins of exasperation stand out on your neck, Joseph.

Windburne frowns. He doesn't always enjoy Murdoch's humor.

MURDOCH
Are Turner's financial problems as bad as we thought?

WINDBURNE
Worse. They hauled off some of his books while I was there.

MURDOCH
Yes, I know.

WINDBURNE
You arranged that?

Murdoch avoids a direct answer.

MURDOCH

You'll both be pleased to know
that I finished the manuscript
tonight.

Windburne reacts guardedly, not sure if Murdoch is telling the truth. Murdoch leaves him hanging and turns to Davis.

MURDOCH

Tell me about Kelly Sloan.

Davis approaches the desk with a copy of California Magazine. She opens it to an article about Kelly, complete with full page photos, titled: "SAN FRANCISCO'S NEWEST STOCK STAR." Davis also dumps photos she took of Kelly earlier onto the desk.

DAVIS

Extremely competent, and a real
risk taker. Goal oriented,
success oriented, money oriented.
Loves her luxury -- loves to win.

MURDOCH

That makes it easy. What about
the margin call?

DAVIS

It went just like you planned.
She needs quick money.

Murdoch looks pleased as he crosses the room to an antique china cabinet, opens it, and takes out two identical leather cases. He handles them as though they contain crown jewels. Windburne watches him for a moment, then reaches across the desk and touches the word processor. Murdoch seems to have eyes in the back of his head.

MURDOCH

Yes, Joseph, the machine is warm.
I did finish the manuscript.

Turning, Murdoch carries the two leather cases to his desk.

MURDOCH

What did you find out about
Turner?

WINDBURNE

He is a nincompoop.

MURDOCH

He is an apparent nincompoop.
Don't be misled.

WINDBURNE

This apparent nincompoop runs his business like a sloppy garage sale, writes novels that never get published, and plays long-distance chess by carrier pigeon.

Windburne produces photos of Turner's display window.

WINDBURNE

Misguidedly, he also believes you are the greatest mystery writer of the century. Like everyone else, he has been waiting more than a decade for your forthcoming novel.

MURDOCH

He won't have much longer to wait. Tonight we begin.

Murdoch gives one of the leather cases to Davis, and the other one to Windburne.

MURDOCH

Deliver this one to Kelly
Sloan...this one to Steven Turner.

CAMERA PANS to the clock on the wall. The time is six o'clock. Time is about to become an important element.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Steve Turner eats nachos and works on his novel with deep concentration as he sits in a small, all-night cafe. He crosses out a paragraph and replaces it with some feverish, hand-scrawled lines. Suddenly, a shadow falls across his table. Standing up, Turner sees Carol. She is dressed beautifully and is steaming.

TURNER

Oh, shit. We had a date....

CAROL

Two hours ago.

TURNER

Is it too late to --

CAROL

Yes. Sharon spent all day preparing a beautiful meal for the four of us, and you sit here eating nachos. She was in tears.

TURNER

Hey, I'll call her. Sharon likes me, she'll forget it. I really got hot here in Chapter Ten. The mistake I was making was --

CAROL

(unloading)

I don't care what it was. You and your stupid novel -- you've been working on it for five years, and it still doesn't make sense and you're never going to finish it, and I'm sick of hearing about it anymore!

TURNER

Hey, wait a minute. This is my work. This is really important to me.

CAROL

It's a foolish pipedream, Steve. You've never sold a story, and you never will. You never even finish one. Your business is going under, our relationship is a mess, and I don't want to be part of this anymore.

TURNER

It's all gonna pay off, Carol. You've got to believe in me.

Carol just looks at him sadly, all her anger spent.

CAROL

I guess I just don't believe in you anymore, Steve. I need a new job, a new boyfriend -- I need a new life.

TURNER

I'm going to prove you wrong someday.

Carol gives him a sad smile, turns and walks away.

TURNER

(to himself)

I hope....

EXT. HYATT REGENCY HOTEL - NIGHT

A long, slow TILT up the Hyatt Regency to the very top, where we find the dimly lighted restaurant that overlooks the city.

INT. RESTAURANT

An elegant and romantic night spot where quiet music plays. Kelly Sloan and Frank Gavitt enjoy the millions of city lights outside the windows.

GAVITT
Having a good time?

KELLY
Lovely. It's beautiful up here.

GAVITT
The view from the top.

KELLY
The only view that counts.

GAVITT
Well, enough small talk. Let's get married.

Kelly laughs, then reaches for Gavitt's hand.

KELLY
What did I tell you the last time you asked me that question?

GAVITT
I think you said: "Never in a million years." Fortunately, I didn't believe you.

KELLY
Believe me.

GAVITT
But it doesn't make sense. Everyone says I'm wonderful. Even my ex-wives have nothing but the best to say about me.

KELLY
So do I. Just pretend I'm one of your ex-wives.

GAVITT

But I'm perfect for you. Rich and handsome, charming and fun. You have to admit I'm fun. Everyone says I'm a barrel of monkeys.

KELLY

Frank, if I decide to get married, you're the first monkey I'll ask.

Gavitt just smiles warmly at her.

GAVITT

You know, you're really amazing. I thought you'd be crazed about that margin call, but you've been just as pleasant as always.

KELLY

The wine helps.

GAVITT

(seriously)

What're you going to do about the money?

KELLY

Somehow I'll find a way....

The MAITRE D' approaches the table quietly.

MAITRE D'

Pardon me, Miss Sloan. There's a phone call for you....

KELLY

Probably old man Santifer calling to sue me. Be right back.

She rises and follows the Maitre d'.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

The Maitre d' directs Kelly to a telephone, then returns to his duties. She speaks into the phone.

KELLY

Hello. What? I'm sorry, I can't understand what you're...Who is this? Hello?

The line goes dead. Kelly looks puzzled as she hangs up the phone. Then she turns and finds herself face-to-face with Gloria Davis.

DAVIS
If you will give me five minutes
of your time, I have a way to help
you with that margin call.

Kelly looks at Davis with interest and intrigue.

CUT TO:

EXT. TURNER'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

Turner walks along a dark street, talking to himself.

TURNER
It was the same little Mexican
cafe I had eaten at every night
for months -- but there was
something new on the menu. The
girl in the black silk stockings
who served the chili was hotter
than tobasco sauce...and twice as
deadly.

He moves to the bookstore, still composing, on a roll.

TURNER
She dropped into the chair and
crossed one shapely leg over the
other. The nylon seemed to
whisper her name. That was when I
recognized her -- she was the same
woman I had seen running naked
along the Santa Monica Freeway,
terrified on that fateful night in
the rain....

Turner hurries into the bookstore.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

Turner moves into his dark office and fumbles for the gooseneck
lamp on his desk. Consumed with writer's fever, he rolls a
page into his typewriter. Poised at the keys, he suddenly
freezes -- in a flash, he has lost all that flowing prose.

TURNER
Let's see. What was it again?
Something about a Mexican cafe....
What the hell, black stockings, I
think. C'mon, what was it again?

Nothing comes. Turner sits back and sighs. He looks crushed, totally resigned to defeat. He dabbles for a moment with the pile of bills that still sit on his desk.

Suddenly, a cigarette lighter flares in a dark corner across the room. Turner almost jumps out of his skin. Joseph Windburne lights a cigarette as he steps out of the shadows.

WINDBURNE

They say writing is the loneliest art of all. Sometimes the words just gush out. Other times....

TURNER

Who the hell are you?

WINDBURNE

Joseph Windburne. I'm the personal business manager of a very wealthy and important man. It's my understanding that you're having some severe financial difficulties. I might have the solution to your problems.

Windburne moves close to the desk. He towers over Turner like a dark, ominous cloud. Turner returns to his typewriter.

TURNER

Go away, Mack. I'm trying to write a novel.

Windburne leans over and drops a bundle of hundred dollar bills onto the desk. Turner stares at them, and Windburne drops two more bundles of bills.

TURNER

About a thousand dollars?

WINDBURNE

Three thousand. I've been commissioned to offer you a challenge. The three thousand is expense money. It's yours to keep, whether you accept the challenge or not.

Turner looks at Windburne with suspicion.

TURNER

You're not the Devil, are you?

WINDBURNE

No -- merely one of his employees.
If you accept this challenge and
successfully meet the terms of it,
your reward will be two hundred
and fifty thousand dollars.

Turner's mouth drops wide open.

TURNER

Say again?

WINDBURNE

A quarter of a million dollars.

TURNER

Who offers me a deal like that?

WINDBURNE

Jonathan Murdoch.

TURNER

(startled)

Jonathan Murdoch! You know
Jonathan Murdoch personally?

WINDBURNE

Regrettably, yes. And Jonathan
Murdoch knows absolutely
everything about you.

Turner just stares at this strange intruder as we

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN SAN FRANCISCO -- NIGHT

The limo we saw earlier slinks gracefully through traffic.

INT. LIMOUSINE

In the back seat, we find Gloria Davis and Kelly Sloan.

KELLY

What do you mean, Jonathan Murdoch
knows absolutely everything about
me? Who's Jonathan Murdoch?

DAVIS

A great writer and a remarkable
man. He has chosen you and one
other person to participate in
this challenge.

KELLY

What kind of challenge?

DAVIS

A simple but perfect puzzle that he believes cannot be solved. If you solve it, you win two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Think of it as a game of very high stakes.

Kelly wears a poker face, but there is interest in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Turner listens to Windburne with fascination.

WINDBURNE

The game is called "Whereabouts." There are two players. You are one. The other is a woman.

Turner begins to take some quick notes.

WINDBURNE

This woman is presently living and working in San Francisco. This is her picture.

Windburne gives Turner an 8 x 10 portrait picture of Kelly.

TURNER

Pretty.

As Turner holds the photograph, Windburne suddenly sets it on fire with his cigarette lighter.

TURNER

Hey, look out! You crazy?

The photo burns very quickly, and Turner drops it on the floor and stomps the charred remains.

WINDBURNE

For five seconds, you have seen her face. How good are your powers of observation?

TURNER

First rate. So, what am I supposed to do?

WINDBURNE

Find her.

Turner looks at him like he is out of his mind.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMOUSINE -- NIGHT

There is a touch of smoke in the car, and the charred remains of a photograph. Kelly waves the smoke away from her face.

KELLY

Find him! In a city of five million people? Impossible.

DAVIS

For two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, you wouldn't expect the challenge to be easy.

KELLY

Why is Murdoch doing this?

DAVIS

Mr. Murdoch loves to be amused.

KELLY

I guess if you're rich enough, you can be as crazy as you want to be. So, how much time do we have to find each other?

CUT TO:

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Turner's eyes open up like wings.

TURNER

Twenty-four hours! Are you kidding?

WINDBURNE

Beginning at eight o'clock tonight, and ending at eight o'clock tomorrow night.

Turner's eyes are shining with great excitement.

TURNER

You know, I think it actually might be possible. I've been solving mysteries all my life. I'd say I've read at least five thousand mystery novels.

WINDBURNE

I can't imagine a greater waste of one's time.

TURNER

I can -- running errands for Murdoch. At least I'm my own boss.

Windburne seems a bit more irritated at that remark than we might expect. Turner notices, but moves on.

TURNER

Is that it? Any other rules?

WINDBURNE

You're not allowed to use advertising, media announcements, or any form of mass communications. It must be purely a case of detective work: reasoning, deduction, hunches, personal or public knowledge.

Windburne places the leather case on the desk in front of Turner, and Turner examines it carefully.

WINDBURNE

This is for you. The other player will be given one exactly like it.

TURNER

Beautiful leather. Gorgeous. Black horsehide from Argentina. Very valuable because the....

Unzipping the case, Turner finds several articles: a pocket watch that is stopped at exactly seven-thirty; a small glass figurine in the form of a shark; and an audio cassette in a plastic case. He glances up at Windburne.

TURNER

Clues?

But Windburne is gone -- vanished as suddenly as he had appeared. Turner takes the audio cassette out of the plastic case and jams it quickly into a recorder. He smiles like a kid on an adventure as he hears Murdoch's voice on the tape:

"By the Barbary Coast is the fleet.
 H. Codrum of Norubit Street
 Tells the time to you first.
 If the glass is reversed,
 Spanish fish tell you where you will meet."

And that's all. Turner looks perplexed.

TURNER
 What is that supposed to mean...?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The limousine cruises past Turner's bookstore, then stops at the corner to pick up Windburne. He gets into the back seat with Davis, and the Chauffeur drives away.

WINDBURNE
 Turner swallowed it whole. What
 about Kelly Sloan?

DAVIS
 She loves challenges, risks, and
 money. She's in.

From a briefcase, Windburne takes two envelopes. He double checks the contents of one, and finds five crisp hundred dollar bills and a photo of Steve Turner. He signals the chauffeur, who picks up the speed of the limousine.

EXT. THEATRE DISTRICT

The limo drives into a neighborhood of theatres, restaurants and bars, then stops at the entrance of an alley. Windburne gets out and walks into the alley. We see him meet with a short, round-shouldered man named MUNSON for a few moments. Windburne gives one of the envelopes to Munson, then returns to the car. The limo speeds quickly away.

The limo slides to the curb, and Windburne gets out. He moves toward one of the topless bars.

INT. BAR

Loud music throbs as customers watch DANCERS perform. Windburne crosses the crowded room to a table where a man sits alone. This is GREER, and his appearance is jolting.

Greer is a hulking six-feet five, with extremely wide shoulders. His face is shocking: rough and scarred and mean - but the most startling detail is the metal plate he has in place of a nose.

Windburne drops the envelope in front of Greer without a word, then turns and leaves. Greer scowls, then opens the envelope to find five hundred dollars and a photo of Kelly Sloan.

EXT. TELEVISION STATION -- NIGHT

Jonathan Murdoch gets out of a taxi and approaches a midtown television station. He enters the building.

INT. STUDIO

Lights go up on the set, where TECHNICIANS hustle around, making last minute adjustments before taping. Murdoch enters the studio and is confronted by an irritated STUDIO DIRECTOR.

DIRECTOR

We've been waiting for twenty minutes. You think this is all we've got to do?

MURDOCH

I couldn't care less.

DIRECTOR

I've got four commercials and a promo to package. Let's get this damn thing going.

Murdoch gives the Director a frosty glance, then strolls casually toward the set. He sits down in the chair and hooks the small microphone to his lapel. The Director returns to his booth and the lights go down.

DIRECTOR'S VOICE

Tape is rolling. Audio insert.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

Channel Nine in San Francisco presents Mystery Theatre. Your host for this series of classic motion pictures is the world famous master of the cerebral mystery, the distinguished Jonathan Murdoch.

Lights come up, and a cameraman cues Murdoch.

MURDOCH

Good evening. Tonight, we have our old friends, Sherlock Holmes and the bumbling Dr. Watson, unraveling the mystery of the "Scarlet Claw". Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce are the stars in this entertaining mystery.

Murdoch leans forward and addresses the camera with intimacy.

MURDOCH

Unfortunately, this is the last time I will be hosting this series of mystery films. Circumstances beyond my control. It seems that within twenty-four hours of the making of this video tape, I will be brutally murdered.

INT. DIRECTOR'S BOOTH

The Director and the AUDIO ENGINEER glance at each other.

DIRECTOR

What's that? What'd he say?

AUDIO ENGINEER

That isn't in the script. What's he doing?

INT. STUDIO

Murdoch pauses a moment for dramatic effect, then smiles.

MURDOCH

Because of my nature, I cannot simply leave this world without the kind of dramatic and surprising flourish that my public has come to expect from me. With that in mind, I will be back at the end of tonight's movie to tell you exactly who it was that murdered me....

Another pause. The Director stares through the window of his booth with strange fascination. Murdoch smiles diabolically.

MURDOCH

Isn't mystery fun?

EXT. TV STATION -- NIGHT

Murdoch leaves the lobby of the TV station and steps into the warm night air. He is accompanied by the excited TV Director.

DIRECTOR

What a great idea for the ratings sweeps. "AUTHOR PREDICTS OWN MURDER ON CHANNEL 9". Now all we have to do is find somebody to knock you off.

MURDOCH

The list of volunteers would be longer than your arm.

Murdoch nods goodnight and heads for a taxi. The Director watches him for a moment, then starts back inside. Suddenly, he sees TWO SHADOWY FIGURES grab Murdoch.

DIRECTOR

Hey! What're are you guys doing!

The two shadowy figures wrestle Murdoch around and throw him into the back seat of a red Ford. On the run, the Director reaches the car just as it pulls away from the curb. He hammers his fist against the back window, cracking the glass, then spins to the pavement as the Ford drives away with a squeal of tires.

A studio technician rushes up to help the Director.

DIRECTOR

Call the cops. Two guys just snatched Murdoch.

The technician runs back to the lobby to call the police.

INT. RED FORD

On the floor of the back seat, Murdoch sees only shadowy silhouettes of the two men and the gleaming blade of a knife just six inches from his nose. The man who holds the knife is small, round-shouldered and bald -- he is Munson, the man Windburne met with in the alley.

MUNSON

Just relax. Enjoy the ride.

EXT. STREET

The red Ford moves through traffic at a brisk pace. At an intersection, a police car suddenly appears, busts out of the pack of traffic, and begins to pursue the red Ford with lights flashing and SIREN WAILING.

INT. RED FORD

Panic from the two shadowy figures as the police car pursues.

MUNSON

Step on it! Get to a sidestreet!

EXT. STREET

The red Ford screams around a corner, scattering traffic and pedestrians in its wake. A moment later, the police car takes the corner at high speed, lights still flashing, SIREN HOWLING.

The wild chase continues for several blocks, with traffic swerving and PEDESTRIANS diving for cover. The police car continues to gain ground, and the night is filled with SIRENS from police cars closing in from all directions.

Finally, the pursuing police car pulls up even beside the red Ford -- but the red Ford takes a sudden, sharp right turn into an alley, bounces off the alley wall with a spray of sparks, and continues on into the darkness. The police car hits the brakes, skids into a rough 180 degree turn, then drives back to the alley and enters it on the fly.

EXT. ALLEY

At the other end of the alley, the red Ford has stopped. The two shadowy figures drag Murdoch out of the car, then toss him into a row of garbage cans and crates. A loud CLATTER as the crates tumble down from the impact of Murdoch's body.

The two shadowy figures leap back into the red Ford as the police car closes in. The Ford takes off like a jackrabbit, while a dazed Murdoch staggers to his feet, right into the path and headlights of the police car.

The police car stops cold, and a POLICE OFFICER leaps out to assist Murdoch. Murdoch has a gash over one eye and various scrapes and bruises from the falling crates. He appears very shaken and confused.

FIRST OFFICER

We'll get you to a doctor.

MURDOCH

Yes. Thank you....

The officer helps Murdoch into the police car. Other police arrive with their lights and SIRENS -- late, as usual.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

The area that is so high-powered in the daytime is very quiet, almost lonely at this hour. Tucked among larger buildings, we find a place called "Controlled Data Corporation", and we move in on a row of lighted windows.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

There is a quiet WHIRR of continuously spinning tapes in the room. Stock transactions are stored here, along with millions of other bits of information that affect the market. Kelly leans over the shoulder of LEON KOCH, a computer analyst who punches information onto a keyboard.

KOCH

Murdoch, Jonathan. Complete dossier. Very impressive.

KELLY

Maybe this whole thing wasn't a crackpot gag after all. Okay, give me everything you've got on San Francisco landmarks and tourist attractions. And give me a print-out.

Suddenly, Frank Gavitt enters the room, spots Kelly, and moves quickly to her.

GAVITT

Where the hell did you go?

KELLY

Home to change my clothes.

GAVITT

In the middle of a date? We were having a date.

KELLY

And I'm sure I would've had a great time, Frank, but something incredible happened.

KOCH

Here comes "landmarks".

GAVITT

What does that mean? What's he talking about?

Excitedly, Kelly grabs for the print-out as it rolls out of the computer, and we TIGHTEN for a CLOSE UP.

Q: SAN FRANCISCO LANDMARKS & ATTRACTIONS

1. Golden Gate Bridge
2. Chinatown
3. Alcatraz
4. Sausalito
5. Fisherman's Wharf
6. Coit Tower
7. Union Square
8. Candlestick Park

The machine continues to list more landmarks.

GAVITT

Kelly, what are you doing?

KELLY

Long story. I've got twenty-four hours to find someone -- a guy who looks something like this.

Kelly shows Gavitt a sketch she has done of Turner from memory onto a computer print-out sheet. The resemblance is close, but a bit off in detail. She makes a couple of small corrections.

KELLY

I've never seen him, he's never seen me. If we find each other on time, I get a quarter of a million bucks.

GAVITT

That's ridiculous. Do you know how foolish you're going to look if people find out about this wild goose chase? You'll be laughed right out of town.

KELLY

If that happens, maybe I'll marry you after all.

GAVITT

No, way. I'm not going to marry anyone who's been laughed at.

KELLY

A prince, Frank. I love ya.

KOCH

All finished with "Barbary Coast".
The computer has more than six
thousand pages. I assume you
don't want a print-out.

Kelly looks dismayed. She presses the play button on a
cassette recorder and listens to Murdoch's voice.

MURDOCH'S VOICE

"H. Codrum of Norubit Street
Tells the time to you first...."

Kelly shuts off the machine.

KELLY

Run those two names through every
San Francisco phone book of the
past twenty years. Codrum comma
H, and Norubit Street.

KOCH

How do you spell either one?

KELLY

Run every possible combination.

Kelly is working on the sketch of Turner again. Gavitt is
dismayed as he watches her.

EXT. TURNER'S BOOKSTORE -- NIGHT

Turner's bookstore is dark, except for the window to his
office. Munson stands outside the bookstore, peering at the
display in the window. The red Ford is parked nearby.

A large yellow cat suddenly runs past Munson and climbs the
fire escape to the window of Turner's office. The cat
scratches at the window until Turner opens it and lets him in.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

The office now resembles a military strategy room. Street maps
have been marked up with various colored pens; dozens of books
lie around, left open at the places where Turner was looking up
references, and in the center of all this, the clues and the
leather case.

The yellow cat hops through the open window to Turner's
shoulder, purring instantly.

TURNER

What's the matter, Mycroft?
Maggie forget to feed you again?

Beneath the maps and books on his desk, Turner finds a half-eaten bologna sandwich. He peels out the meat and tosses it onto the floor for Mycroft. The cat leaps down and eats.

Turner peers closely at the broken stopwatch, looking at an engraving through a magnifying glass. CAMERA TIGHTENS on the glass and we read the small engraving: "PROP. OF H. CODRUM."

TURNER

Very old watch -- very new
engraving. What the hell are you
up to, Murdoch?

Turner sets the watch and magnifying glass down.

TURNER

So, I meet her at seven-thirty.
Where? It's simpler than it
seems, Mycroft. I've read all of
Murdoch's novels. After you get
through all the false trails and
red herrings, his solutions are
always easy....

Suddenly, the old grandfather clock across the room begins to BONG. The hands point to eight p.m.

TURNER

The game has begun....

The eight hollow bongs have an echoed quality of mystery. Turner watches the clock and a cautious idea is suddenly born. With a glow of excitement, he picks up the shark figurine. We can almost hear the wheels of his mind turning as he looks at the shark, then hurries downstairs to the bookstore.

INT. BOOKSTORE

Flipping on the lights, Turner moves to the front window display. He steps into the display area, being careful not to knock over the mannequins, and picks up one of the first edition copies of "Revenge of the Shark" by Jonathan Murdoch.

A satisfied smile crosses Turner's face as he sits across the table from the female mannequin with the pearl handle revolver. He opens the book to Chapter One and begins to read.

TURNER

You're an old fox, Murdoch, but
you've met your match....

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

Mycroft chews on the bologna, but a shadow suddenly falls across him as someone climbs through the open window and cautiously enters the office. We recognize Munson. Mycroft backs off with a growl as Munson begins to search the rubble on Turner's desk and accidentally knocks a paper weight to the floor.

INT. BOOKSTORE

Turner is reading intently, studying every page. He hears a sudden CRASH from upstairs, glances in that direction, but dismisses it and returns to reading. Behind him, the lights of the bookstore suddenly go off.

Outside the window, TWO DRUNKS stagger past. They are immediately attracted to the beautiful display, and stop to look it over. As still as a stone, Turner looks like part of the display, until he suddenly turns a page. The Drunks exchange glances, study the scene again, then argue about whether one of the mannequins is alive or not.

Suddenly, the Drunks rivet their attention on a new element that enters the scene. They stare transfixed as Munson moves up behind Turner, holding a garrot rope in his hands. One of the Drunks raps on the window. Turner glances up, and Munson slips quickly out of the display scene. The Drunk points behind Turner and Turner looks around, but sees nothing. He glances at the Drunks with irritation.

TURNER

Go on home -- get out of here.

Turner returns to his reading. Munson reappears, and this time the Drunks decide to simply watch. Closer and closer, Munson moves toward Turner, garrot in hand, ready to strike. The Drunks watch with wide eyes of fascination.

Just as Munson is ready to strike, Mycroft leaps into the scene and lands on Turner's shoulder. Startled, Turner turns, sees Munson, and gets hammered across the jaw with a hard right cross that knocks him to the floor.

TURNER

What!? You crazy?

Munson scrambles to get away, but Turner reaches out and trips him. The two men wrestle around in the window, knocking over the table and mannequins and everything else. The Drunks love it, like it was a scene on television, and they applaud.

Munson manages to grab the mannequin's pearl-handle revolver. He hits Turner with it, Turner falls, and Munson disappears into the store.

Turner pursues cautiously in the darkness, creeping past bookcases, looking for anything that moves. Finally he finds himself at the rear of the store, still looking around carefully. He stops moving and listens for sounds. Nothing. Then he hears it: a CREAKING sound as one of the tall bookcases is suddenly tipped over.

The bookcase falls against a second bookcase, then CRASHES to the floor. The second bookcase tips against a third, and the domino effect continues. Turner realizes that the bookcases are falling in his direction. Suddenly, he is buried beneath a heavy bookcase and a thousand old volumes.

Munson runs out the door and into the night. A few books in the pile begin to move, and Turner claws his way to the surface. He isn't really hurt, but is a bit shaken as he climbs out of the pile and turns on the lights. The bookstore is a shambles.

TURNER

I'm gonna bill you for this mess,
Murdoch.

INT HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

A row of partitioned areas where patients are attended to. A NURSE applies a bandage to the cut above Murdoch's eye.

Entering the treatment area now is LIEUTENANT MATT CALLAHAN, and he has the look of a cop all over him. His suit looks slept in, and his shirt is speckled with coffee stains. Approaching Murdoch, he flips open his badge case.

CALLAHAN

Callahan. Manhattan Central.

MURDOCH

Murdoch. Dartmouth.

CALLAHAN

I'm a big fan of yours.

MURDOCH

So am I.

CALLAHAN

When I got the word you were here,
I had to come over and see for
myself. Truth is, I thought you
died some time ago.

MURDOCH

That's very flattering, thank you.
(to nurse)
Are you quite finished, Miss
Nightingale?

NURSE

All done, Mr. Murdoch. You'll
want to have your family doctor
look this over in the morning.

MURDOCH

I'm quite capable of taking care
of myself. I don't believe in
voodoo, witchcraft, or family
physicians.

CALLAHAN

(delighted)

That's great. That sounds like a
line from one of your novels. You
talk just like you write.

MURDOCH

Nobody talks that well.

Murdoch leaves the area, but Callahan tags along with him.

CALLAHAN

So, what do you think? They were
trying to kidnap you or what?

MURDOCH

I haven't the slightest idea.

CALLAHAN

They must've been after something.
What do you suppose it was?

MURDOCH

My shoes. Forty dollar
Florsheims. Irresistable targets.

CALLAHAN

(delighted again)

God, that's great -- you talk just
like you write.

At the reception area, Murdoch pauses to see his face on a TV
screen. The photo is ten years old.

TV ANNOUNCER

And finally in the news, a name we haven't heard in a while. Mystery writer Jonathan Murdoch was the victim of a kidnap attempt tonight in midtown San Francisco. The author of twenty-two best selling novels, Murdoch was rescued by police just minutes after two men abducted him.

Murdoch turns and leaves, with Callahan right behind him.

EXT. HOSPITAL

Murdoch and Callahan walk toward a taxi stand.

CALLAHAN

Let me give you a lift home.

Murdoch stops, looks Callahan right in the eye, and smiles.

MURDOCH

What's on your mind, Callahan?

CALLAHAN

Nothing much. The whole thing just doesn't feel right. I think you're hiding something, and I wonder what it is.

MURDOCH

That's what mystery is all about. Keep wondering.

Callahan watches Murdoch get into a taxi and ride away.

EXT. TURNER'S BOOKSTORE - DAY

MAGGIE BROOKS is a fifty year old deadpan skeptic, who presses the front doorbell of the bookstore.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

Turner is asleep at his desk. His head rests on an open page of Murdoch's novel. The doorbell buzzes again, penetrating his state of sleep. One eye opens. The second eye pops wide open. Turner looks at his watch with panic.

TURNER

Nine o'clock! I've wasted half the morning.

Grabbing the case of clues, Turner scrambles for a list of hand-written addresses among the mess on his desk, then dashes downstairs.

INT. BOOKSTORE

Rushing to the door, Turner unlocks it as Maggie buzzes again. They look at each other blankly.

TURNER
We're closed today.

MAGGIE
Carol Shaw said you had a job open here.

TURNER
Right. Great. Come on in.
You're in charge. I gotta go.

Maggie enters and is stunned to find the bookstore in a complete shambles.

TURNER
It's not usually this messy. Some guy broke in last night and tried to kill me.

MAGGIE
Why?

TURNER
I don't know. Isn't it great? I gotta go find the girl. I've got seventeen addresses derived from clues in Murdoch's first novel. She has to be at one of these places. See ya.

MAGGIE
Wait a minute. What am I hired to do?

TURNER
Clean the place up. Sell books. Who cares? By tonight, I'll be rich!

Turner sprints out of the store, leaving Maggie to deal with the mess and the fact that her new boss is currently a lunatic.

EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT -- DAY

Kelly and Gavitt step out of the computer building and into a brisk morning CROWD on the sidewalk. Kelly carries a briefcase stuffed with computer print-outs, her purse, and the leather clues case. She seems annoyed with Gavitt.

KELLY

No -- no --- no. I'll say it again! You're not coming with me.

GAVITT

Well, I'm not going to let you go off on this screwy thing alone.

KELLY

I've got a lot to do today, Frank. You'd only be in my way.

GAVITT

I'm your boss, remember? Now, I'm coming with you. Case closed.

Reaching the corner, a crowd crosses the street toward them like a herd of cattle. Kelly is bumped and she drops the leather clues case. Gavitt bends to pick it up, turns back to Kelly, but discovers she is gone. He finds only the massive rush of people crossing the street toward him.

Gavitt hurries through the mob, bumping between people and searching frantically for Kelly. He reaches the other side of the street and looks for her in all directions. Then he sees her, half a block away -- CAMERA ZOOMS to Kelly as she throws a wave to Gavitt and steps into a taxi.

Outfoxed, Gavitt watches the taxi merge into the traffic and become swallowed into the heart of the city.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HELICOPTER SHOT -- SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE -- DAY

The immensity of the city: thousands of buildings, millions of people, and two individuals searching for each other. The odds seem impossible in this vast and enormous city.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN to the Transamerica Tower. We see Kelly on the observation deck, moving among people, looking for Turner.

EXT. TRANSAMERICA TOWER

Kelly continues to move among the CROWD on the observation deck. Through a window, we see Gloria Davis inside the lobby to the deck, observing Kelly.

Kelly's eyes are very quick -- alert, and excited with the anticipation of finding Turner. She finds no one for now. Taking one of her business cards from her purse, she places it in a notch of one of the observation telescopes. Then Kelly leaves the deck and heads for the elevator.

CAMERA TIGHTENS on the business card. We see a photo of Kelly in the corner, as well as her phone number and address.

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Turner moves along Grant Avenue, caught in a CROWD of both modern and traditional Chinese PEOPLE, not to mention the usual swarm of TOURISTS. He keeps an eye out for Kelly as he walks, but mostly, he's checking addresses.

Eleven twenty-six...eleven twenty-eight...and finally, eleven-thirty. Turner looks with anticipation, and is perplexed to find a vacant lot. Confused, he just stands there for a moment, and is bumped several times by people passing by.

Across the street we see a familiar car -- the red Ford driven by Munson as he follows Turner.

EXT. MIDTOWN LIBRARY - DAY

Mobs of PEOPLE move along the sidewalks, passing the usual mid-morning traffic jam. Kelly emerges from the crowd almost like magic, climbs the steps toward the library, then looks for Turner. Many faces come toward her, and her eyes dance quickly in order to see each one.

CAMERA PANS the crowd of faces, and again we get a feeling of how many people there really are in this city by the Bay. We also see a blue Chevy van with Greer inside, watching Kelly. He is the hulking man with the metal plate for a nose.

Kelly is beginning to look a little nervous, as though it is only now dawning on her how impossible Murdoch's challenge is. She looks at her watch, places a business card on the door of the library and leaves.

Like magic, Kelly disappears back into the crowd.

MONTAGE SCENE

San Francisco rushes at us in a blitz of streets and faces. More CROWDS walking toward us -- quick shots of Kelly and Turner, lost in the crowds, continuously searching.

BIZARRE ANGLES of tall buildings -- UP ANGLES of more passing crowds -- as though the entire thing is becoming a nightmare.

The mid-day crush of people jamb into a subway car. PAN BACK to Turner, swamped by the rush of people who leave another subway car. The faces move past him so fast he can't get a look at them all.

The display case in front of a concert hall announces that Frank Masi will perform there tonight. Kelly places one of her business cards in the corner of the display case. PAN across the street where the ominous Greer watches from a doorway.

More streets. More buildings. More faces. A clock in a tower tells us it is twelve-thirty. Turner looks sweaty and tired. Kelly looks irritated and drained.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COIT TOWER - DAY

Kelly approaches Coit tower and hurries inside.

INT. COIT TOWER

Stepping out of the elevator, Kelly climbs the dozen steps to the top of the tower. PEOPLE from a small tour are there, and Kelly is disappointed that Turner is not among them. She looks out at the breathtaking view of the city.

Kelly takes the computer print-outs from her briefcase and checks off Coit Tower from her long list of San Francisco landmarks. Then she turns to the sketch of Turner again, erases a few details, and sketches his eyes from memory with a pencil.

A GUIDE hustles the tour toward the elevator.

GUIDE

Okay, folks. Bus leaves in five minutes for Golden Gate Park.

The people begin to move toward the elevators. Kelly doesn't look up from the sketch. Suddenly, she is alone -- or so she thinks. She begins to be aware of the presence of someone else with her. Glancing up, Kelly gasps as she looks into the terrifying face of Greer. He moves toward her with a quiet menace.

GREER

Where is it....

KELLY
(backing up)
What...? Where's what?

Greer grabs the briefcase, turns it upside-down, and dumps all the print-outs onto the floor. He glares at Kelly with anger, then snatches her purse and dumps the contents out. Keys, coins, lipstick and various other articles scatter all over the place. Greer turns to Kelly again, seething.

GREER
Last chance. Where is it?

Kelly's eyes plead for reason in the beast.

KELLY
Where is what?

GREER
The clues. Murdoch's clues.

KELLY
I lost them -- I dropped them!
(desperately)
But I can tell you what they are!

A powerful hand snaps out and grabs Kelly's wrist painfully. She winces -- then instinct takes over. She slashes her drawing pencil viciously into Greer's hand like a dagger. He releases her with a grunt of pain.

Scrambling away, Kelly dashes for the stairs. Greer dives for her, almost trips her, but she manages to keep her balance and rush down the stairs, absolutely terrified.

CAMERA STAYS with Kelly all the way as she runs down the long circular stairway of Coit Tower. The monster is following -- the heavy sounds of Greer's footsteps pursue her, getting closer every moment. Kelly glances frantically over her shoulder and sees the man just a few steps behind her, blood in his eyes, an enormous hand reaching for her. He closes the gap even more -- is ready to grab her -- and then....

Another GROUP OF TOURISTS comes into view. Greer slows down, and Kelly throws herself into the center of the group. She bumps between the startled and annoyed people, fighting through them with desperation. Then she is finally at the bottom of the stairs and out to the open air.

EXT. COIT TOWER

Winded and totally exhausted, Kelly leans against the wall for a moment to catch her breath. Alarmed, Davis approaches her.

DAVIS
What happened? Are you all right?

KELLY
Take me to Murdoch...right now.

EXT. MURDOCH'S MANSION -- DAY

Kelly and Davis emerge from the limousine and move briskly to the front door of the mansion. Davis pushes the doorbell, activating the videotape camera above the door. Davis motions toward it as the red light goes on.

DAVIS
Mr. Murdoch can see and hear you.

KELLY
(fuming)
Murdoch, you arrogant bastard!
Who do you think you are? You
didn't tell me everything! You
can't mess with my life like this
and get away with it!

The light on the camera goes off, and Murdoch releases the lock on the door. Davis leads the way in.

INT. MURDOCH'S OFFICE

Davis leads a furious Kelly into the office. Murdoch looks up passively from his desk.

MURDOCH
Something wrong?

KELLY
When I got into this, nobody said
there'd be a gorilla trying to
kill me.

MURDOCH
And I thought you were tough.

KELLY
I am tough. But this goon is too
much. I'm going home.

MURDOCH

Wouldn't advise that. The game is beyond my control now, and not everyone wants you to succeed. The goon isn't going to stop just because you quit -- and he probably knows where you live.

KELLY

Then I'm going to the police.

MURDOCH

To tell them a ridiculous story that I will completely refute? You'll sound quite absurd, believe me. No, I'm afraid you're stuck, Miss Sloan. Your only option is to stay in the game. The best thing you can do is win.

Kelly looks angry, worried -- and trapped.

EXT. TIBURON FERRY - DAY

Turner pays for a ticket, and boards the Tiburon ferry. CAMERA PANS BACK to Joseph Windburne, who follows Turner aboard.

HELICOPTER SHOT - TIBURON FERRY

The ferry sails gracefully through the clear afternoon, moving across the bay. We can see Turner through a window of the enclosed top deck.

INT. TOP DECK

Turner wanders among the CROWD, looking for Kelly again. Windburne stays out of sight, but keeps an eye on Turner. Glancing at the clock on the wall, Windburne sees that it is three-fifteen. He looks back at Turner, but is startled to find that Turner has disappeared.

A bit concerned, Windburne crosses the deck, watching for Turner, but finding only strangers. At the far side of the deck, he hurries out to the sun deck to look around.

EXT. SUN DECK

Various tourists sit at tables beneath sun umbrellas, while others rest in lounge chairs, watching the skyline. Windburne walks around the outside of the deck, more concerned now, his eye peeled for Turner. Rounding a corner, he finds Turner leaning against the wall, waiting for him.

TURNER

What kept you?

WINDBURNE

This is quite a coincidence.

TURNER

Nice try. You've been following me all morning.

Windburne can do nothing but shrug his confession.

TURNER

Why?

WINDBURNE

Murdoch wanted to be sure you were all right. We've discovered there are other elements involved, and we're not sure of everything that's going on.

TURNER

You mean that little guy who jumped me in my bookstore last night

WINDBURNE

Exactly.

Turner sits at one of the tables, and Windburne joins him. We see something that neither notices right away -- if Turner would just glance down to the ash tray on the table, he would find one of Kelly's business cards right in front of his eyes.

WINDBURNE

I imagine you've been very upset about all that.

TURNER

I've loved every minute of it.

WINDBURNE

Murdoch thought I should tell you what we know of these things.

TURNER

Not interested. It's the most fun I've had in years. I'd kinda like to figure it out for myself.

Suddenly, Windburne sees Kelly's business card and is a bit jolted. He looks at Turner, who is watching the skyline, and his hand creeps toward the ash tray very slowly.

WINDBURNE

You have a little less than five hours. What are your chances?

Turner looks at Windburne, and the Jamaican's hand freezes.

TURNER

If we both criss-cross this city enough times, we're going to find each other.

WINDBURNE

It's a big city.

Turner looks back to the skyline. Windburne snatches the business card quickly and slips it into his pocket.

TURNER

I know that face -- I've got it memorized. I'm going to see that face again today.

WINDBURNE

You don't miss much, do you.

TURNER

Not much.

In the background, we see a KID, moving from group to group, taking pictures with a polaroid camera.

TURNER

I'll tell you the mistake I made, Windburne. I got too fancy. The first place I should've gone was the top of the Coit Tower, and I should've stayed there all day. Eventually, she would've shown up.

WINDBURNE

Too late now.

Turner and Windburne stand up and move to the railing as the boat approaches the shoreline. The Polaroid Kid suddenly appears with his camera and takes their picture.

POLAROID KID

Nice snapshot, mister. Two bucks.
Show it to the folks back home.

TURNER

No thanks.

KID

Wait'll you see it. I do good
work. A buck fifty. Can't beat a
deal like that.

TURNER

Not interested.

KID

Look at me, just a poor kid trying
to claw his way to respectability.
You want I should end up a mugger?
One buck. Take a look at this.

Windburne gives the kid a dollar with some irritation, snatches
the photo, and stuffs it into Turner's jacket pocket.

WINDBURNE

Beat it.

The kid moves away, and Windburne turns back to Turner as the
ferry approaches the dock at Sausalito.

WINDBURNE

What's your next move?

TURNER

My next move is to lose you so you
stop tagging me around.

WINDBURNE

Murdoch gave me explicit
instructions to stay with you.

TURNER

Then you're gonna earn your
salary, pal.

With that, Turner vaults the railing, grips the decorative fish
netting along the side of the boat, and slides down it all the
way to the lower deck. The dignified Windburne is stymied --
he watches Turner disappear into the lower deck, then jump to
the nearby dock as the boat pulls up to Sausalito.

INT. MURDOCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Windburne appears contrite; Murdoch is quite angry.

WINDBURNE

By the time I got off the boat, he was into a taxi and gone.

MURDOCH

You haven't often let me down, Joseph. I'm very disappointed.

WINDBURNE

I admit I've underestimated Turner from the beginning. The man's a fool at business, but give him a game to play with....

MURDOCH

Why do you think I chose him in the first place? Do you think I just picked his name out of a hat?

Murdoch takes a chained pocket watch from his vest and flips open the ornate cover. The time is 5:15.

MURDOCH

You only have a few hours to find him and get things back on track.

WINDBURNE

Find him? There are five million people out there....

MURDOCH

It's important, Joseph. Find him.

Windburne looks exasperated. Murdoch fishes into a drawer for an envelope filled with legal papers.

MURDOCH

Take this with you. Everything has been signed and notarized. The originals are in my safe deposit box.

Windburne puts the papers into his briefcase, then heads for the door. Murdoch is busy with other paperwork as Windburne looks back at him.

MURDOCH

Find him.

Windburne nods and leaves.

SECOND MONTAGE SEQUENCE

The emphasis of the first montage was on crowds -- the emphasis of this montage is on time.

The city has slowed down -- daylight is turning into darkness. SHOPKEEPERS draw accordion burglar bars across their storefronts; traffic is thin, and some streets are empty.

Turner and Kelly walk separate streets. Clocks read 5:30 -- then 6:00 -- then 6:30. Kelly looks intense -- Turner looks frustrated. They ride taxis, looking out the windows. Time is definitely running out.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A dark, intimate place with checker table cloths and candles in chianti bottles. Soft Italian MUSIC warms the room.

We find Kelly and Gavitt at a table in the corner. He seems pleased and amused; she looks a bit desperate as she reads the computer print outs once again.

GAVITT

Of course, I'm not the kind of guy to say I told you so....

KELLY

Like hell you're not.

GAVITT

Then admit that the whole thing was stupid, and I was right and you were wrong.

KELLY

There's still time. I just haven't found the key.

Kelly holds the print out like a newspaper, reading some of her own notes in the margins. Across the table, Gavitt can't even see her anymore. He reaches across the table and simply tears the print-out in half, then looks at Kelly's eyes.

GAVITT

You're not paying attention to me.

Kelly is looking right past Gavitt. She sees Gloria Davis sitting alone at a table across the room. Kelly rises quickly.

KELLY

Be right back.

Gavitt watches her cross the room to Davis and sit down. Davis looks up from her plate of steaming spaghetti.

KELLY

It was a fix, wasn't it? The clues meant nothing at all. It was just a blind alley.

DAVIS

Not true.

KELLY

The broken watch. Seven-thirty.

DAVIS

That was obvious enough.

KELLY

I've still got time to get there. Where is the place?

DAVIS

You don't expect me to tell you.

KELLY

I don't expect you to tell me for nothing. Name your price.

Davis puts down her fork and looks disturbed.

DAVIS

You mean you'd pay for the answer?

KELLY

Of course I'd pay. Fifty thousand dollars. Just between us.

DAVIS

Murdoch would find out. He always knows everything.

KELLY

There's no way he'd find out. Think of the things you could do with that money.

Davis still looks a little scared.

KELLY

(firmly)

Nobody will ever find out.

A sudden decision by Davis. She takes a pen from her purse and writes something on a napkin. Kelly grabs it and heads quickly for the door.

At his table, Gavitt eats lasagna. Glancing out the window, he is startled to see Kelly jump into a taxi. Dumped again at dinner, he has suddenly lost his appetite.

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Lieutenant Matt Callahan sits alone in his office at Police Headquarters, going over some reports. The telephone RINGS.

CALLAHAN

Callahan.

(surprised)

Yeah -- put him on.

Callahan lights a cigarette while he waits. Then:

CALLAHAN

Hello, Murdoch. Meet you where?

Yeah, I can make it. What time?

All right. What's it all about?

The line goes dead as Murdoch hangs up.

INT. MURDOCH'S MANSION

In the office in his house, Murdoch rolls a blank address label into his typewriter. He types the address quickly, then tapes the label to a package. He leaves the office, carrying the package with him.

EXT. MURDOCH'S MANSION

Murdoch strides to the limousine and gets inside.

MURDOCH

(to driver)

Central post office.

The limousine drives off into the night.

EXT. TURNER'S BOOKSTORE

Turner looks completely beat as he returns to his bookstore. Worn out, unhappy, and defeated, he moves into the store. Maggie glances at him, and he just shakes his head slowly.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

Entering his office, Turner turns on the goose-neck lamp and sags heavily into the chair behind his desk. He just sits there, utterly defeated, then takes a pint of bourbon from a drawer and pours himself a drink.

Something catches his eye: the wall of story notes for his novel. Rising suddenly, Turner releases all his frustrations as he sweeps his arms wildly over the wall, tearing down notes and chapters with reckless destruction. Bits and pieces of paper fly through the air and fall to the floor. Only a few pieces remain when Turner is finished. He leans against the wall, his emotions drained.

Suddenly, a small flare of fire in the darkness across the room. Turner's eyes snap toward Windburne, lighting a cigarette like he did before.

WINDBURNE

My watch says six forty-five. I take it you've conceded.

TURNER

Bad timing, Windburne. I came up here to get drunk.

WINDBURNE

You seemed like such a tenacious type -- the kind who would never admit defeat.

TURNER

I never even came close. I don't have the slightest idea what the clues were supposed to mean.

Turner returns to his desk, sips the bourbon. Windburne moves slowly and calmly toward him, timing his moves just right.

WINDBURNE

Turner -- I'm willing to make a deal with you.

Turner sips the bourbon and appears disinterested.

WINDBURNE

You're supposed to meet the other player at seven-thirty.

TURNER

I know that. The watch was a throwaway clue.

WINDBURNE

For a price -- a reasonable price
-- I'll tell you where the meeting
is supposed to take place.

Turner just watches the man in silent disgust for a moment.

WINDBURNE

I know how badly you need the
money, and I'd like to see you
keep your bookstore.

TURNER

I never read the last page first.
If I can't solve the mystery, I
don't want the money.

WINDBURNE

Let me tell you my terms.

TURNER

(flaring a bit)
Get the hell out of here,
Windburne. Now.

Windburne sighs with resignation and moves toward the door.

WINDBURNE

There's no saving a fool.

Then he is gone. Turner stands alone, both dejected and angry.
He looks at his watch -- 6:55.

TURNER

Forget it. It's over. No miracle
finishes. Drop it, okay?

A moment of deep defeat as he thrusts one hand into his pocket.
Feeling something there, he takes out the photograph that the
Polaroid Kid took of him and Windburne on the sundeck of the
ferry. Turner looks at the photo, then flips it aside on the
desk.

Something begins to click in his mind. He starts to sip the
bourbon again, but reaches instead for the tape recorder and
plays Murdoch's mystery riddle once more. He hears:

"By the Barbary Coast is the fleet...."

Turner shuts off the machine. He marks the Barbary Coast area
on a map of San Francisco, then scratches quick notes:
"Fleet...Ships...Boats...." Turner plays the tape again.

"H. Codrum of Norubit Street
Tells the time to you first...."

Turner stops the machine again. He thinks carefully, then takes the magnifying glass from a drawer. Examining the inscription on the watch once more, he reads: "PROP. OF H. CODRUM". Turner writes more notes: "H. Codrum... Norubit...7:30...." Turner still doesn't have it. He plays the tape again.

"If the glass is reversed,
Spanish fish tell you where you will meet...."

Turner is still perplexed over that one.

TURNER

What the hell...? I've heard of
Spanish fly, but what is Spanish
fish...?

The wheels continue to turn in his mind. Suddenly, he gets an idea. Crossing the room, he opens a door to a storeroom and goes inside. Many shelves are crammed with disorder, and Turner finds a section of foreign printings of novels. He scrambles through them and finally finds the one he is after -- a Spanish printing of Murdoch's "Revenge of the Shark". The Spanish title is "La Revenge De La Tiburon". Turner carries the book back to his desk.

Rewinding the tape, he plays it again and listens.

"If the glass is reversed...."

He thinks about that some more, then reaches across his desk for a small mirror. He holds the mirror next to the Spanish novel, and the words are suddenly reversed. There is a trace of excitement in Turner's eyes. He scratches notes: "H. Codrum -- Murdoch spelled backwards. Norubit -- Tiburon spelled backwards. Tiburon -- Spanish for shark...."

Suddenly, his eyes pop wide open. He has it! He scrambles for the polaroid photograph the kid on the ferry took of him and Windburne. Turner examines the photo through his magnifying glass.

TIGHT ON PHOTOGRAPH

We see details of the photo: Turner and Windburne together...various people in the background...and on the side of a lifeboat, we read the name of the ferry boat -- "TIBURON".

TURNER

Tiburon! The Tiburon ferry!

Turner is stunned. He checks his watch: seven on the nose. Bolting from his chair, he runs out of the office.

INT. BOOKSTORE

Maggie pushes a cartload of books toward the main desk as Turner flies down the stairs and whisks her into his arms.

TURNER

I did it! I did it!

Then he's out the door. Maggie stares after him in wonder. She glances at a nearby CUSTOMER, who is also a bit stunned.

MAGGIE

Don't mind him. He's crazy.

EXT. TIBURON TERMINAL - NIGHT

Kelly pays for a ticket and moves purposefully toward the Tiburon ferry. Also in the crowd, we see Callahan, the cop.

EXT. LAFAYETTE STREET - NIGHT

A fender-bender accident has bottlenecked the traffic on Lafayette Street. The TWO DRIVERS shout at each other, while HORNS BLARE and tempers rise. Right in the middle of this mess, we see Turner step out of a taxi.

TURNER

Can't you drive around them?

TAXI DRIVER

What, on the sidewalk?

Frustrated, Turner slaps the taxi with his palm, then makes a sudden decision. He dashes between several cars, then up onto the sidewalk, running in the direction of the ferry Terminal.

EXT. TIBURON FERRY - NIGHT

Kelly looks for Turner as she watches PEOPLE board the ferry. The CREW is preparing to sail. She looks at her watch -- 7:22.

Joseph Windburne climbs aboard the boat. Other pieces are falling into place: Greer has taken a position where he can observe Kelly; Gloria Davis views things from up on the sun deck; and on the lower deck, Munson boards the boat.

Even Murdoch is there, relaxing at the snack bar inside the top enclosed deck. Everything is in place, except for Turner.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Turner's sprint has slowed to an exhausted trudge. He sees the ferry just a block ahead, finds his second wind, and dashes frantically toward the terminal.

The lines of the ferry are being untied as Turner reaches the toll booth. He tosses money into the change-catcher as the boat begins to slide away from the dock.

Turner sprints for all he's worth toward the end of the dock. There's still a chance he can leap onto the boat -- a slim chance -- and he seems determined to do it.

TURNER

(as he runs)

Jump! You can make it! Jump!

Flying down the dock -- fire in his eyes -- he's gonna do it! No, he's not. At the last possible moment, he puts on the brakes and stops on a dime.

It was a wise decision. The ferry is irretrievably gone, and Turner watches it with very heavy shoulders. He fights to catch his breath, then suddenly spins and moves quickly back toward the terminal.

He struggles up to the street and flags a taxi down.

INT. TAXI

Turner jumps in and looks hopefully at the DRIVER.

TURNER

Sausalito -- how fast?

DRIVER

Forty-five minutes, tops.

TURNER

A hundred dollar tip if you can do it in twenty-five.

Turner flashes a hundred dollar bill from the expense money Windburne gave him, and the driver floors the accelerator, throwing Turner back against the seat.

INT. TIBURON FERRY -- NIGHT

Windburne and Davis have joined Murdoch at the snack bar.

MURDOCH

Nobody's that honest.

WINDBURNE

He turned me down flat, then threw
me out of his bookstore.

MURDOCH

Damn. Well, at least we've got
the girl. We'll do it without
Turner if we have to.

Murdoch doesn't look happy. For the first time, we seem to
feel that he isn't in complete control of the situation.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - NIGHT

The taxi flies across the Golden Gate Bridge, weaving through
traffic, heading for Sausalito.

INT. TAXI

The driver glances at his watch.

DRIVER

It's no use, Mack. No way I can
get you there on time.

TURNER

Ever had a five hundred dollar
tip?

DRIVER

Five hundred...?

Turner flashes the bills. The driver floors it again, leaving
a long streak of rubber in the street.

EXT. TIBURON FERRY -- NIGHT

As it glides beautifully toward Sausalito, we see Kelly
silhouetted on the sun deck, looking lonely and abandoned.

EXT. SAUSALITO -- NIGHT

Two cars fly through the streets of Sausalito: the taxi and a
pursuing police car with its SIREN WAILING and lights flashing.

INT. TAXI

The driver looks scared to death.

DRIVER
To hell with this -- I'm stoppin'.

TURNER
No!

DRIVER
I could lose my license and
everything! I'm pullin' over!

Turner takes the entire three thousand dollars and dumps it all over the driver.

TURNER
Three thousand bucks -- get me to
the dock!

The driver's eyes almost bug out of his head. The taxi shoots ahead and begins to outdistance the police car.

EXT. SAUSALITO PORT -- NIGHT

The ferry pulls into the harbor and prepares for the passengers to disembark and other passengers to get on. It's an efficient and energetic operation.

On the sun deck, Kelly looks down at the boarding PASSENGERS, hoping to find Turner. She watches intently, then looks at her watch -- 7:55, five minutes before the game is over.

Suddenly, there's a disturbance in the harbor. A taxi cab blazes into the area, skids into a one-eighty degree stop, and Turner leaps out. He hits the ground running and dashes to the toll booth. Kelly watches, wonders: is it him?

At the booth, Turner reaches into his pocket. A horrified look crosses his face.

TURNER
Oh, my God....

No money. He dashes back to the taxi, where he finds the ecstatic driver counting the thick wad of bills. Turner reaches through the window and snatches a fifty, then rushes to the toll booth and throws it into the change-collector.

TURNER
Keep the change!

A glance at the ferry, and Turner is jolted to see it is beginning to slide away from the dock.

TURNER
Oh no....

And there he goes again, the galloping fool, running as fast as he can up the dock as the ferry gets underway.

TURNER
(as he runs)
Jump! You can do it! Jump!

Up on the sun deck, Kelly watches, certain now that it's him. The hope grows stronger in her eyes.

KELLY
Come on -- do it...do it!

Flying down the dock -- fire in his eyes -- he's gonna do it! People on the ferry watch him coming -- they cheer his approach, while those on the dock gawk with amazement. Then, full speed, Turner flings his body through the air!

The issue remains in doubt as man and gravity go at it. Turner seems to hang in the air at the height of his jump -- hanging -- and then falling. Two hands grope desperately, barely managing to grip the railing of the lower deck.

A great cheer goes up. Hands reach for Turner and pull him up to the deck, where he is patted on the back and treated like an Olympic champion. In the middle of all this, he looks desperately at his watch -- one minute before eight! He breaks away from the crowd and throws out his arms, shouting:

TURNER
Hey! It's me!

He looks in all directions. Heads have turned. Eyes watch. Dozens of strange faces. Then Windburne -- Davis -- Callahan -- Greer -- Munson -- even the Polaroid Kid with his camera.

CAMERA ZOOMS UP to the sun deck. Leaning over the rail, smiling and waving, is Kelly Sloan.

KELLY
Hey! It's me!

Turner looks up at Kelly. They both wave and laugh -- then they look quickly at their watches. The second hand of Turner's watch is sweeping up toward eight o'clock.

Turner and Kelly both dash for the stairway. Turner climbs three steps at a time, while Kelly's legs pump like pistons as she rushes down to meet him.

Everyone on the boat seems to be caught up in this odd melodrama. They watch Turner and Kelly rush closer and close together until they throw themselves into each other's arms like a pair of long-lost lovers.

A ripple of APPLAUSE spreads across the boat. Turner and Kel break from their embrace. They are exhausted, emotionally drained, and ecstatically happy. They hug again, and both of them just keep saying: "We did it, we did it, we did it...."

Turner suddenly spots Jonathan Murdoch, standing at the top of the stairs. Turner is absolutely awe struck.

TURNER

It's him -- that's Murdoch!

KELLY

I hope he brought his checkbook.

EXT. TOP DECK -- TIBURON FERRY

They climb the stairs together, moving up toward the towering and imposing figure of Murdoch. The big man is silhouetted by the spray of deck lights behind him, and he holds a pocket watch in one hand. Turner gapes at him, like a kid approaching Pete Rose. Kelly is much less impressed.

MURDOCH

I'd like to congratulate you both for a valiant effort. Unfortunately, you were a minute and fifteen seconds late in achieving your objective. Better luck next time.

Murdoch pockets his watch and walks away. Turner is stunned; Kelly is shocked and angry. They exchange glances, then rush to catch Murdoch.

TURNER

Just a minute -- we made it in time. I looked at my watch, and it was eight on the nose.

MURDOCH

The decision of the judge is final. I am the judge.

KELLY

You can't get away with that. We knocked ourselves out in this stupid game of yours.

MURDOCH

(a wry smile)

You also cheated, Miss Sloan. You bribed Miss Davis for the answer.

Kelly is stung. Turner glances at her with irritation. Various PEOPLE on the sun deck have begun to notice the argument between the three.

TURNER

Well, I didn't cheat. I figured the damn thing out. I deserve to be rewarded for all this.

MURDOCH

You were a minute and fifteen seconds late. You deserve nothing.

Murdoch continues to move away, but Kelly and Turner follow him all the way to the railing. Turner is getting angry now.

TURNER

This isn't fair, Murdoch, and you know it.

MURDOCH

I'll send you a consolation prize. Leather bound first editions of all my novels.

TURNER

(exploding)

I've already got the first editions of your novels! In three languages! I want to hear you admit that I broke your clues and beat you at your own damn mystery!

Turner glares at Murdoch, waiting for a response. Murdoch's eyes shift quickly from Turner -- he looks at a man approaching from behind Turner and Kelly. Turner glances. Murdoch starts to speak. A hand holds a gun. Two sudden SHOTS are fired. Murdoch staggers from the shots, throwing him back against the rail with a startled look on his face. He flips backwards over the rail, then falls heavily to the black waters below.

It has all happened with terrible suddenness.

The assassin turns toward Turner, and we recognize him as Munson. People are approaching on the run. Turner and Kelly are frozen with shock. Munson tosses the gun lightly to Turner, and as a reflex, Turner catches it.

Confusion. People pointing at Turner as Munson slips away. The kid with the Polaroid takes a picture of Turner with the gun in his hand. Turner quickly sets the gun onto the deck and looks at the crowd.

TURNER

He shot him -- the little guy.
This isn't what it looks like --
believe me....

Matt Callahan steps out of the crowd and flashes his badge.

CALLAHAN

Spread 'em.

TURNER

Look, I --

CALLAHAN

Spread 'em!

Turner leans forward against the rail, and Callahan frisks him quickly. Turner looks desperately at Kelly.

TURNER

Say something, will you?

Kelly is thinking fast, calculating all odds. She takes a backward step and tries to blend in with the crowd. The Polaroid Kid moves toward Callahan with the freshly printed photo of Turner holding the gun.

POLAROID KID

Here's some evidence, but I get
exclusive copyrights for the
newspapers.

TURNER

Look at that picture -- you'll see
the little bald guy that really
shot Murdoch.

Callahan looks at the picture. He sees Turner holding the gun, and Kelly beside him -- no bald man.

POLAROID KID

The girl was in on it too. They
were goth arguing with the fat guy
who went overboard.

Callahan looks sharply at Kelly. She finally takes a step forward.

KELLY

He didn't shoot Murdoch. There
really was a bald-headed man.
He's obviously still on the boat
somewhere.

CALLAHAN

One thing at a time.

Callahan suddenly clamps a pair of handcuffs to Turner's left wrist and Kelly's right wrist. They are cuffed together.

KELLY

Wait a minute -- I'm a witness.

During the past minute of action, stewards and crewmen have been running all over the boat, cries of "man overboard" have been heard, ALARMS have been RINGING, and searchlights have been looking for Murdoch in the water. It has all added to the enormous confusion. Callahan catches one of the passing stewards.

CALLAHAN

Tell the captain to turn back for Sausalito. Radio the Sausalito police to meet us at the dock. Nobody gets off this boat -- understand?

The steward salutes and hurries away.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

In a men's room stall, we watch Munson fit a brown wig onto his head. He has already added a brown moustache and eye glasses, and now he turns his light reversible jacket inside-out. Even Turner wouldn't recognize him.

INT. LOWER DECK

Callahan leads Turner and Kelly down the stairs to a lower deck.

TURNER

Murdoch set the whole thing up -- it was a game. This woman and I had twenty-four hours to find each other and win two hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece.

Callahan has led them to the captain's small, cluttered office where a STEWARD opens the door.

Turner and Kelly are nervous, and they speak with rapid-fire voices while Callahan reads them their rights. The whole thing is a confused cacophony.

TURNER

It's been crazy for twenty-four hours. The guy that shot Murdoch -- he broke into my bookstore last night, tipped over all my bookshelves, and stole my gun. And now somebody killed Murdoch and you're trying to pin it on me.

KELLY

The gorilla with no nose trapped me at the top of the Coit Tower. Terrified me. It was a miracle I got out alive. I told Murdoch, and he said he didn't know who the gorilla was. That's all I know about all of this.

They finish at the same moment Callahan completes the reading of their rights.

TURNER

Don't you believe us?

CALLAHAN

How could I not believe such a coherent and logical story.

Callahan flips open his notebook.

CALLAHAN

Name and Address. Occupation.

TURNER

(resigned)

Steven Turner. Two seventeen Liberty Street. I run a bookstore.

Callahan scribbles it down, then looks at Kelly.

CALLAHAN

You?

KELLY

Mary Frances Simpson. Six-fourteen Elmwood Road. Mill Valley, California. I work in a day care center.

Callahan records this information.

KELLY

Are you going to go look for the man who really shot Murdoch -- or are you going to let him get away.

CALLAHAN

I'm only one cop -- we do first things first. Everyone will be checked out before he leaves the boat. This your gun?

TURNER

Yes -- it's the one the guy stole from my bookstore.

CALLAHAN

It's the gun that killed Murdoch. I hope you've got a good lawyer.

A Steward enters the office.

STEWARD

Two minutes before we dock, Lieutenant. Sausalito police are standing by.

CALLAHAN

Does this office lock?

The steward gives Callahan a key. He closes Kelly and Turner inside the office and locks the door.

INT. OFFICE

Left alone, Turner and Kelly are handcuffed together. Turner looks miserable; Kelly looks desperate. She searches through the drawers of the desk.

TURNER

What a nightmare. How did it happen? I think I remember the guy's face -- did you see him?

Kelly finds a screwdriver. Moving quickly to the door (and jerking Turner with her), she starts to unscrew the hinges.

TURNER

What're you doing?

KELLY

I'm not going to jail -- that's what I'm doing.

TURNER

You're nuts -- you want to get in trouble?

KELLY

We're charged with murder. What more trouble do you want?

The first hinge falls off. Kelly works feverishly on the second.

TURNER

Even if you get the door off, we'd never get off the boat.

KELLY

We'll worry about that then.

TURNER

I think the best thing to do is stick to our story and tell them the truth.

KELLY

Were you listening to our story as we told it? Like the rantings of a pair of loons.

The second hinge falls off. Kelly pushes a chair to the door, then stands on it to unscrew the top hinge.

TURNER

We couldn't both make up the same crazy story. Somebody would have to believe us.

KELLY

Like that cop? He sure believed us. And what makes you so sure he is a cop? Nothing else has been on the level, why should he be?

TURNER

You've got a point there. But where would we go?

KELLY

I know people -- people of influence. It's in their interest to keep my name out of anything like this. They'll find out why we were set up as patsies.

With that, the third hinge drops off and Kelly steps down from the chair. She looks at Turner.

KELLY

Okay?

He gives it one last careful thought.

TURNER

Let's go.

They each use their free hand to lift the door away, shoving it aside enough to squeeze to freedom.

INT. LOWER AUTOMOBILE DECK

Kelly and Turner step into the enclosed carrier deck where dozens of cars are being transported back to San Francisco. The deck resembles a used car lot with each car parked perfectly in place. The two outer lanes are full.

Turner and Kelly walk in the middle lane. Kelly looks out at the bright harbor lights of Sausalito as the boat draws close to the dock. There are also several red and blue police lights flashing.

Suddenly, behind them, an engine starts and headlights go on. The blue Chevy van of Greer pulls into the traffic lane as Turner and Kelly spin around to look at it. The Chevy van creeps toward them, then begins to pick up speed. The cars around them are jammed in very tight -- there's no quick escape -- they run.

The Chevy van picks up more speed as Turner and Kelly dash awkwardly because of the handcuffs.

Greer has them in his sights now as the van bears down on them. Kelly and Turner run on either side of a steel column rising from the floor, the handcuffs catch and they bang into each other. Turner grabs Kelly and flings her aside as the van crashes into the column, missing them by inches. Greer jumps out of the van and flashes a switchblade knife.

KELLY

Into the van -- lock the doors.

They jump into the van together, with Kelly behind the wheel. Greer smashes his fist into the window on Turner's side of the van, shattering the glass. Kelly is grinding the engine, trying to start it. Greer hammers the window again, and it shatters. His fist is bleeding as he grips the knife.

The van starts. The knife slashes through the window, just missing Turner and ripping a hole in the back of the seat. Kelly floors the accelerator. Greer is knocked aside, and the van begins to move backwards down the traffic lane, picking up speed, barreling toward the end of the ferry.

TURNER

It hasn't docked yet!

KELLY

It's our only chance!

EXT. TIBURON FERRY

The beautiful old ferry sits at the dock, peaceful and placid. Then, like an explosion, the Chevy van blasts through the side of the boat. Boards and splinters fly in every direction, and a hundred faces turn to see the Chevy van fly through the air, plunge onto the pier with a heavy, squashing sound, and then rattle wildly toward the streets of Sausalito.

Inside the van, Turner looks back with eyes as big as silver dollars.

TURNER

Good God -- you just sank the
Tiburon Ferry!

No time to look back. Kelly has the accelerator on the floor.

POLICEMEN scatter for their patrol cars, and the night is filled with the urgency and excitement of SIRENS and LIGHTS. The patrol cars wheel around, then tear off up the street like a drag race.

Meanwhile, a huge crowd has gathered on the dock to see if the ferry really is going to sink.

EXT. SAUSALITO SIDE STREET

The Chevy van sits in the middle of an intersection with steam pouring out of the engine. The patrol cars close in around it, and officers approach with their guns drawn. They find that the van is empty.

Lieutenant Matt Callahan steps out of a police car in plain clothes.

CALLAHAN

All right, fan out...a six block
area...stop every vehicle, every
pedestrian. Get some
reinforcements down here and block
off the area. We'll go house-to-
house if we have to.

The officers hurry to their cars and drive off in all directions. Callahan glances into the van again, and sees a wallet lying on the floor. Opening the wallet, Callahan finds Kelly's driver's license (revealing her true identity), about a dozen credit cards, and three thousand dollars in cash.

EXT. OAKLAND STREET - NIGHT

Turner and Kelly walk a dark street together. Turner's trenchcoat is draped over their handcuffed hands. He looks shell shocked; she looks shaken, but cool under fire.

TURNER

They're gonna catch us, you know.
They're gonna lock us up for ten
thousand years.

KELLY

Not if we get to San Francisco. I
know people with power, money, and
all the influence we need.

TURNER

What we need is some quick plastic
surgery, new identities, and
tickets to Buenos Aires. There's
no way out of this.

KELLY

But we're innocent -- we didn't do
anything.

TURNER

I didn't do anything -- you set
history tonight. You vandalized a
door, wrecked a ferry, stole a
truck, and resisted arrest. Wait
till Ripley hears about you.

INT. BART - NIGHT

Turner and Kelly sit side by side with her coat covering the handcuffs. They're the only people in the subway car as the train roars through the tunnel.

Turner and Kelly have really been through hell, and they look it. They're battered and bruised, with rips and tears in their clothes.

TURNER

Who do you know with influence?

KELLY

My boss, for one.

TURNER

That's what you call influence? A
guy who runs a day-care center in
Mill Valley?

Kelly looks at him oddly, then remembers her lie to Callahan.

KELLY

I'm Kelly Sloan, a stock broker.
Don't tell me you gave that cop
your real name.

TURNER

Real name, real address,
everything.

KELLY

Why did you do that?

TURNER

It never occurred to me not to.

The train rumbles into a station and stops. TWO YOUNG TOUGHS step into the car, all hopped up on pills and cheap wine. Turner looks at them uneasily, and the Toughs eye him from the other end of the car as the doors close and the train moves into the tunnel.

TURNER

Ten minutes ago, we had five
hundred cops. Now when we need
one....

Kelly glances at the two toughs, and suddenly the stains on her clothes don't mean much anymore. One of the toughs approaches them with a slow, aggressive posture, while the other stays back with a smirk. Turner raises his eyes and looks at the tough standing before him.

TURNER

You want something?

FIRST TOUGH

I only want your money. My friend
there, he wants the girl. What
can I do? He's an animal.

An incredible thing happens. Like a burst of adrenalin, Turner rips Kelly's coat off the handcuffs, stands up, and grabs the front of the tough's shirt, all in one fierce motion.

TURNER

Your mistake, sucker. Flanagan,
SFPD Vice Squad. I'm taking this
scurvy hooker in for hustling, but
I've always got room for two
pieces of scum like you.

FIRST TOUGH

(startled)

Hey, man, it was -- it was a joke.

Turner pushes the kid back into a pole and glares hard at him.

TURNER

Get your asses out of here, into the next car. You come thorough that door again, I'll do some serious damage.

Turner pushes the kid away. The two toughs trade glances and hesitate. Turner reaches into his jacket like he's going for a gun, and the two toughs quickly leave the car. Turner sits down, and Kelly gives him a smile.

KELLY

Good bluff. Damn good bluff.

TURNER

Bluff, hell. There's a side to me you haven't seen. I remember one night I found this doll running naked along the Santa Monica freeway. That's a story that would curdle your blood.

Turner has a little self-satisfied smile as the subway rolls through the night.

INT. GAVITT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dark bedroom in an apartment high above the streets of San Francisco. Through the open window, we see the imposing skyline, speckled with lights.

A loud and continuous BUZZ fills the room as Frank Gavitt stirs in his bed and reaches groggily for the light. He looks at the clock: one-thirty.

GAVITT

What the hell...?

INT. CORRIDOR

Kelly and Turner stand at the door to apartment 37-B. The handcuffs are still concealed by the coat. Kelly has her finger on the door buzzer, holding it in. The door opens, and Gavitt scowls at them with sleepy concern. Before he can say anything, Kelly bursts into the apartment, dragging Turner. She closes and locks the door.

KELLY
Frank, we need help.

GAVITT
Who's he?

KELLY
(to Turner)
What's your name again?

TURNER
Steve Turner.

KELLY
Turner and I need help.

GAVITT
(irritated)
He's holding your hand.

KELLY
I'll tell you about that. Let me
collect my thoughts.

GAVITT
(to Turner)
Would you mind letting go of my
girl's hand?

TURNER
She's your girl? My condolences.

KELLY
I'm nobody's girl. Frank, we've
got some serious problems here.

Kelly moves (with Turner) to the TV set and turns it on.

KELLY
I'll make this quick and painless,
Frank. The police are after us.

She pulls away the coat, exposing the handcuffs. Gavitt's eyebrows go up like little half moons. Meanwhile, the picture comes on the TV, and Turner gets immediately absorbed in a Bogart-Bacall scene from "To Have and Have Not".

GAVITT
The police? Why? What'd you do?

KELLY
We didn't do anything.

TURNER
She did. She sank the Tiburon
ferry.

Kelly reaches down and turns the channel to an ANCHORMAN giving the late news wrap up. Then her attention flashes back to Gavitt, and Turner turns the channel back to the movie.

GAVITT
Why did you sink the Tiburon
ferry?

KELLY
I didn't. I put a big hole in it,
but it didn't sink.

GAVITT
Good God -- what the hell is this
all about?

KELLY
Will you listen to me? I'm trying
to explain. We need a lawyer --
the best lawyer you can get.

GAVITT
What kind of lawyer?

KELLY
A criminal lawyer.

GAVITT
I'm not going to call a criminal
lawyer. Why do you need a
criminal lawyer?

KELLY
Turner and I have been charged
with murder.

GAVITT
(stunned)
I'll call a criminal lawyer.

Half-dazed, he heads for the bedroom. Kelly glances at the TV, then quickly changes the channel back to the news.

INT. BEDROOM

Gavitt is on the phone in the bedroom.

GAVITT

I don't know any of the details,
Ted -- she said the police are
after them for murder. Just tell
me what to do. Yes, I'll
guarantee bail. You'll be there
yourself? Ted, I owe you a big
favor for this.

Gavitt cuts off the call, then dials the operator.

GAVITT

Get me the police.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Turner and Kelly watch film of the damaged Tiburon ferry on the TV. Then a photo of Turner appears.

ANCHORMAN

Turner has been identified as the
owner of The Missing Clue
Bookstore in San Francisco.

Suddenly, Kelly's driver's license photo appears on the screen.

KELLY

Oh, no....

ANCHORMAN

Turner's accomplice has been
tentatively identified as Kelly
Elizabeth Sloan, a stock broker.
Officials of Murdoch's business
enterprizes have supplied us with
the following videotape of Kelly
Sloan as she appeared earlier
today at his house to threaten
him.

Kelly is shocked to see herself on videotape at Murdoch's front door. She looks angry and threatening. Now a photo of Murdoch appears.

ANCHORMAN

Murdoch, a prize winning mystery
novelist, has been out of the
public eye for a number of years.
He is said to have been obsessed
with his work on what now turns
out to be his final novel.

Film again -- a somber Joseph Windburne appears, with the
damaged ferry behind him.

WINDBURNE

The loss to mystery lovers, and all story lovers is incalculable. Our only consolation is that Mr. Murdoch was able to complete his last and greatest novel a few days before his death. That novel, titled "Whereabouts", is his last legacy to us.

KELLY

"Whereabouts"....

TURNER

That's what they called the game. What the hell's going on here....

Back to the anchorman again.

ANCHORMAN

And this just in, courtesy of Channel Nine. What you're about to see is part of a video tape from Jonathan Murdoch's final television program, which will be broadcast tomorrow night. Watch carefully.

Turner and Kelly lean forward to watch carefully as Gavitt comes back into the room, fully dressed now. The videotape of Murdoch appears on the screen.

MURDOCH'S VOICE

And now, as promised at the beginning of this program, I will reveal who will have murdered me on the Tiburon ferry by the time you see this broadcast.

Turner and Kelly exchange worried glances.

MURDOCH'S VOICE

The names are Steven Turner and Kelly Sloan.

KELLY

(shocked)

What!?

TURNER

(awe struck)

What a guy....Even dead, he's a great detective.

KELLY

What a set-up. What an incredible set-up.

(to Gavitt)

Quick -- what did the lawyer say?

GAVITT

He told me to guarantee bail, and he'll meet us at the police station.

KELLY

At the police station...?

GAVITT

The best thing to do is turn yourselves in. Ted will have you out in the morning.

KELLY

Listen, Frank, what we just saw on television convinces me we killed the guy, and I know we didn't. We're not turning ourselves in until we can prove we're innocent.

GAVITT

Don't be foolish. Ted will prove you're innocent, whether you are or not.

KELLY

(flaring)

What does that mean? Don't you believe I'm innocent?

GAVITT

Sure, I do. Of course.

Kelly looks at Gavitt with disgust, then glances at Turner, who has turned on the movie again.

KELLY

Let's get out of here, Turner. We'll go find another place to hide.

TURNER

Yeah, just a minute. This is where she tells him to whistle.

GAVITT

Kelly, you can't leave.

KELLY
Why not? You're not very anxious
to help me.

GAVITT
I've already helped you. I called
the police.

Turner and Kelly look at him with disbelief. Turner glances
quickly through the drapes to the street far below.

GAVITT
You're not thinking clearly right
now. Ted and I both agree that
the best thing to do is --

KELLY
You son-of-a-bitch.

GAVITT
I know you're angry, but someday
you'll thank me.

KELLY
You patronizing bastard. I come
to you for help, and....Hit him,
Turner.

TURNER
I don't even know him.
(a glance outside)
Uh-oh. Three cop cars.

GAVITT
Be sensible, Kelly. It's too late
to run.

Kelly glances at Turner for a second opinion.

TURNER
Let's get the hell out of here.

They move quickly toward the door, but Gavitt gets there first
and locks it with a key.

GAVITT
Sorry. Nobody leaves.

Turner lunges for Gavitt's hand, but Gavitt steps deftly aside
and stuffs the key into his mouth.

GAVITT
Come near me and I'll swallow it.

While Gavitt is watching Turner, Kelly suddenly wallops him right in the pit of the stomach. He releases an "oof", and the key flies out of his mouth and shoots across the room.

The scramble is on, as all three of them dive for the key. The handcuffs only snarl things up all the more, and they find themselves in a three way tangle, like a pretzel.

Kelly comes up with the key, but Gavitt tackles her as she struggles toward the door, and Turner falls on top of her. Finally, Turner has had enough. He delivers a short right cross to the jaw that cuts the success-soft Gavitt down like a tree.

KELLY

If you had done that when I told you to, we'd have been out of here by now.

TURNER

Does anything ever satisfy you?

During that, Kelly has unlocked the door. She looks out into the corridor and sees THREE POLICEMEN step out of the elevator a short distance away. Kelly slams the door and locks it again. She and Turner look at each other: what now?

While Turner presses his ear up against the door to listen to the muffled VOICES of the cops, Kelly bends down and quickly strips Gavitt of his wallet.

TURNER

One of them is going back downstairs to get a key from the manager.

(noticing Kelly)

Hey -- what're you doing?

KELLY

We're going to need some money.
Relax -- I'll pay him back.

TURNER

You're talking like we're going to get out of here.

KELLY

Come on -- this way.

Kelly leads Turner into Gavitt's bedroom, then over to the open window, where she steps out onto a two-foot ledge. Turner takes a look, and the street is 37 stories straight down.

TURNER

Oh no. Not me. No way.

Kelly yanks on the handcuffs, but Turner isn't budging.

KELLY
You want to go to jail?

TURNER
Yes. Hell, yes.

KELLY
Steve -- we can do it. I know we
can do it. Trust me.

She yanks hard on the handcuffs again, and then her foot slips. With a SCREAM, Kelly falls off the ledge, dragging Turner halfway out the window with her.

EXT. BUILDING

Kelly hangs helplessly, thirty-seven stories above the concrete, twisting around slowly as she dangles by one handcuffed wrist. Her eyes are beyond terror, and the steel handcuff is very painful.

Turner steps out onto the ledge, straining to keep his grip on the frame of the window. He pulls Kelly slowly upward, inch by inch, straining, sweating.

TURNER
Pray those handcuffs don't
break....

Kelly looks like she is praying. Finally, she reaches for his arm with her free hand, and she hugs his arm for all she's worth as Turner pulls her up to the ledge. Kelly holds him so tight that he winces.

TURNER
It's all right, it's all right.

KELLY
(shaken)
It was terrible.

TURNER
It's all right now.
(lightening things a
bit)
It was just a tricky way to get me
out here.

KELLY
I'm full of tricks, Turner. Watch
yourself.

TURNER

What do you think -- can we make
it to that open window over there?

Kelly looks at Turner's eyes with a trace of respect for the first time. He moves along the ledge slowly, urging her to follow, and they make their way to the open window and climb inside. We hear the police enter Gavitt's apartment and scurry around looking for Turner and Kelly. One OFFICER looks out the window to the ledge.

OFFICER

Where the hell did they go?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A blue Chevy van cruises the deserted area near Turner's bookstore. Greer drives, scanning the shadows of the street, prowling for any sign of Turner and Kelly.

EXT. HOTEL -- NIGHT

We see Turner and Kelly at the front desk of a cheap, fleabag hotel.. Their handcuffed wrists are covered once again by the coat. The CLERK is a thin man with a world-weary face. He watches Turner sign the register.

CLERK

That'll be thirty dollars, Mr....
(reading register)
...Gavitt.

Kelly takes Gavitt's wallet from her pocket and holds it open with her free hand while Turner fishes out thirty dollars with his free hand. They coordinate the act like a set of Siamese twins.

The clerk looks at them oddly, but says nothing. He takes the money, selects a key, and leads them to the elevator. As they step into the elevator, the coat falls to the floor, and the handcuffs are revealed. Turner and Kelly glance quickly at the clerk.

TURNER

This can be explained.

CLERK

Don't bother. I've seen it all
before. Just try to keep the
screaming down.

The doors close and the elevator moves up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

The clerk opens the door to a small oblong room, and proceeds to pull down a Murphy bed that takes up most of the space.

CLERK

Bathroom's over there. No hotplates. Check out at noon tomorrow.

The clerk turns to leave, but Turner catches him.

TURNER

Say listen, we're pretty hungry. Any way you could send up some food?

CLERK

What am I, a deli?

TURNER

And maybe a nice bottle of wine?

CLERK

At this hour?

Kelly opens the wallet, and Turner pulls out some bills.

TURNER

Keep the change.

CLERK

I'll see what I can do.

The clerk takes the money and leaves. Kelly looks around at the dumpy room.

KELLY

Very classy.

TURNER

I know you're used to the Waldorf, Lady Astor, but this is the last place the cops will look tonight.

Kelly nods, then sits down on the Murphy bed with disaray.

KELLY

It's a nightmare.

TURNER

It isn't so bad. You should see where I live.

KELLY

Not the room. Everything.

Turner nods his understanding, then sags down beside her. She glances at him with a sudden awareness of the absurdity of her situation, then seems to release her frustration by being irritated with Turner.

KELLY

Who are you anyway? I'm chained to you, I'm accused of murder with you, I went through hell to find you, and I don't even know who you are.

TURNER

I own a bookstore. I'm also a writer. Well, I'm almost a writer. To really be a writer, you have to sell something you write. What I am is an unsold, almost-writer. That's it.

KELLY

(cranky)

I'm sorry I asked.

TURNER

I write mysteries, like Murdoch. He's been my idol for twenty years. I wish I could be just like him.

KELLY

He's dead.

TURNER

Except for that part.

KELLY

How old are you? Thirty? Thirty-two? You should've succeeded by now. Being a writer seems to be a fairly easy thing to accomplish if you have any ambition at all.

TURNER

Hey -- what's the matter with you? What's all the hostility about?

KELLY

Do I sound hostile? Gee, I don't know why. I'm only tired and dirty and hungry and scared. The police are after me, and I almost fell off a building. My clothes are ruined -- and my hair is caked with auto grease and pizza cheese. And now I find myself in a filthy, fleabag hotel room chained to an underachiever who calls himself an "unsold almost-writer".

TURNER

You're entitled to a little hostility.

KELLY

(quietly)

Thank you. You're entitled too. Why don't you get hostile?

TURNER

I'm cursed with an even temperament.

KELLY

Well, I'm not. I get angry, and I like to express it. It feels good.

There is a sudden KNOCK on the door. They exchange worried glances, then move together toward the door.

TURNER

Who is it?

CLERK'S VOICE

Desk clerk.

Turner opens the door and the clerk enters. He has a couple of awful looking sandwiches on a paper plate, and a mason jar filled with purple wine.

CLERK

Had to wake up the Italian family down the street. The wine is home made -- it'll melt your fillings.

TURNER

Cold spaghetti sandwiches?

CLERK

I'm not a restaurant.

The clerk leaves. Kelly and Turner sit on the bed again. He bites into his sandwich, but she can't quite bring herself to try it.

KELLY

Are you really going to eat that?

TURNER

It's this or the mattress.

Turner gulps some of the wine and finds it tasty.

TURNER

Have some. Take the frown off your face.

Kelly hesitates, then swallows a mouthful of the purple wine.

KELLY

So tell me something -- are you a bad writer, or are you just unlucky?

TURNER

Both. In that order.

KELLY

Maybe you just haven't made the right contacts. Who do you know in the publishing world?

TURNER

Contacts -- that's how you become an insurance salesman. That isn't how you get to be a writer.

KELLY

That's how you get to be anything. You've got to know the people in power.

TURNER

Yeah, I saw what the people in power can do tonight. Your friend Gavitt was a lot of help.

Kelly says nothing, but looks disappointed at the memory of Gavitt. She gulps more wine.

TURNER

So, what do you do that's so successful?

KELLY

Stock broker. Is that any good?

TURNER

It's better than being a meter-
maid, I guess.

KELLY

No, I mean is the sandwich any
good.

TURNER

Depends on how hungry you are.

Kelly decides she isn't that hungry. She drinks more wine and begins to relax a bit. Turner gulps another swig. From this point forward, the wine really begins to affect them.

KELLY

I'm sorry about your bookstore.

TURNER

So am I. It's a great place, and
it's the only thing I ever really
wanted.

KELLY

I hope you get to keep it somehow.

Turner smiles his thanks and looks at her eyes. Even though she's a mess, she looks good to him right now.

TURNER

What about you? What do you want?

KELLY

(a dreamy smile)

I want to go back in time.

TURNER

Back to a more romantic age?

KELLY

No. Just back about twenty-five
years. I want to buy Xerox at
seven and a half.

TURNER

Is that all you think about --
money?

KELLY

Not the money. I want to be the
one smart enough to buy Xerox at
seven and a half.

TURNER

There are better things than that
to be smart about.

KELLY

You sound just like my father. He
was a lot like you. He really
wasted his life.

Turner thinks about that a moment. The wine has slowed his
brain down a step or two.

TURNER

I don't see the resemblance.

KELLY

You're a writer -- he was an
inventor. A brilliant man -- a
tremendous mind.

TURNER

Now I see the resemblance.

KELLY

But he wasted it all inventing
things like a worm catcher -- can
you believe that? And a left
handed can opener. He was left
handed and was always inventing
things for left handed people. He
had a wonderful time with his
tinkering. Meanwhile, his family
had to live in a dump like that
and eat food like this.

TURNER

You lived in a dump like this?

KELLY

And ate food like that.

TURNER

No wonder you hated your father. .

KELLY

I loved my father. He was the
greatest left-handed human being
who ever lived.

TURNER

Have some more wine.

Kelly is pretty well loaded by now, and she gulps another
mouthful, then looks bleary eyed at Turner and smiles.

KELLY
You're nice -- or else it's the
wine.

TURNER
It's not the wine. I'm nice.

KELLY
I'm not nice. I play rough.

TURNER
I wish I could play rough.

KELLY
I wish I was nice.

TURNER
Give me some of that wine. You're
starting to make sense to me.

Turner takes a healthy belt of wine. Kelly looks at his eyes.

KELLY
Where was I?

TURNER
You were telling me I was nice.

KELLY
You're cute too -- or else it's
the wine.

With her cuffed hand (and Turner's), Kelly points to the
bathroom.

KELLY
You think there's a shower in
there?

TURNER
Wait here -- I'll go look.

They stand up, and Kelly almost teeters over. Awkwardly, they
make their way to the bathroom, passing on either side of a
lamp and knocking it over with the handcuffs. CRASH!
Darkness!

KELLY
Did you hear that?

TURNER
No.

KELLY
Neither did I.

INT. BATHROOM

The room is slightly bigger than a phone booth, but Kelly turns on the light and finds a small shower stall.

KELLY
You'll have to leave now. I'm going to wash all this grease out of my hair.

TURNER
I can't leave.

KELLY
I know. I'm going to wash my hair anyway.

TURNER
I like your spirit.

KELLY
Turn out the light. And don't peek.

Turner turns out the light. They are dim silhouettes in the bathroom, awkwardly undressing.

KELLY
Are you peeking?

TURNER
Yes.

KELLY
Well, cut it out.

TURNER
I'll try.

Because of the handcuffs, they can't completely take off their shirts, which hang down from their cuffed hands.

KELLY
It has come to my attention that you are also undressing.

TURNER
It's the grease -- I can't stand grease in my hair.

KELLY
You're lying, Turner.

TURNER

I know.

Kelly turns on the water with a spray, then steps into the shower.

KELLY

I'll go first, then you.

TURNER

I have an alternative plan. If we both go together, we can save the city lots of water.

KELLY

That's very thoughtful of you.
Very civic minded.

TURNER

You mean you agree?

KELLY

Sure. I love San Francisco as much as you do.

Turner empties the last of the wine, sets the jar on the floor, and steps into the shower.

KELLY

God, does that feel good.

TURNER

I haven't even touched you yet.

KELLY

The water.

Kelly runs her hands (and one of Turner's) through her hair. They look warmly at each other's eyes in the dimness of the room. Something like lightening has begun to hit them.

TURNER

You have beautiful hair.

KELLY

Thank you. I have it greased once a week.

TURNER

And your eyes....

KELLY

Yes?

TURNER
Blue and lovely.

KELLY
Both of them.

TURNER
I even like your nose.

KELLY
Two nostrils. Standard.

TURNER
And that mouth....

KELLY
Original equipment. It's all mine.

TURNER
Very inviting.

KELLY
It's all yours.

They embrace, locked together in wet arms, with the shower water washing warmly over them. Then Kelly pulls away.

KELLY
I don't have time for this, Turner. No involvements. You're dangerously appealing, and I have too many things to do.

TURNER
Think of me as Xerox at seven and a half. Twenty-five years from now, you'll be glad.

Her resistance fades quickly. They embrace again.

CUT TO:

INT. FLEABAG HOTEL - DAY

The clerk reads a sleazy paperback novel behind the main desk early the next morning. He suddenly feels the presence of someone else in the lobby, and glances up with surprise and revulsion to see the hulking Greer at the counter. Greer shows him pictures of Turner and Kelly without a word.

CLERK
(afraid)
Room 319....

Greer takes long strides toward the elevator. The clerk is happy to see him go.

INT. THIRD FLOOR

Greer moves along the corridor with purpose, stops at room 319, and suddenly kicks the door in without effort.

INT. ROOM 319

The door hangs on one hinge and Greer looks menacing as he stands in the doorway, surveying the room. Turner and Kelly are gone. Greer spits a silent curse, turns, and leaves.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Turner and Kelly leave a hardware store with her coat hiding the handcuffs again. They quickly board a passing cable car.

INT. CABLE CAR

Beneath the coat, Turner attempts to cut the handcuffs with wire cutters. He's not getting anywhere. Kelly looks off, slightly detached.

TURNER

Damn. This won't work.

Turner gives up on the wire cutters. He fishes into the hardware bag for a large file, then tries to saw the handcuffs apart. A few people are beginning to notice. He looks at Kelly and becomes aware of her silence now.

TURNER (CONT'D)

You've been pretty quiet.

KELLY

Last night...I want to be sure you understand.

TURNER

Something in the tone of your voice tells me I don't.

KELLY

It meant nothing.

TURNER

Then there's two schools of thought on that. I thought it meant a lot.

KELLY

We were confused and afraid and lonely.

TURNER

That doesn't change anything. I'm always confused, afraid and lonely.

KELLY

I'm not. Look, we're not compatible. We don't have anything in common.

TURNER

We both take showers.

KELLY

Listen to me. I've got things I want to do. Big things. Important things.

TURNER

Got to get to the people in power. Gotta be one of them.

KELLY

I'm sorry, but that's right.

TURNER

So, what's stopping you?

Kelly raises her arm, exposing the handcuffs. Turner is miffed now. He reaches into the hardware bag for the last tool -- a hacksaw.

TURNER

(angrily)

If that's all that's keeping us together, I can fix that.

Shoving the coat aside, he saws away without caring who sees. People turn to look. Turner takes out his anger on the handcuffs with the hacksaw. The cable car rattles on through the streets.

EXT. SAUSALITO HARBOR - DAY

Callahan stands beside his car and watches a crew dragging the river for Murdoch's body. He listens to MURDOCH'S VOICE on a recorder, while REPAIRMEN work on the wounded ferry.

MURDOCH'S VOICE

I will tell you at the end of this program exactly who it was that murdered me....

A police car pulls up, and Detective JOE ABRAMS steps out.

CALLAHAN

Anything on the fugitives?

ABRAMS

We've got about fifty-five tips on the Hot Line, but nothing has panned out so far.

CALLAHAN

Keep looking. They've got to be somewhere.

EXT. MURDOCH'S MANSION - DAY

The Golden Gate Bridge stands proudly behind Murdoch's mansion as the waves pound against the rocks.

INT. MURDOCH'S OFFICE

Windburne sits at Murdoch's desk, completely in control. Davis stands before him, a little tired from the ordeal, but efficient as ever.

DAVIS

The publisher is planning a massive release of all of Murdoch's work, and wants to finalize the contract basics, and the press is asking for statements.

WINDBURNE

Complete cooperation with the press, Davis. Give them everything they want.

DAVIS

Munson is here. Nervous as hell. Wants to see you.

WINDBURNE
Any word on our two fugitives?

DAVIS
The TV news says the police believe they're still in the city. Of course, we found out it's a very big city when you're searching for someone.

WINDBURNE
Send Munson in.

Davis leaves, then Munson enters the office. He approaches Windburne, looking nervous.

MUNSON
You know what I want. Money to get out of town.

WINDBURNE
I've already anticipated that.

Windburne gives Munson an envelope stuffed with money.

WINDBURNE
I think you'll find that more than sufficient. You did a good job for us, and we appreciate it.

MUNSON
Nobody said there was going to be a killing.

WINDBURNE
Be smart. Just leave town and don't look back.

Munson looks at the money again, then nods and leaves the room.

EXT. MURDOCH'S MANSION

Kelly and Turner (still handcuffed) walk down a residential street in a very wealthy section of San Francisco.

TURNER
How did he do it? How did he set all these things up? And why us?

KELLY
What I can't figure out is when that guy shot Murdoch and tossed you the gun, why did you catch it?

TURNER

Instinct -- I guess. It was like taking the toss from the shortstop on a double play.

KELLY

So, why didn't you throw it to first base? The cops would be after somebody else instead of us.

They round the corner and come upon Murdoch's mansion.

KELLY

That's it. The one with the high walls.

Turner glances to the brownstone and sees the Monk leaving by the front door.

TURNER

(jolted)

It's him! The guy who shot Murdoch!

KELLY

Are you sure...?

Turner is off like a shot, dragging Kelly with him. Munson suddenly sees them coming, looks quickly for an escape, and dashes between the two houses toward the back. Turner and Kelly rush across the lawn and pursue.

Behind the mansion, they find a steep incline that leads down to the edge of the ocean. Munson runs down the incline, and Turner drags Kelly along after him. They are running awkwardly down the incline, handicapped by the handcuffs, and suddenly Kelly stumbles. She drags Turner down with her.

The fall is spectacular. They tumble over each other, rolling, twisting, flopping and sliding all the way to the bottom. The waves are only a few inches from their bruised bodies as they help each other up. Turner looks quickly in all directions.

TURNER

There he goes!

Munson ducks into an old boathouse that juts out over the water. Turner and Kelly pursue once again.

INT. BOATHOUSE

Munson presses back against a dark wall. Out of shape and breathless, he gasps for air. Turner and Kelly enter carefully and quietly. Munson holds his breath. Everything is silent. They hear only the spooky sounds of slapping waves and groaning wood.

We see Turner and Kelly creeping among racks of sail cloth and oars. Their eyes are alert, and they listen carefully for any sound. All sounds are magnified in the empty boathouse. All three of them are perfectly still, trying to sense each other's location.

Turner and Kelly move toward a large stack of crates. Suddenly, Munson lunges at them from behind. He grabs Kelly and presses the blade of a knife against her throat. Kelly's eyes are terrified: Turner stays cool.

TURNER

Okay -- you win. Let her go, and we'll leave you alone.

MUNSON

You're chasing the wrong man. I didn't kill Murdoch.

TURNER

I believe you -- just let her go.

MUNSON

You don't believe me.

TURNER

Put the knife down -- we'll talk about it.

MUNSON

I'll let the knife do the talking.

With that, Munson makes a vicious slash across Kelly's throat with the knife. A stream of blood suddenly coats her throat, and Turner gasps in revulsion. It is the violent and gruesome act of a madman.

Munson releases Kelly, but strangely enough, she doesn't fall. She clutches her throat, seems to gauge how badly she is hurt -- and then suddenly realizes she isn't hurt at all.

TURNER

What...?

MUNSON

It's a prop. I'm an actor. Look.

Pressing a button on the handle of the knife, Munson squirts out another stream of red liquid -- "blood".

MUNSON

I'm an actor. This was only a job.

Kelly goes through several emotions within moments: relief, shock, and outrage.

KELLY

Hit him, Turner.

TURNER

Hit him yourself. I'm not very good at taking orders.

Kelly glares at Munson, then sits down on a boat. She is really very shaken as she wipes the fake blood off her throat.

TURNER

Why did you kill Murdoch?

MUNSON

It wasn't supposed to happen that way. Someone pulled a switch on me. They put real bullets in the gun.

TURNER

Who hired you?

MUNSON

Windburne hired me. It was a job, and I needed a job. It was supposed to be a big game, a gag on somebody. I've been hired to do a lot of crazier things, believe me.

TURNER

Why were they doing all this?

MUNSON

I don't know. It has something to do with "Whereabouts".

KELLY

That's Murdoch's last novel...

TURNER

You'll tell all this to the cops?

Munson hesitates.

KELLY

You've got to. They think we did it, and you know we didn't.

MUNSON

But I'm out of it -- the police don't know I'm involved.

TURNER

So you're home free. But what about us?

Munson struggles with his conscience for a moment.

MUNSON

Okay. I'll tell them.

Turner and Kelly look relieved as they walk toward the door of the boathouse with Munson.

TURNER

You'll feel better. It will be a load off all our minds.

Munson pulls a simple double cross. He opens the door, and in the same movement yanks a small crate out of the middle of a tall stack of small crates. The lightweight boxes tumble down behind him, falling onto Turner and Kelly like an avalanche of balsa, as Munson ducks outside.

By the time Turner and Kelly untangle themselves and get to the door, Munson is nowhere in sight. Kelly sighs.

KELLY

Why didn't you hit him? I tell you to hit people and you never listen to me. It would save us so much trouble.

EXT. MURDOCH'S MANSION - NIGHT

It is that time of twilight when everything seems ominous and shadowy. The mansion is like something from an old Gothic novel: empty, foreboding, dangerous.

Turner and Kelly approach a window at a secluded side of the house. Turner examines the glass and frame very carefully, then presses his palms to both lower corners of the window.

TURNER

There's a way of doing this. Murdoch wrote about it in one of his novels. The windows in these old mansions were calked with sand based adhesive that gives under symmetrical pressure. You have to put your palms in just the perfect place, press just right, and --

CRASH! Turner is shocked. Kelly has just thrown a brick through a second window.

KELLY

You're right, it works. Let's go.

TURNER

You just let everybody know we're here! They'll call the cops!

KELLY

You see any lights? You see any cars? Nobody's here but us.

Turner isn't so sure about that. Kelly climbs through the window and jerks on the cuffs. Reluctantly, Turner follows.

INT. MANSION

Turner and Kelly creep quietly up the stairs together, moving toward Murdoch's office.

INT. MURDOCH'S OFFICE.

They move cautiously into Murdoch's dark office, and Turner finds a light switch. He flips it on, and the office almost takes his breath away.

TURNER

Fantastic! What a place to write! Look at that view of the ocean.

KELLY

Forget hte ocean. Let's see if we can find something to clear us.

Kelly rummages through Murdoch's desk, while Turner gawks at the word processor.

TURNER

Oh, man. Would I love to have one of these.

KELLY

I work with one every day. It's
no big deal -- you get used to it.

Kelly flips the processor on, then searches through more
drawers. Turner is transfixed by the monitor as it comes on.

TURNER

Listen to that hum. What a
beautiful sound. I could write a
classic on this thing.

Something click's in Turner's mind.

TURNER

Murdoch's last novel must be in
this machine! "Whereabouts."

They trade glances, then Kelly quickly calls up the menu. They
find dozens of documents with various forms of "Whereabouts"
for titles.

TURNER

"Story Notes." Punch that one up.

Kelly does, and the monitor is filled with notes and ideas.

TURNER

Look at this. "Premise: two
people are challenged to find each
other in a large city -- a set up
for the perfect murder."

KELLY

Here -- under characterization --
this is crazy. "Sorenson was the
perfect patsy -- likeable,
trusting, but with the absurd
notion that he had the talent to
become a writer...." Sorenson --
that's you, Turner.

TURNER

What does Murdoch know. He never
read my stuff. Let's see what he
says about you.

They skip ahead and find another characterization.

TURNER

Here we go -- now we're gonna have some fun. "Laura was a stock broker, and was almost flawless -- a perfect figure, beautiful face, an extremely high level of intelligence and sensitivity....

KELLY

You've got to admit -- the man could really write.

TURNER

Jesus -- he recreated his novel -- he brought the story and characters to life, using us. Look at this -- the murder takes place on the Tiburon ferry, and the cops chase Sorenson and Laura.

KELLY

(worried)

How do you suppose it ends...?

They skim frantically through the notes, moving from document to document. Then:

TURNER

We get killed!

KELLY

We've got to change that ending!

Suddenly, they hear a car door slam outside. Looking down through a window, they see Windburne and Davis walk toward the house with Greer.

KELLY

The goon! They're all in it together!

The front door opens downstairs. Turner quickly turns out the lights and leads Kelly toward a door at the back of the room.

INT. LIBRARY

Turner and Kelly duck into a dark library and close the door.

KELLY

Ow!

TURNER

What?

KELLY
Nothing. I just touched a hot
lightbulb.

It takes a moment for that to register.

TURNER
Who had the light on...?

Turner fumbles for the light and turns it on. He and Kelly
almost jump out of their skins. The light shines directly onto
a face -- the living face of Jonathan Murdoch.

TURNER
What!?

KELLY
You!

Murdoch smiles with amused contentment.

MURDOCH
Welcome to my humble home.

TURNER
You're dead!

MURDOCH
That's what everyone says.

Murdoch indicates several newspapers on the desk. His name
appears in every front page headline. Turner and Kelly are
confused. The door suddenly opens, and Windburne comes into
the room. He is followed by Davis and Greer.

TURNER
This was all for a game?

MURDOCH
It's no game. It's a calculated
plan with a very big payoff.

KELLY
What do you have to gain?

MURDOCH

Millions. Great author finishes final novel. Great author viciously murdered under bizarre circumstances. Great author's novels re-released -- record sales reported. Countless millions. And then, when the dust settles -- great author turns up alive with still another final novel. It's beautiful.

TURNER

What's supposed to happen to us?

MURDOCH

You and Kelly are the diversion...you were to be arrested, of course, and charged with the murder. I even arranged for the police to be on the boat. Imagine a jury listening to a preposterous story of wild clues and midnight assassins. The media would have eaten it up. Book sales would have climbed higher. And any competent lawyer would have cleared you...I made certain the evidence would never hold together in court.

WINDBURNE

But I'm afraid there's been a sudden change in the plan.

Murdoch is shocked to see Windburne holding a gun.

MURDOCH

Joseph...?

WINDBURNE

Your power of attorney is useless to me unless your body washes up in the bay.

(to Turner and Kelly)

And as for you two -- there's nothing personal in this, but I'm afraid you'll have to be disposed of too.

Murdoch looks at Davis and Greer, but they stand with Windburne in his plan. Windburne motions everyone back into Murdoch's office.

INT. MURDOCH'S OFFICE

Windburne crosses to Murdoch's desk and turns the word processor back on.

MURDOCH
I'm deeply disappointed, Joseph.
Hurt -- betrayed.

Windburne calls for a document on the processor.

MURDOCH
Of course, I also anticipated the
possibility this might happen.

Windburne is disturbed. He punches up the document again, but finds nothing.

WINDBURNE
You erased the entire novel!

MURDOCH
A precaution. Naturally, I
printed a copy of it first.

WINDBURNE
Where!?

MURDOCH
Find it, Joseph. You're an
intelligent man. Find it.

Murdoch smiles happily.

WINDBURNE
Greer can make you tell us.

MURDOCH
Don't count on it. I survived two
years in a Japanese prison camp.
I can even survive Greer.

Windburne looks panicked. There's something of enormous will power in Murdoch's eyes. But Windburne has another card to play. He grabs Kelly's arm and holds the barrel of his gun to her temple.

WINDBURNE
Tell me where the manuscript is,
or she dies now.

MURDOCH
She's of no concern to me.

TURNER

Hey! She's lots of concern to me.
Tell him where it is.

WINDBURNE

You have till the count of three.

MURDOCH

How dramatic.

KELLY

For God's sake, tell him!

WINDBURNE

One....

TURNER

Where is it, you bastard!

MURDOCH

I don't recall.

WINDBURNE

Two....

KELLY

Steve -- do something!

Turner makes a slight move, but Greer's gun points right between his eyes.

WINDBURNE

Three!

Windburne begins to squeeze the trigger. Kelly closes her eyes.

MURDOCH

Wait! I'll tell you....

Windburne lowers the gun with satisfaction.

MURDOCH

Turner has the manuscript.

TURNER

(incredulous)

Me! Are you crazy?

MURDOCH

I mailed the manuscript to
Turner's bookstore. It would have
arrived in this morning's mail.

Windburne watches Murdoch closely and decides he isn't lying. He glances at Greer and motions toward Turner.

WINDBURNE

Get his keys to the store.

Reluctantly, Turner fishes his keys out of his pocket and gives them to Windburne.

WINDBURNE

You come with me, Murdoch.

GREER

What about these two?

WINDBURNE

Make it look like an accident.

Windburne leads Murdoch out of the room. Turner and Kelly look very uneasy.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The red Ford drives through the night, followed closely by Greer's blue Chevy van.

INT. RED FORD

Kelly is at the wheel, with Turner handcuffed beside her and Davis in the back seat with a gun.

TURNER

You're a fool to trust Windburne.
If he gets that manuscript, you'll
never see him again.

Davis says nothing. She is coldly efficient, as always.

EXT. HYDE STREET

The red Ford pulls to the curb at the top of Hyde Street, and the Chevy van stops behind it. The view down the long, steep hill is spectacular, all the way to Fisherman's Wharf and the Bay.

Greer gets out of the van and moves to the back of the red Ford. He carries strong cable cutters, and disappears for a moment under the car. Then he motions Davis out of the Ford.

INT. RED FORD

Turner and Kelly watch as Greer and Davis climb into the van. They haven't quite figured out yet what is happening.

KELLY

They're letting us go...?

Turner watches the van creep slowly to the back of the Ford and nudge it. The Ford rolls forward, and Kelly suddenly looks panicked as the brake pedal goes all the way to the floor.

KELLY

Brakes -- he cut the brakes!

The van slams the Ford hard now, pushing it over the crest of the hill and down Hyde Street. It's a roller coaster hill, extremely steep and long, a mile down to the bay. The Ford picks up speed quickly. With his free hand, Turner grabs the emergency brake and yanks it hard -- nothing -- it doesn't work either.

Greer and Davis slam hard into the rear of the Ford again. Kelly screams. Greer floors the accelerator, and the two vehicles pick up speed, a cannonball rolling down the hill.

Kelly and Turner are terrified, and she fights with all her strength to keep the car from spinning and tumbling out of control. The speedometer reads forty miles per hour -- fifty miles per hour -- the car continues to pick up speed at a frightening rate.

Greer eases up, dropping back, but something is wrong -- the bumper of his van has locked onto the bumper of the red Ford. He slams the brake hard, but the weight of the speeding Ford pulls the van forward.

DAVIS

What are you doing? Slow down!

GREER

I can't! Something's wrong!

Like a deadly game of "crack the whip", Greer's van is now accelerating down the steep hill attached to the red Ford. Davis screams in fear.

A cable car suddenly crosses in front of the runaway vehicles. Kelly swerves hard to the right, barely missing the end of the cable car -- its occupants screaming in terror.

TURNER

Look out! That guy!

Kelly swerves hard to the left as the man leaps over a parked car onto the sidewalk. The two cars continue to pick up speed as they race down the steep incline, scattering people and cars left and right. Tires squeal, sparks go flying.

Locked together, the two cars speed across an intersection, slamming into a bump in the street that separates the bumpers with a powerful jolt.

The van swerves out of control. It tilts onto two wheels, spins wildly into a 360 degree turn, and smashes violently into the front of a building. The van explodes in a sheet of fire that completely destroys it. Greer and Davis never had a chance to survive.

Meanwhile, Turner and Kelly are flying wildly down Hyde Street, hitting seventy miles an hour. Kelly swerves to avoid traffic, slipping between cars and trucks with barely an eyelash to spare.

Looming ahead is Fisherman's Wharf and the Bay. The red Ford slashes across another intersection, sideswipes a truck, and Kelly jerks the wheel to the right. The red Ford skids sideways for fifty feet, then slams into the wharf.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF

The crash is spectacular. Vendors' caldrons of crab and lobster are spilled, people dive for cover, and the red Ford is still rolling. It has slowed down considerably, but it still packs lots of power as it rumbles down Restaurant Row, smashing tables and chairs and finally spinning out in the middle of a restaurant.

All is quiet. The front tires of the Ford are flat, and steam pours out of the engine. Turner and Kelly have ended up on the floor of the car.

TURNER

Are we alive?

KELLY

Let's get out of here before
someone gives us the bill

They climb out through Turner's door just as a crowd has begun to gather. Everyone is dazed at the scope of the destruction. Turner and Kelly aren't waiting around for the police to arrive. In the background, approaching POLICE SIRENS can be heard.

EXT. STREET

They run back to Hyde Street and find a taxi at the curb. Turner and Kelly jump into the back seat in a hurry.

INT. TAXI

The DRIVER eats a sandwich in the front seat as Turner and Kelly jump in with excited eyes.

TURNER
Missing Clue Bookstore -- 217
Liberty Street.

DRIVER
Sorry. I'm on lunch.

KELLY
You can't drive and eat at the
same time?

The driver notes the tone of desperation in her voice and glances back at them.

DRIVER
What's it worth to you?

TURNER
A five-buck tip.

DRIVER
Big deal. A buddy of mine got a
three-thousand-dollar tip last
night just for getting some dope
to Sausalito.

The driver throws the flag and drives them into the night.

EXT. TURNER'S BOOKSTORE

Murdoch's limousine is parked across the street from the bookstore. The lights in the store are off, but the lights in Turner's office are on.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

Windburne and Murdoch enter Turner's office to find a stack of bills and invoices on the desk. Windburne pushes the pile aside and finds the package from Murdoch underneath. He smiles with satisfaction, then opens the package to make sure.

INT. TAXI

Turner and Kelly are very anxious as the taxi rushes toward the bookstore.

TURNER

Three more blocks and turn right!

The driver nods and bites into his sandwich again.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

Windburne quickly examines the manuscript and is very pleased.

WINDBURNE

I want to make sure you didn't
leave out the last few pages.

MURDOCH

I should've thought of that.

Windburne motions Murdoch toward the door, then turns out the lights and follows him downstairs.

INT. TAXI

The taxi pulls up in front of the bookstore, and Turner and Kelly see the limousine parked outside.

TURNER

They're still here! Let's go!

Kelly starts out the left door, and Turner starts out the right door. The handcuffs stop them, and the taxi driver notices the cuffs for the first time.

EXT. STREET

Turner follows Kelly out her door to the street, and he stops to pay the driver.

DRIVER

Forget it. No charge.

The driver streaks away up the street. Turner and Kelly rush toward the front door of the bookstore.

INT. TAXI

The driver turns the corner, then grabs his radio microphone.

DRIVER

Eddie -- check the cops for two fugitives in handcuffs. A man and a woman. I just dropped them off at a bookstore at Liberty and Third.

INT. BOOKSTORE

Turner unlocks the front door and leads Kelly into the bookstore. She stumbles over a box of books as he guides her to the stairs, then they move quickly, but quietly, up to the second floor.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE

Turner is mystified to find that the office is empty.

TURNER

They must've gone down the back stairs!

Looking quickly out the window, they see Windburne and Murdoch crossing the street toward the limousine. On the run, Turner and Kelly rush across the room and down the stairs two at a time.

EXT. BOOKSTORE

Windburne holds the manuscript in his lap and points the gun at Murdoch in the car. Murdoch starts the limo and drives it away just as Turner and Kelly run out of the store.

They run up the middle of the street for a few yards, chasing the limo that moves quickly away. Apparently, Windburne has not even seen them.

But someone else has. A police car suddenly streaks into the scene, squeals to a stop, and a COP jumps out with a gun.

COP

Freeze! S. F. P. D.!

Turner just looks to the heavens. What next? Kelly seems almost glad to see the cop.

KELLY

You're just in time. We'll let you arrest us if you'll follow that limousine.

COP
You'll let me arrest you?

TURNER
Don't mind her, she's crazy. Take us in, lock us up, I'm tired.

KELLY
Quitter.

The cop quickly frisks Turner for weapons.

KELLY
(whispering)
On three.

TURNER
What?

He looks at her eyes and somehow, instinctively, knows what she means. The Cop moves around for a close look at their faces.

COP
Turner and Sloan, right?
Lieutenant Callahan will be happy to see you.

In perfect unison, like a precision drill team, Kelly and Turner deliver a sudden, powerful uppercut to the cop's jaw with their cuffed hands. The cop never saw it coming. He drops like he has been shot.

Kelly frantically searches the cop and finds a large set of keys.

KELLY
Let's go!

TURNER
Where? How?

She answers by dragging Turner to the police car, and they get in. Kelly starts the car and drives away.

INT. POLICE CAR

Kelly floors the accelerator and takes off after the limousine that is far out of sight. Turner just looks at her for a moment.

TURNER
You know -- you're not dull.

KELLY

You have your moments, too. See if one of those keys will open the handcuffs.

Turner sifts through the keys as Kelly pulls into a street with lots of traffic.

KELLY

You see them?

TURNER

Way up ahead -- just reaching the top of the hill.

KELLY

That's a hearse.

TURNER

It's a limo. Step on it.

The police car reaches the top of the hill, and they spot the limo again, still with a big lead on them.

Suddenly, they hear Callahan's Voice on the radio.

CALLAHAN

Turner -- Sloan. Lieutenant Callahan, homicide. The officer you assaulted has reported your position. We're blocking off the area. Just pull over and you won't get hurt.

Turner and Kelly exchange worried looks. Then Turner grabs the microphone.

TURNER

This is Adam-46. I just spotted them speeding past Coit Tower.

He gives Kelly a proud grin. But:

CALLAHAN

Nice try, Turner. Now pull over and park.

In the rear view mirror, Kelly sees flashing lights of another police car. SIRENS wail from all directions now.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Far ahead in the limo, Windburne and Murdoch are unaware of what is happening in the traffic back behind them. Windburne motions for Murdoch to make a right turn onto a smaller street.

MURDOCH

A boat ride, Joseph?

WINDBURNE

A short cruise around the bay.

MURDOCH

And then they'll find my body
tomorrow and you'll have
everything you want.

Windburne cannot contain a slight hint of a smile.

INT. POLICE CAR

Kelly and Turner see the limo turn. Suddenly, another police car streaks across the intersection in front of them, skids into a wide turn, then falls in behind them to pursue. Turner glances down a sidestreet and sees two more police cars moving in.

KELLY

It's no use.

TURNER

Keep going! Don't quit!

KELLY

They're everywhere!

TURNER

We'll lead them right to Murdoch.
If they see he isn't dead, we're
cleared.

With new hope, Kelly drives on. During all this, Turner has been trying to unlock the handcuffs with different keys. Suddenly, he succeeds.

KELLY

Fantastic. What a relief.

Turner pulls the cuffs off, then begins to massage her wrist with both hands.

TURNER

Feel good?

KELLY
Better than sex.

TURNER
Yeah, I met your boyfriend Gavitt.

Kelly turns into the smaller street to pursue the limo. We notice the first signs of fog as the street empties into a marina.

EXT. MARINA

Kelly skids the car to a halt, and she and Turner jump out. They find the abandoned limo parked nearby, then rush quickly down to the docks. They suddenly realize they are holding hands, so used to the handcuffs have they become. Reluctantly, Turner releases her hand.

Behind them, three police cars pull into the marina. Turner and Kelly look frantically in all directions, then spot a fifty-foot yacht that has just begun to slide away from the dock. Running with complete abandonment, Turner and Kelly dash up onto the dock together. He grabs her hand again, and they leap through the air as the yacht pulls clear of the dock. Turner and Kelly land on the back deck of the yacht, tumble against a wall, and end up in a familiar pile with each other again.

EXT. BRIDGE

Windburne steers the yacht as the big engines power it out into the Bay. He still has the gun on Murdoch, while the manuscript sits safely on the floor.

Turner and Kelly creep quietly along the starboard passage, moving past the salon. They climb a ladder to the top deck, then sneak up toward the bridge.

Murdoch sees them coming, and his eyes give it away. Windburne turns and points his gun at Turner. But Murdoch takes that moment to make a sudden sweep of his hand and throw the throttle into full power.

The yacht lurches forward just as Windburne fires his gun, and the shot smashes through the ceiling of the bridge. Turner drives his shoulder into Windburne, knocking him down and tripping Murdoch. The gun flies free, and Kelly joins the scramble on the floor, as six hands grope for the gun and Murdoch's hands seize the precious manuscript. He stuffs the manuscript into a leather tool case that sits by the door to the engine room, and dumps all the small tools onto the floor.

EXT. HARBOR

The yacht is roaring ahead into a fog bank, heading aimlessly out of control away from the waterfront. It rolls past other boats, coming dangerously close to them but missing, and the speed increases each moment. Visibility is almost zero in the fog now.

INT. BRIDGE

Windburne has the gun, but Turner has an iron grip on his wrist. The wrestling continues as the lights of the skyline grow dim in the fog. A police helicopter circles overhead, beaming its light down, searching for the yacht.

Windburne suddenly gets the upper hand. He knocks Turner to the opposite side of the bridge where he slams into a storage locker. The locker falls, and various tools and articles fall out.

Struggling to his feet with the boat still running wild, Windburne levels his gun at Turner. He fires off a shot that splinters the floor as Turner rolls away, into the pile of tools and articles from the locker. Windburne aims again. Something is touching Turner's hand. Instinctively, he grabs it.

Turner has grabbed a flare gun, and he shoots it just as Windburne fires at him again. Windburne's shot misses, but Turner's flare streaks toward Windburne with a sizzling sound, hitting him in the stomach. The flare burns into Windburne as he drops the gun and reels backward with a scream. He falls overboard, his chest glowing and sizzling red hot from the flare, dead before he even hits the water.

Murdoch clutches the manuscript in the leather case. Turner looks into the water, and can see only the faint red glow of the flare as Windburne's body disappears out of sight. Kelly has taken control of the wheel. Finally, Turner looks at Murdoch with contempt.

TURNER

And all for a game....

MURDOCH

In games and life, there are casualties.

Turner moves to Kelly at the wheel and slips his arm around her.

TURNER

You all right?

Kelly glances at Turner and then suddenly her eyes become very wide as she lets out a piercing scream. From out of nowhere, a huge freighter appears. It seems to leap out of the fog at them like a starving shark. There is no way to avoid the collision.

CRASH! A tremendous collision as the yacht hits the freighter. The engines of the yacht explode, and the boat blasts sky high with a great flash of fire. The police helicopter is almost blown out of the sky from the explosion.

Debris rains down on the freighter and the water. The yacht has been broken into five large pieces that blaze in the harbor. Hundreds of smaller pieces float everywhere.

Suddenly, Turner surfaces. He looks around for Kelly.

TURNER

Kelly!

Spitting water, he can't find her, and he goes under again.

Kelly surfaces. She looks all around.

KELLY

Steve!

No Turner. She goes under again.

They both surface, only yards apart. Swimming quickly to each other, they embrace. Then Turner spots Murdoch, clinging to a piece of driftwood and holding the precious manuscript in his arms.

Callahan's voice booms down from the helicopter speakers.

CALLAHAN

Turner, Sloan -- this is Callahan, S. F. P. D. We're going to drop a harness and pull you up. If you have any weapons, dispose of them now.

Turner and Kelly point at Murdoch and shout, but Callahan hears nothing over the roar of the chopper blades. The harness is dropped, and Turner grabs it. He and Kelly pull each other into the harness, and they are locked in an involuntary embrace as the chopper pulls them up. They search frantically for Murdoch down below.

TURNER

Where'd he go? He was right over there!

INT. HELICOPTER

Callahan helps them into the chopper.

KELLY

Did you see him? Murdoch! He's down there.

Callahan looks at them skeptically.

TURNER

Turn your light back on! I'm telling you, Murdoch is down there in the water!

Callahan hesitates a moment, then turns the spotlight on again. Turner and Kelly follow the beam of the spotlight as it searches across the dark water.

TURNER

There! Go back a few feet!

Callahan moves the spotlight back a few feet, and they all see Murdoch clinging to a large piece of wood.

KELLY

That's him! Jonathan Murdoch!

CALLAHAN

I'll be damned....

Turner and Kelly look enormously relieved. Callahan turns on the microphone.

CALLAHAN

Murdoch! Stay right there! We're dropping the harness for you! You've got a lot of questions to answer.

Murdoch almost seems to laugh as a sudden fog bank rolls in and he begins to disappear. The fog hides him for several moments as Callahan struggles to find him. Then the fog is gone and so is Murdoch. Callahan sees only the piece of wood that drifts in the water.

The PILOT has lost sight of Murdoch.

PILOT

Where'd he go?

CALLAHAN

He can't go far. Call the Coast Guard. Get some cruisers out here.

EXT. MARINA

The helicopter lands in the marina, and Callahan leaps out. He shouts orders at cops and Coast Guard officers.

CALLAHAN

Murdoch's still in the water! He was swimming south! Cover the whole shoreline -- call for reserves! He won't get away.

TURNER

Wanna bet?

Turner and Kelly climb slowly out of the helicopter and watch the police frantically search for Murdoch. Then their eyes meet, and they realize the great adventure is over. It's a very awkward moment between them.

TURNER

Well....

KELLY

Yeah.

TURNER

I guess I'll see you around.

KELLY

Yeah, it's a small town. Write that novel. Don't let it get away.

TURNER

I'm no writer. I was just kidding myself.

KELLY

You are a writer. A girl gets handcuffed to a guy for a couple of days and she knows. You can do it.

Turner smiles gratefully. It was the kind of thing he really wanted to hear Kelly say. The moment is hard for both of them. They're going to miss each other more than they thought.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Turner's typewriter as he works hard on a story. CAMERA DRAWS BACK to find Maggie reading the pages he has typed.

MAGGIE
No wonder they're publishing this.
This is a great story.

TURNER
It's okay, I guess.

MAGGIE
What do you mean okay? It's got
everything. The love affair is
beautiful.

TURNER
Yeah, right. The love affair....

Turner stretches some of the kinks out of his back and rises.

TURNER
I feel like taking a walk. If
anybody calls....

He heads to the door without finishing the sentence.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kelly and Gavitt are having dinner once again. He is in a cheerful mood, but Kelly seems melancholy.

GAVITT
The publicity has been tremendous.
New clients are calling from all
over the country. They all want
you as their broker. The woman
who solved Murdoch's impossible
mystery.

KELLY
I had help.

GAVITT
We're going to plan a whole
promotion campaign around this.
"Kelly Sloan will lead you through
the labyrinth of the stock
market." Like it?

KELLY
Hate it.

GAVITT
By the way, I have something I
forgot to give you.

Gavitt gives Kelly the leather clues case. She opens it and takes out the clues.

GAVITT
I think you dropped this when you ditched me.

Kelly looks wistful as she holds the case in her hand. The waiter approaches the table.

WAITER
Are you ready to order?

GAVITT
Yes, we want something very special.

KELLY
Do you have spaghetti sandwiches?

WAITER
Beg your pardon?

KELLY
Cold spaghetti sandwiches.

WAITER
I'm afraid not.

KELLY
What kind of a dump did you bring me to, Frank? This place doesn't even have spaghetti sandwiches.

Kelly rises and leaves quickly. Gavitt looks at the waiter and is resigned to being dumped again.

EXT. TIBURON FERRY - NIGHT

The Tiburon Ferry glides gracefully away from the lights of San Francisco.

We find Turner alone, standing at the rail, looking very lonesome. He surveys the entire horizon of lights.

Turner hears a CLICKING SOUND and feels something on his hand. Looking down, he finds a handcuff on his wrist. Kelly has closed the other bracelet of the handcuffs around her wrist.

KELLY
Wanna take a shower?

They embrace warmly as we PAN UP to the sparkling lights of San Francisco.

EXT. CARIBBEAN BEACH - DAY

CLOSE ON two cashier's checks. The first is made out for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Steve Turner. The second is made out for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Kelly Sloan. A hand signs the checks: "Jonathan Murdoch".

CAMERA DRAWS BACK to find Murdoch enjoying the sunshine, the water and all the girls in bikinis. He flips on his cassette recorder, takes a sip of wine, and speaks into the microphone.

MURDOCH

This is Jonathan Murdoch speaking. Today we begin a new series of programs. I'm challenging the entire world. We're going to play a little game. I'll give you a series of clues and you try to guess where I am. Anyone who finds me will receive a reward of one million dollars. The game is called: "Whereabouts".

FADE OUT

THE END