

CAPOTE

Written by Dan Futterman

Based on the book "Capote: A Biography" by Gerald Clarke

INT. SMALL, PACKED NEW YORK APARTMENT/KITCHEN - LATER *

The friends are standing in the crowded kitchen - people are
coming in and out - talking and drinking and laughing. *

TRUMAN *

So Jimmy Baldwin tells me the plot
of his book, and he says to me: the
writing's going well, but I just
want to make sure it's not one of
those problem novels. I said:
Jimmy, your novel's about a Negro
homosexual who's in love with a Jew
- wouldn't you call that a problem? *

Laughter. *

CHRISTOPHER *

Susan's father had a minor heart
attack, so she's writing more
erotic poems about death and sex. *

BARBARA *

It's so tiresome. *

WILLIAMS *

Hmm. What rhymes with angina? *

Laughter. We see Truman watching everyone laugh. GRAYSON
notices, leans in to him. As the rest of the group continues
talking, we come closer, hear their conversation. *

GRAYSON *

How's your writing? *

TRUMAN *

Oh, I've got a million ideas of
what to write next - I just have to
choose one. *

GRAYSON *

Really? *

TRUMAN *

No. *

Their attention is pulled back into the group as: *

BARBARA *

Who would I want to play me?
Natalie Wood. *

ROSE *
Too fat. *

BARBARA *
Audrey Hepburn? *

ROSE *
Not bad. Sort of middle-class. *

TRUMAN *
When a movie is made of my life I *
know exactly who I want as me... *
(beat) *
Marilyn Monroe. *

Barbara cracks up, chokes on her drink. *

6 EXT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE/BACK PATIO - MORNING 6 *

Truman sits with his coffee, reading the New York Times. An *
article catches his eye. He sits up straight, folds the *
paper over, reads it. *

6 INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY 6 *

C/U of article being snipped out of PAGE 39 of the Times, *
November 16, 1959. As the page gets turned around with each *
snip, we see a small PHOTO of a middle-aged man wearing *
glasses, with the caption: "FOUND DEAD: Herbert W. Clutter, a *
wealthy Kansas farmer...." We read the headline: "WEALTHY *
FARMER, 3 OF FAMILY SLAIN. Parts of the story: "HOLCOMB, *
Kan., Nov. 15 (UPI) - ... wheat farmer, his wife ...two young *
children found shot today...." *

INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, STUDY - MOMENTS LATER *

Truman on the phone. *

FEMALE VOICE OVER THE PHONE
New Yorker magazine.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)
William Shawn, please. *
(he listens) *
Adorable one? All of a sudden I *
know what article I'm going to *
write for you next. *

INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, STUDY/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER *

Truman on the phone, on a long cord, travels between the *
study and the kitchen as he talks to William Shawn. We hear *
pieces of the conversation, and see Truman in different parts *
of the room as he says each bit. *

TRUMAN (ON PHONE) *
... never had *anything* like this *
happen to them before. They're *
used to sleeping at night with the *
doors unlatched.... (laughs) Yes, *
we should buy stock in Master Locks- *
all of Kansas will be in the *
hardware store tomorrow. *

Jump to - *

TRUMAN (ON PHONE) *
They have no idea who the killer *
is. But it doesn't *matter* who the *
killer is -- what matters is who *
the townspeople *imagine* the killer *
is. That's what I want to write *
about. *

Jump to - *

TRUMAN (ON PHONE) *
I'm gonna need some help..... I'm *
thinking about Nelle - she can *
protect me.... *

JACK DUNPHY (strong, Irish-American, ten years older than *
Truman) - his longtime boyfriend - enters the front door with *
a bag of groceries, stops in the hall. He sees Truman on the *
phone. Truman looks at Jack, though he's still speaking to *
Shawn - *

TRUMAN (ON PHONE) *
I want to leave tonight... *

SMASH CUT TO: *

7 **EXT. TRAIN TRACKS, OUTSKIRTS OF NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT** 7 *

A train barrels toward us, its headlight bright. The train roars past, away from the city.

8 **INT. TRAIN, MOVING - NIGHT** 8 *

Truman hurries through the train, checking his ticket with the sleeper cabins. His long SCARF trails behind. His longer cashmere COAT practically brushes the floor.

9 **INT. TRUMAN AND HARPER LEE'S CABIN, TRAIN - CONTINUOUS** 9 *

Truman opens the door. Inside the cabin his childhood friend from Monroeville, Alabama, NELLE HARPER LEE (yes, that Harper Lee), is reading. She looks up, deadpan -

NELLE
I figured you'd missed it.

Nelle is a year younger than Truman, dowdy in dress, but smart, tough, sensible. Truman smiles.

TRUMAN
God I'm glad you agreed to come.

TRUMAN

You're the only one I know with the
qualifications to be both a
research assistant and personal
bodyguard.

(then, noticing)

Oh, Nelle, you poor thing.

He tries to spruce up her limp silk scarf.

NELLE
Off. Truman. Off.
(holds his hands)
I'm happy to see you too, but I can
still whip your behind.

TWO BLACK PORTERS enter, one with an enormous TRUNK
(Truman's), the other with a sensible SUITCASE (Nelle's).

PORTER #1
(reading tags)
Mr. Truman Capote, Miss Nelle
Harper Lee. Where would you like
these, sir?

TRUMAN
That one up there and that one on
the floor.

He tips them.

NELLE
What all did you bring?

PORTER #2
Thank you greatly, sir. It's an
honor to have you with us. If you
don't mind my saying, your last
book was even better than the first-

TRUMAN
You're sweet.

PORTER #2
Just when you think they've gotten
as good as they can get.

TRUMAN
Thank you. You're very kind.

PORTER #1
(to Nelle)
Ma'am.

The PORTERS leave. Nelle is stunned. Truman fiddles with
the trunk locks, his back to Nelle. Silence, then:

NELLE
You're pathetic.

Truman doesn't answer.

NELLE (cont'd)
You're pathetic.

TRUMAN
What?

NELLE
You paid them to say that.
Truman won't look at her. She whacks him.

NELLE (cont'd)
You paid them to say that!

TRUMAN
(squealing)
How'd you know? How did you know?!

NELLE
"Just when you think they've gotten
as good as they can get."

TRUMAN
You think that was too much?
(laughter)
I thought that was a good line.

*
*
*

More laughter. More smacking of Truman. Then it is quiet.

NELLE
Pathetic.

9A INT. TRUMAN AND HARPER LEE'S CABIN, TRAIN - MORNING

9A

Nelle's awake, but still in her bunk, looking out the window
at the Kansas plains. Truman's dressing, watching her.

CUT TO:

- 10 **OMIT** 10
- 11 **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY** 11 *
- TRAVELING SHOTS of harvested FIELDS, grazing LIVESTOCK,
solitary FARMHOUSES.
- The TRAIN chugs across the Kansas flatlands.
- SHOTS of SIGNS outside Garden City: "World's Largest Free
Swimpool" and "Howdy, Stranger! Welcome to Garden City. A
Friendly Place."
- 12 **EXT. GARDEN CITY RENT-A-CAR - DAY** 12 *
- Truman and Nelle rent a car. People stare.
- 13 **I/E. RENTAL CAR - DAY** 13 *
- Nelle drives past the main square, Truman in the passenger
seat. Truman looks at a photo in THE GARDEN CITY TELEGRAM.
- TRUMAN
Alvin Dewey, Kansas Bureau of
Investigation. KBI. *
- 14 **INT. LOBBY, WALKER HOTEL, GARDEN CITY - DAY** 14
- Truman and Nelle check in. People stare. Nelle notices.

- 15 **OMIT** 15
- 16 **EXT. FINNEY COUNTY COURTHOUSE, GARDEN CITY - CONTINUOUS** 16 *
- Truman and Nelle trot up the COURTHOUSE STEPS.
- 17 **INT. FINNEY COUNTY COURTHOUSE, LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER** 17 *
- Truman approaches the GUARD DESK.
- TRUMAN
 Mr. Alvin Dewey, please.
- GUARD
 Third floor. In what used to be
 the Sheriff's Office.
- Truman CURTSIES.
- 18 **INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY** 18 *
- In the reception area, ALVIN DEWEY and the two other KBI AGENTS assigned to the Clutter case are getting their jackets on and straightening their ties. They've completely taken over the office. They are: HAROLD "Brother" NYE (34); and ROY "Curly" CHURCH (60 - bald). They all smoke.
- Sheriff WALTER SANDERSON - 60's, kind, overweight - is office-less (though he and his wife DOROTHY still live on the fourth floor of the Courthouse.) WALTER lurks in the background, nowhere to go, emptying one of many FILLED ASHTRAYS, BOTHERED by the SMOKE. Truman and Nelle enter as:
- CHURCH
 The wife said no more smoking in
 the house. I told her, "Fine.
 Walter's got a couch upstairs in
 his apartment. I'll stay with him
 and Dorothy till we're done here."
 (to Walter)
- (MORE)

CHURCH (cont'd)
I've got my bag and a carton of
cigarettes in the car.

WALTER looks uncomfortable. Dewey shakes his head at Church.

DEWEY
Roy.

TRUMAN
Mr. Dewey. Truman Capote from the
New Yorker.

Silence. The Agents stare at him.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Hello.

Silence. Nye is looking at Truman, particularly puzzled.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Bergdorf's.

NYE
Sorry?

TRUMAN
The scarf.

NYE
Oh.
(then)
Nice.

TRUMAN
Thank you.
(turns to Dewey)
I wonder when we could arrange an
interview? Some time to talk.

Dewey stubs out his cigarette.

DEWEY
About what?

TRUMAN
We're not looking for any inside
information - I don't care one way
or another if you catch whoever did
this - I'm writing an article not
about the Clutter killings, but how
they're affecting the town, how you
all are bearing up -

DEWEY
I care.

TRUMAN
Excuse me?

DEWEY
I care.
(puts on his hat, pulls
out another cigarette)
I care a great deal if we catch
whoever did this.

TRUMAN
Yes -

DEWEY
As do a lot of folks around here.

TRUMAN
Of course.

Dewey walks out. Nye and Church start out after him.

NYE
(to Church)
New Yorker?

CHURCH
You have press credentials?

NYE
What's the New Yorker?

CHURCH
Magazine.

TRUMAN
Magazines don't give out -

CHURCH
You can come to the news conference
with the rest of them.
(tips his hat to Nelle)
Sears and Roebuck.

Nelle and Truman are left alone.

INT. SPARE COURTROOM - DAY

Packed with PRESS from all over the Midwest, as well as local
Finney County CITIZENS.

Dewey's leading the press conference from a FOLDING TABLE set up in front of the Judge's bench, flanked by the two other KBI Agents. He's got a cigarette burning in an ashtray. Truman and Nelle stand in the back.

DEWEY

I'll talk facts but I won't speculate. The main fact here we need to be clear on is not one, but four people were killed. A lot of folks say Herb Clutter had to be the main target because he was dealt with the most brutally -

JOURNALIST #1

Had his throat cut.

DEWEY

(a moment)

Yes. We'd all like to know why. But it could've been any one of the family they were after. We just don't know -

JOURNALIST #2

You've identified the murder weapon?

DEWEY

Wounds indicate a shotgun, close-range, but no casings were found.

JOURNALIST #1

Twelve-gauge, hunting -

DEWEY

Right.

JOURNALIST #1

They were all shot in the face?

Dewey looks at the journalist. Then, evenly:

DEWEY

No. Nancy in the back of the head.

JOURNALIST #2

Is there any evidence of, I'm sorry, sexual molestation of the women?

DEWEY

No.

JOURNALIST #2
Anything else stolen?

DEWEY
Kenyon's radio seems to be the
only...

JOURNALIST #3
The boy was sixteen?

DEWEY
Fifteen. Nancy was sixteen.

JOURNALIST #2
It's her friend that found them?

DEWEY
Laura Kinney.

JOURNALIST #2
Spell that?

DEWEY
I assume you're okay with the Laura
part. K-I-N-N-E-Y. But, please,
leave her be.

Lots of folks try to talk at once, one OLD MAN makes himself
heard above the rest:

OLD MAN
There's talk of a bunch of
Mexicans, a whole bunch of
Mexicans...

DEWEY
(standing, stubs out
cigarette)
George, it's good to see you again.
I do have an opinion whether this
was the work of one man or a whole
bunch, as you said, but it doesn't
matter a whole lot whether it was
Mexicans or Methodists or Eskimos.
We're going to find whoever did
this. Four good people from our
community are dead. Let's remember
that. Okay with you?

(holds up a notice)
The West Kansas Farm Committee's
offering a thousand dollar reward
for information leading to an
arrest. Please print that.

(MORE)

DEWEY (cont'd)
(moving to the exit)
Thank you all for coming.

The room is immediately noisy as Dewey makes his way to the door, pulling a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, followed by Church and Nye. He's about to step out when Truman catches his eye. Dewey exits.

CUT TO:

20 **INT. RENTAL CAR - LATE AFTERNOON**

20 *

Nelle drives while consulting a MAP. Truman is leaning back, looking out at the passing farms through the window. He speaks almost to himself.

TRUMAN
Mr. Dewey's protective of the
Clutters. I wonder how well he
knew them...

Nelle glances over at him. He doesn't notice.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
He was foxy with that old man.
(turns to Nelle)
Are you ever gonna let me drive?

NELLE
Truman, you're a menace. You can
barely see over the wheel.

Truman looks back out the window at the farms, leans back.

NELLE (cont'd)
This make you miss Alabama?

TRUMAN
(rolling window down,
shakes his head)
Not even a little bit.

He leans his head out, closes his eyes.

21 **EXT. CLUTTER FARM - SUNSET**

21 *

Nelle pulls their car to the side of the COUNTY ROAD which fronts the CLUTTER FARM. We recognize the FARMHOUSE as the one in which Nancy Clutter was found dead. A HIGHWAY PATROLMAN (20 years old) sits in a CRUISER parked up the driveway.

CRIME SCENE TAPE marks the perimeter of the property. Truman and Nelle get out of their car, stand at the foot of the driveway, gazing at the lonely farmhouse.

FADE OUT.

22

EXT. HOLCOMB HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

22

*

A gorgeous fall day. Crowds of kids arriving at school. Many are SOMBER. As Truman and Nelle walk toward the kids, some look warily at Truman and give him a wide berth.

TRUMAN

Hello.

Kids back away. Nelle notices. She leaves Truman, walks up to a group of THREE GIRLS.

NELLE

Morning.

GIRL #1

Hi.

NELLE

Can any of you tell me where I'd find Laura Kinney?

GIRL #1

Oh, um...

The girl glances toward the school entrance where LAURA KINNEY (who found Nancy Clutter's body) walks with DANNY BURKE (tall, 17).

NELLE

(gently)

Is that her? With the tall boy?

GIRL #2

Yeah. With Danny Burke.

NELLE

Danny Burke?

(Girl #2 nods)

Thank you.

As Nelle leaves, Girl #1 turns to her friend:

GIRL #2

Oh, quiet yourself, Janice.

Nelle sees Truman on his way toward Laura, calls out -

NELLE

Truman. Truman -

Truman doesn't hear. She watches Truman approach them. Laura backs away. Danny leads her off. Nelle walks over to Truman, looks at him for several moments.

NELLE (cont'd)

These folks live their lives in a particular way. You need to consider adapting yourself to that fact.

TRUMAN

What -

NELLE

- I'm gonna find out where those two kids live. Maybe you'll let me do that alone?

Nelle leaves. On Truman, as the bell rings and the mass of teenagers starts to enter the school.

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. MAIN STREET, GARDEN CITY - DAY** 23 *

Truman walks alone, sees the Gilbert Funeral Home. He removes his hat, slips past the few people standing outside.

24 **INT. GILBERT FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS** 24

Warm but slightly tacky. Some people are engaged in hushed conversation at the reception area. Truman slips past, into the back room.

25 **INT. BACK ROOM, GILBERT FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS** 25

No people, low light. Four CLOSED CASKETS at the back of the room. Truman walks over slowly. After a moment, he checks to make sure he's alone. Then he LIFTS THE TOP of one of the caskets. It's Bonnie Clutter's body, in a long-sleeved navy-blue dress; but her head is wrapped in layers and layers of white cotton gauze, and lacquered with a shiny substance - like an enormous cocoon. Truman stares.

CUT TO:

Truman on the PHONE to Jack in Brooklyn. One of Truman's trunks is open, displaying bottles of liquor, packaged and tinned gourmet food, and stacks of unused yellow legal pads. He drinks, standing at the window.

JACK (OVER PHONE)

I think I scared a friend of yours this morning. He came looking for you while I was writing.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)

You hate my friends.

JACK

I wouldn't say hate. So long as they don't knock on my door.

TRUMAN

I saw the bodies today.

JACK

Which?

TRUMAN

The Clutters. I looked inside the coffins.

JACK

That's horrifying.

TRUMAN

It comforts me - something so horrifying it's freeing. It's a relief. Normal life falls away.

(beat)

But, then, I was never much for normal life -

JACK

No, you weren't.

TRUMAN

People here won't talk to me. They want someone like you, like Nelle. Me they hate.

JACK

I can't think of a single quality I share with Nelle.

TRUMAN

Well -

JACK

Maybe manliness.

TRUMAN

My point exactly.

JACK

It's why I left the Midwest in the first place. I knew I could only find someone like you in New York City.

On Truman, gazing at the EMPTY TOWN SQUARE below.

CUT TO:

27 **EXT. GARDEN CITY, VARIOUS - EARLY MORNING**

27 *

A SHOPKEEPER sweeps the sidewalk. There are THANKSGIVING DECORATIONS in his shop window.

A SCHOOL BUS picks up a SMALL BOY at the intersection of a DIRT ROAD and the paved COUNTY ROAD.

A SMALL BRIDGE over the Arkansas river. Below them, men are sifting the riverbed with nets, moving slowly downstream.

CUT TO:

28 **INT. WALKER HOTEL, LOBBY - EARLY MORNING**

28

Nelle waits by the FRONT DESK. The ELEVATOR DOORS open and Truman emerges. He is DRESSED SOBERLY - NO LONG SCARF, NO LONG COAT. He walks toward Nelle, then TURNS as if he's a runway model, walks away, turns again and walks back. He stops a few feet in front of her. Nelle refuses to smile.

NELLE

Let's go.

CUT TO:

LAURA

It's fine talking to you all.
Practically nobody around here
wants to talk since what happened.

NELLE

Folks have been through a rough
patch. Including you.
(Laura nods)
Nancy was your best friend.

LAURA

She was my best friend.

They're quiet for a few moments.

NELLE

How has Danny been?

LAURA

Pretty shattered. Nothing terrible
ever happened to him before. Nancy
just started wearing his ring again
after this huge fight - Mr. Clutter
was trying to get her to end it
'cause Danny's Catholic.

NELLE

What were the Clutters?

LAURA

Methodist. Danny was the last
person at the house that night.
That's why Mr. Dewey's keeps
interviewing him - they don't think
he had anything to do with it -
just to see if he remembers
anything unusual and all.

NELLE

People in town seem to wonder if he
was involved.

LAURA

That's been real hard for Danny.

TRUMAN

Oh, it's the hardest - when people
have a notion about you and it's
impossible to convince them
otherwise.

(MORE)

TRUMAN (cont'd)

Since I was a child folks have thought they had me pegged because of the way I look and the way I talk. They're always wrong.

(looks at her)

Do you know what I mean?

Laura stares at him and nods. He's clearly struck a chord.

LAURA

I want to show you something.

She goes in the door to the GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT. They see her through the LACE CURTAINS getting something from her DESK, which is stacked with books. Truman whispers to Nelle:

TRUMAN

Not one person here understands her.

Laura returns. She hugs a SMALL BOOK to her chest. After a moment, she holds it out to them.

LAURA

Maybe you'll get a better picture of Nancy. And the family.

NELLE

What is this?

LAURA

It's her diary.

CUT TO:

31 INT. RENTAL CAR/EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

31

Nelle and Truman walk quickly back to the hotel. Nelle has the diary open.

NELLE

"Danny here tonight and we watched TV. So nice just having him sit with us. Left at eleven. P.S.- He's the only one I really love."

She turns the page. The rest of the book is blank.

NELLE (cont'd)

And that was that.

Green

11/2/05

18A.

TRUMAN
The end of a life.

CUT TO:

32

INT. WALKER HOTEL, NELLE'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

32

Nelle typing. Truman is propped up on pillows on the bed, scrunching his eyes to remember what was said that afternoon, then writing quickly on one of many YELLOW LEGAL PADS, handing the pages of interview dialogue to Nelle. He's exhausted. Nelle stops typing a moment, looks through the pages Truman has handed her:

NELLE

"Shattered."

TRUMAN

"Pretty shattered. Nothing terrible ever happened to him before."

He pushes some pillows aside and lies down.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

I have 94 percent recall of all conversations.

NELLE

94 percent.

TRUMAN

I've tested myself.

NELLE

(scans some of what he's written)

I hate that you're better than me at this.

She turns back to the typewriter. She types. Truman lies there, looking at the ceiling for a few moments. He closes his eyes. Nelle knows without looking -

NELLE (cont'd)

Don't you dare close your eyes on my bed.

No answer. She keeps typing.

NELLE (cont'd)

Stand up and walk out that door. Go to your room if you're gonna sleep. Truman. Truman.

Nelle turns to look at him. He's asleep. She goes back to typing. Under her breath:

NELLE (cont'd)

Crap.

FADE OUT.

33 **INT. WALKER HOTEL, BREAKFAST ROOM - LATE MORNING**

33

Truman drinks coffee alone, sleepy. He takes a SMALL BOTTLE of HOT-PEPPER TABASCO from his jacket pocket and shakes it over his EGGS. He replaces the bottle in his jacket. Nelle walks into the lobby from upstairs, heads for Truman.

NELLE

What right do you have being tired?
You were snoring blissfully -

TRUMAN

I don't snore -

NELLE

- while I lay there, hating you -

TRUMAN

You don't hate me.

NELLE

Not much.

(She sits. Truman holds
out a NOTE)

What?

(takes it, looks)

Marie Dewey?... We've got somewhere
to go for Thanksgiving supper.

TRUMAN

Apparently Detective Foxy's wife
has a better opinion of me than
Detective Foxy.

CUT TO:

34 **EXT. DEWEY HOME - AFTERNOON**

34 *

Ding Dong. We see the FRONT DOOR open. Reveal MARIE DEWEY - pretty, 35, dressed primly - and her two boys: ALVIN JR. (9), and PAUL (6), lurking behind, curious. Marie smiles.

MARIE

You came.

Green

11/2/05

20A.

Reverse onto Nelle... and Truman, dressed in a DARK SUIT, hair neatly combed, like an Exeter schoolboy attending a funeral. Nelle smiles.

NELLE

Hi.

Nelle nudges Truman, who hands over his gifts: a BOTTLE OF J&B, and a PACKAGE of GOURMET SPICED NUTS.

TRUMAN

(soberly)

Thank you for having us.

MARIE

(mock serious)

Thank you.

(then:)

Get yourselves in here.

(turns and walks into the house)

Alvin! Get your pants on. They're here.

On Nelle and Truman, surprised.

35 INT. DEWEY HOME, LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

35 *

A FOOTBALL GAME plays on the television. No one's watching. We can HEAR Alvin on the phone in his study at the back of the house.

36 INT. DEWEY HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

36 *

Truman and Marie at the stove. Nelle sits at the kitchen table. Truman has his jacket off and an apron on, as does Marie. They are peering into a POT OF BLACK-EYED PEAS. Marie is shaking in drops of HOT PEPPER TABASCO.

TRUMAN

More. More.

MARIE

Alvin will hate this.

TRUMAN

Yes, but we who know the truth will love it.

MARIE

(laughs)

I have to stop.

(then)

I cannot believe you're from New Orleans. I miss it so much.

TRUMAN

I only lived there for a short while but my Mama was born and bred.

MARIE

You know something - Alvin pretends he doesn't know who you are, but the minute you came to town he read your books. He had one of his men pick up "Breakfast at Tiffany's" in Kansas City 'cause it's banned from the library here.

TRUMAN

What did Mr. Dewey think?

MARIE

He liked it more than he's willing to admit.

TRUMAN

How very foxy.

Marie smiles at that word used to describe her husband.

TRUMAN

Mama would've put in half the bottle by now.

Beat.

MARIE

Alright, one more shake.

37 INT. DEWEY HOME, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 37 *

Alvin walks toward the kitchen. He smokes. He looks exhausted. He hears SQUEALS of laughter.

38 INT. DEWEY HOME, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 38 *

Alvin enters. They all stop laughing and look at him. Alvin nods to Truman and Nelle.

TRUMAN

Hello.

NELLE

Hi.

Silence. Marie sips her drink.

MARIE

How you doing, foxy?

She cracks up.

39 INT. DEWEY HOME, DINING ROOM - LATER

39 *

The remains of dinner. The kids have left. The bottle of J&B sits on the table, half-empty. Marie's a bit drunk. Everyone's PLATE is clean except for Alvin's, on which sits a MOUND of uneaten black-eyed peas. Truman is mid-story.

TRUMAN

I was writing the script as they were filming, all that time in Italy. I'd work like mad all day long and then dash down to the bar around midnight to hand in the next day's scenes. Humphrey had just about moved into the hotel bar-

MARIE

(whispers to Alvin)
Humphrey Bogart.

Alvin knows.

TRUMAN

- where he and John drank every night-

MARIE

(to Alvin)
John *Huston*.

Alvin knows.

TRUMAN

- and I mean drank, like famished water buffaloes. Well - I'd only just handed them the final scene when the bellhop told me I had a phone call. It was my stepfather, Joe Capote, calling to say that my mother had died. I flew home to New York - terribly distraught - but when I got to the apartment I could see that Joe was in even worse shape than I was. He grabbed my hands and sat me down at the kitchen table, and he said to me, "Talk. Talk about anything, any subject in the world. Don't worry whether it will interest me or not. Just talk so I won't break down." And I did. He couldn't bear to be alone with his thoughts. It was too painful.

It's quiet for a moment, then Marie looks at Alvin.

MARIE

It's been a hard couple weeks for Alvin. He and Herb Clutter were good friends. From church.

DEWEY

Marie -

MARIE

Oh come on, Alvin. These are good people.

Finally, Dewey looks at Truman and Nelle.

40 INT. DEWEY HOME, STUDY - NIGHT

40 *

Alvin shows Truman and Nelle the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS from the Clutter murders. We see the four corpses, BOUND and SHOT, the bloody footprints in the Clutter basement. Truman and Nelle stare at the photos of Nancy and Kenyon. Then, quietly-

TRUMAN

Who would put a pillow under the
boy's head just to shoot him? Why
would they tuck Nancy in?

DEWEY

(surprised by the insight)
I want to know the same thing.

Truman hands Nelle one of the photos. She looks at it -

NELLE

Twisted notion of tenderness.

CUT TO:

41 **EXT. DEWEY HOME - NIGHT**

41 *

Truman and Nelle are leaving. Alvin and Marie stand in the
front door. Nelle kisses Marie.

NELLE

Thank you.

MARIE

So many of my friends would love to
meet you.

NELLE

That'd be fine -

TRUMAN

(to Dewey)
You don't have to worry. I'm not
going to write about this until
everything's over.

DEWEY

I'm not worried. I know what room
you're in at the hotel. And I know
where you live in Brooklyn.

Truman smiles.

CUT TO:

42 **EXT. GARDEN CITY - VARIOUS - DAY AND NIGHT**

42 *

MUSIC: "Have yourself a Merry Little Christmas..." Main
Street, CHRISTMAS LIGHTS in the TREES.

The HARDWARE STORE, with Santa Claus DECORATIONS in the window and a "ONE WEEK LEFT TO BUY YOUR GIFTS..." sign.

CUT TO:

43

EXT. CLUTTER FARM - LATE AFTERNOON

43 *

Truman and Nelle walk with PETE HOLT (70, very frail) on the Clutter property. Apples rot on the ground, the trees are bare, signs of disrepair are beginning to weather the house.

HOLT

(re the apples)

I'd of picked them up but I haven't been myself. Mind you, I make the walk out here every day, check the house, make sure the pipes don't freeze - that sort of item. The least I can do for Mr. Clutter.

NELLE

How long have you worked here?

HOLT

1940 - a lotta years. The wife too, cleaning the house. Cooking.

NELLE

Well, she's marvelous. Lunch was wonderful.

HOLT

(ignoring this)

She had a hard job after what all happened. Cleaning. I burned most of the rest - mattresses - too far of a mess.

(then, looks at them)

I've asked around some - if anyone's looking for a strong hand.

They don't know what to say. Finally, he looks away.

HOLT (cont'd)

I don't think they'll be able to sell the place till they catch the ones that did it.

(beat)

That's what I hear anyhow.

Silence as the three of them look out over the barren fields.

JACK (OVER PHONE)
Just promise you'll be home by
Christmas.

TRUMAN
I can't leave now Jack - I mean it
was hard at first, but now I'm
practically the mayor.

He vamps. Nelle laughs.

JACK (OVER PHONE)
Alright.

TRUMAN
I want to come home - I do. Though
if they catch whoever did this, who
knows what - I'll probably be here
til next Christmas.

JACK (OVER PHONE)
Right. I'll let you go.

TRUMAN
Jack, we'll go away this spring to
write. Maybe Spain...

JACK
Alright, Truman.

TRUMAN
Bye.
(hangs up)
The poor boy misses me.

Goes to the mini-bar to fix a drink.

NELLE
Truman.

TRUMAN
Nelle.

NELLE
You remember when we were kids?

TRUMAN
I was never a kid. I was born
fully formed.

NELLE
I had no idea what a homosexual
was. But I knew whatever they
were, you were one of 'em.

Green

11/2/05

27A.

Truman puts down his drink and marches out of the room, shuts the door. Nelle's unsure whether she really insulted him. From the HALL, we hear a WOMAN SHRIEK, and a MAN saying:

MAN IN HALL (O.S.)

Oh. Uh. Oh. Excuse us.

Truman runs back in, shuts door. They crack up.

CUT TO:

47 **EXT. DEWEY HOME - NIGHT, CHRISTMAS EVE, ESTABLISHING** 47

Tasteful Christmas lights strung on the BUSHES. A WREATH on the FRONT DOOR.

48 **INT. DEWEY HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT** 48

Truman, Nelle, Marie and Alvin. Drinks. A FULL ASHTRAY on the coffee table in front of Alvin. He's distracted, smoking. Marie holds a WOMEN'S MAGAZINE, checking what Truman says with what's written there.

TRUMAN

(quickly, as if reciting)
- girdle up - no extra bulges - if you're dressed right for him when he gets home, the evening should be smooth sailing. Bon voyage, gals.

MARIE

I can't believe you got this whole page -- I only read it to you once!

TRUMAN

I've trained myself.

NELLE

... trained myself.

Truman looks at Nelle.

TRUMAN

I have 94 percent recall.

NELLE

... 94 percent recall.

TRUMAN

(laughing)
You cut that out.

Alvin stubs out his cigarette - though it still burns. He stands.

MARIE

You believe that Alvin?

ALVIN

Impressive.

He walks out. Silence.

MARIE

I'm sorry. He's upset.

(stubs out cigarette)

- smoking three packs a day.

(then)

Two men did it. They know who.
One of them used to have a cellmate
who gave him up for the thousand
dollar reward. They passed through
Kansas City last week writing bad
checks - by the time Alvin's boys
got up there they'd skipped out
again.

NELLE

Where to?

MARIE

They have no idea.

49

INT. DEWEY HOME, DINING ROOM - LATER

49

*

Christmas dinner. Truman, Nelle, Marie and Alvin have just sat down. They wait for the Dewey boys - Alvin Jr. and Paul. We hear them in the living room horsing around.

DEWEY

Alvin. Paul. Now.

It's quiet for a second. Then something crashes and breaks.

DEWEY (cont'd)

Damnit.

(gets up, goes)

Come here.

MARIE

Alvin ...

Phone RINGS.

DEWEY (O.S.)

Alvin Jr. Get over here.

ALVIN JR. (O.S.)

Dad, the phone.

DEWEY (O.S.)

Paul. Back to the table.

Dewey returns to the dining room, pushing Paul ahead of him.

DEWEY (cont'd)

Sit.

Alvin Jr. enters.

ALVIN JR.

Dad?

MARIE

Tell them we're at dinner, Alvin.

ALVIN JR.

Dad?

DEWEY

Not now, Alvin.

Alvin Jr. leaves. We hear the PHONE being HUNG UP. Alvin Jr. returns and sits. They all get ready to say grace, then:

ALVIN JR.

You need to call the Chief of Police in Las Vegas when you have a minute.

Everyone looks at Dewey.

FADE OUT:

50

EXT. COURTHOUSE SQUARE, GARDEN CITY - LATE AFTERNOON

50

*

OVER BLACK SCREEN we hear the voice of a RADIO ANNOUNCER.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... This is KERG radio, Garden City. A friendly broadcast from a friendly place. Our lead story:

Slowly, the sounds of a CROWD emerge in the background.

FADE UP ON: HIGH SCHOOL kids sitting on the hood and front seat of a CHEVY parked at the edge of a CROWD of 200 people. Truman watches. It is COLD. A fat, shivering CO-ED reads the headline in the Kansas City Star: "Police Fear Lynch Mob." The CAR RADIO is on.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (cont'd)

... newsmen from six states have joined scores of Kansans as they await the arrival of confessed killers Perry Smith and Richard Hickock. KBI officers have been driving the Clutter family's brutal killers nonstop from...

Truman moves from the car into the large crowd. Old ladies; ranchers; local businessmen; moms with kids; journalists INTERVIEWING citizens; photographers lined up at the bottom of the COURTHOUSE STEPS. We hear snippets of conversation as we pass. A CITIZEN is being interviewed by a JOURNALIST; a MOM WITH BABY standing with a FRIEND; a MIDDLE-AGED man in an overcoat CRYING silently.

Truman approaches Nelle and Marie Dewey, standing together at the curb in front of the courthouse, near the photographers. They are talking quietly, turn to Truman -

NELLE

Hey.

We hear LOUD CROWD NOISE at the south end of the square. A CONVOY of FOUR CARS enters the square. It pulls around to the front of the courthouse. STATE TROOPERS spill out of the lead and rear CARS. Nye gets out of the second car. He opens the back door. The crowd falls SILENT. Two state troopers get DICK HICKOCK - handcuffed, pale - out of the car and lead him up the steps. FLASH. FLASH.

Dewey and Church open the third car's back door. Silence. They retrieve PERRY SMITH. Perry is extremely SHORT, STRONG, ODDLY BEAUTIFUL, with the dark skin and hair of his American Indian mother, and the pug features of his Irish father. As he stands, he has trouble straightening his stubby LEGS, as if they are arthritic. Truman stares.

MARIE

(whispers to Truman)
Motorcycle accident. He broke them
and they never healed right.
(Truman looks at her)
Alvin told me.

Truman watches Perry, transfixed. Perry seems terrified of the crowd, all the faces, like a child. Perry scans the crowd. His eyes fall on Truman. FLASH. FLASH. Truman and Perry look at each other as Perry is led slowly past. At the top of the steps the COURTHOUSE DOORS slam shut.

FADE OUT:

51 **EXT. SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE (4TH FLOOR OF COURTHOUSE) - MORNING** 51 *

FADE IN: Truman knocks on the door, a NEWSPAPER, a BOOK, and a PAPER BAG in his hand. On the door it says "SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE - PRIVATE". Dorothy Sanderson opens the door.

DOROTHY

Truman Capote.

TRUMAN

Dorothy Sanderson. I figured you'd be left alone this morning by that hard-working husband of yours.

(holds up bag)

So I have breakfast.

(holds up paper)

I have news.

(book)

And I have literature. My friend Jack mailed me the book you wanted.

He presents book. Dorothy, flattered, takes it, reads the inscription inside.

DOROTHY

"For the maiden of the Midwest, the priestess of the plains, the queen of the kitchen: my first novel. Truman."

It is "Other Voices, Other Rooms" and we see on the back of it the INFAMOUS JACKET PHOTO of Truman at 23 draped sexily on a couch. Truman curtsies. The PHONE RINGS.

DOROTHY (cont'd)

You're too much. Go on into the living room, lemme grab that - it's been ringing all morning.

52 **INT. SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS** 52 *

Truman walks into the residence. To the left is the kitchen; to the right is the living room. Truman looks back at Dorothy - she's still on the phone. He heads for the kitchen.

53 **INT. SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS** 53 *

Truman walks slowly through the doorway of the large kitchen. On the far side of the kitchen is a JAIL CELL. Inside the cell is PERRY SMITH. (Now we know why Truman came here.)

Truman STARES. Perry doesn't see him - he's resting his head on a small table, the tip of his THUMB in his mouth. The chair seems too tall for Perry. He looks like a lonely kindergartner, told to take his afternoon nap. After several moments, Dorothy enters, flustered:

DOROTHY

Oh. Truman. I meant in there.

(points to living room)

I... um...

Perry sits up quickly, rubs his legs.

DOROTHY (cont'd)

It's the women's cell. It's hardly ever used. But they wanted to, um, separate... Please. Let's sit in the living room. I'll set up in the living room.

She gathers a tray of Truman's PASTRIES, and COFFEE CUPS.

DOROTHY (cont'd)

Come.

She goes - Truman starts to follow, then lingers.

TRUMAN

They put you in the women's cell.

PERRY

Among other indignities.

Perry's voice is oddly high, whispery - special words are precisely enunciated.

TRUMAN

Well... she's a good cook.

PERRY

She's scared of me.

TRUMAN

I think so am I. A little bit.

PERRY

Are you?

(a moment, then:)

You have any aspirin? My legs -

Dorothy's in the doorway.

DOROTHY

Um. Truman? All set.

Truman looks at Dorothy, looks back at Perry.

TRUMAN

I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

54

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

54 *

Judge ROLAND TATE, white-haired, imperious, bangs his gavel. The packed crowd quiets down. Perry and Dick sit at the defense table chewing JUICY FRUIT GUM. Next to them: their aged court-appointed lawyer, Franklin Weeks (70).

Dick wears a SHIRT AND TIE. Perry wears jeans rolled up at the cuff, his SHIRT OPEN at the collar. He draws on a piece of paper with a STUBBY PENCIL - a rather good picture of a LARGE PARROT. Truman sits with Nelle, watching Perry -

TRUMAN

(murmurs)

His feet don't touch the floor.

JUDGE TATE

In the matter of the State of Kansas v. Richard Eugene Hickock and Perry Edward Smith this Court has been informed by counsel - Mr. Weeks - that defendants wish to waive their right to Preliminary Hearing. Mr. Hickock, is that your wish?

Hickock looks at Weeks. Weeks nods. Hickock stands.

HICKOCK

(unconvincing)

Yessir. Yes.

Hickock sits. Truman whispers to Nelle -

TRUMAN

Why are they doing that?

JUDGE TATE

Mr. Smith.

PERRY
(stands... then:)
I ask that the waiver be
effectuated.

Judge Tate looks at him for a moment -

JUDGE TATE
So noted.
(bangs gavel)
We're adjourned.

Crowd gets up. Much talk. Truman watches Perry and Dick through the forest of bodies. They are led away in handcuffs. Franklin Weeks stands slowly, then begins gathering his things - he's old and it takes him ages to collect his papers. Truman watches.

CUT TO:

55 **EXT. SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON**

55 * *

Truman knocks. He holds a PIE. Dorothy answers.

DOROTHY
Mr. Capote.

TRUMAN
(offers pie)
Madame Sanderson.

DOROTHY
Is that for the two of us to share?
Or for me to eat alone while you
talk to our guest?

Truman is caught. He smiles.

56 **INT. SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE, KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

56 * *

Truman sits near the bars of the cell. Perry draws on a scrap of paper at the small table. Dorothy watches from the door to the living room. The BOOK Truman gave to Dorothy lies on the floor next to Perry's meticulously made bed.

TRUMAN
Was it your choice to waive the
hearing?

Perry doesn't answer. Dorothy checks her watch, leaves. Truman takes a bottle of BAYER ASPIRIN out of his pocket.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
You still need some?
(Perry doesn't move)
Give me your hand.

Perry extends his hand through the bars. As Truman shakes some aspirin into it -

PERRY
I could kill you if you got too close.

Perry puts the aspirin in his mouth, CHEWS THEM, holds out his hand for more. Truman gives him more, which Perry puts in his pocket for later.

TRUMAN
Would you like some water?

Perry shakes his head. Silence.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Mrs. Sanderson lent you my book -

PERRY
He said we'd curry favor with the Judge if we waived our rights.

TRUMAN
Who did?

PERRY
The lawyer.

TRUMAN
Okay.

Truman nods, not wanting to push this any further. Perry picks up the book, holds it out through the bars.

PERRY
Your picture's undignified. People recall first impressions.

TRUMAN
What's been your first impression?

PERRY
You want something.

TRUMAN
From you?

Dorothy pokes her head in from the living room.

DOROTHY
Truman. Walter's gonna be home
soon.

TRUMAN
(to Perry)
I just want permission to talk.
(then)
Has anyone else visited?

Perry doesn't answer.

DOROTHY
Truman -

TRUMAN
Will you tell me if you need
anything? I can have whatever you
want sent from New York.
(no answer)
Will you do that?

On Perry, considering whether to trust this man.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. NEW YORKER, WILLIAM SHAWN'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON** 57 *

Phone RINGS, WILLIAM SHAWN answers (50, New Yorker editor, conservatively attired) at a desk looking onto 44th Street.

SHAWN
William Shawn.

TRUMAN (OVER PHONE)
Gorgeous?

SHAWN
Truman.

INTERCUT to Truman in a PHONE BOOTH outside the COURTHOUSE.

57A **INT. COURTHOUSE PHONEBOOTH - DAY** 57A *

TRUMAN
I'm writing a book. It's too much
for a single article - this town,
the killers most of all - you will
be stunned by Perry Smith -

SHAWN

Why? What has he -

TRUMAN

Not much yet, but I *know*. I can sense him. He's desperately lonely, frightened.... I have questions - are you ready?

SHAWN

Would it matter -

TRUMAN

How much more money can you send me? How quickly can you get Dick Avedon out here to take some pictures?

INTERCUT to WILLIAM SHAWN'S OFFICE. On Shawn -- he doesn't know how to begin to respond.

CUT TO:

58

INT. HICKOCK'S JAIL CELL - DAY

58 *

Perry has been placed in an adjoining cell for the afternoon. He COMBS his greased hair in a mirror. A camera FLASHES.

Nelle and Truman sit outside the cells. Franklin Weeks dozes off to the side. RICHARD AVEDON - small, dark, wiry, flamboyant - is snapping photos of a bare-chested Hickock in the next cell, particularly his TATTOOS, while Hickock chatters away.

HICKOCK

Perry, honey. You look terrific...

Perry is embarrassed, glances over at Truman. FLASH.

HICKOCK (cont'd)

Calm yourself down, sweetheart.

Perry glances at Nelle. She MOTIONS to him that his SHIRT is buttoned wrong. Perry fixes it, looks back at her.

Hickock notices Truman gazing at his tattoos - the one on his CHEST: the word PEACE, with a cross radiating rays of light.

HICKOCK (cont'd)

Be patient, Capote. Maybe later they'll send you my skin.

TRUMAN

I have the perfect place for it,
over the hearth.

Hickock smiles. FLASH. Truman looks over at Perry, sitting alone. Truman starts to remove his TIE.

PHOTOS, in quick succession: Of Hickock pulling up his sleeve to reveal his tattoos. Of Perry combing his HAIR. FLASH. The GRINNING CAT on Hickock's hand. FLASH. Perry looking directly at the camera. FLASH.

CUT TO:

59 **INT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING, ONE MONTH LATER** 59 *

Series of shots in and around the courthouse:

TITLE UP: "One month later"

An officer approaches down a long hallway. A janitor cleans the basin of the water fountain. Spectators are drawn into the courthouse. The officer opens the courtroom doors. A crescendo of sounds.

60 **INT. COURTROOM - DAY** 60 *

Spectators take seats. The jury files back into the box. Perry and Dick chew gum. Perry wears TRUMAN'S TIE, and draws on a pad with a NEW SET OF COLORED PENCILS - another PARROT, quite beautiful, now YELLOW. Nelle and Truman sit together.

NELLE

Where'd Perry get the art set?

Truman shrugs. Nelle raises her eyebrows. Judge Tate GAVELS loudly, looks to the jury.

JUDGE TATE

Members of the jury. Have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

(stands)

Yes sir.

JUDGE TATE

Defendants rise.

Perry and Dick stand. Judge Tate turns back to the Foreman.

JUDGE TATE (cont'd)

Perry Edward Smith and Richard Eugene Hickock stand accused of four counts of the crime of murder in the first degree. Have you reached a unanimous verdict?

FOREMAN

We have, your honor.

JUDGE TATE

What is your verdict?

FOREMAN

Guilty. On all counts.

JUDGE TATE

Have you unanimously reached a sentence.

FOREMAN

We have, your honor.

JUDGE TATE

What is the sentence?

FOREMAN

Death.

Judge nods, the foreman sits. Judge turns to Perry and Dick.

JUDGE TATE

Perry Edward Smith and Richard Eugene Hickock. You've been found guilty of four counts of murder in the first degree. You will be taken to the state penitentiary at Lansing. No later than midnight, May 13 of this year, nineteen hundred and sixty, each of you will be hanged by the neck until dead. So ordered.

He GAVELS. Perry and Dick are set upon by Sheriff's Deputies and led out. Photographers crowd them. Dick turns to Perry.

HICKOCK

Alright, partner. Least now we're not the only killers in Kansas.

Perry looks at him, utterly lost. FLASH.

CUT TO:

61 INT. WALKER HOTEL, NELLE'S ROOM - JUST BEFORE DAWN

61

Nelle sits at the window, smoking. Truman in the armchair, holding a drink. They've been up all night. Their bags are packed. Also - a few packed boxes of written-in yellow notepads and many typed pages. Truman glances at his watch.

TRUMAN

You think he slept at all?

Nelle looks over at him.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
I need to see him before we go.

CUT TO:

62 INT. SHERIFF'S RESIDENCE - MORNING

62 *

Truman sits next to Perry's cell. Perry lies on the bed, staring at the ceiling.

TRUMAN
They're going to transfer you up to Lansing today. You'll have to make sure to put me on the visitor's list. Otherwise I can't see you.

No response.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Will you do that? I'm going to help find you a proper lawyer. You need a serious lawyer for an appeal.
(no response)
They took Dick last night. I need you to get him to do the same thing - put me on the visitor's list. Will you do that, Perry?

Perry closes his eyes.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
Perry.

FADE OUT.

63 INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

63 *

FADE UP ON the sounds of a HUGE PARTY in progress. We see a home-made BANNER reading "Return to Civilization!" The CAMERA follows NELLE as she walks through the crowd: Gays, straights, smoke and noise. Society women, slender and beautiful; BEN BARON pontificating to CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD.

BEN BARON
Nelle. Kudos on "Kill the Bird."
Is that it?

NELLE
Close enough. Thanks.

William Shawn talks to a MUCH TALLER WOMAN.

SHAWN

He hasn't written a word yet,
though he says it's the nonfiction
book of the decade...

We HEAR Truman before we see him:

TRUMAN (O.S.)

He's little, but terrifying -

We see Truman in the corner entertaining a small group. Jack
Dunphy stands off to the side. Nelle settles next to Jack.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

He's as short as I am. And almost
as pretty. I'd be with him right
now but he's being given new
accommodations -

Guests laugh.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

Most people assume he's a monster.
I don't see him that way. The book
I'm writing will return him to the
realm of humanity -- it's the book
I was always meant to write...

Nelle and Jack stand back, watching.

JACK

Watch out. This is the start of a
great love affair.

NELLE

Oh yes. Truman in love with Truman.

*

65 **INT. LE PAVILLON RESTAURANT - DAY**

65 *

Truman is being interviewed over lunch.

TRUMAN

... I was in Marilyn's apartment
just last week. I had to break it
to her that, of the four Matisses
hanging on her wall, two were
upside down.

*

The REPORTER laughs. A waiter passes. Truman taps his glass.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

Another.

(to reporter)

To answer your question, I'm
following "Breakfast at Tiffany's"
by blazing a different path - by
inventing an entirely new kind of
writing: the non-fiction novel.

REPORTER

You have a subject?

Truman takes a last sip of his drink -- utterly serious now.

TRUMAN

On the night of November 14, two men broke into a quiet farmhouse in Kansas and murdered an entire family. Why did they do that? It's been suggested that this subject is tawdry - it's not worthy of literature. I disagree. Two worlds exist in this country - the quiet conservative life, and the life of those two men - the underbelly, the criminally violent. Those worlds converged that bloody night. I spent the past three months interviewing everyone in Kansas touched by that violence. I spent hours talking to the killers - and I'll spend more.

(waiter brings his drink)

Researching this work has changed my life, altered my point of view about almost everything. I think those who read it will be similarly affected.

(he sips)

Such a book can only be written by a journalist who has mastered the techniques of fiction -

REPORTER

You're speaking of yourself.

TRUMAN

You're really very clever.

CUT TO:

66 INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 66 *

Truman sits in bed, writing on a yellow LEGAL PAD, surrounded by PILES of notes. He squints his eyes, concentrating. Jack enters, delivers a CUP OF COFFEE. Truman doesn't notice.

67 INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER 67 *

Truman is rifling through the boxes, looking for particular notes. He can't find what he needs. The phone RINGS.

CUT TO:

68 **EXT. STREET, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - LATE AFTERNOON**

68 *

Jack and Truman walk.

TRUMAN

Perry's decided to appeal. He claims their attorney was incompetent - that he never raised the issue of temporary insanity.

JACK

So you find them a new lawyer.

TRUMAN

They're facing execution in six weeks, Jack. They need someone to argue whether or not that's right.

JACK

Okay.

TRUMAN

I'd also like to see them alive, yes, thank you very much. I need to hear their story.

They walk in silence for a few moments.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

If you met him you'd understand. It's as if no-one's ever asked him a single question about himself. He's so... damaged - and strange - unexplored....

(then)

I don't trust this Hickock fellow. Perry's the only person who can describe to me what happened that night. I need to hear him say it.

JACK

Just be careful what you do to get what you want.

TRUMAN

I'm finding them a lawyer.

JACK

Truman. You're finding yourself a lawyer.

CUT TO:

KRUTCH (cont'd)

And that's who I work for, the People. You can write any of this down.

TRUMAN

No one told me.

KRUTCH

Yah. Won't eat.

TRUMAN

When can I see him?

KRUTCH

(checking desk calendar)

How about you come back Thursday?

TRUMAN

No. That's no good. I need to see them now, then whenever I want for as long as I want.

KRUTCH

Not how we do things here.

Pause.

TRUMAN

I see.

Truman glances at the campaign stickers, the young prison guard, then back at Krutch.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

I understand what a burden unlimited visitation might be - on this institution, and on the People who pay for it. I want to be clear that I don't expect the citizens of Leavenworth County to have to shoulder that burden.

Truman reaches into his jacket, pulls from it an ENVELOPE STUFFED with CASH. He lays it on the desk.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

To be dispensed as you see fit.

Krutch is stone-faced as he regards the money. Finally:

KRUTCH

I didn't know where to count your boy - being half-Indian. I did him a favor though.

(MORE)

KRUTCH (cont'd)
(points to race chart)
Counted him White.

TRUMAN
You're a kind and generous man.

CUT TO:

73

INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - DAY

73 *

The second floor of a small building in the corner of the prison complex. Decrepit. The one hall is lit by mesh-covered BARE BULBS in the ceiling. Twelve cells - six on each side. Each is 7 by 10 feet, with one small, high WINDOW covered by bars and wire. The YOUNG PRISON GUARD opens the heavy GATE at the end of the hall and shows Truman in.

They walk down the row of cells. In one of them we notice Lowell Lee Andrews (20, white, spectacled, ENORMOUSLY FAT) peering at his own face 4 inches from a mirror.

Dick is leaning against the bars of his own cell. He smiles.

HICKOCK
My hero.

TRUMAN
Hello.

HICKOCK
Thanks for your help with the lawyer.

TRUMAN
That's fine.

HICKOCK
You must be desperate for a story to come all the way out here.

YOUNG PRISON GUARD
Mr. Capote. You're entitled to go in. You may, um, go in. If you wish.

Truman hesitates for a second.

HICKOCK
You want to see Perry. Go ahead.

TRUMAN
Thank you.

Truman walks to the next cell.

HICKOCK

Ask me, he's just trying to prove
the insanity defense.

Truman sees Perry, gaunt, lying on his cot, almost comatose. Perry's rather striking drawing of a LARGE YELLOW PARROT sits propped on his table. An UNEATEN LUNCH TRAY lies on the floor - a cockroach runs over it. Truman watches, disturbed.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT** 74 *

Camera follows Truman as he walks down an aisle with a small WICKER BASKET. He stops, looks at a shelf.

75 **INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT** 75 *

Truman waits in the check-out line behind a MOM paying for her groceries. Her SON (3) stands next to her legs, wearing a little cowboy hat and cradling a TOY GUN to his chest. He sucks his thumb. Truman and the boy look at each other.

CUT TO:

76 **INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - DAY** 76 *

Truman sits on the chair, his WICKER BASKET on the table. He has spread out a cloth napkin. A GUARD watches from outside the cell. Perry lies completely still on the cot. Truman takes out jars of BONNET BABY FOOD, inspects the labels.

TRUMAN

(to Perry)

I don't care what your plans are
for yourself ...

He decides on the CUSTARD jar. He opens it, takes a plastic BABY SPOON from the basket.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

But you're gonna wake up enough to
tell me what you did with my tie.

He spoons a bit into Perry's mouth. The GUARD walks away. Truman leans close to Perry, whispers:

TRUMAN (cont'd)

It's okay. It's Truman. It's your friend.

76A INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - LATER (LATE AFTERNOON) 76A *

Perry sleeps. Truman stands against the wall watching him. He has cleaned up the basket of food. He walks over to Perry's desk, sees two handwritten notebooks on it: THE PRIVATE DIARY OF PERRY EDWARD SMITH and PERSONAL DICTIONARY. Next to them, he sees a pencil SELF-PORTRAIT Perry drew. It's very good. Truman touches it.

76B INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - LATER (EVENING) 76B *

Perry sleeps. Truman sits on the chair watching, waiting. Perry opens his eyes, looks at Truman.

76C INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - LATER (NIGHT) 76C *

Perry is sitting up a bit, Truman helps him sip a cup of water. Perry lies back down. He's looking at Truman.

TRUMAN

How'd you learn to draw like that?

TRUMAN

My Aunts.

(Perry nods)

That's when I met Nelle - she lived
next door.

(looks again at the photo,
hands it back)

Your mother was Indian?

PERRY

Cherokee.

TRUMAN

Drinking was not a good thing for
her.

PERRY

No tolerance for it.

TRUMAN

And your father?

PERRY

No tolerance for him either.

Truman's laughs, surprised by the joke, though it's unclear
whether Perry meant it as one. He stares at Perry.

TRUMAN

What I can't decide is if you
understand how fascinating you are.

Perry doesn't respond, then -

PERRY

I'm sorry about your tie. They
took it away from me because we're
all on suicide watch. It's why the
lights stay on at night.

TRUMAN

I hope we're past that now. You
had me worried.

PERRY

Okay.

TRUMAN

I don't care about the tie. It's
just a pity because it looked so
good on you.

Perry leans in, motions toward Dick's cell, lowers his voice -

PERRY

Be careful of Ricardo. I think he wants you all to himself.

TRUMAN

Alright -

PERRY

But he's naturally mendacious - not to be trusted - if he had a hundred dollars he'd steal a stick of chewing gum.

TRUMAN

You wouldn't.

Perry shakes his head. Then, Truman nods toward Perry's notebooks.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

I want to take your notebooks with me - I want to read them.

Perry hesitates.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

If I leave here without understanding you, the world will always see you as a monster. I don't want that - I don't see you that way.

A moment, then Perry reaches for the NOTEBOOKS, hands them to Truman. Then he hands Truman the DRAWING he did of himself.

PERRY

I tracked my father down in Alaska. I was 14. One day I said to him, "Mom's dead." I could see it. A week later we got the news. She finally drunk herself to death.

Truman regards Perry. Then he looks at the drawing -

TRUMAN

This is remarkable.

PERRY

Sometimes you see a thing - how it really is.

On Truman holding the drawing, looking at Perry.

Green

11/2/05

53A.

79 **OMIT (MOVED TO 84)**

79 *

80 **EXT. KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

80 *

Truman walks quickly to his car, holding Perry's DRAWING and NOTEBOOKS. At the car, he looks back at the dark jailhouse.

CUT TO:

81 OMIT (MOVED TO 87A) 81 *

81A INT. HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - LATE NIGHT 81A *

Truman at the desk, PERRY'S TWO BOOKS next to a LEGAL PAD already filled with notes. He's on the PHONE with Nelle, paging through the PERSONAL DICTIONARY captivated by it.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)

He trusts me - that's why he gave it to me. He's given me absolutely everything.

(paging through Diary)

You should see his drawings, Nelle, how good he is. He wants so badly to be taken seriously, to be held in some esteem.

INTERCUT with Nelle, in pajamas, sitting on the porch of her home in Monroeville, smoking.

81B INT. NELLE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 81B

NELLE

Do you?

TRUMAN

Do I what?

NELLE

Hold him in esteem?

TRUMAN

Well... he's a gold mine. I mean he's told me his *entire life*, and now it's all here for me to write down - All of the history I need. His *entire life* in this Diary. His dead mother. A brother and sister killed themselves.

NELLE

You tell him your mama did the same thing?

TRUMAN

I tell him everything. We've been talking our heads off the past month. Sometimes, when I think how good my book can be, I can hardly breathe.

NELLE

Huh.

TRUMAN

(finds what he wants)

Here's what I wanted to read to you:

"If Called Upon to Make a Speech:" - this is exactly what I was talking about - a speech just in case he's ever recognized for an achievement: "If Called Upon to Make a Speech: I can't remember what I was going to say for the life of me. I don't think ever before have so many people been so directly responsible for my being so very, very glad. It's a wonderful moment and a rare one. Thank you!"

(beat)

There's an exclamation point on the end of that thank you, in case you didn't catch it...

(Silence)

Where'd you go?

We hear Nelle exhale her cigarette.

NELLE

Christ. I guess it stopped being funny.

TRUMAN

I never said it was.

(turns a page)

Listen to this...

CUT TO:

Green

11/2/05

55.

*

81C **EXT. KANSAS CITYSCAPE - VARIOUS (TWO WEEKS ELAPSE)**

81C *

82 **INT. DINER, DOWNTOWN KANSAS CITY - MORNING**

82 *

Truman is eating breakfast with Alvin Dewey. A WAITRESS
refills their coffees.

DEWEY
(to waitress)
Thanks.

She leaves. An uncomfortable silence. Then:

DEWEY (cont'd)
You're nothing if not hard-working.

TRUMAN

You look good, healthy again.

DEWEY

Not a chance.

Dewey taps a cigarette out of his pack.

TRUMAN

I've decided on a title for my book. I think you'll like it - very masculine. "In Cold Blood."

DEWEY

(lights the cigarette)
That refers to the crime or the fact that you're still talking to the criminals?

TRUMAN

The former, among other things.

DEWEY

I see.

They eat for a moment. Then:

TRUMAN

I've been wanting to ask if you'll let me look at your investigation notes.

DEWEY

That lawyer you helped find for your friends got them a hearing at the Kansas Supreme Court -

TRUMAN

I heard this morning.

DEWEY

- on the issue of inadequate counsel.

TRUMAN

Alvin. Do you not want me to look at your notes? You are permitted to say no.

DEWEY
(rises, takes out wallet)
I'll tell you what: if those boys
get off, I'm coming to Brooklyn to
hunt you down.

Truman can't decide whether Dewey is kidding or not. Dewey
puts money on the table.

DEWEY (cont'd)
I have to be in court at nine
o'clock.

He walks away. Over his shoulder:

DEWEY (cont'd)
Call Roy Church. He'll show you
what you want to see.

CUT TO:

83 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - DAY

83 *

Truman walks down the hall. He passes Dick's cell. Dick is
lying in bed. Dick rises and smiles widely at Truman.

HICKOCK
Hey, hey...

Truman smiles, puts HIS FINGERS TO HIS LIPS, continues past.
He stops outside Perry's cell. Perry (looking MUCH
HEALTHIER) is drawing at his table -- a picture of the HUGE
YELLOW PARROT swooping down from the sky. Truman watches for
a few moments, then Perry looks at him.

84 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

84 *

The Guard locks Truman inside with Perry.

PERRY
Thank you.

Truman looks at the Guard - he leaves.

TRUMAN
It was as much for me as for
anyone. I couldn't bear the
thought of losing you so soon.

PERRY

We're going to be able to use your book for our case. You'll write we never got to raise our insanity plea. You wrote how terrible the lawyer was?

TRUMAN

I haven't written a word yet.

Beat.

PERRY

What have you been doing?

TRUMAN

Research. Waiting to talk to you.

PERRY

All right.

TRUMAN

I had hoped -

PERRY

What are you calling it?

TRUMAN

The book?
(looks directly at him)
I have no idea.

Pause.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

If I'm going to write about you -
if I'm going to determine *how* to
write about you - you need to tell
me about that night at the Clutter
house.

Perry just looks at him.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

Perry.

Perry shakes his head.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

Why? Do you worry what I'll think?

Perry looks away. A long moment.

TRUMAN

Is that it?

Silence. Then:

PERRY

Dick says you know Elizabeth Taylor.

TRUMAN

I know a lot of people.

Truman gives up for now. Sees the PICTURE OF THE YELLOW BIRD on the desk.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

What is that you keep drawing?

PERRY

You must hate having to come to this place -

TRUMAN

Perry, I have invitations to be in Morocco, Greece.... I choose to be here. Those people have everything, all their prayers have been answered, yet they're more desperate than ever. I prefer to be here with you.

PERRY

(looks at Truman; evenly)

I was ten, I wet the bed, the nuns at the orphanage hated the smell. First month one of them found me shivering - just trying to get through the night. The Sister pulled back the covers and shined her flashlight to see what I'd did. The sheets were wet. She hit me so many times with that flashlight she broke it.

(he shrugs)

(MORE)

Green

11/2/05

59A.

PERRY (cont'd)

That night I dreamed about the
yellow bird. Tall. Yellow like
the sun.

(MORE)

PERRY (cont'd)
It picked me up and it clawed the
Nun's eyes - and it lifted me into
the sky.

They look at each other.

85 **EXT. BAR, DOWNTOWN K.C. - NIGHT**

85 *

Truman on the street outside the club at a PAY PHONE. He
talks with Jack in Brooklyn.

TRUMAN
I'm just missing this one piece,
Jack. Be patient with me.

*
*
*

JACK
How long is that gonna take? Why
don't you try leaving him alone for
a while? Come to Spain. You can
always visit him later.

*
*
*
*
*

TRUMAN
I don't know.

*
*

JACK
Well, I'm off. I've got my own
writing to do.

*
*
*

TRUMAN
Do it in Brooklyn. Wait for me.

*
*

JACK
Too many people around.
(beat)
I'll leave the address on the
kitchen table. Truman, what do you
do there when you're not with him? -
It must be awful.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Truman's watching a YOUNG GUY standing outside the bar,
looking at him.

*
*

JACK
Think about what I said. Join me
when you can.

*
*
*

TRUMAN
I will. I will. Bye.

*
*

Truman follows the YOUNG GUY into the bar.

*

*

86 OMIT 86

87 OMIT 87

87A INT. HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - LATE NIGHT 87A *

Truman sleeps. He OPENS HIS EYES in bed. Turns to the bedside table to see the drawing of Perry looking at him.

CUT TO:

87B EXT. KANSAS CITY - DAWN 87B *

A young drifter stands alone on an empty street corner. He checks a pay phone for a coin. It's empty.

CUT TO:

88 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - DAY 88 *

Perry is lying on his cot reading an ADVENTURE MAGAZINE - something to do with finding buried treasure off the coast of Mexico - and sucking on the tip of his thumb. After a moment he STARTLES and looks up.

Truman stands outside his cell. He holds a stack of books: Perry's PERSONAL DICTIONARY and DIARY, and a new WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY and THESAURUS.

PERRY

I didn't see you. Jesus, you...
(stands, tucks in shirt)
Come in. Where's the guard?

TRUMAN

I can't. I brought you some things, but I have to fly back East.

PERRY

When?

TRUMAN

An hour. I'm sorry.

PERRY

You can't.

TRUMAN

I'm sorry.

PERRY

Who are you going there to see-

HICKOCK (O.S.)

(from next cell)

Capote, get it straight in your book - we never intended on killing that family -

PERRY

I told him that.

HICKOCK (O.S.)

No premeditation -

PERRY

I told him!

Perry searches the cell for something else to give to Truman to keep him there. Then, he stops. He has nothing left to give, and is unwilling to talk about that night at the Clutters. He becomes very still. Truman speaks gently -

TRUMAN

Your writings are magnificent. I hope these help you do more.

No response. Truman places the books on the floor just outside Perry's cell -- Perry's writings in one stack and the new dictionaries in another right next to it.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

I have so much material - from the trial, from our visits, your journals. I have to organize it all, and I have to start the process of writing.

(no response)

I'll visit soon. Perhaps this fall.

(backing away)

I miss you already. Write me every five minutes.

He turns and goes. We stay with Perry as Truman leaves. We hear Dick speak to Truman.

HICKOCK (O.S.)

Be good now.

Hear Truman's footsteps receding. Then, a long shot of the hallway as the Guard lets Truman out the gate at the end of the row. Silence.

89	OMIT (MOVED TO: 80A)	89	*
90	OMIT (MOVED TO 87B)	90	*
90A	INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL	90A	*

Perry looks down at the books sitting on the floor outside his cell. He crouches, puts his hand through the bars and touches the cover of the new dictionary. He's alone.

FADE OUT.

Over black - the sound of a JET airplane - loud, then passing.

91	OMIT	91	*
92	OMIT	92	*
93	OMIT	93	*

TRUMAN (ON PHONE)

What.

SHAWN (OVER PHONE)

Truman. I was supposed to be home for dinner with my wife three hours ago - I have not been able to tear myself away from your book. It's that good. It's not good, it's astonishing. This first half is astonishing. If the second half lives up to this it - it - how much is left to do?

INTERCUT with Shawn's OFFICE at the New Yorker, NIGHT. Shawn has a stack of manuscript pages on his desk.

100A INT. NEW YORKER, WILLIAM SHAWN'S OFFICE

100A *

TRUMAN

I'm already well into the third part, but I - I can't finish that till I convince Perry to describe the night of the killings to me. I was planning to visit this fall, see -

SHAWN

I think you need to talk to him now.

TRUMAN

And we all need to see how this ends for the final part. I can't finish the book till I know what happens. If Perry and Dick are executed it's one thing - and if not, well -

SHAWN

Truman. You got your ending -

TRUMAN

I really don't know -

SHAWN

The Kansas court denied their appeal. It came over the wire on Friday. You need to talk to Perry now. He'll be dead by September. I'm sorry, I know how much you've come to care about him.

Truman is completely immobile.

*

SHAWN

*

Truman?

*

TRUMAN

*

Right. Yes. Right.

*

SHAWN

*

I want to set up a reading for you
in the fall, in New York. We'll
build some interest, and we'll
publish in the fall.

*

*

*

*

*

On Truman.

*

CUT TO:

*

*

101 **INT. KITCHEN, RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - MORNING**

101 *

Truman at the stove watching his tea water heat up. Jack enters with a HUGE BASKET of WINE and GROCERIES.

TRUMAN

Plums. Thank god. We have nothing in the house.

He takes one from the basket. Jack starts to unpack food.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

Why aren't you working?

JACK

I knew you couldn't be depended on to stock the kitchen.

Truman looks at him blankly.

JACK (cont'd)

What would we feed our famous guest?

TRUMAN

Oh, Jesus. I completely forgot.

He helps Jack put away the groceries. Then:

JACK

(utterly nonchalant)
Plus -- I finished my novel yesterday.

Truman looks at Jack, smiles widely.

CUT TO:

102 **EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

102 *

Truman, Jack and Nelle. A BONFIRE, a wind-up Victrola playing Ella Fitzgerald, bottles of wine. Jack and Nelle dance. Truman toasts Jack drunkenly.

TRUMAN

My man, my hero, my talented... My man...

JACK

You said that.

TRUMAN

You are the hardest worker, the most unsung talent I know. As Nelle passes by on her way to London to sell her book which needs no selling, may a little of her success rub off on both of us.

Jack laughs.

JACK

Here, here!

Nelle tries to smack Truman but can't catch him. The song changes to a slow one. Jack and Truman dance sweetly together. Nelle sits on the sand and watches.

CUT TO:

103

EXT. UPSTAIRS DECK, RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - MORNING

103

*

Breakfast. Truman and Nelle are sitting - Nelle has a small envelope in her hand. Truman is obviously uncomfortable. As Jack delivers a platter of omelettes to the table:

NELLE

(to Truman)

When was the last time you wrote back to him?

TRUMAN

I don't know.

JACK

What's this?

NELLE

A letter for your boyfriend I was asked to deliver.

TRUMAN

From Perry.

JACK

Let's have it.

Jack sits. Nelle opens the letter, reads:

NELLE

"Dear Friend Truman. Where are you? Read this item in a medical dictionary: "Death by hanging is caused by asphyxia, by fracture of the cervical vertebrae, by laceration of the trachea." Not too comforting as we lost our appeal. Missing you - alone and desirous of your presence. Your amigo, Perry."

Pause.

TRUMAN

Mr. Shawn told me about the court decision yesterday.

JACK

I was wondering why you were in such a good mood. Surely, I thought, it's not because I finished my little book.

TRUMAN

That's a terrible thing to say.

Jack looks out at the ocean.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

(to no one in particular)
I used to write him all the time. I've been so focused lately on the book.

CUT TO:

104 **EXT. RENTED COTTAGE HOUSE - DAY**

104 *

Truman and Nelle carry her bags down the front walk toward a waiting TAXI.

TRUMAN

Jack says I'm using Perry, but he also thinks I fell in love with him when I was in Kansas. How both of those things can be true is beyond me.

NELLE

Did you? Fall in love with him.

Silence as they load the bags into the trunk.

NELLE (cont'd)

Truman? -

TRUMAN

I don't know how to answer that....
It's as if Perry and I started life
in the same house. One day he
stood up and walked out the back
door while I walked out the front.
With some different choices, he's
the man I might have become.

*
*

NELLE

Are you kidding me?

Truman shrugs, doesn't answer. Nelle kisses him.

NELLE (cont'd)

Be nice to Jack. Sometimes I think
he's what I like about you best.

TRUMAN

(smiles)

I'll see you at the reading in New
York.

NELLE

The sixteenth.

Nelle gets in the taxi, then leans her head out the window.

NELLE (cont'd)

Truman. Honestly. Are you going
back to Kansas because you care
about Perry or because you need
information before he's killed?

TRUMAN

Can't it be both?

NELLE

No. I don't think it can be.

She drives away. Truman watches her go. He turns back up
toward the house, stops a moment to pick a FLOWER from the
bushes at the front gate.

CUT TO:

105 **INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - DAY** 105 *

A Guard walks down the corridor carrying a SINGLE FLOWER. He delivers it to Perry, then walks off. Perry is confused. He hears FOOTSTEPS approaching, but can't see who it is.

HICKOCK (O.S.)
Hey, buddy. Thanks.

More footsteps. CAMERA on Perry as the footsteps finally arrive outside his cell. He's shocked.

REVERSE onto Truman, looking tanned, healthy, very blond. He holds a STACK OF BOOKS with a BOW on top. He smiles.

CUT TO:

106 **INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - LATER THAT NIGHT** 106 *

LONG SHOT of dimly lit corridor, light spilling out from each cell. A ROW GUARD walks the hall. We hear voices murmuring.

SIX MORE GUARDS arrive at the top of the stairs. The ROW GUARD walks over, unlocks the GATE to let them in.

107 **INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - NIGHT** 107 *

Perry is looking at the cover of a BOOK - "WALDEN POND." Other books sit next to Perry on the cot. Among them - WILLA CATHER's "MY ANTONIA", also "GREAT EXPECTATIONS" -

PERRY
What was he in jail for?

TRUMAN
They said it was not paying his taxes. But really for being an outsider - refusing to go along.

Perry nods, looks at the other books.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
You don't have to read any of these if you don't want to. But I thought you'd like something decent. You're much too smart for adventure magazines.

Through the bars of Perry's cell, we can see the SIX GUARDS enter Lowell Lee Andrew's cell (diagonally across the corridor). The ROW GUARD appears at Perry's cell.

ROW GUARD
Lock-down while Lowell goes to
solitary. Nobody in or out.
(to Truman)
You want in or out?

Truman looks at Perry, then back to the Guard.

TRUMAN
In.

108 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, LOWELL LEE ANDREW'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER 08 *

The SIX GUARDS start to pack up Andrews cell while he sits on the cot and watches.

109 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - LATER 109 *

Perry and Truman talk very QUIETLY. (Throughout this scene, we see in the background, across the corridor, the mostly obscured cell of Andrews. We see his incredibly FAT LEG being shackled, his belongings being packed in boxes.)

PERRY
Everyone says he's a genius. I
don't think he's a genius. He's
rich and he went to college - like
any of us would've if we got the
chance. He came home for Christmas
and shot his parents -

TRUMAN
- in front of the television.

PERRY
You remember the story -

TRUMAN
They were watching Father Knows
Best.

They look at each other and smile. Then:

PERRY
I won't be sorry to see him go.
Always correcting my grammar.

They watch Andrews being shackled in the background.

PERRY (cont'd)
Now - Dick and me - we're next in
line.

Truman regards Perry, who looks down.

TRUMAN
I'm so sorry I've been away.

PERRY
It was a long time.

TRUMAN
I know.

PERRY
I wish you could come next week,
when they take him out to the
Corner, but the whole prison shuts
down.

TRUMAN
I have to be in New York anyway.

Perry nods.

PERRY
How's the book going?

TRUMAN
Very slowly.

PERRY
Will you show it to me?

TRUMAN
I've hardly written anything.

One of the six guards CLANGS Andrews' cell bars with his
stick.

GUARD #1
Ready.

The ROW GUARD opens the cell door. Andrews is led out, arms
and legs shackled, into the corridor.

HICKOCK
Keep your head high, buddy.

ANDREWS

Alright now.

HICKOCK

... or they won't be able to rope
you under your fat fucking chin.

Andrews is led past Perry's cell. He looks in at Perry.

ANDREWS

Next!

Andrews shuffles down the hall. Perry watches him go. On
Truman watching Perry. We hear the GATE slam shut.

CUT TO:

110 **OMIT** 110 *

111 **INT. THEATER - EVENING** 111

Packed. Nelle stands with William Shawn, who receives well-
wishers. BEN BARON enters, seeing Nelle.

BEN BARON

(loudly, over the hubbub)

Hello Hollywood. That's quite a
bundle you sold your book for.

Nelle is embarrassed, mostly for Baron, to have the issue of
money brought up publicly.

NELLE

Well...

Baron moves past, Nelle smiles politely, whispers to Shawn.

NELLE (cont'd)

What a gentleman.

112 **INT. THEATER, BACKSTAGE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 112 *

Truman sits alone. In the background, we can HEAR the noise
of the huge crowd gathering in the theater. Truman wears his
MOST STYLISH LITERARY OUTFIT: a gorgeous dark green Knize
SUIT over a black cashmere turtleneck sweater, and horn-
rimmed GLASSES (which we've never seen him wear before).

He's frozen with anticipation, nervousness. After several moments a THEATER ASSISTANT opens the door.

YOUNG ASSISTANT
Mr. Capote. Can I get you anything?

TRUMAN
No.
(clears his throat)
Thank you.

The assistant leaves. We hear the crowd quiet down. Truman rises slowly, walks through the door to the backstage area. We hear William Shawn on stage.

SHAWN (O.S.)
Welcome New Yorkers...

112A INT. WINGS/STAGE - NIGHT

112A *

Shawn pauses briefly for a laugh that doesn't come. Truman continues walking toward the backstage curtains.

SHAWN (O.S.)
Thank you for coming to the first public reading, the first offering of any kind, of Truman Capote's new work "In Cold Blood." Our magazine-

Truman walks on stage. Loud applause. Shawn sees him, slinks back to his seat. Truman walks over to the podium, takes in the enormous crowd. Once it is completely quiet:

TRUMAN
Hello. My name is Truman Capote.
People laugh and applaud loudly.

CUT TO:

113 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - SAME TIME, NIGHT

113 *

Perry, eating dinner alone at his table, looks up. We HEAR a LOUD ENGINE revving outside.

114 OMIT

114 *

TRUMAN (cont'd)

and - and it was this especially that lent the scene an awful aura - the head of each was completely encased in cotton, a swollen cocoon twice the size of an ordinary blown-up balloon, and the cotton, because it had been sprayed with a glossy substance, twinkled like Christmas-tree snow.

CUT TO:

- 121B **EXT. KSP, THE CORNER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 121B *
- The TRACTOR rolls the body into the BED of a waiting PICK-UP TRUCK.
- 121C **EXT. KSP, DEATH ROW BUILDING - SAME TIME** 121C *
- Perry watches through his window.
- 122 **INT. THEATER, NYC - SAME TIME** 122 *
- Truman reading. The audience transfixed.

TRUMAN

Imagination, of course, can open any door - turn the key and let terror walk right in. [One] Tuesday, at dawn, a carload of... strangers, ignorant of the local disaster - were startled by what they saw as they crossed the prairies and passed through Holcomb: windows ablaze, almost every window in almost every house, and, in the brightly lit rooms, fully clothed people, even entire families, who had sat the whole night wide awake, watchful, listening. Of what were they frightened? "It might happen again."

He closes his manuscript. Several moments of SILENCE, then thunderous APPLAUSE.

CUT TO:

123 **INT. THEATER, BACKSTAGE ROOM - NIGHT**

123

Truman's dressing room. Packed with well-wishers drinking from bottles of CHAMPAGNE, smoking, toasting, shouting to be heard. Truman in the corner with Christopher Isherwood, BEN BARON others, laughing. A LITERARY ENTHUSIAST approaches, leans in.

LITERARY ENTHUSIAST
Your portrait of those men was terrifying. Terrifying.

TRUMAN
Thank you.

Truman and Isherwood watch him walk away.

ISHERWOOD
Your hairpiece is terrifying.

TRUMAN
I was going to say the same thing!

Truman laughs loudly. We SEE Nelle look over from across the room at her friend having the time of his life.

CUT TO:

124 **INT. NEW YORKER, WILLIAM SHAWN'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY**

124 *

Truman is hung over but immensely gratified. He's with Shawn.

SHAWN
Everyone was there.

TRUMAN
Tennessee loved it.

SHAWN
Of course he did.

TRUMAN
Should we do more? I was terrified, but -

SHAWN
No, Now we get to withhold while everyone else talks. Let them do the work.

Truman is barely able to suppress his excitement.

SHAWN (cont'd)

This book is going to change everything. It'll change how people see you as a writer. It'll change how people write. You'll finish by October?

TRUMAN

I think so. You know they're scheduled for next month?

SHAWN

Hanging. Yes. I'll commit as many issues as it takes to publish. Three. As many as it takes.

TRUMAN

I'm flying to Kansas tomorrow. I'll get Perry to talk -

SHAWN

Honestly, what's he got to lose?

Truman smiles at the joke, then stops himself.

TRUMAN

It really is too awful. Institutionalized sadism.

Shawn nods.

SHAWN

You'll be able to finish now.

TRUMAN

As strange as it may sound to you, I'm going to miss him.

FADE OUT.

Over black - the sound of a JET airplane - loud, then passing.

125 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - DAY

125 *

Truman, flushed, out of breath, stands outside Perry's cell. He's just arrived. He holds a FOLDED-UP NEWSPAPER. Perry sits at his table reading LEGAL DOCUMENTS.

TRUMAN

When did you hear?

Perry looks up, mistaking Truman's state for shared enthusiasm. He smiles widely.

PERRY

Two days ago.

The Guard opens the cell for Truman. Perry holds up one of the DOCUMENTS.

PERRY (cont'd)

It's what we've been waiting for.
A stay of execution to make a
federal appeal.

Truman enters. Perry goes to him and hugs him tightly.

PERRY (cont'd)

All thanks to you.

On Truman, shocked, being hugged.

CUT TO:

126

INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - LATER

126 *

Truman sits on the bed, his coat still on, watching Perry - hyped up, talking, walking around the cell.

PERRY

Kansas's had it in for me for ten years -- in prison the first time, at that trial, here. They can't corner me now. Not till the U.S. Government says so -

TRUMAN

Perry, sit down. For a minute.
(Perry sits)
I need you to talk to me...

PERRY

We've got all the time in the world to talk. About everything. I've been thinking about Ricardo. You need to stop sending him those trashy books. I won't even mention the pornography.
(getting up)
(MORE)

PERRY (cont'd)
I realize he might have trouble grasping the literature you gave me, but those books only exacerbate the problem -- only 'heighten' or 'intensify' it. Maybe we should start him on a program...

TRUMAN
Perry.

PERRY
Give him the simple novels first --

TRUMAN
Perry.

Perry stops.

TRUMAN (cont'd)
I know what exacerbate means.

PERRY
Okay. I thought in case...

TRUMAN
There is not a word, or a sentence, or a concept, that you can illuminate for me. There is one singular reason that I keep coming here -

PERRY
Truman -

TRUMAN
... November 14th, 1959. Three years ago. Three years. That's all I want to hear from you.

Pause.

PERRY
I've asked you not to --

TRUMAN
(stands up)
This is ridiculous.
(to the Guard)
I'm ready.
(to Perry)
I have a plane to catch.
(MORE)

TRUMAN (cont'd)
I found your sister in Tacoma.
Maybe she'll talk to me about
something useful.

PERRY
Don't go out there.

The Guard lets Truman out of the cell.

PERRY (cont'd)
Please don't go out there.

The Guard shuts the door.

TRUMAN
This is my work, Perry. I'm
working. When you want to tell me
what I need to hear, you let me
know.

He walks off down the hall. The GATE slams shut.

CUT TO:

127 INT. PERRY'S SISTER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

127 *

Cheaply built ranch house. LINDA MURCHAK (30) walks in the
kitchen back door, shuts it.

MRS. MURCHAK
They'll play outside a while
longer.

Mrs. Murchak looks like a female Perry, dark and small,
attractive and nervous. Through the window, we see THREE
LITTLE CHILDREN playing on a DECREPIT JUNGLE GYM in the yard.
Truman sits at the table, leafing through a PHOTO ALBUM.

MRS. MURCHAK (cont'd)
I don't want them to see that.

TRUMAN
They've never seen these pictures?

MRS. MURCHAK
(shakes her head)
Too many questions.

She joins Truman again at the table.

We see an OLD PHOTO of the SMITH FAMILY - Linda at age 8,
Perry (5); their older sister, June; their brother Frank;

and the parents: Florence (American Indian) and John (Irish) -
in front of their rundown truck on a desolate road.

MRS. MURCHAK (cont'd)
June's dead. Frank shot himself.
Now Perry's did what he did. I
suppose I'm next. Some ruination
will visit me.

TRUMAN
I don't think life works that way.

MRS. MURCHAK
It does in this family.

Truman turns the page. A PICTURE of Perry (3) and Linda (6),
HOLDING HANDS and splashing in a big mud-puddle in the rain.
Linda is smiling at Perry, who is naked, laughing.

MRS. MURCHAK (cont'd)
I used to love him. He was my
little doll.

He turns the page. A PICTURE of Perry (6) and Linda (9),
sitting on the back steps of a shack, poking with a stick at
something in the dirt. After a moment, she gets up, clears
coffee cups.

MRS. MURCHAK (cont'd)
He scares me now.

TRUMAN
When was the last time you saw him?

MRS. MURCHAK
Ten years.

She picks up the album to put it away.

TRUMAN
Do you think I could borrow one of
those pictures?

MRS. MURCHAK
(hands it to him)
Take the whole thing. I don't
want'em anymore.
(then)
Just... Perry doesn't know where I
live. He thinks we're still in
Portland. Please don't tell him
we're not.

TRUMAN
(he already has)
Alright.

MRS. MURCHAK
Don't be taken in by my brother.
He's got this sensitive side he'll
show. You believe he's gentle, so
easily hurt. But he'd just as soon
kill you as shake your hand. I
believe that.

CUT TO:

128 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - NEXT DAY 128 *

Truman slows for a moment as he passes Hickock's cell.

TRUMAN
Hello handsome.

Hickock just stares at him. Truman, unnerved, moves on to
Perry's cell.

129 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS 129 *

Perry doing pushups. He sees Truman and stops. He stands.
The Row Guard approaches.

ROW GUARD
You want to go in?

Truman regards Perry for a few moments, then:

TRUMAN
Yes.

The Guard unlocks the door. Perry STARTS TO MOVE toward it.
The Guard SLAMS it shut.

PERRY
What's the name of your book?

No response. Perry can barely control his anger.

PERRY (cont'd)
What's the name of your book?

TRUMAN
I don't...

PERRY

What's the name of your book?

TRUMAN

I don't know what you're talking about.

Perry picks up a cut-out ARTICLE from the NY Times from his desk. He reads.

PERRY

"Truman Capote read last night before a packed audience from his non-fiction book IN COLD BLOOD."

He looks at Truman.

PERRY (cont'd)

More?

(reads)

"The true-crime novel tells of killers Richard Hickock and Perry Smith, who brutally murdered a Kansas family three years ago."

TRUMAN

Who sent that to you?

Perry doesn't answer.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

Who sent that to you?

PERRY

That's not your goddamn business.

TRUMAN

It is my business, because it's not true. The organizers of the reading needed a title. They picked one - a sensational one, I admit - to attract a crowd.

PERRY

They picked it.

TRUMAN

Yes.

PERRY

That's not your title.

TRUMAN

I haven't chosen one yet.

Perry stares at him, not believing.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

How could I choose -

PERRY

You pretend to be my friend...

TRUMAN

How could I choose a title when you still haven't told me what happened that night? How could I? I couldn't possibly.

Long pause. Truman reaches in his breast pocket and extracts a PHOTO (the one of Perry and Linda splashing in the puddle.)

TRUMAN (cont'd)

I have something from your sister.

He hands it through the bars to Perry. Perry takes it.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

She misses you.

Perry looks at the photo. After a few moments, Truman turns to the Guard.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

It's alright. I'll go in.

The Guard unlocks the cell. Truman enters. The Guard locks up, walks away. Perry is still looking at the PHOTO.

TRUMAN (cont'd)

I'm sorry. I should have told you what they made me call the book.

(touches Perry's arm)

I couldn't pretend to be your friend. The truth is, I can't help wanting to be.

(silence, then:)

You don't have to tell me anything if you don't want to.

Perry looks at the photo of himself and his sister for a long time.

PERRY

Look at my belly.

Perry sits on the bed. Then, almost to himself:

PERRY (cont'd)
There must be something wrong with
us. To do what we did.

Truman waits him out, sitting on the chair. Finally, Perry looks at him. When Perry speaks, it is quietly, completely matter-of-fact.

PERRY (cont'd)
We heard there was ten thousand
dollars in that house. Once we'd
tied up everybody and searched all
over, I knew the guy who told us
about it was wrong. There wasn't
any money. But Dick wouldn't
believe it. He went tearing
through the house again, banging on
the walls, looking for a safe. He
said when he was done, he was going
to come up to Nancy's room and have
his way with her. I wouldn't allow
it. I told him that. I sat with
Nancy.

CUT TO:

130 **INT. CLUTTER HOUSE, NANCY'S ROOM - FLASHBACK, NIGHT** 130 *

Perry and Nancy. Perry sits quietly on the edge of Nancy's bed. A SMALL BEDSIDE LAMP softly illuminates a portion of the room. We hear Dick banging around downstairs.

PERRY (V.O.)
It was nice in there.

The scene is almost sweet, until we see that Nancy's legs and hands are TIED and her mouth is TAPED.

CUT TO:

131 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - NIGHT

131 *

Perry talking to Truman.

PERRY

Dick came to get me and we turned out the lights and went down to the basement, where we had Mr. Clutter and the boy. Dick kept saying "No witnesses." I figured if I just waited him out he'd give up and leave them tied up there. We'd drive all night, they'd never find us. Mr. Clutter's wrists were tied to a pipe over his head. He looked like he was hurt, so I cut him down.

CUT TO:

132 INT. CLUTTER HOUSE, BASEMENT - FLASHBACK, NIGHT

132 *

HERBERT CLUTTER is bound and taped, his hands tied to a PIPE on the LOW CEILING. Perry CUTS the rope with a HUNTING KNIFE, catches hold of Herb Clutter, lowers him onto a mattress box on the floor.

CUT TO:

133 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - NIGHT

133 *

Perry talking to Truman.

PERRY

We put a box there on the floor so he'd be more comfortable.

PERRY

He asked if his wife and daughter were alright and I said they were fine, they were ready to go to sleep. I told him it wasn't long till morning when somebody would find them.

(beat)

He was looking at me. Just... looking at me. Looking at my eyes. Like he expects me to kill him - expects me to be the kind of person who would kill him. I was thinking - this nice man, he's scared of me. I was ashamed. I mean, I thought he was a kind man, a good.... a gentleman. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat. I didn't realize what I'd did till I heard the sound.

CUT TO:

134 INT. CLUTTER HOUSE, BASEMENT - FLASHBACK, NIGHT 134 *

Herb Clutter gurgling on the floor.

PERRY (V.O.)

Like some one drowning under water.

CUT TO:

135 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - NIGHT 135 *

Perry and Truman. Silence, then:

PERRY

I was staring at him, bleeding on the floor. I told Dick to finish him off, but he wouldn't do it. We couldn't leave Mr. Clutter like that, so I got the shotgun.

CUT TO:

136 INT. CLUTTER HOUSE, BASEMENT - FLASHBACK, NIGHT 136

Perry approaches with a SHOTGUN. He aims and SHOOTS him in the face.

137 **INT. CLUTTER HOUSE, ANOTHER PART OF THE BASEMENT - FLASHBACK, NIGHT** 137 *

KENYON CLUTTER (15) is bound and gagged on an old sofa, a pillow under his head. A flashlight illuminates his face. A shotgun enters frame, FIRES. An enormous BURST of LIGHT.

138 **INT. CLUTTER HOUSE, HERB AND BONNIE'S ROOM - FLASHBACK, NIGHT** 138 *

Bonnie Clutter (40's, small and thin) tied up on her bed. Moonlight through the window.

PERRY (V.O.)
We went to Mrs. Clutter's room.

The DOOR opens. Perry and Dick walk in with a flashlight. Perry points the shotgun at Bonnie's face, FIRES. A BURST of LIGHT.

139 **INT. CLUTTER HOUSE, NANCY'S ROOM - FLASHBACK, NIGHT** 139 *

Perry and Dick enter Nancy's room, shine the flashlight on her face. She looks at Perry. She has been crying. After a moment, she TURNS HER FACE to the wall, as if she knows what is coming and doesn't want to watch it. Perry AIMS the shotgun at the back of her head. The FLASHLIGHT switches OFF. The shotgun FIRES. A BURST of LIGHT.

CUT TO:

140 **INT. KSP, DEATH ROW, PERRY'S CELL - NIGHT** 140 *

Perry and Truman. Perry still on the bed. Truman sits, not moving, on the chair. Silence.

PERRY
Then we drove off.

Silence. Perry looks at Truman.

PERRY (cont'd)
What do you think of me now?

No answer. Then:

TRUMAN
Added up, how much money did you
get from the Clutters?

Perry thinks.

PERRY
Between forty and fifty dollars.

Truman nods. They sit there for a long time.

FADE OUT:

141 **INT. HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - DAWN, CONTINUOUS** 141 *

FADE IN: Hands typing on a MANUAL TYPEWRITER.

Truman typing at the desk. He stops, removes the page from
the typewriter, places it on top of a SMALL STACK OF PAGES.
He sits back.

CUT TO:

142 **INT. PLANE - DAY** 142 *

Truman in his seat, sips a drink. He looks out the window.

CUT TO:

143 **EXT. STREET, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - LATE AFTERNOON** 143 *

Truman walks with his TRAVEL BAG on his shoulder. He takes
out his KEYS and turns up the steps to his house.

144 **INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS** 144 *

Truman opens the door.

TRUMAN
Jack.

No answer. He walks down the hall to the BEDROOM.

TRUMAN (ON PHONE) (cont'd)
... It's harrowing - all I want is
to write the ending and there's no
fucking end in sight.... No. No,
I haven't been drinking again....

147 INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER 147 *

Truman sits on the bed with a glass of bourbon, staring at the television. An empty jar of BABY CUSTARD sits on the bedside table.

148 INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER 148 *

Truman on the bed, the television still on, another drink. We hear a DOORBELL. We hear Jack walk down the hall, answer the door, shut the door. Jack enters with a TELEGRAM.

JACK
I don't know how you can eat that.
Perhaps if you weren't drinking so
much you wouldn't have to.

No response. Jack turns down the television, opens the telegram.

JACK (cont'd)
(reads)
"Dear friend Truman. Haven't heard
from you in such a long while.
Please help find new lawyer. If
not, Dick will have to write
Supreme Court brief himself. Our
last appeal. What a pair of
wretched creatures. Please help.
Your amigo? Perry."

Pause. Jack looks at Truman.

JACK (cont'd)
Your amigo.

Truman stares back. Finally, he turns back to the television.

TRUMAN
Put it with the others.

Jack goes to the DESK and places the telegram on top of a LARGE PILE OF TELEGRAMS, all from Perry - all, we should assume, unanswered.

Jack walks out. Truman sips his drink.

149 **INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATER, EARLY EVENING** 49 *

Truman at the desk, still in PAJAMAS, typing. Jack enters wearing a TUXEDO, reads over Truman's shoulder. We see:

"...unable to find lawyer despite extensive search. So sorry. All best, Truman."

JACK
You tried?

Truman extracts the page from the typewriter, folds it, and puts it in an envelope. He takes a sip of his BOURBON.

JACK (cont'd)
(walking out)
You need to get ready.

CUT TO:

150 **INT. LIMOUSINE, MOVING - NIGHT** 150 *

Truman and Jack are driven. Both wear TUXEDOS and OVERCOATS. Truman drinks.

151 **INT. LIMOUSINE, MOVING - NIGHT, LATER** 151 *

Driving. Truman and Jack sit in silence, then:

JACK
At least pretend for Nelle that
you're having a good time tonight.

The limo turns a corner and we see an ENORMOUS CROWD in front of a THEATER. On the marquee it says: "Opening tonight - TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD"

It is COLD. Truman and Jack's limo pulls up. An USHER opens their DOOR.

152 **EXT. MOVIE THEATER - MOMENTS LATER** 152 *

Truman, obviously drunk, preens and poses on the red carpet for the CAMERAS. Jack watches from the side.

CUT TO:

153 INT. SARDI'S RESTAURANT, OPENING PARTY - NIGHT

153 *

Huge party in progress. Nelle walks through the crowd. People turn to her saying: "Congratulations"; "Wonderful". She finds Truman sitting at the BAR, receiving a new drink.

TRUMAN

Nelle.

She looks UNCOMFORTABLY DOLLED UP for the premiere of her movie.

NELLE

I thought I'd find you here.

TRUMAN

(to the bartender)

Please, another.

He hands Nelle his drink, receives another. After a moment:

NELLE

How are you?

TRUMAN

Terrible.

Beat.

NELLE

I'm sorry to hear that.

TRUMAN

Well. It's torture. Torture...

(he drinks)

... what they're doing to me.

NELLE

Uh-huh.

TRUMAN

Now the Supreme Court. Can you believe it? If they win this appeal I will have a complete nervous breakdown. I may never recover. Just pray things turn my way.

NELLE

It must be hard.

TRUMAN

It's torture. They're torturing me.

NELLE

I see.

Nelle regards him for a moment.

NELLE (cont'd)

And how'd you like the movie, Truman?

She puts her drink down on the bar and walks away. Truman turns back to the bartender, shrugs.

TRUMAN

I frankly don't know what the fuss is about.

On Truman, alone at the bar.

FADE OUT.

154 **EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING** 54 *

FADE UP on a PAPER BOY riding his BIKE down the street. New buds are on the trees. It is SPRING. The BOY wears a NEW YORK TIMES bag slung over his chest and is tossing copies of the paper. One of them lands on Truman and Jack's stoop.

155 **INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING** 155 *

Phone RINGING. Truman asleep.

156 **INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, JACK'S TINY OFFICE - SAME TIME** 56 *

Jack is writing, longhand, at his desk. PHONE is ringing. Jack notices that his door is slightly ajar. He kicks it shut. The ringing is much quieter. He keeps writing.

157 **INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - SAME TIME** 157 *

Truman asleep. PHONE ringing. He wakes up, groggy, answers.

TRUMAN

Hello.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Mr. Capote?

TRUMAN
Yes?

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
I have a call from Mr. Perry Smith
in the Kansas Correctional System.
Will you accept charges?

Pause.

OPERATOR (cont'd)
Mr. Truman Capote?

TRUMAN
Yes.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Will you accept charges?

TRUMAN
Oh.
(no way out of this)
Uh... Yes.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
You'll accept charges?

TRUMAN
Yes.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Mr. Smith, you're on the line.

Now Truman's awake. We hear a series of CLICKS, then:

PERRY (OVER PHONE)
Hello.

Truman can't bring himself to speak.

PERRY (cont'd)
Hello? I can't -
(to someone)
This doesn't seem -
(we hear Perry clicking
the cradle, then:)
Operator, I don't think you put me -

TRUMAN
I'm here.

Beat.

PERRY (OVER PHONE)
Truman.

TRUMAN
Hello, Perry.

PERRY (OVER PHONE)
They let me make a couple phone
calls before I go down to
Holding... You heard the Supreme
Court rejected the appeal.

TRUMAN
I didn't... I hadn't heard that.

PERRY
Yeah.

Pause.

TRUMAN
I'm sorry.

PERRY
Yeah. They let me make two phone
calls.

Truman doesn't know what to say.

PERRY (cont'd)
We've got a date set for the
Warehouse, Dick and me. Two weeks
and... Finito. April 14.

Beat.

PERRY (cont'd)
Will you visit me? Truman. Will
you come visit?

TRUMAN
I don't know if I can. I'll try.
(beat)
I don't know if I can.

We hear over the line a GUARD in the background:

GUARD IN BACKGROUND (OVER PHONE)
Time, Smith. Hang it up.

PERRY (OVER PHONE)
Please visit me, Truman. Just...

GUARD IN BACKGROUND (OVER PHONE)
Time. Smith.

CLICK. Truman sits very still, the phone in his hand.

CUT TO:

158 INT. KSP, DEATH ROW - ONE WEEK LATER, NIGHT 158 *

Perry and Dick being shackled, their belongings packed into boxes. One of the GUARDS in Perry's cell CLANGS the bars with his STICK.

GUARD
Ready.

CUT TO:

159 INT. KSP, CONFINEMENT CELL - ONE WEEK LATER, NIGHT 159 *

Perry lies alone on his cot. The DOOR opens, KRUTCH enters with a GUARD.

KRUTCH
Perry.

Perry sits up. Krutch sits on the one chair. The Guard stands by the door, takes out a PAD and STUBBY PENCIL.

KRUTCH (cont'd)
You're allowed three names of people you'd like to witness tomorrow. If there's anybody you want, tell me now.

PERRY
Truman Capote.

Krutch nods to the Guard who writes the name down. Krutch waits, then:

KRUTCH
Anybody else?

Perry SHAKES HIS HEAD.

CUT TO:

160 **INT. TRUMAN AND JACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT** 160 *

In a chair near the window, Truman sits awake in his pajamas, unable to sleep, completely unable to decide what to do. He watches Jack sleep. A long time - then Truman walks to the closet, gets out a travel bag, starts to pack.

CUT TO:

161 **EXT. IDLEWILD AIRPORT, NEW YORK - DAY** 161 *

A PLANE takes off.

162 **INT. PLANE, FIRST CLASS SECTION - DAY** 162 *

Truman sits next to William Shawn, who looks exhausted. The STEWARDESS is approaching with the DRINKS CART. She collects an empty BABY CUSTARD JAR from Truman's tray.

SHAWN
You want anything?

Truman shakes his head.

CUT TO:

163 **EXT. KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY - DUSK** 163 *

OUTSIDE LIGHTS switch on as it gets dark.

164 **INT. KSP, CONFINEMENT CELL - NIGHT** 164 *

Perry sits alone. The door opens and a Guard brings in his LAST MEAL: three hot dogs, french fries, an ice cream sundae, a strawberry soda. The Guard sets it down on the chair.

PERRY
Thank you.
(then)
You sent the telegram to his hotel?

GUARD
Hours ago.

Perry looks at the CLOCK on the wall: it's after 8pm.

PERRY
May I make a phone call?

CUT TO:

165 **INT. HOTEL ROOM, MUEHLEBACH HOTEL, KANSAS CITY - NIGHT** 165 *

PHONE ringing. The CLOCK reads 8:55pm. Empty drinks glasses, a custard jar. Truman lies curled in a fetal position on the BED. Shawn walks the floor, exasperated.

SHAWN
That's him again.

Truman is immobile. Phone still rings.

SHAWN (cont'd)
We've never even met. It is utterly inappropriate for me to be talking to him.

Shawn gives up, PICKS UP the phone.

SHAWN (cont'd)
Yes.... I'm sorry, he's out, gone out.... I'm not sure when....

CUT TO:

166 **INT. KSP, HALLWAY - NIGHT** 166 *

Krutch walks with a TELEGRAM PAGE in hand. A Guard follows. They pass a WALL CLOCK: 9:40pm.

167 **INT. KSP, CONFINEMENT CELL - NIGHT** 167 *

Krutch and Guard enter Perry's cell. Perry hasn't touched his meal.

KRUTCH
You got a telex.

Perry nods. Krutch reads:

KRUTCH (cont'd)
"Perry. Unable to visit today because not permitted. Always your friend, Truman."

(MORE)

Green

11/2/05

103.

KRUTCH (cont'd)
(apologetically)
That's it.

PERRY
It's not true, is it?

Krutch hesitates a moment, then SHAKES his head.

CUT TO:

168 **OMIT** 168

169 **INT. NELLE'S KITCHEN, MONROEVILLE - MINUTES LATER** 169

Nelle on the PHONE looking at a TELEGRAM. The kitchen CLOCK reads 10:20pm. She waits a moment till the line is answered.

NELLE (ON PHONE)
Mr. Shawn? It's Nelle.... I just got this telegram, has he seen it?

INTERCUT with William Shawn on the phone in Truman's hotel room. A TELEGRAM lies on the DESK. Truman lies on the bed.

169A **INT. MUEHLEBACH HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - NIGHT** 169A *

SHAWN (ON PHONE)
He won't look at it.

NELLE
Would you put him on please?

SHAWN
He won't talk.

NELLE
(calmly)
Mr. Shawn, if you have to hold him down and put the phone on his ear, I need to speak to him.

Shawn, terrifically uncomfortable, walks over to Truman and holds the phone out to him.

SHAWN
It's Nelle.

A moment, then Truman takes the phone. On Truman's face. We hear, through the receiver, Nelle:

NELLE (OVER PHONE)

Truman.

Truman finally breathes out.

CUT TO:

170 **INT. KSP, HOLDING CELL - SAME TIME**

170 *

Perry is led, SHACKLED, into a holding cell on the ground floor of the Death Row Building. Dick is already there, seated, shackled. We HEAR PERRY'S VOICE:

PERRY (V.O.)

"Miss Nelle Harper Lee and Truman Capote: Sorry that Truman was unable to make it here at the prison for a brief word prior to necktie party....

The CLOCK reads 11:05pm. Through the WINDOW, we see activity in the Gallows Warehouse across the yard.

PERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)

... Whatever his reason for not showing up, I want him to know that I cannot condemn him for it and understand....

Perry makes eye contact with the Guard, who CHEWS GUM. The Guard checks through the SMALL WINDOW in the door, then approaches Perry, places a STICK OF GUM in Perry's mouth. Perry CHEWS.

PERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)

... Not much time left but want you both to know that I've been sincerely grateful for your friendship through the years and everything else....

CUT TO:

171 **OMIT**

171

171A **INT. MUEHLEBACH HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - NIGHT**

171A

Truman opens the door to the other part of the suite, where William Shawn is waiting. Truman is fully dressed and ready. Perry's VOICE:

PERRY (V.O.)
 ... I'm not very good at these
 things....

172 OMIT 172

173 EXT. KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY - NIGHT 173 *

TAXICAB pulls up to the prison gates. Perry's VOICE:

PERRY (V.O.)
 I have become extremely
 affectionate toward you both. But,
 harness time. Adios amigos. Your
 friend, Perry."

174 INT. KSP, WAITING ROOM OUTSIDE CELLS - NIGHT 174 *

Clock reads 11:35pm. Truman sits with Shawn. Truman is
 looking at the TELEGRAM from Perry. He folds it, puts it in
 the breast pocket of his jacket. Krutch approaches.

KRUTCH
 I didn't think I'd be seeing you
 again.
 (then)
 You can visit for a few minutes.

Truman stands, turns to Shawn, still seated.

SHAWN
 No.

TRUMAN
 Come with me.

SHAWN
 Truman. No.

Truman goes alone.

175 INT. KSP, HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

175 *

Perry, Dick, a Guard. Krutch lets Truman in.

 KRUTCH
Five minutes.

He exits, closes the door. Truman doesn't know what to say.

 HICKOCK
 (without rancor)
He returns. Long time.

 TRUMAN
I don't know what you must think of
me.

 HICKOCK
You haven't been foremost on my
mind lately. As you can imagine.

Dick looks at Perry and smiles. Perry chews his gum and
smiles back, then looks to Truman who seems upset.

 PERRY
You got the letter?

 TRUMAN
Yes.

 PERRY
It's true. I mean I understand why
you didn't want to come. I
wouldn't be here either if I didn't
have to.

 HICKOCK
You got that right.

Silence.

 PERRY
You know Ricardo donated his eyes
to science? Next week, some blind
man will be seeing what Dick used
to see.

 HICKOCK
 (laughs)
He'd be better off the way he was.

(MORE)

HICKOCK (cont'd)

What I've seen hasn't been so nice to look at - but I guess it's better than nothing.

(he shrugs, to Truman)

They came around with a form.

(beat)

Hey. You'll be walking down the street one day in Denver, wherever - and suddenly these eyes will be staring at you. Wouldn't that be something?

TRUMAN

(quietly)

It would be.

Krutch opens the door.

KRUTCH

Time.

Truman looks at the clock: 11:50pm. Truman turns to Perry and Dick. Perry stands.

PERRY

You'll be watching?

TRUMAN

I don't know. Do you want me to?

PERRY

I'd like to have a friend there.

TRUMAN

Okay. Then I will.

Truman looks down, starts to cry.

PERRY

It's alright.

TRUMAN

I did everything I could.

PERRY

Okay.

TRUMAN

I truly did.

PERRY

I know.

Truman nods, wipes his eyes.

TRUMAN

Goodbye, Perry.

PERRY

You're not rid of me yet. I'll see you in a few minutes.

Truman goes. On Perry watching him leave.

CUT TO:

176 **INT. CORNER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 176 *

Huge. Dirt floor. Wooden gallows. TWENTY MEN stand around, some smoking. Some are silent. Some whisper quietly.

Journalists. Also, Alvin Dewey and the KBI men: Church and Nye. Krutch in front of the gallows with a CHAPLAIN. At the foot of the gallows steps, the EXECUTIONER - thin, older, a too-large pin-striped suit and stained cowboy hat. Truman. William Shawn.

HEADLIGHTS, then a PRISON CAR enters, stops. Dick is extracted from the back seat. He stands, looks at the CROWD, then at the GALLOWS. The Guards nudge him forward.

177 **INT. KSP, HOLDING CELL - A FEW MINUTES LATER** 177 *

CLOCK reads 12:05pm. Perry sits alone looking at his hands. We HEAR A TRAP DOOR SPRING and CLATTER. Perry looks up.

178 **INT. PRISON CAR - NIGHT** 178 *

Light rain outside. Perry in the back seat being driven across the yard. He looks out his window, sees a PICKUP TRUCK drive out of the Corner Warehouse. On it: a BODY covered by a BLACK CLOTH.

179 **INT. CORNER WAREHOUSE - NIGHT** 179 *

The PRISON CAR enters, stops. Perry is removed from the back seat. He stands, looks at the assembled men, looks at Truman. He's nudged forward. As he passes DEWEY, he extends his hand:

PERRY

Nice to see you.

Dewey is caught off-guard so shakes his hand. Perry is led to the base of the gallows.

KRUTCH

Perry Edward Smith.

(reads)

"For the crime of murder in the first degree, by order of the Court of Finney County and the Supreme Court of the sovereign State of Kansas, you are sentenced to hang until you die."

(then)

You can say something if you want.

PERRY

(quietly, to Krutch)

Is there anybody from the family here?

KRUTCH

No.

Perry is disappointed by this information.

PERRY

Well. Tell them...

(he look out at everyone)

I can't remember what I was going to say for the life of me...

He stops. Several moments. *

Krutch can't tell if he's done. Finally, Krutch nods to the Guard. Perry is led up the STEPS. The Chaplain follows.

CHAPLAIN

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.

The Executioner puts the NOOSE around Perry's neck. Perry chews his gum. Executioner opens a BLACK CLOTH SACK.

Perry looks at the Chaplain reading prayers, looks at the crowd, at Truman.

CHAPLAIN (cont'd)
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort
me.

The BLACK SACK goes over Perry's head. Truman watches. He stands next to Alvin Dewey.

CHAPLAIN (cont'd)
Thou preparest a table before me in
the presence of mine enemies. Thou
annointest my head with oil.

The Executioner pulls the handle, Perry drops.

CHAPLAIN (cont'd)
My cup runneth over.

On Truman. Then a WIDE SHOT of the inside of the Warehouse: twenty men watching Perry Smith hang, the Chaplain reading.

FADE OUT.

OVER BLACK:

The SOUND of a TELEPHONE RINGING, as heard through the receiver. We HEAR the CLICK of the phone being PICKED UP, then, after a moment, a VOICE:

NELLE (OVER PHONE)
Hello.

FADE UP:

180 INT. HOTEL ROOM, KANSAS CITY - EARLY MORNING

180 *

Truman sits on the edge of the bed in his WET OVERCOAT, as if he'd walked in the rain.

TRUMAN
Someday I'll tell you about it.
For the moment, I'm too shattered.

Pause.

NELLE (OVER PHONE)
They're dead, Truman. You're
alive.

TRUMAN

It was a terrible experience and I
will never get over it.

(then)

There wasn't anything I could have
done to save them.

We hear Nelle light a cigarette.

NELLE (OVER PHONE)

Maybe not.

We hear her exhale slowly.

NELLE (cont'd)

But the fact is, you didn't want
to.

On Truman,

FADE OUT.

FADE IN: BRIGHT WHITE. AIRPLANE NOISE. COLORS RESOLVE
INTO:

181 INT. FIRST CLASS SECTION, AIRPLANE - DAY

181 *

Truman, seated on the aisle, next to William Shawn. After a
long silence, he extracts from his leather briefcase a
PACKAGE wrapped in BROWN PAPER. Hands it to Truman.

SHAWN (cont'd)

It came to the hotel this morning.
I told them I'd give it to you.

The package says KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY and is addressed
to Truman. Truman opens it.

He takes out PERRY'S NOTEBOOKS - the DIARY and PERSONAL
DICTIONARY. He opens the Diary. Toward the end, he finds
Perry's final entry. He READS silently. We hear Perry's
VOICE:

PERRY (V.O.)

Did we not know we were to die, we
would be children. By knowing it,
we are given the opportunity to
mature in spirit...

Truman turns the page. It's BLANK. He closes the Diary.

We CONTINUE to hear Perry's VOICE as Truman takes out a SNAPSHOT -- the one of Perry (at age 3) and Linda splashing in the puddle.

PERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Some take that opportunity. I hope
I have...

Truman takes out a PENCIL DRAWING Perry did of him. It's very good, though Truman looks old and weary in it.

PERRY (cont'd)
Life is only the father of wisdom.
Death is the mother.

Truman finds, at the bottom of the package, his TIE. He takes it out, clutches it.

Truman grasps for William Shawn's HAND, finds it, holds on tightly. Shawn sits stoically, hoping no one will notice.

The CAMERA pulls back, up the aisle. Truman clutches the tie, and holds on to Shawn's hand, for dear life.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE UP: (each title fades up in succession)

*

In Cold Blood made Truman Capote the most famous writer in America.

*

*

He never finished another book.

*

The epigraph he chose for his last published work reads:
"More tears are shed over answered prayers than unanswered ones."

He died in 1984 of complications due to alcoholism.

END OF MOVIE