

~~REVISIONS~~  
REVISED February 3, 1975

FINAL

THREE DAYS OF THE MONDOR

---

Screenplay

by

Lorenzo Semple Jr.

and

David Rayfiel

DINO DE LAURENTIIS CORPORATION  
1 Gulf + Western Plaza  
New York, N.Y. 10023  
(212) 489-9575

1 INT AN OFFICE SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK 1

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

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

VOICE OFF (Ray)

Janice!

TITLES BEGIN.

2 CAMERA FOLLOWS JANICE to INTERIOR ANOTHER OFFICE 2

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

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

RAY

What've we got?

HAROLD

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

RAY

Where?

HAROLD

In his room.

JANICE

Very funny, Harold.

HAROLD

OK, the wound is just below  
the heart.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

CONTINUED

2 CONTE

2

RAY

He was shot once?

HAROLD

Seems to've been, yes.

JANICE

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

HAROLD

That's what the guy wrote!

JANICE

But the machine won't analyze  
speculations.

3 INT SMALLER OFFICE

3

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

SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS as CREDITS CONTINUE.

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

DR. LAPPE

(holding out papers)

Mr. Turner...?

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

4 EXT BROADWAY IN THE EIGHTIES

4

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

CONTINUED

CONT'D

TITLES CONTINUE.

RAY'S VOICE

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

HAROLD'S VOICE

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

JANICE'S VOICE

If Joey were here --

HAROLD'S VOICE

Turner's not the only mind  
around.

RAY'S VOICE

Come on. What calibre slug?

JANICE'S VOICE

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

RAY'S VOICE

Huh?

5 BACK TO THAT OFFICE

5

JANICE

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

RAY

So what do you want to feed in?

JANICE

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

6 EXT THREE STORY TOWNHOUSE EAST 70'S

6

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

CONTINUED

6 CONTD

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

7 ANGLE ACROSS THE STREET 7

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

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

HAROLD'S VOICE

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

JANICE'S VOICE

No no, it means something.

8 FROM THE MAN'S POV 8

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

AMERICAN LITERARY  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TURNER reaches the unlocked gate, pushes it open.

9 INT ALHS HOUSE RECEPTION AREA 9

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

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

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

10 EXT ALMS HOUSE TURNER 10

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

11 INT ALMS HOUSE MRS. RUSSELL AND JENNINGS 11

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

The door opens. Turner enters.

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

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

TURNER

Turner, Joseph, no-middle-initial.

MRS. RUSSELL

Seventeen minutes late.

TURNER

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

CONTINUED

11 CONTD

11 CONTD

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

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

TURNER  
Dr. Lappe...?

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

TURNER  
Was there anything in the early  
pouch?

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

TURNER  
Oh.  
(rallying:)  
Maybe this afternoon.

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

TURNER  
Yes sir.

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

12 INT TURNER'S OFFICE DAY

12

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

11 CONTD

12 CONTD

JANICE'S VOICE  
What was the calibre of the  
bullet, Harold?

HAROLD'S VOICE  
Apparently a .38.

JANICE'S VOICE  
There it is again!... 'Apparently'...!

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

RAY'S VOICE  
Hey, we're getting somewhere!...

13 INT OTHER OFFICE

13

JANICE picks up some papers and moves toward the  
door.

JANICE  
You guys figure it out.  
I have Far-East Journals to read.  
Camera follows her down hallway to TURNER's office.

RAY'S VOICE  
Was the slug smashed against  
the wall?

HAROLD'S VOICE  
No. Matter of fact, there was  
no exit-wound.

14 INT TURNER'S OFFICE

14

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

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

TURNER  
(not looking up)  
-- -- Ice.



JANICE

What?

TURNER

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

JANICE

(beginning to get it)

Great...!

TURNER

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

JANICE

Great!

TURNER

Hey, what's this character?

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

JANICE

Your calligraphy's getting  
beautiful...

She makes a minor change in the character:

JANICE

'Den'.

(then in English)

'Heaven'.

TURNER

Nothing else?

JANICE

(shrugs; doubtful)

It can mean 'the best'... 'Tops'.  
Sometimes.

(then)

Why?

TURNER

I'm not sure.

14 CONTD (2)

14 CONTD (2)

JANICE  
We going to Sam and Mae's  
tonight?

TURNER  
(back at work)  
Mm.

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

TURNER  
(looks up)  
About this...?

She nods.

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

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

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

Spanish... JANICE

TURNER  
(admits)  
Yes.  
(beat)  
Yes.

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

14 CONTD (3)

14 CONTD (3)

TURNER

Dick Tracy.

(no pause)

You sure about this ideogram?

JANICE

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

TURNER

It is a great face...

(back to work)

but it was never in China.

15 EXT ALES HOUSE

15

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

Suddenly it starts to rain.

16 INT HAROLD AND RAY'S OFFICE

16

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

TURNER

When can I get some computer time,  
Ray?

HAROLD

(shaking his head)

Dick Tracy???

TURNER

(serious)

He was a very underrated detective.

RAY

There's free time at 2:45.

JENNINGS' VOICE

(calling from below)

Morning pickup!

RAY starts from the computer terminal towards an envelope.

16 CONTD

16 CONTD

TURNER

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

17 WITH TURNER

17

as he heads for the stairs with the envelope.

18 INT DOWNSTAIRS RECEPTION AREA

18

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

MESSENGER

Five pieces, right?

JENNINGS

Affirmative. Fiver.

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

DR LAPPE

Where is Mr. Heidegger?

MRS RUSSELL

He called in sick, Dr. Lappe.

JENNINGS

(mumbling)

Probably hungover again.

DR LAPPE

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

TURNER stops on the stairs.

TURNER

Oh...he did that for me.

DR LAPPE

It never went through my office.

18 CONTD

18 CONTD

TURNER

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

DR LAPPE

I wish you people would go through  
channels.

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

19 EXT ALHS HOUSE

19

TURNER comes dashing out.

TURNER

(yelling)

Hey! Leave that bike alone!

CAMERA reveals two kids toying with the SOLEX.

ONE KID

What is it?

TURNER

Never mind, just leave it alone.

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

20 INT TURNER'S OFFICE DAY

20

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

21 CLOSER ON TEST

21

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

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

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

22 INT HALLWAY

22

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

JANICE

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

23 EXT 77TH AND MADISON

23

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

24 INT ALES HOUSE ALCOVE

24

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

-DR LAPPE'S VOICE

This was in the pouch from New  
York Center.

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

CONTINUED

2- CONTD

24

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

Turner pauses, then stuffs the memo into his pocket.

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

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

Lappe watches as Turner continues to work on the Xerox.

DR. LAPPE  
We have people to service these  
machines.

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

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

TURNER  
(surprised)  
Within obvious limits, yes sir.

DR. LAPPE  
Obvious limits?

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

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

CONTINUED

24 CONTD

24

TURNER

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

DR. LAPPE

(shaking his head)

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

TURNER

What time is it?

DR. LAPPE

11:22.

TURNER

Rain should end by 11:30.

DR. LAPPE

You can wait 8 minutes.

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

Brighter blue than ever, polished by the rain.

26 INT. BLUE FIAT - DAY 26

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

DISSOLVE TO:

27 INT. ALHS HOUSE - RECEPTION AREA 27

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

JENNINGS

Mr. Turner!

But he is gone.

JENNINGS

Goddammit! That is not a  
proper exit!

CONTINUED



27 CONTD

27 CONTD

MRS RUSSELL

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

JENNINGS

Personnel should enter and exit  
premises by authorized means only.

MRS RUSSELL

(reaching for another  
cigarette)

Gimme a light, will ya?

28 EXT REAR OF ALHS DAY 28

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

29 EXT EAST 77TH STREET DAY 29

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

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

30 EXT EAST 78TH STREET DAY 30

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

31 EXT MADISON AVENUE EAST 70'S 31

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

32 EXT MADISON AVENUE 32

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

33 EXT ALMS STREET HIGH ANGLE 33

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

34 EXT ALMS DAY 34

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

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

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

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

35 INT JIMMY'S CAFE 35

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

JIMMY

How's it going, Shakespeare?

TURNER

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

CONTINUED

35

CONTINUED

JIMMY

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

TURNER

It's not too late.

(points)

No mayo on Dr. Lappe's.

(then)

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

JIMMY

(encouraged)

Yeah?

TURNER

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

JIMMY

(nods)

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

TURNER

(points again)

Mark Ray's no better.

(then)

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

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

CUSTOMER

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

JIMMY

(to Customer,  
referring to Turner)

Don't you hate him?

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

CUSTOMER

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

TURNER

(to Jimmy:)

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

36 EXT ALHS STREET

36

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

37 INT ALHS RECEPTION AREA

37

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

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

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

38 INT ALHS LIBRARY

38

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

MRS RUSSELL'S VOICE

(pleasantly surprised)

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

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

39 WITH JENNINGS

39

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

39 COMED

39 COMED

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

40 SHOT JOUBERT

40

He nods: proceed.

41 WIDER ANGLE

41

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

DR LAPPE'S VOICE

(from above)

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

(a beat)

Mrs. Russell?

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

42 EXT JIMMY'S CAFE

42

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

43 INT ALBS TOP OF STAIRS

43

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

The Mailman steps INTO Harold and Ray's place.

RAY'S VOICE

Wait!...Wait!

CHU-CHU-CHU-CHU is HEARD.

CONTINUED

43 CONTD

43 CONTD

IN SECOND FLOOR MEN'S ROOM

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

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

44 INT ALHS LOBBY DAY

44

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

45 INT JANICE'S OFFICE DAY

45

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

46 MACHINE IN OPERATION JANICE'S POV

46

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

Abruptly, the machine is SWITCHED OFF. She HEARS:

JOUBERT'S VOICE

(very polite)

Would you move from the window,  
please?

She turns.

47 HER POV

47

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

FEATURE JANICE

JANICE

Pardon me?

47 CONTD

47 CONTD

He simply gestures this time: away from the window.

48 FAVOR JANICE

48

shaking her head no:

JANICE

I won't scream.

49 CLOSE ON JOUBERT

49

JOUBERT

I know.

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

50 FLASH CLOSEUP JANICE'S EYES

50

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

51 EXT MADISON AVENUE TRACKING TURNER

51

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

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

52 EXT ALHS DAY

52

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

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

53 INT ALHS RECEPTION AREA

53

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

CONTINUED

53 CONTD

53 CONTD

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

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

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

54 WITH TURNER

54

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

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

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

55 INT JANICE'S OFFICE DAY

55

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

56 TURNER

56

The shotgun forgotten in his hand.

57 JANICE

57

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

58

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



59 MRS RUSSELL 59

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

60 TURNER 60

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

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

61 EXT ALHS HOUSE 61

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

62 BACK TO TURNER 62\*

He steps OUT quickly, shuts the door behind him.

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

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

63 CLOSE TURNER'S SOLEX 63

The drops of rain make it sparkle.

64 FULL SHOT INCLUDE TURNER 64

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

65 IN THE STREET 65

TURNER starts FAST along sidewalk Madison, suddenly HALTS.

63 CONTD

65 CONTD

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

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

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

TURNER breaks into a RUN.

66 ANGLES WITH TURNER

65

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

67 PHONE STAND

67

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

FILTERED VOICE

Police Headquarters.

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

FILTERED VOICE

Hello?

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

TURNER

-- Hello?

68 INT A SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

68

Windowless. Could be anywhere. No sense of place,

CONTINUED

57 CONED

68 CONED

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

TURNER'S V.O.

...Hello?

Coming from a massive SPEAKER hung from the ceiling.

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

MITCHELL

This is the Major.

TURNER'S V.O.

-- This is Joe Turner! Listen --

MITCHELL

Identification.

TURNER'S V.O.

What??

69 EXT PHONE &amp; TURNER

69

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

TURNER

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

MITCHELL

Identify yourself.

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

MITCHELL

What is your designation?

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

TURNER

This is...ch... Condor!

(MORE)

CONTINUED

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

MITCHELL  
What level?

TURNER  
What?

MITCHELL  
(cool; helping)  
Level of damage.

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

MITCHELL  
-- Are you on a Company line?

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

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

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

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

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

MITCHELL  
Are you damaged?

TURNER  
Damaged?...No!

69 CONTD

69

MITCHELL

Are you armed?

TURNER

(reaching into  
pocket)

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

MITCHELL

Identify your armament.

It takes all Turner's control to answer:

TURNER

...357 magnum.

(urgent;  
whisper:)

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

MITCHELL

Leave the area.

TURNER

Should I head downtown now?

MITCHELL

Negative! Find a secure  
location.

TURNER

Where??

MITCHELL

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

TURNER

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

MITCHELL

(calming:)

Condor? Look up an old friend.

CONTINUED

69

CONTINUED

69

TURNER

Huh?

MITCHELL

A schoolchum...

TURNER

A what??

MITCHELL

(steady; insistent:)

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

(then)

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

70 INT. THE SMALL ROOM

70

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

MITCHELL

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

TURNER (V.O.)

(from speaker)

Yes.

MITCHELL

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

71 EXT. PHONE &amp; TURNER

71

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

TURNER

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

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

72 INT. THE SMALL ROOM

72

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

MITCHELL

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

73 INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - DAY

73

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

74 EXT. WEST SIDE WAREHOUSE.

74

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

75 EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

75

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

76 EXT. ALHS HOUSE

76

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

76A INT. COLISEUM - DAY

76A

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

77  
thru  
83

OMIT

77  
thru  
83

OMIT

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

NEWBERRY

Augie One to NY Center...

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

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

HIGGINS

We read you, Augie One. Go ahead.

NEWBERRY'S V.O.

Who'm I talking to?

HIGGINS

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



86 NEWBERRY IN PANEL TRUCK

86

NEWBERRY

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

HIGGINS

What was the quality of work?

NEWBERRY

Clean. Fast. First-rate.

HIGGINS

...Except they overlooked one item...

NEWBERRY

Nobody's perfect.

87 BACK TO CIA HEADQUARTERS NEW YORK

87

HIGGINS

(musing)

...or Condor is...wait a minute!  
Did you say six?

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

HIGGINS

Excepting Condor, there should be seven.

NEWBERRY

Repeat, six. Here's the rundown on those items.

(reading from a slip)

Lappe, Chon, Russell, Jennings,  
Martin, Mitchell.

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

HIGGINS

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

88

INT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY

88

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

HIGGINS (V.O.)

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

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

HIGGINS (V.O.) (contd)

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

Turner suddenly stops; stares.

89

OMIT

OMIT 89

90

TURNER'S POV

90

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

HIGGINS (V.O.)

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

(then, flat)

Or maybe not so.

(then)

Let's get him in.

91

CLOSE TURNER

91

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

92

CLOSE NAMEPLATE UNDER BELL

92

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

93 STAIRCASE

93

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

VOICE

(from upstairs)

Who is it?

TURNER pushes quickly into HEIDEGGER's apartment.

94 INT HEIDEGGER'S APARTMENT

94

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

PUSH TO TURNER's reaction.

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

95 EXT BROWNSTONE 95  
A plain sedan pulls up and double parks. Two "E.F. HUTTON" types get out while a THIRD remains in the car. The two men start toward the door stoop.

96 INT HALLWAY OUTSIDE HEIDEGGER'S APARTMENT 96  
TURNER comes slowly out and starts toward stairs. As he rounds the bannister he sees:

97 TURNER'S POV 97  
Those "E.F. HUTTON" guys coming from two flights below.

98 BACK TO TURNER 98  
He bolts back onto the landing and rushes up the next flight to the fourth floor. As he reaches a vantage point where he can see HEIDEGGER's doorway:

VOICE  
Hey!

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

MAN  
Did you ring my buzzer?

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

99 HEIDEGGER'S DOORWAY 99  
Where the E.F. HUTTON" guys have arrived. One looks up answering what he has just heard.

HUTTON GUY  
It was a mistake, buddy.

100 TURNER AND THE BEEFY MAN 100  
TURNER is panicked.

BEEFY MAN  
(leaning over stairway)  
Not you guys!

101 HEIDEGGER'S DOORWAY 101

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

102 BACK TO TURNER 102

He bolts, taking the stairs three at a time.

BEEFY MAN  
(shouting)  
Hey you! Who the hell are you???

103 EXT DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D.C. 103

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

HIGGINS VOICE  
(filter)  
Go ahead.

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

HIGGINS VOICE  
OK. Button it up, Augie.  
I'll send you more Janitors.

A CLICK, then:

HIGGINS VOICE  
(no filter)  
Let's have that Washington Relay.

104 INT CIA HQ LANGLEY, VIRGINIA DAY 104

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

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

105 INT WICKS' OFFICE DAY 105

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

105 CONTD

105 CONTD

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

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

FOWLER

Somebody took out one of your  
sections.

WICKS

What?...

FOWLER

9/17.

WICKS

(almost laughs)  
New York?...One of 'em got  
mugged maybe, but they --

FOWLER

(flat override)  
They were hit.

WICKS

They're bookworms!

FOWLER

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

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

WICKS

Did you say one of my people  
is OK?

FOWLER

Condor. D'you know him?

WICKS

(shakes his head no)  
Is he OK enough to tell us  
what happened?

FOWLER

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

105 CONTD (2)

105 CONTD (2)

WICKS

What'd he say happened?

FOWLER

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

WICKS

Who's bringing him in?

FOWLER

Higgins.

WICKS

He's good.

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

PHONE VOICE

Transportation.

FOWLER

We're already booked on...

WICKS

(into phone)

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

106 EXT. WEST 20'S - DAY

105

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

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

106A FULLER ANGLE - INCLUDE LANDLADY

106A

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

LANDLADY

They're waiting for you!

CONTINUED

106A CONTD

Turner whirls.

TURNER

What??

LANDLADY

Your two friends.

Turner freezes, begins to back away.

LANDLADY

They said you'd be home early.

(turns to him)

They just got h----

(he's gone)

Mr. Turner??

106B NEW ANGLE - CLOSE ON TURNER

106B

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

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

106C

Shades are being pulled down!

106D EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

106D

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

106E INT. CIA - NEW YORK CENTER - DAY

106E

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

106F EXT. BROADWAY NEAR COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

106F

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

107 INT. THAT SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

107

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

CONTINUED



107 CONTD

107 CONTD

MITCHELL  
This is the Major.

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

MITCHELL  
Stand by. Routing you to  
NY Center.

108 INT CIA OFFICE, NY DAY 108

No pause: HIGGINS activates his talk box and:

HIGGINS  
Hello, Condor...

109 INT PHONE BOOTH DAY 109

TURNER

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

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

HIGGINS  
...Where are you, Turner?

CONTINUED

TURNER

Here.

HIGGINS

(beat)

...Are you OK?

TURNER

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

HIGGINS

Are you ready to come in?

TURNER

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

HIGGINS

-- You're doing this wrong.  
Condor! We know who they've  
got. Let's get you in here.

The door behind Higgins opens; Wicks and Fowler come  
in.

HIGGINS (contd)

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

TURNER

Broadway and 74th?

HIGGINS

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

TURNER

You'll be there?

HIGGINS

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

TURNER

I never met him.

HIGGINS

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

CONTINUED

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

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

An exasperated look at Wicks and Fowler.

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

TURNER  
There were a couple of guys at  
my house.

HIGGINS  
What were you doing there?!

TURNER  
I was homesick! Who were they?

HIGGINS  
...Curs.

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

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

TURNER  
-- Damn right I've been under!

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

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

TURNER

...Who's left?

Higgins refers to Condor's files.

HIGGINS

You have a friend down here  
in Statistics...

TURNER

Sam Barber.

HIGGIN

Will he do?

TURNER

(more calmly)

Yeah. Sam'll do.

HIGGINS

(to Fowler)

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

He hangs up.

110 HIGGINS AND WICKS

110

Alone: WICKS is checking PHOTOS of TURNER.

HIGGINS

Y'have 55 minutes.

WICKS

Do we know why?

HIGGINS

No.

WICKS

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

HIGGINS

Bucharest.

(rejecting idea)

They were codebreakers. No, this  
is...cdd: these people didn't  
know much.

Wicks has been scanning Turner's folder:

CONTINUED

110 CONTD

110 CONTD

WICKS

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

HIGGINS

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

WICKS

He's armed?

HIGGINS

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

WICKS

No.

HIGGINS

You know where Ordinance is...

WICKS

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

HIGGINS

Somebody went to some trouble  
to get the other 7.

SPEAKER VOICE

(soft, female)

Scrambler One, Mr. Higgins...

WICKS & HIGGINS both are impressed with the designation:

HIGGINS

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

He replaces phone gently; then:

HIGGINS

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

CONTINUED

110 CONTD

110

WICKS

He'll be there, himself?

(Higgins nods)

Nice break.

111 OMIT

OMIT

111

112 INT. CIA, NY - ORDNANCE ROOM

112

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

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

BARBER

This is ridiculous.

WICKS

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

BARBER

-- To pick up a friend?

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

ORDNANCE MAN

What about you, Mr. Wicks?

When Wicks shakes his head no to the jacket:

ORDNANCE MAN

Sidearm?

WICKS

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

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

WICKS (contd)

Let me button that up for you.

(Beat)

How long've you known Condor?

CONTINUED

112 CONTD

112

BARBER

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

WICKS

She ever Condor's girl?

BARBER

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

WICKS

When.

BARBER

This morning. Those murders.

WICKS

What murders?

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

113 OMIT

OMIT 113

114 EXT. ANSONIA HOTEL

114

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

115 EXT. ALLEY

115

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

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

CONTINUED

115 CONTD

115

WICKS

Move over against the wall...

BARBER

Why?

WICKS

(like to a dumb child)

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

Barber starts toward the opposite wall.



116 SHOT TURNER 116

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

117 SHOT WICKS 117

studying his watch, too...He looks down the alley.

118 TURNER 118

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

119 TURNER'S POV 119

There's Sam Barber, standing against the wall.

120 SHOT TURNER 120

Relief!...he STARTS around the corner...

121 ALLEY VARIOUS ANGLES 121

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

122 TURNER 122

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

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

BARBER

(screams)

Hey! It's him! What're y'doing??!

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

WICKS is unbelievably FIRING AT TURNER again!...

122 CONTD

122 CONTD

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

123 TURNER

123

scrambles up, can't believe it:

124 WICKS

124

trying to get into position to FIRE again!

125 TURNER

125

TURNER

Sam??!!

Another round slams past his ear. He RUNS.

126 WICKS

126

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

127 BARBER

127

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

128 EXT WEST 74TH STREET &amp; BROADWAY

128

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

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

129 EXT BROADWAY SERIES OF CUTS

129

TURNER darts THROUGH TRAFFIC, vaults the fenced-in

129 CONTD

129 CONTD

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

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

TURNER turns off Broadway --

130 NEARBY STREETS &amp; ALLEYS

130

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

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

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

131 INT SPORTING-GOODS STORE

131

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

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

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

132 NEAR CASH-REGISTER

132

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

CLERK

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

08 1156 172 208...08/75.

Amount: 51.86.

(to Kathy, covering phone)

Where's there enough snow this early?

132 CONTD

132 CONTD

KATHY  
Vermont...I hope.

CLERK  
What's open? Sugarbush?

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

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

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

Interrupted by:

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

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

ABRUPT CUT TO:

133 EXT COLUMBUS AVENUE

133

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

KATHY emerges with her packages, hurries, calls:

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

METER MAID  
Cuttin' it close, sister...

KATHY  
Sorry...

TURNER'S VOICE  
-- Kathy?!

As she turns:

134

NEW ANGLE

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

TURNER

How've you been, Kath?

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

KATHY

Do I...?

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

TURNER

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

KATHY

Hey!-- I don't know you!

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

TURNER

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

KATHY

— (referring to her things)

Here! Take the stuff!

TURNER

Put it in the car. Get in!

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

TURNER (contd)

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

Kate gets in, leans over and opens Passenger door.

135 MOVING WITH TURNER KATHY'S POV 135

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

136 INT VW 136

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

**KATHY**

Listen. Please. Don't hurt me.

**TURNER**

(overlap)

Where d'you live?

**KATTV**

Brooklyn Heights.

**TURNER**

## Alone?

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

**KATEY**

(continuing)

I...I live with a guy.

**CONTINUED**

136 CONTD

136

TURNER  
What does he do?

KATHY  
...Stock broker.

TURNER  
...Where?

KATHY  
Wall Street,

TURNER  
What number Wall Street?

KATHY  
1030.

TURNER  
(briefest laugh)  
You live alone.

137 EXT CIA, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA ROOF 137

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

ZOOM CLOSE on his reaction: shock. Consternation!

138 EXT BROOKLYN BRIDGE 138

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

139 INT OLD CAGE ELEVATOR 139

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

CONTINUED

139 CONTD

139 CONTD

An incongruity: polished MARINE GUARDS and automatic weapons:

140 TOP-FLOOR LANDING

140

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

HIGGINS

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

MARINE checks ID against a list, and:

MARINE

Right, sir.

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

141 INT OLD, ORNATE ROOM

141

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

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

142 EXT UNION STATION, WASHINGTON D.C.

142

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

143 EXT BROOKLYN HEIGHTS HIGH ANGLE DUSK

143

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

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



144 CLOSE ON VW

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

TURNER

Leave the stuff.

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

145 FOLLOWING THEM

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

146 EXT. KATHY'S BUILDING DUSK

as they enter vestibule and she fits key into lock:

TURNER

You should've said hello.

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

147 INT. OLD, ORNATE ROOM

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

HIGGINS

'Condor fired at us both.'

(puts down Telex)

That was the only statement they could get from Wicks before he went into the operating room.

CIVILIAN

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

CONTINUED

HIGGINS

Before he hit the ground.

OLD MAN (WABASH)

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

CIVILIAN

Was Condor qualified with a handgun?

HIGGINS

(scanning folder:)

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

MR. WABASH

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

HIGGINS

(beat)

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

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

ATWOOD

Or else what, Mr. Higgins...?

MR. WABASH

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

CIVILIAN

Then where did he learn evasive  
moves?

CONTINUED

147 CONTD (2)

147

Almost afraid to say it:

HIGGINS

—He...reads.

CIVILIAN #2

What in hell's that mean?

HIGGINS

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

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

MR. WABASH

Yes. Very good.

(then)

Has the Bureau tried to get in yet?

HIGGINS

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

CIVILIAN

Do they know it's a domestic Intelligence matter?

MR. WABASH

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

Moderate amusement from the others; turning to a

CIVILIAN:

MR. WABASH (contd)

What does Counter Intelligence have?

ATWOOD

Absolutely nothing, sir.

CONTINUED

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

Helpless gesture from Atwood.

ATWOOD  
It was very well executed.

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

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

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

CIVILIAN  
Where do we have him?

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

MR. WABASH  
...which leaves Condor.

ATWOOD  
Wherever he is.

MR. WABASH  
Wherever he is, indeed.

CONTINUED

147 CONTD (4)

147

ATWOOD

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

MR. WABASH

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

148 INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT

148

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

MR. WABASH'S (V.O.)

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

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

143 CONTD

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

149

149 THE CARD

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

KATHY'S VOICE  
 Tendrix Industries...

TURNER'S VOICE  
 It's a cover...

150

150 BACK TO SCENE

TURNER  
 I work for the CIA.

KATHY  
 (helpless laughter)  
 Oh, Jesus...

As he looks around for a Manhattan phone-directory:

Continued

151 CONTINUED

151

KATHY

They ask you to go out and  
kidnap a girl?

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

TURNER

Look it up: Tentrex.

KATHY

Come on.

TURNER

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

KATHY

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

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

KATHY

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

TURNER

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

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

151

SLOW PAN

STILL PHOTOS

TURNER'S POV

151

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

TURNER'S VOICE

(referring to photos)

You aren't exactly carefree, are  
you?

152

WIDER ANGLE

152

KATHY

Why should I be?

TURNER

(re: photos)

Is this what you do for a living?

KATHY

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

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

KATHY

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

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

KATHY

Sometimes...somebody stays over.

TURNER

Same size.

KATHY

I dig 15-1/2, 34s.  
(then)  
What size are you?

Turner whirls.

TURNER

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

KATHY

I'm scared!

TURNER

So am I!

KATHY

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

TURNER

That's the point!

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

TURNER

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

KATHY

It's winter.



152 CONTD (2)

152 CONTD (2)

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

TURNER

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

(no response)

Who'd invent a job like that?

(he reads her expression)

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

Then, an outburst:

TURNER

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

KATHY

Who?

TURNER

I don't know.

(then)

But there's a reason.

There is a reason...and I  
need some quiet...safe time  
to reason it out...put things  
together.

KATHY

...Because they're after you

...you're after me.

(shrugs)

That's only fair.

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

153 FAVOR KATHY

153

KATHY

I'm sure you are tired.

...all that running.

TURNER

(eyes closed; softly)  
Who's the guy? with the shirts?

KATHY

(always soothing)  
Do you mean who is he? Or do  
you want to know his name?

TURNER

(small smile)  
O.K.

KATHY

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

TURNER

(longingly)  
Green Mountains.

KATHY

(a gentle plea)  
...we just want to go cross-  
country...a couple of weeks  
away from everything...  
(Turner just nods)  
Do you have a name?

TURNER

Joe Turner.  
(checks watch)  
What time's the news go on?

KATHY

Seven.

TURNER

There's an early one at six.  
(check's time)  
40 minutes...

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

TURNER

Come here.

15- CONTD

15- CONTD

KATHY

Listen...

TURNER

Lie down.

KATHY

Please.

TURNER

Lie down.

She sits on the bed. He gestures:

TURNER

Against the wall.

He presses her quiet onto the bed.

TURNER

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

He releases her; stretches out beside her. Beat.

KATHY

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

He barely shakes his head no.

KATHY

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

TURNER

(shakes his head no)  
Doesn't matter.

KATHY

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

(MORE)

154 CONTD

15- CONTD

KATHY (Cont)

Turner?

TURNER

Shut up.

KATHY

...Turner?

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

CUT TO:

155 EXT BESIDE THE POTAMIC RIVER

155

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

ATWOOD

(a dig)

That includes Condor, of course.

JOUBERT

Yes-- I owe you Condor.

ATWOOD

Otherwise, it was...

JOUBERT

'Otherwise' doesn't exist.

ATWOOD

Will Condor take long?

JOUBERT

You want an estimate?

ATWOOD

There is a time-factor.

JOUBERT

Always.

(then)

Condor is an amateur: lost,  
(MORE)

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

(beat)

The man...Condor killed in the  
alley?

ATWOOD

Some friend of his.

JOUBERT

A close friend?

ATWOOD

I suppose so. Why?

JOUBERT

It interests me. What was his  
name?

ATWOOD

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

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

JOUBERT

(in French)

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

ATWOOD

(in French)

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

JOUBERT

Do you really want the firm to  
question Wicks?

(at Atwood's silence)

They will, you know.

155 CONTD (3)

155 CONTD (3)

ATWOOD

We...don't want that.

JOUBERT

(beat)

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

156 INT KATHY'S APARTMENT NIGHT

156

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

TURNER

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

ANGLE WIDENS to include:

KATHY

Whose?

TURNER

(almost rambling)

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

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

TURNER

What time is it?

KATHY

(quietly)

Newstime-

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

155A INT LIVINGROOM NIGHT

155A

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

TURNER

...Lonely pictures

156A CONTD

156A CONTD

KATEY

So?

TURNER

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

KATEY.

(impressed at his observation)

I never noticed it before.

TURNER

I like them.

KATEY

...Thanks.

TURNER

- - Shh!

He whirls toward:

157 ON TV-SCREEN

157

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

TV REPORTER

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

158 CLOSE TURNER

158

Sharp reaction:

TURNER

Victims??

TV REPORTER'S VOICE

--have not yet been released.

TURNER

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

TV REPORTER

According to a police spokesman,

(MORE)

158 CONTD

158 CONTD

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

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

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

LIEUTENANT  
(briefest glance at  
Cleancut Man, before)  
Not at present.

TV REPORTER  
(pressing)  
Have you identified the victims?

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

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

The LIEUTENANT is about to answer, but:

CLEANCUT YOUNG MAN  
Absolutely not.

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

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

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



159 ANGLE TURNER

159

TURNER

--Sam!?

TV REPORTER'S VOICE

Stan Roberts, Eyewitness News,  
New York.

160 MOVING WITH KATHY

160

her eyes on Turner as she CLICKS OFF TV.

TURNER

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

(then:)

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

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

TURNER

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

(then)

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

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

TURNER

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

His incoherence alarms her. She almost touches him.

KATHY

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

TURNER

I didn't shoot him.

KATHY

(quietly)

You shot somebody. You said.

TURNER

But...Not Sam!

160 CONTD

160

KATHY

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

TURNER

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

KATHY

--wait a minute--

TURNER

Who killed Sam? It..it had  
to've been the guy that shot  
at me? Who the hell was that  
guy? Wam was my friend, his  
wife Mae..we all --

(out of nowhere)

--Higgins said the other guy  
was, wait! he'd just come in  
from Washington...! They'd  
have to reach Sam...and he'd  
call Mae....

161 FAVOR KATHY

161

161

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

WOMAN'S VOICE (MAE)

Hello?

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

MAE'S VOICE

Hello?...Who is this??

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

TURNER

I need your car.

KATHY

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

TURNER

Hey?? I thought you'd quit clowning.

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

161 CONTD

161 CONTD

TURNER

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

KATHY

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

TURNER

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

KATHY

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

TURNER

--Have I roughed you up?

KATHY

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

TURNER

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

KATHY

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

TURNER

(overlaps)  
--Disappointed??

KATHY

You Louse!!

They stare at one another a moment. Then quietly:

TURNER

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

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

161 CONTD (2)

Revised 11/4/74 161

KATHY

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

(quickly)

Real...but made up.

Suddenly TURNER is almost laughing, shaking his head.

TURNER

What the hell difference does  
it make?

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

162 INT BATHROOM

162

KATHY

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

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

TURNER

I'll be back.

KATHY

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

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

KATHY

...This is..unfair!!

TURNER

Yes.

163 EXT PETER COOPER VILLAGE NIGHT

163

ESTABLISH the sprawling high-rise apartment complex.

CONTINUED

163 CONTD

163 CONTD

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

164 INT APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY NIGHT 164

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

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

165 INT ELEVATOR 165

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

166 INT 14th FLOOR LANDING 165

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

167 ANGLE ON DOOR 14F 167

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

168 INT BARBERS' APARTMENT NIGHT 168

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

MAE

Hey, you're early!

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

169 MAE heads back to the kitchen, with: 169

MAE

Janice working late...?

170 SHOT TURNER

Stopped! Silent.

MAE'S VOICE

(from kitchen)

So is Sam.

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

MAE'S VOICE

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

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

TURNER

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

Sounds of her cooking, etc., all during:

MAE'S VOICE

(lightly)

Think he's up to something else?  
Tom-cattin' around?

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

TURNER.

When did he call?

MAE

2, 2:30. Maybe. Hey! Let's  
give them an hour? If they  
don't show...it's you and me  
babe.

(sings)

"Just like old times, da-da-da-  
da-dah..."

TURNER

What'd he tell you? Exactly.

MAE

He didn't exactly. Had the  
Center call.

171

TURNER  
Who, at the Center?

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

TURNER  
Did you recognize his voice?

MAE  
(definite)  
No.

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

MAE  
...Hey? Where's our drinks?  
-- Shrill RINGING of telephone.

172

NEW ANGLE

172

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

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

MAE  
-- That's the third damn time  
tonight!  
TURNER goes very still, in f.g. of FRAME.

TURNER  
Third time...?

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

TURNER  
-- I have to go.

172 CONTD

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

TURNER  
I'm sorry!

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

MAE  
What's the matter?

TURNER  
I'm so sorry, Mae!

MAE  
What about dinner?...What happened?

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

MAE  
What? what is it??

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

He's gone.

173 INT 14th FLOOR LANDING 173  
In flight again, TURNER doesn't even check the hallway, moves quickly to the elevator, presses button.  
ANGLE TO indicator LIGHTS: 18...17...16...as one car is coming down. 10...11...12...of another coming up.  
SOUND of apartment-door opening: he doesn't want to turn!...but does:

174 INCLUDE MAE 174

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



174 CONTD

174 CONTD

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

175 JOUBERT'S EYES

175

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

176 Door of UP ELEVATOR opens.

176

177 INT ELEVATOR

177

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

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

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

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

178 CLOSE ON TURNER

178

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

JOUBERT'S VOICE

(in French)

Your keys.

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

179 FAVOR JOUBERT

179

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

TURNER

Oh yes!...Thanks.

and takes the keys.

JOUBERT

Don't mention it.

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

KID

4th floor: Ladies' Underwear!

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

#2 KID

Bet we have to wait an hour!

KID

Nah! She'll be ready.

#3 KID'S VOICE

Her name is Freddy, she must be ready!

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

JOUBERT

Kids...!

He shrugs tolerance, resignation; a kindly man.

TURNER

(calculates)

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

JOUBERT smiles at TURNER's guess:

JOUBERT

Corsica.

(then nods)

Quite different. Respectful.

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

JOUBERT

(in French)

I beg of you.

179 CONTD (2)

(2) 179 CONTD

TURNER  
(standing fast)  
Please...

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

180 INT APARTMENT LOBBY 180

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

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

181 EXT APARTMENT COMPLEX NIGHT 181

In sudden contrast: quiet and dark and deserted.

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

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

182 EXT APARTMENT BUILDING CLOSE ON TURNER 182  
(GOBO)

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

THIS VIEW MOVES away from the building with TURNER.

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

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

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

183 EXT APARTMENT COMPLEX ANOTHER ANGLE NIGHT 183

TURNER's overtaken by the KIDS. Sensing the protection

183 CONTD

183 CONTD

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

184 SHOT JOUBERT

184

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

185 EXT FIRST AVENUE NIGHT

185

as TURNER detaches himself from group, ducks into VW.

186 MOVING WITH JOUBERT

186

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

187 INT KATHY'S VW NIGHT

187

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

188 EXT KATHY'S VW LONG VIEW NIGHT

188

Already half lost in traffic!...

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

189 EXT FIRST AVENUE TRAFFIC (GOBO) NIGHT

189

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

ABRUPT CUT TO:

190 INT KATHY'S LIVINGROOM NIGHT

190

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

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

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

191 MOVING WITH TURNER

191

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

192 BATHROOM

192

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

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

TURNER

I want you to answer it!

KATHY

You answer it...!

193 MOVING WITH THEM

193

KATHY

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

TURNER pushes her ahead of him...into:

194 THE BEDROOM

194

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

194 CONTD

194 CONTD

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

TURNER

Be nice, and natural.

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

KATHY

...Hello?

MAN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

-- Where the hell are you??

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

KATHY

(almost in tears)

Ben...?

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Who'd you think it is?...

KATHY

(plain, quiet)

Ben.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

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

KATHY

I know.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

But y'haven't even left!

KATHY

I was...held up.

TURNER jabs the gun into her ear.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

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

194 CONTD (2)

(2) CONTD 194

KATHY

(moved)

It matters.

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)

Yeah....

KATHY

(hears skepticism)

It does.....

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)

It's happened before.....last  
minute something.....

KATHY

....this is different.

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)

What's the holdup? What could.....?

TURNER'S MOUTHED THE WORDS FOR HER:

KATHY

...The car....

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)

What about it?

KATHY

....busted...down...

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)

What 'busted'??

Again: TURNER MOUTHS instructions:

KATHY

....generator...want.

BEN'S VOICE (FILTER)

AHHHH hell! That'll take forever!

KATHY

(looks at TURNER)

Maybe not.

194 CONTD (3)

(3) CONTD 194

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Better take a bus up in the morning.

KATHY

I'll....try.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER. Beat, before)

Y'sound funny. Is everything OK?

KATHY

Yes. It's OK.



194 CONTD (9)

(4) CONTD 194

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER. Another beat)

Y'still don't sound so hot.

KATHY

I'm sore!...

TURNER presses the gun closer.

KATHY

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

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Ah yes I do, babe, sure I do.

(then; more intimate)

Just disappointed.

(then)

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

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

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Tonight, babe? Y'know?

KATHY

(glance at Turner)

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

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Get the first bus out in the morning.

KATHY

....Goodnight, sweetheart.

BEN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

Yeah...Sweet dreams.

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

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

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

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

TURNER

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

KATHY

Where?

He shrugs: he doesn't know.

KATHY

Was it all right?

TURNER

All right?

KATHY

Outside; was it safe?  
Wherever you want?

TURNER

Oh.  
(then)  
I'm not sure.

KATHY

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

It turns him.

KATHY

About you...and yesterday.  
And today.

TURNER

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

KATHY

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

105 CONTD

106

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

KATHY

You thought I'd call the police.

(he nods)

...Would you have?

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

KATHY

(shakes her head)

I wouldn't have.

TURNER

Why?

KATHY

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

TURNER

Do you tear them up?

She smiles, makes a slightly self-deprecating gesture:

KATHY

...No.

TURNER

I'd like to see those pictures.

KATHY

We don't know each other that well.

TURNER

D'you know anybody that well?

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

KATHY

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

TURNER

I may surprise you.

(then)

Anyway: you're not telling the truth.

193 CONTD (1)

194 CONTD

KATHY

What do you mean?

He considers not telling her, but:

TURNER

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

(smiles)

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

(then)

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

KATEY

(barely audible)

I'm not afraid of Ben.

TURNER

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

(long pause)

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

KATHY

Eee...much...do you want?

TURNER

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

He begins to unbutton her blouse, very slowly.

TURNER

And then I'll go. In the  
morning.

She barely nods:

KATHY

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

CONTINUED

195 CONTD

195 CONTD

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

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

196 INT BEDROOM

196

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

197 INT LIVINGROOM DAWN

197

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

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

ALLES HIT:

Something in building?

No. Because Heidigger hit at home???

Information??? What information?

Who wants it? Why?

ALLEY:

Section chief. My Section chief.

Why did he shoot??

WAS he my Section chief?

Did Higgins say his name?

What the hell is his name?

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

1. EMPESTER (no)

2. Double-agent? Maybe.

3. A-HISTPANE. (not)

4. Is the bastard alive. (Phone Roosevelt

Hcsp)!

198 SHOTS OF TURNER

198

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

Then he writes:

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

199 CLOSE ON TURNER

199

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

200 CLOSE REPORT

200

WE CAN READ its classification: CONFIDENTIAL.  
And:

TO: 9/17  
FROM: NY CEN  
SUBJECT: REPORT/CONDOR  
LOCAL EVALUATION:

-- Intelligence support from other-sources:  
G-2: Nil  
CIC: Nil  
NSA: Nil

Conclusion:

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

201 SHOT TURNER

201

His eyes race to the bottom of sheet:

202 REPORT TURNER'S POV

202

WE READ:

cc: WICKS, J.W.

Wicks... TURNER'S VOICE

203

MOVING WITH TURNER

203

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

204

INT. KITCHEN

204

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

KATHY

I didn't sleep well.

TURNER

You didn't?

KATHY

You didn't. You were up early.

TURNER

I had some thoughts...

(indicates pad)

I, uh, have a plan that might work.

(beat)

I...need your help.

KATHY

Have I ever denied you anything??

TURNER

(softly)

Hey...

KATHY

(sorry she said it)

When things quiet down...

you're really a sweet man to be with.

(then)

You had bad dreams. You talked.

TURNER

What did I say?

CONTINUED

204

CONT'D

217

KATHY

Who's Janice?

(beat as Turner

stares at her)

Was she a volunteer or a  
draftee like me?

TURNER

She was a friend. She's dead.

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

KATHY

Do I have permission to take  
a shower?

TURNER

You don't have to help, you  
know.

KATHY

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

TURNER

I'm sorry.

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

KATHY

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

(beat between them)

I...want to help. OK?

(he puts his things down)

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

She starts toward the bathroom.

205

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL DAY

205

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

CONTINUED



205

CUT TO

205

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

206

INT. INTENSIVE CARE MONITORING ROOM

206

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

1ST NURSE

18. Isn't that --?

2ND NURSE

Yes!

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

207

ANGLE ON COFFEEPOT ON KATHY'S STOVE

207

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

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

208

POV THROUGH WINDOW TO EXT. APARTMENT

208

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

209

ANGLE ON TURNER

209

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

CONTINUED

remembers the .387 stuck in his waistband. He looks  
in, hastily, under cushions of couch. COIN'S BOOK.

LLOYD

Morning! Insured package for  
Ramarine Hale.

TURNER

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

LLOYD

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

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

LLOYD

(With a laugh)

Government pens...

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

TURNER

I'll get one.

TURNER DISAPPEARS into kitchen.

210

LLOYD

210

shuts door behind him, kneels, white SHIRTED STEEL  
GUN out of ball-pouch. HOLDS FORWARD... As he reaches  
for aiming-lever...

211

SCOT

TURNER IN KITCHEN

211

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

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

212

MALLORY

212

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

209 CONTD

209 CONTD

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

LLOYD  
Morning! Insured package for  
Katharine Hale.

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

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

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

LLOYD  
(with a laugh)  
Government pens...

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

TURNER  
I'll get one.

TURNER DISAPPEARS into kitchen.

210 LLOYD

210

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

211 SHOT TURNER IN KITCHEN

211

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

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

212 MAILMAN

212

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

213      TURNER & THE MAILMAN      VARIOUS ANGLES      213

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

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

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

214      TURNER      214

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

215      MAILMAN      215

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

216      MAILMAN & TURNER      216

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

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

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

217      ANGLES      217

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

217 CONTD

217 CONTD

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

218 DOORWAY TO BATHROOM

218

KATHY -- staring in disbelief!

219 TURNER &amp; MAILMAN

219

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

220 KATHY

220

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

221 MAILMAN

221

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

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

222 TURNER

222

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

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

222 CONTD

222 CONTD

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

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

5 CONTINENTS IMPORTS, INC.

And under that, handwritten:

840-6311

X-1891

223 NEW ANGLE

223

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

TURNER

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

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

WOMAN'S VOICE

Stella Boutique.

TURNER

1891, please.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Pardon me?

TURNER

Is this 840-6311?

WOMAN'S VOICE

Yes. Who's this?

TURNER

There's no extension 1891?

WOMAN'S VOICE

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

TURNER

Sorry.

223 CONTD

223 CONTD

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

OPERATOR'S VOICE

Operator.

TURNER

The area-code for Washington, DC,  
please?

OPERATOR'S VOICE

That's 202.

He DISCONNECTS, DIALS, waits...

WOMAN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

6311.

224 SHOT TURNER

224

Half-beat, before:

TURNER

CIA, Langley?

Exactly as she answered before:

WOMAN'S VOICE

6311.

TURNER

...Extension 1891.

RING. RING. Then:

MAN'S VOICE

1891.

TURNER

...Let me speak to Wicks.

Measurable delay, before:

MAN'S VOICE

Who's calling him, please?

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

224 CONTD

224 CONTD

## MAN'S VOICE

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

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

225 WIDER ANGLE KATEY & TURNER 225

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

## KATEY

...What is it...?

## TURNER

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

## KATEY

What??

## TURNER

(abruptly)  
Get ready. Hurry!

226

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

226

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

## MR WABASH'S VOICE

(THRU SPEAKER-PHONE)

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

## HIGGINS' VOICE

(NOT THRU SPEAKER-PHONE)

I don't know, sir?

227

HIGGINS' OFFICE IN CIA, NY CITY DAY 227

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



MR. WABASH'S VOICE

Do you think he's still in New York City?

HIGGINS

I wouldn't be.

228 EXT/INT KATHY'S CAR - DAY

228

MOVING across the Brooklyn Bridge TOWARD Manhattan-

KATHY

What'd you do to them?

TURNER

I'm not sure.

(then)

I filed a report. A guy in Washington read it....got on a helicopter....and came to New York to shoot me.

KATHY

Took it personally.

(then)

Did you know him?

TURNER

No.

KATHY

Did you know....

.....the man behind them the mailman?

TURNER

No.

KATHY

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

TURNER

I'm not going to wait.

229 INT. THE OLD ORNATE ROOM - DAY

229

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

HIGGINS' VOICE

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

ATWOOD alert.

How soon will you get to it?

230 HIGGINS IN NEW YORK

230

HIGGINS

This afternoon.

MR. WABASH'S VOICE

He does seem rather expert to be entirely clean.

231 ORNATE ROOM

231

HIGGINS' VOICE

He may just learn fast, sir.

ATWOOD

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

232 BACK TO HIGGINS

232

HIGGINS

What opportunity?

(beat)

See, that's what bugs me,  
Mr. Wabash: what could he  
have done from the literary society?  
Why plant him there?

233 INT. EXT.  
HIGGINS' ROOM

HIGGINS' VOICE  
DAY

HIGHWAY, TOP OF

233

TURNER

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

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

KATRY

Who wrote the stories in the  
first place?

TURNER

Different phony names. That's  
not unusual.

233 CONTINUED

233

Beat of silence.

KATHY

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

TURNER

They figure me to run.

She just shakes her head slowly, almost sadly:

KATHY

Spies...

234 INT. ORNATE ROOM

234

MR. WABASH

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

(then)

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

CUT TO:

235 BACK TO HIGGINS IN NEW YORK

235

SWITCHES OFF HIS speaker-phone. Thoughtful.

236 EXT/INT KATHY'S VW DAY

236

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

KATHY

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

CONTINUED

236 CONTD

CONTD 236

TURNER

Can we get this over with?

She gets out of the car.

TURNER (contd)

Kathy.

(She stops)

Thank you.

A solemn look on her face. She moves away.

237 INT CIA, NY CORRIDOR DAY 237

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

CIA-MAN

Lunch?

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

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

Then, as they pass under a SIGN:

PERSONNEL DEPT  
Screening Interviews

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

INTERVIEWER

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

KATHY

Addison.

238 MOVING WITH KATHY

238

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

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

WE MOVE WITH HER through an area marked:

GREEN BADGE AREA

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

HIGGINS' VOICE

Come in.

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

238 CONTD

238 CONTD

KATHY

Uhhh...Mr. Addison?

HIGGINS

(back to work)

Clearance. You passed it.  
On your left.

KATHY

Thank you.

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

HIGGINS

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

The door's closed.

239      PUSHCART HOT-DOG STAND      LONG VIEW      239

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

240      EXT      WORLD TRADE CENTER      DAY      240

Across a busy intersection TURNER watches:

241      KATHY      LONG VIEW      TURNER'S POV      241

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

242      SHOT      TURNER      242

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

243      KATHY      243

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

244 ON TURNER

244

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

245 WIDER ANGLE INTERSECTION

245

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

246 INT BAR &amp; GRILL DAY

246

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

She smiles.

KATHY

Yep.

(then)

I didn't get the job.

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

KATHY

Looks good.

(then)

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

Quota.

(then)

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

(as Kathy)

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

(back to it)

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

(as Kathy)

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

246 CONTD

246 CONTD

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

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

HIGGINS wipes his mouth:

HIGGINS  
Why not? You're cute as hell.

247 FULL SHOT RESTAURANT

247

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

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

248 EXT BAR &amp; GRILL DAY

248

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

As KATHY hurries along beside them:

TURNER  
...Drive!

249 INT KATHY'S CAR DAY

249

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

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

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



250 EXT. KATHY'S CAR DAY

250

HEADING west and north.

TURNER

Sit up.

HIGGINS

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

251 INT. KATHY'S CAR DAY

251

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

TURNER

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

HIGGINS

--Damn! You do read everything!

STOPPED, physically SILENCED by Turner:

TURNER

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

HIGGINS

Y'never complained...until yesterday.

TURNER

-- Y'began killing my friends yesterday!

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

HIGGINS

(nods toward Kathy)

Who's she?

TURNER

(ignoring it;  
overlap)

Who hit the Lit Society?

CONTINUED

251      CONTD

251

HIGGINS

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

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

HIGGINS (contd)

(in re paper)

Where'd you get this?

TURNER

Five Continents? Ring a bell?

(then)

I took it from the mailman.

HIGGINS

Mailman?

TURNER

The one you sent...With the gun.

HIGGINS

We don't use mailmen.

TURNER

He had that piece of paper in  
his pocket.

HIGGINS

...What's he look like?

Turner's pulling a photograph out of his pocket:

TURNER

Right now -- like this!

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

TURNER

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

CONTINUED

251 CONTD. (1)

251

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

HIGGINS

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

252 INT. HOTEL-ROOM SOMEWHERE

252

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

JOUBERT

Yes.

ATWOOD'S V.O.

(FILTER)

Was the letter delivered?

JOUBERT

The return-receipt hasn't arrived.

ATWOOD'S V.O.

(FILTER)

You should've delivered it  
yourself.

JOUBERT

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

ATWOOD'S V.O.

I was told you never make that  
kind of mistake.

(beat)

What will you do?

CONTINUED

JOUBERT

Wait.

ATWOOD'S V.O.

For what?

JOUBERT

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

He hangs up.

253 EXT. FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER - LONG VIEW

253

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

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

TURNER

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

HIGGINS

(Beat)

Professionally.

TURNER

Professionally he kills people!

HIGGINS

Yes.

TURNER

--He works for The Company?!

HIGGINS

He did. Once. He's a freelance.

(then)

Where did you see him?

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

HIGGINS (contd)

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

CONTINUED

253 CONTD

253

TURNER

(ominous:)

Who would it help?

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

TURNER (contd)

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

(then)

Who'd hire him now?

HIGGINS

Anybody.

TURNER

Terrific answer.

HIGGINS

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

TURNER

...How good is he?

HIGGINS

I'm surprised you're here.

Turner meets his gaze; then, hard.

TURNER

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

HIGGINS

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

TURNER

Community?

HIGGINS

The Intelligence field.

CONTINUED

TURNER

(soft laugh)

Community....!

(then, at Higgins)

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

HIGGINS

Let's see that report.

TURNER

It went up to Headquarters and  
disappeared.

HIGGINS

Who read it?

TURNER

You mean beside Wicks?

(Beat)

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

(Beat; then)

Now why would that make anybody  
mad?

(pause)

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

HIGGINS

(mind racing;

but quietly:)

...Whad did Headquarters say?

TURNER

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

(then)

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

CONTINUED

253      CONTD (3)

253

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

TURNER

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

HIGGINS

(troubled:)

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

TURNER

Ask Wicks.

HIGGINS

-- -- Wicks died.

Turner's shock.

HIGGINS (contd)

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

TURNER

(flat)

Get me in.

HIGGINS

...What good would that do?

(Turner is stunned)

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

TURNER

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

HIGGINS

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

253      CONTD (4)

253

TURNER

(growing anger)

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

HIGGINS

(overlapping)

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

TURNER

(abrupt; starting  
away)

Nice talking to you. Have a  
nice day.

Turner's moving away; Higgins has to SHOUT:

HIGGINS

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

TURNER

You do that.

CONTINUED



253     CONTD (3)

253     CONTD (3)

HIGGINS

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

TURNER

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

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

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

KATHY

D'you trust him?

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

TURNER

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

KATHY

Does he trust you?

TURNER

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

KATHY

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

TURNER

Nobody did.

KATHY

Then.....?

TURNER

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

254 INT. MACHINE-ROOM, CIA, LANGLEY

254

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

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

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

WILLIAM LLOYD  
Gunnery Sergeant, USMC  
320-618

HOLD for a beat; replaced on SCREEN by:

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

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

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

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

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

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

255 ON THE SCREENS

255

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

HAT SIZE: 7

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

CIG PREF: CAMEL (NON-FILT)

255 CONTD

255 CONTD

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

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

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

FOWLER's VOICE  
Coming up.

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

256 EXT. NARROW STREET, THE NEAR EAST - NIGHT

256

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

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

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

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

257 SHOT HIGGINS

257

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

258 OMIT

259 INT. LOCKSMITH SHOP - NIGHT

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

TURNER  
(shouting)  
What hotel?

259 CCNTD (2)

259 CONTD (2)

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

He lays a \$20 bill on the counter.

260 EXT NEW YORK CITY SIDESTREET NIGHT 260

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

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

261 EXT ELECTRONICS STORE NIGHT 261

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

262 EXT HOTEL EXCELSIOR NIGHT 262

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

ANGLE DOWN TO street...Directly below Joubert's room, walking close to the building, is TURNER. He disappears into SERVICE-ENTRANCE.

263 INT EXCELSIOR BASEMENT 263

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

JOUBERT'S VOICE

Yes?

TURNER

(into test-set)

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

263 CONTD

263 CONTD

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

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

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

HOTEL INTERCEPT OPERATOR  
Your room-number, please?

JOUBERT'S VOICE  
819.

The number's already RINGING.

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

HOTEL INTERCEPT OPERATOR  
...819?...Nothing, Mr. Joubert.

JOUBERT'S VOICE  
Thank you.

-- Interrupted by:

ATWOOD'S VOICE  
Hello?

264 INT JOUBERT'S ROOM STILL DARK

264

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

ATWOOD'S VOICE  
Who is this?

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

264 CONTD

264 CONTD

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

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

ATWOOD'S VOICE  
No!

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

265 INT EXCELSIOR HOTEL BASEMENT

265

CLOSE ON TURNER, working: on the touch-tone test-set  
he TAPS OUT: 311 555-6394. As he waits for it to  
RING, he RE-WINDS tape-recorder to start of MULTI-  
FREQUENCY TONES he'd just recorded.

RING! RING! Then:

VOICE  
(FILTER)  
Computer.

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

VOICE (Cont)  
202 555-7489.

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

RING! RING! Then:

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

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

265 CONTD

265 CONTD

WOMAN'S VOICE

(FILTER)

One moment, please.

(almost at once)

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

TURNER

Thank you.

DISCONNECTS test-set, starts out of basement.

266 EXT. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. BLDG.

266

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

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

267 INT. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. BLDG. LOBBY

267

TURNER sees a door marked "EQUIPMENT ROOM".

CAMERA MOVES WITH TURNER TO REAR the door. He's  
conscious about the test-set recorder. Anything  
that might make him pass for a telephone company em-  
ployee....

268 INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM

268

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

113

268 CONTD

268 CONTD

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

269 INT THE SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

269

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

TURNER'S VOICE

Hello...?

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

MITCHELL

This is the major.

TURNER'S VOICE

Condor. Find Higgins for me.

MITCHELL

Routing you, Condor. Stand by...

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

270 INT EQUIPMENT ROOM. TELEPHONE CO.  
ANGLE ON TURNER

270

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

HIGGINS' VOICE

(FILTER)

Condor??

TURNER grunts at being called Condor, then:

TURNER

...The Hotel Excelsior...

HIGGINS' VOICE

(FILTER)

You're there now?



270 CONTD

270 CONTD

TURNER

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

HIGGINS' VOICE

(FILTER)

-- What?

(then, quickly)

Where are you, damn it?!

TURNER

Shhh...quiet down...

(then)

Higgins?

HIGGINS' VOICE

(FILTER; quiet)

Right here.

TURNER

Who is Atwood?

271 INT COMPUTER ROOM CIA, LANGLEY

271

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

TURNER'S VOICE

(responding to  
Higgins' silence)

Who is Leonard Atwood?

(then)

Where are you.

CLICK as the line goes dead.

MR WABASH

Something...?

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

HIGGINS

-- Major??

272 INT. THE SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

272

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

MITCHELL

Got him!

HIGGINS' VOICE

SHOW me the display.

MITCHELL spins. PUNCHES BUTTON:

273 FAVOR A LARGE ELECTRONIC DISPLAY-SCREEN --

273

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

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

HIGGINS

How did he get there?....

MR. WABASH

(quietly)

Conder.

HIGGINS

We can have a unit --

MR. WABASH

still quiet

Wait....

--TRANSITION TO A SUDDEN CHANGE ON SCREEN: A NEW RED ARROWHEAD APPEARS....then:

HIGGINS (CONT)

Hey!!

A BURST OF NEW RED ARROWHEADS HAS APPEARED -- ALL OVER SOUTH BROOKLYN! Like measles!

HIGGINS races back to INTERCOM; SHOUTS:

HIGGINS (Cont)

Mitchell?!...What's going on??

As EVEN MORE RED ARROWHEADS APPEAR BEHIND HIGGINS:

MITCHELL'S VOICE (VIA INTERCOM)

The son of a bitch!--wired together 50 phones!!!

HIGGINS

WHAT??

273      CONTD

273

MITCHELL'S VOICE

(filter)

Everybody in Brooklyn's talking  
to each other!

274  
THRU  
276

OMIT

OMIT

274  
THRU  
276

277      EXT. HOBOKEN STATION

277

Suddenly like forty years ago. Old, dirty, gloomy in  
the early morning quiet.

278      INT. HOBOKEN STATION

278

Turner stands in the greenish light. Kathy moves over  
from the cigarette counter and lights a cigarette.

TURNER

I didn't know you smoked.

KATHY

I quit years ago.

(then)

You're pale.

TURNER

...light in here.

KATHY

What are you going to do there?

TURNER

See a guy.

KATHY

More secrets.

(shakes her head,

then, right to

him:)

What's so hot about keeping  
secrets? It's just...

unfriendly. That's all.

CONTINUED

TURNER

Like hiding those pictures.

KATHY

(she's fair)

Yes.

(then; not casual)

Some day, I'd like to show them to you...in case you live through this.

TURNER

I'd like to see them. Could you live through that?

KATHY

Yes, I could. Now. Thanks.

Then SUDDENLY, an almost hopeful thought.

TURNER

You could drive me to Washington.

KATHY

No. I couldn't.

(then)

You have a lot of fine qualities but...

(tries it another way)

I don't treat myself great, exactly, but I don't go out of my way to get myself machine-gunned, either.

TURNER

What fine qualities?

She almost smiles at his joke, but then:

KATHY

You have good eyes. Not kind, but...they don't seem to lie or look away much.

(then)

And they don't miss anything.

(beat)

I could use eyes like that.

CONTINUED

TURNER

But you're...overdue in Vermont.

(she's silent)

Is he a tough guy?

KATHY

(nods)

He's pretty tough.

TURNER

What will he do to you?

KATHY

...understand, probably.

TURNER

Oh...that is tough.

The LOUDSPEAKER announces the train to WASHINGTON.  
Turner takes the cigarette out of her hands, throws  
it on the floor.

TURNER (cont'd)

Kathy...I need time.

KATHY

Hm??

Turner is anguished, but has to reassure himself.

TURNER

8 hours?...at least until noon  
tomorrow.

KATHY

So?

TURNER

(finally driven)

You have to give me that much  
time. I mean...don't call anybody  
right now, or...

She can't believe it! Her eyes FILL. She manages  
the palest smile, and shakes her head from side to side,  
slowly. Such disappointment and regret.

CONTINUED

278      CONTD (3)

279

KATHY

...Oh, boy...

He is stricken that he's come this far. He closes his eyes, squeezes them shut, wishing he hadn't revealed his suspicion. He can't take back the words so he grabs her, HOLDS HER TIGHTLY, the way one holds a child one has hurt...impulsively...trying to share the pain with her. THEN he takes her head in his hands and KISSES her face gently.

TURNER

Will you take care of yourself.

KATHY

Do my best.

TURNER

Do your best.

He moves through the doors and out onto the tracks.

KATHY

(quietly)

Will you take care of yourself?

278A      EXT. HOLIDAY INN (Second Unit!)      NIGHT

278A

A plain black sedan pulls up. Two plainclothes guys get out and go in.

278B      INT. 54/12 ROOM - WABASH &amp; HIGGONS      NIGHT

278B

Atwood is gone. Higgins and Wabash wait near the phone.

MR. WABASH

...Why aren't you further along, Mr. Higgins?

HIGGINS

With the Company, you mean?

MR. WABASH

You seem perfect for it...

HIGGINS

Thank you, sir.

CONTINUED

2783      CONTD

2783

MR. WABASH

Are you perfect for it, Mr.  
Higgins?

HIGGINS

I try to be.

MR. WABASH

Were you recruited out of school?

HIGGINS

No, sir. The Company interviewed  
a few of us in Korea.

(compelled to  
flatter)

You were with Mr. Donovan's OSS,  
weren't you sir?

MR. WABASH

(smiles to remember:)

I sailed the Adriatic with a  
moviestar at the helm! It  
doesn't seem like much of a war  
now. But it was.

(then)

I go back even further: to ten  
years after the Great War, as  
we called it. Before we knew  
enough to number them.

HIGGINS

You miss that kind of action, sir?

MR. WABASH

No...that kind of clarity.

The PHONE RINGS LOUDLY. Mr. Wabash picks it up, listens,  
then hangs up.

MR. WABASH (contd)

He's being held at New York  
Center.

Higgins is up and moving toward the door.

CONTINUED

278B      CONTD (2)

278B

MR. WABASH (contd)

Mr. Higgins!...I believe you  
do understand the Company's  
position. What's to be done.

279      EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE, WASHINGTON      NIGHT

279

A long view, dark, deserted. Then SUDDENLY THE NIGHT  
AIR IS FILLED WITH LOUD BLASTING MUSIC.

280      INT. COUNTRY HOUSE      NIGHT      TURNER

280

CLOSE Turner, sitting in the dark living room beside  
the hi-fi, holding the .45 loosely in his hand, waiting.

281      FULLER ANGLE TO VESTIBULE

281

The light goes on. An absolutely petrified Atwood  
descends the stairs in rumpled pajamas. Turner does  
not move. Atwood comes slowly into the darkened room.

TURNER

Who are you?

282      NEW ANGLE

282

ATWOOD

What is this?

TURNER

Who are you?

ATWOOD

What d'you want in here?

TURNER

I'm Condor.

ATWOOD'S SHOCK.

TURNER

Sit down.

(then)

What do you do for a living?

ATWOOD

Don't be ridiculous...

CONTINUED



282

CONTD

282

He starts to turn away -- he's in a swivel-chair behind his desk -- Turner soins him back - hard!

TURNER

What do you do...? Exactly.

ATWOOD

I'm with Counter Intelligence.

Turner can't quite put it together with what else he's come to know; he presses the .45 against Atwood.

TURNER

...What are you working on?

What are you doing?

(at Atwood's

silence)

What's the secret worth murdering everybody at the ALHS??

ATWOOD

There is no secret!

TURNER

Wicks shoved you my report...

ATWOOD

What rep--?

Turner kicks the chair hard with his foot. It SLAMS against the wall.

ATWOOD (contd)

(choking)

Yes!

TURNER

It was your network I turned up.

Atwood's silence confirms it.

TURNER (contd)

...Doing what?

Atwood doesn't answer. Turner PULLS him out of the chair and SLAMS him against the wall.

CONTINUED

282

CONTD (2)

282

TURNER (contd)

Doing what!!?

Turner GRABS him again.

TURNER (contd)

What the hell does Counter  
Intelligence care about a  
bunch of goddamn books! A  
book in Dutch!

He SLAMS him against the wall.

TURNER (contd)

A book out of Venezuela!

He SLAMS him again.

ATWOOD

Wait...!

TURNER

Mystery stories in Arabic!

He SLAMS him again.

TURNER

What the hell is so important  
about...

(he stops dead. Still.

Then very quietly)

Oil...fields.

Atwood is petrified. His breath comes in hard rasping  
grasps...

TURNER (contd)

(then)

This whole damn thing was  
about oil.

Pointing the gun at him again.

TURNER (contd)

-- Wasn't it??...Wasn't it??

CONTINUED

282      CONTD (3)

282

ATWOOD

-- Yes!...It is! It still is.

JOUBERT'S VOICE

Don't turn for a moment.

(then)

Set down the gun...

(then)

Yes. All right.

283      ANOTHER ANGLE      REVEALING JOUBERT

283

JOUBERT

(straight)

You were quite good, Condor...  
until this.

(wave of hand  
toward Atwood)

...This move was predictable:

Atwood LAUGHS a bark of a laugh -- in relief. Joubert  
MOVES forward toward Turner.

284      CLOSER ANGLE ON JOUBERT

284

He suddenly swings around -- pushes the gun against  
Atwood's head and FIRES.

285      SHOT      TURNER

285

A SINGLE PROLONGED SHOUT, his hands over his ears, as  
if the REVERBERATING EXPLOSION might still kill him.  
Stunned, he watches Joubert:

286      WIDER ANGLE

286

Joubert is propping the dead Atwood into the posture  
of a suicide...wipes off the pistol, places it in  
his hand.

287      TURNER

287

appalled, still...but putting it together.

TURNER

You're -- working for The  
Company again...!

JOUBERT

(quiet business)

Did you touch anything but  
the lamp?

CONTINUED

257

CONID (2)

257

JOUBERT (contd)

But you see...

(then)

Perhaps if he had a widow.

But he has none. He's a  
selfish man, I think; this  
house is empty.He makes a quick but experienced check of the whole  
scene, and:

JOUBERT (contd)

Come.

258

EXT. ATWOOD'S HOME DAWN

258

Looking far out over sloping lawns and a meadow. A  
pretty VIEW. Joubert FILLS HIS LUNGS, deeply. A car  
is parked a safe distance from the house:

JOUBERT

Tell me about the girl.

TURNER

What, ... about her?

JOUBERT

She was chosen ... how? By  
age? Her car? Appearance?

TURNER

At random. Chance.

JOUBERT

Really?

(then)

Can I drop you?

TURNER

(slowly)

I'm...going back to New York.

JOUBERT

You have...not much future  
there.

Turner looks at him.

JOUBERT (contd)

(lighting a cigarette)

It would happen this way: ...

You may be walking one day ...

may be the first sunny day of

the spring...And a car will slow...

(MORE)

CONTINUED

287

CONTD

287

Joubert's wiping it clean.

TURNER

(dazed)

— Jesus, they took you back.

JOUBERT

(shrugs)

Just for this: for Atwood.

Turner is still reeling.

TURNER

But...he's with the Company,  
why would they want him  
killed?

JOUBERT

(a 'stop' gesture)

I don't interest myself in  
'why?'. I think more often  
in terms of 'when?'...  
sometimes 'where?'. And  
always 'How much?'

(very brief)

I suspect he was -- about to  
become -- an embarrassment.

(then, level)

As you are...

Beat; Turner nods.

TURNER

(sad, ironic  
laugh)

So you're not finished.

JOUBERT

Pardon?...oh no, I have no  
arrangement with them  
concerning you. They didn't  
know you'd be here.

(beat)

I knew you'd be here.

TURNER

But, didn't you send the  
mailman?

JOUBERT

Oh...that was a business  
arrangement with Atwood.

(then; a gesture  
at corpse)

(MORE)

CONTINUED

268 (2)

268

TURNER

I don't think so.

(beat)

Would it be too much trouble  
to drop me at Union Station?

JOUBERT

(shrugs)

It would be my pleasure.

As Turner rises to walk down the slope to the car,  
Joubert holds out the .45. Turner looks at it, then  
at Joubert. Joubert shrugs:

JOUBERT (contd)

For that day...

Beat. Turner takes the gun.

Full view of the street. Trucks being loaded in the bins of the Newspaper building. A small SALVATION ARMY BAND plays and sings GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN.

An ordinary looking car comes to a STOP on BROADWAY. Higgins gets out; the Driver and another Man remain inside. Higgins looks up and down the street until:

TURNER'S VOICE

--Higgins!

Higgins spins around and sees:

289A  
thru  
289E

OMIT

OMIT

289A  
thru  
289E

290 TURNER

290

In the middle of 43rd Street. Pedestrians pass him. He looks tired, needs a shave.

291 FAVOR HIGGINS

291

He smiles, but is taking everything in. Where Turner is standing, he moves toward Turner as angle widens to include both. Higgins almost throws a welcoming arm around Turner, as Turner backs across 43rd towards the singing Salvation Army Band.

HIGGINS

It's great to see you.

(Turner nods,  
vaguely)

You look really beat.

TURNER

Yeah, I'm tired.

(then)

The car for me?

HIGGINS

Sure. It's safe now. We need a few hours debriefing; the network had some pretty complicated wiring and --

TURNER

--Higgins? Let's say...for purposes of argument...I have a .45 in one of these pockets.

Pause.

CONTINUED

TURNER (contd)  
So if I asked you to take a  
walk with me...you'd do it,  
right?

HIGGINS  
(quietly)  
Which way?

TURNER  
West. Slowly. Four or five  
steps in front of me.

292 TRACKING TURNER AND HIGGINS

292

The sound of singing grows louder.

Higgins shivers as a cold gust of wind chills them.  
Another plain car is moving East TOWARD THEM ON 43rd Street.

HIGGINS  
Where are we going?

TURNER  
(indicating the car)  
Wave them off...

Higgins makes a slight head move. The car stops and parks.  
Turner moves up closer to Higgins.

TURNER (contd)  
Do we have plans to invade the  
Middle East?

HIGGINS  
Are you crazy??

TURNER  
Am I?

HIGGINS  
Look, Turner...

TURNER  
Do we have plans?

CONTINUED



HIGGINS

No. Absolutely not.

(then)

We have games. That's all.  
We play games. "What if?",  
"How many men?", "What would  
it take?", "Is there a cheaper  
way of destabilizing the regime?"  
(quieter)

That's what we're paid to do?

TURNER

So...Atwood just took the games  
too seriously. He was really  
going to do it...wasn't he?

HIGGINS

It was a renegade operation!  
Atwood knew 54/12 could never  
authorize it: not with all the  
heat on the company.

TURNER

Suppose there'd been no heat?  
And I hadn't stumbled on the  
plan? Nobody had?

HIGGINS

(shrugs)

Different ballgame. The fact  
is, it wasn't a bad plan. It  
could've worked.

TURNER

Jesus -- What is it with you  
people? You think not getting  
caught in a lie is the same as  
telling the truth.

HIGGINS

It's simple economics, Turner...  
There's no argument. Oil now,  
10 or 15 years it'll be food, or  
plutonium. Maybe sooner than  
that. What do you think the  
people will want us to do then?

CONTINUED

TURNER

Ask them!

HIGGINS

Now?

(shakes head)

Huh-uh. Ask them when they're running out.. When it's cold at home and the engines stop and people who aren't used to hunger.. go hungry! They won't want us to ask...

(quiet savagery:)

They'll want us to get it for them.

TURNER

Boy. You really found a home.

(then)

There were seven people killed!

HIGGINS

The Company never ordered...

TURNER

...Atwood did! And who the hell is Atwood?? He's you! All of you. There were seven people killed and the games go on.

HIGGINS

I can't let you stay out, Turner.

Turner slowly stops, leans back against a building, shakes his head sadly.

TURNER

Go home, Higgins. They have it all.

HIGGINS

What are you talking about?

TURNER

Don't you know where we are?

Higgins looks around. The huge newspaper trucks are moving out.

CONTINUED

292      CONTD (3)

293

TURNER (contd)

It's where they ship from.

Higgins' head darts upward and he reads the legend above  
Turner's head. THE NEW YORK TIMES. He is stunned.

HIGGINS

You dumb son of a bitch.

TURNER

It's been done. They have it.

CAMERA PUSHES CLOSER on Higgins. All the physical options  
run through his brain...and he comes up with...nothing to  
do.

HIGGINS

You've done more damage than  
you know.

TURNER

I hope so.

HIGGINS

You want to rip us to pieces,  
but you damn fool you rely on  
us.

(then)

You're about to be a very lonely  
man, Turner.

Without warning, Turner SLOWLY starts away, still facing  
Higgins. He throws a glance over his shoulder at the car.

293      HIS P.O.V. - THE PLAIN CAR

293

The two men waiting for a signal from Higgins.

294      TURNER AND HIGGINS

294

HIGGINS

It didn't have to turn out  
like this.

TURNER

Of course it did.

CONTINUED

Revised 2/3/75

294 INTD

294

HIGGINS

(calling out)

Turner! How do you know they'll  
print it?

Turner stops. Stares at Higgins. Higgins smiles.

295 CLOSE HIGGINS

295

HIGGINS

You can take a walk. But how  
far? If they don't print it.

296 CLOSE TURNER

296

TURNER

They'll print it.

297 HIGH ANGLE - TURNER AND HIGGINS

297

Pedestrians move between them.

HIGGINS

How do you know?

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND LOSES THEM IN THE NEW YORK STREETS.

THE END