

POINT BLANK!

A JUDD BERNARD-IRWIN WINKLER PRODUCTION

Producers:
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From the following
writer:

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Previous writers:

Rafe and David Newhouse

POINT BLANK!

FADE IN:
EXT. STREET - NIGHT

1

REESE
I'll level with you, Walker.
I need your help. I owe a
bundle to some guys and I know
where I can get it.

WALKER
Go get it then.

REESE (who is
getting desperate)
Look there's enough in it for
both of us. You can use extra
money pal...
(he shakes Walker on
the shoulder)
I know Lynne can.

WALKER
What's the deal?

REESE
We take it. We take it from
these guys out in the Bay. Look,
we've killed before. It's simple,
we just tap them on the head.

WALKER
If it's so simple, why me?

The alcohol and the night air are making Reese more
panicky and Walker more cynical. Reese grabs
Walker's arm.

REESE
Look, I'll level with you...

WALKER
Again?

Reese puts his arm around Walker's shoulder.

REESE
I won't live long if I don't
pay...They'll kill me, Walker,
they'll kill me.

He grabs Walker's lapel.

1
CONT'D
(2)

REESE
You're my friend aren't you?
You're my last chance. I can't
make it on my own. Trust me,
Walker, trust me, we'll be rich.

WALKER
And live happily ever after?

REESE
Sure we will, Walker. We'll
live forever.

They embrace, happily drunk. Walker is weakening.

REESE (cont'd)
Just trust me. Trust me.

SLOW DISSOLVE BACK TO

INT. & EXT. ALCATRAZ - DAY - (UNDER TITLES)

2

LYNNE ON STEPS

REESE & WALKER ON CATWALK

DOWN LENGTH OF CATWALK - SHE SAUNTERS TOWARD PEN

EXERCISE YARD - THEY PLAN - LYNN WALKS IN

UP ANGLE - TO CELL BLOCK - REESE BRINGS THEM UP
STAIRS

WALKER WITH LYNNE - HE WANDERS INTO CELLS - WIDE -
DOORS CLOSE ON HIM

REESE OPENS IT AGAIN

WALKER EXITS SHOT

SHE IN YARD

TRIO ON BRIDGE ABOVE EXERCISE YARD

TRANSITION SHOT: ZOOM - LYNN F.G. - MEN ABOVE ON
BRIDGE

EXT. ALCATRAZ - EXERCISE YARD - A YEAR EARLIER - 3
EVENING

Walker and Reese wait in the shadows of the high-walled exercise yard. They watch as two men appear carrying a heavy box between them.

The men set the box down only a few feet from where Walker and Reese are hiding. Walker is calm and alert, Reese exhilarated.

One of the men runs up a flight of steps leading to a catwalk overlooking the yard. Walker watches as the man rushes across the rusty catwalk to an observation tower. He enters in and almost immediately a spotlight goes on, throwing a pool of light into the center of the yard.

Reese is startled. He grips his gun and starts to move. Walker restrains him and they press themselves back into the shadows..

The SOUND of an approaching helicopter reaches them. The man in the observation tower hurries down to join his companion.

The helicopter lands neatly in the high-walled exercise yard, guided by the beam of light.

A valise is handed to the two men. The 'copter rises immediately and fades into the dark sky.

The two men run back with the valise the way they came, making straight for the entrance where Reese and Walker are hidden.

Walker prepares to slug them as they pass.

Before he can do so, Reese jumps forward and shoots them both.

The two men jerk convulsively as the STREAM OF BULLETS tears into them at point blank range. The momentum of their running carries the two dead bodies crashing into Walker and Reese.

The living are tangled with the dead. For Walker it is suddenly a grotesque nightmare. Enraged, he grabs Reese by the throat.

WALKER (shrieks)

Hey!

Reese is sobered by Walker's intensity. He tries to struggle free.

REESE

It's my show - Walker. We made it.

3
CONT'D
(2)

Walker gets himself under control. He thrusts Reese away from him and gets up. He goes over to the cool, gray wall and stares at its blank face. Walker's old affection for Reese restrains the rage and regret that he feels. Suddenly Lynne is at his side. She takes his hand and whispers to him. They exit. Reese has already opened the suitcase and is examining the money.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ALCATRAZ - ONE YEAR EARLIER
- EVENING

4

The heist money has been split. Reese and Lynn by desk, Walker in b.g. between them by file.

REESE

That's what I had before. All right - again the tens...

LYNNE

Ten 1000's in tens.. - 15 - 2000's in 10's.

REESE

\$40,000 - How many 20's?

LYNNE

24 - 2000's in 20's.

REESE

48,000...

WALKER

Let's get out of here...
(starts out)

REESE

Shut up, Walker - I'm trying to count...

WALKER

You coming Lynne?
(he exits)

REESE

The boat won't be here for an hour.

WALKER (pausing slightly)

Lynne.
(he goes on out)

Reese yawns and stretches elaborately.

4
CONT'D
(2)

REESE
It's not as much as I thought --

LYNNE
Is it less than you need?

REESE
You better take care of your
husband.

Lynne exits. Reese ponders.

CUT TO:

INT. CELL BLOCK - ALCATRAZ - A YEAR EARLIER - NIGHT 5

Walker crosses in thru passageway. and down corridor.
Lynne wanders down grim, stanchioned corridor.
She looks around her, fascinated by the grim suc-
cession of cells.

Walker enters cell. Lynne walks back to cell,
enters.

INT. CELL ALCATRAZ - A YEAR EARLIER - NIGHT 6

Walker enters cell - lies down on cot. Lynne enters,
sits. She leans over him.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE - ALCATRAZ - ONE YEAR EARLIER 7
- NIGHT

Reese puts money in valise. He paces back to file
- thinks - exits into corridor.

INT. CELL - ALCATRAZ - ONE YEAR EARLIER - NIGHT 8

Walker on cot - Lynne leaning over him and kissing
him. Walker does not respond. Lynne slaps him -
slides her head down...

LYNNE
Walker... Come on, baby -- it's
not so bad...

8
CONT'D
(2)

INTERCUT REESE IN CORRIDOR.

TIGHT TWO - WALKER & LYNNE

Walker's jacket unzipped - presumably during cutaway.
Lynne lies on his chest - hums to him.

LYNNE
How did we get into this mess?

WALKER
I don't know --

She starts to hum again - sits up at end hearing
Reese o.s.

INT. CORRIDOR - ALCATRAZ - ONE YEAR EARLIER -
NIGHT

9

Reese crosses forward down corridor and o.s.

INT. CELL - ALCATRAZ - NIGHT

10

Some deep instinct of danger prickles into the
supine body of Walker. He half-turns from the bed
as Reese appears in the doorway. Lynne tries to
scream, but no sound comes.

REESE
Lynne --
(she looks at him)
C'mere --

Lynne crosses to him. He holds her to him - shoots
at Walker. Lynne crosses to right. Reese fires
again - Walker balances against the wall, falls in
corner. Dust falls - he looks up at o.s. ceiling.

Lynne Walker, the faithless wife, and Mal Reese,
who shot him, are framed in the doorway of the cell.

LYNNE
Take me away.....
(she exits)

WALKER

10X1

lying in corner of cell, unconscious.

INT. ALCATRAZ - A YEAR EARLIER - DAWN

11

Pain from his wounds forces Walker to his knees in the gray corridor, but he crawls on.

The prison cell-blocks are now clearly revealed as the prostrate figure painfully edges along its entire length.

CUT TO:

UP-ANGLE PAN - THRU GRILL - WALKER

11X1

crouches down in pain, then lies down on grill.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - A YEAR EARLIER - DAWN

12

In a high-walled yard surrounded by watch towers and barbed wire, the retching, bent Walker is revived by a fresh breeze.

He peers slowly at the lightening sky, searching.

The SOUNDS of the SEA are faintly heard.

EXT. JETTY - ALCATRAZ - ONE YEAR EARLIER - DAWN

13

Walker wades into water - starts swimming.

EXT. JETTY - ALCATRAZ - DAWN

14

Walker's determination to survive is clear in his pain-stricken face.

15-22X2 OUT

EXT. ALCATRAZ - DAY

23

It is twelve months later. A tourist boat chugs towards the island from the city.

Point Blank!
Chgs.

4-6-67

P.8

The commentary from the boat's guide wafts across the water, distorted, metallic.

23
CONT'D
(2)

GUIDE (v.o.)

Beginning an introduction to island, its history, usage, stories, and legends.

The boat starts to circle the island, at the point where Walker plunged into the sea.

CUT TO:

TOURIST BOAT - SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

23X1

In the stern of the boat stands Walker, gazing at Alcatraz, remote, remembering, white-haired.

MOVING POV - ALCATRAZ

23X1A

Rocks, bay.

GUIDE (v.o.)

Some relevant lines that no inmate ever escaped from Alcatraz; the names of the criminals incarcerated there; its abandonment as a prison in 1963.

YOST

23X1B

watching Walker from the bow.

He begins threading his way unhurriedly towards him, gauging the moment of contact.

YOST

A lot of guys gave up hope in there.

POV

23X1C

The island slipping past: catwalks, guntowers, barbed-wire.

INT. TOP DECK - TOUR BOAT - DAY - YOST AND WALKER 23X1D

by window. Golden Gate Bridge seen in b.g. Tourists seen outside on deck. The spiel of the guide drones on, fading in and out but the only word that is clear is Alcatraz...Alcatraz...Alcatraz.

YOST (leaning against wall)
...using the Rock for a drop...

Walker, still faraway, doesn't acknowledge Yost or his proffered hand shake.

WALKER (disinterestedly)
Fuzz.

YOST (challengingly)
I'm Yost.

He nods at the island, veiled eyes implying a secret knowledge.

WALKER
You making a charge?

Silence. In it another aspect of the island passes: the concrete block houses of the prison.

YOST
No -- no... I want something else.

MULTIPLE POV'S - ALCATRAZ, WATER, ETC. 23X1E

WIDE ANGLE - GROUP OF TOURISTS 23X1F

seated on top deck - San Francisco b.g. (TRANSITION SHOT) Silence again. The island again. The guide's voice again: Alcatraz...Alcatraz...Alcatraz.

WIDE ANGLE - CLOSE ON YOST AND WALKER IN F.G. 23X1G

Yost moves behind Walker, his bulky back making an intimate secluded corner of the stern, cutting off the rest of the passengers. Only the water and the island is before them.

YOST
I want the Organization.

Point Blank!
Chgs.

4-6-67

P.10-13

Walker's eyes flicker with interest.

23X1G
CONT'D
(2)

YOST (cont'd)
Your friend Reese -- He's in the
bigtime now. Suits -- Penthouse
-- He bought his way back in
with the money he stole from you.

CUT TO:

INT. BELOW DECKS - DAY - WALKER AND YOST

23X1H

by window. The boat is passing Alcatraz.

YOST
\$93,000, Walker...

WALKER
93...

YOST
93 -- You want Reese -- I want
the organization. You understand?
I'm going to help you and you're
going to help me.
(holds paper up)
That's your wife's address in
Los Angeles. Reese lives there,
too...

Walker takes paper from him and exits.

The tourist boat has completed its circuit of the
island and leaves at the point where Walker entered
the water.

The guide's voice, finishing the history of the
island, wafts again: distorted, metallic.

CUT TO:

24-25
OUT

INT. - LYNNE'S BEDROOM

25X1

Lynne is getting out of bed. Her face is oily with night cream.

26 OUT

INT. - PEDESTRIAN TUNNEL - L.A. AIRPORT - FULL SHOT - WALKER

26X1

as he moves down the cold, bare tunnel.

INT. - LYNNE'S BATHROOM

26X2

Lynne's eyes peer through a mask of white cream into a mirror.

27 OUT

INT. - L.A. AIRPORT - TUNNEL - TRACKING SHOT OF WALKER

27X1

INT. - BEAUTY SALON

27X2

Lynne has a hair dryer over her head and steam towels over her neck and face. Her image is reflected into mirrors into infinity.

28 OUT

INT. - CAR

28X1

Walker drives on the freeway.

29 OUT

EXT. - LYNNE'S HOUSE

29X1

Lynne climbs steps towards her front door.

EXT. STREET BY LYNNE'S HOUSE

29X2

Walker watches the Sunset Strip and a panorama of the city behind him. Lynne enters her front door.

EXT. DOORWAY - LYNNE'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY 30

Walker is right behind her as she crosses the threshold. He clamps his hand over her mouth and breathes in her ear as he force marches her inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LYNNE'S LIVING ROOM - LOS ANGELES - DAY 31

WALKER (grimly)
It's me, baby. Back from the
dead.

At the SOUND of his VOICE, Lynne's terrified eyes flicker for a moment before she faints and hangs like a sack in Walker's arms. He shakes her savagely.

WALKER
Where's Reese ... is he here?

He shakes her back into consciousness.

She turns and stares up at him in shocked disbelief, unable to speak and still sagging in his arms.

31
CONT'D
(2)

WALKER

Well, is he?...

Lynne shakes her head dumbly, still in anguish.

Walker releases her and she slithers to the floor, supporting herself by a low coffee table.

He prowls the open-plan living room in search, swinging open the doors to the kitchen and the bedroom but finds no Reese.

WALKER

You live alone?

LYNNE (still
in disbelief)

Walker... I thought...

WALKER

Who's picking up the tab - Reese?

LYNNE

Yes.

He continues to search drawers and closets for evidence of a man.

He scatters dresses, a kewpie doll, old holiday postcards and a framed photo of Lynne and Walker, smiling. Long-dead days.

WALKER (sharply)

Why?

Lynne jumps violently.

LYNNE

What? I don't...I don't know what you mean...

Walker looks at the framed photo and drops it contemptuously onto the coffee table.

WALKER

The rent.

LYNNE

Oh...

(she brings her hands
up to her face in a
hopeless gesture)

...a payoff, I guess.

Walker has found a golden bracelet, clustered with charms. He jiggles it in his hand.

31
CONT'D
(3)

A look of memory sparks between them.

WALKER

Where is he?

LYNNE (shaking
her head)

Gone. Moved out.

WALKER

Where?

He drops the bracelet on the photo.

His restless searchings continue.

He is gathering possession after possession into the center of the room - not only her belongings but the keepsakes and objects of their life together. At the bottom of a closet he finds a small bundle of clothes. He pulls it out. It consists of odd pieces of men's clothing. Walker opens it up. A hairbrush, a shaving bag, and a photograph of Mal Reese spill out onto the floor.

LYNNE

I don't know. Honest.

WALKER

When?

LYNNE

Three months ago.

Walker looks down at the photograph of them. The irony of it is not lost on him. He picks up Reese's picture and throws it next to the other one.

WALKER

Yeah.

LYNNE

Walker, I'm glad you aren't dead.
Isn't that stupid?

WALKER

Yeah.

LYNNE

You got a right to hate me.

WALKER

Yes.

31
CONT'D
(4)

LYNNE (hopeless)

You ought to kill me.

WALKER

Uh - huh.

He goes to the window and gazes out.

Lynne rests wearily against the coffee table with its messy, crumpled pile.

LYNNE

I don't sleep. I keep taking pills. I think about you.

WALKER

You do?

LYNNE

How you're dead...and now I wish it was me.

WALKER (hard)

Well!

LYNNE

I can't. I'm too scared to die and I don't want to live.

WALKER

That's your problem.

LYNNE

It was too much with you, Walker - ever... I just couldn't cut it...
(she searches for words)
With Mal...it was...fun and games...
That night in Alcatraz when Mal came for you I wanted to warn you...
I screamed, but nothing came out...

Lynne buries her head in her arms and rests against the coffee table. She sobs quietly.

The laughing photograph by her looms large.

Her sobs over it accompany the SOUNDS of Walker, still gathering trinkets and mementos of their life together.

LYNNE (muffled)

What are you going to do, Walker?

Walker stops to gaze down at her again.

31
CONT'D
(5)

WALKER

I'm going to make him pay his dues. How do you get your money?

LYNNE

A guy brings it over. The first of every month.

WALKER

How much?

LYNNE

A thousand.

WALKER (laughs

harshly)

You got paid well to finger me...

Lynne shrugs despondently.

WALKER

...Who's your bagman?

LYNNE

It's always a different guy.

WALKER

Sure. Nobody trusts a fink. Three days from now you're playing the fink again.

LYNNE (urgently)

No... I couldn't, Walker. Not again.

WALKER

Yes you will.

Lynne wearily drags herself upright.

At the bedroom door, she looks back at Walker. Something of her old appeal, a timorous defiance, almost pathetic, flickers in the embers between them.

LYNNE (whispering)

Walker...

WALKER

That tree is dead for you, baby.

She winces as she puts the bedroom door between them.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LYNNE'S HOUSE - DAY

32

Slipping off the blouse and skirt, Lynne slumps across the bed, utterly defeated. Her long blonde hair falls like a curtain across her face and over the pillow.

CUT TO:

INT. LYNNE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

33

Walker has settled himself as comfortably as he can on a hard, brocaded chaise longue, and drifts into a fitful sleep.

He dreams:

His low, forced breathing is the only accompaniment.

As Walker drifts between layers of sleep, his eyes flicker, the body arches occasionally, and he shifts restlessly on the uncomfortable perch.

EXT. MARINA - DAY

33X1

Walker is at work on a small cruiser in a dry dock. He watches Lynne who is with a party of four or five people who are buying a boat. Walker catches her eye. She has wandered off on her own amongst the hulls and timber. Walker catches up with her. They speak but their voices are not heard. She is amused, then interested. Then she becomes embarrassed by his interest, his total obsession with her. He is relentless and her face finally registers submission. He puts his hand across her shoulders and they move away.

INT. VETERAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

33X2

It is some kind of veteran's reunion. The men all looks the same, except that some of them are in uniform.

It is very crowded. They are smoking and drinking, absorbed in animated reminiscences.

Walker sees Mal Reese across the room. Reese looks up and sees Walker. They struggle through the dense crowd towards each other. They shake hands and grip each other's shoulders. Their long-ago friendship stands between them. There is nothing they can say to each other. They embrace.

The dream changes: 33X2
CONT
(2)

INT. - CAR - DAY 33X3

Walker, Lynne and Reese sit side by side.

Reese has a new pair of sunglasses which he is trying on. He offers them to Lynne who tries them on. They offer the glasses to Walker, but he is driving, and waves them away.

Lynne is stimulated by Reese, and flattered by his attentions. The same series of looks run across her face as when Walker courted her on the motor-cycle.

Walker stirs in his sleep:

EXT. - OCEAN - DAY 33X4

Walker is body-surfing. Lynne is with him.

He rides a wave in, and Lynne disappears. His head turns, searching for her, anxious.

INT. - LYNNE'S HOUSE - DAY 33X

Once again, Lynne opens the door of her house, and Walker seizes her from behind, placing his hand over her mouth.

But this time it is slow motion making the same move become a tender embrace. As he releases her Lynne slides to the floor with infinite slowness.

CUT TO:

INT. LYNNE'S LIVING ROOM - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT 34

The same sense of foreboding that had warned about Reese's double-cross jerks Walker awake.

Sensing danger, he looks around him before concentrating on Lynne's bedroom door.

Alerted, he inches it open, but there is no attack.

Lynne lies in the precise position she had taken when leaving him. Her long blonde hair still drapes the face and pillow. Her black slip is unrumpled, the white sheets almost uncreased, the low, pale, rectangular room, cold and neat.

34
CONT'D
(2)

Walker cannot shake off the sense of danger. Somehow the fixed white stillness of the room has the aura of death.

He bends over the unmoving form of his wife. In the hand folded under her body is an empty bottle of sleeping pills.

Lynne has taken an overdose.

Expressionlessly, he turns the body over, listens for a heartbeat, then slips his heavy gold wedding ring onto her white finger before folding her hands over her breasts.

He leaves her be.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LYNNE'S HOUSE - MORNING

35

From the window Walker gazes out at the panorama of Los Angeles below him.

The Strip is alight. Beneath it, other boulevards and avenues glitter.

He empties the remains of a Vodka bottle and leaves it on the window sill. Through the curved glass, a distorted Los Angeles can still be seen.

Walker drinks steadily for the next three days.

It is a wake, the ancient rite of marking a death: a final requiem from the living for the dead.

And a period for Walker to strip forever all that he and Lynne had built together.

The mass of trinkets and clothes deposited on the coffee table vanish; dresses are packed and go. He savors the perfume of one, the perfume of her, the woman who had double-crossed their life. It is an end.

The SOUNDS of furniture being moved accompany the growth of Vodka bottles on the window sill. A sunrise sparkles above them; a sunset is distorted by yet another empty bottle.

At the window, Walker watches a day die, and Yost watching him.

35
CONT'D
(2)

The picture of Lynne and Walker on the coffee table disappears, shelves grow bare and Walker's FOOT-STEPS begin to ECHO through the empty rooms.

Lynne's body has gone, too.

Walker has grown shaggy, unkempt, creased.

But a mourning must pass and by the third day Walker is shaving, cleaning up, ready and expectant for Reese's messenger to call.

The KNOCK comes as Walker finishes.

MESSENGER (o.s.,
suggestively)
Hello there...it's the baker
with your bread!

In one fast, ruthless movement, Walker opens the door, yanks the messenger inside, cases the passageway, and smashes the door closed again.

The messenger is a teen-ager who thinks he has the world taped - especially women. Good-looking in a tired way, the eyes and mouth are already discontented. His blond hair is thick and slick. He is terrified. A transistor peeps from a breast pocket.

The stripped apartment bewilders him.

WALKER
The dough...

The messenger tries to brazen it out.

MESSENGER
Miss ... Walker. I've gotta see...

WALKER
I'm her husband.

MESSENGER
O-o-n-ly Miss Walker, they said.

WALKER
Who said?

MESSENGER (now petrified)
I...I can't ... I can't... I've
gotta call ... them...

WALKER

It's my route now ... give me
the loot.

35
CONT'D
(3)

Walker's free hand reaches inside the messenger's jacket and takes out a bulky envelope which he throws aside.

The messenger tries to escape. Walker chops him down, almost before the messenger has moved. Leaving him moaning on the floor, Walker returns in an instant to tie his hand and foot with kitchen twine.

The messenger is now wide-eyed with fear.

Walker stands astride him, enormous and vengeful.

MESSENGER (strangled)

H...e...l...p.

Walker stomps on the tied ankles without pity. The messenger shrieks in pain.

WALKER

It'll be your head next. Who gave you the loot?

MESSENGER

I can't.

WALKER

You'd better.

MESSENGER

They'll kill me ... They'll kill me.

WALKER

I'll kill you. So worry about me.

The messenger is now in total panic.

Walker's foot rises over the sweat-streaked face of the messenger, whose neat features and careful hair are completely disheveled.

MESSENGER (screaming)

...Stegman ... John Stegman ...
Big John's Car Lot. Stegman ...
Don't, please ... Stegman.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG JOHN'S CAR LOT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

36

The scream of the messenger carries over to identify JOHN STEGMAN, a sharp, tense man of thirty, who sits in a trailer with another salesman.

The car lot has a large stock. It is a well-organized, prosperous-looking concern.

Walker is neatly and inconspicuously dressed. He looks what he pretends to be - a prospective car buyer.

WALKER (genially)
I'd like to buy a car.

STEGMAN (very
cool and quietly arrogant)
Take your pick, friend. What do
you have in mind?

In the background, a salesman is showing a car to an attractive blonde. As she slides out, a miniature poodle bounds off her lap. The salesman eyes her up and down. She smiles at him and walks toward the trailer office with him. The dog follows.

WALKER (pointing
to Imperial convertible)
I've just made a score. Let's see
that convertible.

STEGMAN (intrigued)
My pleasure ... Somebody recommend
you?

WALKER (smooth
and bland)
Mal did ... Mal Reese.

STEGMAN
Huhuh ...
(he turns to the other
salesman)
... I'll be back in twenty minutes.

A CUSTOMER is telling off a salesman.

CUSTOMER (hysterical)
How can you stick me with a lemon
like that? The transmission is
shot, the brakes are gone. I want
my money back. Herbie, how can you
break it off in me?
(a beat)
Your own brother?

SALESMAN (shrugging)
Look Harry, I've got to earn a
living.

36
CONT'D
(2)

STEGMAN (to Walker)
It's a family argument.

Walker nods towards the gleaming Imperial.

WALKER
What'ya want for the Imperial?

STEGMAN
See if you like it and we'll
work out a deal.

Walker settles behind the wheel with Stegman be-
side him.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

37

Walker puts on a seat belt. He adjusts it care-
fully, and Stegman watches him with a supercilious
smile.

STEGMAN
Do you mind if I hear my commercial?

He switches it on and looks at his watch.

Walker is driving through some deserted, rundown
streets. He pretends to be less than adept at
driving the car. He is dangerously close to a
low, jagged wall.

WALKER (innocently)
How does the power steering handle?

He turns the wheel a fraction, forcing the car's
highly-polished body against the wall. The metal
SCREAMS and buckles, but Walker doesn't waver.

STEGMAN (roughly)
Get it over...!

They have come to a road running under a freeway
intersection.

WALKER
To here?

He spins the wheel expertly and drives the car off the road and into one of the piers supporting the freeway. Stegman is jolted onto the dashboard. Blood blinds him from a cut nose. Before he can recover, Walker reverses.

37
CONT'D
(2)

WALKER

Reverse?

The back of the car is crunched steadily into another concrete pier behind them.

Stegman wipes his eyes; his face tightens in growing horror.

WALKER

Where's Reese?

Stegman's eyes flicker. He sits back in the car, refusing to be baited.

There is a break in the music from the radio, and Stegman's voice takes over, extolling the virtues of his used car.

STEGMAN (shouting)

What's Reese got to do with this...?
What are you doing to my car...?

WALKER

What I did to your bagman.

Stegman goes for his gun.

Walker slams him, takes the gun and flicks it through the window.

WALKER

It'll be you next...

Stegman won't tell. But he is feeling the pressure.

STEGMAN

Why me, I just sit and watch the game...

WALKER

You aren't sitting this one out, chum, you're in it!

Again, Walker backs the car full tilt against a concrete pillar. The trunk door flies up, twisted and broken.

STEGMAN (stung at last)
Who in the hell are you...?

37
CONT'D
(3)

WALKER
My name's Walker...Where's Reese?

Walker applies full power to engine and brakes simultaneously until wheels smoke in fury and the motor screams with strain.

The car is being destroyed systematically -- not dangerously, but deliberately.

Stegman holds his bloody nose.

Stegman tries to attack Walker again, but is smashed back. Blazing with frustration, he changes tactics.

STEGMAN (spitting
back)
I know about you, Walker...
how's your wife?!!!

WALKER
She's dead.

STEGMAN
And her sister?

WALKER
What about Chris?

STEGMAN (sneering)
She's with Reese now...he nailed
both sisters, Walker.... How does
that grab you...?

WALKER
... Where's Reese?

Walker once again accelerates through the arid desert of dust, rubble and refuse and collides with the hard concrete. The windshield shatters.

The car is wrecked.

Walker pushes Stegman out of the passenger door, which has been forced open from one of the impacts.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY INTERSECTION - LOS ANGELES - DAY

38

STEGMAN (fearfully)
What are you going to do?

The place Walker has chosen would be ideal for a killing -- the freeway traffic blanketing the gun shots.

WALKER (venomously)
What do you think?... Where'll I find Chris?

STEGMAN (placatingly)
She runs a club. A place called The Movie House.

WALKER (grimly)
Thanks...

STEGMAN
What am I going to do here...?

The freeways THUNDER overhead.

WALKER (shrugs)
Buy yourself a car!

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DUSK

39

From some high ground Walker looks down on the twinkling, twilit city. He is smoking. The face is inscrutable. The traffic is a distant RUMBLE.

He stubs the cigarette. At his feet is an unmarked grave. A rain-soaked plastic tag tied to a small wooden stake carries: "MRS. LYNNE WALKER."

The high ground is part of a cemetery. Walker walks over his wife's grave and others as he makes his way down the slope towards the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG JOHN'S CAR LOT - NIGHT

40

Under powerful floodlights, Stegman and Reese circle the battered car, a savage example of the violence awaiting them from Walker.

Reese is thicker now, more prosperous-looking than at Alcatraz.

40
CONT'D
(2)

REESE
He did that?

STEGMAN
With me in it.

REESE (edgily)
You're sure it was him?

STEGMAN
I'm sure.

REESE
Tall.....big...

Reese uses his soft, well-kept hands.

STEGMAN (nodding)
That's him.

REESE (accusingly)
And you didn't tell him anything?

STEGMAN (stolidly)
I didn't tell him anything,
Mal, honest.

Tenderly he feels the white plaster covering his nose.

REESE (cold and hard,
he looks at the car)
Are you sure you told him nothing?

STEGMAN (jabbing
at the car)
That says I didn't -- And this!
(feeling his nose again)

REESE
Then why didn't he kill you?

STEGMAN
He killed the car.

REESE (still
suspicious)
You gave him something to save
your own stinking skin ... A name,
maybe... Someone who knows where
to find me...

STEGMAN (lying)
I told him you were in 'Frisco.

40
CONT'D
(3)

REESE (looking hard
at Stegman)
Smart boy ... Just make sure you
don't hold out on me - understand!

STEGMAN
You can trust me ...

REESE (cutting him
off)
... You had him and you let him
go. Now find him again.

STEGMAN (unbelievably)
Find him?

REESE
I don't care how ... Just do it.

Stegman's composure is crumbling fast.

STEGMAN
Mal! Give me a break.

REESE
I'm giving you one! - This is
your second chance for doing it
wrong the first time.

Stegman shrugs despairingly.

REESE (ominously)
You hear me. You hear me good.
There's got to be a way. Do
you understand? There's got
to be... You find him!

STEGMAN (cool again)
Okay, Mal, okay. You know I'm
with you all the way. I'll
find him.

(as Reese is about
to move off)
Say... What about the car? Will
the Organization pay for it?

REESE (sourly)
You carry insurance, don't you?

He leaves.

STEGMAN (calling out)
Sure, Mal ...
(viciously, under
his breath)
... I hope you got some, friend
... You're going to need it!

40
CONT'D
(4)

CUT TO:

INT. THE MOVIE HOUSE CLUB - NIGHT

41

CHRIS'S face is wet with sea spray. Wind tears at her hair. A red pigment appears around her head and seeps inwards converging in liquid veins towards the center, gradually obliterating her features.

Walker has entered the club and is edging towards a dimly discernible table. His eyes are fixed on the strange image of Chris, which is projected onto a curved screen of gauze.

He sits down and takes in the scene. Around him are crowded tables, curving around a raised stage.

Under the stage is a bar with a line of men slumped on stools, their mostly bald heads catching the spilled light from the stage as they crane up to watch the show.

The gauze screen is on the right of the stage. Chris's face and body are subjected to weird effects both violent and erotic in this attempt to simulate a psychedelic experience. To the right of the screen, a scantily clad dancer gyrates in a spotlight.

The left-hand side of the stage is occupied by a Negro quartet. They are dressed in black. Only their instruments are lit -- piano keys, saxophone, the skins of the drums, the base.

Downstage a Negro singer is doing a "Shout" act and is moving to the tempo of the projected images. His shouts and screams punctuate the music and accompany the images on the screen. Occasionally a stroboscopic light flashes on, transforming his sinuous movements into jerky convulsions.

A fleshy but attractive waitress in tasselled panties and bra approaches Walker's table.

WAITRESS
Hello, Walker. Back from the
dead?

41
CONT'D
(2)

WALKER (he nods around
at the scene)
How'd you know?

The Negro's mounting screams pierce the gaps in their conversation. Walker fixes her with an unrelenting stare as she clears glasses from his table.

WALKER
How are you, Angie?

WAITRESS
Cold and tired of men con-
templating my navel.

Walker has been contemplating it himself since it is only inches from his face.

WALKER
Where's Chris?

He nods up to her image on the screen.

WAITRESS
She's off tonight.

WALKER
Give me her address, Angie.
Write it down.

She writes it down on her pad, tears off the slip and hands it to Walker.

WAITRESS
Funny thing, Walker. In a
whole year, no word of you. Then
tonight a guy comes in asking
for you.

WALKER
What'd he look like?

WAITRESS
I didn't know whether to give
him a drink or a banana.

WALKER (stiffens)
Is he still here?

WAITRESS

I guess so. Two schtarkers are
with him.

41
CONT'D
(3)

WALKER

You got another way out here?

WAITRESS

Sure. Back of the stage.

Walker's eyes thank her for her discretion. He gets up and turns back the way he came. A little way off, a young guy like a football player rises with him and saunters across, too casually, to block the entrance.

Behind Walker, in the far dark corner of the club, Stegman watches.

Walker turns and moves swiftly towards the stage. Chris's face looms over him. He goes up the steps and slips behind the screen by the side of the dancer. Behind him, the football player hurries among the tables in pursuit.

INT. REAR OF STAGE - NIGHT

42

The projector-light, piercing the gauze, flickers over the scene illuminating it fitfully. Another man guards the exit door. He tenses as Walker appears.

INT. MOVIE HOUSE CLUB - NIGHT

43

The football player pushes past the dancer, following Walker.

The Negro shouter has now moved out among the audience and is inviting them to scream into the microphone. Behind the gauze are the shadows of Walker and the two men.

INT. REAR OF STAGE - NIGHT

44

The two men move in on Walker and a fight begins. Fingers of light from the screen stab at them. The screams of the singer and his audience accompany the blows. Walker takes a lot of punishment but the two men wilt before the power and rage in Walker's face. He strikes out with speed and without mercy.

INT. MOVIE HOUSE CLUB - NIGHT

45

The dancer has a view of the fight. She screams out. Her cries join those of the singer and his audience and Chris's face screams silently from the screen. The dancer climbs down from her perch and hurries off hysterically. The film ends and the club "blacks-out". The stroboscopic light flashes on where the dancer used to be. It lights up Walker's bruised and bleeding face, as he leaves the rear of the stage.

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

46

A romantic, wooden house rambling up a slope on the edge of the Pacific Ocean in Santa Monica.

Across the road, Walker gets out of his car, stretching his still aching body. He crosses to the house in gaps between the headlights of the streaming traffic.

There is some outdoor floodlighting, but the windows are dark. He climbs up the steps and moves around the side of the house, examining the windows.

He takes a gun out of his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

47

Walker slides back the window and climbs swiftly through it.

Two humped figures lie under the bedclothes.

Noiselessly, Walker crosses to the bed and looms over it like an executioner. In one moment he flicks on the light and rips the bedclothes. What he thought was Reese is only a pillow. Beside it, the heavily sleeping figure of Chris does not move. She lies in a similar way to that of her dead sister.

The thought jolts Walker. He shakes her. She does not stir. He shakes her again more savagely. She moves sluggishly.

CHRIS (thickly)
Walker!... You can't be...

WALKER
Where's Reese?

Chris turns on her back, opens her eyes still heavy with sleep.

47
CONT'D
(2)

CHRIS
You're supposed to be dead...
Lynne said so...

WALKER (gratingly)
She's dead.

CHRIS (questioningly)
Dead!... You?

WALKER
No...her...those.

He points to the bottle of sleeping pills on a nearby table.

CHRIS
I... I... I'm not sleeping.

WALKER (grimly)
She is.

Chris settles herself more comfortably. Her face, though still suffused with sleep, is open and warm: the line of her body beneath the nightgown has sensuality.

WALKER
I heard you're with
Reese?

CHRIS
You heard wrong...

WALKER
Is he after you?

CHRIS
All the time...

WALKER
Do you want him?

CHRIS
He makes my flesh crawl.

WALKER
I want him.

CHRIS
You were always the best thing
about Lynne.

WALKER
Why don't you want him?

47
CONT'D
(3)

CHRIS
I don't want any of them, Walker.
I was going with a guy who owned
a club.

WALKER
The Movie House?

CHRIS
It was different then. A jazz club.
The Organization wanted to become
his partner. He wouldn't buy it.

WALKER
...And?

CHRIS
They just... killed him.

She says it incredulously, as though she still does
not believe it.

CHRIS
I run the place now... And I pay.

WALKER
The Organization?

Chris nods.

CHRIS (bitterly)
That's where Mal comes into the
picture.

WALKER
You're full of hate.

CHRIS (yawns)
Not any more. It's too
tiring. I seem to have come to
the end of things.

The faint, sympathetic intimacy between them, the bed-
room and the lateness of the night is suggestive.

Chris looks at the man above her; Walker meets her
stare.

CHRIS (simply)
What do you want from me... Walker?

Walker tries to shut Chris and her problems out of his mind. He stands motionless, looking away from her.

47
CONT'D
(4)

WALKER (softly)
I want...I want Reese. He owes me money.

Chris climbs out of bed and puts on a dressing gown.

CHRIS
Lynne and money.

She comes up behind Walker. She sees his bruised face.

CHRIS
Let me fix up your face. I've got an extra room. You can stay here if you like.

WALKER (in a
strangled voice)
Reese?

CHRIS (softly)
I'll get him for you.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOS ANGELES - DAY

48

Mal Reese hurries across the street toward a tall, white office building. As he reaches the glass entrance doors, Stegman is waiting for him. Reese acknowledges him curiously.

REESE
Well?

Stegman pushes open the door for Reese to pass through and shakes his head. His face is full of failure.

INT. FOYER OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

49

Reese strides toward the elevators. Stegman hurries along by his side.

STEGMAN
I had guys out all night, Mal.
There's no sign of him.

Reese steps into an elevator and stares icily at Stegman who is left nervous and defeated in the foyer as the elevator doors close.

49
CONT'D
(2)

INT. LIVING ROOM - CHRIS'S HOUSE - DAY

50

There are modern paintings on the wall and in the center of the room a piece of modern sculpture made up entirely of mirrors. Chris is dressed up and preparing to leave.

Walker is drinking coffee in clothes crumpled from sleeping. He watches her across the room and the mirrors fragment and distort her. Sometimes he catches a reflection of himself alongside her. She comes over to him.

CHRIS

...See you at noon.

Walker has been carefully assessing her character. Weighing up in his mind whether or not he can trust her. Now, he looks hard into her face.

WALKER

Just play it straight, okay?

Chris stares back at him and she flushes with anger. There are no barriers now. They look fiercely into each other's eyes. Neither will give way. Her look is as strong and hard as his. She turns and leaves.

As the door SLAMS, Walker goes to the window. He watches Chris go down the long flight of stairs to her car. He looks out at the ocean and up at the morning sun.

He screws his face up, perhaps from the glare of the sun, perhaps from the sting of Chris's reproach.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CARTER'S GROUP OF OFFICES - DAY

51

The walls carry photographs of Carter's various enterprises. The atmosphere is that of a quietly efficient business corporation.

Reese is waiting anxiously. A receptionist is talking on an inter-office phone. She smiles across to Reese.

RECEPTIONIST

You may go in now, Mr. Reese.

51
CONT'D
(2)

Reese enters the door behind her.

CUT TO:

INT. ANTE ROOM - CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

52

A tall, brawny MAN in an inconspicuous grey business suit receives Reese.

MAN (polite, assured,
insulting)
The usual formalities, Mr. Reese...
nice and high... there you go.

Reese dutifully raises his arms and the man proceeds to frisk him expertly. It is all routine to Reese, too.

The man has no respect for persons and gives Reese a vigorous and thorough search.

MAN
O.K.... Mr. Carter will see you
now.

He presses a buzzer beneath his desk, a door opens leading to Carter's sanctum, and Reese passes through.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER'S SANCTUM - DAY

53

The room is modern and austere. Carter has ceiling to floor windows behind him. The glare from them dazzles Reese as he addresses Carter. CARTER has been dictating to a dignified middle-aged secretary. He nods for her to go and she exits by a door on the opposite side from where Reese came in. As soon as she goes, Carter's composure drops and he turns angrily on Reese.

CARTER
What the hell are you fooling
around with now, Reese? You know
what is at stake!

Carter gets up from behind his desk and stands against the window. He is the personification of every distinguished business executive.

53
CONT'D
(2)

REESE

I realize that, Mr. Carter...
That's why I came to you. That's
why I must have...

CARTER (cutting him off)
Must?... There's no must about it!

REESE

I certainly would appreciate
anything you can do.

Carter looks at him with distaste.

CARTER

You're trouble, Reese. I've always
thought so. I was against taking
you back in. I was over-ruled.
Wherever you go, trouble finds you out.

REESE (hurriedly)

I'd be grateful for anything you can
do, Mr. Carter...

CARTER

What's his name?

REESE

Walker.

CARTER (frowning)

What's his first name?

REESE

He never called himself anything
but that. I've known him for years
even his wife...

CARTER (cutting him off)

And does his wife have something
to do with his grudge?

Reese nods.

CARTER

I thought so.

CARTER (cont'd)

The one mistake you made cost us
a hundred thousand dollars.
That's what Walker is here for,
isn't it? The hundred thousand
you paid us back.

53
CONT'D
(3)

Reese nods.

Carter pours himself a drink.

Reese looks as if he could do with one. He
doesn't get it.

CARTER

Where did you get the money, Reese?

REESE

A job... Mr. Carter... You
remember... The Alcatraz run...
the one I brought into the
Organization.

CARTER

And Walker was one of the men you
held up?

REESE

No, he was with me.

CARTER

You took his share too, is that it?

REESE

I needed all of it
to pay you back...

CARTER

So you left with Walker's share
and his wife.

(Mal nods)

...Is she still with you?

REESE

Walker killed her.

Carter is unmoved, uninterested. He looks out of
his window at the traffic far below.

CARTER

Does he know where you are?

REESE (uneasily)
N-n-o. But he's looking... I know
him. He's very persistent.

53
CONT'D
(4)

CARTER
Fine - I'll tell you what we'll do -
We'll let him know where you are -
He'll come for you -
(smiling)
- won't he?

54 OUT

EXT. SANTA MONICA PUBLIC CAR PARK - DAY

54X1

There is a plastic mountain, dummies to stab, rubber faces to punch. It is full of children absorbed in the pleasures of violence.

Walker has his head inside a giant lion's mouth. He is drinking from a water fountain. He stands up and wipes his mouth as Chris approaches through the park. He looks at her questioningly.

CHRIS
Reese's at the Huntley, Walker....

WALKER
What's that?

CHRIS
It's a place run by the Organization...

WALKER
That figures. Where is it?

CHRIS
It's a trap. They'll be waiting for you. They're spreading the word now. They want you to try and get him.

Chris sees from his face that Walker will pursue Reese wherever he is, whatever the jeopardy involved. Now that he has Reese in his sights the tension goes out of him. He looks relaxed, gentle even. Chris has a sudden revelation about him.

CHRIS
You really don't care if you die, do you?

Walker looks around intently at the children in their play, seeing them for the first time, trying to fix them in his mind.

54X1
CONT'D
(2)

WALKER (gently)
This is a good place, Chris.

She looks up. It is the first time he has said her name.

CHRIS (sighs)
If there were any justice, they would have us shot, people like you and me. They ought to put us out of our misery.

WALKER
I won't tell anyone if you won't.

This makes Chris laugh. Chris is a person who laughs with her whole body. Walker is a little disconcerted.

WALKER
The Huntley, you said.

INT. CAR - HUNTLEY APARTMENTS - DAY

55

Walker is cruising around the block, looking out at the tall apartment hotel.

WALKER
Where would he be?

CHRIS
All the way up. The penthouse.
He always uses it.

WALKER
What's it like?

CHRIS (resignedly)
Fort Knox...

WALKER
Been upstairs?

CHRIS (nodding)
I went there once to see Lynne.

P.O.V. FROM THE CAR - DAY 56

Walker drives slowly by the lobby which is at the narrow end of the building. Next to it is an outside elevator.

INT. CAR - DAY 57

Walker nods towards the elevator.

WALKER

Does that go up to the penthouse?

Chris nods.

CHRIS

Pretty exposed, isn't it?

Walker swings the car into a side street, getting another view onto the Huntley.

CHRIS

Inside the lobby is another elevator. That goes up to the other penthouse.

WALKER

They got two?

Chris nods.

WALKER

What about the roof?

CHRIS

Flat and open....
(desperately)
... There'll be men everywhere.
You'll have no trouble getting
in, but you'll never come out.

Walker swings the car around and cruises back along the other side of the street, still seeking the solution. He notes an older building facing the Wentworth entrance.

He scrutinizes the parking ramp at the side of the building. They pass the lobby again. There is a midget bellhop standing by the doors. He stares straight into Walker's eyes.

A VIEW THROUGH BINOCULARS - HUNTLEY VIEWPOINT - DAY 57X1

The two glass-walled penthouses are evident.

58 OUT

EXT. PALISADES - DAY

58X1

Walker lowers the binoculars. He and Chris are on a rooftop far away from the Huntley.

There seems no answer to Walker's problem.

CHRIS (sighs)
I guess he has to come out some time.

WALKER
I can't wait.

Walker gives Chris a long, calculating look.

WALKER
How bad does Reese want you?

CHRIS
Pretty bad ... I guess.

WALKER
Bad enough to let you through -- into the Huntley?

Chris slowly absorbs the import of Walker's words.

She shudders, but is clearly now under the influence of Walker's personality.

CHRIS (astonished)
You want me to ... !

Chris is at a loss for words but then her face hardens into a resolve.

CHRIS
Let's see what he says ...

She turns and walks to phone.

TRANSITION SHOT

59

The distant view of the Huntley changes from day to night.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF THE HUNTLEY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

60

The harmless-looking building by day has taken on a far more menacing aspect that night as Chris approaches the building.

She talks to a strong-arm man pretending to be a janitor. He nods, smiles indulgently, and allows her to pass into the lobby. He exchanges a knowing look with another gangster leaning nonchalantly against a taxi which is not for hire.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

61

Walker watches Chris enter the Huntley from the second-story window of an apartment opposite.

Two carefully turned-out young men lie trussed and gagged on a double bed.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTLEY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

62

Inside, more gangsters, strategically placed, wait for Walker.

Chris walks past them and takes the elevator to the penthouse.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

Walker watches from the window as Chris appears in the brightly-lit, outside elevator. Like a fly in amber, she rises up to the face of the building.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

64

Another bodyguard receives Chris at the elevator entrance and appraises her as she mounts the spiral staircase to the roof level and Reese's sitting room.

The penthouse is a luxurious corner of light against the starlight sky. Its four walls are entirely of glass.

Outside, a bodyguard paces a beat around it.
Another leans over the parapet of the roof.

64
CONT'D
(2)

A similar penthouse, dark, unoccupied, is in the diagonally opposite side of the roof.

CUT TO:

INT. REESE'S SITTING ROOM - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

65

Reese emerges from the shower, drying himself, confident but edgy.

REESE

Hello, Cinderella. I was beginning to think you'd never come for your shoe. Then suddenly I get your call.

(suspiciously)

What made you change your mind?

CHRIS

That's a woman's prerogative. All good things come to those who wait.

REESE

Than I win first prize.

Reese has a suspicious look in his eye. Chris is not sure how much he knows. He circles round her and takes hold of her arms. He grips her fiercely.

CHRIS

It look like today isn't visitors' day -- I'll see you some other time.

But Reese now has the smell and feel of Chris. His desire lulls his fears. His hands run up and down her body as he whispers in her ear.

REESE

Do you know how long I've been waiting for you ... The first time I saw you it was goodbye Lynne!

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

66

Walker is watching and waiting. He goes over to the telephone and puts his hand on the receiver. He does not lift it. He will carefully choose his moment.

INT. SITTING ROOM - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

67

REESE

I've got some business to settle,
then we'll go to New York. You
take empty bags --

CHRIS

Sure - Mal. Is the business -
outside?

She nods to the watching gurnmen outside the window.

REESE

It's nothing serious. Just some
jerk stepping out of line.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

68

The two men lie, still trussed and helpless.
Walker has telephoned the police. He puts the
phone in the face of one of the two men.

WALKER

Talk, friend.

2ND MAN (strangulated)

Help ... I have been attacked ...
help me, please ... Ferguson 2291
Western ... second floor ...
opposite the Huntley ... for God's
sake ... help.

The two men are convinced now that the events are
a nightmare.

CUT TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

69

Chris and Reese have drinks. He is relaxed now,
in charge of the situation.

REESE (casually
probing)

Have you seen Lynne lately ...?

CHRIS

You know the scene with her and
I

REESE (grinning
at a shared secret)
You kids ought to kiss and make
up....

69
CONT'D
(2)

CHRIS
I haven't seen her since ... you
and her ...

REESE (cutting
her off)
Did you ever meet Walker?

CHRIS
A couple of times. Didn't he die
or something?

REESE (coldly)
... about a year ago.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTLEY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

70

The wail of police SIRENS getting steadily nearer
alerts everybody in the office block: The one
visitor they don't want is a policeman.

From a shadowed doorway, Walker watches their
reactions.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTLEY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

71

The guards on the various floors sneak looks out
of windows at the police arrival.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENTHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

72

On the penthouse roof one of the guards shouts
reassuringly to Reese.

GUARD
Something going on across the
street, Mal

Reese nods his thanks through the glass.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTLEY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

73

With SIRENS still SCREAMING the police hurry up to the apartment block.

The fake janitor and phoney taxi driver melt into the shadows as another police car begins to patrol the growing crowd of the curious drawn by the dying sirens.

Taking advantage of the diversion he has created, Walker is around the Huntley and goes down the parking ramp before the sirens have stopped.

INT. UNDERGROUND CARPARK

74

Walker goes down the ramp and across to the elevator. He presses a call button.

INT. LOBBY - HUNTLEY

75

As the guards discreetly watch the police activity in the road they fail to see the elevator rise from the carpark basement.

CUT TO:

INT. SITTING ROOM - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

76

Chris looks with distaste at the two guards watching her through the glass walls.

Reese sits wrapped in a huge bath towel, sipping a drink, waiting, savouring his conquest.

CHRIS

Mal, can we pull the blinds?

REESE

Of course ... Make yourself comfortable ... Why don't you take a shower?

He presses a switch and the curtains begin to close electrically.

He goes into the bedroom.

The guards retire to the darkness beyond.

Under the pretext of arranging the blinds, Chris slips a window catch before following Reese.

76
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

77

From his hiding place in the other penthouse, Walker waits for the curtains to close before stepping out into the darkness of the roof.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENTHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

78

The two gangsters are still intent on making out what is happening at street level.

Walker's attack is swift and silent; the two men fall like sacks and are bound and gagged with twine and rags Walker had brought. He lays them in a shadow.

The window catch to Reese's penthouse yields and Walker is inside.

CUT TO:

INT. REESE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

79

Gun ready, Walker gets his bearings from the sitting room, then makes for the open door of Reese's bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - REESE'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

80

Two forms lie close on the bed.

Walker advances softly, implacably, sets himself, tears back the covers and jams his gun into Reese's fleshy buttocks.

WALKER (menacingly)
Get up - lover!

Reese lies terror-stricken. A face of fright.
Sweat shines on his back.

80
CONT'D
(2)

CHRIS (thankfully)
... Walker ...

WALKER
Beat it.

Chris has begun to shudder with revulsion, she cannot stop shaking.

His authority sobers her.

She slips from the bed and begins dressing, knocking over a lamp as she does so.

The NOISE alerts the men on the floor below.

GUARD (o.s.)
You all right, Mal?

Walker's jabbing gun and ferocious expression are enough.

REESE
Sure ... fine. I knocked over
a lamp ... that's all ...

He subsides back on the bed.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

81

Below, the two guards grin.

FIRST GUARD
He goes pretty good, doesn't he?

SECOND GUARD
Yeah ... I bet he ain't worrying
about that Walker now!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

82

REESE (croaking)
What are you going to do, Walker?

WALKER
Get my ninety-three grand.

82
CONT'D
(2)

REESE
You don't stand a chance....

WALKER (dangerously
quiet)
Shut up and get up!

Winding a sheet around his waist, Reese does so.
Chris is dressed and about to leave.
Walker checks her, his expression questioning.
He has remembered his own reactions in Alcatraz.
Chris leaves without another word.

CUT TO:

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

83

The gangsters on the lower level go in after Chris
as she disappears into the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

84

Locking Reese's hand cruelly behind his back,
Walker propels him across the bedroom towards
the open door leading into the living room.

Walker can barely restrain the raging animal within
himself which wants to tear this man to pieces.

Reese groans with pain and clutches the sheet
around him with his free hand.

REESE
For God's sake ... let me get
dressed.

WALKER
You're better this way ...

CUT TO:

85 OU'

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

85X1

D

Walker half pushes, half drags Reese through the room.

WALKER

My money, Mal.

REESE

I haven't got it ... I owed the Organization a hundred and fifty thousand. I gave it all to them.

WALKER

Who's got it, Mal?

REESE

There's no one man ...

WALKER

If you go high enough there's always one guy.

REESE

It's not like that ...
it's a big operation ...

WALKER

Name names, Mal!

REESE

They'll kill me, Walker.

WALKER

Not if you're already dead.

Reese stops their progress. He can stand no more.

REESE

Fairfax ... Brewster ... Carter.

WALKER

Who do you work for?

REESE

Carter ... Carter runs things here.

WALKER

Where do I find him?

REESE (terrified)
Believe me, Walker, it won't do
you any good. You couldn't get
in to see him anyway... he's a
legitimate business man...in
the yellow pages and all that.....
Let's make a deal ...

85X1
CONT'D
(2)

Walker squeezes hard on Reese's neck.

WALKER

Carter...Mal...where do I find
him?

Reese arches his aching neck.

REESE

The Stuart Building... he has
offices there ... It's called
Multiplex Products Company ...
seventh floor ...

WALKER

Fine.... Now what's to stop me
getting to him?

REESE (despairingly)

He's got protection ... no one gets
through that isn't searched.

WALKER

Stop worrying about me -- start
worrying about yourself!

EXT. PENTHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

85X2

REESE (pleadingly)

Look, Walker, you've got to trust
me.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

85X3

REESE

Trust me, Walker, trust me.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT 85X4

WALKER
You ... you were my ...

FLASH CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT 85X5

REESE
You're my friend, aren't you?
You're my last chance.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT 85X6

WALKER
We're going together, to Carter.

FLASH CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT 85X7

REESE
Sure we will, Walker. We'll
live forever!

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT 85X8

The lights of the penthouse go on behind them. Reese wrenches free of Walker's grasp. Walker grabs the sheet. It suddenly gives, and Reese plunges off the parapet. He falls ten stories to the ground below, leaving Walker with the sheet in his hand.

Walker watches intently as Reese's body smashes onto the sidewalk. The man who had broken his life now lies broken.

He quickly makes for the elevator of the second penthouse.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNTLEY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

86

The police are still on hand from their dealings in the apartment block opposite. They run out into the street and across into the lobby of the Huntley. The guards are helpless and confused.

INT. UNDERGROUND CARPARK - NIGHT

87

Walker emerges from the elevator and hurries up the ramp toward the exit. A guard, having seen Reese's body, returns to take up his post and spots Walker. He looks at Walker with a mixture of fear and panic. He pulls a gun and FIRES at Walker, who takes cover behind a concrete support. As the guard FIRES a second time, two policemen appear at the entrance to the carpark. They can not see Walker, only the guard. They call out. The man spins around gun in hand. The policemen pull their revolvers. The man throws up his hands in surrender. Walker walks up the ramp and out of the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTLEY APARTMENTS - NIGHT

88

A considerable crowd has gathered outside the Huntley. Police are holding back onlookers to allow an ambulance to back in to the point where Reese lies. Walker edges through the crowd. He suddenly sees the midget bellhop watching him. He looks away and catches a glimpse of Reese's body covered in blankets as it is lifted onto a stretcher. His face fills with revulsion and self-disgust. He pushes his way out of the crowd and vanishes.

CUT TO:

YOST, WHO STANDS AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD

89

watches him depart.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - SANTA MONICA - NIGHT

91

Walker glances at Chris, goes directly to the bathroom and begins washing his hands.

Chris is still now, watching him.

CHRIS (quietly)
Well ... what happened?

WALKER
He's dead....

CHRIS
Good ... How?

WALKER
Off the roof.

CHRIS
Did you do it?

WALKER
He fell.

Chris stiffens. She gets up from the bed and goes over to the window.

Outside the motel floodlights pick out the surf as the waves break on the beach.

CHRIS
I'd have cut his heart out.

Walker straightens up, reaching for a towel.

WALKER
Look, I went to see him to get my money, not to kill him.

Chris turns on Walker, her face blazing with anger.

91
CONT'D
(2)

CHRIS (incredulously)
Your money.... You made me go to
him just to get your money?

WALKER
He's splattered all over the side-
walk. What do you want me to do?

Chris's outburst has left her limp.

CHRIS (flatly)
You made a big mistake, Walker ...
You owed it to yourself - and to
Lynne - and to me. You should have
killed him. You cheated all of us.

Walker throws the towel aside. For him this is a
new Chris.

She walks back and slumps down onto the bed.

CHRIS (dismissively)
You're finished now ... you've got
nothing left - Can't you see that?

Walker stands motionless in the middle of the room.
He wrestles to hold down his mixed and rising emotions.

WALKER (thickly)
Just my money .. that's what's
left.

He goes to the phone and searches for a number in
the telephone book, riffling the pages with un-
necessary violence.

CHRIS
You'd better hold on to it. It's
all you've got. You know something?
You're dead! You died at Alcatraz,
after all.

Walker has found his number and dialed while Chris
was talking.

He gives her a glance but no more as his call answers.

WALKER
Can I speak with Mr. Frederick Carter
... This is a business associate ...
Yes, I'm from Mr. Brewster ... Do you
have any idea where Mr. Carter can be
contacted? ... Is he? Thanks, I'll
get him there.

Walker replaces the receiver and looks back at Chris.

91
CONT'D
(3)

She had risen from the bed, turned on the shower and now stands undressing with her back towards him.

Walker's apparent indifference to her ordeal with Reese, his obsessive single-mindedness and her own delayed reactions to what she has been through have merged into near hysteria for Chris.

The shower hisses in the silence between them.

Walker goes towards her. He grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her. She breaks free. Chris turns her head to him.

He stares at her intently, caught in cross-currents of anger, desire and self-disgust.

CHRIS (spitting)
Don't... touch... me - don't.
Get your hands off me. You're
worse than him ... Do you hear ...
worse than him!
(she turns away
with distaste)
... His hands ... all over ... me
... like a slimy snake.

She begins to cry.

The sobs hit Walker like bullets.

WALKER (shouting)
Shut up - Lynne.

CHRIS (turning
to him as she walks
towards the bathroom)
...Chris?... Remember? ... Chris!

Walker doesn't move but watches her disappear behind the glass partition.

He takes from his pocket the package of money that the messenger had delivered for Lynne. He stares at it for a moment then leaves it for Chris on the bureau. He goes.

CUT TO:

INT. CONCOURSE - COLLEGE CAMPUS - LOS ANGELES -
NIGHT

92

A gathering of substantial citizens, students and gowned academics, stream into the concourse from a lecture hall beyond.

They are celebrating the successful conclusion of a fund-raising campaign for a new sports stadium.

Banners and posters everywhere are evidence of their efforts.

Small groups gather; there is much hand-shaking and back-slapping and mutual congratulations.

Carter and his wife are the focus of a stream of well-wishers.

Mrs. Carter is a well-dressed, rigid-looking woman. Very formal, she is yet aware of her husband's activities and wants nothing to disrupt their way of life.

MRS. CARTER

It was a lovely speech. Dear,
let's leave before Dr. Hallerby
gets you in his clutches...

As she moves away from her husband, she is button-holed by a well-dressed woman, completely oblivious to everyone except herself. She gushes at Mrs. Carter.

WOMAN

Isn't Fred a wonder. Where does he get the time to do all the work? If it wasn't for him, we would never have gotten the new gymnasium off the ground.

(a beat)

Hi, Lucille, how's Bert?...
Believe me, with all these charities, I haven't got time to turn around -- luncheons, dinners -- I'm getting as fat as a pig. We haven't got a free evening for two months. Somebody ought to give a dinner for us. Do the poor people know how hard it is for us?...
Hello Charles...Dr. Hallerby. Wasn't it a terrific evening?

(continued)

WOMAN (continued)

92
CONT'I
(2)

(beat)

You know, Dr. Hallerby, I was telling Helen Carter there're times I wish I could get a night or day off from all the luncheons, but when I hear about the poor unfortunates...I realize we've got to drive and drive and drive ourselves. I've talked to some of the girls from the American League and they've promised to leave off potatoes and starches from the luncheon. Isn't that marvelous? Now, if we could get the other groups to do it... Hello, Helen...hello, Phil. Have you made your reservations for the Daughters of Washington dinner? I understand it's formal. I hope so! Isn't it nice to dress up? I do wish they'd make up their minds about the new styles -- skirts are up...next they're down. Honestly, sometimes I feel like I'm on an elevator. I was telling Ida Mae, that's my maid, that you have to keep one step ahead of those foreign designers - You know sometimes you'd think it was a plot on their part to shake us up with the styles changing. You know something? It could be a gigantic conspiracy to undermine our country.

(a beat)

Why not, I ask you. Women are the power behind the throne. What if a group -

(getting more excited)

Yes, what if those people decided to break our morale by getting the women confused on the length of skirts. A little thing like that could really shake up our country. You know something? It's just possible. I'm so confused about hem lengths that I'm as grumpy as an old bear. What do you think that does to my husband. He gets mean as sin and takes it out on everyone else. The more I think about it, I'm sure it's a plot. Those foreigners are pretty sharp. It's people like us...the responsible members of the community who they're

(continued)

WOMAN (continued)

after. Do you know what they're doing? I'll tell you they purposely have their agents infiltrate our luncheons and dinners and make sure we're served fattening foods, potatoes, gravies, sauces. Honestly, can't you see what they're doing. We'll be fat as blimps and then they'll strike. I'm telling you, Lucille, it's horrible.

92
CONT'D
(2a)

Suddenly Carter's hand is shaken by Walker. Despite the milling crowd, Carter feels alone, facing Walker.

WALKER

While you're in the giving mood,
Mr. Carter ...

CARTER

Is there something you want from
me ...?

WALKER

My ninety-three thousand dollars ...

Carter tries desperately to keep up appearances as friends take their leave. His wife, a few yards off, looks across anxiously as she recognizes the barely concealed anxiety in her husband's face. He tries to reassure her with a look.

CARTER

You can't be serious ...

WALKER

It's my money ...

CARTER (viciously
friendly)

Reese owed us a certain sum.
He paid it. Any debt to you is
his problem ... not ours.

WALKER

It's yours now ...

CARTER

I'm trying to tell you for your own good ... Mr ... er ... I've forgotten your name ... Reese did tell me ...

92
CONT'D
(3)

Walker cannot be dismissed.

WALKER (hard)

Reese's dead, they're scraping him off the sidewalk in front of the Huntley.

Carter's attempts at superiority vanish.

CARTER

Dead? ... Then his debt died with him I'm afraid.

WALKER

Wrong ... it passed on to you.

CARTER

No business corporation would acknowledge a debt of that kind. So why should we?

He still keeps his suppressed undertone as other committeemen say goodnight.

WALKER

A simple reason ... If you don't ... I'll kill you.

CARTER (incredulous)

You must be stark, staring mad. D'you realize who you're dealing with?

(he snaps his fingers)

... We can blow you out like a candle.

Walker grips Carter's hand again, painfully vise-like.

WALKER

You'd better take a big breath!

Carter's social face grimaces with pain. He tries desperately to maintain his bland smile.

WALKER (menacingly)

Listen ... I want my money in twelve hours ... you make the drop where I say ... or you're dead!

CUT TO:

INT. ANTEROOM - CARTER'S OFFICE - MORNING

93

The bland and dapper Carter of the fund-raising the previous night is now a raging executive of the Organization, berating his team for allowing Reese's death.

The bodyguards of the Huntley failure shuffle uneasily.

Stegman sits apart, excluded from Carter's anger.

CARTER

I said nobody was to go up there ...nobody ... he could have done without a girl for one night ...

BODYGUARD

Mal told us to let her through ...

CARTER

Did he? ... Is that what I tell the people downtown? Do you know what it will cost me in kickbacks to keep this clean... The girl was Walker's sister-in-law!

BODYGUARD (shaken)

We didn't know that ...

CARTER (pointing

to Stegman)

He did ... an outsider had to tell me ...

STEGMAN

She was the Trojan Horse ...

CARTER

You're a smart boy, Stegman ... A regular Greek scholar ... Come in here ...

(pointing to the sanctum)

... The rest of you leave!

With a withering glance at his henchmen, Carter goes through to his private office, followed by Stegman.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER'S SANCTUM - DAY

94

Carter appraises Stegman shrewdly. He notes the greedy but servile ambition and manner.

CARTER

You know what I'm going to do about Walker?

STEGMAN

Have him taken care of...?

CARTER

Wrong!

STEGMAN (jolted)

Wrong...?

CARTER

Killing Walker is no longer an economic proposition.

STEGMAN

What about the principle?

CARTER

Profit is the only principle.

STEGMAN

What are you going to do?

CARTER

Nothing. You're going to do it. I want you to pay Walker off.

The startled Stegman stares at Carter.

Carter opens a drawer, takes out a large wrapped package and tosses it into Stegman's hands.

CARTER

Walker and I came to an agreement last night. There's an empty storm drain that runs under the San Diego Freeway just north of the airport. Go down there and wait. Walker will collect.

STEGMAN

Why me, Mr. Carter...?

CARTER

You know him ... you know what he looks like.

STEGMAN
Sure...oh, sure... When do you
want me to go?

94
CONT'D
(2)

CARTER
Now... Ulysses ... now!

He busies himself reading a letter.

Stegman takes the dismissal: a small man trapped by
his ambition.

As he reaches the door Carter looks up.

CARTER
You'll give Walker his money...
won't you, Stegman? Don't try
what Reese did...

The threat is clear enough.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

95

Walker watches Stegman carefully place the package
in a car and drive off.

Walker does not follow him but watches him drive
off. He then enters the office building and makes
for the elevator.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

95X1

Walker goes across to the receptionist. She looks
up in alarm as he leans over and whispers in her
ear. His hand reaches under her desk and wrenches
out the telephone cables. Her face registers
terror. Her hand moves over and presses the buzzer
which releases the door to Carter's office. Walker
goes through the door.

INT. CARTER'S OFFICE - DAY

96

Walker enters, but almost immediately the bodyguard
appears from the anteroom.

MAN
Can I help you?

96
CONT'D
(2)

WALKER
I've come about Stegman's funeral
arrangements....

He raises his hands high, inviting a frisking.
The bodyguard looks undecided.
Walker looks at him calmly.

MAN
I'm sorry. I don't know what
you're talking about.

WALKER
He does!

The bodyguard bends to frisk him.

Walker's raised hands chop down with savage force.
The guard drops. Walker deftly extracts a .32
from the fallen man's hip pocket. As he comes
round, Walker jabs the gun in him and indicates
that he be taken through to Carter's sanctum.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER'S SANCTUM - DAY

97

Carter sees the bodyguard forced ahead of Walker
and reaches into a drawer.

WALKER
Close it...

Carter looks at the crestfallen guard and does so.
He winces at the thump of Walker slugging him
unconscious.

CARTER
What do you want from me?

WALKER
My money.

Walker grabs Carter and jolts him into the anteroom.
He follows Carter in, shutting the door behind him.

INT. ANTEROOM - DAY

98

CARTER

I don't understand... it's all arranged, as you asked.

Walker says nothing but thrusts Carter to the fire exit door at the corner of the room. He opens it. It leads out onto an enclosed stone staircase.

INT. STONE STAIRCASE - DAY

99

Walker forces Carter ahead of him and they start to descend.

CARTER

You're crazy, Walker. How can this help you?

WALKER

I want you to pay me personally.

CARTER

You can't take me out of here in broad daylight.

WALKER

Don't make book on it!

EXT. STORM DRAIN - DAY

100

The empty drainage canal runs in a curve across an industrial wasteland in downtown Los Angeles. It is a deep, wide, white concrete channel gouged out of the earth. A freeway arches over it at one point. Stegman's car pulls up in a deserted open piece of land at the side of the storm drain. Walker has chosen a location that has almost no cover. Stegman takes the package of money and walks in the direction of the drain.

EXT. CARTER'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

101

Walker pushes Carter across the road towards his parked car.

CARTER

Things aren't done this way any more, Walker. Let's be reasonable.

WALKER
The payoff's a setup, isn't it?

101
CONT'D
(2)

CARTER
I can assure you...

WALKER
Don't... Did you bug the package?

CARTER
This.... You can't be serious...

WALKER
Stop playing games... You never
were going to pay me... You agreed
too quickly!

CARTER (blustering)
Stegman is on his way at this very...

WALKER
It's a fix!

CARTER
I swear...Stegman...

They reach the car, Walker makes Carter sit in the
driver's seat. He climbs in alongside him.

CUT TO:

102 OUT

EXT. STORM DRAIN - DAY

102X1

Stegman looks around nervously. A train goes past.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

102X2

Walker and Carter walk through the dark tunnel
approaching the storm drain.

WALKER
Whose idea was the payoff...
yours?!!

CARTER (slumping)
Yes...

WALKER
You're the top man then!

CARTER (deflated)
Two of us run things - Brewster
and I...

102X2
CONT'D
(2)

WALKER
Nobody else?

CARTER (reluctantly)
We have a money man...

WALKER
What's his name?

CARTER
...It's not relevant.

WALKER (shouting)
His name!

CARTER (raising
his voice)
His name is Fairfax.

As they approach the mouth of the tunnel Carter begins to crack. He desperately tries to reassume his role of cool executive, but his panic is too complete.

CARTER (shouting)
Look, Walker. I'm a business-
man. Let's sit down...talk
business.

WALKER (roaring)
Business? What's your business?

CARTER
My word...my word.

WALKER
Redeem it. Redeem it.

CARTER
I've got securities.

WALKER
Paper. You're made of paper.

CARTER
I'll sign. No question.

WALKER
It's time to pay.

EXT. DRAINAGE CANAL - DUSK

103

Their voices echo and roar out of the black mouth of the tunnel. Carter hurtles out into the sunshine. He staggers down the slope toward the astounded Stegman.

STEGMAN (shouting)
Walker! Walker!

Carter scrambles to his feet desperately, turning upwards to the freeway above.

CARTER
No...no... It's all right...
it's Carter.. Stop....!

A man with a high-powered rifle on the freeway itself fires twice, killing Carter and the stupefied Stegman. He walks to his stalled car.

Walker smiles grimly under the shelter of the arch.

The marksman no longer needs his pretense of having broken down on the bridge. Swiftly, but unhurriedly, he lowers the hood and drives off.

Walker waits for a long, long moment before jumping lightly to the floor of the canal.

He walks slowly and reflectively towards the two bodies.

Squatting smoothly beside Stegman he delicately unties the brown paper package which Carter had prepared. Inside are folded newspapers. Walker's suspicions of the set-up are confirmed.

He walks over to Carter, sprawled in a grotesque posture, the expensive suit, brightly polished shoes and clean white shirt now smeared with dirt and blood. He squats again by the dead body and goes through its pockets. From an inside one he extracts a slim address book, embossed with Carter's initials; in it is Brewster's address.

He climbs out of the canal, stands reflectively for a few moments with the flashing landing lights of the airport behind him, then walks towards them.

EXT. BREWSTER'S HOUSE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

104

The lights of Los Angeles twinkle far below the hillside down which Walker is traversing carefully.

Set into it is an expensive modern home, jutting out from the steep, scrubby slope. It is in darkness.

Walker approaches it from the rear, cautious and alert. He leaps lightly onto the roof.

Cat-like he crouches there, listening for any movement.

There is none.

Smoothly he lowers himself to the ground and investigates windows and doors.

By the pool he identifies a neatly labeled light panel.

As he examines it, he HEARS FOOTSTEPS. Walker stiffens and waits.

The shadowy figure of a man walks around the house to the pool and stands looking down at the glittering city below.

Walker punches on underwater lights which illuminate the pool and man in shades of blue-green.

WALKER

Turn around.

YOST

You're getting careless -- barging down the mountainside.

WALKER

You nearly got knocked off yourself.

YOST

So did you. What was it?

WALKER

Small calibre. High velocity. He was a good shot.

Yost is amused. He nods in the direction of the house.

YOST (genially)
It looks like Brewster isn't home.

104
CONT'D
(2)

WALKER (grimly).
Then I'll wait.

Yost holds out his hand.

YOST
The book..

Walker looks closely at Yost.

WALKER (cutting
him off)
Book?

YOST
The book of names, Carter's book.
I told you.

WALKER
Don't you get paid for working
overtime? I'll give you a break.
Brewster's got a meeting tomorrow
morning with these three guys.
(he tears a page out
of Carter's notebook)
I'm going to be at that meeting
but I want him alone.

Yost takes it.

Walker studies Yost further.

WALKER
If I were you, I'd pick them up
tonight.

YOST
You've got yourself a deal.

WALKER
See you around.

YOST
Take it easy.
(patting his arm)
You'll live longer.

He watches Yost disappear before turning back to look at the lights of the city below.

104
CONT'D
(3)

INT. CAR - NIGHT

105

Walker drives through the city.

He is caught in the rush hour traffic. The stop-go driving heightens his own restlessness and frustration.

He jabs at the radio which spews out time, temperatures, traffic conditions and pop music.

Walker gazes ahead of him, containing his impatience.

The traffic continues bumper to bumper.

EXT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

106

Walker approaches the front door uncertainly. He raises his hand to press the bell, then notices that the door is ajar. He pushes it open and goes inside.

INT. CHRIS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

107

Walker moves cautiously into the living room.

A single light is burning. The room is a total wreck, the furniture smashed, clothes torn and strewn about the floor. On the walls, pictures have been slashed, mirrors shattered.

CHRIS (o.s.)
Hello, Walker.

She comes out of the bedroom which is in the same derelict state. She is not in a state of shock, just resigned and remote.

As they speak, Chris goes around picking up articles and putting them into a suitcase.

107
CONT'D
(2)

WALKER
They fixed you up good.

CHRIS (shrugs)
I got well paid for fingering Reese.

Walker is stunned by the reference to Lynne's money and by the memory of his own words to his wife.

Chris goes on rummaging in the debris.

CHRIS
The place is like a morgue. I should have moved out months ago.

WALKER
This guy you were going with? You lived here with him?

CHRIS
Yes. This was all his.

She gestures around the room, then looks at him through the gap in a torn dress she has picked up.

WALKER
What are you going to do?

CHRIS
I don't know. What about you?

Walker stands there. He has no idea how to say sorry.

WALKER
Well ... if you've got nothing on...

Chris is amused at his dilemma.

CHRIS
Are you asking me out?

Walker doesn't know how to take this.

Chris begins to laugh.

Little by little, as though it was for the first time, Walker laughs too.

EXT. BREWSTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

108

Walker and Chris stand outside the front door of Brewster's house. Chris is bewildered.

CHRIS (whispering)
Walker... where are we?

WALKER
Don't move ...

He disappears around the side of the house.

Chris shrugs and looks around her.

The narrow road up which they have driven reveals nothing. There are no other houses in sight. No movements, no sounds.

Chris spins around as the front door opens behind her.

Walker is framed in the doorway, enjoying her surprise.

WALKER
Don't just stand there ...
come on in.

Chris is totally at a loss. She steps over the threshold.

INT. BREWSTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

109

Without explanation Walker leads her through a darkened hallway.

Stopping by an opened fuse box he replaces the main fuse.

A large contemporary open-plan is revealed, luxuriously but conservatively furnished. He switches on a single lamp which dimly lights the room.

CHRIS
Whose is it?

WALKER
Brewster's. It belongs to the organization. They use it for meetings.

CHRIS
Well, nobody lives in it, that's for sure.

She shudders at the unlived-in, impersonal quality of the furnishings.

109
CONT'D
(2)

CHRIS

How do you know he won't be back?

WALKER

He'll be back. That's why we're here. I'm waiting for him.

Chris is shocked. Once again Walker has maneuvered her into a compromising situation.

CHRIS (angrily)

And what am I doing here?

WALKER

You're safer with me than on your own.

CHRIS (sarcastically)

And when do you expect our host?

WALKER

Any time. Maybe not till tomorrow. He has a date here at ten.

CHRIS

And you'll ask him for the money, he'll say no, and you'll kill him?

WALKER

Could be... What did you think this was, a pitch or something?

Chris is now shaking with anger. She stands trembling in front of him. She hits him hard in the face. Walker stares at her.

WALKER

Forget it.

He turns his back on her. Chris lunges forward punching at his head and neck. He does not respond. She stops, trying to control herself.

Walker turns and faces her in the center of the room. Chris approaches him. She hits him again. He does not move.

CHRIS (exploding)

You forget it!

Walker does not reply. Chris is determined to break down this wall of indifference. She attacks him again - kicking, biting, scratching. Walker pushes her off, brushes her away - refusing even to hurt or hit her.

Finally she is exhausted. She slides onto the floor in a corner of the room. She lies in a heap, silent sobs shaking her body. 109
CONT'D
(3)

Walker picks up a remote-control switch for the television and goes over to a couch. He lies down and starts flicking channels.

Chris gets up shakily and goes over to the bar. She pours herself a large scotch. The anger has left her body but still burns in her face.

Walker lights a cigarette, apparently absorbed in a television programme.

Chris moves around the room, drinking and exploring. She turns on some lamps, then goes into the kitchen.

As she disappears, Walker turns to see what she is up to. NOISES come out of the kitchen. She emerges again, re-fills her glass and then goes out through another door.

As soon as she has gone Walker jumps up, turns off the lamps and goes into the kitchen which is still transmitting mechanical noises.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 110

The cold, clinical kitchen is buzzing with activity. Chris has turned everything on - dishwasher, mixer, grinder, waste-disposer, air-extractor, etc.

Walker switches it all off. As he finishes this, a BLAST OF MUSIC hits him from behind. He spins round, identifying a speaker on the ceiling. He goes quickly back into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 111

Chris is swaying gently to the music. Walker looks round for the source of it, which is not in the room.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 112

Walker strides down the long hallway, violently throwing open the many doors that lead off it, searching for the record-player.

INT. HI-FI SUITE - NIGHT 113

Walker bursts into a small music room. It has recorders and record-players, musical instruments and shelves of records and tapes. He turns off every switch he can see, but the music goes on playing. Finally he locates the right one. The music stops.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 114

As Walker returns to the living room he is astonished to see the garden floodlights and the pool brightly illuminated. He runs out through the open glass windows.

EXT. POOL AREA -NIGHT 115

Chris is nowhere to be seen. He hurries over to the panel of switches and turns them all off. He goes back into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 116

As he enters, Chris's voice comes from an inter-com wall-speaker.

CHRIS (v.o.)

I'm going to louse you up, Walker.
Are you worried about Brewster?
You better be ... Before I'm through
I'll have the neighbors, the police,
the fire department and the seventh
cavalry .. all ringing the bell.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 117

Walker is enraged. Chris's voice reaches him from other speakers as he searches the house for her.

CHRIS (v.o.)

Listen to this, Walker.
(over the speaker
a GUN-SHOT rings out)
This house has everything.

INT. GAMES ROOM - NIGHT

118

Walker throws open the door. Chris is holding a .22 repeater rifle. The room has a miniature rifle-range, pin-tables, fruit machines and a pool table. Chris has switched on all the lights. She seems surprisingly cold and self-controlled. Walker stands framed in the doorway, watching her.

CHRIS

You're not afraid of being hit,
are you?

She fires in his direction and shatters a lamp-stand a foot to his right. As she pumps the gun to re-load, Walker is upon her. He wrenches the rifle from her and throws it aside. Chris breaks away and Walker goes after her, cornering her by the pool table. She fights and kicks, but he gradually pins her arms, forcing her back onto the table, his own anger matching hers.

CHRIS (defiant)

What are you going to do, kill
me?

Walker pushes her back onto the green baize. The coloured balls cannon off in all directions. He pins her body with his. The struggle, the violence, goes on but imperceptibly changes in nature - from anger to anguish to desire. It is as though they were raping each other. She scratches and claws at his clothing, he at hers. They may be tearing each other to pieces or making love.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

119

It is a continuation, except that they are undressed and in bed. The tension in Chris's face has turned to tenderness. But Walker is troubled. Suddenly it is Lynne he is holding in his arms. Then Reese has taken his place and lies laughing in Lynne's arms. Now Lynne becomes Chris again and Reese's hands and mouth explore her reluctant body.

Walker wakes up with a start and a cry on his lips. Chris stirs, drifting between sleeping and waking. Walker looks at his watch, listens for any sounds downstairs, then gets quickly out of bed.

CHRIS (sleepily)
Don't go, Walker.

119
CONT'D
(2)

Walker is rapidly dressing. There is a great
tenderness between them.

WALKER (ironically)
You know.

CHRIS (smiles)
I know.

WALKER
I've been this route before.

CHRIS (grimly)
Not only you.

WALKER
Reese, too.

CHRIS (quietly)
Maybe you just broke the pattern.

She lies languidly in the bed. He stands over her.

WALKER
You think so? Doesn't this
remind you of anything?

He picks up his gun from the bedside and puts it in
his pocket. It is a replica of their first meeting
in Chris's house.

CHRIS (smiles)
You're right. This is how you
found me - in bed.

She watches his every movement as he dresses.

CHRIS (softly)
Is it full circle?

WALKER
I can only see around the next
curve.

It is a declaration of love.

CHRIS
That's more than most people can
see.

EXT. CLOVERDALE FIELD - SANTA MONICA - EARLY MORNING 120

A large car cruises slowly between parked lines of private aircraft.

Already other small planes are taxiing and taking off with the casualness of street traffic.

A helicopter rises and flaps away over the large car as it parks in a bay at the end of the runway.

The hired gun who killed Carter and Stegman steps from it and watches the smooth landing of a small executive jet.

Like the professional he is, he continually scans the lie of the land around him, sizing up people, incidents and possibilities of danger.

The jet stops within a few yards of the waiting gunman.

Two men alight. One is BREWSTER, a burly man in his early fifties, in a black suit which matches his temper. His bodyguard carries two suitcases.

The gunman meets them.

The pilot taxis the plane away.

As the three men walk toward the car, Brewster lashes angry questions at the hired gun.

BREWSTER
Who killed Carter?

HIRED GUN
I did.

BREWSTER
You what?

HIRED GUN (calmly)
Carter set it up but he was where Walker should have been.

BREWSTER
What about this punk Stegman?

HIRED GUN
He was the bait...

BREWSTER
And Walker?

HIRED GUN
Still around.

BREWSTER (explosively)
How can some cheap heister walk
in and smash an operation like
ours?

120
CONT'D
(2)

They have reached the car. Brewster climbs in the back while the bodyguard packs the luggage. The gunman leans through the open window of the car door. He doesn't close it.

HIRED GUN (levelly)
I'll tell you why, Brewster...
Your operation's flabby. This
guy Walker has torn it apart.
He's a pro. He's got backing.
Last night he marked up three of
your boys - no fuss, no muss ...
Your ship's sinking ... the rats
are running... you're up the creek
and Walker's got the paddle!

BREWSTER (sourly)
Get in.

The hired gun shakes his head.

HIRED GUN
This is where I get off - it's
getting hard to stay alive
around here. I'll wait for
Fairfax - he hired me.

He closes the car door.

BREWSTER
Suit yourself.

He presses a button and the door window rises,
separating the two men.

The bodyguard behind the wheel drives off.

The hired gun watches them go, still scrutinizing
every inch of cover for some sign of Walker.

CUT TO:

INT. BREWSTER BEDROOM - DAY

120X1

Walker at window, watches Chris emerge from bath-
room - sit on bed - he crosses to door.

CHRIS
What's my last name?

Point Blank!
Chgs. 4-6-67

P.83A

WALKER
What's my first name -

120X1
CONT'D
(2)

He exits.

EXT. BREWSTER'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

121

Brewster's car winds up the steep hill to his house
and halts outside it.

The road ends in a cul-de-sac, a high point over-
looking the city.

Brewster gets out and walks swiftly to his front door, followed by the bodyguard carrying the two suitcases.

121
CONT'D
(2)

CUT TO:

INT. BREWSTER HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

122

Brewster lets himself in and, still followed by the bodyguard, strides into the living room.

He stops in his tracks in astonishment.

Walker is covering him with a gun and the bodyguard is caught flat-footed with a suitcase in each hand.

WALKER (to the
bodyguard)
Turn around and hold on to that
bag.

The bodyguard turns. Being a professional too he knows what's coming and tenses himself.

Brewster reacts as Walker slugs the henchman with the gun butt.

BREWSTER
Walker! You've got to stop this!
You're very destructive. Why are
you going around doing things like
this? What do you want?

WALKER
I want my money!

BREWSTER
Ninety-three thousand dollars! You
mean you're doing this for ninety-
three thousand dollars? What do
you really want?

WALKER
I really want my money!

BREWSTER
I'm not going to give you money.
Nobody is! Don't you understand
that?

WALKER
Who runs things?

BREWSTER
Carter and I run things.. Well, I
run things.

122
CONT'D
(2)

WALKER
What about Fairfax - will he pay
me?

BREWSTER
He just signs the checks.

WALKER
I want cash.

BREWSTER
Cash...checks...You're not going to
get anything from Fairfax. He's
finished. He's dead. He doesn't
know it yet, but he's dead.

WALKER
Well, somebody's got to pay me.
Call him anyway.

BREWSTER
It's a waste of time.
(gets cigar)
I'm just getting a cigar out of
here. That's all.
(sits and dials phone)
Cash. I suppose you expect me to
go to a hole in the wall and pull
out ninety-three thousand dollars
and peel it off for you? ... This
is Brewster...Los Angeles... Get
me Fairfax, please.

OPERATOR (o.s.)
One minute...I'll connect you.

BREWSTER
Let me tell you something about
corporations. This is a corpor-
ation. I'm an officer in the
corporation. We deal in millions.
But we don't carry any cash. I've
got eleven dollars in my pocket.

FAIRFAX (o.s.)
How are you?

BREWSTER
Fine...just fine. Just got in.

FAIRFAX (o.s.)
How's the weather?

122
CONT'D
(3)

BREWSTER
It's all right. Dried the garden
up a bit. A couple of things. I've
got a man here named Walker. Says
we owe him ninety-three thousand
dollars...You gonna say anything?

FAIRFAX (o.s.)
What's your problem?

BREWSTER
He says he's going to shoot me
unless I give him ninety-three
thousand dollars.

FAIRFAX (o.s.)
You do have a problem.

BREWSTER
Would you like to say a word?

WALKER
How much is Brewster worth to you?

BREWSTER
He's getting ready to fire the gun.

WALKER
Yes or no?

FAIRFAX (o.s.)
No!

WALKER
Listen to this, Fairfax.

BREWSTER
Walker, don't do that!

Walker FIRES gun.

BREWSTER (continued)
(over the noise)
What a foolish destructive thing to
do...What a silly thing. What's
all this for?

Chris enters.

CHRIS
Oh no! What's the matter? What
have you done to him?

BREWSTER

Not a thing - He fired that gun.
Wait a minute - are you with him?

122
CONT'D
(4)

CHRIS

Yes I am.

BREWSTER

Don't get excited.

CHRIS

What's the matter with him?

BREWSTER

I said don't get excited. Let me talk to him...Well, Walker, it just occurred to me that we might be able to help you...might be able to get you that cash...but not here in Los Angeles. We do have one setup where big money changes hands...up in San Francisco...the Alcatraz run...you remember that...with Reese? It's still going on...every week...once a week.

WALKER

Alcatraz...

BREWSTER

Well, the drop has changed...but it's the same run. Come on, let's make a trip to San Francisco. How about it. Huh?

123-126 OU

INT. COURTYARD - FORT POINT - NIGHT

127

BREWSTER

There's supposed to be a light on that landing where you are. I don't know exactly where it is, but it's up there.

Walker goes to switch on lights. He puts gun away, fiddles with it.

BREWSTER

Is that it.
(lights go on)
Good...
(starts forward)

WALKER
Just stay in the light.

127
CONT'D
(2)

BREWSTER
What do you mean?

WALKER
Nothing's gonna happen, is it?
(exits)

BREWSTER (his look
following o.s. Walker)
Of course not. Nothing's gonna
happen. We're gonna make the ex-
change, and you're gonna get your
money.

Brewster stands illuminated in the center of the courtyard, straining to discern Walker who is searching the catacombed corridors of the courtyard.

Walker strides on through the catacombed arches, seemingly oblivious.

Brewster peers after him trying to follow his progress.

BREWSTER
The thing is just routine...

Walker, now high above the isolated figure of Brewster, appears and disappears behind the shadowed columns of the corridor.

BREWSTER
What're you looking for -- There's
nobody else here.
(looks around)
Walker?

Walker has vanished. There is no one in sight on the roof -- bridge.

BREWSTER

I'm just wondering what the hell
a guy like you is gonna do with
\$93,000 -- Walker -- you think
you'll be able to handle it -- Wait
a minute... that little lady in the
car -- I bet she's got some ideas --
huh? I'll tell ya -- as a business-
man -- let me give you some advice --
put your money in the bank -- Walker?
Hear me? Walker???

127
CONT'D
(2)

(hears helicopter)

Walker, on the roof, pauses, looks down. He exits.

Walker appears at the head of stairs. He sees
Brewster, descends o.s. The SOUNDS of the approaching
helicopter begin to grow.

BREWSTER (relieved)

Walker -- see -- here it is...
It's coming - your money -- safe
as in church.

WALKER (descending)

What about your friend, Fairfax?

BREWSTER

Did you say Fairfax? Fairfax is
dead - or he will be tomorrow.

WALKER

This is tomorrow.

BREWSTER

Gonna help me with that box?

WALKER

No...

They walk away from each other.

128-131 OUT

INT. FORT POINT - PRE-DAWN

132

A helicopter flutters towards the moonlit courtyard
of Fort Point like some multi-winged dragonfly.

Illuminated in the center of the courtyard lies
a long wooden box similar to the drop at Alcatraz.

Waiting in the shadows of the catacombed walls are
Walker and Brewster.

Walker doesn't react, doesn't hear Brewster's
complaints. The helicopter and his own wariness
make him oblivious. He looks down at the heavy

black Magnum, lying in his hand. Its muzzle points at his stomach. With it, he wryly rubs the wounds from Reese's bullets all that time ago.

132
CONT'D
(2)

Brewster makes the same exchange with the helicopter as Alcatraz, and watches it roar off into a sky streaking with dawn light.

Unhurriedly, he takes out a large packet from the valise, wrapped in a San Francisco newspaper. He squats, to untie it. The rustling wrapping is the only sound in the silence following the 'copter's departure.

Walker still waits.

Silence.

EXT. FORT POINT - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

132X1

Brewster puts down package of money.

BREWSTER

Walker -- here it is --

(he is shot - falls)

Walker...what did you do that for?

YOST

Walker didn't shoot you.

BREWSTER

Fairfax. This is Fairfax, Walker...

Kill him, kill him.

YOST

You should've stayed an accountant.

BREWSTER

Yeah -- you're right.

(he dies)

YOST

Our deal's done, Walker. Brewster's the last one. He thought he could take over from me...

(exits)

Yost circles around, calling to o.s. Walker.

YOST

Hey Walker... Come in with me - I've been looking years for someone like you Well come and get your

(continued)

Point Blank!
Chgs.

4-6-67

P.91-96

YOST (continued)
money -- Come on and get it...
I pay my debts. WALKER -- WALKER!!!!

132X1
CONT'D
(2)

Only the wind and the sound of the sea can be heard.

Then footsteps. Into the center of the courtyard
walks the Hired Gun.

Yost and he exchange glances and shrugs.

YOST
Well? Walker - this is the last
time...

There is no reply.

YOST (bemused)
How do you like that?

HIRED GUN (blandly)
I like it.

The two men walk slowly from the center of the
courtyard leaving the packet of money behind them.

A faint breeze stirs the dirt of Fort Point, blowing
dust over the package wrapped in mundane newspaper.

ALTERNATE VERSION:

Hired Gun starts to get money.

YOST
Leave it!

HIGH ANGLE - ZOOM - SHOOTING DOWN ON BREWSTER'S
BODY

132X2

Tilt up and pan to see panorama of San Francisco
skyline. ZOOM IN on Alcatraz.

THE END