

"B U L L E T I N"

January 22, 1968
rev. thru 5/10/68

1. thru 18. OMITTED. 1. thru 18.
19. INT. OFFICE BUILDING FRIDAY NIGHT 19.
Outside a sliding glass door, four men silently draw revolvers. They stand silently. One motions the others back.
20. EXT. OFFICE (KILLER'S POV) FRIDAY NIGHT 20.
We are his eyes as they move across six modern desks with ticker tape machines...to a far wall with a mechanical quotation board at rest...across file cabinets, their drawers marked with the names of major U.S. cities...to three TV sets suspended from the ceiling. His eyes move to:
21. DOUBLE DOORS TO INNER OFFICE FRIDAY NIGHT 21.
Raised letters on the door indicate it belongs to "PETER ROSS" and "JOHN ROSS." CAMERA CLOSSES IN ON doors, then PAUSES directly before them.
- 21A. INT. OFFICE FRIDAY NIGHT 21A.
The killer crouches. The big man draws back his shoulder -- and they are blinded by lights, four clusters of 500-watt spots under the roof overhang. Inside the sliding glass doors all is blackness.
22. INT. OFFICE FRIDAY NIGHT 22.
Inside the handsomely furnished office, there is a man shape beside the CAMERA. You SEE the group poised outside the glass doors on the balcony. The big man bashes the glass doors toward you with his shoulder. They shatter. He hits them again. They crumple. He stumbles inside, the others after him. The man shape tosses a tear gas grenade underhand, and whirls right, behind the CAMERA. They grope forward in the choking smoke. One of the assistants fires.
23. INT. GARAGE LEVEL PETE ROSS IN CLOSEUP FRIDAY NIGHT 23.
is watching:

24. THE FLOOR INDICATOR LIGHTS FRIDAY NIGHT 24.
coming down, "4...3...2..."
25. PETE ROSS FRIDAY NIGHT 25.
watching from across the garage. He reaches for a
gun inside his coat.
26. LONG SHOT GARAGE FRIDAY NIGHT 26.
Elevator doors open. Johnny Ross starts out. He
steps out and looks across the garage at:
27. MED. SHOT PETE ROSS FRIDAY NIGHT 27.
A pause as he, holding the gun, looks at his brother.
28. LONG SHOT GARAGE JOHNNY FRIDAY NIGHT 28.
runs for a Cadillac parked close by, pointed toward
the exit. Pete walks toward it, too.
29. INT. OFFICE FRIDAY NIGHT 29.
They grope forward in the smoke, a gloved hand turns
on a light.
30. THE CADILLAC FRIDAY NIGHT 30.
driven by Johnny, roars to life and races toward the
circular exit ramp.
31. GARAGE FRIDAY NIGHT 31.
The Cadillac roars by Pete Ross, dangerously close
to him. Pete takes aim at the car. He aims carefully
and we SEE:
32. REAR OF THE CADILLAC FRIDAY NIGHT 32.
as we HEAR TWO PISTOL SHOTS, and SEE two holes as
they're bored into the trunk of the Cadillac.

33. EXT. STREET OUTSIDE APARTMENT FRIDAY NIGHT 33.

A dark Lincoln Continental is parked broadside, blocking the street from curb to curb. The driver and a second man stand along side the waiting car. As the Cadillac suddenly appears, the driver flattens himself against the wall, frantically trying to get out of the way. The Cadillac jackrabbits forward, engines ROARING, knocks the driver sprawling and SCREECHES sharp right. The Cadillac thumps up over the curb, and sideswipes the Lincoln. The other man fires, smashing the rear window. He fires again; the bullet ricochets off the Lincoln smashing a window across the street. The Cadillac SCREECHES left at the street, out of sight.

34. INT. CAR FRIDAY NIGHT 34.

Johnny crouches over the wheel. Half grin, half grimace.

35. INT. OFFICE CHICAGO FRIDAY NIGHT 35.

The killer glares. Pete picks up the phone and dials. Eleven numbers, a pause, a series of CLICKS. The big man holds his right arm, watching. A distant muted BUZZING ring, a CLICK. The VOICE is elderly, gruff, abrupt:

VOICE:

Yeah?

PETE:

(voice low, discouraged)
We lost him.

A sharp NASAL EXHALE on the other end of the line.

VOICE:

He's your brother, Ross. If you can't find him, we have people who will.

Pause. Pete swallows. The voice is hard, taunting.

VOICE:

(continuing)
And you're paying for the contract.

CLICK. Pete holds the phone.

36. EXT. HILL SAN FRANCISCO SATURDAY-DAY 36.

SHOOTING ON the end of the zoom lens, a green fastback Mustang, hub caps missing, dirty and with a speed gash down the passenger side, flips up over the crest of the hill. As the car gets closer we FOCUS IN on BULLITT, the driver. He is blond, cheerful, in his early 30's. His clothes are stylish and a little expensive. There is something longish

36(Cont.)

As the car takes a left-hand bend, we ZOOM OUT, revealing a PANORAMA OF SAN FRANCISCO, the bridge and river in the background. The car flips down the hill, disappearing from our view.

36(Cont.)

37. EXT. BULLITT'S APARTMENT AND ITALIAN GROCERY SATURDAY DAY 37.
SAN FRANCISCO (TAYLOR AND JACKSON STREETS)

We start CLOSE ON the exhaust pipes of the Mustang. There is something very unstandard about them. The engine blips and stops. We CUT BACK TO REVEAL the Mustang stopped in front of the apartment door. Bullitt gets out of the car.

38. NEWSPAPER VENDING MACHINE SATURDAY DAY 38.

on the sidewalk. Bullitt knows the machine. He taps the coin box at a special spot. The glass door pops open. Bullitt tastes triumph once more. He takes out a paper. The door closes. Bullitt then moves off toward.

39. INT. GROCERY STORE (TAYLOR & JACKSON STREETS) SATURDAY-DAY 39.

Bullitt enters, goes to long freezer which is next to checking-out counter. He moves along length of freezer, extracting number of TV dinners which he tosses one by one onto counter. The OWNER keeps pace by ringing up price as the packages keep landing. Bullitt reaches end of freezer, turns, the last TV dinner having been tossed. He moves to counter, pays. As if this is standard procedure, he stacks the TV dinners into two piles and carries them out under each arm like library books.

40. EXT. STREET CORNER (TAYLOR & JACKSON STS.) SATURDAY-DAY 40.

Bullitt crosses the street toward his apartment. His eyes are tired. He turns to the doorway leading to his apartment, inserts key, goes in.

41. INT. STAIRWAY SATURDAY DAY 41.

Bullitt goes up the long staircase which leads to his apartment on the third floor.

42. INT. BULLITT'S APARTMENT SATURDAY DAY 42.

Bullitt moves to the refrigerator, opens it, jams the TV dinners inside like cartridges. We get a glimpse of the contents in the main section of the box: a bottle of vodka, a near-empty bottle of milk, and an orange juice can with a punctured lid. Otherwise it is devoid of food. He reaches across the counter, pulls the Venetian blinds, shutting out the light.

43. OMITTED. 43.

UNSUB
2/5/68
8-9.

44. EXT. STREET

DAY - LATER

DELGETTI, in middle thirties, is moving to doorway of Bullitt's apartment. He presses the buzzer, waits. Gets no answer, he keeps pressing buzzer.

45. OMITTED

46-47. INT. BULLITT'S APARTMENT

Bullitt, fast asleep, is gradually awakened by incessant SOUND of buzzing. He finally turns over, pushes button of intercom at side of bed.

BULLITT:

Yeah?

INTERCUT DELGETTI on street below.

DELGETTI:

Delgetti.

BULLITT:

(finally)
What is it?

DELGETTI:

Work...

Bullitt makes no move.

DELGETTI:

Frank, I'm freezing my ass off down here. Lst me in, will you?

Bullitt forces himself off the bed, moves groggily to the little landing which contains the lever which opens the door. He pulls the lever back, then moves to the bed, sinks down the edge of it, cups his head in both hands, sits looking in direction of SOUND of footsteps on the staircase as if at oncoming enemy. Delgetti appears. He goes to the Venetian blinds, opens them. A bright stream of sunlight hits Bullitt further penetrating his sleep-haze with unhappy effect. Delgetti goes to the refrigerator, takes out can of orange juice. He pours it into glass. Bullitt extends hand, expecting the juice is for him. But Delgetti drinks it himself, watching Bullitt who makes no move.

DELGETTI:

Come on, Frank, come on...

(CONTINUED)

46-47 (Cont.)

Bullitt hauls himself off the edge of the bed. He fills a cup with water, plugs in an electric wire-coil. He then twists open jar of instant coffee, only to find he must scrape the very bottom to get the few grains left. He then moves to bedside table, pulls the drawer open, and reaches inside. He takes out bottle of aspirin, taps two out, swallows them. A revolver and holster are visible in the drawer. With sour look, Bullitt goes to the bathroom, starts to shave with electric razor, which goes dead after a moment. Bullitt looks at it as if this is a harbinger of a bad day ahead.

48
THRU
52A.

OMITTED.

53. EXT. MARK HOPKINS HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO SATURDAY - DAY
(No. 1 NOB HILL)

The Mark Hopkins is busy. The traffic is heavy. The DOORMAN is occupied. From above him, up on the steps, you look past him at the street, the taxi heading toward you. It is driven by WEISBERG.

54. INT. CAB SAN FRANCISCO NO. 1 NOB HILL SATURDAY - DAY

From inside the cab, the Mark Hopkins entrance and the doorman coming up close on the righthand side. RENICK looks up from the list in his hand. He is flashily dressed, wears a topcoat. We recognize him as Johnny Ross, last seen in Chicago. He sits up straight, tenses, leans forward and points:

RENICK:

Pull up and wait.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont.)

Weissberg nods, glances briefly at Renick in the rear view mirror, and angles in beside the cars at the curb. He hits the brakes a hair hard, and Renick lurches slightly as the cab stops. Renick clicks the handle down, shoves the right rear door open, steps outside and trots up the steps.

55. EXT. MARK HOPKINS HOTEL SAN FRANCISCO SATURDAY - DAY
NO.1 NOB HILL

The doorman steps forward to shut the door of the cab, turning his head to look at Renick's back. A horn BLOWS behind the cab, distracting the doorman. He steps aside.

56. INT. MARK HOPKINS HOTEL LOBBY SATURDAY - DAY
NO.1 NOB HILL

Renick walks swiftly through the lobby, past the travel desk to the elevator, to the front desk.

RENICK:

Message for Ross? Not a guest.

DESK CLERK:

A minute.

He takes a bundle of letters out of a box and rifles through them. He shakes his head.

DESK CLERK:

Nothing.

RENICK:

Are you sure? Johnny Ross?

DESK CLERK:

Yes, quite sure, Mr. Ross.

Renick nods, looking thoughtful, and turns away.

57. EXT. MARK HOPKINS HOTEL SATURDAY - DAY
NO.1 NOB HILL

Renick pushes out the door again and trots down the stairs toward the cab. The doorman rushes forward, grabs the rear door handle, and pulls the door open wide. He turns to Renick with an ingratiating smile -- and freezes. His face shows shock, then fear, then caution, a tight smile.

(CONTINUED)

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13.

57 (Cont.)

DOORMAN:

Hello --

He starts to say more, but cuts it off.

Renick looks at him curiously, and steps inside. The doorman says nothing. Renick hands over a quarter. The doorman looks at it, a little puzzled. For an instant, both are motionless. Then simultaneously the doorman steps back and Renick sits back in the cab. The doorman pushes the door shut. It CLICKS.

58.

INT. CAB SAN FRANCISCO
NO.1 NOB HILL

SATURDAY - DAY

The cab moves out into the street. The doorman watches the nodding puppy, the back of Renick's head, the cab number, the license plate. He whirls and starts to run up the stairs.

A black grey Bentley pulls up at the curb, and the man in the right front seat opens the door.

MAN:

Hey!

He watches the disappearing doorman and shrugs. He steps out, opens the back door of the Bentley, and pulls his luggage out on the street.

59.

INT. CAB SAN FRANCISCO
NO.1 NOB HILL/CALIFORNIA STREET

SATURDAY - DAY

Weissberg studies Renick in the rear view mirror. Beyond Renick, out the rear window of the cab, he sees the doorman watching the back of the cab, whirling, and disappearing up the stairs, off to the right.

Weissberg cannot help asking, looking up at Renick in the mirror, and speaking through his cigar.

WEISSBERG:

Know him?

Renick looks at the back of Weissberg's neck for an instant, then he looks out the window. He shrugs. He quickly checks the list again.

60.

INSERT: THE LIST

A pencil crosses out: Pick up message Mark Hopkins Hotel.
Phone Chalmers DO 4-6823
Hotel Daniels

2/5/58
14.

61. EXT. MARK HOPKINS HOTEL CLOSEUP DOORMAN SATURDAY - DAY
NO. 1 NOB HILL

speaking on the side telephone.

DOORMAN:
Sunshine Taxi 6-9-1-2. Yes, I'm
sure. I've seen it.

62. EXT. UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO SATURDAY - DAY

The cab moves across town, block by block, still on the East Side. The toy puppy nods up and down.

Another three blocks north Renick checks his watch, leans forward and points again. Weissberg nods, and pulls up at the corner. (Taylor and Geary St.)

Renick steps out and into a pay phone booth, leaving the right rear door of the cab half open.

From behind the cab, you see through the rear window, past the dog, Weissberg lean across the back of the front seat, and pull the right rear door closed. He has to stretch, and as he turns his face up toward the dog, he bumps his chin on the seat, knocking live ash off his cigar. He quickly brushes it off the back of the front seat onto the floor in back with the side of his hand, and looks down helplessly as it glows on the mat.

He snatches at the glove compartment, comes up with a miniature dust pan and brush, and flops jack-knifed over the back of the seat. He scoops up the ash, settles back in the seat, reaches out the right front window and taps the ash to the ground. He returns the dust pan and brush to the glove compartment, and snaps it shut. He glares at Renick in the telephone booth.

62A. EXT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS MANSION DAY - LATER

Jammed with parked cars. A UNIFORMED POLICEMAN is directing traffic at the corner. A dark gray car appears.

63. INT. CAR

Dalgetti is at the wheel. Beside him, STANTON, a 28-year-old in plain clothes. Bullitt sits in the back seat. The car approaches the mansion.

64. INT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS MANSION MAIN ROOM

A tea party is in progress. It is composed in the main of OVER-DRESSED WOMEN, with a small sprinkling of MEN. An admiring group of women is around WALTER CHALMERS, the evident host. Chalmers is in the middle thirties, urbane, impeccable of manner and dress.

CHALMERS:

No man is an island. Least of all
in the world of today.

The ladies gush their approbation. Chalmers' MOTHER, pouring tea nearby, informs:

MOTHER:

Walter was always like that. Even
as a little boy.

IRENE, his wife, flashes a brittle smile as she passes the tea to a lady in the group:

IRENE:

But it's a tradition in the family!

64A. EXT. MANSION

Bullitt is walking up the steps leading to the entrance. Below, we see the dark gray car with Delgetti and Stanton is parked.

64B. INT. VESTIBULE OF MANSION

As Bullitt enters, one of Chalmers' AIDES moves to him.

AIDE:

Yes?

BULLITT:

Frank Bullitt.

AIDE:

Will you wait here, please.

Bullitt is left to stand in the vestibule. He takes in the crowded room, sees the aide move to Chalmers. There is a babble of voices and laughter.

65. CHALMERS AND ANOTHER GROUP OF WOMEN

He is being told by MRS. LARKIN, a hatchet-face woman:

MRS. LARKIN:

Walter, you looked simply marvelous on TV! I just couldn't take my eyes off you!

The other women join in assent.

CHALMERS:

Thank you, Mrs. Larkin.

AIDE:

(whispering into ear)
Lieutenant Bullitt is here, Mr. Chalmers.

CHALMERS:

Thank you.

He casts an appraising look at Bullitt in the vestibule as he continues speaking with the ladies.

MRS. LARKIN:

And I just loved how you made an idiot out of that interviewer, just loved it!

CHALMERS:

(with smile)
Purely unintentional, I assure you. Not that I was so well-informed, but that he was so ill-informed. Excuse me, please.

He starts toward Bullitt.

66. BULLITT IN VESTIBULE

He sees Chalmers coming toward him, reacts noncommittal, stands watching Chalmers thread his way quickly toward him. When Chalmers reaches Bullitt, the appraising look has changed to one of warm welcome.

CHALMERS:

Lieutenant, thanks for coming over. It really is quite urgent.
(extending hand)
The name is Frank, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.)

Bullitt nods, returns handshake politely.

CHALMERS:

Please call me Walter. Come, let's go to my study, where we can talk.

Placing hand within crook of Bullitt's elbow, he starts threading with him through the crowd. As they pass, GROUPS OF WOMEN, we HEAR snatches of conversation with laughter underscoring the snatch phrases:

WOMAN IN GROUP:

Just dreadful, the generation gap!
Respect is a thing of the past!

WOMAN IN ANOTHER GROUP:

To say nothing of our foreign policy!

CHALMERS:

(to Bullitt)

I've been looking forward to meeting you for some time. Delighted it's under circumstances where we can both --

He breaks off as they reach group which contains a POLICE CAPTAIN in uniform, a distinguished looking ELDER STATESMAN, and a DIGNIFIED WOMAN, all with tea cups in hand.

MRS. MERRILL:

But the problem goes much deeper, doesn't it? I mean the rebellion of youth. Don't you agree, Captain?

CAPTAIN:

Couldn't have put it better myself.

SENATOR:

A statement I heartily endorse, Mrs. Merrill.

CHALMERS:

Oh, by the way, do you know Captain Brady, of the Oakland Police?

The three turn, affording Chalmers a chance to introduce:

CHALMERS:

This is Lieutenant Frank Bullitt. You remember -- the Gordon case last fall? Brilliant piece of police work, wouldn't you say, Captain?

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.1)

CAPTAIN BRADY:
Sure was. Glad to know you, Lieutenant.

BULLITT:
(uncomfortably)
Captain...

CHALMERS:
And this is Mrs. Merrill, President
of the League of Women Voters who
proves you can combine charm with
civic conscience.

Mrs. Merrill flashes him a smile, then:

MRS. MERRILL:
How do you do, Lieutenant.

Bullitt nods in silent acknowledgment.

MRS. MERRILL:
I'm sure you're of great help to
Walter. Honest public officials
working together is what we need.

Bullitt reacts thoughtfully to the assumption he is
working for Chalmers.

CHALMERS:
(to Bullitt)
Our Senator Dixon -- always hard at
work for the public good.

SENATOR DIXON:
(ever the politician)
No harder than a police officer of
the Lieutenant's caliber.

BULLITT:
(uncomfortably)
Thank you, Senator.

CHALMERS:
Now if we may fold our tents and
steal away...

He starts to maneuver Bullitt toward the staircase nearby.
So Chalmers can hear her:

MRS. MERRILL:
Now, Senator, that is the ideal public
servant! If we had more like Walter,
I'd be more certain of our country's
survival!

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.2)

As Chalmers and Bullitt start up the stairs:

VOICE OF WOMAN FROM
ONE GROUP:

As Jim says, drink is the curse of the
working class!

The women are heard laughing.

VOICE OF WOMAN FROM
ANOTHER GROUP:

Homosexuality! Have you any idea --!

66A. AT DOOR TO STUDY

Chalmers has reached it with Bullitt, opens the door
for the latter to enter.

66B. INT. STUDY

containing pictures of Chalmers with various officials
which indicate his political aspirations, as well as of the
man himself: the yacht club, the college trophies, the
family. Bullitt finds himself stared at by JOE WESCOTT
in a group of LADIES with tea cups in hand. Behind him,
Chalmers reacts chagrined, covering with:

CHALMERS:

I'm sorry -- I didn't expect to
find anyone --

(as they make move
to leave)

No, no. Stay right there.

He takes Bullitt's arm to get him out of the study, but
is stopped by:

WESCOTT:

Hello, Lieutenant. You remember me.
Joe Wescott -- of the 'Chronicle'?
We met when I covered that Law
Enforcement Conference --

BULLITT:

Yes...

WESCOTT:

I didn't know you were working for
Walter.

Bullitt eyes Chalmers, who covers quickly with:

CHALMERS:

Not for. With.

66B (Cont.)

WESCOTT:

He's promised us quite a surprise at the Investigation, come Monday.

CHALMERS:

(urbanely)

I won't disappoint the Press. You can count on it.

WESCOTT:

Lieutenant --

CHALMERS:

Not until Monday, Joe, Monday.

He steps aside, allowing Bullitt to leave the study.

67. INT. MAIN ROOM

Chalmers closes the door, puts arm around Bullitt's shoulder, gives him disarming smile.

CHALMERS:

Come, let's get away from it all.

He moves with Bullitt to side door which opens onto:

67A. EXT. TERRACE - PACIFIC HEIGHTS MANSION

The parked car containing Delgetti and Stanton on the street below can be seen as Chalmers walks along length of terrace with Bullitt, during:

CHALMERS:

I have an important job for you.
Captain Bennet suggested you take it...

The name causes Bullitt to look at him carefully.

CHALMERS:

As you know, there's a Senate Subcommittee hearing here Monday.

Bullitt nods, eyes him.

CHALMERS:

I have a star witness who needs protection. Sam said you were the man for it. I couldn't agree with him more.

(CONTINUED)

67a (Cont.)

Ignoring the compliment.

BULLITT:
Who from? Protection?

CHALMERS:
The Organization. His name's R. ss.
Johnny R. ss.

Bullitt shrugs.

CHALMERS:
From Chicago. A bookmaker.

BULLITT:
Why here?

CHALMERS:
Why not? Once and for all, the top
men in law enforcement are united.
(smoother)
We're going to clean the Organization.

BULLITT:
I read your speech. Why San Francisco?

CHALMERS:
R. ss. is safer here. That's your end.
Keeping him out of reach, for forty
hours.

BULLITT:
Where?

They have reached the stairs. As they walk down:

CHALMERS:
In the Hotel Daniels. 226 Embarcadero
Road. Room 634. He's there now,
expecting you.

Bullitt checks his watch. It is 4:45. As they start
down the stairs:

CHALMERS:
Now that you know where my house
is, I hope we'll get to see more
of each other.

Bullitt shows no response. They reach the bottom of the
stairs.

(CONTINUED)

67A (Cont.1)

CHALMERS:

(with smile)

Have him in court on Monday --
Frank.

He pats him on the arm, starts back up the stairs.
Bullitt looks down at his arm, then at Chalmers.

67B. INT. DARK GRAY CAR SHOOTING TOWARD BULLITT

Delgetti and Stanton watch as Bullitt approaches the
car, gets in.

DELGETTI:

What was that all about?

BULLITT:

We're pals.

STANTON:

(impressed)

You and Walter Chalmers? That's a
lot of juice.

Delgetti starts the car.

BULLITT:

(to Delgetti)

The Hotel Daniels. 226 Embarcadero
Road. State's evidence witness.
We're baby sitting...

(to Stanton)

Got any of that coffee?

Stanton hands him a thermos.

68. OMITTED.

68A. INT. ELEVATOR HOTEL DANIELS

DUSK

The three are riding up in the rickety small elevator,
the SOUND loud in the contained area. The elevator
stops. Stanton slides the door open, which is punctuated
by a RASP. Bullitt gets out, followed by the other two.

69. INT. CORRIDOR HOTEL DANIELS
226 EMBARCADERO

SATURDAY

A long dingy corridor. The three walk in silence on the
threadbare carpet, with Bullitt in the lead. When they
reach Room 634, they stop. Bullitt nods to Delgetti,
who knocks on the door. A pause, then SOUND of movement
within.

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

RENTICK'S VOICE:
(cautiously)

Yeah?

DELGETTI:

Police...

(CONTINUED)

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22.

69 (Cont.)

During SOUND of bolt turning:

BULLITT:

(to Stanton)

Check the exits.

Stanton moves off. SOUND of sliding of chain. The door opened a slit. Delgetti shows his badge. The door close SOUND of chain sliding. The door swings open. Delgetti goes in, followed by Bullitt.

70-71.

INT. BEDROOM DANIELS HOTEL
226 ENBARCADERO

SATURDAY

A rickety table, chair, bed. Two windows open on a freeway. The SOUND of speeding autos underscores:

RENICK:

(nervously)

Mr. Chalmers said you'd be here by five. He promised.

DELGETTI:

Sorry. We got held up. Traffic.

Bullitt moves to the windows, sticks his head out.

DELGETTI:

Any firearms?

RENICK:

No, no. Here's all I got on me. You can see for yourself.

He empties his pockets on the bed: a billfold flips open, revealing credit cards in the name of Johnny Ross. A cigarette lighter with the initials J.R. And a few hundred dollars in cash. Simultaneously, Bullitt moves from the windows to the closet door, opens it, looks within, then glances at the small bathroom, visible through the open door.

DELGETTI:

Okay.

As Renick puts the articles back into pockets:

DELGETTI:

How'd you get here from Chicago?

RENICK:

Flow.

(CONTINUED)

70-71 (Cont.)

DELGETTI:
Sure none of the boys were on the
plane with you? Or saw you get on?

RENICK:
(jumpy)
I wouldn't know.

DELGETTI:
(with glance at window)
How come you picked this room to
hold up?

RENICK:
Chalmers. He picked it.
(on edge)
Why?

Before Delgetti can answer, Bullitt turns into the room,
taking command, much to Renick's surprise.

BULLITT:
(to Renick)
Stay away from the windows, that's
why.

Renick moves hastily to the other corner, which furthers
the distance between him and the phone, which Bullitt has
picked up. Delgetti is checking the door.

BULLITT:
(into phone)
279-3586...no, 26...

As he waits to be connected:

BULLITT:
Sit down, Ross. Relax. It's a long
time till Monday.

72.

INT. CAPTAIN BENNET'S LIVING ROOM

DUSK

CAPTAIN SAM BENNET is seated in a deep leather chair,
ignoring the phone ringing beside him. He is 50 and tough.
He is watching his two YOUTHFUL SONS moving to the door
with two miniskirted girls wearing high boots. Both the
boys wear their hair long. The younger one is also bearded.
MRS. BENNET is walking along with them to the door. The
phone keeps ringing during:

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont.)

MRS. BENNET:

(to the girls)

Now you will bring my boys home early,
won't you? And drive carefully,
promise?

The two girls smile sweetly.

YOUNG BENNET:

Cool it, Mom, will you?

YOUNGER BENNET:

Adios, Dad.

YOUNG BENNET:

Dit-dit-ditto, Dad.

They go out. Bennet scowls dourly, casting them a look which speaks of the generation gap, impossible for him to bridge. As the door closes, he picks up the phone. In a moment two cars are heard taking off with blast of unmuffled motors and squealing tires. He picks up the phone.

72 (Cont.)

BULLITT'S VOICE:

Hello, Captain.

BENNET:

Frank?

73. INT. ROOM HOTEL DANIELS

BULLITT:

I've seen Chalmers.

At the mention of Chalmers, Renick's attention is drawn immediately to the conversation at Bullitt's end. INTERCUT Bennet living room and Hotel Daniels Room. In the Daniels room, Renick reacts as he hears:

BULLITT:

What do you know about it?

Delgetti is crossing the room toward Renick.

CAPTAIN BENNET:

Chicago. It could be very big.

Renick is forced to split his attention between Bullitt and Delgetti. The two conversations now proceed simultaneously, with Renick straining to hear what Bullitt is saying:

BENNET:

He had access to all the records and he ran the wire services with his brother Pete.

DELGETTI:

Ross.

RENICK:

Huh?

BULLITT:

Sam, did Chalmers ask for me?

DELGETTI:

We're going to be here till Monday. With you staying in this room round the clock. We better get a fix on the food.

BENNET:

Uh-huh.

RENICK:

(seeing Bullitt look at him)

What?

(CONTINUED)

BULLITT:
Do you know why?

BENNET
Yes, I know. He's
grooming himself for
public office. You
make good copy.
They love you in the
papers, Frank.

BULLITT:
(thoughtfully)
I see... Okay. So long,
Sam.

DELGETTI:
The Food. I know
Chalmers wants you
happy, so we'll do the
best we can. There's a
deli down the street --

RENICK:
(straining to
hear Bullitt)
Okay, okay.

DELGETTI:
Near enough so the food
stays hot till we got it
here --

RENICK:
I said okay!

DELGETTI:
Just want to keep you
happy.

Renick takes a step toward Bullitt as the latter hangs up.

RENICK:
Who were you talking to about me?
Mr. Chalmers said it was only between
me and him! Me and him!

Bullitt's quiet, authoritative look deflates Renick, who
turns away.

BULLITT:
Delgetti here will take the first
shift. Stanton at twelve. I'll take
the third shift. All you have to do,
Ross, is stay away from the windows --
especially at night.
(to Delgetti)
Call me before you leave.

He goes out.

73A. INT. CORRIDOR HOTEL DANIELS

Bullitt steps beside door, in thought. Behind him, the bolt
is HEARD being shoved into place, followed by the SOUND of
the chain thrust into the slot. Bullitt starts down the
corridor, in thought, turns as he reaches:

73B. INT. INTERSECTING CORRIDOR

73B.

which leads onto fire escape, onto which Bullitt walks, still in thought.

73C. FIRE ESCAPE

73C.

Bullitt stands looking down the fire escape and the environs for a moment, then turns back into the corridor.

74-75. OMITTED.

74-75.

76. EXT. DANIELS HOTEL
(226 Embarcadero)

DUSK 76.

Bullitt and Stanton emerge, start down the street. Bullitt shows concern.

BULLITT:

Fire escape and windows. That's the bad news.

STANTON:

Want me to stay?

BULLITT:

No. Go home to your wife.

STANTON:

Which shift?

BULLITT:

The second.

STANTON:

If we work the weekend we get two days off?

Bullitt smiles, moves off.

77
THRU
82.

OMITTED.

77
THRU
82.

82A. INT. STAIRCASE
(1620 Montgomery Street)

DUSK 82A.

Bullitt is walking up staircase of loft-like building. He reaches statue of a headless woman on a landing. He turns. We lose him.

82B. INT. OPEN DOORWAY

82B.

Bullitt appears, stops for a moment as he looks O.S. Then he starts in, passing:

82C. RECEPTIONIST BEHIND DESK

82C.

She is typing, looks up as Bullitt passes. She evidently has seen him here before, keeps on typing without breaking her speed. He goes into:

82D. TRACKING WITH BULLITT INT. LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT'S OFFICE
(1620 Montgomery Street) 82D.

As he moves down length of large room, we gradually reveal YOUNG MEN and YOUNG WOMEN at work tables on both sides of the central aisle. Most are doing blueprints. Some are constructing scale models of landscape areas. Empty cups of coffee are in evidence on every table. Each of the men and women are distinctively individual in dress and appearance. The pace of the activity and constantly ringing phones indicate all are under pressure. Bullitt nears:

82E. WORK TABLE NEAR END OF OFFICE

82E.

CATHY, a very pretty girl in early twenties, modishly dressed, is facing DAN MITCHELL: bearded, about thirty-five. Both are dynamic, unaffected. Cathy's hair is out of place; her sleeves are rolled up. Her hands and forearms are sticky with glue and paste from the cardboard model which stands on the table. Some papers are glued to her elbow. The model consists of a tall concave shaft, with a material which indicates water cascading from the top of the curved surface into an elliptical basin below.

CATHY:

(demonstrating
on model)

We'll have jets of water spurting under high pressure, from the top of this bronze slab, a hundred and fifty feet high. The curve will contain the spray of the fountain. With respect to the lights, they'll range from soft to highly intense. We can plug all this into a computer. I see the cycle of lighting repeating itself every two minutes, with a completely new sequence of course, from day to night.

(CONTINUED)

82E (Cont.)

82E

Bullitt appears in b.g. Cathy doesn't see him. He stops as he hears:

MITCHELL:

It looks great in relation to the Plaza.

(Cathy beams)

But it'll cost too much. You'd better reduce it in complexity and scale.

CATHY:

(the artist)

But we need the size!

MITCHELL:

I need to reduce the budget, Cathy.

They exchange looks. Cathy knows when to give in.

CATHY:

(good-naturedly)

I'd quit right now -- if I didn't have a sports car to support.

MAN'S VOICE:

(C.S.)

Mr. Mitchell! Sacramento on the phone.

MITCHELL:

Let me have the new design as soon as possible.

He turns, passes Bullitt, is seen moving to his desk as Bullitt approaches Cathy's table.

CATHY:

Won't be long.

She gives him a quick peck on the cheek. Before he can speak, VINCE, a young architect, comes between them with a rolled-up technical drawing.

VINCE:

(in a big hurry)

Hi.

He starts to open the big drawing before Cathy. Bullitt is in the way. He is forced to edge aside, feeling excluded as Cathy's attention is totally taken up by her work.

(CONTINUED)

VINCE:

(to Cathy)

Here's the latest details showing
all you need to hook up your fountain.

CATHY:

What fountain? All Sacramento can
afford is a faucet -- that leaks.

VINCE:

You've got to get it in, before the
presentation.

Cathy takes the technical drawing, places it on the table. Vince hurries past Bullitt. Cathy takes a front elevation sketch of her fountain, puts it down beside Vince's drawing. She studies both for a moment. Bullitt stands watching her, respecting her silent concentration. Then she takes an overlay, puts it over her drawing, starts to sketch quickly. Bullitt moves beside her.

BULLITT:

What're you doing?

CATHY:

Trying to scale it down, without
losing the effect.

She reaches for a book among several propped against the wall. Above them posters can be seen, replicas of those in Bullitt's hallway.

CATHY:

(muttering)

Budgets.

She opens book to set of figures, starts copying them, computing during:

BULLITT:

(with smile)

I thought money didn't matter to
artists.

Beneath the banter and the apparent focus on the figures, there is an underlying sense of closeness.

CATHY:

It costs money to have a soul.

(glancing up from
computations)

Hand me that book, will you?

(CONTINUED)

82E (Cont.2)

82E (2)

He reaches for the wrong one.

CATHY:

No -- the big one.

As Bullitt hands her the book, he glances at the title.

BULLITT:

(reading)

"Armstrong's Engineering Data
Hydraulic Tables."

He hands it to her with a look.

CATHY:

(wryly)

My favorite reading.

She flips it open, finds page she needs, hands book back to Bullitt.

CATHY:

I need some more figures.

BULLITT:

(reading top
of page)

"Friction loss of water in feet
per 100 feet length of pipe.
Formula using constant 100. Sizes
of standard pipe in inches."

He looks up blankly at her.

CATHY:

(with smile)

I'm trying to re-size the mechanical
equipment. I want to use 500 gallons
of water per minute. What's the
velocity per second of a five inch
pipe?

BULLITT:

Well now, ma'am, that's a very good
question.

CATHY:

Look to the extreme right. Go down
the figures til you see 600.

Bullitt's fingers travel quickly down the column.

BULLITT:

Got it.

(CONTINUED)

CATHY:

Now go across til you reach the
five inch pipe column... What's it say?

BULLITT:

Nine point eight.

CATHY:

(writing it down)

Now I want the loss in feet.

BULLITT:

(looking for it)

In feet, huh?

CATHY:

(with smile)

Right next to it.

BULLITT:

Eleven point three.

CATHY:

(writing)

Now find 18,000 gallons per minute
and the velocity per second of a
five inch pipe.

BULLITT:

(lost; trying)

18,00 -- velocity...

His voice trails off.

CATHY:

(bent over drawing)

Yes -- of a five inch pipe plus
the loss in feet.

He looks at her, responding to her efficiency. After a
moment, she glances up from paper.

CATHY:

Well?

BULLITT:

(finally)

I lost my place...

She can't help but give him a warm loving smile, as she
reaches for the book. He returns the smile. Their looks
hold, the book between them.

82F.

INT. COFFEE CANTATA SMALL WAITING AREA
(2030 Union Street)

82F.

jammed with young COLLEGE MEN and GIRLS. All are dressed informally. Classical music is HEARD on the hi-fi system. Bullitt is dialing phone on counter. He gets connection.

DELGETTI'S VOICE:

(over phone)

Yeah?

BULLITT:

(into phone)

Del, I'm at the Coffee Cantata.
931-0770.

DELGETTI'S VOICE:

(over phone)

931-0770.

Bullitt hangs up. To Cashier:

BULLITT:

If a Sergeant Delgetti calls, would you please let me know right away?

CASHIER:

Yes, Lieutenant.

BULLITT:

Thank you.

He turns, starts pushing through waiting area into:

82E.

OMITTED.

82E.

82H.

INT. COFFEE CANTATA DINING AREA

82H.

filled to capacity. Paintings are on the walls. The music is louder here, the chatting animated. Bullitt joins Cathy at a table next to the brick wall. As he sits down, BOB, the waiter, coatless and with a Viking beard, hands them both a menu. They smile at each other, exchange comments which are lost in the music and general conversation around them. Their eyes steal over their menus, look at each other. Cathy's hand reaches out and rests on Bullitt's.

82J. EXT. COFFEE CANTINA
(2030 Union Street)

NIGHT 82J.

Bullitt and Cathy come out, move off.

82K. EXT. UNION STREET

82K.

Bullitt and Cathy turn corner, stop near their parked cars. He kisses Cathy. For a moment she clings to him. Then as their lips part:

BULLITT:

Leave your car here...

CATHY:

All night?

He kisses her again, then:

BULLITT:

Lock it.

82L. INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

NIGHT 82L.

The room is dark, except for the spill of light coming through the nearly-drawn Venetian blinds. Bullitt, in pajamas, is lying in bed, smoking. He looks at Cathy, asleep beside him. She is wearing his pajamas. As his eyes hold on her:

(FLASH MEMORY SHOTS OF BULLITT AND CATHY MEETING IN LOCATIONS WHICH INDICATE ANOTHER SIDE OF THEIR RELATIONSHIP OTHER THAN THE PHYSICAL ONE: THE AESTHETIC AND HIS LEARNING FROM CATHY. THE SHOTS EMPHASIZE THE BEAUTY AND UPLIFT OF CATHY'S AREA OF LIFE.)

A. EXT. LEGION OF HONOR ART MUSEUM DAY
(Lincoln Park)

Both are walking past the classic structure. Cathy is speaking animatedly, pointing out the architectural highlights.

B. INT. BOTANICAL GARDENS DAY
(Golden Gate Park)

Both moving through the blaze of flowers, the pattern of colors adding to Cathy's beauty.

(CONTINUED)

32L (Cont.)

82L

C. EXT. PATH BENEATH ELM AND SYCAMORE TREES
(Golden Gate Park)

Bullitt and Cathy bicycling side-by-side between the empty benches of the open-air concert area. The dappled sunlight streams through the intertwined bare branches overhead.

THE MEMORY FLASH IS SUDDENLY DISPELLED BY SOUND OF RINGING PHONE. ABRUPTLY:

82M.

INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

82M.

Bullitt yanks phone off cradle, cutting off the SOUND. He looks at Cathy, sees it has apparently not awakened her.

BULLITT:

(into phone; low)

Yes?

83. INT. ROOM HOTEL DANIELS

83.

Delgetti is getting into his jacket, the phone cradled on his shoulder as he talks. Stanton is at the table, putting down a large book. The cover identifies it as a Computer Technology textbook. It contains some loose notebook paper. Beyond both, at the bed, Renick is seen near the radio, which is fading in volume quickly.

DELGETTI:

(into phone)

Del. I'm going off now.

83A. INT. BULLITT'S APARTMENT

83A.

He continues to speak low, glancing at the recumbent Cathy.

BULLITT:

(into phone)

Everything okay?

83B. INT. ROOM HOTEL DANIELS

83B.

Delgetti now has his jacket on. At the table, Stanton is taking his jacket off, hanging it on the chair. In the background, Renick is inserting a quarter into the radio, which is now silent.

DELGETTI:

(into phone)

Yeah, sure.

The radio suddenly comes on loud. Delgetti turns to Renick.

DELGETTI:

Hey, pull it down, will you?

RENICK:

Sorry.

He turns down volume, moves toward the bed.

DELGETTI:

(into phone)

Anything for Stanton?

84. INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

84.

BULLITT:

(into phone)

No. No. See you tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

84 (Cont.)

84

He hangs up quietly, lies immobile, thinking. The illuminated face of the alarm clock shows it is a few minutes after twelve. Out of the near-darkness:

CATHY:

(quietly)

Who was it?

Realizing the phone has awakened her despite his efforts:

BULLITT:

Del.

Cathy sits up. Her long hair falls to her shoulders.

CATHY:

(brightly)

Something exciting?

BULLITT:

Go back to sleep.

She smiles, as if this is his usual response.

CATHY:

(lightly)

Meaning you won't tell me anything.

He starts running his fingers through her long hair.

CATHY:

I took you into my world. Let me into yours.

BULLITT:

It's not for you.

CATHY:

Whatever you do is part of me.

He kisses her.

CATHY:

You bastard.

He kisses her again, keeps his lips on hers, starts to unbutton her pajama top. He slips it off. She lies back, their lips never parting. His fingers move through her hair, spreading it on the pillow like a black corona...

B5. INT. ROOM DANIELS HOTEL

B5.

Renick is turning from radio, where he has just inserted quarter. He goes to bed, picks up magazine, starts to leaf through it. Stanton is seated at the table, taking notes from a Computer textbook. Suddenly the phone rings. Stanton rises, picks up receiver. As he does, Renick gets up from bed. He starts moving forward slowly, expectantly, showing no fear.

STANTON:

(into phone)

Yeah?

VOICE OF DESK CLERK:

Front desk. Two gentlemen. Should I send them up?

STANTON:

No. What's the names?

VOICE OF DESK CLERK:

Hold on a minute.... Mr. Chalmers, and a friend.

STANTON:

Tell them to wait. And give me 374-6534.

While Stanton is on the phone, Renick moves to the table, takes remains of sandwich with one hand, starts to eat, facing Stanton. With the other hand, he starts to undo the chain. Stanton's attention is on the phone.

B6. INT. BULLITT'S APARTMENT

SATURDAY NIGHT

B6.

The telephone rings. Bullitt rolls over, grabs the phone. Cathy sits up.

STANTON'S VOICE:

(on telephone)

Lieutenant?

BULLITT:

Ycs?

87. INT. BEDROOM DANIELS HOTEL

87.

While Stanton's attention is on the phone, Renick finishes unlocking the door. Now he silently begins to slide the chain out of the slot, during:

STANTON:

Chalmers. Downstairs with another man. They want to come up.

88. INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

88.

He glances at the watch.

BULLITT:

Chalmers? At one in the morning?
Don't let them in. I'll be there
in five minutes.

He hangs up, gets out of bed hastily, moves to wardrobe, yanks door open, takes out trousers. Cathy looks at him with concern.

89. INT. ROOM DANIELS HOTEL

89.

As Stanton jiggles the phone, he sees Renick at the door.

STANTON:

Keep away from the door, huh? Go on --
to the bed, please?

Renick slowly moves from the door revealing the chain hanging loose. As the startled Stanton sees it:

STANTON:

What the -- !

The door is suddenly kicked in, revealing MIKE with a shotgun, and PHIL, who wears horn-rimmed glasses, behind him. Stanton yanks his gun out of his exposed shoulder holster. Before he can fire, Mike lets him have a blast with his shotgun. Stanton falls back, shot in the thigh. His gun drops, lies in the f.g. Stanton painfully reaches for it.

(CONTINUED)

89 (Cont.)

Mike reaches Stanton, kicks him in the face, knocking him out.

Renick reacts with growing terror as he sees Phil close the door and stand with his back to it, the automatic in hand. Renick looks at Mike, who swings the shotgun toward him. Renick jumps on the bed.

RENICK:

(screaming)

Wait -- they told me -- !!

Mike fires. The bullets thrust Renick against the wall, breaking off the back of the bed. They rip the lower part of his face and neck, of which we get a flash glimpse, just as the lights are shattered.

The room is now lit by the sweep of car lights from the freeway outside. Mike breaks the gun into two halves, methodically puts them under his macintosh. He moves to the doorway.

VOICES are heard in the hallway. Phil bangs the door shut, closing out the scene.

OMITTED.

EXT. STREET

NIGHT

Bullitt in Mustang, as it takes a fast corner.

92. OMITTED.

93. EXT. DANIELS HOTEL
226 EMBARCADERO

NIGHT

The street is crowded with curious ONLOOKERS being held back by uniformed POLICEMEN: PEOPLE in pajamas from the hotel, LONGSHOREMEN, PATRONS from a nearby bar. Two ambulances are parked at entrance with police cars. Bullitt's car is seen pulling up. Bullitt gets out, moves swiftly toward:

Stretcher bearing a figure whose face and neck are completely swathed in bandages, being wheeled out of the lobby, followed by Delgetti. It is impossible to determine who is under the sheet covering the rest of the body.

BULLITT:

Who is it?

DELGETTI:

Ross. Two guys got him with a shotgun.

(CONTINUED)

93 (Cont.)

They have reached the ambulance. As the stretcher is hoisted within:

BULLITT:

What about Stanton?

DELGETTI:

Shotgun in the thigh. They're bringing him down.

BULLITT:

Stick with Ross.

Delgetti climbs into ambulance after the stretcher. As Bullitt moves toward the lobby, he speaks to one of the uniformed policemen:

BULLITT:

Soon as the lab men are out, seal 634, Barney. Seal it.

POLICEMAN:

Yes, sir.

The ambulance takes off, with wail of siren.

94. EXT. INTERSECTING STREET NEAR HOTEL

A black Dodge is parked among ten cars containing curious ONLOOKERS. As an ambulance passes, the Dodge starts after it.

94A. INT. LOBBY

dimly lit by one naked bulb over the desk. Bullitt enters, goes to elevator, sees from indicator it is heading down. He goes to the OLD DESK CLERK, who is mopping the bleeding side of his head with a handkerchief.

BULLITT:

The two who asked to go up to 634.
What did they look like?

OLD DESK CLERK:

They hit me when I bent down to the switchboard. I never got a real look at them. Never.

Bullitt turns at SOUND of elevator coming to stop. He moves toward elevator doors. With startling effect:

94D. ELEVATOR DOORS

part and reveal Stanton, strapped in upright stretcher. His teeth are clenched with pain. One of the ATTENDANTS is twisting a tourniquet tightly around the upper part of his thigh.

94C. THE LOBBY

Bullitt steps back to permit the other ATTENDANT to lower the stretcher into a horizontal position, while the first attendant keeps twisting the tourniquet to stem the flow of blood. Bullitt walks beside the stretcher, looking at the pain-wracked Stanton as the latter is wheeled out.

95. EXT. DANIELS HOTEL

As the stretcher is moved toward ambulance doors:

BULLITT:

How bad?

ATTENDANT

Hard to tell. If they cut the artery ...

He ehugs. They reach the ambulance doors. The stretcher is lifted within. Bullitt climbs in after it. The ambulance pulls away.

95A. INT. AMBULANCE

The wailing siren underscores the ambulance rocketing along. The attendant fixes the tourniquet during:

BULLITT:

Stanton. I know you're hurting. But I've got to know now. The two. Anything you remember.

STANTON:

Both Caucasian. The one who fired was about five-ten. White hair. It was a Wincheeter pump. That's all I remember -- they came in so fast.

He breaks off, looks down at his leg, wipes sweat off forehead, continues:

(CONTINUED)

95A (Cont.)

STANTON:

Frank, the chain was off. He unlocked the door.

BULLITT:

Who unlocked it?

STANTON:

Ross.

Bullitt reacts, thoughtful.

95B. EXT. AMBULANCE

It takes a corner, fast.

95C. EXT. GENERAL HOSPITAL

NIGHT

The ambulance containing Stanton and Bullitt pulls up at the Emergency entrance. The ambulance in which Delgetti has arrived with Renick is parked, its doors wide open, revealing the stretcher has been taken out.

95D. EXT. AMBULANCE

The doors are opened. Bullitt moves out, follows the stretcher bearing the unconscious Stanton as it is wheeled into the hospital.

95E. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Bullitt moves in silence beside Stanton as the stretcher is moved down a long corridor in which we catch glimpses of the hospital PERSONNEL at work and the PATIENTS, featuring a GROUP OF HIPPIES sitting disconsolately, recovering from a trip; a YOUNG GIRL with long, unkempt hair sobbing hysterically, while a YOUNG INTERNE kneels before her trying to comfort her; an OLD MAN with a bandage over both eyes, groping toward his bed, etc. Stanton's stretcher is wheeled into:

95F. SMALL WARD

containing patients under intensive care, some with tubes in their noses, some strapped down in their beds. A YOUNG INTERNE appears, bends down to examine Stanton's leg. Bullitt looks on. The interne picks up the sheet, the upward movement blanking out the scene.

96.

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM
MISSION EMERGENCY -- 22ND & POTRERO

SATURDAY NIGHT

The overhead light is blinding. The ANAESTHETIST and DR. WILLARD, in greenish caps, masks and smocks, hover around the head of Renick at the end of the narrow surgical table. Two NURSES are assisting.

The tube runs from the mouth to the anaesthesia machine. The anaesthetist holds the tube draped out of the way with one hand, and the bag on the anaesthesia machine with the other. The intravenous tube runs from the inverted bottle to the forearm. Leads from the cardiac monitor run from beneath the sheets over the chest to the cardiac monitor on a rolling table. The only sound is the rapid beep of the pacemaker, running 100 to the minute, which suddenly starts to increase in pace. Willard exchanges anxious look with the anaesthetist, turns quickly to the nurse.

DR. WILLARD:

We're losing more blood than is good.
Start another transfusion in the
other arm.

She move quickly to comply. The beeps keep getting faster.

96A.

BULLITT AT WINDOW TO OPERATING ROOM

He can see some emergency has developed from the flurry of movement at the operating table as a transfusion is given into the second arm. He watches anxiously. Delgetti joins him.

DELGETTI:

Still at it, huh?

Bullitt nods silently.

BULLITT:

What's the word on Stanton? Will
he keep it?

Bullitt is relieved to hear:

DELGETTI:

With a plate.

BULLITT:

Spring many guards as you can. If
Ross makes it, I want them on hand.

Delgetti nods, leaves. Bullitt turns back to the window, looks within.

97. INT. OPERATING ROOM

The beeps now come slower. Relieved, Willard proceeds with the operation.

97A. BULLITT AT WINDOW

LATER

showing weariness as he leans with hands pressed against the wall, watching. He sees the nurse dabbing at Willard's sweating forehead with a towel as the latter keeps working. Finally, Willard straightens up, nods, moves from Renick toward the door. The operation is obviously over. The nurses are seen starting the routine post-operative measures as the door swings open and Willard emerges.

97B. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

He removes his surgical mask, revealing his youthful face. He is under 30.

BULLITT:

What're his chances?

WILLARD:

No better than 50-50. We stopped the hemorrhaging. But they got some of the major veins, and the artery has been grazed.

He passes a hand over his weary eyes. The door opens behind them. Renick is wheeled out on the operating table.

BULLITT:

I want him in a private room.

WILLARD:

You'll have to arrange that with Miss Deering, the Supervisor, on the second floor.

97D. CLOSE SHOT OSCILLOSCOPE

registering the steady heartbeat of Ross.

97E. INT. RENICK'S ROOM

Bullitt is seated in corner, watching as nurse administers saline into vein. Through the glass windows, a policeman can be seen seated outside the door. Bennet is seen approaching through the ward. Bennet at door. It is opened. Bennet enters.

BENNET:

How's he doing?

BULLITT:

Holding.

BENNET:

Stantcn?

BULLITT:

Okay. He's sleeping now.

BENNET:

I want to talk to you.

As they go out, CAMERA PANS up to oscilloscope which increases slightly in speed.

97F. INT. CORRIDOR FAR END OF WARD

They emerge, walk toward elevator:

BENNET:

I got the report from the lab man.

Nothing at the hotel.

(bluntly)

How come they got in?

BULLITT:

Ross made it easy for them. He got to the door, undid the chain.

BENNET:

That doesn't ring. He let in his own killers? Why would he do a thing like that?

BULLITT:

I'm waiting to ask him.

(CONTINUED)

BENNET:

What about the set-up? What do you make of it?

BULLITT:

Professionals. A shotgun with a back-up man.

BENNET:

We haven't had a professional killing here for some time.

BULLITT:

They wouldn't have shot a cop unless it was real heavy.

BENNET:

Yes...

(bluntly)

I had to call Chalmers.

BULLITT:

And?

BENNET:

It didn't go down good. It's the main event for him -- the Senate Sub-Committee hearing -- and now he can't produce the big surprise he promised everyone. He may try to get some mileage out of it by laying it on the police.

BULLITT:

You mean on me.

BENNET:

Play everything by the book, from now on.

BULLITT:

The hell with that. If I'm to take the responsibility I want to make the decisions. Do I get to run it, or Chalmers?

BENNET:

(finally)

All I'm interested in is results. Do what you think is best. I'll try to back you.

(CONTINUED)

97F (Cont.)

BULLITT:

We can start with more men to cover the exits here.

BENNET:

Can't spare any more. I'm going down to the hotel. Let me know the minute Ross can talk.

Bennet gets into the elevator. Bullitt turns and starts back to Ranick's room. As he passes the kitchen, a NURSE emerges, with tray of food.

NURSE:

Are you the policeman who hasn't eaten yet?

BULLITT:

Yes, ma-am.

He takes the tray, sits down in nurses' area. Above the seat is a slogan which reads:

WHAT IF THEY THREW A WAR AND NO ONE CAME?

Doctor Willard is seen going into Ranick's room, with a nurse. Bullitt starts eating.

98. OMITTED.

98A. CLOSE SHOT HEADLIGHTS

as they sweep past CAMERA, revealing:

99. EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE HOSPITAL SATURDAY NIGHT
22ND & POTRERO

A Lincoln Continental pulls up fast in front of the entrance. One of Chalmers' jumps out fast, opens the back door. Chalmers gets out, flinging his coat over one shoulder.

100. OMITTED.

101. INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR NURSES' AREA SATURDAY NIGHT

Bullitt is seated, eating from tray on knees. He HEARS the click-click of steel taps on shoes, glances up, sees Chalmers approaching, flanked by the aides, the coat over one shoulder. As Chalmers approaches, Bullitt keeps eating. Chalmers stops before Bullitt, looks with distaste at the food.

CHALMERS:

Lieutenant...

BULLITT:

Sorry, but I've got to eat.

CHALMERS:

The quintessence of innocence.

The door to Renick's room opens and Willard comes out with the nurse holding the chart. As they reach Chalmers:

CHALMERS:

How is he, Doctor?

WILLARD:

As well as can be expected. He's still under the anaesthesia.

CHALMERS:

I'm Walter Chalmers. You may have read --

(CONTINUED)

WILLARD:

Yes -- the Chief Counsel for the hearing.

CHALMERS:

Is there any chance of my getting a deposition from Ross before Monday?

WILLARD:

That's impossible to say at this time. He may remain in shock.

CHALMERS:

(warmly)

Thank you, Doctor. For doing all you can.

Willard moves off with the nurse. Chalmers turns to his aide.

CHALMERS:

(quietly)

Get me the Supervisor.

The aide leaves. As Chalmers turns toward Bullitt, he sees a table bearing a sheet-draped BODY, apparently a death-in-the-night, being wheeled past them. Chalmers eyes it queasily. Bullitt shows no reaction, keeps eating. As the table passes them:

CHALMERS:

(acidly)

How what went wrong, Lieutenant?

BULLITT:

Who else knew where he was?

CHALMERS:

(thrown by attack)

What?

BULLITT:

Who else knew where he was?

CHALMERS:

What are you implying?

BULLITT:

They know where to look for him. And they used your name.

CHALMERS:

Are you suggesting I disclosed his whereabouts?

(CONTINUED)

101 (Cont.1)

BULLITT:

Somebody did. And it didn't come from our end. What do you know about Ross? What was the deal you made with him?

CHALMERS:

That's hardly the issue.

BULLITT:

It certainly is. I've got an officer with a family who's shot up pretty bad.

CHALMERS:

And I've got a witness who can't talk --

BULLITT:

I want to know about Ross. And I want to know now.

CHALMERS:

Don't try to evade th responsibility, Lieutenant. In your vernacular, you blew it. You knew the importance of his testimony. Yet you failed to take adequate measures to protect him. That's all it was to you -- a job -- safeguarding an important State's evidence witness. Were it more -- had you the dedication I was given to believe --

BULLITT:

Believe what you want. So work your side of the street and I'll work mine.

At this implicit accusation of opportunism:

CHALMERS:

There may be another attempt on his life. I'll be back by morning with my people.

He moves down the ward to ard the aide who is approaching with MISS DEERING, a tall gaunt caeox woman of fifty. They meet at the far end of the ward.

101A. BACK TO BULLITT

He stops eating as Dr. Willard joins him in time to hear:

(CONTINUED)

101A (Cont.)

CHALMERS:

(parts drifting back
because of distance)

No... too young, inexperienced...

Insist Willard be replaced...my

surgeon... Dr. Mason... yes...

inform Administrator...

Bullitt exchanges look with Willard, who is stunned by Chalmers' expediency. They see Chalmers and aides move to elevator, get in. The doors close.

102
THRU
130.

OMITTED.

130A. EXT. MAIN ENTRANCE HOSPITAL NIGHT

Chalmers and his aides come out, passing the uniformed policeman at the door. Coming up the stairs are three NURSES going on duty, and several MEN. Chalmers passes:

130B. MIKE

coming up the stairs, moving into CAMERA for a big closeup.

130C. AT ENTRANCE

Mike moves past the policeman with the other incomers. His walk is cat-like.

130D. INT. GROUND FLOOR MAIN CORRIDOR

A YOUNG INTERN is walking down the corridor, yawning sleepily, evidently going off duty. In the far distance can be seen the Emergency Section. CAMERA MOVES WITH the young intern who is nearing Mike who is looking at a long board showing the layout of the hospital. As he is about to pass Mike, the latter turns.

MIKE:

(agitated)

Doctor -- a relative of mine -- he's here with a gunshot wound. Could you please -- please tell me where I can find him?

INTERN:

Ask at the Reception Desk.

MIKE:

There's no one there, Doctor -- no one!

INTERN:

Well, he would probably be on the second floor of Emergency.

MIKE:

Thanks. Thanks, Doctor.

He turns off his act of agitation, hurries off. The young intern proceeds to:

130E. FRONT RECEPTION DESK

The young interne, stifling another yawn, nears the desk, sees the nurse on duty, speaking to another nurse. He stops, struck by a thought. He glances back, moves to the desk, picks up the phone and dials.

130F. SECOND FLOOR DESK RECEPTION AREA

The phone rings. The nurse answers it. She listens, then leans over the desk and sees Bullitt moving toward kitchen with the empty tray of food.

NURSE:

For you, Lieutenant.

Bullitt puts down the tray and moves quickly to the phone.

130G. INTERCUT INTERNE

at phone.

BULLITT:

Yes?

INTERNE:

(making nothing of it)
This is Doctor Kenner. It may be nothing, but a man just asked me where he could find a relative with a gunshot wound. I thought you might want to know.

BULLITT:

Gray hair? About five-ten?

INTERNE:

Uh-huh. I'm afraid I told him he'd be on the second floor. I didn't think --

BULLITT:

Thanks, Doctor.

Bullitt hangs up, dials quickly.

1298. INT. EMERGENCY RECEPTION AREA DESK

Delgetti is moving quickly to the phone. He takes it from the nurse.

DELGETTI:

Delgetti.

1301. INTERCUT BULLITT

on phone.

BULLITT:

I think our man is in the hospital. The inquiry was made on the first deck. He was tipped where to find Ross. Stick on the ground floor.

DELGETTI:

Got it.

He hangs up quickly, looks at people in the area. As he starts toward policeman at door, a cart containing hospital apparatus is wheeled before him, stopping him from getting to the policeman. Delgetti is pinned against the desk, forced to wait.

1303. BULLITT AT ELEVATOR, SECOND FLOOR

He is approaching the uniformed policeman on duty.

BULLITT:

Anybody out in the last few minutes?

POLICEMAN:

Couple of nurses.

BULLITT:

Cover Ross in his room. Don't let anybody in except Doctor Willard and the nurses. Nobody.

The policeman moves off. Bullitt starts away.

130K. INT. EMERGENCY AREA

Dolgetti is moving away from the policeman at the door.

130L. INT. WARD

Bullitt walks slowly down the length of the ward on the lookout. The patients are sleeping. He passes Stanton's bed. Stanton's WIFE is seated beside him. They exchange a look. He keeps walking.

130M. INT. LANDING OF STAIRWELL SECOND FLOOR

Mike reaches landing, stops, takes out something wrapped in cloth. He unwinds the cloth, revealing it is an ice pick.

130P. INT. LANDING OF STAIRWELL

Mike is wiping the handle of the ice pick free of fingerprints.

130Q. YOUNG NURSE IN CORRIDOR

She is almost at the door.

130R. MIKE ON STAIRWELL

The cloth wrapped around the handle, he now reaches to open the door.

130S. NURSE AT DOOR

She is already at the door, her hand on the knob. She opens it, before Mike can.

130T. TWO SHOT AT DOOR CLOSE

The nurse is startled to find herself confronted by Mike holding an ice pick. Mike catches a quick look beyond her, sees:

130U. OUTSIDE RENICK'S ROOM MIKE'S POV

A flash glimpse of the policeman on guard outside, the one within, and Bullitt walking toward the room. Almost simultaneously:

130V: AT STAIRWELL DOOR

The nurse screams, dropping the tray of medicines. It falls with a CRASH. Mike instantly pushes the door closed.

130W. BULLITT

at the SOUND of the scream, he takes off toward the nurse at the now closed door.

130X. INT. STAIRWELL

Mike is pounding down the stairs, the ice pick no longer in evidence. He reaches the door leading to the ground floor, opens it, sees:

130Y. DELGETTI AND POLICEMEN

at the entrance.

130Z. INT. STAIRWELL

Bullitt is pounding down the stairs.

130AA. MIKE

He closes the door, races down the stairs leading to the basement. Bullitt can be HEARD pounding down after him. Mike reaches the door, rushes through, closing it. CAMERA HOLDS on closed door, with the SOUND of Bullitt approaching fast. Bullitt appears in SHOT, yanks the door open, emerges into:

130BB. INT. LOW CORRIDOR IN BASEMENT

Festooned with series of overhanging pipes. Bullitt stops, looks to the right and the left. He sees no one. He listens. No sound. He spots a door, moves quietly and quickly toward it, tries the knob. It is locked. He moves further down the corridor, sees another door. He twists the knob. It gives way. He opens the door slowly, quietly, goes into:

130CC. INT. HOSPITAL BAKERY

Half visible in the dim light: the huge ovens, the carts, the stacks of trays behind which someone could hide. Bullitt moves in and out of the shadows, on the alert. He reaches the end of the room, stops, listens. No sound. He spots a rear exit, opens the door which leads him into:

130DD. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR BASEMENT

Also festooned with pipes. He spots a door, moves toward it. He slowly twists knob, opens door, steps into:

130EE. INT. STOREROOM

An array of hospital paraphernalia confronts him: X-Ray machines, oxygen tanks, etc., create a weird pattern, menacing in the dimly lit area. All afford a hiding place. Bullitt moves into the room, stops, listens. No sound. He continues in and out of the shadows, reaches a side door, He opens it, emerges into:

130FF. INT. INTERSECTING CORRIDOR

He spots a half-open door nearby. He moves quickly and stealthily to the door, edges beside it, then suddenly moves through it into:

130GG. INT. SMALL ROOM

It contains nothing but a chute in the center of the low-hanging ceiling. Beyond it is a window too small for a man to squeeze through. The glass is broken. As Bullitt turns, there is a sudden HISS of compressed air and a number of sheets come flying out of the chute, narrowly missing Bullitt. As he moves to the side, he sees and HEARS:

130HH. FOOTSTEPS THROUGH WINDOW BULLITT'S ANGLE

Footsteps are running past the window above. Bullitt rushes to the window, taking out his gun. He smashes what is left of the window, trying to get a look at the runner, but to no avail. Bullitt rushes out of the room.

130II. EXT. SIDE OF HOSPITAL

EARLY DAWN

Dalgetti is moving around the hospital to the right. He HEARS sound of oncoming fast footsteps. He stops, flattens himself against the wall, taking out his gun. He holds the gun down at his side. The footsteps come closer and

(CONTINUED)

130II. (Cont.)
closer. Delgetti tenses, ready for action. Bullitt appears. He sees Delgetti, who reacts with sigh of relief that he didn't fire. Bullitt throws him a look. Together they move toward the hospital entrance.

130JJ. AT ENTRANCE

As they start in, a police van pulls up, blocking their view of:

130KK. THE BLACK DODGE

The headlight covers lift open. The lights go on. The car pulls away.

130LL. EXT. FRONT OF HOSPITAL

The uniformed policeman stands looking out, in the half-light of the dawning sky.

130MM. INT. RENICK'S ROOM

Willard is bending over Renick, working under emergency duress. The oscilloscope is HEARD beeping slower.

130NN. BULLITT AT ENTRANCE

He comes in, stops, concerned by the slowness of the beep and what is transpiring. He moves to the policeman within the room.

BULLITT:

(low)

Cover the elevator.

The policeman leaves. Bullitt watches Willard, who is sweating over Renick. The oscilloscope beeps slower and slower. Bullitt glances up at the oscilloscope.

130PP. CLOSE SHOT OSCILLOSCOPE

It suddenly stops.

130QQ. INT. RENICK'S ROOM

In the heavy silence Bullitt looks at Willard, who straightens up from Renick.

(CONTINUED)

120 00 (cont.)

WILLARD:

He's gone...

Bullitt turns to the door, speaks to the policeman on duty.

BULLITT:

Have Sergeant Delgetti come up here right away. And get yourself some coffee.

The policeman leaves. Bullitt turns back into the room, sees Willard has drawn the sheet over Renick's bandaged head. He is now opening the tin folder containing the chart and making a record of the time of death, glancing at his wristwatch as he does so. Bullitt moves to the other side of the table. The dead Renick is between them.

BULLITT:

Doctor, I need your help...

WILLARD:

Yes, Lieutenant?

BULLITT:

I've got to keep the case open. If Chalmers learns Ross is gone, he'll pull the plug. I don't want your head on the block, but can you hold his death under wraps?

WILLARD:

(of tin folder containing chart)

His chart could be misplaced...

BULLITT:

(taking it)

You filed it. It's missing. I'll take the responsibility.

Delgetti comes in.

BULLITT:

Call the Coroner's office.

DELGETTI:

(of Ross)

Now it's a murder, huh?

(CONTINUED)

13000 (Cont.1)

BULLITT:

Tell the Coroner a John Doe. I
want a private unmarked ambulance.
Maximum security on the transfer.
No press release.

As Delgetti moves off, Bullitt folds the sheet back from Renick's mummy-swathed head, the action blurring the scene.

130RR. INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR

Filling the elevator: the dead Renick on a stretcher, with the sheet folded back, and a bottle of dextrose attached to the stretcher, the tube strapped to the arm, to give the illusion he is alive. Dr. Willard is beside the body, with Bullitt. Delgetti is at the door. The elevator comes to a stop. Delgetti opens the door.

BULLITT:

(to Willard).

Far as you go, Doctor.

They move off with the stretcher, leaving Willard in the elevator.

130SS. EXT. EMERGENCY ENTRANCE

DAWN

A private ambulance is waiting, with open doors. As Bullitt and Delgetti appear with the stretcher, the DRIVER and ATTENDANT take over. They lift the stretcher inside, careful not to jar the dextrose bottle loose. The attendant remains inside, adjusting the tube, evidently under the illusion Renick is alive. As the driver climbs out:

DRIVER:

Where to?

BULLITT:

The Coroner.

(at his

surprised look)

You heard right. Let's go.

The driver moves to the front. Delgetti climbs in.

130TT. INT. BLACK DODGE

Parked at a distance, and at an angle so that both Phil at the wheel, and Mike beside him can clearly see:

130UU. BULLITT THEIR POV

He is climbing into the ambulance.

130VV. INT. AMBULANCE

Bullitt is closing the door. The ambulance lurches away, with WHIL of siren.

BULLITT:

(to Delgetti)

Watch for any tail on your side.

Delgetti turns to face the window opposite Bullitt, who keeps looking out on his side.

130WV. EXT. STREET

The black Dodge now pulls after the ambulance, keeping at a distance so that it does not become apparent the ambulance is being followed.

130XX. INTERCUT AMBULANCE AND DODGE THROUGH STREETS

The WAILING SIREN and the flashing red light on top of the ambulance affords it primary passage through the traffic. It reaches:

130YY. EXT. INTERSECTION

Traffic from both sides. A TRAFFIC COP is at the intersection. He holds up his hand to let the WAILING ambulance through. It barely makes the green light, which turns red. The cop blows his whistle, waving the right-angle traffic on, which effectively blocks the intersection.

130ZE. PHIL AND MIKE INT. BLACK DODGE

Hemmed in by cars ahead and those crossing. They exchange looks, knowing they have lost:

130AAA. AMBULANCE

speeding off in the distance.

131. INT. BULLITT'S APARTMENT MORNING

Bullitt comes in, sees Cathy asleep on the bed. He stands for a moment looking down at her face, reposed in sleep, her hair spread over the pillow. Quietly, so as not to wake her, he moves to the bathroom, undoing his tie as he goes. In the bathroom, he looks at himself in the mirror: a long look. The eyes are tired and somewhat bloodshot, showing the strain of the night.

131A. OMITTED.

131B. EXT. HOSPITAL MAIN ENTRANCE MORNING

Chalmers' Lincoln Continental and a prowl car pull up in front of the hospital. An AIDE jumps out, opens the rear door. Chalmers emerges, followed by Joe Wescott and a NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPHER.

From the prowl car, CAPTAIN BAKER gets out, followed by two SOLO BIKEMEN in uniform: black leather jackets, boots, helmets. They move after Chalmers into the hospital, the clicking boots of the Solo Bikers clearly distinctive.

131C. INT. CORRIDOR LEADING TO RENICK'S ROOM

Led by Chalmers, the group reaches Renick's room. There is no guard on duty. The two Solo Bikers remain at the door while the rest go into:

131D. INT. RENICK'S ROOM

Chalmers reacts at seeing a WOMAN PATIENT in the bed. A different NURSE is on duty. Chalmers turns to Wescott.

CHALMERS:

Sorry. He's been transferred to another room.

All step aside. He leads the way out.

CHALMERS:

(to aide)

See if Doctor Willard's still in the hospital.

131E. CENTRAL DESK

A NURSE looks up from her paper work as Chalmers and his entourage approach, step before her. Wescott and the photographer remain in the b.g., do not hear:

CHALMERS:

Where can I find Mr. Ross? The gunshot patient? He was brought in last night.

NURSE:

I'll check.

She looks at a sheet, then up at Chalmers.

NURSE:

(indicating)

He's in Intensive Care -- that last room --

CHALMERS:

He isn't there. He's been moved.

NURSE:

(looking again at sheet)

I'm sorry. There's no such record.

Chalmers exchanges look with Baker.

CHALMERS:

May I speak to your Supervisor, please.

NURSE:

I'm afraid she's busy at the moment.

CHALMERS:

I would be very grateful if you told her Walter Chalmers wishes to see her. Immediately. It's very urgent.

NURSE:

Yes, Mr. Chalmers.

She moves into cubicle. Chalmers glances at Wescott and the photographer. The latter is taking a camera out of a case, and attaching a flash bulb, getting ready for work. Chalmers turns as MRS. FRANCIS, a brisk career woman in her forties, appears with the nurse. Before she can speak:

CHALMERS:

I wanted Miss Deering.

(CONTINUED)

131E (Cont.)

MRS. FRANCIS:

The night supervisor went off duty
an hour ago. I'm Mrs. Francis.
May I help you?

CHALMERS:

You may indeed. There was a patient
here. A Mr. Johnny Ross. He seems
to have disappeared suddenly.

MRS. FRANCIS:

Disappeared?

CHALMERS:

He's not in his room, and there seems
to be no record of his whereabouts
in the hospital.

MRS. FRANCIS:

But that's impossible.

CHALMERS:

May we see his medical chart, please.

MRS. FRANCIS:

I'm sorry, but hospital regulations --

CHALMERS:

It is an official police request,
is it not, Captain Baker?

BAKER:

Official.

He flashes his badge, a big one, in a special case. One
of the aides is moving to Chalmers.

MRS. FRANCIS:

Yes, Captain.

She goes to the master file. The aide has reached
Chalmers.

CHALMERS:

Well?

AIDE:

Dr. Willard has gone off duty.

CHALMERS:

Call him at home.

(to second aide)

Get Lieutenant Bullitt on the phone.

Both aides move off.

(CONTINUED)

131E (Cont.1)

Mrs. Francis turns from the file. As she goes to Chalmers:

MRS. FRANCIS:

I'm sorry, but I can't find Mr. Ross's medical chart. It's evidently been misplaced.

CHALMERS:

Or appropriated.

MRS. FRANCIS:

Appropriated?

CHALMERS:

I'll have the Administrator follow through. Thank you.

He moves with Baker to Wescott and the photographer. The latter is now ready with his equipment.

CHALMERS:

(easily)

Joe, I'm terribly sorry, but there's been some medical complication with regard to my witness. I'm afraid I'll have to forego that bedside picture, much as it would have compensated for his inability to testify tomorrow. But I can hardly force the issue, in all decency.

WESCOTT:

Does this mean your surprise witness will not be able to make any statement?

CHALMERS:

He was near death when they brought him here. Now you can understand my reason for secrecy, in view of the attempt on his life.

He breaks off as:

AIDE:

(at phone)

Excuse me, Mr. Chalmers. Dr. Willard doesn't answer.

CHALMERS:

Keep trying.

(CONTINUED)

131E (Cont.2)

He turns back to Wescott.

WESCOTT:

I'd like to ask one question, if I may. Yesterday I saw you with Lieutenant Bullitt. Can I take it he was the officer in charge of protecting the witness?

CHALMERS:

(Disarmingly)

I'd rather not comment on that as yet. I'll call you, should there be any change..

He smiles farewell as Wescott and the photographer take their leave, going toward the elevator. Chalmers turns to Baker. The smile is gone.

CHALMERS:

(with contained anger,
to Baker)

Get a complete list of the night staff who might have been involved in helping Bullitt spirit Johnny Ross out of here. I'm certain he grabbed my witness -- for his personal aggrandizement.

BAKER:

I'll lay odds on it.

CHALMERS:

And find Ross.

BAKER:

I'll get on it right away --

He turns. Before he can leave with his two Solo Bikemen, he is stopped by:

AIDE:

Mr. Chalmers, I have Lieutenant Bullitt.

Baker turns, sees Chalmers grab the phone from the aide. With contained fury:

CHALMERS:

(into phone)

Where is my witness?

131F. INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

131F.

Bullitt is wearing a robe, drying face with towel. He has evidently been interrupted while taking a shower. Cathy is not visible in angle of shot.

BULLITT:
(into phone)
I've got him.

131G. CHARLES AND BAKER IN HOSPITAL

131G.
(SHOT AS
131*)

As Chalmers insists:

CHALMERS:
(into phone)
Well, where is he?

131H. INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

131H.

Bullitt finishes drying face, doesn't answer.

131J. CHALMERS AND BAKER - IN HOSPITAL

131J.
(SHOT AS
131*)

CHALMERS:
(into phone)
Are you going to tell me or not?

131K. INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

131K.

BULLITT:
(into phone)
I can't tell you at the present
time.

131L. CHALMERS AND BAKER - IN HOSPITAL

131L.
(SBOT AS
131*)

CHALMERS:
(into phone)
Captain Baker wants a word with you.

He hands Baker the phone.

BAKER:
(into phone)
Now listen, Lieutenant --

131M. INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

131M.

Bullitt drops phone on cradle.

131M. CHALMERS AND BAKER IN HOSPITAL

131M.
(SHOT AS
131G)

Baker reacts to SOUND of click, followed by free line signal. The WHINE underscores:

CHALMERS:

Nail him. I want him written off.

BAKER:

No problem.

He hangs up.

131N. INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

131N.

Bullitt stands looking down at the phone, in thought. Cathy appears in doorway leading to living room. She is dressed in one of Bullitt's robes: it's far too large for her, giving her a gamin-like appearance. She carries a plate of bacon-and-eggs in one hand, a bowl of dry cereal in the other.

CATHY:

Breakfast.

BULLITT:

No thanks...

She stands for a moment looking at him, as he remains in thought. Respecting his silence, she turns into:

131P. WITH CATHY IN LIVING ROOM

131P.

She puts cereal down on chest. Then holding the plate of bacon-and-eggs, she goes into:

131Q. INT. KITCHEN

131Q.

Cathy reaches sink, scrapes the bacon-and-eggs out of dish into paper bag, puts the plate into the sink. She disconnects perking coffee pot, picks up cup.

131R. INT. BULLITT'S BEDROOM

131R.

Bullitt is getting dressed. His trousers and jersey are on. He is now slipping into sweater. Cathy appears, with pot and cup in hand.

CATHY:

Coffee?

(CONTINUED)

131R (Cont.)

131R.

Bullitt nods. As she puts cup down and pours, she sees him go to night table, open drawer, take out the gun and holster, slip it on his shoulder. Trying to hide her concern, she places cup of coffee on headboard where he can reach it, turns with pot and moves into living room. The gun on, Bullitt opens wardrobe, takes out jacket, gets into it. Then he reaches for cup of coffee. As he sips it quickly, his eyes go to:

131S. CATHY AT LIVING ROOM TABLE

131S.

She has taken the bowl of cereal from the chest and is trying to concentrate on eating, while her eyes are on Bullitt.

131T. INT. LIVING ROOM

131T.

Bullitt appears with empty cup, moves to table, puts it down. He then kisses Cathy on cheek.

BULLITT:

Thank you.

CATHY:

What for?

He smiles down at her. After a moment, she returns the smile. He turns and starts out.

132-
133.

OMITTED..

132-
133.

134. INT. DANIELS HOTEL CORRIDOR DAY
(226 Embarcadero)

134.

A policeman stands outside the room in which Renick was shot. Bullitt walks down the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

134. (Cont.)

BULLITT:
I'm going to check around.

POLICEMAN:
Okay, Lieutenant.

He lets Bullitt into the room.

135. INT. RENICK'S ROOM HOTEL DANIELS

Bullitt comes in, eyes it carefully, takes in: the marks showing where the bodies were found, the powdered fingerprints, the powder on the blood splotchee on the floor, bed, and wall behind the bed. The SNARL of traffic underscores the silence in the room. Bullitt ponders, looks at the unbroken chain. He closes the door, slides the chain into the slot, then opens the door. The chain holds, an effective barrier. Slowly, giving this aspect much thought, Bullitt closes the door, undoes the chain, drops it. It hits the door jamb with a metallic CLINK, comes to rest. Worried, unable to fathom it, Bullitt starts out, closing the door behind him.

136. INT. DANIELS HOTEL - RECEPTION DESK

Delgetti is standing at the desk, with an identicate kit before him. Behind the desk is the old Desk Clerk, with his head bandaged where it was last seen bleeding.

DELGETTI:
(patiently)
Now think back. To the time the two first came in and you saw them. Anything you can remember --

The Desk Clerk keeps shrugging, during:

DELGETTI:
(patiently)
-- anything. Were they taller than me? Shorter? Heavier? Thinner? Darker? Lighter?

Bullitt appears from the direction of the elevator, and reaches the desk during:

DESK CLERK:
Like I said -- they hit me before I got a look at them. I don't remember nothing about them, nothing.

(CONTINUED)

DELGETTI:
Start remembering.

DESK CLERK:
I can't. And that's the honest truth.

BULLITT:
Take him downtown.

Delgetti turns to Bullitt. Both completely ignore the Desk Clerk, who becomes increasingly edgy during:

DELGETTI:
Lieutenant, give him a chance,
will you? He's trying.

BULLITT:
But not hard enough.

DELGETTI:
It'll come to him.

BULLITT:
You're wasting time. I said bring
him downtown.

DELGETTI:
Look, Lieutenant --

BULLITT:
Come on. Now.

Delgetti gives up, turns to the Desk Clerk.

DELGETTI:
Guess you better call your boss.
You get to take time off. And you
could be awhile.

DESK CLERK:
(playing his game)
Wait -- one thing -- yeah -- one
thing -- about the guy who hit me --
he had -- well -- it was kind of
a square face. Yeah, square.

Delgetti starts forming the identicate, pulling the plastic sheets out of the box to correspond with:

DELGETTI:
Like this?

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.1)

DESK CLERK:
Thinner... That's it.

Bullitt stands observing the silence as Delgetti sets the sheet in place:

DELGETTI:
(to Desk Clerk)
Now it's coming back, let's go to the guy in 634. No luggage.

DESK CLERK:
That's right, sir.

DELGETTI:
And he didn't store anything.

DESK CLERK:
No, sir.

DELGETTI:
He came in empty... which means you gave him a good look-over.

DESK CLERK:
Always do. They're the ones I give the eye to.

DELGETTI:
Then you saw how he arrived.

DESK CLERK:
Sure did. In a cab.

DELGETTI:
What line?

DESK CLERK:
A Sunshine Cab.

Bullitt and Delgetti exchange looks.

BULLITT:
(to Delgetti)
Check with you later.

He starts out quickly. Delgetti turns to the Desk Clerk, shoving the identicate closer to him.

DELGETTI:
How old was he?

(CONTINUED)

136 (Cont.)

DESK CLERK:

About fifty.

Delgetti pulls out sheet, overlays it on the first one.

DELGETTI:

How about the hair --

DESK CLERK:

(rattling it off)

Gray. Getting bald. Bald at the sides. No -- no -- balder --

Delgetti is changing the plastic sheets fast, trying to keep up with him.

DESK CLERK:

-- and not that much on top. His eyes -- they were blue -- and pretty far apart -- and his nose --

DELGETTI:

Hold it -- stay with the hair --

DESK CLERK:

(of sheet just pulled)

That's it, now you got it!

(eagerly)

Am I helping you, Sergeant?

DELGETTI:

I never had it so good.

He reaches into the box, pulls out a sheet with eyes.

137. OMITTED.

138. EXT. AUTOMATIC CAR WASH

CLOSEUP overhead spray pipe. Streams of water pour down on a Sunshine Cab. Two men work on the car as it emerges from the sprayers.

139. INT. AUTOMATIC CAR WASH

Weissberg, dressed casually for his day off, is in the walkway, following the car as it moves through the various

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.)

stages of being washed and dried. After the HISS of steam which hits the tires subsides, and the car reaches the drying stage where it is comparatively quiet, Weissberg hears:

BULLITT'S VOICE:

(O.S.)
Mr. Weissberg?

Weissberg turns, sees Bullitt standing at the end of the drying area nearby. As Bullitt comes around:

BULLITT:

I just want a few minutes of your time.

(reaching into pocket)
I'm from the police.

Before Bullitt can take out his badge:

WEISSBERG:

I spotted you. Already you're on me, on my day off.

BULLITT:

Sorry about that, but I want to ask you about a fare you carried yesterday. Your trip sheet shows you picked up somebody at the airport at 3:45 P.M. and dropped him at the Daniels Hotel at 4:30... Do you remember if he made any stops in between?

WEISSBERG:

Yeah.

Bullitt waits for him to continue. When he doesn't:

BULLITT:

How many?

WEISSBERG:

A couple.

The cab is now ready to be driven away.

BULLITT:

Let's hit these stops. You'll be taken care of.

(CONTINUED)

139 (Cont.)

Weissberg nods, starts toward rear door to open it.
Bullitt does so himself.

BULLITT:

I've got it.

Weissberg throws him a look, moves toward the front of the cab, gets in.

140. INT. MARK HOPKINS HOTEL DAY

Weissberg's cab is pulling up toward the entrance.

141. INT. CAB

Bullitt leans forward, to speak to Weissberg.

BULLITT:

(surprised)

He went into the Mark?

Weissberg nods.

BULLITT:

For how long?

WEISSBERG:

About a minute.

The cab steps before the entrance. There is a different doorman on duty now. As the latter opens the door for Bullitt to get out:

BULLITT:

(to Weissberg)

I won't be long.

The door is shut behind him.

142. EXT. PHONE BOOTH UNION SQUARE
(GEARY AND TAYLOR STREETS)

Shooting toward Weissberg's cab, which is seen driving toward it. The cab stops near the booth. Bullitt gets out, goes into:

(CONTINUED)

143. INT. PHONE BOOTH UNION SQUARE
(GEARY AND TAYLOR STREETS)

Bullitt inserts a dime and dials. After several rings:

EDDY'S VOICE:

Hello.

BULLITT:

Eddy?

EDDY'S VOICE:

Oh, hello, Frank.

BULLITT:

Dues time. I need some information.
A Johnny Ross, from Chicago.

EDDY'S VOICE:

Give me a half hour. Meet you at
Enrico's.

BULLITT:

See you.

He hangs up, starts out of the booth.

144. EXT. UNION SQUARE
(GEARY AND TAYLOR STREETS)

Bullitt moves back to the cab.

145. OMITTED.

145A. INT. CAB

Bullitt gets in, sits down. He waits for Weissberg to
start the motor. Instead:

WEISSBERG:

Two ...

BULLITT:

Two?

WEISSBERG:

Calls ...

(CONTINUED)

145A (Cont.)

145A

He half-turns in his seat, the first friendly gesture.

WEISSBERG:

He called twice. The second was long distance.

BULLITT:

How do you know it was long distance?

WEISSBERG:

He put in a lot of change...

He looks at Bullitt for approbation for his detective work. Bullitt returns the look with a smile, leaves the cab quickly, starts back toward phone booth:

145B. EXT. STREET UNION SQUARE

145B.

The black Dodge is parked. A TRAFFIC POLICEMAN stops before the front window.

TRAFFIC POLICEMAN:

(leaning into window)

This is a no-parking zone. You'll have to move on.

The Dodge's motor starts. The car pulls out into the street.

145C. EXT. DODGE MOVING SHOT

145C.

The Dodge drives slowly in the direction of the phone booth. As it passes the phone booth, CAMERA PANS around for:

145D. BULLITT IN PHONE BOOTH

145D.

He is seen speaking urgently into the phone.

146. EXT. GRACE CATHEDRAL
(CALIFORNIA STREET SIDE)

DAY

146.

The street is a solid line of parked cars. Bennet is helping his wife out of the front seat of their car. His two boys, Paul and Tony, come out of the back seat. Though they wear long hair, they are immaculately dressed in the Sunday suits. They move toward cathedral steps.

146A. CHALMERS ON LANDING

146A.

standing framed against the Gothic arches, waiting. He sees Bennet and his family, starts forward.

146B. BENNET AND FAMILY MOVING SHOT

146B.

As they reach the landing, Bennet reacts to the unexpected presence of Chalmers, who is approaching. Knowing it can only presage trouble, Bennet hides his misgivings from his family as they stop on:

146C. EXT. LANDING GRACE CATHEDRAL

146C.

Chalmers extends hand to Bennet, which the latter shakes, during:

CHALMERS:

(warmly)

Good morning, Sam.

Before Bennet can acknowledge the greeting, Chalmers turns his charm on Mrs. Bennet.

CHALMERS:

I don't believe I've had the pleasure...

BENNET:

Mr. Chalmers, my wife Mrs. Bennet.
And my sons Paul and Tony.

CHALMERS:

(turning smile
on them)

Hello... .

MRS. BENNET:

How do you do, Mr. Chalmers.

The two boys nod, eyeing him: an appraising look which cuts through the veneer. Chalmers takes refuge in speaking to Mrs. Bennet:

CHALMERS:

(with smile)

I won't detain your husband but a moment. I promise.

She turns and moves toward the next landing, which leads to the open doors of the cathedral. Paul and Tony flank her, assisting her up the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

146C (Cont.)

146C

CHALMERS:

It must be quite a strain, raising children in today's madcap world. I presume they're college students.

BENNET:

Yes.

CHALMERS:

Sending two boys to a University. I can well imagine the financial strain, on the salary of a Captain...
(smoothly)

No reason why a man of your potential shouldn't move up, given the proper support.

Their looks hold. Then Bennet glances toward the cathedral doorway, beside which his family can be seen looking down at the pair.

BENNET:

My family's waiting, Mr. Chalmers.

With the rejection of the implicit alliance:

CHALMERS:

(change of tone)

Bullitt abducted my witness. Removed him from the hospital.

BENNET:

As his superior officer, I've given him complete charge of the case. If he's moving Ross around, it's for a reason.

CHALMERS:

You mean you won't order him to reveal where he's keeping my witness?

BENNET:

It's his case, Mr. Chalmers.

Chalmers turns, signals:

146D. AIDES SHOOTING TOWARD MASONIC TEMPLE
(1101 CALIFORNIA STREET)

146D.

The aides are standing at opposite ends of the Lincoln Continental, outlined against the looming Masonic Temple across the street: sterile, modern, impersonal. Both aides now stride quickly toward:

146E. EXT. CATHEDRAL STEPS (TAYLOR STREET) 146E.

They stand on either side of Chalmers, looking on without expression as Chalmers turns back to Bennet.

146F. BENNET'S FAMILY FRAMED IN CHURCH DOORWAY 146F.

Looking down, they see and react to:

146G. LONG SHOT CHALMERS, AIDES AND BENNET THEIR POV 146G.

Chalmers is taking a document out of the inner pocket of his jacket.

146H. EXT. CATHEDRAL STEPS 146H.

Chalmers is thrusting the triple-folded document into Bennet's hand.

CHALMERS:

Captain, I am serving you with a Writ of Habeas Corpus, making you responsible for the delivery of Ross.

(of aides)

Duly observed you received it.

(with deadly precision)

I need that witness. To prove his very existence. I will not be accused of making false promises for the sake of cheap sensationalism. Compromised by your Lieutenant. Castrated --

He breaks off as Paul, the older of Bennet's sons, suddenly appears at his side.

CHALMERS:

(to Paul)

Will you excuse us for a minute?

PAUL BENNET:

Dad, Mom's waiting.

Chalmers looks at the boy, then wheels and moves off, followed by his aides. Bennet puts the Writ into his inner pocket.

CAMERA PULLS BACK for:

146J. EXT. CATHEDRAL FULL SHOT 146J.
(TAYLOR AND CALIFORNIA STREETS)

We now see the full height of the vaulting arches towering over Bennet and the boy as both move to join the rest of the family. Together, all go into the cathedral.

147. EXT. BROADWAY DAY 147.
(400 BLOCK)

Weissberg's cab pulls up east of Enrico's, into the only available parking spot. Bullitt is seen getting out.

147A. WITH BULLITT MOVING SHOT 147A.
(TOWARD 504 BROADWAY)

He walks toward Enrico's, crosses Kearny Street which is adjacent to it. The street is extremely steep, with stone ledges on both sides. Climbing down and up the steps are CHINESE SCHOOL CHILDREN, chattering and laughing happily. Bullitt crosses, reaches the front of Enrico's.

148. INT. ENRICO'S 148.
(504 BROADWAY)

Decorated in baroque French-Italian style. Several MEN and WOMEN, ranging from twenty to thirty years in age, sit at the bar, drinking. They are dressed in North Beach fashion. In the b.g. Bullitt can be seen walking through the outside cafe, and entering the main area. He looks around, spots:

148A. EDDY AND GIRL AT TABLE

which is topped by a large patio-type umbrella. EDDY is Bullitt's age, but there the similarity ends. He sports a distinctive beard, wears large yellow sunglasses, is dressed in very expensive sportswear. There is no feeling of the sleazy informer in his manner or speech: he is extremely fastidious, with an air of intellectual superiority. The very pretty GIRL drinking coffee with him is dressed in a fashionable miniskirt and ballet hose. They turn at the sound of:

BULLITT'S VOICE:

(O.S.)

Hello, Eddy. Sheila.

(CONTINUED)

148A (Cont.)

148A

Bullitt appears in SHOT.

EDDY:

Frank!

They shake hands.

SHEILA:

(warmly)

Hi.

(starting to get up)

I'll get you some coffee --

BULLITT:

Thanks, but I've got to get rolling.

SHEILA:

(to Eddy)

I'll wait here.

BULLITT:

It shouldn't take long. Goodbye,
Sheila.

They exchange smiles: a friendship of long standing.
Bullitt and Eddy turn away, exit onto:

148B. EXT. CAFE SECTION ENRICO'S

148B.

They thread their way through the tables, where several
COLLEGE STUDENTS are seated over coffee and open textbooks.
They reach:

149. EXT. BROADWAY
(500 BLOCK)

149.

They walk west, past the numerous Topless Bars, and signs
proclaiming the specialties of the area:

TOPLESS COEDS!

And:

ALL GIRL TOPLESS BAND!

During:

EDDY:

According to my sources, the
Organization -- Chicago branch --
caught Johnny Ross with his hand
in the till. They estimate he
siphoned off close to two million
dollars, while running their

(CONTINUED)

... EDDY: (CONT.)
 wire service... The story is the
 Organization tried to dispose of him
 Friday night, in Chicago.

Bullitt reacts thoughtfully. This is not the answer he
 expected.

BULLITT:
 Chicago?...

EDDY:
 (nodding)
 He got away, unharmed. They believe
 he's hiding here, in town.

They have reached the corner. Bullitt stops, turns to
 Eddy for the all-important answer:

BULLITT:
 You mean they know he's here, but
 can't find him?
 (Eddy nods)
 How old is the talk, Eddy?

EDDY:
 (glancing at watch)
 Four hours. The Organization's looking
 all over for him. They're even staked
 out at the docks and the airport,
 should he try to get out of the country
 to enjoy the fruit of his embezzlement.

Bullitt ponders the implications. Eddy waits, respecting
 his silent cogitation. After a moment:

BULLITT:
 Anybody else trying to make a hit?

EDDY:
 I didn't hear of any such likelihood.

Stymied, Bullitt turns, starts back the way they came,
 with Eddy beside him.

BULLITT:
 What about his brother Pete?

EDDY:
 He's in the clear.

(CONTINUED)

BULLITT:

Chalmers...

(at Eddy's look)

And Johnny Ross. Hear of any connection?

Eddy shakes his head slowly, in the negative.

EDDY:

Chalmers... that's heavy, Frank...

They have reached Enrico's.

149A. EXT. ENRICO'S

149A.

Bullitt stops, extends his hand.

BULLITT:

So long, Eddy. You've been of great help. Anything I can do for you...

EDDY:

Well, there is something.

(answering look)

Remember Zash-zhoe?

(Bullitt nods)

They gave him three to five.

BULLITT:

What's he in for?

EDDY:

Receiver of stolen property. If you could --

BULLITT:

I'll try.

EDDY:

Thanks, Frank.

He moves into the cafe. Bullitt starts toward Weissberg's cab.

150-
155. OMITTED.150-
155.

155A. EXT. CAR WASH

DAY

155A.

Weissberg's cab pulls up into the parking area, leaves the motor running. Bullitt hands him a bill, gets out.

(CONTINUED)

155A (Cont.)

155A

BULLITT:

Here you go.

Weissberg ignores the proffered money.

WEISSBERG:

Take care, Lieutenant.

Weissberg drives off. Bullitt puts money back into pocket, stands immobile for a moment, pondering. Then he moves to:

155B. EXT. STREET

155B.

where his Mustang is parked. As he gets into his car,
PAN AROUND FOR:

155C. THE DODGE

155C.

It drifts into SHOT further up the street.

155D. INT. BULLITT'S MUSTANG

155D.

He glances at rearview mirror as he is about to turn on the ignition, reacts to:

155E. DODGE IN REARVIEW MIRROR

155E.

It is pulling to a stop. No one is seen getting out.

155F. INT. BULLITT'S MUSTANG

155F.

His suspicions now definitely aroused, he fastens his safety belt with a CLICK of metal. He starts the car, heads down the street, turns a corner.

155G. EXT. STREET

155G.

The Dodge pulls out and starts to follow slowly.

155H. INT. DODGE SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD

155H.

It rounds the corner. There is no sign of the Mustang. The Dodge speeds up, turns into:

155I. ANOTHER STREET SHOOTING FROM WITHIN DODGE 155I.

Now we see Mike the killer beside Phil the driver. In the rearview mirror, Mike spots:

155J. BULLITT'S MUSTANG THROUGH REARVIEW MIRROR 155J.

turning the corner, following them.

155K. INT. DODGE 155K.

Mike indicates mirror. He snaps on his safety belt. Phil glances at mirror, snaps on his belt with one hand, while driving with the other. He increases his speed to make certain they are being followed. He reaches intersection:

155L. INT. INTERSECTION 155L.

The Dodge takes a sharp left at high speed. Bullitt's Mustang follows, but still at some distance.

155M. EXT. STREET 155M.

The Dodge is approaching another intersection. This one contains a light. It is green.

155N. INT. DODGE 155N.

Phil slows down deliberately, then suddenly Phil accelerates:

155P. INT. BULLITT'S MUSTANG SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD 155P.

He sees the Dodge speeding across the intersection, just as the light changes to red. Bullitt accelerates with a burst of speed. As he nears the intersection, a big truck starts to cross it from the right. Bullitt twists sharply, just managing to get past the truck by inches.

155Q. INT. DODGE 155Q.

Phil glances at the rearview mirror, while Mike looks back and sees:

155R. BULLITT'S MUSTANG 155R.

It is past the intersection, and speeding after them.

155S. INT. DODGE

155S.

Phil and Mike exchange looks. They now know definitely they are being pursued.

155T. CLOSE SHOT MIKE

155T.

He reaches down and from beneath the seat he takes out the two halves of the pump gun. He begins to assemble it quickly. He is thrust sharply to the right as:

155U. EXT. DODGE

155U.

It executes a fast right turn at the corner.

155V. EXT. STREET BULLITT'S MUSTANG

155V.

It speeds down the street, corners fast.

156. EXT. HILL SAN FRANCISCO

DAY

156.

The Dodge appears fast over the top of the hill, whips down toward the flat intersection. In the b.g. Bullitt's Mustang tops the hill just as the Dodge hits the intersection. Like a ski jump, Bullitt's Mustang takes off and flies through the air, landing with a sickening thump.

157. INT. BULLITT'S MUSTANG

DAY

157.

SHOOTING OVER BULLITT'S SHOULDERS we see the intersection rushing to meet us. The car hits it and takes off, lands again. Ahead the Dodge takes a sharp lefthand turn.

158. EXT. HILL SAN FRANCISCO

DAY

158.

The Dodge appears a quarter of the way down the hill and turns up in our direction just avoiding two cars that are preceding down the hill. The Mustang slides the corner in pursuit and finds one of the cars right in its line. The Mustang manages to flick its tail and pass between the two cars. But it has dropped back a bit.

159. EXT. PEAK OF HILL SAN FRANCISCO

DAY

159.

The Dodge tops the hill but is immediately plunged straight down again as the road leads downhill.

160. INT. DODGE 160.
The driver fights to control his large car. Beside him:
- 160A. CLOSE SHOT MIKE 160A.
The pump gun now assembled, he is trying to load it with cartridge. The rough ride makes it difficult, but he succeeds in ramming one shell, then another, into the chamber. He drops the next shell as:
161. EXT. DOWNHILL CURVE DAY 161.
The Dodge swirls down a narrow road that leads toward the harbor. The Mustang is beginning to gain again.
162. EXT. CROSSROADS DAY 162.
The Dodge tries to make a righthand turn as it comes down the fast hill but the driver loses control and the Dodge spins out backwards and on down the hill. The Mustang, which has now closed considerably, has to take avoiding action so as not to hit the Dodge head on. In doing so, it goes past the Dodge and as the Dodge's driver regains control and accelerates back up the hill, again Bullitt is forced to execute a spin turn to get after him.
163. EXT. ROAD LEADING TOWARD GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE DAY 163.
The Dodge is now ahead of the Mustang as it accelerates hard down a straight hill toward the bridge, the Mustang in pursuit.
164. INT. MUSTANG DAY 164.
Bullitt jerks the engine up into top speed as the revs peak in 3rd gear.
165. EXT. TOLL GATE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE DAY 165.
All is quiet. One or two cars are passing through the toll gate. Round the corner comes the Dodge. It heads straight for the toll gate. One of the toll collectors suddenly sees it coming and starts to move forward to stop it. He realizes that it is not going to stop. He flings himself aside as the Dodge shoots through the narrow passageway with inches to spare on either side. The man turns to shout a warning.

165. INT. MUSTANG DAY 165.

OVER BULLITT'S SHOULDER as the narrow passageway comes up fast ahead. He too is through.

167. EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE DAY 167.

The Dodge really gets underway across the straight bridge, the larger engine showing its advantage on the straight. The Mustang drifts the corner, onto the bridge in pursuit.

168. INT. DODGE DAY 168.

The driver of the Dodge looks in his mirror and sees that he is pulling away from the Mustang. He smiles grimly.

168A. CLOSE SHOT MIKE 168A.

Beside the driver, ramming in the last cartridge into the chamber. He cocks the gun, ready for firing.

169. EXT. DOUBLE "S" CORNER LEADING INTO TUNNEL DAY 169.

The Mustang manages to gain a few feet on the Dodge coming through the S's as the two cars plunge into the darkness of the tunnel.

170. EXT. BENDS NEAR SAUSALITO DAY 170.

The Mustang is gaining and as two cars come drifting down the long corner we can see the Mustang inching up on the Dodge.

170A. INT. DODGE 170A.

Seeing Bullitt is gaining on the driver's side, Phil glances at Mike, who twists in his seat so he can fire through the back seat window. Phil presses the button, which causes:

170B. RIGHT SIDE REAR WINDOW 170B.

It goes down electrically. Coming into SHOT can be seen:

170C. BULLITT'S MUSTANG 170C.

Inching up nearer and nearer to the Dodge, and:

- 170D. PUMP GUN IN MIKE'S HAND 170D.
 Now waiting for the Mustang to get into the area framed by the open rear window.
171. EXT. BRIDGE 171.
 The two cars go onto the bridge, only a few car lengths apart.
172. INT. MUSTANG 172.
 Bullitt now brings the Mustang up alongside the Dodge.
- 172A. INT. DODGE FAVORING MIKE 172A.
 He fires.
- 172B. INT. MUSTANG 172B.
 The shot hits the windshield, shattering it partially, but leaving it intact on the driver's side except for the myriad cracks through which Bullitt cannot see. With no other recourse, he smashes the palm of his hand against it, breaking the loose glass away.
- 172C. EXT. BANKED CORNER 172C.
 Mike fires again. But Bullitt's weaving causes him to miss. They sweep around the corner.
- 172D. EXT. MUSTANG AND DODGE 172D.
 This time Bullitt brings the Mustang up alongside the Dodge, getting a look at:
- 172E. THE DRIVER AND MIKE THE KILLER. BULLITT'S POV 172E.
 Mike is trying to twist into position to get another shot at Bullitt's car. This causes Bullitt to:
173. BULLITT'S MUSTANG 173.
 He deliberately sideswipes the Dodge. One of his wheels breaks off, starts rolling.

174. EXT. HIGHWAY GAS STATION 174.

The Dodge spins, sideswipes a gas pump, which blows up. The car bounces, hits a group of secondhand cars. One catches fire. The others stop the now-burning Dodge.

175. WHEEL OF BULLITT'S MUSTANG 175.

It is rolling at high speed toward the intersection, hits a big truck.

176. EXT. MUSTANG ACROSS HIGHWAY 176.

It is careening across the road, narrowly misses an oncoming car, lands in a ditch.

177. EXT. MUSTANG DAY 177.

Bullitt pulls himself out of the Mustang. Two wheels are bent and a tree has punctured the radiator. He runs in the direction of the burning Dodge.

178. EXT. GAS STATION 178.

Two men run out from the office. One goes back in for a fire extinguisher. They head for the burning wreck. Bullitt comes running down in the direction of the fire. He stops as:

179. EXT. BURNING DODGE 179.

explodes in a spectacular ball of flame...

179A. EXT. POLICE STATION
(850 BRYANT)

DAY 179A.

A highway patrol car pulls into:

179B. EXT. RAMP

179B.

Bullitt is seen sitting alone in rear of car, with two UNIFORMED PATROLMEN up front. He is busy writing report. The car reaches:

180. INT. POLICE GARAGE

180.

It pulls to a stop. Bullitt within the car is hastily finishing report.

BULLITT:
(to officers)
One second...

He stuffs papers into manila envelope, opens door.

BULLITT:
Thanks.

As he steps out, holding the manila envelope, Delgetti appears. He carries small portfolio, from which he extracts a yellow card. He hands it to Bullitt, says something to him which is lost in SOUND of the police car driving toward exit ramp. Bullitt nods in response to what Delgetti has said, goes with him toward nearby door. They go through it.

180A. INT. CORRIDOR LONG SHOT

180A.

The two figures are seen walking toward double entrance doors at end of corridor. They go through doors.

180B. INT. ANTEROOM

180B.

Bullitt and Delgetti enter. They look at door to the side which is marked:

CHIEF OF INSPECTORS

The door is slightly ajar. Through it, Bullitt can see Bennet with some PLAINCLOTHESMEN. They are speaking low, their words inaudible. Bullitt goes to the door, knocks on the jamb. The door is opened from within by a PLAINCLOTHESMAN.

180c.

INT. BENNET'S OFFICE

180c.

Bullitt is revealed, framed in the doorway. The Plain-clothesmen instantly leave, passing him without a word. They have obviously been speaking about him. Bullitt enters, followed by Delgetti. Bullitt sees Baker, who has been standing behind him. Bullitt goes to wall, takes position so he can hold Bennet and Baker in view. There is dead quiet as Bennet walks up and down. Suddenly into the silence:

BENNET:

(explosively)

What the hell's going on here?
A high speed pursuit! Two men killed!
An officer in the hospital! A witness
almost murdered! I want to know what's
happening -- and I want to know now!
We've got the Department to think of.
Now let's hear it straight!

BULLITT:

Here's the report.

He hands Bennet the manila envelope. Bennet tears it open, leafs through the written report while:

BAKER:

(friendly)

A man like Chalmers could be of
great help to the Department. He
could talk for us where it counts,
fight for us in the Legislature...
You've got to turn over his witness.
Where's Ross?

Bullitt doesn't answer.

BENNET:

Tell him. That's an order.

BULLITT:

He's dead.

BENNET:

Dead?...

Long pause. Bennet and Baker exchange looks.

BULLITT:

He died last night.

BENNET:

(jolted)

After you moved him?

BULLITT:
Eafore. I've got him here under a
John Doe.

BAKER:
You're sick. Smuggling a dead man out
of a hospital. And two more men
killed who had nothing to do with it.

BULLITT:
(to Bennet)
The man I was chasing killed Ross.

BENNET:
How do you know? Did you see him?

BULLITT:
Yes. And he tried to nail me with
a shotgun. It was a Winchester pump.

BAKER:
(to Bennet)
The radio report said they were both
burned beyond identification. All
he's got is two dead men. It would
never stand up in court.

BULLITT:
That's right. But I've got a move.
And I want to make it.

He takes out the yellow card, hands it to Bennet. Bullitt
waits while:

BENNET:
(reading)
Miss Dorothy Simmons. Thunderbolt
Hotel. San Mateo...

He looks up, puzzled.

DELGETTI:
Ross called her person-to-person
from a phone booth, in Union Square.
Approximately nine hours before he
was killed.

BAKER:
(to Bennet)
So he called some girl friend. What's
that prove?

Bullitt looks at Baker, then at Bennet. With slow decision,
knowing what it portends, should Bullitt fail:

(CONTINUED)

180C (Cont.1)

180C (1)

BENNETT:

This is Sunday, Captain. I'm going to hold that writ until we come to work Monday morning...

Baker's jaw clenches in angry silence. He turns and walks out, slamming the door. There is a long pause. Bullitt stands watching Bennett, who paces.

BENNETT:

(finally)

Frank--

He sees Delgetti, breaks off, turns away.

BENNETT:

Go on...

Bullitt looks at him, then at Delgetti, turns and goes out.

180D.

INT. POLICE GARAGE

180D.

Bullitt walks to the open door. A PLAINCLOTHESMAN on duty appears.

BULLITT:

I need a car.

PLAINCLOTHESMAN:

Sorry, Lieutenant. No cars left.

SOUND of car approaching fast. Bullitt turns, sees Baker driving past him and up the ramp.

180E.

WITH BULLITT ON EXIT RAMP

180E.

He starts walking up the ramp. As he does, two Solo Bike-men pass him with roaring motorcycles, evidently with Baker.

181
THRU
184.

OMITTED.

181
THRU
184.

184A.

EXT. HIGHWAY

DAY

184A.

Cathy's Jaguar is speeding down the highway.

185.

INT. CATHY'S CAR

185.

Cathy is at the wheel. Bullitt is slumped with his head back, trying to sleep. He opens his eyes as she is forced to slow down because of the traffic.

CATHY:

Not yet...

He slumps back again and closes his eyes. The motion of the car causes him to slide away from her, toward the door. She looks at him, worried for his well being.

186-

187.

OMITTED.

186-

187.

188.

EXT. FREEWAY LEADING TO MOTEL
(THUNDERBOLT HOTEL, SAN MATEO)

DAY

188.

Cathy turns from freeway into:

188A.

EXT. MOTEL DRIVEWAY WITH CATHY'S CAR

188A.

The parking places before the driveway are all filled. Cathy drives beyond it, finds a place at the rear. It faces the driveway. She pulls into it.

188B.

EXT. CATHY'S CAR

188B.

The stopping of the car awakens Bullitt. He rubs his eyes, starts getting out.

BULLITT:

Wait here.

She nods. He starts toward the motel. She watches him, anxiously.

189.

INT. MOTEL SAN MATEO

SUNDAY

189.

The DESK CLERK beyond Bullitt is holding the phone. It can be HEARD ringing at the other end, without response.

DESK CLERK:

I'm sorry, but Miss Simmons doesn't answer.

BULLITT:

I'm from the police. What's her room number?

190. INT. MOTEL CORRIDOR SHOOTING TOWARD STAIRCASE 190.

Bullitt appears with BELLEBOY. They move into:

190A. INT. CORRIDOR 190A.

with low ceiling, and all doors closed. It has a subterranean-like appearance. They reach door partway down the corridor, stop. The Bellboy knocks. No response.

190B. CLOSE SHOT WOMAN ON BED 190B.

about 30. She is sprawled grotesquely on the daybed against the wall. Her head hangs over the side, so that her long blonde hair touches the floor. The upper half of her blouse has been partially ripped in the struggle she put up for her life. One breast is exposed. Her neck is bruised, her tongue swollen, protruding from her gaping mouth. She has obviously been strangled to death. SOUND of knock repeated at door, followed by SOUND of key being inserted in the lock.

190C. EXT. MOTEL SHOOTING THROUGH WINDSHIELD OF CATHY'S CAR 190C.

She reacts with tension as she hears SOUND of approaching siren.

190D. CATHY 190D.

She cannot see the source of the siren: the angle at which she is parked and the short driveway cuts off the motel from the freeway. The SOUND builds as does her anxious reaction to it. Then suddenly rounding the driveway:

190E. EXT. POLICE CAR CATHY'S POV 190E.

Letters over the gold shield on the door reveal it is from:

SAN MATEO COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE

The car pulls to a quick stop before the motel entrance, the siren in a dying wail. The front door opens. SULLIVAN, a San Mateo Homicide Detective gets out, followed by TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN.

190F. CATHY IN CAR 190F.

She reacts with dread as she sees them move quickly into the motel, obviously on an urgent matter. With sudden

(CONTINUED)

190F (Cont.)

190F

decision, her anxiety getting the best of her, she gets out of the car, starts toward the entrance.

190G.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY

190G.

Led by Sullivan, the two uniformed policemen are walking up the exposed staircase in the center of the lobby. As they near the top, Cathy appears. Seeing the police are on their way upstairs, she stands uncertain for a moment. Near her:

BELL CAPTAIN:

Can I help you, Miss?

She shakes head, moves to the staircase, starts up after the police. They have disappeared at the top.

190H.

INT. STAIRCASE WITH CATHY

190H.

She goes up quickly, reaches:

190I.

INT. CORRIDOR SECOND FLOOR

190I.

She sees the police walking down the corridor after Sullivan. She moves quickly after them, her footsteps inaudible because of the carpet. She reaches:

190J.

DOOR OF ROOM

190J.

Sullivan is going through door, followed by the policemen. Cathy is near enough behind them, so that through the opening door she suddenly sees the body of the dead woman O.S.

190K.

CLOSE SHOT CATHY

190K.

reacting in speechless horror.

190L.

BULLITT. IN ROOM

190L.

At the phone beside the bed, he suddenly sees Cathy in the partially open door.

BULLITT:

(into phone)

Hang on, Del.

He puts down phone quickly, starts toward door.

190M. CLOSE SHOT CATHY 190M.
looking from the body to the oncoming Bullitt.

190M./ BULLITT 190M.
He exits room, closing the door behind him.

191
THRU 191
286. OMITTED. 286.

286A. EXT. FREEWAY FROM AIRPORT TO SAN FRANCISCO BAY 286A.
Bullitt is driving the Porsche.

286B. INT. PORSCHE 286B.
Cathy is visibly disturbed. She is seen turning to him,
asking him to stop. He pulls off freeway, onto:

286C. EXT. DIRT ROAD LEADING TO BAY 286C.
Bullitt stops car.

286CA. EXT. PORSCHE 286CA.
Bullitt turns to Cathy. She sits staring directly ahead.
The SOUND of the cars and trucks passing on the nearby
freeway drowns out:

BULLITT:
(inaudible)
You've got to forget. Forget you
ever saw it.
(putting hand
on hers)
Cathy -- I know how you feel --

He breaks off as she opens the door and starts out of
car. We now can hear:

CATHY:
(audible)
You don't know. You can't.
It's routine, to you.

(CONTINUED)

286CA (Cont.)

286CA

She walks away, trying to control herself. Bullitt slides across seat, gets out of car, moves after her.

286CB. EXT. DIRT ROAD BULLITT AND CATHY

286CB.

As they walk from the car, the SOUND of the traffic behind them diminishes somewhat. The road leads to the Bay. A sense of desolation prevails in the sandy spit jutting out into the water. There is nothing pretty about it.

CATHY:

She wasn't a human being. Just part of a day's work...

She looks at him. He says nothing.

CATHY:

(with growing disturbance)

I thought I knew you. But I'm not so sure any more. If something -- something so awful doesn't affect you...

Her eyes search his in great disquietude for the truth.

CATHY:

Do you let anything reach you? Really reach you?..

(he returns look in silence)

Or are you so used to it by now, nothing touches you? Living in a sewer...day after day...

BULLITT:

(flatly)

That's where half of it is.

CATHY:

I know it's there. It's sickening -- disgusting -- the ugliness around us. I don't have to be reminded of it!.. And don't tell me it's your job... To live with violence and death -- it's a way of life... How can you be part of it, without becoming more and more callous?... Your world is so far from the world I know!.. Frank, what would happen to us, in time?

(CONTINUED)

286CB (Cont.)

286CB.

BULLITT:

Time starts now...

She looks at him, knowing this is a moment of decision. He makes no more to influence her action. She stands looking at him, eyes brimming with tears. Then suddenly she throws herself into his arms. They stand clinging to each other without moving. In the b.g. the cars keeps whizzing past on the freeway, in life's ceaseless counterpoint ...

286D. INT. CORRIDOR POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY 286D.

Bullitt and Delgetti are going through door marked:

PROPERTY CLERK'S OFFICE

RESTRICTED

286E INT. PROPERTY ROOM POLICE HEADQUARTERS DAY 286E

Behind a long counter separated from an anteroom by a screen of wire, the PROPERTY CLERK is noting items in a big ledger. Behind him stand TWO INSPECTORS.

PROPERTY CLERK:

Tell me what you got.

INSPECTOR:

One cleaver. Approximately eight inches in length.

The clerk enters it into the ledger.

PROPERTY CLERK:

(spots Bullitt and
Delgetti coming in)
Lieutenant, Miss Simmons' luggage has
just arrived from the airport.

BULLITT:

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

286E (CONT.)

286E.

The Property Clerk reaches for a manila envelope, as Bullitt takes out a transparent plastic envelope, upends it. A pearl necklace, an heirloom woman's wristwatch and four luggage stubs fall out.

PROPERTY CLERK:

Where's it from?

BULLITT:

The hotel safe.

The Property Clerk notes it on manila envelope. Bullitt takes back the four stubs, while the Clerk puts the wristwatch and necklace into the manila envelope and seals it. Bullitt signs, picks up a large manila envelope, goes through door, followed by Delgetti.

286F. INT. PROPERTY ROOM MOVING SHOT

286F.

Bullitt and Delgetti move down a long central aisle. On both sides: metal bins from floor to ceiling, stacked with vast variety of tagged evidence. They reach:

286G. CCOUNTER IN PROPERTY ROOM

286G.

On it are two new wardrobe trunks and two suitcases showing previous use. Bullitt compares stubs with luggage checks. They match. He nods to Delgetti, who looks at luggage checks on wardrobe.

DELGETTI:

(exchanging)

Checked Friday... the day before Ross called her.

Delgetti picks up wire cutter and snaps open lock of trunk, revealing woman's clothes. Careful not to leave fingerprints, Delgetti rummages quickly, finds nothing. Bullitt snaps lock of second trunk. He opens it, revealing it is full of men's clothes.

DELGETTI:

She wasn't traveling alone...

Bullitt takes out a monogrammed shirt, hands it to Delgetti.

DELGETTI:

(reading initials)

A.R... Not Simmons.

286G. (Cont.)

286G.

Bullitt and Delgetti look through clothes. Bullitt finds several traveler's checkbooks. He opens one, looks at the signatures, reacts, gives the books to Delgetti:

DELGETTI:

"Albert E. Renick and Dorothy Renick..."
(looking up;
with realization)
Renick...

Bullitt nods thoughtfully. Delgetti quickly rifles through checkbooks. All are in large denominations.

DELGETTI:

Thirty thousand...

Delgetti snaps open the first suitcase. It contains man's stuff. He lifts out hairbrush, careful not to leave fingerprints, and places it on counter. Bullitt is snapping lock of remaining suitcase. On top of woman's articles are some travel brochures. He looks at the covers quickly. Each contains a familiar landmark of Rome: the Forum, the Coliseum, etc. All are stamped with the same travel agency. Bullitt hands Delgetti the brochures.

DELGETTI:

Rome...
(reading stamped
letters)
"Dearborn Travel Agency, Chicago..."
But no tickets or passports...
whoever murdered her must have taken
them.

Bullitt nods.

BULLITT:

Call Immigration in Chicago. Have
them wire the Renick passport appli-
cations. I'll get a fingerprint check
on Ross.

He start out.

287
THRU
312.

OMITTED

287
THRU
312.

313. INT. POLICE MORGUE

313.

Seven porcelain tables, over which microphones are suspended. The six tables in the foreground are occupied by covered corpses. We see only their feet: some white, some Negro. The AUTOPSY SURGEON stands before the last table, bent over the head of Renick, probing. He is dictating litany-like into the suspended machine, above which a red light burns. A FEMALE ATTENDANT is taking the finger-and-palmprints of Renick.

Bullitt comes in, moves along the length of morgue, with the O.S. VOICE of the Autopsy Surgeon droning on without pause. Bullitt stops at rear wall, looks at the Female Attendant, waiting for her to finish. His attention is drawn to SOUND of entrance door opening. He reacts as he looks off and sees Chalmers and Baker appear, move toward autopsy table. They look at Bullitt, reach the table and stop. The Surgeon keeps droning on as Chalmers glances down at Renick. Chalmers reacts, sick. He looks at Bullitt, who doesn't budge. Chalmers is forced to move with Baker to the rear door. They step on the rubber mat. The doors open electrically. Both exit. As they do, the Female Attendant goes to Bullitt, hands him the card containing the finger-and-palmprints taken from the hands of the dead man. Bullitt moves toward the exit doors, pocketing the card.

314. INT. CORRIDOR OTHER SIDE OF DOOR

314.

They spring open. Bullitt goes through. The doors SLAP shut behind them. Before he can proceed, he finds himself confronted by Chalmers. Baker remains in the background, with one aide.

(CONTINUED)

CHALMERS:

I understand that Captain Bennet has given you until Monday morning to comply with my Habeas Corpus. But I want your signed admission Ross died while he was in your custody.

BULLITT:

When I'm ready.

A FEMALE CLERK has appeared during the above. She stands waiting.

BULLITT:

(to Clerk)

Yes?

CLERK:

Lieutenant, your photographs are coming through.

CHALMERS:

I've had enough of this. I demand your signed statement now.

BULLITT:

(to Clerk)

Thank you. I'm on my way up.

(to Chalmers)

Excuse me.

He moves past Baker and the aide.

315. INT. PHOTO TRANSMISSION ROOM COMMUNICATIONS CENTER 315.
POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Bullitt watches as OPERATOR stands before Xerox machine where a passport application and small photo is forming, with enlargement. Through the glass walls of the room, the main Communications Room can be seen: an electronic board showing positions of various units, ARMED POLICEMEN at telephone panel, steel blinds drawn for maximum security. For a moment only the noise of the machine is HEARD. Then as the murdered woman's picture emerges, Bullitt tears it out.

OPERATOR:

Is that her?

Bullitt nods, the door opens. Bullitt looks from picture, sees Baker, Bennet and Chalmers enter. Bullitt looks back to the machine, which has resumed operating.

316. CHALMERS, BAKER AND BENNET

316.

looking on, waiting.

317. INT. PHOTO TRANSMISSION ROOM

317.

The second application and photo enlargement has formed. The machine stops. Bullitt tears out the sheet. He glances at the application and picture, hands it to Bennet. Chalmers looks over Bennet's shoulder.

CHALMERS:

Ross?...

Slowly, trying to piece it together:

BENNET:

(from sheet)

Al Renick...a used car salesman...
from Chicago...

CHALMERS:

Who's Renick?

BULLITT:

The man shot in the Daniels Hotel.
You sent us to guard the wrong man,
Mr. Chalmers. It was a set-up.

He sees Delgetti appear in the main section of the Communications Room. Bullitt starts out, leaving the three looking after him.

317A. INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM MAIN SECTION

317A.

Bullitt enters, turns to his right where an OFFICER is seated at another panel. He takes out the finger-and-palmprint card, hands it to him.

BULLITT:

Check them through.

He moves past the Teletype Section toward Delgetti under the electronic board. Behind them, visible through the glass walls, Chalmers, Baker and Bennet are seen exiting. The BABBLE of voices coming in through the little loud-speaker on the telephone panel underscores:

DELGETTI:

Mrs. Dorothy Renick and Mr. Al Renick
have reservations on the seven o'clock
flight tonight for Rome. Separate
tickets. Not confirmed. And I got
the word from the Chicago police. Renick
was clean. No arrests. He was a cherry,
Frank...

CHANGE
3/28/68
80A.

317A (Cont.)

317A

BULLITT:

Ross set him up to stop the Organization
gunning for him. He'd taken close to two
million.

"17. EXT. PAN AM BUILDING 417.

Delgetti's car is seen pulling up outside. Bullitt and Delgetti get out, go through door, enter:

418. INT. LOBBY 418.

Bullitt and Delgetti approach the nearest Pan Am check in point where Passenger Supervisor is just putting up "Next Counter" sign.

419. OMITTED. 419
THRU THRU
424 424.

425. INT. LOBBY PAN AM COUNTER 425

Delgetti shows badge to Supervisor as Bullitt standing along side scanning the remaining passengers in the area.

DELGETTI:

San Francisco Homicide. You have a Mr. Renick on your 7:00 flight to Rome?

SUPERVISOR:

(checking one of the passenger lists on the counter in front of him)

He confirmed his flight a half hour ago.

BULLITT:

Has he checked in yet?

SUPERVISOR:

Not here - but he can at the gate.

BULLITT:

Have everyone's passport rechecked at the gate. And I want it done quietly. No Security Guards, no uniforms.

SUPERVISOR:

The passengers are due to board now.

BULLITT:

Which gate?

425 (Cont.).

425.

SUPERVISOR:

73.

426.

INT. GLASS PASSAGEWAY

426.

As Bullitt and Delgetti move quickly down long passageway which leads to Pier G the loudspeaker system is heard:

VOICE OF LOUDSPEAKER:

Pan American World Airways eastbound Jet Clipper flight 110, departing from Gate 73. New York, Rome. All aboard, please.

427.

INT. PIER G PAN AM LOUNGE

427.

As Bullitt and Delgetti arrive the passengers are just starting to check in.

PASSENGER AGENT:

(to passengers)

Your boarding pass, please. And your passports, everyone.

PASSENGER:

(resentfully)

We've already shown them once. What're they doing?

428.

PIER G PAN AM LOUNGE

428.

Bullitt and Delgetti check the passengers as they show their boarding passes and passports.

429
THRU
440

OMITTED.

429
THRU
440.

441

PIER G PAN AM LOUNGE

441

Last of the passengers are lined up and most of them are women. Through the line, Delgetti exchanges looks with Bullitt.

442
THRU
443.

OMITTED.

442
THRU
443.

444. PIER G. PAN AM LOUNGE 444.
Bullitt looks up at the TV screen.
445. INSERT TV SCREEN 445.
The line reading:
LONDON FLIGHT 124 DEPARTURE 6:55
446. PIER G AT CIRCULAR DESK 446.
Bullitt grabs phone.
- BULLITT:
(into phone)
Flight Operations please...
- INFORMATION AGENT AT DESK:
Can I help you sir?
- BULLITT:
(glancing at agent)
Do you have a Renick -- a Mr.
Al E. Renick -- on flight 124
for London?
- He exchanges look with Delgetti, who now realizes
implication. As Bullitt gets answer:
- BULLITT:
(into phone; for
Delgetti's benefit)
At the last minute? On a Rome
ticket. Thank you.
- He exchanges look with Delgetti as he jiggles phone.
- BULLITT:
(into phone)
Flight Supervisor, please.
(gets connection)
I'm Lieutenant Frank Bullitt,
Homicide.
- Bullitt hands phone to agent and shows his badge.
- AGENT:
(into phone)
It's a real badge...
447. EXT. RUNWAY - THREE PLANES 447

One is taking off. The next one rumbles into line:
the 707.

448
THRU
449.

448
THRU
449.

OMITTED.

450.

EXT. 707

450.

SCREECHING in takeoff check.

451.

INT. 707

451.

The STEWARDESS is checking the safety belts of the passengers when the pilot's voice comes over the speaker system.

PILOT'S VOICE:

Ladies and Gentlemen, we've just been instructed to return to the gate, to take on some additional cargo. We anticipate about a forty-five minute delay. Those of you who wish to disembark may do so.

1A.

INT. 707 CLOSE-UP OF ROSS

451A.

He becomes tense

452. EXT. 707 452.

The big plane starts swinging around to taxi in.

453. EXT. GLASS WALLS OF BUILDING 453.

Bullitt and Delgetti are looking out through the two layers of glass toward the field. Visible beyond them, Chalmers is seen approaching.

454. BULLITT AND DELGETTI 454.

They turn at the SOUND of Chalmers' footsteps CLICKING on the terrazzo floor. In b.g. the 707 is taxiing around the far buildings. Chalmers joins them.

CHALMERS:

So there you are, Lieutenant...

Bullitt doesn't answer, looks out toward:

455. 707 - THROUGH GLASS WALLS 455.

Rolling toward the gate.

456. INT. PAN AM LOUNGE 456.

As Chalmers too sees the plane swinging nearer:

CHALMERS:

He's still my witness... I'll be glad to let you have him, after he testifies tomorrow.

(as Bullitt still shows no response)

The Organization. Several murders. It could do both of us a great deal of good.

Bullitt takes him by arm, moves him away from rest of crowd, toward wall at side, near telephone.

BULLITT:

Look Chalmers. Let's understand each other. I don't like you.

CHALMERS:

Let's not be naive. We know how careers are made today. Integrity is what you sell the public.

56 (Cont.)

456.

BULLITT:

Go ahead and sell it. But don't
sell it around me. I believe in
what I'm doing

Through the glass walls, the plane is now seen very
close to the gate.

CHALMERS:

Lieutenant, we must all compromise.

BULLITT:

(thrusting him against
wall)

If you don't want to get hurt, get
the hell out of here.

Leaving Chalmers shaken, he moves toward the gate, with
Delgetti.

457.

EXT. 707

457.

A member of the GROUND CREW is waving the 707 in
toward the gate.

458.

BULLITT AND DELGETTI

458.

Waiting by door of gate, watching it nose toward the
jetway. A STEWARD is beside the gate, also waiting.

459.

EXT. 707

459.

It is being guided closer to the jetway.

460.

INT. 707

460.

The passengers are rising, preparing to get off. Ross
sits tense, indecisive.

461.

AT GATE

461.

The Steward opens it. Delgetti remains in reserve at end of jetway, near where passports will be checked. Bullitt goes into:

462.

INT. JETWAY

462.

He stands behind the OPERATOR, watches as the jetway swings out and is manipulated until it clamps onto the closed door of the 707. Bullitt then remains in a corner of the tunnel, as the 707 door is seen opening.

463.

INT. 707

463.

The passengers are rising, starting to leave.

464.

INT. JETWAY

464.

Bullitt waits, watching. The passengers pass him, reach:

465.

DELGETTI AND STEWARD - AT GATE

465.

Delgetti watches as they show their passports to the Steward, who gives them a Boarding Pass.

466.

INT. JETWAY

466.

Bullitt sees only some women now are filing out. He moves into:

467.

INT. 707

467.

Bullitt enters, sees:

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90.

468. PASSENGERS IN 707 - BULLITT'S POV 468.
A few are getting ready to leave. Ross is seated in the middle of the plane, stalling for time as he places magazines into a briefcase.
469. BULLITT 469.
Responding to Ross, and his resemblance to Renick. He starts toward him.
470. ROSS 470.
He looks up, sees Bullitt approaching. Ross tries to stare him down.
471. INT. 707 471.
Bullitt weaves through the people in the corridor, keeps coming toward Ross. The latter suddenly panics, rises. Thrusting his briefcase at passenger in the aisle who is in the way, and knocking him aside, Ross rushes toward tail of plane, where the Stewardess is opening the door for air. Bullitt takes off after him, is impeded by the passengers.
472. EXT. 707 - TAIL DOOR 472.
Ross arrives at open tail door, thrusts Stewardess aside roughly and leaps out.
473. DELGETTI - AT GLASS WALL 473.
He sees Ross jump, land on ground and run off. He tries to get into jetway, is stopped by exiting passengers.
474. LONG SHOT - AIRPORT 474.
With buildings in b.g. A small figure is running towards CAMERA. One landing light is in the f.g.
475. EXT. 707 475.
As Bullitt drops to the ground and runs out into the darkness.

CHANGE
4/11/68
91.

476. INT. PAN AM LOUNGE AT WALL 476.
Delgetti is yanking phone off wall.
DELGETTI:
(into phone)
Security Guards.
477. EXT. OBSERVATION DECK 477.
Chalmers comes out of doorway. He goes to edge of deck.
478. CHALMERS AT RAIL OF OBSERVATION DECK 478.
He stands looking out toward the field. Above and behind him, the lights read:
SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT
Chalmers looks off in direction of:
479. EDGE OF AIRFIELD BULLITT 479.
He runs up to edge of airfield and stops. He sees:
480. THREE PLANES 480.
Lumbering into takeoff position.
481. EXT. DRAIN AREA ROSS 481.
He races up and sprawls on the grass, panting for breath. In b.g. a plane taxis into position. The landing lights of the big jet swing over him. In b.g. we see the small figure of Bullitt as he moves along the runway area bordering the drain. He has not seen Ross.
482. TRACKING WITH BULLITT RUNWAY AREA 482.
He turns as the first of the three jets revs its engines for takeoff. Suddenly Bullitt is outlined against a group of twelve landing lights which come on behind Bullitt. Almost simultaneously, he sees Ross outlined by white lights of the 727 whose engines are increasing revving pitch.

483. CLOSE SHOT ROSS ON GRASS 483.

He yanks out his Magnum 45, fires.

484. BULLITT 484.

He can barely hear the SOUND of the gun for the screeching of the jet engines. The first shot hits a landing light, shatters it. Bullitt hits the ground. The next shot hits another light, shattering it too.

485. ROSS 485.

He fires a third time, rises, starts to run.

486. BULLITT 486.

He gets up and chases after Ross. SOUND of jet engines of 727 in revving up reaches crescendo.

487. ROSS 487.

He races in front of the 727. Its high jets account for his not being sucked in. Just as Ross clears it, the plane starts its takeoff run, cutting off:

488. BULLITT 488.

Who is forced to wait.

489. INT. COCKPIT 2ND PLANE 489.

Through the windshield, we now see Bullitt dart across the runway, after Ross.

490. CLOSE SHOT ROSS 490.

Running. He leaves the grass area, runs across runway, heading back toward the airport.

491. CLOSE SHOT DELGETTI AT GLASS WALL 491.

Seeing what is happening, he turns and rushes off down corridor leading from first lounge of Pan Am section.

492. BULLITT ACROSS RUNWAY 492.
As he races after Ross, he hears ominous SCREECH of approaching jet. He looks up and sees:
493. EXT. 707 IN FLIGHT 493.
As it comes in to land, close to Bullitt.
494. WITH BULLITT 494.
He runs faster, trying to avoid being hit by landing leviathan. When he sees he can't make it, he dives on the ground, rolls over, out of SHOT.
495. CLOSE SHOT LANDING WHEELS 495.
The huge tires hit the ground with a SCREECH, exactly where Bullitt rolled out of SHOT.
496. BULLITT ON GROUND 496.
The big wings swing over him, and the long, long body of the plane passes him. We get the feeling of the immense size and weight, in relation to a human being.
497. ROSS 497.
Running toward luggage room of Main Building.
498. EXT. OBSERVATION TOWER CHALMERS 498.
He can see Ross approaching luggage room, at a fast run.
499. BULLITT ON RUNWAY 499.
He is now on his feet. In b.g. the landing jet is going down the runway. Bullitt races off, after Ross.
500. ROSS NEARING LUGGAGE ROOM 500.
He is running in direct path of taxiing plane.

501. INT. PLANE THROUGH COCKPIT 501.
The plane brakes hard to avoid hitting him.
- 501A. DELGETTI 501A.
Running along glass walled corridor, followed by a Security Guard.
502. OMITTED. 502.
503. ROSS 503.
Nearing the luggage room, the gun in hand. He suddenly stops, and in a gunman's stance, fires at Bullitt.
504. BULLITT 504.
He flings himself against the wall of the building as the shot hits the cement, ricochets and then hits an iron stanchion, bouncing off with a metallic PING.
505. INT. LUGGAGE ROOM 505.
Ross appears, smoking gun in hand. He zigzags through luggage carts racing through passageway, rushes toward double doors at rear. Bullitt appears.
506. INT. LUGGAGE CAROUSEL ROOM 506.
Ross bursts in, stops as he sees:
507. DELGETTI AND SECURITY GUARD THROUGH GLASS DOORS 507.
They are running toward the doors from the other side. The Security Guard is in the lead.
508. INT. LUGGAGE CAROUSEL ROOM 508.
Ross fires twice at the glass door. The first shot shatters it, but the bullet passes over the heads of the Security Guard and Delgetti. The second shot is lower, hits the Guard in the chest. The momentum of his body carries him onward through the partially broken glass. He plummets through it, crashing through with the rest of the glass. Delgetti is seen veering, to rush through the other door. Ross races to the right, where he disappears down the escalator, just as Bullitt bursts in through the rear doors. PEOPLE scream, scatter. As Delgetti rushes in:

508 (Cont.)

508.

BULLITT:
Get up on the top level!

509. OMITTED.

509.

510. ROSS IN UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAY LEADING TO GARAGE
He is running, panting for breath toward the ramp.

510.

511. BULLITT

511.

He reaches garage, leaps over wall and enters the:

512. THE FIRST LEVEL

512.

Ross reaches the ramp.

513. BULLITT

513.

He sees Ross start up the ramp. He runs across the garage floor, reaches ramp, rushes up.

514. INT. RAMP LEADING TO SECOND LEVEL

514.

Bullitt running, can HEAR sound of Ross' footsteps above him.

515. INT. TWO RAMPS

515.

Ross is seen racing up one. As he clears it and starts up the next one, Bullitt is seen at the bottom of the other, pounding up. Ross reaches:

516. EXT. 4TH LEVEL OF GARAGE

516.

He races out, tries the nearest car. The door is locked. He runs off, yanks at door of another car. It opens. He dives inside, banging door shut.

517. INT. CAR 517.
Ross drops the gun beside him on the seat. His hand flies toward the ignition key; there is none. With an incoherent cry, he grabs his gun, starts to reload with frantic haste.
518. BULLITT 518.
As he runs out onto the top level, stops and sees:
519. PARKED CARS 519.
With no evidence of Ross.
520. BULLITT 520.
He starts toward the nearest car, moving swiftly. O.S. SOUND of jets taking off and landing underscores scene.
521. INT. CAR 521.
The gun now loaded, Ross opens door opposite to driver's, and lying prone on seat, he slips out.
522. EXT. CAR 522.
Ross lowers himself to the ground, without closing the door. He can see:
523. BULLITT'S LEGS EXTREME LOW ANGLE 523.
Moving off in opposite direction.
524. ROSS 524.
He rises. Crouching low so as to not be seen by Bullitt, he weaves through the lanes of parked cars toward:
525. EXT. BRIDGE 525.
Which connects with the Main Building. Ross breaks into a run.
- 525A. BULLITT 525A.
He sees Ross, rushes after him.

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526. LONG SHOT - TWO AIRPORT SECURITY GUARDS 526.

Outside the building across the bridge, and to the right. Ross fires twice at them.

527. EXT. BUILDING ACROSS BRIDGE 527.

The shots narrowly miss a PASSENGER BUS from which MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN are disembarking. The Security Guards hit the ground. The people scatter, scream.

SECURITY GUARD

Get everybody out of here!

528. DELGETTI - TOP LEVEL OF GARAGE 528.

To the far left of bridge. He sees Ross running across it, fires.

529. WITH ROSS - ON BRIDGE 529.

The bullet misses him, hits the cement railing of the bridge. He stops, whirls in direction of shot. But instead of seeing Delgetti, he spots:

530. BULLITT - TOP LEVEL 530.

Running toward bridge.

531. ROSS 531.

He fires at Bullitt.

532. BULLITT 532.

He throws himself to one side. The shot hits the radiator. Water instantly spurts out. Bullitt flings himself behind another car. Another shot: it smashes through the windshield, blows a hole through the door just inches from Bullitt's head.

DELGETTI'S VOICE

(o.s., in distance)

Frank! He's coming back toward you!

532A. CLOSE SHOT - BULLITT 532A.

He takes his gun out of his shoulder holster, takes aim,
fires

- 532B. ROSS ON BRIDGE 532B.
Running back toward Bullitt. The first shot stops him with its sudden impact. The second spins him around. The third knocks him back. He spread-eagles his arms as he sprawls, dead.
533. OMIT. 533.
534. CLOSE SHOT BULLITT 534.
Reacting to fact he has killed a man...
535. EXT. MAIN BUILDING SOON AFTER 535.
Chalmers goes through glass doors, appears on sidewalk. He looks up toward:
536. EXT. BRIDGE CHALMERS' POV 536.
A CROWD is converging toward the spot where Ross was seen going down.
537. EXT. MAIN BUILDING 537.
With a look of distaste, Chalmers turns away. His car is driven up by one of his Aides. He gets in. As it drives past, on the bumper we see:
538. CLOSE SHOT STICKER 538.
It reads:
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POLICE
539. EXT. BRIDGE 539.
Bullitt is covering the dead Ross with his jacket. Delgetti is picking up the dead man's gun.
The END TITLES start to roll as we see:

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LONG SHOT BRIDGE AND ADJACENT AREAS

540.

The addenda of the scene begins to materialize, all from different directions: two prowl cars, SIRENS on. And then an ambulance. The sirens die in a wail. The Attendants come out, with a stretcher. Two SOLO BIKEMEN now drive through the crowd. The body of Ross is placed within the ambulance. It drives off. We get a glimpse of the UNIFORMED POLICE within the prowl cars moving up to Bullitt and Delgetti. They stop, begin talking to them. The CROWD starts to disperse, returning to normalcy. Bullitt and Delgetti are swallowed up in the general movement, with the wailing of the ambulance siren dying in the distance...

FADE OUT.