

THREE DAYS OF THE CONDOR

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and David Rayfiel

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

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INT. AN OFFICE SOMEWHERE IN NEW YORK

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

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

VOICE OFF (RAY)

Jani ce!

TITLES BEGIN.

CAMERA FOLLOWS JANICE TO INTERIOR ANOTHER OFFICE

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

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

RAY

What' ve we got?

HAROLD

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

RAY

Where?

HAROLD

In his room.

JANICE

Very funny, Harold.

HAROLD

OK, the wound is just below the heart.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

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.

INT. SMALLER OFFICE

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.

EXT. BROADWAY IN THE EIGHTIES

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 assist the one cylinder engine.

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?

BACK TO THAT OFFICE

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'...

EXT. THREE STORY TOWNHOUSE - EAST 70' S

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 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.

ANGLE ACROSS THE STREET

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 Republi can.

JANICE' S VOICE

No no, it means something.

FROM THE MAN'S POV

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.

INT. ALHS HOUSE - RECEPTION AREA

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
di shevel ed hai r 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.

EXT. ALHS - HOUSE TURNER

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

INT. ALHS HOUSE - MRS. RUSSELL AND JENNINGS

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-m i ddl e- i ni ti al .

MRS. RUSSELL
Seventeen minutes late.

TURNER

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

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.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

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.

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!

INT. OTHER OFFICE

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.

INT. TURNER' S OFFICE

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 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 icebullet.
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 IDEOGRAPH, 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.

JANICE

We going to Sam and Mae's tonight?

Mm. **TURNER**
(back at work)

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!

JANICE Spani sh. . .

TURNER
(admits)
Yes. (beat)
Yes.

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

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.

EXT. ALHS HOUSE

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.

INT. HAROLD AND RAY'S OFFICE

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.

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

WITH TURNER

as he heads for the stairs with the envelope.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - RECEPTION AREA

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. Five.

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 hangover 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.

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.

EXT. ALES HOUSE

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

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.

INT. TURNER'S OFFICE - DAY

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.

CLOSER ON TEST

TURNER's hand moving steadily down the page, part some speed-reading 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.

INT. HALLWAY

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. Heidi ger was copying
something. You know him with machines.

EXT. 77TH AND MADISON

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

INT. ALHS HOUSE - ALCOVE

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.

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
(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??

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.

EXT. EAST 77TH STREET - ANGLE ON BLUE FIAT

Brighter blue than ever, polished by the rain.

INT. BLUE FIAT - DAY

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:

INT. ALHS HOUSE - RECEPTION AREA

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
Goddamnit! That is not a proper exit!

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?

EXT. REAR OF ALHS - DAY

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.

EXT. EAST 77TH STREET - DAY

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.

EXT. EAST 78TH STREET - DAY

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

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - EAST 70' S

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

EXT. MADISON AVENUE

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

EXT. ALHS STREET - HIGH ANGLE

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

EXT. ALHS - DAY

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

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

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

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

INT. JIMMY'S CAFE

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.

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

TURNER
It's not too late.
(points)
No mayo on Dr. Lappe's.
(MORE)

TURNER (CONT'D)

(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 batter.

(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
Library?

JIMMY
(to Customer, referring to
Turner)
Don't you hate him?

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...

EXT. ALHS - STREET

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.

INT. ALHS - RECEPTION AREA

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.

INT. ALHS - LIBRARY

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 SOUND, followed by a HEAVY THUD.

WITH JENNINGS

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 PLYING. The shotgun he was reaching for CLATTERS to the floor.

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

SHOT JOUBERT

He nods: proceed.

WIDER ANGLE

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?
(MORE)

DR LAPPE' S VOICE (CONT' D)
(a beat)
Mrs. Russell?

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

EXT. JIMMY' S CAFE

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

INT. ALHS - TOP OF STAIRS

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.

INT. 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 slugs pour through the flimsy door and FIND him

INT. ALHS LOBBY - DAY

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.

INT. JANICE' S OFFICE - DAY

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

MACHINE IN OPERATION - JANICE'S POV

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.

HER POV

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?

He simply gestures this time: away from the window.

FAVOR JANICE

shaking her head no:

JANICE
I won't scream

CLOSE ON JOUBERT

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.

FLASH CLOSEUP - JANICE'S EYES

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

EXT. MADISON AVENUE - TRACKING TURNER

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.

EXT. ALHS - DAY

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.

INT. ALHS - RECEPTION AREA

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

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.

WITH TURNER

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:

INT. JANICE'S OFFICE - DAY

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

TURNER

The shotgun forgotten in his hand.

JANICE

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.

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

MRS. RUSSELL

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

TURNER

Horri f i ed beyond description. He MOVES toward front door, stops. He tries to STUFF the shotgun he is still carrying under his coats, 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.

EXT. ALHS HOUSE

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

BACK TO TURNER

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".

CLOSE - TURNER'S SOLEX

The drops of rain make it sparkle.

FULL SHOT - INCLUDE TURNER

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

IN THE STREET

TURNER starts FAST along sidewalk Madison, suddenly HALTS.

Coming towards him is a woman pushing a baby carriage. She is a dyky governess type, reflections GLINTING off her thick glasses. She SEES him. She STOPS too, and 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 rearranges the darling.

TURNER breaks into a RUN.

ANGLES WITH TURNER

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.

PHONE STAND

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?

INT. A SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

Windowless. Could be anywhere. No sense of place, but a perfect sense of time: CLOCKS run around the wall, 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 alerts 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??

EXT. PHONE & TURNER

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 ... oh ... Condor! 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 payphone, 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!

MITCHELL

Are you armed?

TURNER
(reaching into pocket)
I've got Mrs. -- what's her codename?
Night ingale? 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.

TURNER
Huh?

MITCHELL
A school chum . . .

TURNER
A what??

MITCHELL

(steady; insistent)

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

(then)

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

INT. THE SMALL ROOM

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.

EXT. PHONE & TURNER

He looks at the phone hand-piece, then, risks shouting 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.

INT. THE SMALL ROOM

Mitchell's pressing buttons and PBX keys. A RED PANEL LIGHTS
UP: it reads "TRACING". Tape-records are rewinding 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.

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - DAY

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

EXT. WEST SIDE WAREHOUSE

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."

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

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

EXT. ALHS HOUSE

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.

INT. COLISEUM - DAY

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!

EXT. ALHS - DAY

One of the man 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...

INT. CIA OFFICES NYC - DAY

One of the top floors of the World Trade buildings. A VIEW of Upper NY Bay, Brooklyn Height, 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 cutout. 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.

NEWBERRY IN PANEL TRUCK

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.

BACK TO CIA HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK

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

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - DAY

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

HIGGINS VOICE (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.)

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

Turner suddenly stops; stares.

TURNER'S POV

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.

CLOSE TURNER

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

CLOSE NAMEPLATE UNDER BELL

"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.

STAIRCASE

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.

INT. HEIDEGGER'S APARTMENT

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.

EXT. BROWNSTONE

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.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE HEIDEGGER'S APARTMENT

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

TURNER'S POV

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

BACK TO TURNER

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 whirs, 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.

HEI DEGGER' S DOORWAY

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

HUTTON GUY
It was a mistake, buddy.

TURNER AND THE BEEFY MAN

TURNER is panicked.

BEEFY MAN
(leaning over stairway)
Not you guys!

HEI DEGGER' S DOORWAY

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

BACK TO TURNER

He bolts, taking the stairs three at a time.

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

EXT. DOWNTOWN WASHINGTON D. C.

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.

INT. CIA HQ - LANGLEY, VIRGINIA - DAY

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

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

INT. WICKS' OFFICE - DAY

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

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 roofpad. Fuel for New
York. Now.

EXT. WEST 20' S - DAY

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:

FULLER ANGLE - INCLUDE LANDLADY

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

LANDLADY
They're waiting for you!

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??

NEW ANGLE - CLOSE ON TURNER

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

EXT. BRICK BUILDING - TOP FLOOR WINDOWS - POV

Shades are being pulled down!

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

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

INT. CIA - NEW YORK CENTER - DAY

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

EXT. BROADWAY NEAR COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

CLOSE ON TURNER's HAND DIALING. PULL BACK to see him in a phone booth, campus in bag

INT. THAT SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

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

MITCHELL
This is the Major.

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

MITCHELL
Stand by. Routing you to NY Center.

INT. CIA OFFICE, NY - DAY

No pause: HIGGINS activates his talk box and:

HIGGINS
Hello, Condor . . .

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

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?

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

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.

(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

... Ours.

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.

TURNER

... Who's left?

Higgins refers to Condor's files.

HIGGINS

You have a friend down here in
Statistics...

TURNER

Sam Barber.

HIGGINS

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.

HIGGINS AND WICKS

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 . . .
odd: these people didn't know much.

Wicks has been scanning Turner's folder:

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.

WICKS

He'll be there, himself?

(Higgins nods)

Nice break.

INT. CIA, NY - ORDNANCE ROOM

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
Si dear?

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

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

WICKS
Let me button that up for you.
(Beat)
How long've you known Condor?

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.

EXT. ANSONIA HOTEL

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 .

EXT. ALLEY

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.

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.

SHOT - TURNER

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

SHOT - WICKS

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

TURNER

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

TURNER'S POV

There's Sam Barber, standing against the wall.

SHOTTURNER

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

ALLEY - VARIOUS ANGLES

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.

TURNER

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

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.

TURNER

scrambles up, can't believe it:

WICKS

trying to get into position to FIRE again!

TURNER

TURNER
Sam??!!

Another round slams past his ear. He RUNS.

WICKS

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

BARBER

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

EXT. WEST 74TH STREET & BROADWAY

MOVING with TURNER, terrified! -- as he bolts out of the alleys, 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.

EXT. BROADWAY - SERIES OF CUTS

TURNER darts THROUGH TRAFFIC, vaults the fenced-in 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 --

NEARBY STREETS & ALLEYS

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 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...

INT. SPORTING-GOODS STORE

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...

NEAR CASH-REGISTER

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?

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 frostbite! 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:

EXT. COLUMBUS AVENUE

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:

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

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

Kate gets in, leans over and opens Passenger door.

MOVING WITH TURNER - KATHY'S POV

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

INT. VW

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?

KATHY

Brooklyn Heights.

TURNER

Al one?

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

KATHY

(continuing)

I ... I live with a guy.

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.

EXT. CIA - Langley, Virginia - ROOF

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. Conternation!

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE

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.

INT. OLD CAGE ELEVATOR

HIGGINS ASCENDS through a big old building. Topfloor landing COMES INTO VIEW through the mesh.

An incongruity: Polished MARINE GUARDS and automatic weapons:
TOP-FLOOR LANDING

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.

INT. OLD, ORNATE ROOM

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.

EXT. UNION STATION, WASHINGTON D. C.

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

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - HIGH ANGLE - DUSK

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.

CLOSE ON VW

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

Leave the **TURNER** 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...

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.

EXT. KATHY' S BUILDING DUSK

as they enter vestibule and she fits key into lock:

TURNER

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.

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?

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?

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
What does Counter Intelligence have?

ATWOOD
Absolutely nothing, sir.

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.

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

MR. WABASH

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

INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT

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

MR. WABASH'S (V. O.)

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

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

MR. WABASH (V. O.)

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

THE CARD

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

KATHY'S VOICE
Tentrex Industries ...

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

BACK TO SCENE

TURNER
I work for the CIA.

KATHY
(helpless laughter)
Oh, Jesus ...

As he looks around for a Manhattan phone-directory:

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
Gl adys?

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

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

TURNER
Made the card in a machine! But I
di dn't . . .

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

SLOW PAN - STILL PHOTOS - TURNER' S POV

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 Diane Arbus.

TURNER' S VOICE
(referring to photos)
You aren't exactly carefree, are you?

WIDER ANGLE

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!

TUPNLER
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.

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.

FAVOR KATHY

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.

INT. BEDROOM

She does; but as she gets closer. A plea.

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)
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:

EXT. BESIDE THE POTAMIC RIVER

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, unpredictable ... Perhaps sentimental. He could fool a professional -- 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.

ATWOOD
We . . . don't want that.

JOUBERT
(beat)
Cost nothing. I was careless with
Condor. Wicks will be done for nothing.

INT. KATHY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

TURNER

I thought it was that flare smell ...
ozone or gunpowder but it was her
cigarette...

ANGLE WIDENS to include:

KATHY

Whose?

TURNER

(almost rambling)

... burnt through her dress ... into her
skin -- who the hell chain-smokes
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 proceed
him into the livingroom

INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

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.

KATHY

So?

TURNER

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

KATHY

(impressed at his observation)

I never noticed it before.

TURNER
I like them

KATHY
... Thanks.

TURNER
-- Shh!

He whirs toward:

ON TV-SCREEN

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 --

CLOSE TURNER

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, drugs were not involved, and it doesn't seem to have been robbery.

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

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

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

TV REPORTER
(pressing)
Have you identified the victims?

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

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

The LIEUTENANT is about to answer, but:

CLEAN-CUT YOUNG MAN
Absolutely not.

It's as if he said it for the Lieutenant . . . and pushes him
past the Reporter 5M 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.

ANGLE - TURNER

TURNER
Sam!?

TV REPORTER'S VOICE
Stan Roberts, Eyewitness News, New York.

MOVING WITH KATHY

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 surprised . . . 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!

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? Sam 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....

FAVOR KATHY

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 ... You 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.

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 personal
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.

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:

INT. BATHROOM

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.

EXT. PETER COOPER VILLAGE - NIGHT

ESTABLISH the sprawling high-rise apartment complex.

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.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

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

SEE one of them S. BARBER - 14F.

INT. ELEVATOR

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

INT. 14TH FLOOR LANDING

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

ANGLE ON DOOR - 14F

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.

INT. BARBERS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

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?

MAE heads back to the kitchen, with:

MAE
Janice working late . . . ?

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
catting 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.

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.

NEW ANGLE

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.

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)
Good-night!

He's gone.

INT. 14TH FLOOR LANDING

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:

INCLUDE MAE

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

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

JOUBERT' S EYES

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

Door of UP ELEVATOR opens.

INT. ELEVATOR

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.

CLOSE ON TURNER

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:

FAVOR JOUBERT

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've 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.

TURNER
(standing fast)
Please...

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

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY

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

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

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

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:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CLOSE ON TURNER (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!

JOUBERT'S VOICE
(a whisper)
Merde!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - ANOTHER ANGLE - NIGHT

TURNER's overtaken by the KIDS. Sensing the protection they afford, he quickens his pace, walks to keep among them as they head toward the LIGHTS and traffic of First Avenue.

SHOT - JOUBERT

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

EXT. FIRST AVENUE - NIGHT

As TURNER detaches himself from group, ducks into VW.

MOVING WITH JOUBERT

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

INT. KATHY'S VW - NIGHT

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!

EXT. KATHY'S VW - LONG VIEW - NIGHT

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:

EXT. FIRST AVENUE TRAFFIC (GOBO) - NIGHT

The SCOPE VIEWPANS 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:

INT. KATHY'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

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...

MOVING WITH TURNER

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

BATHROOM

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 washcloths-gag!

The PHONE RINGING PERSISTS. KATHY tightens, as TURNER hurries to her, slips the cold steel of the knifeblade 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...!

MOVING WITH THEM

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

TURNER pushes her ahead of him... into:

THE BEDROOM

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

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 MOUTHER 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 . . . went.

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

KATHY
(looks at TURNER)
Maybe not.

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.

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

BEN' S VOICE
(FILTER)
Toni ght, 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 never TURNER. He hangs up.
They're very close; neither of them moves for a moment

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

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - NIGHT

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 went?

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.

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.

KATHY

What do you mean?

He considers not telling her, but:

TURNER

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

(smiles)

At least someone who'd be ... on his way.
(then)

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

KATHY

(barely audible)

I'm not afraid of Ben.

TURNER

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

(long pause)

Why haven't you asked me to cut those
tapes on your wrists.

She's silent. Breathlessly aware of how close he is to her.

KATHY
How . . . 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

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.

INT. BEDROOM

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

INT. LIVINGROOM - DAWN

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

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

ALHS 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 ALHS house? HIS OWN PEOPLE? Why would he?

1. IMPOSTER (no)
2. Double-agent? Maybe.
3. A MISTAKE (not)
4. Is the bastard alive. (Phone Roosevelt Hosp) !

SHOTS OVER TURNER

thinking ... writing ... doodling. At one point he writes:

SECTION CHIEF, WASHINGTON, D. C. ... And CIRCLE it.

Then, he writes:

ALHS link with D. C. ?? What?
ONLY VIA NY CENTER . . .

CLOSE ON TURNER

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

CLOSE - REPORT

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 Cen is herewith forwarding copy Condor Report to HQ CIA, Langley, Attn: Chief, Section 17.

SHOT - TURNER

His eyes race to the bottom of sheet:

REPORT - TURNER'S POV

WE READ:

cc: WICKS, J. W.

TURNER'S VOICE
Wicks...

MOVING WITH TURNER

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

INT. KITCHEN

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

KATHY
Y' di dn' t sleep well.

TURNER
You di dn' t?

KATHY
You di dn' 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 dream You talked.

TURNER

What did I say?

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

INT. ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL - DAY

A PATIENT being wheeled by on a gurney. OVERHEAR snatches of conversation between a DOCTOR and NURSE who are accompanying it. Over this sick person's form he is trying to persuade her to meet him tonight at Maxwell's Plum, or Fridays.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE MONITORING ROOM

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.

ANGLE ON COFFEEPOT ON KATHY'S STOVE

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:

POV THROUGH WINDOW TO EXT. APARTMENT

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.

ANGLE ON TURNER

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

LLOYD

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

SHOT - TURNER IN KITCHEN

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.

MAILMAN

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

TURNER & THE MAILMAN - VARIOUS ANGLES

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 PLIES 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!

TURNER

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. .

MAILMAN

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.

MAILMAN & TURNER

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:

ANGLES

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.

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!

DOORWAY TO BATHROOM

KATHY -- staring in disbelief!

TURNER & MAILMAN

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

KATHY

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

MAILMAN

-- 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 heard in the ALHS -- and the MAILMAN is SLAMMED over the couch, against the wall ... and down to the floor behind the couch.

TURNER

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:

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:

CONTINENTS IMPORTS, INC.

And under that, handwritten:

840-6311

X-1891

NEW ANGLE

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 extensi on 1891?

WOMAN' S VOICE
We' re lucky we have any phoneservice at --

TURNER
Sorry.

He' s al ready DISCONNECTED, thinking . . . Then: DIALS ' 0' .

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.

SHOTTURNER

Hal f- 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:

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 back, can you give me y --

TURNER DISCONNECTS. He's no longer smiling; his look is stricken -- as if he'd been witness to an assassination: unbelievable! but too vivid to believe.

WIDER ANGLE - KATHY AND TURNER

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

KATHY
What is it...

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

KATHY
What??

TURNER
(abruptly)
Get ready. Hurry!

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - FULL VIEW (HELICOPTERS) - DAY

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?

INT. HIGGINS' OFFICE IN CIA, NY CEN - DAY

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 woul dn't be.

EXT. /INT. KATHY' S CAR - DAY

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...
(gesture behind them)
. . . the mail man?

TURNER
No.

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

TURNER
I'm not going to wait.

INT. THE OLD ORNATE ROOM - DAY

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?

HIGGINS IN NEW YORK

HIGGINS
This afternoon.

MR. WABASH' S VOICE
He does seem rather expert to be entirely
clean.

ORNATE ROOM

HIGGINS' VOICE
He may just learn fast, sir

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

BACK TO HIGGINS

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?

EXT. /INT. KATHY'S VW HIGHWAY, TIP OF MANHATTAN - DAY

TURNER

That's all I reported: the stories were being translated into this odd group of languages.

(quoting, from memory)

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

KATHY

Who wrote the stories in the first place?

TURNER

Different phony names. That's not unusual.

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...

INT. ORNATE ROOM

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:

BACK TO HIGGINS IN NEW YORK

SWITCHES OFF HIS speaker-phone. Thoughtful.

EXT. /INT. KATHY'S VW - DAY

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.

TURNER
Can we get this over with?

She gets out of the car.

TURNER
Kathy.
(She stops)
Thank you.

A solemn look on her face. She moves away.

INT. CIA, NY - CORRIDOR - DAY

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.

MOVING WITH KATHY

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

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.

PUSHCART HOT-DOG STAND - LONG VIEW

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.

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

Across a busy intersection TURNER watches:

KATHY - LONG VIEW - TURNER'S POV

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

SHOT - TURNER

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

KATHY

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

ON TURNER

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

WIDER ANGLE - INTERSECTION

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

INT. BAR & GRILL - DAY

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

She smiles.

KATHY

Yep.

(then)
I didn't get the job.

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

KATHY

Looks good.

(then)
But, I have this friend; he told me to tell you something. Quote.

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

(as Kathy)
(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)

-- 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 with it right now while we're talking...!

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)

Oops.

(she stands)

Shall we?

HIGGINS wipes his mouth:

HIGGINS

Why not? You're cute as hell.

FULL SHOT - RESTAURANT

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

EXT. BAR & GRILL - DAY

TURNER grabs HIGGINS and drives him through the open door 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!

INT. KATHY'S CAR - DAY

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.

EXT. KATHY' S CAR - DAY

HEADING west and north.

TURNER
Sit up.

HIGGINS

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

INT. KATHY' S CAR - DAY

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.

HI GGI NS
(nods toward Kathy)
Who's she?

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

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
(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 expression 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.

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

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

INT. HOTEL-ROOM - SOMEWHERE

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?

JOUBERT

Wait.

ATWOOD'S (V. O.)

For what?

JOUBERT

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

He hangs up.

EXT. FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER - LONG VIEW

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

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

TURNER

(omnious:)
Who would it help?

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

TURNER

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

Terrible 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.

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?
(MORE)

TURNER (CONT'D)

(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:)

... What 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?

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 shocked.

HIGGINS

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.

TURNER

(growing anger)

I get it: you want me to draw fire. I'm supposed to play one of those perinya, cade 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.

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.

EXT. YORK AVENUE IN THE 60'S - HIGH ANGLE - NIGHT

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.

INT. MACHINE-ROOM CIA, LANGLEY

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 FINGERPRINTS. 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 CONTROLKEYS that punch up IMAGES pulled from CARDS and TAPES, parts 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
. . . Hold any intersect. . . .

ON THE SCREENS

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)

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

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

HIGGINS' VOICE
Yeah! Run Lucifer 2.

FOWLER'S VOICE
Coming up.

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

EXT. NARROW STREET, THE NEAR EAST - NIGHT

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

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

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

TERMINATION: FREELANCE AGENT G. JOUBERT/Confirmed by CASE OFFICER: JW WICKS and ASST: W. LLOYD

SHOT - HIGGINS

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

INT. LOCKSMITH SHOP - NIGHT

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

TURNER
(shouting)
What hotel?

AN AUTOMATIC KEYSMAKING-MACHINE OPERATES NOISILY. LOCKSMITH unclamps a key, starts RASPING off rough edges, working as he and TURNER talk about the key lying on the counter between them. It's quieter.

LOCKSMITH
There's no tag! It's room 819 -- in the
City of New York.

TURNER
(offers key)
... There's a code-number out into the
edge.

LOCKSMITH
(wary)
You in the trade?

TURNER
I read it in a story...

LOCKSMITH
There's a story about locksmiths?

TURNER
...It's the lock-manufacturer's code; he can tell you what hotel...

LOCKSMITH
I don't want to read about you in the paper, sonny...

But he's slipped the key under a BRIGHT LIGHT on the counter.

TURNER
(like a confession)
Okay ... A girl ... left the key at my place ... Never let me know where she lived. Then she split I thought maybe if I knew the hotel ... they'd have a forwarding-address.

LOCKSMITH
That is the worst story I ever heard...!
You are sure no crook!

TURNER knows he just needs one more push:

TURNER
Make the call. They wouldn't tell me but they'd tell you...
(taps metal permit)
You're a licensed locksmith.

He lays a \$20 bill on the counter.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDE STREET - NIGHT

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 preoccupied, TURNER pulls a TOUCH-TONE TEST SET and a flashlight out of their trailer...

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - NIGHT

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

EXT. HOTEL EXCELSIOR - NIGHT

A shabby, ordinary, 8-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.

INT. EXCELSIOR BASEMENT

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 TESTSET:

JOUBERT'S VOICE
Yes?

TURNER
(into test-set)
I'm doing a survey: do you 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
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?

INT. JOUBERT' S ROOM - STILL DARK

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

ATWOOD' S VOICE
Who is this?

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

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

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

ATWOOD' S VOICE
No!

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

INT. EXCELSIOR HOTEL BASEMENT

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

RING! RING! Then:

VOICE
(FILTER)
Computer.

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

VOICE
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.

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.

EXT. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. BLDG.

(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-chance.

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

INT. NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO. BLDG. - LOBBY

TURNER sees a door marked "EQUIPMENT ROOM".

CAMERA MOVES WITH TURNER, TOWARD the door; he's conspicuous about the test-set, recorder, anything that might make him pass for a Telephone Company employee...

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM

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

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.

INT. THE SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

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"...

INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM, TELEPHONE CO. - ANGLE ON TURNER

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?

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?

INT. COMPUTER ROOM CIA, LANGLEY

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 hal fbeat of hesitation before he PUNCHES INTERCOM BUTTON and:

HIGGINS
Major??

INT. THE SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE

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

MITCHELL
Got him!

HIGGINS' VOICE
SHOW me the display.

MITCHELL spins. PUNCHES BUTTON:

FAVOR A LARGE ELECTRONIC DISPLAY- SCREEN --

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)
Condor.

HIGGINS
We can have a unit --

MR. WABASH
(still quiet)
Wait...

REACTING to a SUDDEN CHANGE ON SCREEN: A NEW RED ARROWHEAD APPEARS . . . then:

HIGGINS
Hey! !

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

HIGGINS races back to INTERCOM, SHOUTS:

HIGGINS
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??

MITCHELL'S VOICE
(FILTER)
Everybody in Brooklyn's talking to each
other!

EXT. HOBOKEN STATION

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

INT. HOBOKEN STATION

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.

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.

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

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've 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.

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?

EXT. HOLIDAY INN (SECOND UNIT!) - NIGHT

A plain black sedan pulls up. Two plain clothes guys get out and go in.

INT. 54/12 ROOM - WABASH & HIGGINS - NIGHT

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.

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 movie star
at the helm!
(MORE)

MR. WABASH (CONT'D)
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
He's being held at New York Center.

Higgins is up and moving toward the door.

MR. WABASH
Mr. Higgins!... I believe you do
understand the Company's position.
What's to be done.

EXT. COUNTRY HOUSE, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

A long view, dark, deserted. Then SUDDENLY THE NIGHT AIR IS
FILLED WITH LOUD BLASTING MUSIC.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE - NIGHT - TURNER

CLOSE Turner, sitting in the dark living room beside the hi-
fi, holding the .45 loosely in his hand, waiting.

FULLER ANGLE TO VESTIBULE

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?

NEW ANGLE

ATWOOD
What is this?

TURNER
Who are you?

ATWOOD
What d' you want in here?

TURNER
I'm Condor.

ATWOOD'S SHOCKED.

TURNER
Sit down.
(then)
What do you do for a living?

ATWOOD
Don't be ridiculous...

He starts to turn away he's in a swivel-chair behind his desk
-- Turner spins him back ... hard!

TURNER
What do you do...? Exactly.

ATWOOD
I'm with Counter Intelligence.

Turner can't quite put it together with what else he's come
to know; he presses the .45 against Atwood.

TURNER
... What are you working on? What are you
doing?
(at Atwood's silence)
What's the secret worth murdering
everybody at the ALHS??

ATWOOD
There is no secret!

TURNER
Wicks showed you my report...

ATWOOD
What rep --?

Turner kicks the chair hard with his foot. It SLAMS against
the wall.

ATWOOD
(choking)
Yes!

TURNER
It was your network I turned up.

Atwood's silence confirms it.

TURNER ... Doing what?

Atwood doesn't answer. Turner PULLS him out of the chair and SLAMS him against the wall.

TURNER

Doi ng what!!?

Turner GRABS him again.

TUPNER
What the hell does Counter Intelligence
care about a bunch of goddamn books! A
book in Dutch!

He **SLAMS** him against the wall.

TURNER
A book out of Venezuela!

He **SLAMS** him again.

ATWOOD

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
(then)
This whole damn thing was about oil.

Pointing the gun at him again.

TURNER
Wasn't it?? ... Wasn't it?

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.

ANOTHER ANGLE - REVEALING JOUBERT

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.

CLOSER ANGLE ON JOUBERT

He suddenly swings around pushes the gun against Atwood's head and FIRES.

SHOT - TURNER

A SINGLE PROLONGED SHOUT, his hands over his ears, as if the REVERBERATING EXPLOSION might still kill him. Stunned, he watches Joubert:

WIDER ANGLE

Joubert is propping the dead Atwood into the posture of a suicide ... wipes off the pistol, places it in his hand.

TURNER

appalled, still ... but putting it together.

TURNER
You're working for The Company again...!

JOUBERT
(quiet business)
Did you touch anything but the lamp?

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 gesture at corpse)
But you see.
(then)
Perhaps if he had a widow.
(MORE)

JOUBERT (CONT'D)
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
Come.

EXT. ATWOOD'S HOME - DAWN

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
(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
. . . beside you, and a door will open . . .
And someone you know -- perhaps even
trust -- will get out of the car and he
will smile -- a becoming smile . . .

(MORE)

JOUBERT (CONT'D)
but he'll leave open the door of the car
... And offer to give you a lift.

Turner sinks slowly to the steps

TURNER

Terri fi c.

(not really asking)
You seem to understand it all well ...
what would you suggest?

JOUBERT

The fact is: What I do is not a bad
occupation. There is never a Depression.
Someone is always willing to pay.

TUMNER

(sadly)
I would find it tiring.

JOUBERT

No. It is -- quite restful. Almost
peaceful. No need to believe in either
side, or any side. There is no cause.
There is only yourself. And the belief
is in your precision.

TURNER

(very tired now)
... I was born here Joubert ... in the
United States. I miss it when I'm away
too long.

JOUBERT

A pity.

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

For that day...

Beat. Turner takes the gun.

EXT. WEST 43RD STREET - DAY

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:

TURNER

In the middle of 43rd Street. Pedestrians pass him. He looks tired, needs a shave.

FAVOR HIGGINS

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.

TURNER
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.

TRACKING TURNER AND HIGGINS

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
Do we have plans to invade the Middle
East?

HIGGINS
Are you crazy??

TURNER
Am I?

HIGGINS
Look, Turner ...

TURNER
Do we have plans?

HIGGINS
No. Absolutely not.
(then)
We have games. That's all. We play
games.

(MORE)

HIGGINS (CONT'D)

"What if?", "How many men?", "What would it take?", "Is there a cheaper way of destabilizing the regime?"

(quietly)

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 ball game. 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?

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.

TURNER

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.

HIS P. O. V. - THE PLAIN CAR

The two men waiting for a signal from Higgins.

TURNER AND HIGGINS

HIGGINS
It didn't have to turn out like this.

TURNER
Of course it did.

HIGGINS
(calling out)
Turner! How do you know they'll print
it?

Turner stops. Stares at Higgins. Higgins smiles.

CLOSE - HIGGINS

HIGGINS
You can take a walk. But how far? If
they don't print it.

CLOSE - TURNER

TURNER
They'll print it.

HIGH ANGLE - TURNER AND HIGGINS

Pedestrians move between them

HIGGINS
How do you know?

CAMERA PULLS BACK AND LOSES THEM IN THE NEW YORK STREETS.