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Three Days Of The Condor

By Lorenzo Semple Jr.

Tell her what you got. - Male,
Caucasian, appears to have been shot.
Where? - In his room.
- Very funny, Harold.
The wound is just below the heart.
- Shot once? - Seems to have been.
Turner...?
Dr. Lappe, I'm sure he's going to be
here any second now. - Really?
Mr. Turner is late again.
Let's get back to work.
- We can do that in five minutes.
You know what Joey would say?
- Come on!
What kind of a slug?
- You're missing the point.
The machine will come back with a
rephrase. - What do we feed in?
Turner, Joseph. - 17 minutes late.
- Make it 12, there was a headwind.
Dr. Lappe, anything in the
early pouch for me?
Dr. Lappe?
Nothing in response to your report.
Please analyze the book on your desk
by 4 o'clock. - Yes, sir.
I'd move the Tolmiea to the light,
the leaves are getting a blight.
At ease, Sarge, at ease.
It's going to rain today, at 10:20.
There must be more details.
- I only read two chapters.
No other clues?
- What time did they find him?
Doesn't say. Just early evening.
- They never said what caliber.
Apparently a.38.
- Why "apparently?"
The entry wound was characteristic of
a.38, but the slug wasn't recovered.
Hey, we're getting somewhere.
- You guys figure it out.
I have Far East journals to read.
- Was the slug in the wall?

No, there was no exit wound.
We're not getting anywhere.
Finish the book.
Hi. What we've got so far...
Ice.
Instead of lead. Ice.
The murderer pours water into a .38
caliber mold and freezes it.
He shoots the guy with the ice bullet.
The cops find a few drops of water.
No bullet, no ballistics.
- That's great!
What is this?
Beautiful calligraphy.
- What is it? - It means heaven.
Nothing else? - It can mean
"the best" or "tops". Why?
I'm not sure. - We're going to Sam
and Mae's tonight, right?
Talk to Sam about it.
- About this?
I did. He said, "that's interesting,
but it's not my department."
Which means he doesn't think there's
anything, just like Dr. Lappe.
And you. - There's not much.
A mystery that's been translated.
A mystery that didn't sell and has
been translated into odd languages.
Turkish, but not French.
Arabic, but not Russian or German.
Dutch.
- Spanish?
Yes.
Where did you get that about the ice?
Dashiell Hammett? - Dick Tracy.
Are you sure about this ideogram?
Look at this face. Could I be wrong
about an ideogram?
It's a great face.
But it's never been to China.
Ray, when can I get some
computer time? - Dick Tracy?
A very underrated detective.

- There's some free time at 2:45.
No, stay on schedule, I'll get it.
Four pieces, right?
- Right. - Hold it!
Five.
- Affirmative, five.
Where is Mr. Heidegger? - He called
in sick. - Probably hung over again.
This is extraordinary.
I was just checking the files and I
came across an inquiry he sent
to Persian Gulf command.
He did that for me.
- It never went through my office.
I asked for some research,
he didn't feel it was important.
I wish you people
would go through channels.
What's on your mind?
This was in the pouch
from New York Central.
HQ in Langley says there's no other
source to support your theory.
Call this working on that book?
- I'll have it by 4pm.
We have people to service machines.
- These things just look complicated.
I wonder if you are
entirely happy here.
Within obvious limits, yes, sir.
- Obvious limits?
I can't tell people what I do.
- Why can't you accept that?
I actually trust a few people.
That's the problem.
It's your turn to bring in lunch.
What time is it?
- The rain's gonna stop by 11:30.
You can wait 8 minutes.
That's not a proper exit! - He always
goes out that way when it rains.
Personnel should enter and exit
by authorized means only!
Shakespeare, how is it? - Terrific.

The rejection slips just pile up.
Know the feeling.
I always wanted to be Escoffier.
Maybe it's not too late. Van Gogh
was 30 before he began to paint.
No mayonnaise on Dr. Lappe's.
On the other hand, Mozart was 3 when
he started piano, and composed at 6.
Fast starter, probably better.
- Van Gogh never sold a painting
and Mozart died a pauper.
- Am I in the Public Library?
Hey, that's a very bright man!
- Educational. That's why I come here.
I come in here to get sick,
just like everybody else.
No butter on Ray's sandwich.
He gets very panicky about butter.
Mr. Jennings is in the back.
He'll sign for it.
Here are the...
Mrs. Russell, the Curtis report...
Would you move
from the window, please?
Pardon?
Would you move from the window?
I won't scream.
I know.
Small breakdown in security there?
What are you doin'?
What the hell are you doing?
Sleep at night, will ya?
This is the Major.
- Joe Turner.
Identification? - My name is Turner.
I work for you. Now listen...
Identify yourself.
What is your designation?
Condor. Section 9, Department 17.
The section has been hit. - Level?
Level of damage! - Everybody.
Dr. Lappe, Janice, Ray, Harold...
Are you on a company line?
- No, I'm in a phone booth.

You're in violation of
communication procedures, Condor.
Listen, you S.O. B... I came back with
lunch and the whole house was dead!
Has the incident been discovered
by anybody outside the company?
I don't know. I don't think so.
- Are you damaged?
Damaged...? No.
- Are you armed?
I have Mrs... I can't remember
her code name... Nightingale.
She was afraid of being raped.
I've got her gun. - Identify it.
It's a .45 automatic.
Will you guys bring me in, please?
I'm not a field agent.
I just read books! - Leave the area.
Alright.
Do I come into headquarters now?
Negative. Find a secure location.
- Where?
Avoid any place you are known.
Do not go home.
Surface again in two hours
and call the Major.

That'll be 14:

- Wait a minute, 2:30, right.
Walk away from the phone.
Don't hang it up. - Don't hang it...?
This is the Panic Officer.
Section 9-17 may have been hit.
Activate following procedures:
NY 1-2-7, D.C. 4-6-9.
Replay the report upcoming. Standby.
Augie 1 to New York Center:
- Go ahead, Augie 1.
Who am I talking to?
- Higgins, Deputy Director. Go ahead.
Hit confirmed. Six cold items.
- Quality? - Clean, fast, first rate.
Did you say 6? It should be 7.

- I repeat:

Lappe, Chan, Russell, Jennings.

Martin and Mitchell.

- Alright Augie 1. Find 7.

"Condor".

Researcher, Tidepool,

likes to read comics.

Who is it?

Hey, you ring my buzzer?

It was a mistake, buddy.

Not you guys!

Hey, who are you?

Hey, who the hell are you?

Augie 3. We found item 7.

Ralf Heidegger. He bought it at home.

Okay, button it up, Augie.

I'll send you more janitors.

I need Langley, right away.

- Yes, sir.

Grover speaking. - Higgins, Deputy

Director, NY. Give me Department 17.

Somebody took out

one of your sections: 9-17.

New York. Somebody got mugged, maybe?

- They were hit.

They're bookworms! - They got 7 out
of 8. We're on the shuttle. 30 mins.

One of my people is still okay?

- Condor. You know him?

No. Can he say what happened?

- He was literally out to lunch.

What happened? - He's not in yet.

His first call was a little wild.

Who's bringing him in? - Higgins.

He's already booked on the shuttle.

I want a chopper on the pad,

fuel for New York, now.

They're waiting for you.

- What? - Your two friends.

They just got here.

Said you gave them the keys.

Mr. Turner?

This is the Major. - This is Condor.

- Standby. Routing you to NY Center.

Condor on 1-1, Mr. Higgins.
Hello, Condor.
Who's this? - Deputy Director Higgins,
New York Center. Where are you?
I need a code name, why don't you?
Where are you?
Here.
You alright?
- Are you insane? Everybody's dead!
Take it easy and we'll bring you home.

Here's how:

Do you know the Ansonia Hotel?
- Broadway and 71 st. - 73rd.
There's an alley behind the hotel.
One hour from now, at exactly 15:30,
I want you to enter that alley
from the 73rd Street side.
Will you be there?
The head of department came from D. C...
He'll bring you home.
I've never met him. - Don't worry.
He's studying your photos now.
I don't know you either.
- We'll meet.
He'll carry a Wall Street Journal.
- There were two guys at my house.
What were you doing there?
- I was homesick. Who were they?
They were ours.
- What were they doing in my house?
I'm not going in any alley
and fuck the Wall Street Journal!
Turner, it's been a long, bad day.
You've been under... - Damn right!
Alright. We'll bring a familiar face.
Somebody you know.
Who's left? - You've got a friend in
statistics named Sam Barber.
You guys are something...
- Will he do?
Yes. Sam will do.
Alright, Turner. Stay well
for 60 minutes and you're home.

Can I ask a question?

- Sure.

What is happening?

- I'll talk to you in 60 minutes.

You've got 55.

This is ridiculous.

- It's standard procedure.

To pick up a friend?

- And you, Mr. Wicks? - No, thanks.

Side arm?

- Have you got a.45?

You bet.

- Hey, let me help you with that.

How long have you known Condor?

- Joey...

Before he was a bird even.

We went to CCNY. My wife Mae, too.

Was she ever Condor's girl?

- Here you go, Mr. Wicks.

Tell me what happened today.

- When?

This morning. About those murders.

What murders?

Here he is.

Hey, Sam. Where's that other...

What are you doing?

It's him, it's him!

Katherine Hale. H-A-L-E.

...172-208-875. Amount \$51,86

Where's there enough snow this early?

- In Vermont.

What's open, Sugar Bush?

- Not downhill.

This is cross-country.

- Don't like the lift lines?

Kathy!

Kathy, where have you been?

Let me give you a hand.

Wait, I don't know...

- Be quiet.

Get in the car.

Don't make a sound, don't be dumb.

Please don't hurt me. - Where

do you live? - Brooklyn Heights.

Alone?

- I live with a friend...

You live alone. Come on, let's go.

Leave the stuff.

Hi, Kath.

You should have said hello.

Where is it?

- Here.

"Condor shot us both."

That was the only statement he could make before they operated on him.

And the other man, Barber? Is he dead?

- Before he hit the ground.

A remarkable shot.

A half-inch above his flak jacket.

Was Condor qualified with a handgun?

"Two years military service,
Signal Corps,
Telephone lineman, switchboard
maintenance, 6 months overseas,
Separated 9/61, worked at
communication research college."

The question was:

Is he qualified with a handgun?

No, sir. M-1 rifle and carbine.

Evidently it was sheer luck.

Or else...

Or else what? - Condor isn't the man
his file says he is.

Where did he learn the basic moves?

- He reads.

What the hell does that mean?

- He reads everything.

I don't understand...

- Yes... very good.

Has Operations got anything?

- Absolutely nothing. - Extraordinary.

It was very well executed.

- It requires planning, communication,
tracks.

I'm not asking for footprints

but a blade of grass,

a broken twig...

Yes, sir. Wicks seems to be

all we've got. - Where do we have him?
We don't.
They rushed him to emergency
before we got word.
Maybe we should leak the name of the
hospital. Get Condor to make a move.
Don't expect
too many mistakes from this man.
He does seem rather more interesting
than just another reader researcher.

Example:

for himself? Was he turned around?
Does someone operate him?
Sexual? Broke?
Vulnerable?
Could he be a soldier of fortune?
Did he arrange the hit?
Is that why he's still in flight?
Still, he may be an innocent.
But then, why didn't he
come in gently, with Mr Wicks?
"Tentrex Industries". - It's a cover.
I work for the CIA.
Jesus, your assignment for today
was to go out and kidnap a girl.
Look it up. "Tentrex Industries".
And look up the number for the CIA in
New York. - You mean it's listed?
Under US Government Agencies.
Is this what you do?
This photography?
It's the same number. You could have
had the card made. - But I didn't.
You really get into it, don't you?
- Sit down!
I told you I had a friend.
I take 15,5/34. What size are you?
- What are you, a clown?
I'm scared! - So am I! - What for?
You've got a gun! - Yes!
That is not enough.
I work for the CIA,
I'm not a spy.

I just read books.
We read everything
that's published in the world.
And we feed the plots,
dirty tricks, codes
into a computer and the computer
checks against
actual CIA plans and operations.
I look for leaks,
I look for new ideas.
We read adventures
and novels and journals...
Who'd invent a job like that?
Listen!
People are trying to kill me! - Who?
- I don't know, but there's a reason.
There is a reason!
And I just need some safe quiet time
to pull things together.
Here?
- Here.
It's only fair...
Where's the guy with the shirts?
- He's skiing in the Green Mountains.
We want to go cross-country skiing
for a couple of weeks.
Away from everything.
What time's the news go on? Six?
- Six o'clock. - 40 Minutes.
No, please...
Lie down against the wall.
Put this arm behind you.
Now you listen to me:
I am tired.
I've got to close my eyes for a while.
I can't think straight.
If you try to move
or climb off the bed,
I'll know it. I'll feel it,
and I promise I'll hurt you.
Can't I stay in the other room?
I believe what you told me.
No, you don't.
I don't know if I do.

That includes Condor, of course.

Yes, I owe you Condor.

Otherwise...

- "Otherwise" does not exist.

Will Condor take long?

- Do you want an estimate?

There is a time factor.

- Always with you people.

Condor is an amateur.

He's lost, unpredictable

and perhaps even sentimental.

He could fool a professional.

Not deliberately,

but precisely because he is lost.

He doesn't know what to do.

Unlike Wicks, who has always been
entirely predictable.

The man Condor killed

in the alley? - Some friend of his.

A close friend? - I suppose so. Why?

- It interests me.

What was his name?

- I don't know. He was nobody.

He was somebody for Condor.

Get his name and address.

Have it for me when I call you.

What about Wicks?

Do you want the firm to question him?

They will, you know.

We don't want that.

Cost you nothing.

I was careless with Condor.

Wicks will be done for nothing.

What time is it?

- It's news time.

Lonely pictures.

So?

You're funny.

You take pictures of empty streets
and trees without leaves...

It's winter.

Not quite winter...

They look like...

...November.

Not autumn, not winter, in-between.

I like them.

Thanks.

The shootings behind
the Hotel Ansonia remain a mystery.

The victims' identities
have not been revealed...

Victims?

Can you say anything about a motive?

- Not at present.

Have you identified the victims?

- Insurance company employees. - What?

Did the victims know their assailants?

- Absolutely not.

One man dead, one seriously wounded
in an alley in Manhattan.

And the man with the gun
is still at large. - Sam!

Jesus Christ, victims...

What is he saying?

What happened in that alley?

I didn't shoot him.

You shot somebody. - But not Sam!

Nobody in that alley
said anything about the CIA.

But they were there.

You're telling me... - They had to
have been to change that story.

What did Higgins say?

He said he wouldn't be there.

The section chief was coming in...

He'd have to reach Sam.

Sam would have to call Mae.

I need your car. - Grand theft! You
don't want trouble with the police.

This guy in Vermont. What'll he do
if you don't show up?

He probably call soon.

Will he show up here?

- The gun gives you the right

to rough me up... - Rough you up?

- Yes, what are you doing in my house?

Have I raped you?

- The night is young.

You don't believe anything I've said.
I believe
you're in trouble. In danger.
But I don't know what kind and I'm
not sure how much of it is made up.
It doesn't matter.
Wait a minute.
I'm trying to understand...
What are you doing? Let me go!
You bully!
Don't tie me up, please!
This is...
...unfair!
- I know.
You're early.
Come on in.
Is Janice working late?
So is Sam.
Pour one for me, too, will you?
It's their own fault
if we're zonked when they get here.
We'll give 'em an hour and if they're
not here, it's just you and me,
just like old times...
What is it?
What is it, Joey?
What's wrong?
How do you know Sam's working late?
What do you think he's doing?
- Did he call? - 2 or 2:30.
What did he say exactly?
He had the Center call.
Who? - I didn't recognize the voice.
It wasn't the usual lady.
Third damn time tonight.
It's some creepy burglar.
I want you to get out of here.
- I can't, Joey, I'm cooking!
Go to Bill and Eileen's.
Stay there till I call you.
Don't argue! Move!
Go upstairs and stay there.
Do what I'm telling you!
Stay there.

I'll call you.

- Joey, you're scaring me!

Yours?

No.

Fifth floor, ladies' underwear.

Kids...

Probably the same everywhere.

That's the second floor.

I do it all the time.

After you.

- Go ahead.

Anybody here good with a coat hanger?

I locked my keys in my car.

I'll give you some money.

You can't tell me you never busted
into a car before. 5 bucks.

I don't have much time.

Okay? Come on.

Alright, 5 bucks.

I want you to answer the phone.

I'm not answering any phone!

Answer it!

Tell him what a great
son of a bitch you are!

I want you to be casual and nice.

Where the hell are you?

Ben?

- Who do you think it is?

You're supposed to be up here by now.

- I know...

I was held up.

That's no excuse. Come on.

Does this trip matter to you?

It matters.

- Yeah, sure...

No, it does! - This has happened over
and over. Last minute some excuse.

No, this is different.

- What's up?

The car...

...broke down.

- What broke down?

The generator went.

- That's gonna take for ever.

Maybe not.
I tried to call you before, but...
The generator...
...it's going to take too long.
Look, forget about the car.
Take the bus first thing tomorrow.
I'll try.
Try...?
What's going on? Are you okay?
I'm okay. I'm fine.
- You don't sound so fine.
I wish you would understand.
I do. I do. It's just that
I'm disappointed, that's all.
I really wanted
to be with you up here.
I know.
We'll have time.
- Yeah.
Get the very first bus
out in the morning, okay?
Alright.
Good night, sweetheart.
- Good night.
Listen, I'll be going.
In the morning.
Where?
Was it alright?
Alright?
Outside. Was it safe?
I'm not sure.
I wish I knew more.
About you.
Yesterday...
Today...
I don't remember yesterday.
Today it rained.
Why did you tie me up like that?
You thought I'd call the police.
I wouldn't have.
Why?
Sometimes...
...I take a picture
that isn't like me,

but I took it, so it is like me.
I put those pictures away.
I'd like to see those pictures.
We don't know each other that well.
Do you know anybody that well?
I don't think
I want to know you very well.
I don't think
you're going to live much longer.
Well, I may surprise you.
You're not telling the truth.
What? - You want somebody,
who's not gonna live much longer.
At least somebody who'd be on his way.
You take pictures.
Beautiful pictures...
...of empty streets and trees
with no leaves in November.
Why haven't you asked me
to untie your hands?
How much do you want?
I just want to stop it.
For a few hours,
for the rest of the night.
Then I'll go.
What was his name?
What did Higgins say?
Your Department Head'll bring you in.
- I've never met him.
Anything in the early pouch?
HQ at Langley says there's no other
source to support your theory.
Wicks!
You didn't sleep well.
- You didn't?
No, you didn't.
You were up early.
I had some thoughts.
I've got a plan.
I don't know
if it'll work or not, but...
...I'll need your help.
- Have I ever denied you anything?
When things quiet down,

you really are
a very sweet man to be with.
You had bad dreams.
You talked in your sleep.
What did I say?
- Who's Janice?
Was she a volunteer,
or a draftee like me?
She was...
...a friend.
She's dead.
Do I have permission to shower?
- You don't have to help.
I'll help. You can always depend on
the spy fucker.
I'm sorry... - No.
- No, I didn't mean...
I didn't mean to say that.
I'm really sorry.
I'd like to help you.
- Yes.
A.I.D. In I.C.U. 1098.
Insured package for Katherine Hale.
Leave it on the stoop.
Somebody's got to sign for it.
She's not here.
Okay, you can sign.
Her name on top, yours on the bottom.
Wonderful. - Government pens.
I don't have another pen.
I'll get one.

Now listen:

You're okay!
Can you get dressed?
You're okay! Get dressed, hurry.
Stella's Boutique.
Extension 1891, please.
- Pardon me?
Is this 6623799?
- Yes, it is.
There's no extension 1891? - We're
lucky if we have any phone service!
Operator.

What's the area code for Washington,
D.C.? - 202.
CIA, Langley?
- 6311.
Extension 1891.
Let me speak to Mr. Wicks.
He's not here just now.
May I ask who's calling?
How do you feel? Okay?
- What did you do to those people?
What people?
I don't know who they are.
I file a report
and a guy in Washington reads it.
Then he comes to New York to shoot me.
- Did you know him?
No. - Did you know the mailman?
- No,
but the guy in Washington did. - And
the next one? - I won't wait for him.
Has he gone double or dirty?
- I don't know, sir.
Is he still in New York City?
- I wouldn't be.

Question:

network undetected by the CIA,
linking Arabic-speaking countries
with Spanish-speaking?
We're already visible,
let's not become conspicuous.
If our agents aren't enough,
use freelance.
Use whatever it requires, but end it.
Okay, let's get it over with.
Thanks.
Applications are here.
See Mr. Addison. Turn right,
first door on your left.
Mr. Addison?
He's in Clearance.
You passed it on your left.
Sorry, thank you.
I didn't get the job.

Looks good...

I have this friend and he asked me to give you a message.

Quote:

a friend of mine, 'Sparrow Hawk'.

Please accompany her

to the Nassau Street exit, now."

Personally, I'd do it,

because he has this huge gun

and he's looking at us right now.

I'll save this for you. Shall we?

To your left, please.

Okay, sit up!

Back up against the panel.

Take it easy, I'm not armed.

They could be DF-ing us if you have a transmitter hidden. What's this?

DF? You do read everything, don't you?

- Something is rotten in the Company!

You never complained till yesterday.

- You never killed my friends before!

Who's she?

- Who hit the Lit. Society?

We had a big meeting about that.

Your name came up.

"Five Continents Imports".

Ring a bell?

Where did you get that?

- The mailman.

The one you sent

with the uniform, automatic gun...

We never use mailmen. - Would you

know a tall blond man, 6ft 4?

Strong like a farmer, not American.

Accent, maybe Alsace-Lorraine?

Yes?

- Was the letter delivered?

The return receipt has not arrived.

- You should have done it yourself.

A more complicated package

had to be handled.

But I might have

underestimated this one.

I was told
you never make that kind of mistake.
What will you do?
- Wait.
Then what? - People who move
leave word of change of adress.
I want to see that report.
- Do you know him?
Professionally, yes.
- He kills people!
Yes.
He works for the Company?
- Did once. He's a contract agent.
Freelance.
Where did you see him?
It would help if I knew.
- Help who?
Who'd hire him now?
- Anybody. - Terrific answer!
I know.
- What's his name?
When I knew him, Joubert.
Who'd hire him? You don't look him up
in the Yellow Pages! - Right.
Have to be somebody in the Community.
- Community?
Intelligence field. - "Community"?
You guys are kind to yourselves!
I want to see that report. - It went
to headquarters and disappeared.
Who read it?
- You mean besides Wicks?
You tell me.
I pick up traces of an intelligence
network the company doesn't know.
And I report it. Now why is that
going to make anybody mad?
Unless it was the Company's network
and you didn't want it blown!
Somebody is lying, Higgins.
Come on. Why is everybody so shy?
I'm not shy.
I don't know. That's what worries me.
I don't know.

- Ask Wicks. - Wicks died.
Someone yanked him off the
life-support system at the hospital.
Get me in, Higgins.
What good would that do, if they are
inside, what good would that do?
What should I do?
I'm sorry.
You're sorry?
I get it.
You expect me to draw fire!
Like a penny arcade bear parading
back and forth waiting for somebody!
And you'll pick him up
before he does it, or after?
I'm gonna cross-check all the names.
Nice talking to you, Higgins.
- Wait, where will I find you?
I'll find you.
Do you trust him?
Trust...
- Does he trust you?
He can't trust anybody. - How could
anybody sneak in and fool them?
Maybe nobody did. - Then...
Maybe there's another CIA...
...inside the CIA.
The light's gone off!
It's a hotel room.
- What hotel?
There's no tag. It's Room 819 in New
York. - There's a code on the edge.
You in the trade?
I read about it in a story.
- A story about locksmiths?
The lock manufacturer
can give you the name of the hotel.
I don't want to read
about you in the newspapers.
Will you make the call?
I'm doing a survey.
Do you believe the condor
is an endangered species?
Your room number, please.

- 819.

I just had an interesting call.

- Who is this?

In reference to

an all but extinct bird, the condor.

Have you had such a call?

- You're a fool to call me here!

You had no such call?

- No.

Must have been the Audubon Society.

They're still in New York City.

Langley, Computer.

State your program at the tone.

G... Carriage return.

TRS. Tone, symbol for number.

Computer is ready.

That number is 202-227-0098.

CNA, Mrs. Coleman.

Harold Thomas, Customer Service
requesting a CNA on...

...202-227-0098.

One moment please.

That would be

Mr. Leonard Atwood, 365 Mackenzie PI.,
Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Cross-check this tape against Wicks
and hold for any intersects.

Hat size...

"Lucifer"...

- Alright, run "Lucifer".

I'll be damned.

This is the Major.

- Condor. Find me Higgins.

Routing you, Condor. Stand by.

Hello, Condor.

Holiday Inn, 57th Street.

- Is that where you are?

Room 819. If you move it, you'll find
the Alsatian. - Where are you?

Where are you, Condor?

- Quiet down...

Higgins?

Yeah, I'm right here.

Who is Atwood?

Where are you, Higgins?
Aren't we pals anymore?
Something?
Major?
- Got him!
Let me see that.
What's he doing in Brooklyn?
We can get...
- Wait!
What's going on? - The son of a bitch
wired together 50 phones!
What? - Everybody in Brooklyn
is talking to each other!
I didn't know you smoked.
- I quit three years ago.
You look pale.
- It's the light in here.
What will you do there?
See a guy.
- More secrets...
Like those pictures you hide.
Yes...
Someday I'd like to show them to you.
If you live through this.
You could drive me to Washington.
No.
You have a lot of very fine qualities.
But...
- What fine qualities?
You have good eyes.
Not kind, but they don't lie,
and they don't look away much
and they don't miss anything.
I could use eyes like that.
You're overdue in Vermont.
Is he a tough guy?
He's pretty tough...
What will he do?
- Understand. Probably.
Boy...
That is tough.
All aboard for Baltimore
and Washington D. C...!
Kathy... I need time.

Eight hours or so, that's all.

Till noon, to do what I have to do.

Do you understand what I'm saying?

- No.

Are you going right to Vermont?

Yes.

What I mean is, don't call anyone.

Don't stop, please.

Don't tell anyone about...

Jesus, I didn't...

Hey, you take care of yourself.

- I'll do my best.

Do your best.

Why aren't you further along?

- With the Company, sir?

You seem perfect for it.

Are you perfect for it, Mr. Higgins?

I try to be, sir.

You were recruited out of school?

- No, interviewed in Korea.

You served with

Colonel Donovan in the OSS?

I sailed the Adriatic

with a movie star at the helm.

It doesn't seem like

much of a war now, but it was.

I go even further back than that.

Ten years after the Great War,

as we used to call it

before we knew enough to number them.

Do you miss that kind of action?

- No.

I miss that kind of clarity.

Yes?

Thank you.

He's being held at New York Center.

Mr. Higgins, you do understand

the Company's position?

There's nothing in the way

of your doing this, is there?

What is this? What's going on?

Who are you?

What are you doing here?

I'm Condor.

Sit down.
What do you do for a living?
Don't be ridiculous.
What do you do...
...exactly?
Deputy Director of Operations.
What section?
- Middle East.
What are you working on?
What are you doing?
What's the secret worth murdering
everybody at the A.L.H.S.?
There's no secret.
- Wicks showed you my report.
Yes.
It was your network I turned up.
Doing what?
What does Operations care about
a bunch of books, a book in Dutch?
A book out of Venezuela...
Mystery stories in Arabic.
What is so important about...
...oil fields?
Oil...
That's it, isn't it?
This whole damn thing was about oil!
Wasn't it?
Yes, it was.
Don't turn around.
Put your thumb on the hammer.
Release it slowly.
Set down the gun on the desk.
Don't move.
You were quite good, until this.
This move was predictable.
What?
Did you touch anything else?
You're working for the Company again!
The desk? The lamp?
Jesus, they took you back!
Just for this. For Atwood.
He's with the Company! Why...?
I'm not interested in "why", more in
"when", sometimes "where".

Always "how much".

I suspect

he was becoming an embarrassment.

As you are.

So you're not finished?

- Pardon?

Oh, no, I had no arrangement

with the Company concerning you.

They didn't know you would be here.

I knew you would.

Didn't you send the mailman?

That was a business

arrangement with Atwood.

But you see...

Come on.

Tell me about the girl.

What about the girl?

She was chosen... how?

By age? Her car? Appearance?

- At random.

Chance.

- Really...?

Can I drop you?

I'd like to go back to New York.

You have not much future there.

It will happen this way:

You may be walking,

maybe the first sunny day of spring.

And a car will slow beside you,

and a door will open

and someone you know, even trust,

will get out.

And he will smile. A becoming smile.

But he will leave open the car door

and offer to give you a lift.

You seem to understand it all so well.

What would you suggest?

Personally, I'd prefer Europe.

- Europe? - Yes.

The fact is,

what I do is not a bad occupation.

Someone is always willing to pay.

I would find it...

...tiring. - Oh, no, it's

quite restful. It's almost peaceful.
No need to believe in either side,
or any side.
There is no cause.
There's only yourself.
The belief is in your own precision.
I was born in the US, Joubert.
I miss it when I'm away too long.
A pity.
I don't think so.
Can you drop me at the station?
It would be my pleasure.
For that day.
Higgins!
Why do call so late?
We were worried. - Likewise.
Is the car for me? - Yeah, it's safe.
You have a few hours of debriefing.
Let's say for the purposes of
argument, I had a .45 in my pocket,
you'd take a walk with me, right?
Which way?
West. Slowly.
Stay in front of me 3 or 4 steps.
Where are we going?
Wave them on ahead.
Do we have plans
to invade the Middle East?
Are you crazy?
- Am I?
Do we have plans?
- No, absolutely not.
We have games. That's all.
We play games. What if?
How many men? What would it take?
How can we destabilize a regime?
That's what we're paid to do.
- Walk on.
Go on.
So Atwood just took the games too
seriously. He was really gonna do it.
Renegade operation. There was no way.
Not with the heat on the Company.
What if there hadn't been any heat?

What if I hadn't stumbled on the plan?
Different ball game.
There was nothing wrong with the plan.
The plan was alright.
The plan would've worked.
What is it with you people?
You think not getting caught lying
is the same as telling the truth?
No. It's simple economics.
Today, its oil.
In 10 or 15 years it'll be food,
plutonium. Maybe even sooner.
What do you think the people
will want us to do then?
Ask them.
- Not now, then.
Ask them when they're running out.
Ask them when there's no heating.
When their engines stop.
When people who've never
known hunger go hungry.
They won't want us to ask them,
they'll just want us to get it.
Boy...
...have you found a home!
- The Company didn't order it!
Atwood did.
And who is Atwood?
He's all you guys.
And you play fucking games!
Right.
And the other side does too.
That's why we can't
let you stay outside.
Go on home.
Go on. They've got it.
Just look around.
That's where they ship from.
They've got all of it.
What did you do?
I told them a story.
You play games. I told them a story.
Oh, you poor dumb son of a bitch!
You've done more damage than you know.

I hope so.
You'll be a very lonely man.
It didn't have to end this way.
- If course it did.
How do you know they'll print it?
You can take a walk
but how far if they don't print it?
They'll print it.
How do you know?
Susan Bahren