

"HARPER"

"THE MOVING TARGET"

6/9/65

REV. FINAL

PART I

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1 SCRIPT

6/9/65

REV. FINAL

PART I

Title "THE MOVING TARGET"

Signed _____

"THE MOVING TARGET"

by

William Goldman

6/9/65

CAST AND CREDITS

Warner Bros. Pictures
presents

PAUL NEWMAN

is

"HARPER"

A Gershwin-Kastner Production

Technicolor (R)

Panavision (R)

Co-Starring
(in alphabetical order)

Lauren Bacall	as	Mrs. Sampson
Julie Harris	as	Betty Fraley
Arthur Hill	as	Albert Graves
Janet Leigh	as	Susan Harper
Pamela Tiffin	as	Miranda Sampson
Robert Wagner	as	Alan Taggart
Robert Webber	as	Dwight Troy
Shelley Winters	as	Fay Estabrook
	with	
Harold Gould	as	Sheriff Spanner
Strother Martin	as	Claude
Roy Jensen	as	Puddler
Martin West	as	Deputy
Jacqueline de Wit	as	Mrs. Kronberg
Eugene Iglesias	as	Felix
Richard Carlyle	as	Fred Platt

Produced by Jerry Gershwin
and Elliott Kastner
Directed by Jack Smight
Screenplay by William Goldman
Based on the novel "The Moving
Target" by Ross Macdonald
Director of Photog. Conrad Hall
Director Alfred Sweeney
Assistant Director Stefan Arnsten
Assistant Director Stanley Jones
Assistant Director Claude Carpenter

Unit Manager Charlee Hansen
Dialogue Supervisor Bert
Steinberg
Music Johnny Mandel
Song: "Livin' Alone"
Words by Dory Previn
Music by Andre Previn
Makeup Supervisor Gordon Bau SMA
Supervising Hair Stylist
Jean Burt Reilly, C.H.S.
Assistant Director James H. Brown

* * * *

(PLEASE DESTROY PREVIOUSLY ISSUED CAST AND CREDITS) 112245

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

ELAINE SAMPSON.....In her 40's. A self-centered, ruthless woman. Crippled, she uses a wheelchair. Her husband, Ralph, has disappeared.

LEW HARPER.....Private detective. Tough, bright, poor.

MIRANDA SAMPSON.....20. Ralph Sampson's daughter, beautiful and sexy.

ALAN TAGGERT.....Late 20's. Ralph Sampson's private pilot. Handsome and muscular.

ALBERT GRAVES.....Ralph Sampson's lawyer, and Lew Harper's friend. In his 40's, he is brisk, forthright and decent.

SUSAN HARPER.....Lew Harper's wife, who is getting a divorce. She is 35, pretty, smart.

FRED PLATT.....Lawyer who is handling Susan's divorce. Stuffy and slim.

FAY ESTABROOK.....Once a movie starlet, she is now about 40, fat and alcoholic.

DWIGHT TROY.....In his 40's. Tall and slender.

BETTY FRALEY.....She plays piano at the Piano Bar. She isn't young, and hasn't lived easy.

PUDDLER.....A giant, with a cruel, battered face.

CLAUDE.....A great, white-haired prophet of a man, dressed in a sheet. He has a rich, poetic voice.

SHERIFF SPANNER.....A slight, intellectual-looking man with a voice like a radio announcer.

FELIX.....The Sampsons' Mexican butler.

MRS. KRONBERG.....The Sampsons' maid.

ALSO: Mechanics, Telephone Operator, Bartender, Cab Driver, Albino Waiter, Truck Driver, Deputy Sheriff, Mexican Wetbacks, Garage Attendant, Waitress, Nurse.

* * *

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IN BLACKNESS

There is the loud, metallic TICKING of a clock.

FADE IN ON:

1. LEW HARPER'S EYES

The eyes blink. Again. Again. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

2. A BED

in Harper's converted office. Harper lies alone on the bed. Across the room on a table is the luminous dialed alarm clock. It is early morning. Harper wears white underwear shorts. The clock continues to tick. Harper continues to stare. At nothing.

TITLES OVER THE FOLLOWING:

3. THE CLOCK

going off like an explosion.

4. HARPER

rising, moving across room toward bathroom door. As he passes table, his hand flicks out, whipping the clock onto the floor.

5. THE CLOCK FALLING

the SOUND dying suddenly as the clock hits the floor.

6. HARPER

in the bathroom shaving. His face is covered with lather. He takes an initial quick stroke with his razor, then scowls: clearly, the blade is dull.

7. HIS SHAVING KIT

Harper's hand appears, grabs container of razor blades. As the container tilts, it is seen to be empty.

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8. HARPER

He tosses the container aside, grebs his razor and makes a long pull across his lathered face. Though it clearly must hurt like hell, he does not grimace.

9. HARPER'S HOT PLATE

Dishes are piled next to it. Harper stands in front of his hot and cold water cooler. He opens the refrigerator part, (we do not see inside) stares at it a moment, then shakes his head, slams the door.

10. COFFEE CAN ON TOP OF COOLER

The lid is pulled off revealing that it is empty.

11. HARPER

He grebs coffee pot from hot plate, opens it, revealing grounds from previous coffee making.

12. SINK FAUCET

turning on. A coffee pot is shoved into the picture.

13. HARPER

slamming the filled pot down on the hot plate, twisting on a burner.

14. HARPER

shirt on, pants too. He takes a sip from large mug of scalding coffee, shudders at the taste, then reaches for a shoulder holster and carefully puts it on.

15. A REVOLVER

Harper's hands appear, pick it up, cradle it a moment, checking it.

16. HARPER

slipping revolver into shoulder holster, then grabbing for his suit coat.

17. HARPER

suit coat on, slamming the door of his office, hurrying down corridor.

18. HARPER'S CAR

waaving skillfully through traffic. It slows momentarily at a sign saying: 'Santa Therasa - 90 miles.' Then Harpar guns tha car and it jumps forward.

19. HARPER'S CAR

moving along. CAMERA HOLDS STILL. Tha car gats smaller and smaller aa tha CREDITS END.

DISSOLVE TO:

20. HARPER

atanding in front of what might vary well be (and ara) tha impreative closed gates to an impressive estate. Bahind Harper is his car with the motor running. Harper speaks into a microphone aet in the gata.

HARPER:

My nama is Lew Harpar. To see
Mrs. Sampson.

After a pausa, there is a CLICK. After tha click, tha door awings open. Harper gets back in his car and starts to drive forward.

21. FIRST VIEW OF THE SAMPSON HOUSE

It is enormous, surrounded by a great expanse of lawn. Among other things visible are a swimming pool with patko and pool house, a large garden filled with flowers.

22. HARPER

driving up to the house.

23. THE GARDEN

Midst the flowers, staring at tha car, stands FELIX, a small Mexican butlar. He holds a flower basket in ona hand and has been cutting flowers with tha othar. Hia eyes ara very cold; he is not smiling.

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24. HARPER

braking the car, opening the door, getting out, slamming the door shut.

25. MIRANDA SAMPSON AND ALAN TAGGERT

She is standing by the edge of the pool. She has been swimming, and her body glistens in the sun. It is a glorious body, young and supple and strong. Her long hair is wet and hangs down below her shoulders. Her face is everything a 20-year-old heiress' should be. In short: a hunk, but well bred. She glances toward:

ALAN TAGGERT standing on the high diving board. Taggert is in his late twenties, blond and well built. A beautiful young man. He glances back toward Harper, shrugs, then moves forward onto the board, executing a high, arching swan dive. As he hits the water, Miranda dives in after him.

26. HARPER

moving up toward the front door. Before he reaches it, it is opened by MRS. KRONBERG, who gestures for him to follow her.

27. ELAINE SAMPSON

She is lying on a chaise in a maze of sunlamps. Her skin is so tanned she might be made of wood. Beside the chaise is a wheelchair. She is probably forty, certainly attractive. A young beautiful NURSE massages her.

HARPER:

Mrs. Sampson?

MRS. SAMPSON:

(her eyes still closed)

That's right.

HARPER:

I'm Lew Harper. Albert Greves called and said you needed me.

MRS. SAMPSON:

A drink, Mr. Harper?

HARPER:

Not before lunch, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

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5.

27 (Cont.)

MRS. SAMPSON:
I thought you were a detective?

HARPER:
New type.

MRS. SAMPSON:
Albert Graves is one of our lawyers; it's on his recommendation I'm hiring you.

28. HARPER
He smiles.

HARPER:
It's about time he threw some business my way.

29. TWO SHOT

MRS. SAMPSON:
Hmm?

HARPER:
I've known Albert since he was D.A. up here.

MRS. SAMPSON:
He said you were good at finding things. My husband has disappeared.

HARPER:
Tried missing persons?

MRS. SAMPSON:
That might mean publicity. Ralph loathes publicity. Besides, he's got an abnormal fear of the police. I simply want you to find him and tell me which female he's with.

HARPER:
Any particular female?

MRS. SAMPSON:
I haven't the least notion. And Ralph needn't ever know about this. He'd undoubtedly think I was gathering material for divorce proceedings. I have no intention

(CONTINUED)

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6.

29 (Cont.)

MRS. SAMPSON: (Cont.)
of divorcing Ralph. I only went to
outlive him; I only went to see him
in his grava.
(and suddenly smiles.
Still smiling)
What a terrible thing to say.

HARPER:
(daadpan)
People in love will say anything.

MRS. SAMPSON:
I used to love him. Before we got
married. But after we took our vows,
this happened to me.
(she indicates wheelcheir)
That very seme weak, Relph started
playing around with a new lady. It's
takan me a while to forgive him.
(looking deed at Harper)
A long, long, while.
(a brief pause)
Aren't you interested in what happened
to me?

ARCHER:
Not necessary. When did your husband
disappaar, Mrs. Sampson?

30. TWO SHOT

In tha following she, like Herpar, is businesslike.

MRS. SAMPSON:
Yesterday. Alan -- he's our pilot -- had
just flown Ralph up from Vegas -- when they
reached the eirport, Alan want to put the
plane away. When he came back, Ralph hed
given him the slip.

HARPER:
For any raason?

MRS. SAMPSON:
He was drunk! I don't like him drunk on
the loose. He gats sloppy sentimental.
Ha gives away things. The last time it
happened, he geve away e mountein - if
it was his mountain I wouldn't care, but
in this state it's half mine. He geve it
to soma semi-nude religious nut from Los
Angeles. You know L.A. is the big leegues
for religious nuts.

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30 (Cont.)

HARPER:

That's because there's nothing to do at night.

MRS. SAMPSON:

So if you could find him quickly, I'd be grateful.

(staring at Harper now)

And if he's with a woman, well...I'd be more than interested.

(loud)

Come out of there.

31. FELIX

He stands half-hidden in the doorway, holding a vase of freshly cut flowers. He hurries forward.

32. SHOT OF THE THREE OF THEM

FELIX:

I did not want to interrupt.

MRS. SAMPSON:

Nonsense, Felix; you're always lurking in doorways and you know it.

(Felix puts the flowers down near her)

You can go. I'll lunch up here as usual.

(Felix goes - to Harper closing out the interview)

Any more particulars you can get from Alan. He's down by the pool. The matter of fee I'll allow Albert Greve to settle. You drive up from L.A.?

(Harper nods)

Leave your car here. Felix can drive you to Albert's office. It's only ten minutes away. Goodbye, Mr. Harper.

HARPER:

It might help some if I knew what your husband looked like.

MRS. SAMPSON:

Silly of me.

(she reaches to table - gives Harper a snapshot)

You can keep that one.

(as Harper examines picture)

A poor thing, but mine own.

(and with that, her eyes shut tight and she is back as when first seen, reflector held high, courting the eun)

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33. STAIRCASE AND FOYER (SUNROOM MAYBE ON 2ND FLOOR) HARPER
coming down the stairs of the Sampson house.

34. INT. THE FOYER

Mrs. Kronberg, e larga, powerful woman in a maid's uniform,
is busy sorting mail.

HARPER:

Where's a phone? I hsrve to cell
Los Angeles.

Mrs. Kronberg gestures - Hsrper follows gestura.

35. FOYER PHONE AREA

HARPER:

(to Mrs. Kronberg)

Do you have one with e little more
privacy?

MRS. KRONBERG:

That's the phone the help is supposed
to use.

36. HARPER

He gives her e look. She moves away. He diels; as soon as
there is a sound from tha receiver, he starts to talk.

HARPER:

Fred, it's me. Susen there yet?

FRED PLATT'S VOICE:

Yes.

HARPER:

Listen; I'm not going to be able to make
it today. I got called on a case and --

37. INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE SUSAN

SUSAN is thirty-five, pratty, testafully dressed. She wears
glasses and spaaks quickly but well. The over-all imprassian
is that of e very bright lady. FRED PLATT looks like e
lawyer, stuffy and slim.

(CONTINUED)

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37 (Cont.)

Throughout the following scene, the CAMERA STAYS fixed at a spot behind the desk where the lawyer is talking on the phone. Susan moves in and out of range; sometimes Fred blocks her off entirely, etc.

SUSAN:

(hears Harper's voice)

And we were going to get everything settled today.

(quietly - controlled)

Where is he this time?

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

I'm up in Santa Therese. Tell her Albert Graves needed me. She'll understand.

FRED:

(sits in his desk chair)

Something about Albert Graves needing him. And you'll understand.

SUSAN:

(almost a sigh)

No; no, I don't. We've been trying to get this divorce thing settled for too long now and I have lately been running low on understanding.

FRED:

She says she's --

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

I heard, Fred, you tell her --

SUSAN:

(up out of the chair - she begins pacing quickly around the office)

We're supposed to be handling this like adults. I don't want a screaming match, but the last time we were going to meet something came up, too.

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

That wasn't my fault.

(everyone is talking faster now. The dialogue begins overlapping, faster and faster until the scene is done)

(CONTINUED)

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37 (Cont.1)

FRED:

Lew says --

SUSAN:

I heerd. I don't cere whet he says. He's just trying to stall because he thinks I'm gonne change my mind about this and I mey change e lot of things from now on but my mind isn't about to be one of them --

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Lemme talk to her --

FRED:

(rising - extending phone)

Here --

SUSAN:

(shaking her head)

No --

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Put her on.

FRED:

(reaching out with phone)

Take it. Talk to him.

SUSAN:

I have teken it. Every year we were married I took it. And I've telked to him, too. He holds no more surprises. Tell him that. You hear me, Lew? No more surprises. No more nothing.

(louder now - she is upset)

Let's just do it and quick. You hear me, Lew? I don't love you and you can get shot in some stinking alley and I'll be a little sorry. Sure, but that's ell -- just a little sorry. Tell him that, lawyer. Tell the man he is not loved!

38. HARPER

There is a loud CLICK on the other end es the phone ia slammed down hard.

39. MIRANDA SAMPSON AT SWIMMING POOL

haa just been swimming and her body glistens in the sun.

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40. FULL SHOT SWIMMING POOL

A table set for three beside the swimming pool. Felix is finishing putting food out. Alan Taggart stands by, a towel slung around his neck. Miranda stands very close beside him.

TAGGERT:

(as Harper moves into
the picture)

Top of the morning.

(going to him; smiling)

Alan Taggart.

HARPER:

Lew Harper.

TAGGERT:

This is Mr. Sampson's daughter --

(raising his voice)

Miranda. Lew Harper.

MIRANDA:

Hi.

They shake hands. Miranda moves to table and sits. Taggart and Harper also sit.

HARPER:

Can we talk?

TAGGERT:

Sure.

HARPER:

Mr. Taggart -- I'd like to ask a..

MIRANDA:

My stepmother --

(she gestures with her
thumb toward the house)

-- Lady Macbeth -- is always going to
extremes.

HARPER:

Do you mean me? I'm a very moderate
man, Miss Sampson.

MIRANDA:

Not you especially. Everything she
does is extreme.

(she reaches out for
Taggart's hand - he ignores
the gesture. She pulls her
hand back. During this:)

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont.)

MIRANDA: (Cont.)

Other women fall off horses without getting paralyzed. Not Elaine. I think it's psychological.

TAGGERT:

Come on, Miranda; you've been reading too many books.

MIRANDA:

That's something you'll never be accused of.

(to Harper)

She's not a raving beauty any more so she retired from competition.

HARPER:

Can I have a sandwich?

MIRANDA:

Falling off the horse gave her a chance to do it. For all I know, she fell off intentionally. And you've got to admit it's pretty extreme, hiring a detective when your husband's gone just one night.

41. HARPER'S FACE

He is watching her.

HARPER:

That may be, Miss Sampson.

(he turns to Taggert)

Taggert, tell me about Sampson's disappearance.

TAGGERT:

He disappeared.

HARPER:

Say, you're a real crackup.

42. A SHOT OF THE THREE

of them as Taggert starts talking. Taggert looks at Harper. Miranda looks at Taggert. One has the feeling she could watch him for hours; she adores him.

TAGGERT:

Yesterday afternoon at 3:30 we flew in from Vegas and landed at Van Nuys Airport.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

TAGGERT: (Cont.)

I let Sampson out at the administration building. He said he was going to call the Bel Air Hotel for a limousine.

MIRANDA:

Daddy keeps a bungalow there.

TAGGERT:

I taxied the plane to the hangar to tie it down. When I got back to the entrance, Mr. Sampson wasn't there. I waited. Then I went to the Bel Air and waited some more. Then I flew back here.

43. HARPER

watching Miranda watch Taggert.

HARPER:

What about luggage? Was he planning to spend the night?

TAGGERT:

He told me he was; he didn't have any luggage.

44. MIRANDA

Aware of Harper now, she turns and faces him.

MIRANDA:

Well, that doesn't mean anything. Daddy keeps a lot of clothes at the bungalow. He likes to be able to pick up fast. So do I.

45. THE THREE OF THEM

HARPER:

How long did it take you to tie down the plane?

TAGGERT:

Fifteen minutes. Twenty at the outside.

HARPER:

That's pretty fast time for a limousine to get there from the Bel Air. He may never have called there at all; someone may have met him at the airport. (Continued)

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45 (Cont.)

MIRANDA:
Will you be going back to Los Angeles?

HARPER:
(nodding)
After I see a friend.

TAGGERT:
Male or female?

HARPER:
Sampson's lawyer.

TAGGERT:
Albert Graves.

MIRANDA:
(to Taggert)
You can fly Mr. Harper if you want to.
Or you can stay here with me.

TAGGERT:
I'll fly.
(he gives her a big
smile)
It'll keep me from getting bored.
(without a moment's hes-
itation, Miranda stands up,
turns and walks off, a
pretty piece angry. Taggert
glances at her, then turns
to Harper. The following
lines go very quickly)
You in a hurry?

HARPER:
Sort of.

TAGGERT:
Storing up for the winter?

HARPER:
Yep.

TAGGERT:
Me, too. Let's blow.

HARPER:
Sold.

They start to rise.

46. A ROLLS ROYCE
roaring down a road.

47. INT. THE ROLLS

Felix is driving. There is a closed glass partition between him and the back seat. In the back seat, Harper sits and Taggert sprawls, his feet up on the jump seat. He has changed to a khaki suit and tie and loafers. He is sprawled out now, mimicking playing a ukulele.

TAGGERT:

Have you met my friend, Felix?

(rolls up window)

He's always listening...

(picking up phone)

We're friends aren't we, Felix?

(Felix nods)

He's a bigger liar than I am.

HARPER:

Why so hard on Miranda?

TAGGERT:

Everybody jumps to conclusions about me and Miranda. Listen, she's no genius, you know. Besides, she's an adolescent; I can't help the way she feels. Anyway, I got me a real woman.

HARPER:

How does Miranda get on with her old man?

TAGGERT:

O.K. Until a little while ago, when he started trying to make her get married.

HARPER:

To anyone in particular?

TAGGERT:

(he is still strumming
his imaginary ukulele)

Albert Graves.

48. HARPER

The news takes him by surprise.

49. TAGGERT

TAGGERT:

Your buddy.
(he is looking up at
Harper, wildly strumming
his ukulele - smiling)

50. OMITTED

51. ALBERT GRAVES

seated at his desk, his face contorted horribly in the midst of an isometric exercise, designed to slenderize his face and tighten his neck muscles. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

52. INT. ALBERT'S OFFICE

Harper is just entering. Albert momentarily stops exercising. Albert Graves is over forty. He has a pleasant face and a brisk, forthright manner of speaking. He is, legitimately, one of the decent people. He and Harper have known each other for a long time and regard each other with obvious great good will.

ALBERT:

(as they shake)

Hi. You look like death warmed over.

HARPER:

Always nice to hear from my fans.

ALBERT:

Things any better with Susan?

HARPER:

Terrific.

ALBERT:

Good. Good.

HARPER:

(picks up book)

What's this?

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont.)

ALBERT:

(he gives an embarrassed smile)

I was just staying in shape. I still do the old Canadian Airforce Exercises every morning, yogurt for lunch, then a lot of this -- it's all paying off, don't you think?

(he starts into a different isometric exercise - this one involves putting the thumb and forefinger of one hand into his mouth and pressing them against the insides of both cheeks)

HARPER:

I've never seen you more ravishing than you are at this moment.

ALBERT:

You talk to Mrs. Sampson?

HARPER:

(nodding)

Sweet lady; warm, contented --

ALBERT:

(nodding)

A love.

HARPER:

Why did she hire me?

ALBERT:

I talked her into it.

(into another exercise - this one involves lifting the chair he's sitting in - as he does this)

I think Sampson needs protection. He's worth twenty million on the hoof and he's an alcoholic. That's just for openers. I also think he's losing his mind -- did she mention Claude, the holy man he gave the mountain to?

HARPER:

(nods)

She thinks he's with another woman.

(CONTINUED)

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52 (Cont.1)

ALBERT:

(he is proud of this)
That's because I encouraged her to think that. She'd never spend a penny on him if she only thought his life was in danger.

HARPER:

What about that old fashioned custom of calling the police?

53. ALBERT

He stands, takes off suit coat, moves to door frame. During this:

ALBERT:

I can't. He's psychotic on the subject. If I went to them and they found him, he'd fire me.

54. HARPER

watching as Albert prepares to go into another isometric contraction.

HARPER:

What kind of a weirdo is Sampson?

55. ALBERT

He is starting to press his arms against the door frame.

ALBERT:

I'll tell you everyting in one word:

56. CLOSEUP ALBERT

ALBERT:

(straining into the exercise)

Moneymaker! He has to make money. He's dedicated to it -- it's the only way he can prove to himself he's breathing. He had a son, you know. A pilot. Killed a few years back. That's when he started losing his mind. He's got this fellow now, Alan Taggert.

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57. CLOSEUP HARPER

HARPER:
We met; nice looking boy.

58. ALBERT

increasing the pressure of the exercise.

ALBERT:
Looks, looks, who cares about looks?
The point is we're less than two
hours' drive from Los Angeles so what
does he need a pilot for? Personally
I like Alan, but from a business point
of view, I feel he's an unnecessary
expense.

59. HARPER

He looks at Albert.

HARPER:
Expense? With twenty million?

60. ALBERT

leaving doorframe, he starts back to his desk.

ALBERT:
That's enough exercising. I don't
want to get too strong.

61. TWO SHOT

ALBERT:
(caually)
Did you meet Sampson's daughter?

HARPER:
The ugly skinny kid? We passed in
the night.

ALBERT:
(he slips into his suitcoat
before the following bursts
out of him -- throughout the
enauing scene, his emotions
are almost adolescent)
Oh Lew, isn't she incredible?

62. HARPER
deadpan.

HARPER:
Why, you dirty old man --

63. ALBERT
He is creetfellen.

ALBERT:
Go on -- you think I'm too old
for her.

64. TWO SHOT

HARPER:
No, no; when she's e hundred,
you'll only be one hundred twenty-
four.

ALBERT:
You think I'm old enough to be her
fether?

HARPER:
You ere old enough to be her fether.

ALBERT:
Go to hell.

HARPER:
Solid citizen Albert -- Hung up on
e chick et your ege -- That's e
hoot.

ALBERT:
Did she eay anything about me?

65. HARPER

HARPER:
No.

66. ALBERT
Crestfallen again.

ALBERT:
And she didn't even mention my
name?

67. TWO SHOT

HARPER:
I only met her for a second.

ALBERT:
(bright again)
That explains it.

HARPER:
How does she feel about you?

ALBERT:
She's young and cautious; you
remember how that was. But I
have great expectations.
(he starts toward
reception room door)

HARPER:
(moving with Albert)
So do I; my going rate is one
thousand flat against a hundred a
day and expenses.

ALBERT:
It is like hell but you can have
it if you'll mention my virtues
to Miranda.

HARPER:
(as they exit)
It's a deal. Just what are your
virtues?

68. THE SIDEWALK

Harper and Albert are walking toward the Rolls. Felix
scurries out to open the door. Miranda alights from a taxi,
and gets into the Rolls to sit close beside Taggart.

69. INT. THE ROLLS

MIRANDA:

I decided to fly down to L.A.
with you; all right?

70. ALBERT AND HARPER

Harper shrugs, gets into car. Felix closes the door.

71. INT. THE CAR

Albert is looking plaintively through the window. He
knocks on the glass. The glass is lowered.

ALBERT:

(trying to smile,
embarrassed; it is
almost painful)

Hello, Miranda.

MIRANDA:

(barely recognizing
his existence)

Oh, hello, Albert.

The great car starts to move.

72. ALBERT

waving goodbye. He just stands there, trying very hard
to smile. CAMERA HOLDS ON Albert.

73. HIGH SHOT TWO MOTOR AIRPLANE

above Van Nuys Airport.

74. P.O.V. SHOT

from plane.

75. THE PLANE ON THE GROUND

coming to a stop. Harper gets out.

CHANGE
7/14/65
23-24.

76. OMITTED

77. EXT. BEL AIR HOTEL

Cab pulls up. Harper, Taggart and Mirande emerge.

78. INT. THE LOBBY

of the Bel Air. Harper, Taggart and Miranda walk through together, then separate.

79. A LADY

at the telephone switchboard. She looks up as Harper approaches.

HARPER:

Did you send a limousine for Ralph Sampson to Van Nuys Airport yesterday?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR:

No.

HARPER:

Man at the airport said he saw him leave in a black limousine.

TELEPHONE OPERATOR:

He called here and asked for one but then he called back and cancelled.

HARPER:

You're sure it was Sampson both times?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR:

Oh, yes. I recognized his voice. He's been coming here for years.

HARPER:

Did he sound drunk?

TELEPHONE OPERATOR:

Oh, I couldn't give that kind of information.

He nods, turns away.

80. THE BEL AIR LOBBY

Miranda stands alone. Harper moves up to her.

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
25.

80 (Cont.)

MIRANDA:

Daddy hasn't been here for a month.
I asked the manager.

HARPER:

He give you the key?

MIRANDA:

Of course.

She starts to move, Harper follows.

81. EXT. HOTEL

a series of spiffy bungalows set in rows. The whole area is surrounded by a high wall. There are tennis courts, a pool, etc.

82. INT. BUNGALOW MIRANDA

entering the front room of a large bungalow, Harper a step behind. Taggart is lying stretched out on the couch.

83. PAN SHOT HARPER'S P.O.V.

of the room. It is tastefully furnished.

TAGGERT'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

I'm beat. I think maybe I'll flake out awhile, and then call some friends.

MIRANDA'S VOICE:

(o.s. - this is half
whispered)

I thought we might do something together.

TAGGERT'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

The thing about you, Miranda, is you're such a drag.

84. HARPER

He moves toward an arch and the bedroom beyond.

HARPER:

(steps into archway - turns
on light - stops cold)

Now.

85. SHOT OF BEDROOM

It is an astrologist's dream of heaven. Twelve-sided and windowless, the room is lit red, with red walls and on each of the twelve wall panels is embroidered in gold one of the signs of the zodiac -- the bull, the archer, the twins, etc. In the middle there is a round Playboy Bed.

86. HARPER

moving into the room, Miranda behind him.

HARPER:

Your father wouldn't by any chance be interested in astrology?

MIRANDA:

(nods)

Ever since my brother died, I've tried to argue him out of it but --

(and she gestures to the walls)

-- obviously without much success.

(during this, Harper has moved to the bed, looked around - then gone to the closet. Miranda has gone only as far as the bed)

87. HARPER AT CLOSET

beginning to go through Sampson's suits.

HARPER:

No wonder he took to the sauce. I would, too, if I had to sleep here. Any particular astrologist?

MIRANDA'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Not that I know of. Harper?

HARPER:

What?

MIRANDA'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

You work hard, you know that?

HARPER:

I'm a beaver.

MIRANDA'S VOICE:

6/9/65
27.

88. MIRANDA

She is lying on the bed. Her skirt is raised, not enough to be indecent, more than enough to be inviting. She is wearing a blouse unbuttoned at the throat. A very sexy girl.

MIRANDA:

Don't you ever feel the need to relax?

89. HARPER

Very matter-of-factly, he continues going through the closet clothes.

90. MIRANDA A SHOT FROM BEHIND THE BED

Through the archway, Taggart is clearly visible on the couch in the next room.

MIRANDA:

Let's relax some, Harper.

91. HARPER

still going through clothes. His tone here is one of a weary teacher with a slower than average child.

HARPER:

I'll tell you what I think: I think you want to get me over there so beauty in the next room will get all hot and bothered. Lady, if you can't make him hot and bothered by yourself, I'm sure not about to do it for you.

92. MIRANDA

MIRANDA:

You don't think I'm attractive?

93. HARPER

going through the clothes. He stops.

HARPER:

You're rich, young, beautiful, and my wife is divorcing me; what the hell do you think I think?

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
28.

93 (Cont.)

MIRANDA:
I think you want to relax -- Let's relax.

HARPER:
(abruptly he starts toward
her as she lies there)
Now, if you really want to play, why don't
we douse the light and seal off the room?

94. MIRANDA

She jumps off the bed, fast.

95. HARPER

He laughs, turns back to the closet, puts his hand in a
pocket. Then:

HARPER:
Bingo!
(he takes a handful of money
from a pocket - together with
a photo. Harper shows photo
to her)
You know her?

MIRANDA:
No.

HARPER:
Hey, Beauty --

TAGGERT:
Beauty?

HARPER:
Fay Estabrook -- Strike a note?

96-97. THE LIVING ROOM

Harper enters, shows him photo.

HARPER:
You ever seen her with Sampson?

TAGGERT:
Yeah.

HARPER:
Do you know where she hangs out?

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
29.

96-97 (Cont.)

TAGGERT:

Yeah. Sometimes --

98. INSERT: A PHOTOGRAPH

of an enormously attractive young blonde. On the photo is written clearly:

'To Ralphie:
my dear friend now,
as I was then.

Fay'

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

She was a pretty hot young starlet once upon a time, wasn't she?

TAGGERT'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Mmmmm.

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

What happened to her?

TAGGERT'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

She got fat.

On the word 'fat', we CUT TO:

99. FAY ESTABROOK'S FACE

now. It is indeed fat. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

100. FAY ESTABROOK AND DWIGHT TROY

sitting in a booth in a restaurant, talking. FAY ESTABROOK is still blonde, but she is twenty years older and thirty pounds heavier than when the picture was taken. DWIGHT TROY is a tall, slender man in his early forties; the kind who is usually in the company of young women.

PAN TO:

101. HARPER

standing at the bar of the restaurant, watching them. His glass is empty. The bartender comes up behind him.

6/9/65
30.

101 (Cont.)

HARPER:
Another one of these.

BARTENDER:
(reacts to mixture)
It's two after six. We don't serve domestic
beer after six. Only imported.

HARPER:
Terrific.
(bartender gets a bottle and
glass. Harper takes out a
dollar bill, hands it over)
Keep the change.

BARTENDER:
(setting down beer and
glass - taking bill)
There isn't any change.

HARPER:
(annoyed)
Keep it anyway.
(he pours himself glass of beer)

102. TROY

at the booth. He stands, nods to Fey. She nods back. Then
he turns and walks out of the restaurant.

103. HARPER

watching Troy go. He hesitates a moment, then downs his
entire glass of beer.

104. HARPER

Then he crosses quickly to Fay's booth. When he talks, his
entire speech pattern has altered.

HARPER:
Miss Estebrook?
(Fey looks up)
Miss Fey Estebrook? It is, isn't it?

FAY:
What is it, dumpling?

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
31.

104 (Cont.)

HARPER:

(the words machine-gun out
of him - he seems to be
enormously nervous and shy)

Please.

(he shoves a pen and
paper at her)

For my daughter -- she watches all your
old movies on the television -- she just
thinks you're wonderful, Miss Estabrook,
and I'm sorry to bother you but --

(he gives an embarrassed smile)

FAY:

No bother, dumpling.

(she signs paper -
hands it over)

HARPER:

Thank you.

(he takes paper, starts to
turn away, stops, turns back -
then, faster than before)

The truth is -- the truth is I'm not
married and I don't have a daughter and
it's me, Miss Estabrook, me who watches
you on the television and I don't know how
many fans you have, millions probably, but
I'll bet there isn't one more faithful than
I am and could I buy you a drink, Miss Esta-
brook?

FAY:

(squints up at him a moment.
Then she reaches into her pursa,
takes out glasses and looks up
at him - holding the glasses to
her eyes)

When were you born?

HARPER:

June two.

FAY:

Geminian. Geminis have no heart. You
coldhearted, dumpling?

HARPER:

Dogs are all the time licking my hand.

105. FAY

smiling at him. She picks up her glasses again, holds them
in her hand and looks through them at Harper. The smile
broadens.

106. INT. HOTEL DANCE FLOOR HARPER AND FAY

dancing. It is a hotel-type place where they are, and their bodies are not close. (In the following BRIEF MONTAGE, the degree of Fay's drunkenness can be measured by the closeness of their dancing bodies.)

107. EXT. WATUSI JOINT HARPER AND FAY

They enter.

108. INT. BAR #1 DANCE FLOOR HARPER AND FAY

dancing. Behind them, a jukebox. Fay is starting to go now. She leans her heavy body more on Harper. She thinks she is terribly sexy.

109. EXT. BAR #2 HARPER AND FAY

They enter. Fay is pretty smashed at this point.

110. INT. BAR #2 HARPER AND FAY

dancing alone in a bar. He is practically carrying her as they move. Suddenly, she pushes herself away from him.

FAY:

Where are the merrymakers?
(she staggers toward him)
Maybe you better take me home, dumpling.

HARPER:

(going quickly to bartender -
paying)
You're too classy for this joint -- !
Know just the spot for you -- the Bel Air.

110A. FAY

thinking for a moment. Then - softly, sincerely:

FAY:

I am classy. Not everybody notices.

111. THE BEL AIR BAR

Harper and Fay enter, go to a booth. She sits heavily.

111 (Cont.)

FAY:

I like this place. I'm glad you suggested it. I got a friend stays here.

HARPER:

A good friend?

FAY:

You're getting jealous. I can tell. What is it with men, always trying to possess me.

HARPER:

(a waitress approaches)

Two double Scotches.

(back to Fay)

Your friend here now?

FAY:

(pleased with the interest)

You really are jealous, aren't you, dumpling?

112. HARPER

He manages to make a big smile.

113. TWO SHOT DIFFERENT ANGLE

The entrance to the bar is visible.

FAY:

Ralph's in Vegas. I just help him with his astrology charts. And a little interior decoration. I done his room; wish you could see it. I got this fabulous taste.

HARPER:

You got everything, dumpling.

(Taggart and Miranda

appear in bar entrance)

Back in a sec'.

He nods to Taggart and Miranda to get out of sight. They retreat back through the doorway entrance.

114. HARPER

coming through door. The three stand very close together. The following takes place quickly, voices soft and serious.

MIRANDA:

(upset)

I've been trying to find you for hours. You're supposed to be looking for Ralph --

HARPER:

(to Taggart)

Get her out of here before she spoils a hard night's work.

(CONTINUED)

114 (Cont.)

TAGGERT:

But Mrs. Sampson's been calling -- she wants your advice --

MIRANDA:

She got a special delivery letter from Daddy. He told her to get some money ready; half a million cash.

HARPER:

There ain't that much cesh.

MIRANDA:

The letter said to turn in some bonds and then wait with the money 'til she heard from him again.

HARPER:

She's sure it's his writing?

(Miranda nods)

Then have Albert get the money but don't hand it over to anyone without proof that Sampeon's alive.

115. MIRANDA

upset, starting to protest.

116. HARPER

cutting her off.

HARPER:

I'm sorry -- it's a possibility -- so face it.

117. THREE SHOT

HARPER:

Albert will know how to handle things up there.
(starting to go - to Taggart)
Get her to bed.

118. HARPER

coming back into Bel Air bar. He sees Fay standing and talking to a Mexican-looking waiter.

119. FAY AND THE WAITER

Harper moves up behind her. She is terribly smashed now.

FAY:

(indignantly)

Yer no Mexican. No yer not foolin' me.
Yer a phony Mexican.

(to Harper)

He's a phony Mexican.

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
35.

119 (Cont.)

HARPER:

(steering her back to
their booth)
What's the trouble, dumpling?

FAY:

He won't play Babalu. I can sing Babalu
like nothin', but he won't play it. A
real Maxican wouldda playad it..

HARPER:

He's a waitar; he doesn't have a guitar.

FAY:

If ha was a raal Maxican, he wouldda had
a guitar.
(they are at their booth)

HARPER:

Quick, whare do you liva?

FAY:

Why?

HARPER:

Just want to see where a movie star lives.

FAY:

118 Woodlawn Lane in the Palisades.

HARPER:

I'm gonna drive you home.

120. FAY

sitting down in the booth.

FAY:

I'm graat now. Raady to roll.
(sha graba her double shot -
downs it in a gulp)

Saa?

(eha smilas. But only for a moment.
Than the affect of all the evening's
whisky is felt. Her faca drains. In
a whisper)

Helllllppppp.....

(her body begins to pitch forward
toward Harper)

121. A LIVING ROOM

and Fay's body hitting tha sofa lika the Rock of Gibraltar.
PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

6/9/65
36.

122. HARPER

standing over her in her living room. The sudden fall rousas Fay and she manages to open one eye.

FAY:

(barely able to speak)

Don't try to do anything to me tonight, Dumpling. I'm dead tonight. Some other time, huh? ... Any other time...

(the eye closes. She is out)

123. HARPER

He reaches down and raises an eyelid. A marbled eyeball stares whitely at nothing. In a moment Fay is snoring.

124. A DESK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Harper's hands APPEAR, pull a drawer open, move through some odds and ends.

125. A DARK ROOM

A flash of light as a wall switch is flicked on. Harper's face is reflected in a bathroom mirror. His hand moves toward the mirror, starts to swing it open.

126. A ROW OF DRAWERS

beside a stove. Harper's hands APPEAR again, pulling top drawer open.

127. AN ASTROLOGICAL STATUE

above a bed. Beside the bed is a bureau. The top drawer is being slammed shut, the second drawer jerked open. After a moment, the second drawer is slammed shut, the third drawer opened.

128. THE THIRD DRAWER

It is filled with nylon stockings. Harper's hands APPEAR, showing the stockings aside. It is filled, crammed, jammed with money. The money is greasy and dirty and tied in bundles.

6/9/65
37.

129. HARPER

He starts to reach in and pick up some bundles when: The telephone RINGS with shocking loudness. Harper starts in surprise. The phone RINGS AGAIN. Harper hesitates, then closes dresser drawer and moves toward sound.

130. FOYER AND RINGING PHONE

Harper approaches phone, picks it up. He sticks his hand across the mouthpiece. Beyond, snoring blissfully, Fay is visible.

HARPER:

Huh?

A VOICE ON THE PHONE: (BETTY)

Mr. Troy? This is Betty. Is Fay there?

HARPER:

Uh-huh.

VOICE:

(she is terribly nervous)

Listen -- she was in the Bel Air a while ago -- smashed -- with some guy -- we don't want him at the house when the truck goes through -- so get rid of him --

HARPER:

Right. Where are you?

VOICE:

(there is a pause.
In the background is
the babble of voices)

The Piano Bar; where else would I be?

HARPER:

Is Ralph Sampson there?

VOICE:

(another pause. The
voice is hard now)

All right, who is this?

Harper hangs up. He stands for a moment over the phone - his hand on the receiver.

131. DWIGHT TROY

standing in the doorway, a gun in his hand.

131 (Cont.)

TROY:
I beg you not to move.

132. HARPER

turning slowly.

133. TWO SHOT

TROY:
Age before beauty, old stick.

HARPER:
I happen to be Miss Fey Estabrook's
escort for the evening and this
happens to be Miss Fey Estebrook's
house.

TROY:
And the light heppene to be on in
Mise Estabrook's bedroom; what were
you doing there?

HARPER:
Nothing. I didn't go in there. Miss
Estebrook did when we arrived.

134-135. OMITTED

136. FAY

dead to the world on the couch. She is snoring magnificent-
ly now. CAMERA TITLTS UP to catch Troy's fece, scowling
down at her.

TROY:
She never could hold her liquor.

137. SHOT OF HARPER, TROY AND FAY

TROY:
Why should you be interested in en
old bag of worms like this?

HARPER:
(starting to protest)
Mias Estabrook is not en old --

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
39.

137 (Cont.)

TROY:

Miss Estabrook is my wife so I know
whereof I speak. I'm Dwight Troy. I
don't believe you ever specified your
name.

HARPER:

I'm Lewis Harper. I sell insurance. I
hed no idea she was married.

TROY:

(waving the pistol --
urbane as always)

Relax, old stick, I'm not the jealous
type. But on the other hand --

138. CLOSEUP TROY

He means this.

TROY:

(continuing)

I don't like strangers either. So I
think you'd better never see us again.

HARPER'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

Is that a threat?

TROY:

Is it ever, old stick?

A very cold smile plays across his face.

139. A SPEEDING CAB

HARPER:

You know a place called The Piano?

CAB DRIVER:

Yeah, yeeh, sure; but I don't think
you want to go there, mister.

HARPER:

(leaning back, closing
his eyee -- he is tired)

I'm a swinger.

6/9/65
40.

140. BETTY FRALEY

finishing a JAZZ NUMBER at the piano. Her eyes are closed. She is not young and she hasn't lived easy. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

141. THE PIANO BAR

It is a tourist trap, garrish and dark (if that's possible. There are waitere, both white and black, and 'hostesses' of similar hues.

142. HARPER

He sits at a table in a corner by an exit door.

143. AN ALBINO WAITER

a striking-looking man. He carries a glass of liquor to the piano, bends down, whispers into Betty's ear. The Albino waiter gestures over toward Harper. Betty looks at Harper and nods.

144. HARPER

He nods back, smiling.

145. BETTY

abruptly finishing the jazz number. There is a epatter of APPLAUSE. Betty stands, turns out the light that controls the spot that bathes the piano. She then moves toward Harper.

146. THE ALBINO WAITER

watching.

147. HARPER

He rises, smiles at her approach.

HARPER:

Lew Harper.

BETTY:

Betty Fraley.

147 (Cont.)

HARPER:

(as they sit -- every
inch the hipster)
Easy, Betty; I know who you are.
I got every side you ever cut.

BETTY:

You're not very hip. You're putting
me on; you're probably tone deaf.

HARPER:

Cool it, baby; you're something else.

148. BETTY

She looks at him a moment. Then she smiles.

BETTY:

I believe you.
(the smile dies)
Except you got cops' eyes.

149. HARPER

After a moment, he nods.

150. BETTY

BETTY:

(frightened now)
Narcotics? I did my time.

151. HARPER

HARPER:

Private.

152. TWO SHOT

BETTY:

I know your voice. You said you were
Troy. What are you after?

The next goes very fast.

HARPER:

Ralph Sampson --

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
42.

152 (Cont.)

BETTY:
I don't know him --

HARPER:
I think you do --

BETTY:
All right I do -- he comes in here some-
times and gets drunk -- he's a drunk and
all drunks look alike --

HARPER:
What else do you know?

BETTY:
Nothin' --

HARPER:
Tell me --

BETTY:
Nothin', nothin' --

HARPER:
Tell me --

BETTY:
(very soft and even)
Take him, Puddler.

153. HARPER
looking around, momentarily confused -- he starts to rise.

154. PUDDLER
A giant with a cruel, battered face.

155. BETTY
hurrying up from the table.

BETTY:
He's a Private Fuzz, Puddler.

156. PUDDLER
He reaches down, grabs Harper roughly, starts to drag him
toward the exit door.

157. THE EXIT DOOR OPENING

We are in an alley beside The Piano. It is dark and Puddler braces Harper against the wall and hits him in the stomach. Harper grunts, starts to fall, but Puddler grabs him. Harper's coat is open and Puddler sees Harper's gun in his shoulder holster.

158. PUDDLER

taking the gun out, holding it momentarily in his hand. He contemplates using it to beat Harper, then shakes his head, drops the gun and kicks it down the alley.

159. THE PISTOL

skittering through the darkness. In the background there is the SOUND of a heavy punch. The gun comes to a rest. Some one walks up to the gun.

160. ALAN TAGGERT

standing over the gun. He stoops, grabs it, creeps forward. In the background, there is the SOUND of another punch.

161. TAGGERT

moves up nervously behind Puddler who has Harper braced against the wall. Taggert hesitates only a moment. Then he takes a deep breath and, scared but enthusiastic, he brings the gun crashing down on the back of Puddler's head.

162. PUDDLER

crumbling.

163. TAGGERT

looking down at him.

TAGGERT:

(just as pleased with
himself as can be)

Hot damn, I did it!

6/9/65
44.

164. HARPER

semi-conscious. Taggert hurries to him.

TAGGERT:

(excited as hell)

Hey -- hey -- you see that? Harper,
Harper, you all right? Come on now.
Sure you are.

(he begins helping
Harper along the alley)

Hey, Baby, you know, this detective
work is really fun.

(Harper gives him a look)

165. TRAVELING SHOT TAGGERT

helping Harper.

HARPER:

Where'd you come from?

TAGGERT:

I got Miranda bedded down so I talked
the Bel Air out of a car and started
hitting Sampeon's spots. The Piano
was one of them. I came in when you
were going out.

HARPER:

I'm in your debt, Beauty. Where are
you parked?

TAGGERT:

(gesturing)

Hey, you really think Sampson was
kidnapped? ..Who'd do it?

HARPER:

Maybe a woman named Estabrook --
Maybe a guy named Troy.

TAGGERT:

Where to now?

HARPER:

Maybe back to the first place I got
thrown out of tonight.

166. A SHOT

from driveway of Fay Estabrook's house in Pacific Palisades

6/9/65
45.

167. HARPER AND TAGGERT INT. THE CAR

TAGGERT:
(whispering -- excited)
What's this place all about?

168. HARPER AND TAGGERT

starting to get out of the car.

HARPER:
That Fraley broad mentioned something
about a truck coming by here. I'd
sure like to know what's in it.

169. HARPER AND TAGGERT BY THE BACK DOOR.

Harper, gun in hand, tests the door a moment.

TAGGERT:
Went me to break it down?

HARPER:
Sic 'em, Beauty.

TAGGERT:
(his big chance)
You really mean it?
(Harper nods)
Hot damn.

Without warning Taggert throws himself against the door.
The door gives, but so does Taggert's shoulder.

TAGGERT:
Ow!

HARPER:
(opening door,
moving inside)
You know, this detective work is
really fun.

170. THE FOYER

Harper unlatches the front door, opens it a crack.

HARPER:
(holding out his gun to
Taggert who is rubbing his
bruised shoulder tenderly)
Can you use this?

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
46.

170 (Cont.)

TAGGERT:
(mimicking the use of a
tommy gun, a la Cagney)
I prefer a Thompson, naturally, but
this'll work in a pinch.
(going into act)
-- You dirty rat...

HARPER:
Knock it off, Beauty.

TAGGERT:
(softer)
Yessir.

HARPER:
If that truck comes, or if anybody comes,
let me know. But don't show yourself.

Taggert takes gun from Harper and nods. Harper moves into
darkness, leaving Taggert by the door, still rubbing his
shoulder.

171. FAY'S BEDROOM

Lights abruptly coming on in Fay's bedroom. Harper moves
to dresser, opens the money drawer.

172. DRAWER

It is empty except for a pile of nylons. In the distance,
the GROWL of a heavy motor is HEARD.

173. HARPER

He stands still a moment, staring down at the drawer. The
motor grows LOUDER. Harper dives to wall, flicks out light
stands in darkness as motor SOUND continues to grow.

TAGGERT'S VOICE:
(O.S. - a frantic whisper)
Harper. Harper.

174. HARPER

moving through darkneess.

175. TAGGERT

standing behind door. The motor SOUND is at a peak now and
a great splash of light cuts through the crack in the door

TAGGERT:
(suddenly throwing the door open)
I got a hot hand, Harper -- watch me blow
a tire --

HARPER:
Idiot! -- they might shoot back...

6/9/65
47.

176. TAGGERT

standing in a blaze of light on the steps of the house. Harper moves into the doorway as Taggart aims the pistol and fires. The SOUND explodes in the quiet night.

177. HARPER

elbowing Taggart aside as the ROAR of the truck grows.

178. AN ARMY SURPLUS TRUCK

painted blue, backing rapidly down the driveway. It has a closed van.

179. HARPER

streaking across the lawn.

180. HARPER

approaching the end of the lawn, leaping through the air, landing on the driver's side of the cab. He starts to hook his arm through the open window.

181. THE DRIVER

a thin-faced man, cadaver-pale. Frantically he stomps on the brake.

182. THE TRUCK

SCREECHING down. Harper falls hard into the street. The truck backs away from him.

183. HARPER

dazed, kneeling in the road. The ROAR of the truck is deafening now. Harper looks up.

184. THE TRUCK

picking up speed as it comes toward him, the lights blinding.

185. HARPER

forcing his body into a sideways dive.

186. THE TRUCK

turning toward Harper.

187. HARPER

rolling frantically out of the way as the truck ROARS by.

188. THE TRUCK

reelly moving now, teking e sherp turn around a corner and diseppeering into the night.

189. HARPER

sprewled out. He manages to force himself up into a kneeling position.

190. THE GROUND

the truck rolled over. It is eoft, and the tracks of the truck are plainly visible in the mud.

191. HARPER

kneeling, stering down et the tracks; muddy, bloody and beet...

DISSOLVE TO:

192. HARPER'S OFFICE-HOME

coming into the house. On the mantel over the fireplace is a picture of Herper end Susen. He pesses it by, goes into bedroom, flicking out living room lighte as he goes. The house is lit by moonlight. After e pause, in the darkness, he REAPPEARS, moves to mentel, takes picture, flicks it backhanded into a derk corner of the room where it falls. He turns, RE-ENTERS bedroom end closes door. After e beet, the door re-opens, he comes out, moves to corner of room where we cannot see him, but HEAR him muttering to himself, bumping into things. Then he REENTERS SHOT, puts picture beck on mentel, carefully in the moonlight, streightens end dusts it, then quickly exits into his bedroom and shuts the door. The door steys shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

6/9/65
49.

A-193. EXT. SAMPSON HOUSE FRONT DOOR

The Rolls pulls up to the house and stops. Felix jumps out and opens the door. Harper, Taggart and Miranda alight and go into house.

193. HARPER AND ELAINE SAMPSON

She is in the solarium, applying oils to her body. Harper, a cup of coffee beside him, looks at a piece of paper.

HARPER:

You're sure this is your husband's writing.

MRS. SAMPSON:

That moronic scrawl is unique.

HARPER:

It's not unlikely your husband's been kidnapped, Mrs. Sampson. Kidnapping's a federal offense.

MRS. SAMPSON:

I'm aware of that, Mr. Harper. But please don't bother suggesting we bring in the police.

HARPER:

(pushing it)

It's a Federal offense, Mrs. Sampson.

MRS. SAMPSON:

I'm not sure my husband's business dealings are completely legal -- not all of them, anyway. You may be jumping to conclusions. For all we know, Ralph may just be getting ready for a round-the-world jaunt with some happy harlot and needs a little spending money.

HARPER:

I think he's been kidnapped. I think this note was dictated. Your husband keeps lousy company, Mrs. Sampson. As bad as there is in Los Angeles, and that's as bad as there is.

MRS. SAMPSON:

(she seems almost pleased)

I knew it! He loves playing the family man, but he's never fooled me. Water seeks its own level which should put Ralph bathing happily somewhere in a sewer.

194. MIRANDA IN DOORWAY

- blind mad.

MIRANDA:

Daddy may be dead and you're crowing.

195. SHOT OF THE THREE OF THEM

Miranda, moving in toward her stepmother.

MRS. SAMPSON:
(airily waving her away)
I don't believe it's the children's hour yet,
darling.

MIRANDA:
(stung)
You have such an advantage in emotional scenes,
Elaine, being frigid --

MRS. SAMPSON:
Puss, puss, puss, did Alan brush you off again?

MIRANDA:
You simpy, primping, narcissistic --

MRS. SAMPSON:
Either I'm a narciasiat or I'm frigid, pussy;
I can't very well be both --

MIRANDA:
You manage it magnificently. You surely
couldn't expect anyone else to love you --

MRS. SAMPSON:
Not you, my prepubescent horror -- the very
thought nauseates me --

196. HARPER

glancing from one of them to the other.

HARPER:
(softly)
Excuse me, ladies.
(he turns and leaves)

MRS. SAMPSON:
I should think you'd be accustomed to not
being wanted by now --

MIRANDA:
I love your wrinkles. I revel in them!

MRS. SAMPSON:
Pues, puss, puas...

197. THE SAMPSON STUDY

Albert, a large brief case close by one desk, is opening the wall safe. Harper sits on the desk beside the money.

ALBERT:

-- I just don't enjoy carrying this kind of money around. I'm a lawyer, not a financier --

HARPER:

Albert? You got any friends on the L.A. Police from when you were D.A. up here?

ALBERT:

I have some favors left uncollected, yes.

The wall safe opens. He begins stuffing money into the safe.

HARPER:

See if you can get them to run a check on every black limousine rented or stolen the last three days. And see if you can get them to put somebody on a dive called The Piano.

ALBERT:

Dwight Troy's place?

HARPER:

You mean Troy? What do you know about him?

ALBERT:

I had to take some papers to Las Vegas once for Sampson to sign. He and Troy were gambling. I checked on Troy. He seems elegant enough, but people have a habit of dying around him. I tried telling Sampson, but --

(and he shrugs, stuffs in one last packet of money, then with an enormous sigh)

Thank heavens.

(he closes the safe, gives dial a twirl)

I was so nervous bringing that here I got this out of mothballs.

He reaches awkwardly into a coat pocket, brings forth a pistol. He looks at it and laughs a little.

HARPER:

You were the most unlikely war hero I ever knew. Do you still know how to use that?

ALBERT:

I hope not.

HARPER:

Then you better get a cop out here -- to keep an eye on the money.

198. ALBERT

ALBERT:
You're not staying?

199. HARPER

shaking his head.

HARPER:
I'm going buggy sitting around here. It's
about time I visited the mountain Sampson
gave away.

200. ALBERT

He is abruptly nervous, trying to smile and look his best.

201. HARPER

turns, looks toward study door.

202. MIRANDA

coming across outside hall toward study.

203. ALBERT

ALBERT:
Miranda. Hello, Miranda.
(to Harper; whispering
excitedly)
Miranda's coming.
(back to her)
How are you?

MIRANDA:
Suicidal. I've just had the nicest chat with
step-mommy.

HARPER:
How do I get to that mountain anyway?

204. ALBERT

ALBERT:
Here. I'll diagram it for you.

MIRANDA:
(smiling sexily)
Don't bother. I'll take him. I've got to get
out of this house. Just wait till I change.
She turns, leaves room.

205. ALBERT.

ALBERT:
(a bit hot under the collar)
I expect you to behave in all ways like a
civilized human being.

Harper is lying flat on his back.

ALBERT: (Cont.)
First it's Taggart's boyish charm, now it's
your indefinable something --

Albert turns for a last glimpse of Miranda, who is just moving
around a corner and out of sight.

HARPER:
Poor nice Albsrt.

ALBERT:
(staring out at where
Miranda was last seen)
I am nice.
(he turns to Harper)
Wouldn't you think she'd notice?

206. HARPER

HARPER:
The bottom is loaded with nice people, Albert.
Only cream and bastards rise.

207. HARPER'S CAR

ROARING along a mountain road.

208. HARPER AT THE WHEEL

his eyes on the road. Miranda Sampson sits beside him. She
looks marvalous. Harper suddenly swings his hands on the
steering wheel.

MIRANDA:
Why so fast, Harper -- trying to impress me?

HARPER:
You've got a way of starting conversations
that kills conversation.

MIRANDA:
Why is your wife divorcing you?

(CONTINUED)

208 (Cont.)

HARPER:

You've got a way of starting conversations that kills conversation.

209. THE CAR

executing a turn. The mountain they are climbing is gorgeous; the scenery below fresh and clean.

210. HARPER AND MIRANDA

MIRANDA:

What do you do this kind of crummy work for, anyway?

211. HARPER AND MIRANDA

His face is dead serious.

HARPER:

I do it because I believe in the U.N. and Southeast Asia and it isn't funny if your livelihood depends on the Panama Canal -- and what about the British pound? And as long as there're places like Siberia, you'll find Lew Harper on the job.

212. MIRANDA

She is confused, staring at Harper.

MIRANDA:

Are you putting me on?

213. HARPER.

He is doing his best not to laugh.

214. HARPER AND MIRANDA

MIRANDA:

What do you think of me?

HARPER:

The evidence isn't in yet. I'd say you had nearly everything and could develop into nearly anything.

MIRANDA:

What's my big deficiency?

215. HARPER

HARPER:

Your sideburne.

MIRANDA:

Come on...

HARPER:

(she does e take)

You ect like a bitch in heet every time
something pretty in pents wanders by.

MIRANDA:

What ere your big deficienciee?

HARPER:

I don't heve eny. I'm e bloody saint.

216. MIRANDA

stung.

MIRANDA:

What about last night? With that woman?

217. HARPER

HARPER:

(he gives e smile)

Whet could be more seintly then feeding liquor
to en elcoholic to get information. All pert
of the job.

He looks at the speedometer. It reads 70.

218. MIRANDA

still enry.

MIRANDA:

When I'm bored, I drive fest -- I pretend
I'm on my way to meet something utterly new.
All naked and bright... I've driven 105
along here.

HARPER:

Trying to imprees me?

MIRANDA:

Why don't you do it, old man.

219. HARPER

Ha shakes his haad.

220. MIRANDA

MIRANDA:

You're just as stuffy as Albert; sama Victorian hang up. You probably think that woman's place is in the home.

221. HARPER

HARPER:

(evanly, emotionlass)
Not my homa.

222. CAR

ROARING up the road.

223. A SIGN BY A RATHER PRIMITIVE ROAD

leading off the highway. The sign reads: THE TEMPLE IN THE CLOUDS. Harper's car pauses momentarily at the sign, than turns off on to the primitive road.

224. THE CAR

reaching the crast of the mountain. Blocking the car is a barbad wire fence and gate. Harper gata out of car, movea to gata, looks down.

225. THE TEMPLE IN THE CLOUDS

It is a saucer-shaped structure on the top of the mountain. No one is visible, yet from somawhere, a VOICE CALLS out:

VOICE:

Have you come to seek salvation?

226. HARPER

surprised.

HARPER:

Now there's something all naked and bright for you.

He looks down at the tampla again.

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57.

227. THE TEMPLE

Slowly, something motionless begins to come alive. A man has been sitting on the roof of the building. He rises now.

228. MIRANDA

moving up behind Harper.

MIRANDA:

It's me, Claude, Miranda Sampson. This is Mr. Harper; we're looking for Daddy. Has he been here?

CLAUDE:

To my sorrow, no.

(Harper turns to get
into the car)

You may not bring the machine onto holy ground. Neither it nor you have been purified.

229. CLAUDE

going on; passionately.

CLAUDE:

I was once a lost and evil man, blind-hearted and sinful. Miranda here can tell you that. But then the sword of the blessed sun slew the black beast of the flesh and I was purified at last.

230. THREE SHOT

HARPER:

Would it be all right if I look around?

CLAUDE:

He'll be risking the wrath of the Sun God.

HARPER:

(moving through gate)

I'm lionhearted.

He moves away from Claude; Miranda follows.

231. HARPER AND MIRANDA

move to the front door of the building.

232. HARPER AND MIRANDA

entering the building with the smoking chimney. In one area there is a large pot of beans on a stove. Harper glances at it.

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58.

233. CLAUDE

suddenly in the doorway.

CLAUDE:

I told you Mr. Sampeon was not here.

HARPER:

(indicating pot)

Expecting the disciples for supper?

CLAUDE:

Whoever comes to the Temple of The
Clouds may be sure of some warm beans
and a bed. Where is the harm?

234. HARPER

moving outside, Claude and Miranda following.

CLAUDE:

(catches up to Harper)

May we speak?

He steps close to Harper. Miranda moves on back toward the
car.

CLAUDE:

(continuing softer,
less flamboyant,
terribly honest)

I know you think me a charlatan. I
can only say that if you were correct,
then death could not claim me too
quickly. You obviously have some
strong connection with the Sampsons;
don't deride me to them, I beg you.
The gift of this temple was the begin-
ning of my life. I know to you I look
ridiculous but I only want to increase
the amount of love in this world. Where
is the harm?

235. TWO SHOT

CLAUDE:

You believe me?

HARPER:

Maybe.

(CONTINUED)

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59.

235 (Cont.)

CLAUDE:

That in itself is a victory. I must return to contemplation. Please don't laugh.

HARPER:

I only laugh at what's funny. My own stupidity usually.

236. HARPER

walking along. He stops suddenly, staring down. He drops to his knees then.

237. THE GROUND

in front of Harper. The pattern of a truck tire is plainly visible; the same pattern as that of the truck that tried running him down the night before.

238. HARPER

staring down at the tire marks.

239. CLOSE UP CLAUDE WATCHING HIM

DISSOLVE TO:

240. HARPER'S CAR

driving slow up to the open gates of the Sampson estate.

241. INSIDE CAR

Miranda is asleep, her head on Harper's shoulder. Abruptly something catches his eye and he stops the car.

242. SAMPSON MAILBOX

A large white envelope is plainly visible.

243. OMITTED

244. INT. SAMPSON STUDY

Harper enters, carrying the envelope carefully, holding it in

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60.

244 (Cont.)

a handkerchief. Miranda follows. Mrs. Kronberg turns at their entrance.

HARPER:

Mr. Graves here?

MRS. KRONBERG:

He went back into Santa Theresa. But there's a deputy or something in the library.

HARPER:

Get him.

She goes. He carefully slits the envelope with a letter opener, then, using handkerchief with quick skill, he removes and unfolds envelope, staring at it.

HARPER:

(continuing)

Bingo.

Large printed letters are pasted almost childishly to a white piece of paper.

245. HARPER AND MIRANDA

looking at note.

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

What's going on?

HARPER:

Nothing much. Kidnapping and extortion.

IT MIGHT BE WELL TO NOTE AT THIS POINT THAT THE DEPUTY SHERIFF IS VERY YOUNG LOOKING. FRESH OUT OF POLICE ACADEMY. HE IS NOT DUMB. BUT HE IS INFINITELY INEXPERIENCED.

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

That the note?

(he reaches for it. Harper grabs his hands. Disgusted with himself)

Fingerprints. Now I knew that -- what's the matter with me?

HARPER:

You got an evidence kit?

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

Yessir. You want me to get it?

(CONTINUED)

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61.

245 (Cont.)

HARPER:

No. As a matter of fact, I just want you to stand here and hold this for a couple of hours.

The Deputy Sheriff turns and dashes out of the room, passing Alan Taggart who stands in the doorway.

HARPER:

The long arm of the law; good luck.
(he moves to phone
and dials)

246. ALBERT AND HARPER

ALBERT'S VOICE (o.s.)

Yes? It's kidnapping. The note's here.
(reading note)

"DEPOZIT 500 THOU AT NINE TO NITE. ON
GRASS. NEAR SPILLWAY BELOW THE LAKE.
ONE MILE SOUTH OF SANTA THERESA. DRIVE
NORTH AND KEEP ON GOING. TOO BAD FOR
SAMPSON IF YOU SCREW UP."

During the above, there may or may not have been a click on the line. If there was, Harper takes absolutely no notice of it.

ALBERT'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Nine tonite. That gives us only two hours.

HARPER:

I know. And we can't keep the police out now. Get the Sheriff out here and pay me a visit.

ALBERT'S VOICE (o.s.)

Right.

HARPER:

Anything yet on the limousine?

ALBERT'S VOICE: (o.s.)

Nothing yet but we're checking.
(a brief pause. Then --)

Law? How do you suppose they knew the money was ready?

HARPER:

Either they're gambling or they've got friends inside the castle. You think?

(CONTINUED)

246 (Cont.)

ALBERT'S VOICE: (o.s.)

I think.

Albert hangs up. Harper does not. CAMERA MOVES IN on Harper. He stands still, holding the phone in his hands, waiting. There is the FAINT METALLIC RUSTLE of a receiver being replaced somewhere in the house. At the SOUND, Harper slams his own phone back in its cradle. Dashes out without a moment's hesitation.

247. THE PHONE AREA IN FOYER

Mrs. Kronberg stands by the phone. Harper tears in --

HARPER:

What are you doing in here?

MRS. KRONBERG:

I thought someone ...

HARPER:

How many extensions in the house?

MRS. KRONBERG:

Five ... six. Three up, three down.

HARPER:

(turns away, angry)

Too many. Too damn many.

248.)
249.) OMITTED
250.)

251. EXT. SAMPSON HOUSE

Harper and Albert are conferring with SHERIFF SPANNER and the Deputy Sheriff. Sheriff Spanner is inspecting the ransom note.

ALBERT:

(almost in a
whisper)

I've been pondering all this and it's my opinion we give them the money clean and hope they come through with Sampson. Then, if they don't, he'll hunt them down. You think?

HARPER:

(nodding)

I think.

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
63.

251 (Cont.)

SHERIFF SPANNER, a slight, intellectual looking man, speaks in a beautifully modulated voice, like a radio announcer. Ransom note clearly held in his hands, he approaches.

SHERIFF SPANNER:

Naw, naw, naw. This says to drop the money and drive north. That means he'll be making his get-away south. I'll set up a roadblock down the highway --

HARPER:

You do and we can kiss goodbye to Sampson --

SHERIFF SPANNER:

-- whoever I catch, I guarantee I'll make him talk --

HARPER:

You'll make it worse if you trip the money man. You'll have a kidnapper in the county jail and Sampson with his throat cut somewhere --

SHERIFF SPANNER:

(to Albert)

Who is this clown?

ALBERT:

He's a private detective working for us --

HARPER:

But I used to be a sheriff until I passed my literacy test --

SHERIFF SPANNER:

Now just a minute --

ALBERT:

Gentlemen, please --

SHERIFF:

All right. You make the delivery.

HARPER:

No. I want Albert and Taggart to do that.

Alan Ladd business from Taggart here.

SHERIFF:

And what'll you do?

Harper formulates a reply.

MRS. SAMPSON'S VOICE (o.s.)

Are you going to rescue my Ralph for me?

8/9/65
64.

252. ELAINE SAMPSON

in a wheel chair, framed on the balcony of the house.

ALBERT:

Now, Elaine, I don't want you to worry.

MRS. SAMPSON:

How can I worry with men like you on
the job?

253. HARPER AND SHERIFF

SHERIFF:

(softly)

That's a pretty brave woman.

HARPER:

(deadpan)

Gutty as hell.

254. HARPER

sitting in his darkened car by the side of a divided highway.
The car clock reads nine.

255. THE HIGHWAY

It is empty ...

256. HARPER

He fondles the ignition key nervously.

257. THE HIGHWAY

Still empty.

258. HARPER

He turns on the ignition. The car clock reads a little bit
after nine.

259. THE HIGHWAY

A great black LIMOUSINE ROARS.

6/9/65
65.

260. HARPER

He jams his car forward after the limousine, turning onto the highway. He drives for just a moment. Then there comes the SOUND of the SQUEALING of TIRES as if a car has made a sudden turn.

261. HARPER

in car, as he comes to a side road veering off the highway. He hesitates, slowing the car. Then there are three MUFFLED SOUNDS coming right after each other: the SCREECH of BRAKES, the SOUND of a GUNSHOT, the ROAR of a CAR MOTOR. They all emanate from a slight distance up the side road and Harper turns his car onto it and starts to drive when --

262. A BLINDING PAIR OF LIGHTS

as another CAR ROARS down at Harper.

263. HARPER'S CAR

pulling over.

264. A WHITE CONVERTIBLE

ROARING down the side road and turning onto the highway. The top is covered and it is impossible to see who is driving.

265. HARPER'S CAR

moving forward, then stopping again.

266. HARPER

getting out of car, gun in hand.

267. THE BLACK LIMOUSINE

half off the side road.

268. HARPER

Moving quietly, he approaches it from the rear, slowly moves around the car, gun in position.

269. A DEAD FACE

It belongs to the driver of the limousine and it is the same man that the night before tried killing Harper with the truck. There is a bullet hole above his left ear. The eyes are open.

270. HARPER

reacting to the sight. He finds it repellent. He opens the door.

271. THE BODY

starting to topple out.

272. HARPER

shoving it back into an upright position.

273. HARPER

moving to side of car away from driver. He opens door, looks briefly in back, then checks glove compartment. It is empty. Then, with a grimace, he begins going through the pockets of the corpee. The corpse is clad in a windbreaker and levis. The eyes are still open. Harper reaches into a pants pocket.

274. HARPER'S HAND

It holds some change, a few marijuana cigarettes wrapped in brown paper and a book of matches on which is visible: 'THE CORNER', (located in Castle Beach).

CUT TO:

275.
thru
282.

OMITTED.

CHANGE
8/9/65
67-68.

283. EXT. 'THE CORNER'

284. HARPER

walking in the front door of 'The Corner', letting the door shut behind him. There is the SOUND of BAND MUSIC. Harper looks around.

285. SOME MIDDLE-AGED PEOPLE

twisting in front of a glowing juke box.

6/9/65
69.

286. HARPER

still standing by the door, glancing around as if looking for somebody. A waitress comes up to him. She, like the rest of the place, is a bit faded.

WAITRESS:

Like a nice table?

HARPER:

Later, maybe. You can help me though. I'm lookin' for a guy. I met him at the ball park. He said he'd meet me here only I don't see him.

WAITRESS:

What's his name?

HARPER:

See, that's the trouble: I don't know it. I owe him some loot on a bet is the thing. He's maybe 40, very thin, pale. Wears a windbreaker and levis. Drives a panel truck.

WAITRESS:

(not cordial)

Come again on why you wanna find him?

HARPER:

I owe him money on a bet.

WAITRESS:

An' you're just eaten up with honesty, is that it?

HARPER:

You know what happens to bookies that don't pay off?

WAITRESS:

(pleased with herself)

I knew you was a bookie the minute you come in.

HARPER:

No kiddin'?

287. WAITRESS

She is smiling now, the vague suspicions gone.

WAITRESS:

You been waitin' tables as long as I have, you get to know the types.

288. HARPER

He is smiling too.

289. TWO SHOT

WAITRESS:

Eddie's who you want. Eddie somebody. Ain't been here for two, three nights now. Three nights it was; I remember 'cause he wanted to make a long distance call and the boss didn't like that 'cause sometimes he gets stung when it's over three minutes so Eddie made it collect. I don't know where to. How much you owe Eddie?

HARPER:

(ignoring the question)

Where's the boss?

WAITRESS:

Behind the bar.

290. BARTENDER

Harper walks up and sits.

HARPER:

Bottle-a-beer.

The bartender nods, goes to get one.

HARPER:

(continuing)

I'm looking for a guy called Eddie. See, I owe him a little money. He phoned me long distance from here three nights ago.

BARTENDER:

You from Las Vegas?

HARPER:

(nods)

Just came from there.

BARTENDER:

(putting bottle of beer
and glass on bar)

I wouldda guessed you were from Vegae.

(CONTINUED)

290 (Cont.)

HARPER:
(handing over money)
You're physic.

BARTENDER:
Psychic you mean.

HARPER:
Know where Eddie lives?

Bartender takes monsy, shakes his head.

HARPER:
(continuing)
Then I guess I'll have to wait until
he gets here.

291. HARPER

moving across bar. All the tables are empty but he keeps
moving until he gets to window and looks out into darkness.

292. THE PARKING LOT

which is what Harper sees outside the window.

293. HARPER

nodding, sitting down, pouring himself a glass of beer.

294. HARPER AT TABLE

The beer bottle is empty. He abruptly sits up, leans for-
ward, looks out window.

HARPER:
Terrific!

295. THE PARKING LOT

The deputy sheriff who forgot about the fingerprints is
getting out of his police car.

296. HARPER

getting hurriedly up from table, looking around. Then he
begins to move quickly toward the dancers.

297. A DOOR

with GENTLEMEN printed on it. Harper opens the door, walks inside.

298. HARPER

coming into the men's room. It is clean, but it is still a men's room. There is a phone high on one wall. Harper takes it all in.

HARPER:

Swell.

Harper begins to pace the room. Then he stares at the phone a moment, reaches into his pocket for a handful of change.

299. SUSAN HARPER

lying in bed. She wears a negligee and is reading a book, her glasses perched on the end of her nose. The TELEPHONE RINGS.

SUSAN:

(picking up phone)

Hello?

HARPER'S VOICE:

(O.S. - it is very breathy and excited and sounds not at all like his regular speaking voice)

Mrs. Harper?

SUSAN:

Yes.

HARPER'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

Mrs. Lewis Harper?

SUSAN:

That's right ...

HARPER'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

Oh, thank heavens. You see, we picked your name from this enormous drum full of names only you had to be there to win, and you are, so you have.

(CONTINUED)

299 (Cont.)

Win?
SUSAN:

HARPER'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Yes, yes -- six one-hour frug lessons absolutely free. I'm Austin Marmaduke of the Austin Marmaduke Center for Ballroom Education. We're just off Wilshire and --

SUSAN:
I don't want them --

HARPER'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
Oh, of course you do, dear lady. Just think of the confidence you'll have the next time you and your husband go stepping. Think how proud and happy you'll feel, how endlessly feminine.

SUSAN:
My husband is dead.

HARPER'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
I didn't know; that's too bad -- sorry.

SUSAN:
No, as a matter of fact you're wrong. His death did nothing but serve the cause of mankind.
(beginning to enjoy herself)
He was a fool, a sadist, a functioning pathological pervert --

300. HARPER
listening to the insults.

HARPER:
I'm sure you don't mean --

SUSAN'S VOICE:
(O.S.)
I do mean. He was grotesque in all ways. Can a soul be atrocious? His was. He was a degenerate's degenerate --

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont.)

Harper is more than a little hot under the collar.

HARPER:

I almost feel compelled to defend
him --

301. SUSAN

She is really enjoying hereelf now.

SUSAN:

You won't believe this, Mr. Mermaduke,
but he used to call me up on the phone
sometimes, pretending to be other
people. He actually thought it was
funny.

302. HARPER

HARPER:

I'm hiding from a moron cop in a
men's room in Castle Beach. That
is funny.

There comes the SOUND of Susan's LAUGHTER.

SUSAN'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

You're right.

(she laughs a little more,
then pauses; when she
speaks again, her voice is
warm, soft, inteneely
personal)

Lew?

HARPER:

Yes, Susan.

SUSAN'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

Lew?

HARPER:

What is it?

303. SUSAN

Almost e whisper.

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
75.

303 (Cont.)

SUSAN:

Kiss off, Lew.

HARPER'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

Don't hang up --

SUSAN:

I never could disobey you.

She hangs up, picks up glasses and book. Then, after a moment, she takes her glasses off again and stares at the silent phone.

304. HARPER

He slowly hangs up. Then he almost smiles.

HARPER:

She loves me.

DEPUTY SHERIFF'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

Put 'em up!

HARPER:

(sighs wearily, turns
to face other man)

Put what up?

305. TWO SHOT

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

Your hands, your hands.

HARPER:

(his hands are not raised -
shaking his head)

I just couldn't.

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

(his gun is very much
on Harper)

How'd you get here?

(CONTINUED)

305 (Cont.)

HARPER:

Same way you did -- I found the matches in Eddie's pocket.

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

How'd you know his name was Eddie?

HARPER:

You're as alert as they come, you know that? The waitress told me. Now why don't you kiss off?

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

Sheriff said for me to stay on the job.

HARPER:

(starting to go to door)

Then we're all safe.

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

The bartender said this Eddie called you long distance in Las Vegas.

HARPER:

I was trying to pump the bartender, get it? It was a gag.

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

What'd you find out?

HARPER:

That three nights ago Eddie phoned Lae Vegas. Sampson was in Vegas three nights ago.

306. DEPUTY SHERIFF

really excited now.

DEPUTY SHERIFF:

Hey -- it all fits.

307. HARPER

A look of pure astonishment on his face.

HARPER:

Hey -- you're right.

308. TWO SHOT

HARPER:

Thanks for pointing it out to me.

309. HARPER
sitting alone in his car, across from 'The Corner'.
310. A BLUE TRUCK
pulling into the parking lot of 'The Corner'. It has a covered cab.
311. HARPER
leaning forward, peering out.
312. PUDDLER
getting out of the blue truck. He worriedly looks around, sees the deputy sheriff's police car.
313. PUDDLER
running back to the truck, getting in, driving off with a ROAR. As he moves onto highway and picks up speed, a car pulls out and begins to follow him. The car is Harper's.
314. THE TRUCK
ROARING down the highway. A good distance behind comes Harper. The truck turns off the highway onto a less decent road. Harper follows.
315. THE TRUCK
turning off the second road onto a third. This road is much narrower and rises sharply. There is no other traffic. Harper's car follows along but as he makes the turn, he douses his headlights.
316. THE TRUCK
continuing to move upwards along the narrow road.
317. HARPER
squinting out through the windshield as he follows the truck upwards. After a moment, he looks up.

318. THE MOON
emerging from behind some thickening clouds.
319. THE TRUCK
moving slowly up the mountain road.
320. HARPER
leaning forward, Then abruptly, he twists the wheel to the right.
321. THE EDGE OF THE ROAD
Below is a sickening dropoff. Harper's car rims the edge, then swerves back onto the road.
322. HARPER
starting to sweat.
323. A LONG, LONG SHOT FROM ABOVE
The truck, lights on, cuts through the dark night. Trailing safely behind it comes the shadow of a car.
324. PUDDLER
driving the truck, spinning the wheel at a particularly sharp curve.
325. HARPER
braking and spinning the wheel as he comes to the same curve.
326. HARPER'S CAR
rimming the edge of the highway again and again; below is the sickening dropoff.
327. HARPER
breathing a little heavily, sweating profusely now, continuing to drive.

328. A SERIES OF SHOTS

one melding into the next, of hairpin turns and below, the drop into space as Harper continues to drive through the darkness. The SCREECH of BRAKES and of WHEELS spinning accompanies this, adding to the feeling of vertigo. Through all the shots, Harper's eyes are visible, burning bright....

DISSOLVE TO:

329. HARPER

crouched beside his car, staring down at the Temple In The Clouds. The blue truck is parked below, its back door open. There is no sound from below. Harper moves to barbed wire gate, opens it softly and moves quietly toward the truck. He goes to the rear of the truck. It is empty. There is a wooden bench padded with burlap along each side. Harper stares at the inside of the truck. Then there is the sound of a DOOR CREAKING open. Harper turns.

330. CLAUDE

coming out of the Temple.

CLAUDE:

(seeing him)

What are you doing here?

HARPER:

I got the call; I've been converted.

CLAUDE:

Is there no end to your sacrilege?

HARPER:

(his gun in his hand -- to Puddler, who stands in the doorway Claude came out of)

Stay right there.

Puddler starts to run toward Harper. Harper FIRES.

331. THE BULLET

kicking up dust at Puddler's feet.

332. SHOT OF THE THREE OF THEM

HARPER:

Please, don't make any trouble.

(CONTINUED)

332 (Cont.)

Puddler stops dead. Harper is watching him as Claude jumps at Harper. Harper moves a step closer, then delivers a vicious swipe with his elbow into Claude's stomach. Claude GASPS and drops to the ground.

HARPER:

I said please. Now where's Sampson?

333. CLAUDE ON THE GROUND

He raises his arms to the sky and begins CHANTING IN SPANISH.

334. A DOOR ACROSS THE COURT

springs open as if it knew Spanish. A tiny Mexican man appears in the doorway. Claude's wild CHANTING continues. Another Mexican man appears. Another. Now there are half a dozen, now ten. Now more than a dozen. Now close to twenty. Claude's CHANTING goes up in pitch and the tiny Mexican men begin moving through the darkness. They are jammed together in a clump and might be some kind of animal.

335. HARPER

watching, gun in hand, as the Mexicans come closer to him.

HARPER:

(to Claude)

Tell them to get back!

CLAUDE:

(in English -- his voice even now, the phony sing-song gone)

On the contrary, Mr. Harper.

(and then he is screaming in Spanish)

Attack! Attack! Attack!

336. HARPER

moving back.

HARPER

(to Claude)

They'll die. Tell them!

(CONTINUED)

336 (Cont.)

OLAUDE:

(still on his knees -- in
English)

Shoot unarmed men? I don't think so,
Mr. Harper.

337. HARPER AND THE MEXICANS

For a moment, no one moves. Then the Mexicans charge. Harper swings out with his gun, clubs one, another, another. But they keep coming, surrounding him, grabbing at him and no matter how hard he fights, how many he hits, more of them keep coming and coming and finally, inevitably, he disappears in their midst, falling before their kicking feet, their clubbing arms...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON:

338. HARPER

lying in a dark room in the Temple. He is severely bound, his hands tied behind his back, his feet tied together too.

339. A HAND HOLDING A KNIFE

The hand slices through the darkness, rests for a moment on the ropes tying Harper's feet, then cuts through them.
PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

340. DWIGHT TROY

TROY:

Do get up, old stick.

HARPER:

I like it here.

TROY:

(prodding Harper with
knife)

You mustn't give way to the sulks,
Mr. Harper. Come, come.

(CONTINUED)

340 (Cont.)

HARPER:

(forcing himself up to
his knees)

I'm shocked, Troy -- a man of your eminence
involved in something as seamy as smuggling
in immigrant labor.

TROY:

You couldn't be more right, you know;
it is beneath me. But it pays so well.
The poor idiots pay me to smuggle them in.
They're wonderfully cheap workers so once
I've got them it's no problem to dispose
of them to farm owners and ranchers and
they pay me too. It's all disgustingly
lucrative but as you've suggested, hardly
enriching to the soul.

(as charming as ever)

What about your soul, Mr. Harper?

341. TWO SHOT

Harper is on his feet.

HARPER:

It'll pay you to let me go.

TROY:

You're rather low on bargaining power,
aren't you, old stick?

HARPER:

Not necessarily. Where's Sampson?

TROY:

(absolutely honest)

Ralph Sampson? Dear boy, how should
I know?

HARPER:

And the five-hundred thousand?

TROY:

(he takes out his gun)

No more riddles, old stick.

HARPER:

(angry)

Your driver kidnapped Sampson two days
ago. Tonight he picked up half a million
in ransom money --

(CONTINUED)

6/9/65
83.

341 (Cont.)

TROY:

(amused)

Eddie? He hesn't the brains.

HARPER:

Enough brains for a fall guy. He's dead
and whoever killed him got the money.

TROY:

And you suspect me, old etick?

HARPER:

I do if you drive a white convertible.

342. TROY

For the first time, the elegance is gone. Stunned, he
stands etill for a moment. in CLOSEUP, he begins to SHOUT.

TROY:

CLAUDE! PUDDLER!

343. TROY

in a fury now, starting to pace the room.

TROY:

I am surrounded by knaves and fools.

(Claude and Puddler hurry
into doorway)

We're leaving the Temple. Claude -- take
our lateet truckload to that ranch in
Bakersfield. Get the cash then lose the
truck. Meet me at my place afterwards.

(Claude goes)

Puddler, was Betty at the club tonight?

PUDDLER:

No, sir.

TROY:

Is she still driving the same car?

PUDDLER:

The convertible? Yessir.

TROY:

(he is etill moving back
and forth across the room)

Is she still living in the same place?

(CONTINUED)

343 (Cont.)

PUDDLER:

(shakes his head)

She moved to some cabin somewhere a couple weeks ago.

TROY:

Then I shall have to find that cabin, Puddler; no matter what the cost. Take Mr. Harper to the usual place. Keep him there until you hear from me.

(Puddler goes to Harper, grabs him roughly)

Knaves and fools who can't keep out of trouble. Well, we'll show them trouble, won't we, Puddler?

344. PUDDLER CLOSEUP

His moronic face manages to make a smile. The effect is not remotely pleasant.

345. A LONG STRETCH OF OIL PUMPS

near the ocean. Oil derricks in the skyline. The SOUND of the ocean.

346. HARPER'S CAR

Puddler is driving. He opens car door, carefully puts Harper's ignition key in his pocket, and gets out. Then he reaches in for Harper who is wedged, arms tied behind his back, on the floor of the back seat. Roughly, Puddler jerks Harper free of the car and puts him on his feet.

347. PUDDLER

slamming the car door, pushing Harper out along the pier. Harper, terribly stiff, does what he can to get the kinks out.

348. HARPER

peering through the darkness in the direction he will be walking.

(CONTINUED)

349. A LARGE OIL PUMP

rising and falling like a mechanical teeter-totter. Beside the pump is a tool shed. Nothing but ocean beyond.

350. THE SHED

Puddler takes out a key, opens it, shoves Harper inside.

351. INSIDE THE SHED

It is dark. Then Puddler lights a lantern. Throughout the following, the shed is never bright, always shadowy. There is a bench along one wall. At the end of the bench is a vise. Beside the vise are a few tools; pincers, wrenches of various sizes, a dull rusty file. Harper notices these. Puddler shoves Harper toward the bench.

PUDDLER:

Make yourself t' home.
(he moves to close door
of shed)

HARPER:

Leave it open. I need the air; you
stink.

Puddler looks at Harper a moment.

352. TWO SHOT

Puddler backhands Harper viciously across the mouth, spinning Harper into the wall. Harper's mouth begins to bleed.

HARPER:

Your brain is rotting and I can smell it.

353. PUDDLER

He looks at Harper, a bit confused.

354. TWO SHOT

Puddler backhands Harper again across the mouth. Again Harper spins against the wall. This time he loses balance and slips to his knees.

PUDDLER:

I c'n give it more'n you c'n take it.

(CONTINUED)

354 (Cont.)

HARPER:

(smiles)

Can you? We both know what you're afraid of, don't we, Puddler?

PUDDLER:

What?

HARPER:

Of everything. Mostly me.

Puddler laughs, then goes to close the door of the shed. The minute his back is turned, Harper simultaneously makes a noise with his feet and screams loudly. Puddler jumps, frightened, whirling around.

ARCHER:

(now he is laughing)

I rest my case.

Puddler closes the door. Then, angry, he begins to whisper.

PUDDLER:

They got a 'spression. Kill the body an' the head dies. You ever hear that?

Puddler begins slowly to walk toward Harper.

355. HARPER

watching him come.

356. TWO SHOT

Puddler grabs Harper, holds him with his left hand.

PUDDLER:

(digging his right hand viciously into the pit of Harper's stomach)

Kill --

(Harper gasps. Puddler swings again)

-- the body --

(Again Harper gasps and his knees buckle. Puddler holds him upright with his left hand, swings his right a third time)

-- an' the head --

(CONTINUED)

356 (Cont.)

PUDDLER: (Cont.)

(Puddler pauses for just a moment.
Then he swings a final terrible
punch at Harper's stomach)

-- dies.

He abruptly releases his grip with his left hand and Harper,
gasping, falls to his knees.

357. HARPER

on the floor, managing to stay on his knees, bent over,
the side of his bleeding face against the cold wooden floor.

HARPER:

(gasping)

You're...afraid of...me.

Puddler is standing over him.

PUDDLER:

Like hell.

HARPER:

Untie me then...untie me and I'll
tear your head off.

Puddler starts to really laugh.

PUDDLER:

Now I get it. Yer tryin' t' get me t'
untie you so's you can trick me.

Harper starts to rise.

HARPER:

You stinking feeble minded --

Harper is still on his knees when Puddler swings. The punch
lands flush on Harper's mouth. He falls.

PUDDLER:

(laughing)

Yer tryin' to trick me.

Harper slowly starts to rise. When he gets to his knees,
Puddler kicks him in the stomach. Harper gasps, doubles
up, falls sideways to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

357 (Cont.)

PUDDLER:
You can't trick Puddler.
(he reaches down, grabs Harper,
lifts him to his feet)

HARPER:
You fish-eyed faggot --

Puddler brings his leg up, knees Harper in the stomach. As Harper doubles over, Puddler clasps his hands, smashes them down on the back of Harper's neck. Harper crumbles, lies on the floor face down. Puddler grabs into one of his pockets, brings out a clasp knife, opens it and roughly cuts through Harper's bonds.

PUDDLER:
Okay. Trick me.
(Harper barely moves.
Puddler starts to laugh)
Trick me!

Harper forces himself up onto all fours. He crawls to bench to help himself up. Before he reaches bench, Puddler softly prods Harper on the shoulder with his foot. Harper topples over sideways, immediately forces himself to all fours again.

358. HARPER

crawling to the bench.

359. THE BENCH

There are, as before, tools beside a vise; wrenches, pincers, a rusty file.

360. PUDDLER

He is watching from across the shed as Harper manages to crawl to the bench and start to force himself up.

361. HARPER

pushing himself to his feet, using the bench for support.

362. THE BENCH

Everything is as before except the file is gone.

363. PUDDLER

watching as Harper finally makes it to his feet. Harper holds to the wall for support. Then he lets go, stands wavering on his own two feet.

PUDDLER:

Trick me.

364. TWO SHOT

Harper staggers across the shed toward Puddler who moves to meet him. Puddler grabs Harper in a bear hug, lifts him off the ground.

365. HARPER AND PUDDLER IN CLOSEUP

Harper, the file gripped in one hand, rakes it hard across Puddler's face, cutting from temple to temple. Puddler screams, shoves Harper away.

366. PUDDLER CLOSEUP

For a moment he just stands there, blinking. Then a great red curtain of blood descends across his face and he is momentarily blind.

PUDDLER:

(as his hands fly to
his face)

You...tricked me...

367. TWO SHOT

Harper lunges forward, kicks at Puddler's stomach. Puddler drops his bloody hands. Harper slams him in the face and Puddler staggers back and falls.

368. PUDDLER

Scrambling to his feet. The blood still flows down across his face. He lunges toward Harper who steps aside, sticks out a foot as Puddler goes by. Puddler falls hard, gets to his feet. He rushes Harper again and this time grabs him. His arms go around Harper's back.

369. HARPER

caught, hitting down at Puddler's face.

6/9/65
90.

370. TWO SHOT

Puddler charges like a bull toward the wall of the shed. He smashes Harper into the wall, then backs away from it as Harper continues to hit him. Again Puddler charges blindly forward. This time their bodies smash into the door of the shed. The door splinters before their force.

371. OIL PUMPS

outside the shed as the door splinters. The two men come spilling out. As they fall, Harper tries to scramble away but Puddler holds on to him, his arms still circling Harper's body. Puddler drags them both to their feet. Harper continues to smash down at Puddler's face as Puddler begins another forward charge.

372. HARPER AND PUDDLER

struggling amongst the oil pumps.

373. FINISH OF FIGHT

to be staged near oil pumps by beach area.

374. HARPER

staggering to his car near the shed, opening the door.

375. IGNITION OF CAR

There is no key.

376. HARPER

He stumbles into the shed, finds a piece of copper wire binding a tarpaulin. He rips it free.

377. HARPER

crouched under wheel of car, wiring ignition terminals beneath the dash. His body is shaking terribly.

378. A DARK ROOM.

The SOUND of someone KNOCKING wildly on a door. Susan Harper switches on the lamp beside her bed. The KNOCKING is louder now. She gropes for her glasses, gets them and, clad in her negligee, gets out of bed and crosses from the bedroom of her apartment and entering the living room. The living room is dark, the only light coming from the bed lamp in the next room. As she approaches door --

SUSAN:

Who is it?

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.e.)

Me.

SUSAN:

What do you want?

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.s. -- the KNOCKING becomes
louder, more urgent)

Susan --

Susan moves forward, opens door to the limit of the chain latch.

379. HARPER

as seen through the slit in the door. His clothes are dry and crumpled. His hair goes in all directions. His face shows the effect of the battle with Puddler. He looks wild.

380. SUSAN

She unhooked the chain lock, opens the door.

SUSAN:

What happened?

HARPER:

(pushing into room, closing door)

I killed someone, I drowned him and I'm cold.

He moves toward her. She retreats a step.

381. A SHOT FROM ABOVE THEM

in the darkened room. For the remainder of the scene, the CAMERA STAYS above them, looking down at them eavesdropping. The only light still comes from the lamp in the next room. Harper and Susan talk very softly and all the dialogue is overlapping; they know each other very well. As they move in the darkened room, the CAMERA MOVES above them, circling, as if this were a prize fight and we were watching the fighters down below.

SUSAN:

Why'd you come here -- ?

HARPER:

-- I'm cold, Susan --

SUSAN:

-- Why did you come here -- ?

HARPER:

-- You know why --

SUSAN:

-- I can't help you --

HARPER:

(reaching for her)

-- Yes --

SUSAN:

(retreating)

-- We're not going to get involved again --

HARPER:

-- We are involved --

SUSAN:

-- Were. We've been there. It didn't work --

HARPER:

-- I need you --

SUSAN:

-- Now you do; what about later -- ?

HARPER:

-- Later too --

SUSAN:

-- You'll take off --

(CONTINUED)

381 (Cont.)

HARPER:

-- No --

SUSAN:

-- yes; on whatever lousy case you're on --

HARPER:

-- I'm through. I mean that --

SUSAN:

-- You'll leave me --

HARPER:

-- I'm cold, Susan; can't you see that? --

SUSAN:

-- You'll leave me --

HARPER:

(he reaches for her, brings
her close, buries his face in
her neck; his hands commence
to move across her body)

-- I hate this case -- everything about
it -- I'm done with it, Susan, I swear --

SUSAN:

-- you just want a warm body beside you,
someone you can use for awhile --

HARPER:

-- No more --

SUSAN:

-- I want you to go --

HARPER:

-- No you don't --

SUSAN:

-- Go --

HARPER:

-- Not when I'm cold --

SUSAN:

-- What do you want from me? --

HARPER:

-- A few kind words --

SUSAN:

-- What else? --

(CONTINUED)

381 (Cont.1)

HARPER:
-- Anything I can get-- .

SUSAN:
(hesitates a moment)
At least you're honest.
(she takes off her glasses,
then her arms go around him
tight)
I'm not even sure I like you.

HARPER:
(indicating bedroom)
Come on.

SUSAN:
Aren't you going to carry me? You
used to carry me.

HARPER:
That was when I was younger. And
before you put on weight.

SUSAN:
Go to hell.

HARPER:
(nodding)
Eventually.

They move toward the light.

382. AN ENORMOUS FRYING PAN

filled with cooking bacon. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

383. SUSAN

cooking. She has her glasses on, wears a robe. It is
morning. After a long moment, Harper enters, dressed. Susan
quickly glances up at him, then back to the bacon. Throughout
what follows, she is concentrating completely on her cooking.

SUSAN:
I thought we were just going to lounge
around all day.

HARPER:
I'll call you as soon as I can.

6/9/65
95.

384. SUSAN
cooking, turning bacon.

SUSAN:
Oh? Going back on the case.

385. HARPER

HARPER:
That's right.

386. SUSAN

SUSAN:
And what you said last night --

387. HARPER

HARPER:
Forget what I said.

388. SUSAN

She glances up, smiles.

SUSAN:
O.K. Sure, I understand; last night
you were cold.

389. HARPER

He says nothing.

390. TWO SHOT HARPER AND SUSAN

Susan concentrates on turning over some bacon.

SUSAN:
You're really ending things this time,
you know that?
(Harper nods. She does not
see. Then, looking up at him)
You know that?

HARPER:
(softly)
Yee.

391. SUSAN
quiet again.

SUSAN:
Why do you have to go back?
(there is no sound from
Harpar)
Why?
(her control goes)
Will you tell me?

392. HARPER

HARPER:
It's not over yet.

393. SUSAN

SUSAN:
All this bacon; I feel like such a
fool. Sort of a wedding breakfast.
(she shrugs)
Bye, Law.

394. HARPER

HARPER:
Bye.
(he starts to go)

SUSAN:
Lew?

HARPER:
Wish me luck?

395. SUSAN

SUSAN:
(she looks at him, shakes
her head)
Just an infinitely lingering disease.

396. HARPER

He turns, goes.

6/9/65
97.

397. SUSAN

She continues cooking the pan full of bacon.

DISSOLVE TO:

398. ALBERT GRAVES

on the terrace of the Sampson house.

399. HARPER ENTERS

HARPER:

Anything new on Sampson?

ALBERT:

(shaking his head)

We know who the murdered man is though;
I copied the high points of his record
down.

(reaching into a pocket,
pulling out paper, handing
it to Harper)

Name Eddie Rossiter. Usual truancy stuff.
Worked up to car thief. Then narcotics.
Arrested with sister Betty Rossiter by the
Narcotics Bureau. After he got out, he --

TAGGERT:

Hey, Lew.

(Harper looks)

HARPER:

Aw, Beauty!

400. LONG SHOT OF TAGGERT HARPER'S P.O.V.

standing atop the diving board.

TAGGERT:

(waving)

Top o' the mornin'.

401. HARPER AND ALBERT

Harper smiles, waves back.

HARPER:

(glancing back at Eddie's
record; casually)

Where's Alan stay?

(CONTINUED)

401 (Cont.)

ALBERT:
Guest house in the back.
(he looks toward house,
then --)
Uh -- oh.

402. SHERIFF SPANNER

hurrying toward them.

ALBERT'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
The sheriff's a bit put out with your
behavior.

403. HARPER AND ALBERT

watching Spanner come.

ALBERT:
He feels you haven't quite let him in
on everything.

SPANNER:
(moving in close on Harper)
O.K. Where were you after you left
'The Corner?'

HARPER:
Looking for Sampeon.

SPANNER:
There's a half million in cash missing
and you were looking for Sampson; you
expect me to take your word for that?

HARPER:
I don't care if you take my word or not,
baby. I'm not working for you.

SPANNER:
If I wanted to be ugly, I could put you
away this minute.

HARPER:
But you are ugly.

SPANNER:
Does he know who he's talking to?

(CONTINUED)

403 (Cont.)

HARPER:

A eheriff with a tough case on his hands and no ideas in his head.

(CAMERA MOVES IN TIGHT
on Harper's face)

Well, if you'd come on like a human being instead of the son of Frankenstein I'd have given you a couple right off.

(the words tumble out)

Such as Betty Fraley -- put out a state-wide alarm -- she plays at the 'Piano' and put her down for suspicion of murder of Eddie Rossiter. And put another alarm out for Dwight Troy and Fay Estabrook and a religious nut named Claude for smuggling in immigrant workers. They've been using Sampeon's Temple In The Clouds and they dumped a bunch last night in Bakersfield.

404. SHERIFF SPANNER

He just looks at Harpor.

405. SHOT OF THE THREE MEN

HARPER:

And don't bother thanking me; I'm just a law abiding citizen performing his duty.

(he turns, starts away.
Albert moves after him)

406. TWO SHOT HARPER AND ALBERT

ALBERT:

You sure of all that?

HARPER:

All of some, some of all. You better give King Kong a hand with it.

(Albert nods, etarts to
turn away but Harper grabs
him hard by both arms)

407. HARPER CLOSE UP

HARPER:

(he is up)

The case, Albert; it's cracking, Albert.
I've almost got the damned thing --

408. ALBERT

Harper is hurting him and it shows.

409. HARPER CLOSE UP

HARPER:

(big)

-- right fat in the palm of my hand!

410. EXT. GUEST HOUSE OVER THE GARAGE

Harper moves to door, quickly opens it, steps inside, closes door again.

411. HARPER INSIDE THE HOUSE

He looks around.

412. PAN SHOT THE GUEST HOUSE

Clearly, Taggert lives here. There are pictures of him on a desk in various poses: playing tennis, swimming, piloting a plane. There is an unmade bed. There is a large, obviously expensive hi-fi set. There are stacks and stacks of records.

413. HARPER

He crosses to records. Ignoring the 33's and 45's, he reaches for a stack of old 78's and begins going through.

414. INSERT: HARPER'S HANDS

holding a record done by Betty Fraley. He flips to the next record and again the recording is by Betty Fraley. He goes through another and another and --

415. ALAN TAGGERT

standing in the doorway, watching Harper go through the records.

TAGGERT:

Lew baby --

HARPER:

Top o' the mornin' --

(CONTINUED)

415 (Cont.)

TAGGERT:

What happsned to you?

HARPER:

(very calmly; his back
to Taggert)

My wife -- you'rs a real jazz buff,
aren't you?

(he turns, looks up)

TAGGERT:

Some kinds; not all.

(he is wet from swimming.

A towel thrown around

his shoulders)

What can I do for you?

HARPER:

You're being vsry politz; what you really
mean is: what the hell am I doing snsaking
around your pad:

TAGGERT:

Hey you want a beer?

HARPER:

(he indicates rumped
clothing)

My shirt's not too nsat and I thought I'd
stop by and see if I could borrow one of
yours.

TAGGERT:

Surs. Hslp yoursslf.

HARPER:

You bslisve that?

He puts record on machine. An old piano begins to play. It
is the same song Betty was playing that night at "The Piano."

TAGGERT:

Sure.

HARPER:

Well, don't. I was really here to see
if I could tie you and the Fraley broad
and Rossitr into ths kidnapping.

416. TAGGERT

stunned, he looks at Archer.

(CONTINUED)

416 (Cont.)

TAGGERT:

(innocent)

Are you kidding? I don't know what you're on but I'd like to get some.

417. HARPER

He starts to saunter around the room.

HARPER:

Eddie Rossiter called you in Las Vegas. You told him what time you were flying Sampson to L.A. You probably told him to rent the limousine. Then the next day, you got Sampson plastered -- which isn't hard -- and when he phoned the Bel Air --

418. TAGGERT

bewildered, he listens, shaking his head slightly.

HARPER'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

-- You cancelled the call and phoned Rossiter to pick up Sampson. That cancelled call's important, Buddy-Boy. You're the only one who knew that Sampson was going to the Bel Air. Come on, do me your Sampson imitation, Alan; I'll bet it's good.

TAGGERT:

Lew, I'm on your side. Who saved you at the "Piano?" -- me.

419. TWO SHOT

HARPER:

You did -- temporarily. Just to throw me off the track. It worked, too. When you took a shot at that truck, I put it down to enthusiasm. What you were really doing was just warning Rossiter to take off.

Taggert crosses to desk, opens drawer. What you expect is he's going to take a gun but what he takes out is a comb. Nervously, looking at himself in the mirror, he begins combing his hair.

(CONTINUED)

419 (Cont.)

TAGGERT:

You saying all this just because I've got a couple of records? There's hundreds of guys with records of Betty Fraley.

HARPER:

The first day I met you you said you had a real woman. Is that it?

TAGGERT:

(pleading)

I don't even know her. Not even to say hello to.

HARPER:

Were you seen together a lot? I can check.

TAGGERT:

(terribly upset now)

Check. I've been to the joint a couple of times but just to hear her -- I dig the way she plays -- But I don't know her, Lew. Honestly, I don't.

420. HARPER

He looks at Taggert.

421. TAGGERT

looks scared and upset but innocent.

422. HARPER

HARPER:

O.K., Kid, I believe you.

423. TAGGERT

He manages to nod his head, make a little smile.

424. TWO SHOT

The tension is broken. Harper walks back to hi-fi and starts record over again. Taggert walks back to desk and drops comb in open drawer. During this --

(CONTINUED)

424 (Cont.)

HARPER:

But this mess has got me climbing the walls, and I'm grabbing at anything. I had to nudge you, you understand?

TAGGERT:

Yeah, sure.

HARPER:

I mean, just for starters -- the idea of you and that Fraley broad -- I know a little something about human nature, and you two just don't cut it as Couple of the Week. She's a perverted, no-talent junkie and a prime nympho on top of that. The night I was there she was all over me like a tent -- and not just me -- everything in sight. She goes in any direction. I've seen pigs before, but -- Can you imagine touching something like that? It'd be like cozying up to a piece of fungus. She's like what you find under a rock. She's the first chick I ever met who was a human disaster area. They ought to truck her back to the stockyards --

TAGGERT:

(interrupting)

You can be very cruel, you know that? (he has taken a gun from the drawer and holds it level, pointed at Harper's stomach)

425. TAGGERT CLOSE UP

He is just as handsome as ever except that now what shows in his face is what Harper has said: He is damaged.

TAGGERT:

What Betty and I have together you'd never understand; but that doesn't give you the right to make something dirty out of it, either.

426. HARPER

HARPER:

If you think she's Aphrodite, that's your business; I just want Sampson, if he's alive.

427. TAGGERT

TAGGERT:

He is. So far.

428. HARPER

He stares at Taggert's gun. Then he glances around for something; anything.

HARPER:

Then give him to me. That's all I was hired for. Keep the money. I won't talk. I mean that. Killing me gets you nothing.

TAGGERT:

Wrong, baby; it guarantees me freedom of action.

HARPER:

In this estate it guarantees you death by gas. What kind of freedom you think you'll have running with an addict on your back?

429. TAGGERT

TAGGERT:

Nobody's running. We'll be sitting very happily in Castle Beach in our lonely little cottage by the sea. While everybody thinks we're running.

430. HARPER

is sweating now, tensing up, getting ready.

HARPER:

You can have your lousy little cottage -- just give me Sampeon.

TAGGERT:

Top o' the mornin', Lew.

The gun points like a finger at Harper's head.

431. HARPER

He launches into a desperate dive toward Taggert.

432. TAGGERT

smiling, the gun raised. There is an EXPLOSIVE SOUND.

433. HARPER

in mid-air, his body buckles at the sound.

434. TAGGERT

The gun arm drops. Taggert's body falls. Harper catches him in his arms. A great red spill of blood stains the white robe Taggert is wearing.

435. ALBERT GRAVES

smoking gun in hand, standing in the doorway.

ALBERT:

Is he dead?

436. HARPER

slowly lowering Taggert's body to the floor. He looks at the blood on his hand.

437. ALBERT

ALBERT:

Are you all right?

438. THREE SHOT

Harper is kneeling over Taggert.

HARPER:

(taking Taggert's gun,
looking at it -- putting
gun in pocket)

Yeah, he was tied in with the kidnap-
ping; he and the Fraley broad. She
was in love with him.

439. TWO SHOT

Harper rises, starts for door.

ALBERT:

Do you know that I almost stopped off
in the kitchen for a glass of water.
How could you get caught like that?

(CONTINUED)

439 (Cont.)

HARPER:

I don't know. I guess I hoped he wasn't guilty. We better get Spanner in on this if he's still around. I wonder how Miranda's going to take this.

ALBERT:

There's a strong chance she might not see the way it was...really was...so I was wondering if...I know it's not strictly within your province but--

440. SHOT THE TWO MEN

walking together toward the main house. They are some distance away from the CAMERA as Harper's voice is heard.

HARPER:

You mean you want me to tell her?

(Albert manages a nod)

You got a helluva nerve, Albert, asking favors like that. What have you done for me lately --

The two men continue to walk. Betty's record comes to a close.

441. MIRANDA

in the morning room of the Sampson house. She is arranging fresh cut flowers. Her movements are very slow.

442. HARPER IN THE DOORWAY

watching her.

HARPER:

Miss Sampson, I've got some moderately good news.

443. MIRANDA

She looks slowly up at him.

HARPER:

We have reason to believe your father's alive.

MIRANDA:

How do you know?

HARPER:

I just talked to one of the kidnapers. He's dead now. His name was Alan Taggart.

443 (Cont.)

Miranda sits down heavily in a chair, her hands folded in her lap.

HARPER:

He didn't say where your father was, but I've got some ideas -- and with a little luck --

MIRANDA:

(looking slowly up at Archer)
You killed him?

HARPER:

He was about to kill me. Albert got him.

Miranda smiles and for a moment it seems possible that she is going to laugh, but she doesn't.

MIRANDA:

Alan was so beautiful; you'd think he'd be type cast for the hero.

(she starts to shake her head)
I keep getting fooled by appearances.

Harper starts toward her.

HARPER:

Go ahead -- let it out.

444. MIRANDA

Eyes bright and for the first time her voice has power.

MIRANDA:

You're as dumb as I am, Harper! Alan's the hero and Albert's the clown and I'm the grieving daughter, right? Not right.

(CAMERA MOVES TO EXTREME CLOSEUP)

I don't give a damn about my father. I never did. He's a terrible man and whatever he gets he deserves. Yesterday, when the note came, I realized I didn't care and that means I'm just like my step-mother so I thought 'You better quick hibernate, Miranda, before everyone discovers what a horrid little girl you are!

(abruptly her face brightens)

Albert --

445. ALBERT

peeking in through the doorway. Embarrassed and confused, he glances around behind him to see who Miranda is addressing.

MIRANDA:

Albert, do you think I'm horrid?

ALBERT:

Horrid? No, no, certainly not. Quite the contrary, actually; as a matter of fact --

Miranda breaks into a run across the room.

446. HARPER

watching.

447. ALBERT AND MIRANDA

as she runs into his arms. Hesitantly, after a beat, Albert holds her gently. Then tighter. Tighter still. The look on his face is one of astonishment coupled with disbelief coupled with joy. CAMERA MOVES IN ON ALBERT'S FACE.

DISSOLVE TO:

448. OMITTED

449. EXT. FILLING STATION

Harper roars in. As the attendant starts toward him, Harper calls out.

HARPER:

You got a road that runs along the ocean?

ATTENDANT:

(nodding)

All the way. You house-hunting?

(CONTINUED)

449 (Cont.)

HARPER:
Something like that.

ATTENDANT:
You take your left at the first light
down to the water. Starts there.

Harper drives off, burning rubber.

450. THE OCEAN

Harper's car comes into view, following ocean road.

451. PAN SHOT FROM THE ROAD OF A HOUSE

The house appears, then disappears as a neighboring house comes into view. These are small places, and soon a third house is visible. This begins a melding sequence, of house after house.

452. HARPER

driving along the road, staring out at the houses.

453. ANOTHER MELDING SHOT OF HOUSES

They are more remote now; not so close together.

454. HARPER

stopping the car, suddenly jamming it into reverse, backing up to the row of bushes, getting quickly out.

455. HARPER

forcing his way through the bushes, looking out toward the water.

456. AN ISOLATED COTTAGE BY THE SEA

There is no garage. Two cars are parked. One is Fay Estabrook's car; the other is a white convertible.

457. HARPER

Running back to his car. He opens door, and before he gets out we can see him working with the pieces of copper wire he has to use to start and stop the car. After a moment, the car motor dies.

458. THE COTTAGE FROM FAIRLY CLOSE

From inside comes the terrible SOUND of a scream. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

459. HARPER

Taggart's gun in hand, crouched between the two cars. One of the cars has already had the air let from the tires. The second car is in the process of settling down as Harper lets the air out of its tires, too. This done, Harper begins a quiet approach to the cottage.

460. INT. COTTAGE

Betty Fraley is spread-eagled and bound across the bed. Her shoes are off, her feet bloody. Dwight Troy sits beside the bed. He is, as always, debonair. Fay Estabrook stands beside him. Across the bed stands Claude, dressed now in a regular business suit.

TROY:

Betty dear, I simply cannot fathom your shocking lack of cooperation. Consider my position: -- I bribed any number of outstanding citizens in order that I might locate your little den of iniquity. Now you know my inordinate antipathy toward wasting money --

FAY:

(impatient)

Tie a can to it; we're all proud of you for swallowing the dictionary.

(CONTINUED)

460 (Cont.)

TROY:

I must make Betty see my point, darling.
(to Betty)

Now it should be clear to you that I
enjoy inflicting pain just as it's clear
to me that you don't enjoy enduring it.
So, Betty dear, it's only sensible to
tell me where the money is.

(Betty bites her lip - shakes
her head. Troy sighs)

Very well; but I warn you, this next little
trick is absolutely unendurable.

We do not see what he does, but it is done to Betty's
feet and legs. The ensuing scream makes the preceding one
seem like a cry of joy.

461. BETTY

The scream stops. She lies still, breathing heavily, all
color gone from her face.

BETTY:

(a whisper)

What about me...if I tell?

462. TROY

He smiles.

TROY:

What about you when you tell I think
is what you mean. Claude will get you
to picturesque Mexico. I have contacts
for arranging that as you're well aware.

(bending forward)

Shall we have another go?

463. BETTY

As Troy starts to hurt her, she again starts to scream.
Then:

BETTY:

(screaming out)

Burbank! A locker in the frozen meat
place. The key's in my bag.

464. SHOT OF ALL OF THEM

TROY:

(reaching for her bag -
starting to go through)

Excellent.

(rummaging through)

You're going to be furious with me, Betty,
but I never said you'd be alive when you
got to Mexico, did I?

(pulling out the key)

465. HARPER

gun in hand, battering through the front door.

466. TROY

whirling, deftly taking gun from inside his coat.

467. HARPER

firing.

468. TROY

grabbing at his stomach. The key falls from his grasp.

469. SHOT OF THE ROOM

Harper runs to key, stoops, grabs it as Claude dives for
him. Fay starts for him too, as:

470. HARPER

whirling from Claude's grasp, bringing his gun crashing
down across Claude's temple. Claude crumples. Then Fay
is on him, scratching for his eyes.

FAY:

(screaming)

You shot Troy! You shot him!

HARPER:

(shoves her across the
room - he means this)

I'll kill him if you don't shut up!

471. FAY

About to scream, she looks at Harper's gun, abruptly closes her mouth.

472. HARPER

getting Betty loose from the bed.

HARPER:

Can you walk?

BETTY:

I don't know.

(Harper moves toward Fay)

FAY:

I'll give you anything I've got.

HARPER:

That's a rich choice. Take off your shoes.

She does. There is a closet door behind her. He shoves her in it, closes the door, locks it. Inside, she starts to bang on the door and yell.

473. BETTY

Free, she is trying to walk, but can't. The pain from the effort is evident.

474. HARPER

He scoops up Fay's shoes, goes to Betty, scoops her up, too, starts to carry her out.

BETTY:

(looking at his face closely)

Who are you?

HARPER:

The local scoutmaster.

(and he carries her out the door)

475. HARPER CARRYING BETTY

They are almost to the road.

(CONTINUED)

475 (Cont.)

BETTY:
Fay'll get out.

HARPER:
(glancing back)
She already has.

476. FAY ESTABROOK

Barefoot, she is doing her best to hurry away from the cottage. But even from this distance, the terrain is clearly giving her trouble; she keeps grabbing first one foot as it hits a rock, then takes a step, then grabs the other foot.

477. HARPER AND BETTY

approaching car. Harper pitches Fay's shoes into the deep woods across the road.

BETTY:
She'll get away.

HARPER:
A fat barefoot alcoholic? Sure she will.

478. FAY

stumbling comically along. The CAMERA HOLDS ON her slow, erratic progress.

479. HARPER'S CAR

driving back down along the ocean front road.

480. INSIDE THE CAR HARPER AND BETTY

BETTY:
You're Harper, right?

HARPER:
(nods)
And I'm still looking for Ralph Sampson.
Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

480 (Cont.)

BETTY:

I tell you what I think: you got the key to the locker; well, you can have the money. But I know where Sampson is, and that's gonna buy me my one last ticket for happiness.

HARPER:

The happiness market's crashed, baby; Taggart's dead. Now where's Sampson?

Betty shakes her head. Again and again.

BETTY:

(very quietly)

You're just tryin' to get me to talk.

HARPER:

You're right. But I'm not lying. Taggart's dead.

481. BETTY

She stares at Harper's face, doing what she can not to believe him. Then she seems almost to shrivel. Her head lolls to one side. She does not cry. After a moment, she begins to talk in a dead voice.

BETTY:

The far side of Santa Theresa. The main highway. There's a deserted beach club. The Sundown. That's the name of the place ...the Sundown...

482. HARPER

standing in the phone booth of the service station where he had previously stopped to ask about the ocean road. Betty is visible in the front seat of the car, slumped and motionless. The attendant hovers around, making himself useless.

HARPER:

(in the midst of conversation)

...the Sundown, Albert; can you find it?

ALBERT'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

You know my sense of direction. But I'll try.

(CONTINUED)

482 (Cont.)

HARPER:

First, phone Spanner and get him down to Castle Beach, Fremont Drive. There's a guy hurt down there. There are some bushes in front of the house and a black sedan and a white convertible -- even he might find it. With any luck, we'll all be bombed by suppertime.

ALBERT'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

What?

HARPER:

Stoned by suppertime.
(he hangs up)

483. HARPER'S CAR

with Harper at the wheel roaring back onto the highway.

484. INSIDE THE CAR

HARPER:

I took care of your playmate for you.

Betty does not move. She is crying soundlessly. The tears pour down her face.

485. HARPER'S CAR

racing down the highway. It is afternoon now; the sun is much lower in the sky.

486. INSIDE THE CAR

Harper is driving. Betty has stopped crying.

BETTY:

Did you kill Alan?

HARPER:

(shaking his head)
He was trying to kill me.

BETTY:

Don't I wish he had.

(CONTINUED)

486 (Cont.)

HARPER:

I'd feel a lot more tender-hearted toward you except I keep remembering you shot your brother in the head last night.

Betty forces herself to stop crying.

BETTY:

That's right; my own baby brother. I brought him up. I taught him about music, he taught me about cars and junk. Then they caught him pushing. He helped the cops -- he fingered me as a user. That time in jail just about killed me; it did kill my career. Eddie never knew I knew he fingered me but I always swore to myself I'd get him.

(there is a pause)

I got him.

HARPER:

And Taggart you sucked in 'cause you needed an inside man for the Sampson job.

BETTY:

No, no, we loved each other, we cared. But we needed money.

HARPER:

So naturally you had to kidnap Sampson.

BETTY:

We couldda blackmailed him -- he wae getting a cut from Troy on the immigrants -- but he was too smart. Sampson's kid wouldda married Alan, but he swore he'd cut her off. And Alan and me, we needed dough so we could be together.

HARPER:

I don't buy love's old sweet song from you, Betty.

BETTY:

(desperate)

It's true. You're jealous. Everybody was jealous of Alan and me. Were you there when he died? I bet his last words were about me. I bet he died saying my name. Tell me. The truth now. Tell me.

(CONTINUED)

486 (Cont.1)

He hesitates only a moment. Then:

HARPER:
You're right. I am jealous. He
died saying your name.

Betty smiles suddenly, eyes bright with tears.

BETTY:
Don't you think I knew that....

CAMERA HOLDS on her face. Then:

487. HARPER'S CAR

moving slowly along the highway. The SOUND of the ocean
is heard. It is later in the afternoon.

488. INSIDE THE CAR

Harper and Betty.

BETTY:
Pretty soon now.

A long deserted building is visible.

489. HARPER

moving to the beach house. Behind him, his car is visible.
The motor is turned off. Betty sits dolefully in the front
seat staring out at Harper.

490. LONG SHOT OF HARPER

HARPER:
(his voice comes from the
appropriate distance)
Mr. Sampeon? Mr. Sampson?

491. ANOTHER SHOT OF HARPER

HARPER:
(still calling)
Albert? Mr. Sampson?

6/9/65

120.

492. HARPER

DUSK

looking around. It is a very eerie place. There are a number of doors.

493. HARPER

sticking his head into the first door.

HARPER:

Albert? Mr. Sampson?

(he moves to second door)

Mr. Sampson?

494. HARPER

opening the second door. He barely has it open when a gun appears clubbing down at his skull. Harper falls without a cry.

495. A BLINDING SHOT OF THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN

Albert's voice is heard getting louder and louder.

ALBERT'S VOICE:

Lew? Lew, it's me. Lew?

496. ALBERT GRAVES

ALBERT:

(almost in a whisper)

Lew? It's Albert.

497. HARPER

He is on his knees, trying to rise.

ALBERT:

What happened to you?

HARPER:

(rubbing his head)

The usual.

ALBERT:

Can you get up?

(CONTINUED)

497 (Cont.)

Harper nods, slowly forces his way to his feet. His head is cut from the blow he received. As he rises:

HARPER:

There must have been somebody guarding Sampson, a fourth man. He suckered me.

Harper reaches into his pocket, pulls out the key to the locker where the ransom money is. He stares at it a moment, then stuffs it back.

HARPER:

What happened?

498. ALBERT

He is embarrassed.

ALBERT:

I just knew you'd ask that.

(dropping his voice)

I couldn't find the silly place.

-- I kept driving around and around

-- I remembered you said it was a

beach club so I knew it had to be

on the water, but -- I'm sorry,

Lew.

499. HARPER

moving toward the row of doors. He opens one, then the next --

HARPER:

(during this)

Didn't you see my car parked out there?

ALBERT:

(a step behind Harper

like a shadow)

No. That's what threw me. I didn't see it anyway.

HARPER:

(scowls - begins moving

much faster)

Whoever mugged me must have hot-wired the ignition and just took off.

Albert continues to follow Harper as he moves toward an empty pool. Then -- Harper stops abruptly.

500. RALPH SAMPSON'S BODY

hunched at the bottom of the empty pool. His open eyes are suffused with blood.

501. HARPER

Grimacing, he goes to Sampson, reaches out and takes Sampson's wrist. This is the man he has been hired to find, and that he found him dead, bug Harper.

HARPER:

I did all I could, didn't I, Albert?
Tell me that.

Albert is moving toward Harper.

ALBERT:

Is he dead?

502. CLOSEUP HARPER

HARPER:

Tell me that!

503. ALBERT

ALBERT:

You did all you could, Lew.

504. TWO SHOT

Harper releases Sampson's hand, turns away rubbing his hands across his trousers. He starts to run. Albert does his best to keep up.

HARPER:

Let's move.

ALBERT:

What about Sampson?

HARPER:

The cops'll want him just that way.

ALBERT:

Where are we going?

HARPER:

After Betty Fraley -- gimme your keys --
come on Albert -- move it -- move it.

505. ALBERT'S LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

roaring away from the Sundown and taking off along the highway.

506. INSIDE THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

It is approaching dusk and the sunset is going to be blinding. Harper is at the wheel. Albert, panting heavily, sits beside him.

ALBERT:

(he is exhausted)

You don't know which way she went.

HARPER:

I know the ransom money's still in Burbank.

ALBERT:

Then why are we going in the opposite direction?

HARPER:

(stares straight ahead --
the car is rocketing)

I'm guessing -- I think she wants to get as far from that money as possible. Besides the locker key's still in my pocket.

ALBERT:

If we catch her on the road it will be luck.

HARPER:

(his voice surprisingly loud)

I'm due!

Albert glances at Harper, then away.

507. HARPER

He is driving like a madman.

DISSOLVE TO:

508. THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

roaring along the highway. It passes a few other cars literally as if they were standing still. It is very close to sunset now.

DISSOLVE TO:

509. THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

again. It must be going over a hundred miles an hour and sunset is still closer. Everything is suffused with a soft red light.

PART II TO FOLLOW

DISSOLVE TO:

510. THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

moving faster than ever. It is SUNSET now.

511. HARPER

He looks as wild now as he has ever looked. The beatings, the lack of sleep, the emotional pounding; all these are covered by a final terrible burst of animal energy. He reacts to something up ahead.

HARPER:

Bingo!

512. HARPER'S CAR

It is quite a ways ahead but it cannot travel nearly as fast as the Lincoln.

513. THE TWO CARS

Harper starts closing the gap.

514. HARPER

at the wheel. He stares ahead. Albert, concerned, looks at him.

515. THE TWO CARS

Harper pulls closer to the lead car.

516. BETTY FRALEY

in the lead car. There is the SOUND of a car HORN and she whirls to face it.

517. HARPER

banging on the horn of Albert's car. He is even with her now. Harper starts to scream.

HARPER:

PULL OVER. OVER!

518. THE TWO CARS

roaring along side by side.

519. HARPER
screaming.

HARPER:

FULL OVER!

520. BETTY
She just shakes her head.

521. THE TWO CARS
shooting down the highway. Harper begins moving a little ahead. Then -- deliberately, Betty's car turns, turns off the highway onto the shoulder, skirts along that for a moment, then continues away from the road down a hill toward some trees.

522. HARPER
frantically shaking his head.

523. HARPER'S CAR
It hits a glancing blow against the first tree.

524. THE CAR
careening on. It rockets into another tree, off that. The SOUNDS are horribly loud. The car begins to roll now, over and over as its pace slows. Doors fly off. It seems like some gigantic toy being pulled to pieces.

525. HARPER AND ALBERT
They stare at the holocaust; they cannot look away.

526. THE CAR
slamming into one final tree. It seems almost to shudder. Then it lies still.

527. HARPER
driving off the highway toward the wreck.

6/14/65
126.

528. HARPER

throwing the door of the Lincoln open, jumping out, running full tilt toward the other car.

529. THE WRECK

Harper dashes up, reaches inside for Betty Fraley. He carries her a short distance away, lays her down.

530. THE LOWER HALF OF BETTY'S BODY

She is barefooted.

531. HARPER

He takes his coat off, kneels down, gently covers her bare bloody feet. Albert comes up behind him. Harper stays down on his knees, over the body.

DISSOLVE TO:

532. THE SAME WRECK AREA

except now there are dozens of cars in the area, many of them police cars. It is dark and the piercing headlights create an atmosphere altogether weird. Harper leans against a police car talking into the car radio phone. From the headquarters, it has been connected with the Sampson house. The strain of the last days is showing fully on Harper now. The string is played out and there is no energy left. His face is streaked with dried blood; his shirt is bloody too. Albert walks INTO the SHOT. Behind him his Lincoln is visible.

HARPER:

(on phone)

I'm sorry.

ALBERT:

The sheriff says we can go now. He sent some men after Sampson.

HARPER:

(weaving Albert
into silence)

That's right, Mrs. Sampson; your
husband is dead.

533. ELAINE SAMPSON

She is on the terrace having dinner. Harper's news thrills her, but only her eyes let on.

MRS. SAMPSON:

(the bereaved widow)

Oh, that's terrible. It's terrible.
It's just all so ... terrible. Ralph
... Ralph ...

HARPER'S VOICE:

(on the phone)

Well -- you take care of telling Mirende.
I'll be there as soon as I can.

MRS. SAMPSON:

It's all a terrible nightmare. Ralph
didn't have an enemy in the world.
Not one. He was such a good man...
gentle and kind -- he wouldn't hurt
a fly. How could such a terrible
thing...

(end abruptly she calls
out toward the French
doors - with the tone
one would use to a small
child)

Mirenda ... Mirende ... Mirende ...
Mommy's got something to tell you ...

Mirende can be seen wandering on the grounds.

534. HARPER AND ALBERT

Harper hangs up the police radio, starts toward Albert's
car. As he does --

ALBERT:

Want me to drive?
(Harper nods)
Where to?

Harper removes locker key from his pocket, holds it high.

535. THE KEY

still held in Harper's hand. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

536. THE BURBANK FROZEN FOOD LOCKER

Harper moves alone across the half-deserted floor toward the lockers. He reaches lockers, pauses, then inserts key and pulls.

537. THE LOCKER

Inside is a plump satchel.

538. HARPER

Almost angrily, he reaches for the satchel, yanks it out, flicks the zipper open a little, then zips it shut. Then he turns, starts slowly to walk away. A porter leaning on a broom watches him approach. As Harper draws near --

PORTER:

(quietly)

Hey, Mister, you got blood on your shirt.

HARPER:

(nods; without breaking stride)

It's one of those Italian imports.

539. ALBERT

waiting in his Lincoln. Harper opens car door, tosses satchel on the seat between them, gets in.

ALBERT:

The grieving widow next?

Harper nods. Albert starts to drive.

540. THE LINCOLN

cruising through the darkness.

541. HARPER AND ALBERT

Albert drives as one would suspect: carefully.

ALBERT:

Sheriff Spanner seemed very confident he'd pick up the fourth man.

(CONTINUED)

541 (Cont.)

HARPER:

(he had been staring
dully out)

What? I'm sorry, I wasn't listening.

ALBERT:

The fourth man; the one who hit you
and got Sempeon. Spanner says there's
a waiter at The Piano who hasn't shown
up for two days -- an Albino. He's
the fourth man, the Albino is; Spanner
says he won't be hard to find.

During this, Harper has grabbed the satchel, plopped it on
his lap, zipped it open.

542. THE SATCHEL

It is stuffed like a Christmas goose, with money.

543. HARPER

He brings out a bundle of bills, perhaps two inches thick.
They are held together with the usual paper that banks use
to hold large numbers of bills. He riffles the bills as if
they were cards. Then he rips the binding paper.

544. ALBERT

watching, amused.

545. HARPER

He throws the bills up to the roof of the car.

HARPER:

(like a drunk - as the
money flutters down)

Hap-py New Year.

He rips the binding again, throws these bills up. They
flutter down all over the inside of the car. Archer starts
to laugh, reaches into the satchel again.

546. ALBERT

starting to laugh.

547. HARPER
ROARING with LAUGHTER.

548. ALBERT
likewise.

549. HARPER
He emashes out with the next bundle of bills, slapping Albert hard across the face. Albert's glasses are knocked askew.

550. ALBERT
groping for his glasses, putting them back on, turning to look at Harper.

551. HARPER

HARPER:
You're the fourth man, fink.

ALBERT:
You think I kidnapped Sampson?

HARPER:
Of course not. I only think you killed him. What do you think was killing me when I pulled her from the wreck? The car was empty, Albert. Any two bit car thief knows about hot wiring -- Betty had one in her own family -- she started my car herself, without any fourth man.

(Albert listens intently, his face betraying nothing.)

Harper goes on but now a softer tone enters his voice)

The locker key's what nails you -- you didn't know what it was or that I had it, but the fourth man, a member of the gang, he'd have known where they were going to keep the money and he'd have either searched me or asked Betty about it and she'd have told him. I know you killed him, Albert; that's the two and two is four. All I don't know is why.

(CONTINUED)

551 (Cont.)

ALBERT:

(hesitates a moment --
then, not sharply)

As a lawyer, I have to caution you that
your proof is insubstantial --

HARPER:

Proving it's not my job.

ALBERT:

I'd be perfectly safe in a court of
law --

HARPER:

We're not in any court of law...

(he is leading Albert along
now, coaxing him, almost as
if Albert were a child)

It's just you and me out on a little spin...
(he gestures outside)

Two old buddies discussing the doings of
the day...which just happen to involve
a murder...You and me, Albert, we've never
been much for lying...Lies are for all the
other people, not for us...C.K.? ...so go
on... go on...

ALBERT:

(as distracted as he
ever gets)

I don't know why actually -- not in any
concrete way -- I hadn't intended to --
nothing premeditated -- but when I found
him and was faced with the prospect of
setting him free -- it just suddenly
seemed for the best that he die. When
it came to cruelty he was incredibly
versatile -- he could wither anyone or
anything without the least difficulty --
his wife, his daughter, a stranger on
the street -- when he found out my
feelings toward Miranda, he pushed
the two of us together -- but he never
would have let me marry her -- never
in this world -- just laughs for the
client, that's all I was supplying --
then today, when she let me hold her --
when I felt the texture of her skin --
perhaps I killed him for a kiss, I
don't know; but I do know that his
passing will not be a cause for universal
mourning. You going to turn me in?

(CONTINUED)

551 (Cont.1)
Harper manages a nod.

HARPER:
After I make my report to Mrs. Sampson.

ALBERT:
You don't have to.
(Harper says nothing.
Big)
You were hired by a bitch to find scum!

HARPER:
Yes.

552
thru
558
OMITTED

559. ALBERT
Softer now.

ALBERT:
You got a better friend than me?

560. HARPER
He ehakes his head.

HARPER:
None near as good.

561. ALBERT
ALBERT:
He waa scum, Lew. I swear --

562. HARPER
as he starts to talk, he leans back. It is not incon-
ceivable that he might weep, and his eyes close. CAMERA
MOVES IN VERY CLOSE.

HARPER:
When we first me --
(he manages a little
smile)

(CONTINUED)

562 (Cont.)

HARPER: (Cont.)

You were gonna be Governor and I was gonna be the greatest defender of justice in the history of the State of California.

(the smile is gone,
the eyes close)

Well, these days I make five hundred a week on a good week, and last year there were just six good ones; but you better believe that those were the only weeks I was alive. So I'll get cut up and kicked and lied to and loathed but I'll do what I'm hired to do. And if a bitch hires me to find scum, well, I'd a lot rather it was Prince Charming wanting me to scout out Cinderella, but nothing's ever the way I want it to be. Susan doesn't get this, and I don't guess you will either, but I got to do my job, Albert. All the dirty way.

563. ALBERT

He reaches down into a coat pocket, feels to see that his gun is still there. It is.

564. HARPER

sitting back, eyes closed.

565. TWO SHOT

Albert gives a sideways glance toward Harper, then looks dead front, continuing to drive.

566. THE SAMPSON DRIVEWAY

Albert's Lincoln pulls up. Harper gets out.

ALBERT:

(he means what he is
saying)

I think I understand why you have to turn me in. Do you understand why I can't let you?

(CONTINUED)

566 (Cont.)

HARPER:

(he nods slowly,
then --)

You still got your gun?

(Albert nods)

Then you better use it before I hit
tha door.

567. THE FRONT DOOR

of the Sempson house. It stends open.

568. TWO SHOT

Harper and Albert.

HARPER:

The way I feel now, if I never meka
it to that door, it wouldn't be the
worst thing that aver happened. So
long, Albert.

569. THE START OF A LONG LONG TRAVELLING SHOT

CAMERA stays right on Harper's face as he starts slowly walking toward the front door. Behind him, Albert gets smaller and smaller as Harper continues to move. Harper's face almost fills the screen as Albert takes out his gun, rests his arm on the window of the car, begins to take aim. Harper keeps walking away. Albert raises the gun slowly, carefully, until it is pointed at the back of Harper's head. Harper is almost at the door as Albert's fingers tighten around the trigger. Then Harper reaches the door; Albert's gun arm drops.

HARPER AND ALBERT (TOGETHER):

Aw hell.

The PICTURE FREEZES.

FADE OUT.

THE END